

THE DAYS OF '49

Charles Bensell (d.1877)(called Charley Roades) probably wrote the original as a minstrel song. The tune & some words come from "Yankee John" Galusha, adapted by Warners & Lomaxes.

I'm old Tom Moore from the bummer's shore,
In the good old golden days.
They call me a bummer and a gin-sot, too.
But what cares I for praise?
I ramble 'round from town to town
Just like a roving sign
And the people all say
"There goes Tom Moore
From the days of forty-nine"

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

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

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

There was old Lame Jess, a hard old cuss,
Who never did repent;
He never was known to miss a drink
Or 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.

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

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

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

There was New York Jake, the butcher's boy,
He was always getting tight;
And every time that he got drunk
He was spoiling for a fight;
Then Jake rampaged against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline
And over Jake we held a wake
In the days of '49.

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

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 a roving sign--
"There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure,
From the days of '49."

In the days of old, in the days of gold
How oft-times I repine
For the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of forty-nine.

As Sung on Judy Cook's CD "Lincoln's America"

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