

The Days Of Forty-Nine

Oh, here you see old Tom Moore,
A relic of former days,
And a bummer, too, they call me now—
But what care I for praise ?
For my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft do I repine,
For the days of old, the days of gold,
And the days of Forty- nine.

I'd comrades then who loved me well,
A jovial, saucy crew;
There were some hard cases, I must confess,
But still they were brave and true;
Who'd never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Would never fret or whine,
But like good old bricks, they stood the kicks,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There was Kentuck' Bill, I knew him well,
A fellow so full of tricks,
At a poker game he was always thar,
And as heavy too, as bricks.
He'd play you draw, he'd ante a slug,
And go a hatful blind,
But in a game with Death, Bill lost his breath,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There was Monte Pete, I'll ne'er forget,
For the luck that he always had,
He'd deal for you both night and day,
Or as long as you had a sace.
One night a pistol laid him out,
'Twas his last lay-out in fine,
It caught Pete sure, right in the door,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,
So fond of getting tight;
And whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was sp'iling for a fight.
One day he ran agin' a knife,
In the hands of old Bob Cline,
So over Jake we held a wake,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There was Rackensack Jim who could outroar
A buffalo bull, you bet;
He roared all day, he roared all night,
And I believe he's roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospect hole,
'Twas a roaring bad design,
For in that hole Jim roared out his soul,
In the days of Forty-nine.

There was poor lame Jess, a hard old case,
Who never would repent;
Jess never missed a single meal,
Nor ever paid a cent.
But poor old Jess like all the rest,
Did to death at last resign,
For in his bloom, he went up the flume,
In the days of Forty-nine.

Of all the comrades I had then,
Not one remains to toast;
They have left me in my misery,
Like some poor wandering ghost.
And as I go from place to place,
Folks call me a traveling sign:
Saying, "Here's Tom Moore, a bumner sure,
Of the days of Forty-nine."