

John Sutter's Mill – Dan Fogelberg

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INTRO: [G] [D] [A] [D\ \]

sing F#

[Verse 1]

In the [G] spring of forty [D] seven
So the [G] story, it is [D] told
Old John [G] Sutter went to the [D] mill site
Found a [A] piece of shining [D] gold

[Verse 2]

Well, [G] he took it to the [D] city
Where the [G] word, like wildfire, [D] spread
And old John [G] Sutter soon came to [D] wish
he'd left that [A] stone in the river [D] bed

[Verse 3]

For they [G] came like herds of [D] locusts
Every [A] woman, child and [D] man
In their [G] lumbering Cones [D] togas
They left their [A] tracks upon this [D] land

[Chorus]

Some would [G] fail and some would [D] prosper
Some would [G] die and some would [D] kill
Some would [G] thank the Lord for their de[D]liverance
And some would [A] curse John Sutter's [D] Mill

[Verse 4]

Well, they [G] came from New York [D] City
And they [A] came from Ala[D]bam'
With their [G] dreams of finding [D] fortunes
In this [A] wild unsettled [D] land

[Outro]

[G . . .] [D . . .] [A . . .] [D . . .] [D\] [A\] [D\]