

Days Of '49

I'm old Tom Moore, I'm a bummer sure in the good old golden days.
They call me a bummer and a gin-sack too, but what cares I for praise?
I roam around from town to town just like a roving sign,
And the people all say there goes Tom Moore, in the days of '49.

Chorus after every verse:

In the days of old, the days of gold, how often I remind.
In the days of old when we dug up the gold
In the days of '49.

My comrades they all loved me well that jolly craven crew.
A few hard cases I recall though they all were brave and true.
Whatever the pinch they would never flinch they would never fret or whine.
Like good old bricks they stood the kicks in the days of '49.

There was New York Jake the butcher's boy, he was always getting tight,
And every time that he got full he was spoiling for a fight.
Then Jake rampaged against a knife in the hand of old Bob Syne.
And over Jake, they held a wake, in the days of '49.

There was Poker Bill one of the boys who was always in a game.
Whether he lost, whether he won, to him it was the same.
He would ante up and draw his cards and go about full blind.
In a game of death Bill lost his breath in the days of '49.

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

Of all the comrades I have had there is no one left to boast.
I'm left alone in my misery like some poor old wandering ghost.
As I pass by from town to town they call me the wandering sign.
There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure, in the days of '49.
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