The Californian

We've formed and all well manned
To journey afar to the promised land;
Where the golden ore is rich in store
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Chorus: Then ho! Boys, ho! who to California go,
For the mountains cold are covered with gold,
Along the banks of the Sacramento.

Ho! ho! away we got digging up gold in Francisco.
Oh! the gold is there, most anywhere
And they dig it out with an iron bar,
And when it's thick, with a spade and pick,
They've taken out lumps as big as a brick.

Oh! don't you cry or heave a sigh,
We'll came back again by and by,
Don't breathe a fear or shed a tear,
But patiently wait about two year.

We expect our share of the coarsest faro,
And sometimes to sleep in the open air,
Upon the cold ground we shall all sleep sound
Except when the wolves are howling round.

As off we roam over the dark sea foam,
We'll never forget our friends at home
For memories kind will bring to mind
The thoughts of those me leave behind.

In the days of old, the Prophets told
Of the City to come, all framed in gold.
Peradventure they foresaw the day,
Now dawning in California.