

The Banks Of The Sacramento

USA

earliest date: 1849 (Ballad Index "Ho for California") / tune is a variation of "Camptown Races" (Stephen Foster)
adaptation, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de

1. In the Black Ball Lines I served my time, with a hoo-dah, with a hoo-dah, in a

full rigged ship and in her prime, with a hoo-dah hoo-dah day.

Blow, blow, blow for Ca-li-for-ni-o, for there's

plen-ty of gold, so I've been told, on the banks of the Sa-cra-men-to.

2. Oh, we were the boys to make her go, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
around Cape Horn in the frost and snow, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...
3. Around Cape Horn in seventy days, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
around Cape Horn is a mighty long ways, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...
4. When we was tracking 'round Cape Horn, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
I often wished I'd never been born, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...
5. Oh, the mate he whacked me around and around, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
and I wished I was home all safe and sound, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...
6. To the Sacramento we are bound away, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
to the Sacramento it's a hell of a way, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...
7. Oh, when we got to the Frisco docks, with a hoodah, with a hoodah,
the girls were all in their Sunday frocks, with a hoodah, hoodah day.
Blow, blow, blow...