"California" When formed our band, we are all well nammed mannia To journey afar to the promised land. The gold ore in rich in store On the banks of the Sacramento shore. Chorus: [md] Then Ho, boys ho! To California go. There's plenty of gold in the world, I'm told, On the banks of the Sacramento shore. As oft we roam o'er the dark sea's foam, Will not forget kind friends at home, But memory kind still brings to mind The love of friends we left behind. Chorus: [md] [We'll?] expect our share of the coarsest fare, And sometimes sleep in the open air, On the cold damp ground we'll sleep all round (sound) Except when the wolves go howling round. Chorus: [md] As we explore to the distant shores Filling our pockets with the shining ore, How will it sound as the shout goes round, Filling our pockets with a dozen of pounds. Chorus: [md] The gold is there almost anywhere, We dig it out rich with an iron bar, But where it is thick, with spade or pick We take out chunks as big as a brick. Chorus: [md]