

# I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

*American Work Song*

I've been working on the railroad  
All the livelong day —  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.  
Don't you hear the whistle blowin'?  
Rise up so early in the morn'.  
Don't you hear the captain shoutin':  
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,  
Dinah, won't you blow your horn? (repeat)

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,  
Someone's in the kitchen, I know —  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah —  
Strummin' on the old banjo, and singin':

Fee-fi-fiddly-i-o, fee-fi-fiddly-i-o —  
Fee-fi-fiddly-i-o — strummin' on the old banjo!

# THE DAYS OF '49



## DRILL, YE TARRIERS

Every morning at seven o'clock  
There were twenty tarriers a-workin' at the rock,  
And the boss comes along and he says, "Keep still"  
"And come down heavy on the cast iron drill,"  
"And drill ye tarriers, drill!"

### Chorus

Drill ye tarriers, drill.  
Oh it's work all day for the sugar in your tay  
Down behind the railway  
And drill ye tarriers, drill, and blast and fire!

The new foreman was Jean McCann  
By gosh, he was blamed a mean man!  
Last week a premature blast went off  
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff  
And drill ye tarriers, drill. **Chorus**

When the next payday came around  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.  
When he asked what for came this reply,  
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."  
And drill ye tarriers, drill. **Chorus**

## OH, CALIFORNIA

*adapted from "Oh, Susanna!" by Stephen Foster*

I come from Salem City with my washbowl on my knee  
I'm goin' to Cal-i-for-ni-ay, the gold dust for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot I froze to death, oh brothers, don't you cry.

### Chorus

Oh California! That's the place for me —  
I'm bound for San Francisco  
with my washbowl on my knee.

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship, and traveled on the sea,  
And every time I thought of home, I wished it wasn't me.  
The vessel reared like any horse that had of oats a wealth;  
I found it wouldn't throw me, so I thought I'd throw myself.

### Chorus

I soon shall be in Fri - is - co, and there I'll look around,  
And when I see the gold lumps there,  
I'll pick them off the ground.  
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,  
I'll drain the rivers dry.  
A pocketful of rocks bring home,  
so brothers, dont' you cry!

### Chorus

# OH, SUSANNA

words and music by Stephen Foster

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,  
I'm goin' to Louisiana, my true love for to see.  
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry,  
The sun so hot, I froze to death, Susannah, don't you cry.

## Chorus

Oh Susanna! Oh, don't you cry for me —  
I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night when everything was still.  
I thought I saw Susanna a-comin' down the hill.  
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye.  
Says I, I'm comin' from the South, Susannah, don't you cry.

## Chorus

I soon will be in New Orleans, and then I'll look around,  
And when I find Susanna, I'll fall upon the ground.  
But if I do not find her, then I will surely die,  
And when I'm dead and buried, Oh, Susanna, don't you cry.

## Chorus

# THE DAYS OF '49

I'm old Tom Moore from the bummers' shore  
In the good old golden days.  
They call me a bummer and a ginsot too  
But what cares I for praise?  
I wander around from town,  
Just like some roving sign  
And the people all say, "There goes Tom Moore  
Of the days of forty-nine."

## Chorus

In the days of old, in the days of gold,  
How oftimes I repine  
For the days of old when we dug up the gold,  
In the days of forty-nine.

My comrades, they all loved me well,  
A jolly saucy crew,  
A few hard cases I will admit,  
Though they were brave and true.  
Whatever the pinch they never would flinch,  
They never would fret or whine.  
Like good old bricks, they stood the kicks  
In the days of forty-nine.

## Chorus

# SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike,  
Who crossed the wide prairie with her lover, Ike,  
With two yoke of oxen and one spotted hog,  
A tall Shanghai rooster, and an old yeller dog.

## Chorus (2x)

Hoodle dang fold-di-dye-do, hoodle dang fol-di-day.

The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died.  
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried.  
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,  
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

## Chorus

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,  
And with wonder looked down to old Placerville.  
Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsy, my darlin', we've got to Hangtown."

## Chorus

Long Ike and sweet Betsy got married, of course,  
But Ike, getting jealous, obtained a divorce,  
And Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,  
"Goodbye you big lummo, I'm glad you backed out!"

## Chorus

# A GUST OF FALL WIND

Tsa tsi chiu fung han.  
Bai Lu hua chung shang.  
Ku shang nying pien ts'ao.  
Tsa man ts'ao chao shang.

A gust of fall wind  
blowing cold;  
A fall of white dew  
turned to frost.  
The cruel frost freezes  
each blade of grass,  
And the grasshopper dies  
in his grassy nest.

乍起秋風寒  
白露化成霜  
酷霜凝片草  
蚱蜢草窠殤

