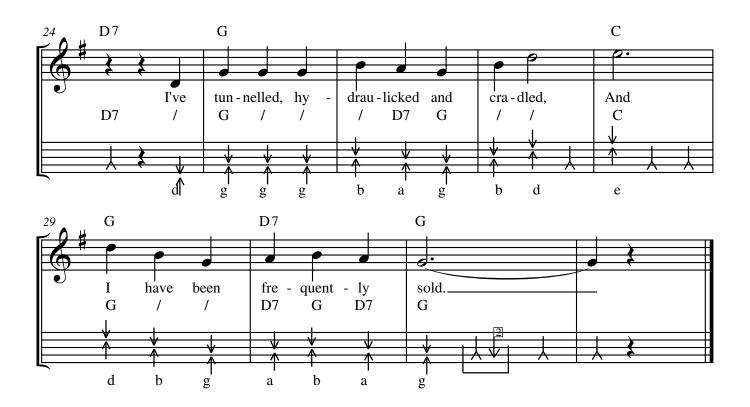
## **Acres of Clams**

**Traditional** Arranged byMary J. Park



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 For one who gets riches by mining, Perceiving that hundreds grow poor, I made up my mind to try farming, The only pursuit that is sure.

**Chorus:** The only pursuit that is sure (2X) (Repeat last two lines of verse)

- So, rolling my grub in a blanket, I left all my tools on the ground. And I started one morning to shank it For the country they call Puget Sound. Chorus: For the country...
- 4. Arriving flat broke in midwinter, The ground was enveloped in fog; And covered all over with timber Thick as hair on a dog.
  Chorus: Thick as hair...
- 5. When I looked at the prospects so gloomy The tears trickled over my face; And I thought that my travels had broght me To the end of the jumping-off place. Chorus: To the end...

- 6. I staked me a claim in the forest And set myself down to hard toil, For two years I chopped and I struggled, But I never got down to the soil.
  Chorus: But I never...
- 7. 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. Chorus: Then nothing...
- 8. And now that I'm used to the country, I think that if man ever found A place to live easy and happy, That Eden is on Puget Sound.Chorus: That Eden...
- No longer the slave of ambition, I laugh at the world and its shams, As I think of my happy condition, Surrounded by acres of clams.
   Chorus: Surrounded by acres...