

Unknown

"Days Of Forty Nine"

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The Days of Forty Nine

I'm old Tom Moore from the bummers' shore
In the good old golden days.
They call me a bummer and a gin sot, too
But what care I for praise
I wander around from town to town
Just like a roving sign,
And the people all say "There goes Tom Moore
Of the days of '49.

cho:

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How often I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of '49.

There was Nantuck Bill, I knew him well,
A feller that was fond of tricks.
At a poker game he was always there
And heavy with his bricks.
He would ante up and draw his cards
And go in a hatfull blind
In a game of bluff, Bill lost his breath
In the days of '49.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy
He was always getting tight.
And every time that he got full
He was always hunting a fight.
One night he run up against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline
And over Jake they held a wake
In the days of '49.

There was poor old Jess, the old lame cuss
He never would relent.
Her never was known to miss a drink
Or ever spend a cent.
At length old Jess like all the rest
Who never would decline,

In all his bloom went up the flume
In the days of '49.

There was roaring Bill from Buffalo
I never will forget.
He would roar all day and he'd roar all night
And I guess he's roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospector's hole
In a roaring bad design,
In in that hole roared out his soul
In the days of '49

recorded by Frank Warner
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