

THE DAYS OF '49

Songs of the Gold Rush

SUNG BY

LOGAN
ENGLISH
WITH GUITAR
ACCOMPANIMENT

THE DAYS OF '49



FOLKWAYS FH 5255

WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

SACRAMENTO

A RIPPING TRIP

SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

CROSSING THE PLAINS

PROSPECTING DREAM

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

I OFTEN THINK OF WRITING HOME

THE DAYS OF '49

HE'S THE MAN FOR ME

CLEMENTINE

THE GAMBLER

JOE BOWERS

THE CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY

CALIFORNIA BLOOMER

SACRAMENTO GALS

RONALD CLYNE

RECORDED BY KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FH 5255

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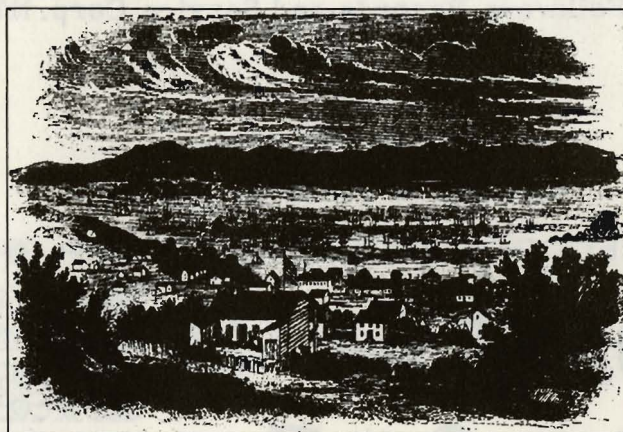
THE CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY

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SACRAMENTO GALS

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SAN FRANCISCO, 1849.



From an Old Print.

MINING SCENE.



From an Old Dra . .

SUTTER'S MILL, 1849.

ABOUT THE SINGER

LOGAN ENGLISH was born in Henderson, Kentucky, the son of a Baptist preacher. When his father retired, the family moved to a farm in Bourbon County, near Paris, Kentucky, and it was there that he first learned many of the songs in his vast repertoire.

Music was always an important element in his life. His grandfather and mother were both trained singers of grand opera, and it was only natural that his first contact with music was opera. He developed a keen distaste for classical music as a result, and used to slip off to listen to the folk-singing that went on all around him on the farm. Though the farm was located in the Kentucky lowlands, or Blue Grass region, most of the singing he heard was of old mountain ballads and songs for many of the farm tenants had come to the farm directly from the eastern Kentucky mountains, or were only one generation removed from the heart of the ballad-singing country. All of them carried a vast store of English, Irish and Scottish folk songs.

In college (Georgetown College in Kentucky), his interest turned to the theatre and he studied acting and speech there with a professional career in mind. After a two year hitch in the Army, he attended the Yale School of Drama where he obtained a Master of Fine Arts in acting. It was while he was a student at Yale that his interest again turned to folksinging. Since his graduation from Yale, he has alternated his time between acting and folksinging. He has appeared in various niteclubs as a folksinger, and intends to spend as much time as possible singing for college audiences in several projected concert tours.

He has previously recorded for FOLKWAYS an album of KENTUCKY FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, FA 2136, and is currently working on several more albums of American folksongs for this company.

RECORDED BY KENNETH S. GOLDSTEIN
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF
MOSES ASCH
MASTERED BY QUE RECORDING STUDIOS
PRESSED BY PLASTYLITE
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR - MOSES ASCH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

by

Kenneth S. Goldstein

According to history, the first authenticated discovery of Gold in California was made near Los Angeles in 1842. But the first discovery of real historical importance was made on January 24, 1848, at John A. Sutter's mill, on the south fork of the American River near Coloma. It would not be incorrect to date California's history as of that moment, for in the truest sense "Gold made California".

Our story begins with some of John Sutter's employees digging a millrace for a grain mill needed to grind Sutter's stores of grain. While digging, one of the workmen, James W. Marshall, dislodged some rocks - among which was a solid gold nugget! An attempt was made to keep the discovery secret, but such secrets are not easily kept. In a short time, rumors flew across the country: Gold had been discovered! And the rush was on.

From every corner of the United States - and other countries as well - thousands of people gave up their normal pursuits to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow...and the end of the rainbow was California. In 1849 alone, more than 80,000 men reached the coast. About half of these had come by overland routes in wagon-trains. Gold seekers would congregate at the end of the railroad lines in one of the mid-western states. There they would form a wagon-train, purchase supplies for the long arduous trip, and hire scouts and escorts. The trip was a rough one - through Indian territory, a large part of the way. Many of those who were fortunate enough to evade death at the Indians' hands died of sickness, exposure, thirst, and starvation. But still some 40,000 managed to reach the land of their hopes. Travel by sea routes was no easier. Sailing around Cape Horn at the southern tip of South America was a long dangerous voyage, and many of the ships were undermanned, overcrowded, and unfitted for sea travel generally. Whether by land or sea route, only the strongest lived to reach California. And the rush was to keep on for several more years.

California society was - to say the least - vastly disturbed by the gold rush. Ships were deserted by their sailors (500 ships crowded the bay at San Francisco in July of 1850), soldiers deserted their regiments, churches were emptied, town councils ceased to function, and everybody took off for the foothills. Merchants, clerks, judges, lawyers, prostitutes, gamblers, criminals and honest folk found themselves in common company. Somehow, order was kept - usually by primitive lawmakers whose instruments were lynch law, popular courts and vigilantee committees.

To be sure, there was no home life in the California of the 'fifties. Women numbered eight percent of the population, and in the mining regions only two percent. The population was a motley crew; some three quarters of the miners were from the American states, while others were Russian, French, English, Chinese, and citizens of a host of other nations. The indigenous population of California, largely Spanish and Mexican, was cruelly treated by the newcomers who passed laws to their own liking - disregarding the claims of the region's citizens.

By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Mexico ceded California to the United States in 1848. With the discovery of gold, the new territory took on great national importance. Early in 1849, local governments sprang up in several communities, and by September of that year, a convention framed a free state constitution and applied for admission to the union. On September 9, 1850, California was admitted to the union. The new state was faced with many problems brought on by the gold rush. Of all the inequities perpetrated in the region none were so abusive as those directed against the Chinese settlers and miners. The law and its officers treated them with even more contempt than they treated the Indians and Mexicans, and these injustices were to continue long after 1879, when the Chinese were excluded by national law. Somehow, California came through it all to become one of the greatest states in the Nation.

But what of the miner's themselves? Millions of words have been published concerning those riotous times. Diaries, journals, biographies and historical works all give us some insight into the period and the people. But the best insights may be gotten from the songs they sang. In a popular California songster of 1858, we find an introductory notation stating that the 37 songs in that volume give "...in a few words what would occupy volumes detailing the HOPES, TRIALS AND JOYS OF A MINER'S LIFE." This is not an overstatement, as the songs in this album will readily attest.

With some few exceptions, the songs in this album come from paper bound songsters published in California before 1860. Few of these songsters included music, but most of them indicated the tunes to which they were sung - folk and popular tunes which were familiar to California settlers of the period.

The most famous of the song writers and collectors of the period was John A. Stone, who became known to the many who sang his songs as "Old Put". A large number of the songs in this album come from two of his pocket songbooks - "Put's Golden Songster" and "Put's Original California Songster". Little is known about "Old Put" beyond what he wrote in the dedication to his first songster:

"In dedicating this little Book of Songs to the Miners of California, those hardy builders of California's prosperity and greatness, the author deems it his duty to offer a prefatory remark in regard to the origin of the work and the motive of its publication.

"Having been a miner himself for a number of years, he has had ample opportunities of observing, as he has equally shared, the many trials and hardships to which his brethren of the pick and shovel have been exposed, and to which in general they have so patiently, so cheerfully, and even heroically submitted. Hence, ever since the time of his crossing the Plains, in the memorable year of '50, he has been in the habit of noting down a few of the leading items of his experience, and clothing them in the garb of humorous though not irreverent verse.

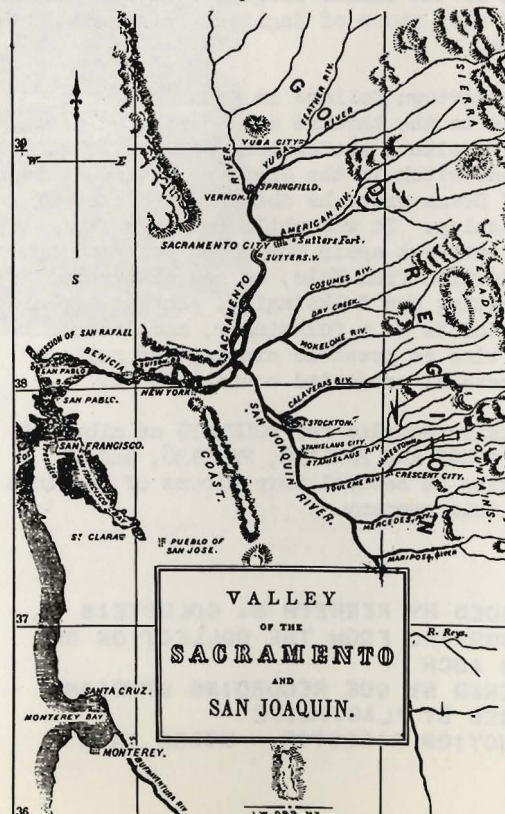
"Many of his songs may show some hard edges, and he is free to confess, that they may fail to please the more aristocratic portion of the community, who have but little sympathy with the details, hopes, trials or joys of the toiling miner's life; but he is confident that the class he addresses will not find them exaggerated, nothing extenuated, nor aught set down 'in malice.'

"In conclusion, he would state, that after having sung them himself at various times and places, and latterly with the assistance of a few gentlemen, known by the name of the Sierra Nevada Rangers, the songs have been published at the request of a number of friends; and if the author should thereby succeed in contributing to the amusement of those he is anxious to please, enliven the long tedious hours of a miner's winter fireside, his pains will not be unrewarded."

- San Francisco, September 1855

We have no way of knowing which of the songs in his books were wholly his own composition, and which came from other sources, but most of them were good, singable songs, and if not actual 'folk' songs, they are certainly of the same stuff from which folk songs are made.

It is with great pride in the singing history of our country that this album is dedicated to "Old Put", who did so much to let us know what the men (and women) of the Gold Rush days were like.



PRINCIPAL GOLD REGION IN 1849
Reproduced from Walter Colton's "The Land of Gold:
Three Years in California 1846-1849"



MINING IN CALIFORNIA

SIDE I, Band 1: WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

Many men who left their Eastern homes for the California diggings were of unsavory reputation. Others were previously respectable men who caught the gold fever and took off to "make their pile" without a word of leave to their dear ones. Some were gamblers and criminals who found in the gold rush a double excuse for taking off to California: a chance to strike it rich, and a way to avoid the troublesome laws which they flouted. No matter their social status, most forty-niners had ample reason for changing their names. This little ditty incorporates a favorite joke of those roaring days, and whether the fortune seekers came by water or overland, they were sure to be greeted with this song. The tune and text may be found in Carl Sandburg's The American Songbag.

Oh, what was your name in the States?
Was it Thompson, or Johnson or Bates?
Did you murder your wife
And fly for your life?
Say, what was your name in the States?



From an Old Drawing.
SACRAMENTO CITY IN 1850.

SIDE I, Band 2: SACRAMENTO

When news of finding gold (mostly exaggerated) came from Sutter's Creek, men took off singly and in groups for 'the promised land.' Ships were chartered to make the long trip round the "Horn", and wagon trains were formed to cross the great western plains. As they made their way West, they sang this song with

enthusiasm and jubilation, and as they made their way back, they added bitter stanzas which mirrored their disappointment. Then the refrain would be sung:

Then, Ho, boys, Ho, to Californy-O
There's plenty of stones and dead men's bones
On the banks of the Sacramento.

The version sung here is obviously from the early days when men dreamed of fantastic 'strikes' and tremendous fortunes to be had for the 'picking'. When the gold rush fever died down, the song remained at sea, where it was sung, with appropriate verses, as a captain shanty.

1. When formed our band, we are all well manned
To journey afar to the promised land,
The golden ore is rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Chorus:

Then, Ho, boys, Ho, to Californy-O,
There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento.

2. As oft we roam o'er the dark sea's foam
We'll never forget kind friends at home,
But memory kind still brings to mind,
The love of friends we left behind.
3. We'll expect our share of the coarsest fare,
And sometimes sleep in the open air,
On the cold damp ground, we'll all sleep sound,
Except when the wolves go howlin' around.
4. As we explore to the distant shore,
Filling our pockets with the shining ore,
How it will sound as the shout goes 'round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen pounds.
5. The gold is there most anywhere,
We dig it out rich with an iron bar,
But where it is thick, with spade or pick
We take out chunks as big as a brick.

SIDE I, Band 3: A PIPPING TRIP

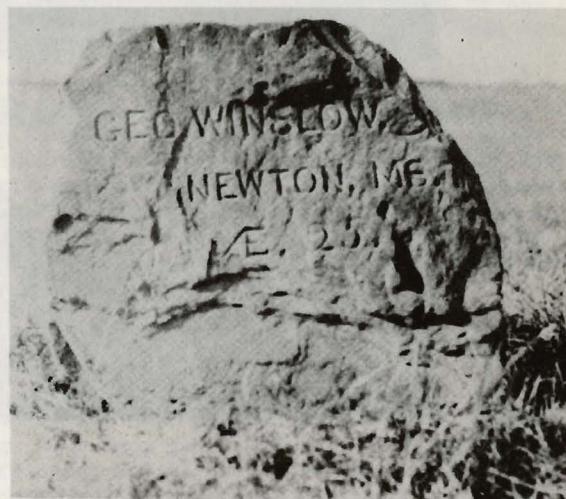
When the rush to California began, every type of boat or ship afloat was pressed into service. Many of these were in bad repair and never reached their destination. But the gold seekers were a determined lot. Hardships on board leaky vessels were no deterrent.



There were two sea routes available to the hunters. One was to make the long arduous journey around Cape Horn; the other meant to take a ship to Panama, cross the isthmus by foot or rail, and board ship on the other side for San Francisco. The latter seemed the shorter route, especially when a railroad was supposed to have been built connecting the East coast of Panama with the West, but the promised railroad was never built and the trip had to be made by foot. The forty-niners sang of their travails on such excursions in this light hearted, satirical song. The text appeared in Put's Golden Songster, printed in San Francisco in 1858, with instructions to be sung to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel".

1. You go aboard a leaky boat,
And sail for San Francisco;
You've got to pump to keep her afloat,
You have that, by jingo!
The engine soon begins to squeak,
But nary a thing to oil her;
Impossible to stop the leak -
Rip goes the boiler!
2. The captain on the promenade,
Looking very savage;
Steward and the cabin maid
Fighting 'bout a cabbage;
All about the cabin floor,
Passengers lie sea-sick -
Steamer's bound to go ashore -
Rip goes the physic!
3. Pork and beans they can't afford
To second cabin passengers;
The cook has tumbled overboard
With forty pounds of "sassengers";
The engineer, a little tight,
Bragging on the Main Line,
Finally gets into a fight -
Rip goes the engine!
4. Now, cholera begins to rage,
A few have got the scurvy;
Chickens dying in their cage -
Steerage topsy-turvy.
When you get to Panama,
Greasers want a back-load;
Officers begin to jaw -
Rip goes the railroad!

5. When home, you'll tell an awful tale,
And always will be thinking
How long you had to pump and bail,
To keep the tub from sinking.
Of course, you'll take a glass of gin,
'Twill make you feel so funny;
Some city sharp will rope you in -
Rip goes your money!



SIDE I, Band 4: SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Just as the sea-going gold hunters sang light-heartedly of their tribulations, so too did the overlanders. Thousands came across the Great Plains in their covered-wagon trains, and for every man who reached his goal there was some poor unfortunate who met his death from disease, poisoned food, the sand and the sun, or from Indians. But still the land routes rang to the sound of gay, but satirical, songs like "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

Betsy and Ike are probably the best known children of Pike County, Missouri, and the story of their adventures has probably done more to put that area on the map than any other thing. The song has been collected from widely separated parts of this country, suggesting that disappointed forty-niners brought the song back with them as they returned to their homes. It is sung to the much-parodied tune of "Villikins and His Dinah".

1. Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide mountains with her lover
Ike,
With one yoke of oxen and a big yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and a one-spotted hog.

Chorus:

Singing too-ral-i-early, li-early, li-ay,
Singing too-ral-i-early, li-early, li-ay,
Singing too-ral-i-early, li-early, li-ay,
Singing too-ral-i-early, li-early, li-ay,

2. Out on the prairie one bright starry night
They broke out the whiskey and Betsy got
tight;
She sang and she shouted, she danced o'er the
plain,
And made a great show for the whole wagon
train.
3. The Injuns come down in a wild yelling horde,
And Betsy got scared they would scalp her
adored;
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
And fought off the Injuns with musket and ball.

4. They soon reached the desert, where Betsy give
out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about;
While Ike in great terror looked on in
surprise,
Saying, "Get up now, Betsy, you'll get sand in
your eyes."
5. The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of
trash;
A few little baby clothes done up with care
Looked rather suspicious - though 'twas all on
the square.
6. The Shanghai run off and the cattle all died,
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried;
Poor Ike got discouraged, and Betsy got mad,
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully
sad.
7. One morning they climbed up a very high hill,
And with great wonder looked into old
Placerville;
Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've come to
Hangtown."
8. Long Ike and sweet Betsy attended a dance,
Where Ike wore a pair of his Pike County
pants;
Sweet Betsy was covered with ribbons and rings,
Said Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your
wings?"
9. A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too
free;
But don't dance me hard. Don't you want to
know why?
Doggone you, I'm chock-full of strong alkali."
10. Long Ike and sweet Betsy got married of course,
But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce;
And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Goodbye, you big lummox, I'm glad you backed
out."

(SEE FOLKWAYS RECORD ALBUM FP 5003
"FRONTIER DAYS" FOR DOCUMENTATION
OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND THE
CROSSING OF THE PLAINS.)



CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Here's another overlander's song, in the form of a warning from one who has already made the trip. There is laughter to its lines, but it takes just a little reading between them to realize the hard task the overlander had cut out for himself. But with all the hardships, the gold seekers continued to make the journey in ever increasing numbers, their wagon trains stretching for miles across the lonely deserts of the West. Carl Sandburg informs us that a traveler of the period once counted 459 wagons in a ten mile stretch along the Platte River, plodding their way to the end of the rainbow.

The text to this song first appeared in Put's Original California Songster with the annotation that it was to be sung to the tune of the old British street ballad of "Caroline of Edinboro Town".

1. Come all you Californians, I pray ope' wide
your ears,
If you are going across the plains with snotty
mules and steers;
Remember beans before you start, likewise
dried beef and ham,
Beware of venison, dang the stuff, it's often
times a ram.
2. You must buy two revolvers, a bowie-knife and
a belt.
Says you, "old feller, now stand off, or I
will have your pelt;"
The greenhorn looks around about, but not a
soul can see,
Says he, "There's not a man in town, but what's
afraid of me."
3. You shouldn't shave, but cultivate your down
and let it grow,
So when you do return, 'twill be soft and
white as snow;
Your lovely Jane will be surprised, your ma'll
begin to cook;
The greenhorn to his mother'll say, "How savage
I must look!"
4. "How do you like it overland?" his mother she
will say,
"All right, excepting cooking, then the devil
is to pay;
For some won't cook, and others can't, and then
it's curse and damn,
The coffe-pot's begun to leak, so had the fry-
ing-pan."
5. You calculate on 60 days take you over the
plains,
But where you lack for bread and meat, for
coffee and for brains;
Your 60 days are a hundred or more, your grub
you've got to divide,
Your steers and mules are alkalied, so foot it -
you cannot ride,
6. You have to stand a watch at night, to keep the
Indians off,
About sundown some heads will ache, and some
begin to cough;
To be deprived of health we know is always very
hard,
Though every night someone is sick, to get rid
of standing guard.
7. Your canteens, they should be well filled with
poison alkali,
So when you get tired of travelling, you can
cramp all up and die;
The best thing in the world to keep your bowels
loose and free
Is fight and quarrel among yourselves, and sel-
dom if ever agree.

8. There's not a log to make a seat, along the river Platte,
So when you eat, you've got to stand, or sit down square and flat;
It's fun to cook with buffalo wood, take some that's newly born,
If I knew once what I know now, I'd a gone around the Horn!
9. The desert's nearly death on corns, while walking in the sand,
And drive a jackass by the tail, it's damn this overland;
I'd rather ride a raft at sea, and then at once be lost,
Says Bill, "Let's leave this poor old mule, we can't get him across."
10. The ladies have the hardest time, they emigrate by land,
For when they cook with buffalo wood, they often burn a hand;
And then they jaw their husbands round, get mad and spill the tea,
Wish to the Lord they'd be taken down with a turn of dia-ree.
11. When you arrive at Placerville, or Sacramento City,
You've nothing in the world to eat, no money - what a pity!
Your stripped pants are all worn out, which causes people to laugh,
When they see you gaping round the town like a great big brindle calf.



WASHING WITH THE LONG TOM

Reproduced from Harper's New Monthly Magazine Vol. XX, p. 602

SIDE 1, Band 6: PROSPECTING DREAM

Prospecting for gold was no fun. Few were the cases where a man might find a lump of gold laying on the ground as he walked his claim. It took hard work and long hours to find enough gold to make a fuss about. Some few men were fortunate, and staked out claims where they were able to pan out some four or five hundred dollars worth of gold a day, but most forty-niners never saw the glittering mineral specks which promised an easier and richer life.

There were several ways of finding gold. One way was to dig for it. This was the hardest way, but when a man found gold below the ground, he might be on the threshold of a great fortune. Such a find might be part of a vein of gold and possibly of a mine. For that type of prospecting, picks and shovels were the tools. The easier way (if any way was easy) was to 'pan' or 'cradle' for gold. Both of these methods consisted of washing sand from a stream through a sieve until the tiny glittering specks of gold shone

out from the largest particles of slit remaining in the pan. The 'cradle' or 'long tom' was a mechanical device for panning for gold. A large pan or sieve would be placed on rockers near the stream. The miner would shovel the sand from the stream's bed into the pan, and then rock it, thereby causing the smaller particles of sand, and water, to pass through the sieve, leaving the larger particles of silt and, occasionally, gold in the pan itself.

In "Prospecting Dream", a miner describes the travails, and hopes, of a typical prospector. Though the picture is painted lightly, it is not a pretty one. The text of this song first appeared in Put's Original California Songster, and is sung to the tune of the then highly popular Stephen Foster creation, "Oh Susanna."

1. I dreamed a dream the other night, when everything was still,
I dreamed that I was carrying my long-tom down a hill;
My feet slipped out and I fell down, oh, how I jarred my liver,
I watched my long-tom till I saw it fetched up in the river.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a miner, what a miner was I,
All swelled up with the scurvy, so I really thought I'd die.

2. My matches, flour, and Chili beans, lay scattered all around,
I felt so bad I wished to die, as I lay on the ground;
My coffee rolled down by a rock, my pepper I could not find,
'Twas then I thought of Angeline, the girl I left behind.
3. I took my shovel, pick and pan, to try a piece of ground,
I dreamed I struck the richest lead that ever had been found;
Then I wrote home that I had found a solid lead of gold,
And I'd be home in just a month, but what a lie I told!
4. I dug, I panned and tanned awhile, till I had but a dollar,
I struck it here, and right down there, I could not raise the color,
John Chinaman, he bought me out, and pungled down the dust,
Then I had just an ounce in change to start out on a "bust."
5. I went to town and I got drunk; in the morning to my surprise,
I found that I had got a pair of roaring big black eyes,
And I was strapped, had not a cent, not even pick or shovel,
My hair snarled up, my breeches torn, looked like the very devil.
6. I then took up a little farm, and got a senorita,
Grey-eyed, hump-backed, and black as tar - her name was Marguerita;
My pigs all died, hens flew away, Joaquin stole my mules,
My ranch burnt "down", my blankets "up", likewise my farming tools.
7. I left my farm, and hired out to be a hardware clerk,
I got kicked out cause I couldn't write, so again I went to work;

But when they caught me stealing grub, a few webt in to boot him,
And others round were singing out, "Hang him, hang him, shoot him!"



SIDE 1, Band 7: LIFE IN CALIFORNIA

Here we have another miner's description of his trials and tribulations. This time we are treated to a chronicle of a forty-niner from the time he left his home in Maine, through his experiences in gambling at San Francisco, eventually staking out a claim near Sacramento, suffering from fever and the elements, and finally looking for someone who'll be kind enough to stake him to food, liquor and lodging.

The text of this song appeared in the California Songster, published in San Francisco in 1855. The tune was that of the "Used-Up Man", a song popular in the bars, saloons and theatres of the Barbary Coast in San Francisco at the time.

1. I ain't got no home, nor nothing else, I suppose,
Misfortune seems to follow me wherever I goes;
I come to California with a heart both stout and bold,
And have been up to the diggins, there to get some lumps of gold.

CHORUS:

But I'm a used-up man, a perfect used-up man,
And if ever I get home again, I'll stay there if I can.

2. I lives way down in Maine, where I heard about the diggins,
So I shipped aboard a darned old barque commanded by Joe Higgins;
I sold my little farm, and from wife and children parted,
And off to California sailed, and left 'em broken hearted.
But here's a used-up man, etc.
3. When I got to San Francisco, I saw such heaps of money,
And the way the folks at monte played, I thought the game was funny;
And so I took my pile and on the table tossed it,
And the chap who dealt me out the cards, says, "My friend, you have lost it!"
So you're a used-up man, etc.

4. I got into a steamboat and started up the river,
And I thought the darned mosquitoes would have taken out my liver;
When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this rigging,
And soon I found a decent place, and so I went to digging.
But I'm a used-up man, etc.
5. I got into the water, where the "fever-n-ager" took me,
And after I was froze to death, it turned about and shook me;
And still I kept to work, a-hopin' 'twould be better,
But the water wouldn't fall a bit, but kept on getting wetter.
But I'm a used-up man, etc.
6. I suppose if I should die, they'd take me to the Mission,
Or else the city's sell me to pay up my physician;
I've tried to keep my courage, and swore I wouldn't spree it,
And here's my pile for five months' work, I'd as leave you'd not see it.
For I'm a used-up man, etc.
7. I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm dodging,
To hunt up grub enough to eat, and find a decent lodging;
I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet me,
Who'll take me by the collar now, and kindly ask to treat me!
For I'm a used-up man, etc.



POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SIDE 1, Band 8: I OFTEN THINK OF WRITING HOME

The men who tore up long established roots in distant cities to take off for the land of gold were soon to find themselves a lonely lot whose thoughts kept returning to home and the loved ones they had left behind. The post office in towns near mining communities was an important place for the miners, and many of them would show up nearly every day, hoping that a ship, or coach, had brought mail from their family or sweethearts. But, as with most lonely men on a mission, the miner himself was usually delinquent as a correspondent, often rationalizing it by talking of the scarcity of writing supplies and the expense of sending letters, as in this song. The text appeared in Put's Golden Songster, and is sung to the tune of the traditional Irish country song, "Irish Molly, O".

1. I often think of writing home, but I very seldom write,
A letter now and then I get which fills me with delight;
But while I'm here with Romans, I'll do as Romans do,

And let it rip, till I return, and tell them
all I know.

CHORUS:

For it keeps a man a-hunting round to keep up with
the times,
And pen and ink is very scarce with people in the
mines,
And writing don't amount to much unless you have
the dimes.

2. If I could write them every mail I know it
would them please,
But neighbors would then flock around them, like
a swarm of bees -
And great would be the cry abroad that such a
man's a fool,
And if he were a friend of mine, I'd send him
off to school.

3. I'd half a mind to drop a line and tell them I'm
alive,
And watch the California boats whenever they
arrive,
For I intend to home return, when'er I feel in-
clined,
Then drop a line informing them I've lately
changed my mind.

4. I like to live among the hills, and pleasant
mountain towns,
And like the cities better since they drove
away the hounds;
But were they fifty times as fair, for all I
would not fail
To be a man forevermore, and write them every
mail.



MINERS STARTING FOR HOME.

SIDE II, Band 1: THE DAYS OF '49

Here is a song of a returned forty-niner revelling in
the memories of an age when he and his buddies were seek-
ing the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. With
no fortune to show for his high adventure, he is left to
boast of the kind of men with whom he shared his mis-
fortune - a sturdy crew, to be sure.

The earliest text to appear in print may be found in
The Great Emerson New Popular Songster, published in
San Francisco in 1874. Later songsters and collec-
tions also included the song, and may be partly re-
sponsible for its having been recovered from tradition
in areas far distant from its probable origin (versions
have been collected in the Ozark mountains and in
Adirondack lumber country).

1. I'm old Tom Moore from the bummer's shore,
In the good old golden days,
They call me a bummer and a ginsot, 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.

2. My comrades, they all loved me well,
A jolly saucy crew,
A few hard cases I will admit,
Though they were brave and true;
Whatever the pitch they would never flinch,
They would never fret nor whine -
Like good old bricks, they stood the kicks
In the days of '49.

3. There was old Lame Jess, a hard old cuss,
Who never did repent;
He never was known to miss a drink
Nor to ever spend a cent;
But old Lame Jess, like all the rest,
To death he did resign
And in his bloom went up the flume
In the days of '49.

4. There was Poker Bill, one of the boys,
Who was always in for a game,
Whether he lost or whether he won,
To him it was all the same;
He would ante up and draw his cyards,
He would go you a hatful blind,
In the game with death Bill lost his breath,
In the days of '49.

5. There was New York Jake, the butcher's boy,
He was always getting tight;
And every time that he'd get full
He was spoiling for a fight;
But Jake rampaged against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Stein,
And over Jake they held a wake,
In the days of '49.

6. There was Ragshag 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 prospect hole
In a roaring bad design;
And in that hole he roared out his soul
In the days of '49.

7. Of all the comrades that I've had
There's none that's left to boast;
And I'm left alone in my misery
Like some poor wandering ghost;
And as I pass from town to town
They call me the rambling sign -
"There goes Tom Moore, a bummer shore,
Of the days of '49."

CHORUS:

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

SIDE II, Band 2: HE'S THE MAN FOR ME

The lure of gold was powerful enough to make all sorts
of men leave for the golden shores of California, but
not all were equipped or prepared to put in the long
hours of hard work which might result in making a for-
tune. Like the speaker in this song, some decided their
fortune would be much easier made by marrying a rich
senorita; and if that didn't work out well, one could
always avoid turning to mining by stealing if neces-
sary. Such a rogue was held in respect by the miners,
more for his good natured ways than for setting an
example.



From an Old Print.

VIGILANTES IN '49.

The text first appeared in Put's Golden Songster and is
sung to the tune of the much borrowed "Rosin the Beau".

1. I've travelled the mountains all over,
And now to the valleys I'll go,
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

In sight of huge mountains of snow,
In sight of huge mountains of snow -
And live like a pig in the clover,
In sight of huge mountains of snow.

2. I'll marry a rich senorita,
And live on a ranch in the west;
Have forty young greasers to greet her,
And fifty if put to the test.

And fifty if put to the test,
And fifty if put to the test,
Have forty young greasers to greet her,
And fifty if put to the test.

3. I'll wear a "right peert" standing collar
And smoke cigaritos, of course;
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

I'll try and obtain a divorce,
I'll try and obtain a divorce -
And when I run short of a dollar,
I'll try and obtain a divorce.

4. I'm greatly in favor of mining,
With me, though, it does not agree;
I'd rather be gently reclining
With Beauty, upon a settee.

With Beauty upon a settee,
With Beauty upon a settee,
I'd rather be gently reclining,
With Beauty upon a settee,

5. I'm not much in favor of thieving,
At all events, just as I feel;
But never will work for a living,
As long as I'm able to steal.

As long as I'm able to steal,
As long as I'm able to steal,
I never will work for a living,
So long as I'm able to steal.

SIDE II, Band 3: CLEMENTINE

This is the most widely celebrated and best known of
the songs concerning the forty-niners, yet its creation

was completely divorced from the living history of
that turbulent period. Its composition is most fre-
quently credited to Percy Montross who is said to have
written both music and text about 1883. A song of
similar content was written by Baker Bradford about
1885, but this appears to have been an entirely dif-
ferent versification of the same theme, and, in any
case, never became as popular as the song given here.

"Clementine" has been a favorite since the last cen-
tury with both college and community groups, but has
not frequently been collected from "folk" singers in
an oral tradition. Its preservation and continuation
has, instead, been based on the numerous printings in
college songbooks and community songsheets, and for
that reason exists in only one standard version.

1. In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS:

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

2. Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

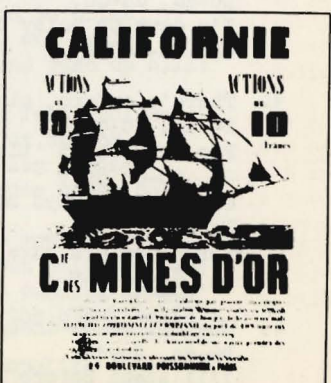
3. Drove her ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

4. Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas for me, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5. In a churchyard near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grew roses and other posies
Fertilized by Clementine.

6. Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Thought in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead, I'll draw the line.





MARRIED MUM?



NO SIR!

SIDE II, Band 7: CALIFORNIA BLOOMER

Not all of the people who left for the California gold fields were men. Women, too, suffered the long trip, whether overland or by sea, in order to make their pile. Some did extremely well in common female pursuits of the area - either as chorus girls or actresses, or as prostitutes. But a small group were hardy enough to go in for mining itself. Miss Ella, of this song, was such a lass. Nor was she the ordinary female in any sense, for she was a college graduate with several degrees - and a bloomer girl, as well.

At just the time that the Gold Rush was making an upheaval of society in all parts of this country, a Miss Amelia J. Bloomer was busy creating a new style for women which was to be the vogue for quite some time. Miss Bloomer, of New York, had designed a type of loose trousers, gathered at or below the knees, which could either be worn as an undergarment or as an outfit for girls taking part in physical education. For a while, the emancipated women who chose to wear this innovation were the butt of many jokes. The overbearing male designation for these brave women were "Bloomer Girls". It would seem that Miss Ella, in addition to her education and her mining plans was also one of this clan.

The text to this song first appeared in Put's Original California Songster, and is sung to the blackface minstrel song "Lucy Long".

1. Miss Ella, she is twnty-nine,
Has taken two degree,
And tore her shirt-tail off behind,
So she can show her knees.

CHORUS:

So take your time, Miss Ella,
Take your time, Miss Ella do,
And I will rock the cradle,
Give the ore all to you.

2. Miss Ellais is a gallus nag,
Miss Ella she is neat,
Her eyes look like a saffron bag,
And, Lord, what awful feet!
3. I saw Miss Ella on the Platte
Where she got alkaliied,
Her hackass he was rolling fat,
And straddle she would ride.
4. She's from Lumpkin County, Georgia,
I know her like a book;
I used to see her wash her feet
In Johnson's saw-mill brook.

5. Miss Ella has a claim, they say,
She works it all the while;
She creviced round the other day
And panned out a little pile.
6. She'll get it all after awhile,
If patiently she waits;
I'll leave her when I make a pile,
And vamose for the States.

SIDE II, Band 8: SACRAMENTO GALS

There were other women in California, beside the prostitutes and female miners. Actresses and chorus girls who performed in local "opera" houses and saloons were very much admired by the miners who came into town after working hard on their claims. And of course, there were the womenfolk who made up the families of tradespeople and officials in those towns. To the weary, and often love-starved, miners such women presented a sight for sore eyes. And wherever there are lonely men and pretty women, there will also be songs - composed by the lonely men about the pretty women. Such a song is "Sacramento Gals."

The text of this song first appeared in Put's Golden Songster, and is sung to the tune of a popular music hall instrumental song of the day, "Bobbing Around."

1. Well the Sacramento gals are some,
Nipping around, around, around;
They're down on men what live on rum,
As they go nipping around.
2. They're pretty gals, I must confess,
Nipping around, around, around,
And "Lordy-massy" how they dress,
As they go nipping around.
3. On "J" street they are to be found,
Nipping around, around, around;
Their bustles lift them off the ground,
As they go nipping around.
4. Their hoops will reach around a dray,
Nipping around, around, around,
They're "airy" on a windy day,
As they go nipping around.
5. There's many a gal from Arkansas,
Nipping around, around, around,
Who well remembers hollering "haw",
As she went nipping around.
6. Their faces covered with paint and chalk,
Nipping around, around, around,
Their hoops take up the whole sidewalk,
As they go nipping around.
8. They're here and there, like Santa Anna,
Nipping around, around, around;
They're fresh and mellow as ripe banana,
As they go nipping around.
8. Give me a rosy country gal,
Nipping around, around, around,
No matter if her name is Sal,
As she goes nipping around.
9. But of all the gals I ever see,
Nipping around, around, around,
The Sacramento gals for me,
As they go nipping around.

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