

Key: D

Genre: Folk

Harp Type: Chromatic

Skill: Any

Acres of Clams (Rosin The Beau) (chrom)

ACRES OF CLAMS (Rosin The Beau)

19th C. American folk

Key: D

-3 -5 -5 -5 -6* 6 -5 -6* -7

I've wan-der'd all ov-er this coun-try

-8 -7 -6* -5 -5 6 -6* -4

Pros-pect-ing and dig-ging for gold

-3 -5 -5 -5 -6* 6 -5 -6* -7

I've tun-neled, hy-drau-licked and cra-dled

-8 -7 -6* -5 6 -6* 6 -5

And near-ly was froze in the cold



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-7 -7-6*-7 -7 -8 8* -9 -8 -9

And so I de-part-ed for Pu-get Sound

-8 -7 -6* -5 -5 6 -6* -4

A-way from a world full of shams

-3 -5 -5 -5 -6* 6 -5 -6* -7

I sing of my hap-py con-di-tion

-8 -7 -6* -5 6 -6* 6 -5

Sur-round-ed by a-cres of clams

For each man who got rich by mining

Perceiving that hundreds grew poor

I made up my mind to try farming

The only pursuit that was sure

So, rolling my grub in my blanket

I left all my tools on the ground

I started one morning to shank it

For the country they call Puget Sound

Arriving flat broke in midwinter

I found it enveloped in fog

And covered all over with timber

Thick as hair on the back of a dog

When I looked on the prospects so gloomy



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The tears trickled over my face
And I thought that my travels had brought me
To the end of the jumping-off place

I staked me a claim in the forest
And sat myself down to hard toil
For two years I chopped and I struggled
But I never got down to the soil

I tried to get out of the country
But poverty forced me to stay
Until I became an old settler
Then nothing could drive me away

And now that I'm used to the climate
I think that if a man ever found
A place to live easy and happy
That Eden is on Puget Sound

No longer the slave of ambition
I laugh at the world and its shams
As I think of my pleasant condition
Surrounded by acres of clams



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Lyrics



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