

THE DAYS OF '49

sung by Logan English

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
I'M OLD TOM MOORE FROM THE BUMMER'S SHORE, IN THE GOOD OLD GOLDEN DAYS
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
THEY CALL ME A BUMMER AND A GIN-SOT TOO, BUT WHAT CARE I FOR PRAISE
Am - C Am
I WANDER AROUND FROM TOWN TO TOWN, JUST LIKE A ROVING SIGN
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
AND THE PEOPLE ALL SAY THERE GOES TOM MOORE OF THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE
Am - C Am
IN THE DAYS OF OLD, IN THE DAYS OF GOLD, HOW OFT-TIMES I REPINE
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
FOR THE DAYS OF OLD WHEN WE DUG UP THE GOLD IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
MY COMRADES, THEY ALL LOVED ME WELL, A JOLLY SAUCY CREW
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
A FEW HARD CASES I WILL ADMIT, THOUGH THEY WERE BRAVE AND TRUE
Am - C
WHATEVER THE PITCH THEY WOULD NEVER FLINCH,
Am
THEY WOULD NEVER FRET NOR WHINE,
Am - G Am - Em - Am
LIKE THE GOOD OLD BRICKS THEY STOOD THE KICKS IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
THERE WAS OLD LAME JESS, A HARD OLD CUSS, WHO NEVER DID REPENT
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
HE NEVER WAS KNOWN TO MISS A DRINK NOR TO EVER SPEND A CENT
Am - C Am
BUT OLD LAME JESS, LIKE ALL THE REST, TO DEATH HE DID RESIGN
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
AND IN HIS BLOOM WENT UP THE FLUME IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
THERE WAS POKER BILL, ONE OF THE BOYS, WHO WAS ALWAYS IN FOR A GAME
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
WHETHER HE LOST OR WHETHER HE WON, TO HIM IT WAS ALL THE SAME
Am - C Am
HE WOULD ANTE UP AND DRAW HIS CARDS, HE WOULD GO YOU A HATFUL BLIND
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
IN THE GAME WITH DEATH BILL LOST HIS BREATH IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
THERE WAS NEW YORK JAKE THE BUTCHER BOY, HE WAS ALWAYS GETTING TIGHT
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
AND EVERY TIME THAT HE'D GET FULL HE WAS SPOILING FOR A FIGHT
Am - C Am
BUT JAKE RAMPAGED AGAINST A KNIFE IN THE HANDS OF OLD BOB STEIN
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
AND OVER JAKE THEY HELD A WAKE IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
THERE WAS RAGSHAG BILL FROM BUFFALO I NEVER WILL FORGET

Am - G
 HE WOULD ROAR ALL DAY AND HE'D ROAR ALL NIGHT
Am - E7 - Am
 AND I GUESS HE'S ROARING YET
Am - C Am
 ONE NIGHT HE FELL IN A PROSPECT HOLE IN A ROARING BAD DESIGN
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
 AND IN THAT HOLE HE ROARED OUT HIS SOUL IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

Am - G Am - E7 - Am
 OF ALL THE COMRADES THAT I'VE HAD, THERE'S NONE THAT'S LEFT TO BOAST
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
 AND I'M LEFT ALONE IN MY MISERY LIKE SOME POOR WANDERING GHOST
Am C Am
 AND AS I PASS FROM TOWN TO TOWN THEY CALL ME THE RAMBLING SIGN
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
 "THERE GOES TOM MOORE, A BUMMER SHORE, OF THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE."
Am - C Am
 IN THE DAYS OF OLD, IN THE DAYS OF GOLD, HOW OFT-TIMES I REPINE
Am - G Am - E7 - Am
 FOR THE DAYS OF OLD WHEN WE DUG UP THE GOLD IN THE DAYS OF FORTY NINE

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SPIKE and JAMIE