

HISTORY OF MUSIC IN SAN FRANCISCO SERIES  
VOLUME TWO: MARCH, 1939

# A San Francisco Songster

1849 - 1939

Oh, what was your name in the States?  
Was it Thompson or Johnson or Bates?  
Did you murder your wife  
And fly for your life?  
Say, what was your name in the States?

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A SAN FRANCISCO SONGSTER

\*\*\*An anthology of songs and ballads sung in San Francisco from the gold rush era to the present, illustrative of the city's metamorphoses from camp to metropolis, and serving as lyric footnotes to its dramatic history\*\*\*

Cornel Lengyel, Editor  
San Francisco  
1939

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RESEARCH REPORT

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE  
HYDROLYSIS OF  
POLYMERIZATION  
OF VINYL MONOMERS  
BY METAL IONS  
AND  
THE EFFECT OF  
TEMPERATURE ON  
THE RATE OF  
POLYMERIZATION  
BY METAL IONS

BY  
J. H. HARRIS  
AND  
R. W. LAMBERT

RESEARCH REPORT NO. 100  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A SAN FRANCISCO SONGSTER  
(1849-1939)

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\*with music

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\*with music

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
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MAY 15 1964

DR. J. H. GOLDSTEIN  
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

Dear Dr. Goldstein:

I have your letter of May 11, 1964, regarding the  
loan of the NMR spectrometer to your laboratory.

Very truly yours,

W. H. RAY

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF  
HIS MOST EXCELLENT  
MAYESTY KING

CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY  
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.  
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.  
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS  
TO HIS HONOURABLE SON

THE EARL OF SALISBURY

BY  
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
LONDON,  
PRINTED BY R. CLAY AND COMPANY,  
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, 1773.

THE FIRST VOLUME  
OF THIS HISTORY  
WAS PRINTED  
IN THE YEAR  
1773.

AND THE SECOND VOLUME  
WAS PRINTED  
IN THE YEAR  
1773.

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Perhaps the first thing one will notice about the following ballads is the vitality of the themes and the treatment. The rough stanzas will hardly confine themselves to the flat page. They clamor for tongues and living voices. They demand not the closeted critic, but the full-throated chanter in the open.

Who wrote these songs? How? Why? Unlike some anthologies of modern verse, which so often serve as convenient cenotaphs to minor versifiers, this rude ballad-book represents for the most part the work of a nameless, bold, fantastic folk -- the early gold-hunters, gamblers, vagrants and workmen who trekked out West in the great mass movement of 1849 and who searching for gold, struck off gaudy stanzas in the heat of the day's labor. We discover a breath of the people, a gleam of the native folk-soul. Here are gathered scattered bits of a provincial but genuinely American epic whose Homer is yet to appear.

Good ballads, of course, were composed long before the Gold Rush made El Dorado the end-all of ten thousand migrant pinch-hitting minstrels. Ballad craft is as old as the community. It is in the Anglo-Saxon tradition which survived in England even after Tennyson's time. It is very likely still active today among the mountain people of Kentucky and the southern Appalachians, the cowboys and cattlemen of New Mexico, as well as among the miners of Tonopah, the lumberjacks of Westwood, the longshoremen of Tacoma or even the pickets on Market Street.



Ballad-making was a favorite pastime of King Henry VIII, renowned for his "setting of songes and makynge of ballattes" as was King Solomon whose canticles in Coverdale's Bible in 1535 were called "Salomon's Balettes." The form is old and by no means indigenous to the locale. The themes, however, and the situations evoked by the Gold Rush seem quite unparalleled in world balladry. Our rude sheaf contains few introspective strains -- unlike the old Scotch and Irish ballads, the Davidic psalms, or Hindu ragas. There is little reflection in these songs of any search for treasures within; rather, they are crystallizations of sentiment born of a most direct and lusty struggle with environment: they reveal a hunger, a large materialistic appetite, for tangible treasures -- for gold to be dug and panned and tommed in a concrete El Dorado with authentic picks and shovels.

Yet, at the same time, it is in this rude sheaf, more than in the variegated handicraft of early New England, the pewter, pottery, or weaving of the Revolutionary and Colonial eras, that we are permitted a vital glimpse of American folk art, forged in the camps of the people by the people's anonymous poets.

## II

The motive for inventing ballads -- the desire to tell, to interpret, to master a situation or sentiment by translating a given experience into symbol and metrical pattern through the use of vigorous language -- is apparent. ■



As W. H. Auden remarks in his fresh and illuminating foreword to The Oxford Book of Light Verse:

"Behind the work of any creative artist there are three principal wishes: the wish to make something; the wish to perceive something, either in the external world of sense or the internal world of feeling; and the wish to communicate these perceptions to others. Those who have no interest in or talent for making something... do not become artists; they dine out, they gossip at street corners, they hold forth in cafes. Those who have no interest in communication do not become artists either; they become mystics or madmen."\*

But this last refers to a highly self-conscious creator, the poet as individual artist, not to our anonymous ballad-maker whose work is so often a collective product -- with line after line changed in passing from mouth to mouth, and stanza after stanza added by men distant and unknown to one another. Most of the included ballads will serve as anonymous footnotes to the rich history of a region. And more than certain tomes of dull Bancroftian prose, they may furnish the social historian with comment on the beginnings and growth of a great western city.

### III

The book is divided into three general parts. Part One deals with the Forty-niners' balladry, prefaced very briefly by a set of Spanish and Indian songs. These include a staccato Pomo love song, the peaceful Alabado, La Indita, a Canticle to the Dawn, and a most tender serenade La Noche

---

\*W. H. Auden, Ed. The Oxford Book of Light Verse. (Oxford University Press, 1938)



Esta Serena. Details of the great trek and the motivating sentiment of the migrants are revealed in Crossing the Plains, Sailing for San Francisco, Coming Round the Horn, The Fools of Forty-nine, and the songs that follow. The section, What Was Your Name in the States, introduces such characters as Joe Bowers, Poker Jim, Joaquin the Horse Thief, the Hog-Eye Man, Clementine, and the Hangtown Gals, and other habitues of the diggin's.

These are folklore inventions, born of a vigorous landscape of camps and flats and gulches -- figures mythical, sly, desperately real, picaresque, full of a raw bravado. A little later, we listen open-mouthed to Humbug Steamship Company exposes, the pioneer stage driver's lament and railroad worker's story. Thesis and antithesis: the enthusiastic Ode on the Completion of the Great Pacific Railway begets the apocalyptic Anti-Monopoly War Song. More than those that follow, this first group contains with few exceptions, perhaps the most authentic and essential balladry of the time.

The second part traces the transition from camp to city. In quick flashes it gives a cross-section of a lusty provincial town. Its swirling, confused, contradictory sentiments are caught and preserved in ballads banal, sentimental, humorous: the firemen shanties, parlor ballads, minstrel show lyrics and political campaign songs of the fifties and sixties. Three of the versatile Steve Massett's songs are recalled from limbo. The Fireman's Bride sketches an early

The first part of the report is devoted to a general  
 description of the district and its resources. It  
 is followed by a detailed account of the  
 various industries and occupations which are  
 pursued in the district. The report then  
 proceeds to a description of the  
 various educational institutions and  
 the progress of the district in  
 the various branches of knowledge.

The second part of the report is devoted to a  
 description of the various educational  
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local hero's character -- naively as Schuller would recommend. Juba Dis, Juba Dat, beginning with 'Ruberii, de cinnamon seed...' is a wonderful bit of minstrel jargon. The squabbles of the Loco-Focos, Whigs, and Collector King are left quite unresolved by the grim delightful parody on medics, Who Killed Cock Robin?

The third and last part, Metropolitan Song, introduces such literary balladists as Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, and later, George Sterling. Lampoons, verse of a topical nature, ballads on Chinatown, Mission Dolores, Telegraph Hill, Market Street and Russian Hill follow. Emperor Norton is remembered. A malicious satire, The San Francisco Liszt, discovered in Sir Henry Heyman's notebooks, has lines which Pope might have written.

More important, however, the last part uncovers the urban folk ballad: the proletarian song. Now, instead of the conflict with nature, the passions and romantic sentiments in the subjective world, the theme becomes conscious protest against economic injustice, the harsh lyric protest of the mass-man against his master, the iron-jawed Moloch, the industrial world. Crude and obvious, these are definitely songs of some contemporary significance. From such early workmen ballads as A Dollar a Day Without Board, the Anti-Chinese Songs, and Kearney, the Workingman's Friend, composed and sung in San Francisco in the seventies, the theme finds variation in more recent local proletarian song such as These Are The Class War Dead, occasioned by the waterfront riot of



1934, and the Picket Song heard in front of Kress' on Market Street in 1938.

Finally, Part Three concludes with a perhaps timely digression on Patriots and Propagandists. The section suggests by a juxtaposition of local examples the possible manipulation of emotional mechanisms to produce warlike or pacifist sentiment among a people -- sentiment whose power is attested to by such songs as La Marseillaise, Die Wacht Am Rhein, The Internationale, the Horst Wessel Lied and Over There.

#### V

Collecting ballads is by no means a decadent pastime, nor is it particularly the symptom of a non-productive literary era.

The Cotton Collection of ballads and roundelays is as old as the year 1326. John Shirley in 1440 compiled compositions of Chaucer, Lydgate, and others. There were many ballad-books made up in Elizabethan times. Bishop Percy collected his famous Reliques of Ancient English Poetry in 1765. Herder at the time he met the twenty year old Goethe in 1770 was collecting an anthology of German folk songs and discussed it with Goethe. More recently, Cecil J. Sharp made a noteworthy anthology of the Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians.

Best known in America, however, is Carl Sandburg's American Songbag which appeared in 1927. This represents the



most ambitious attempt made so far to include the finest of America's folk songs between the covers of one book.

Sandburg wrote in his remarkable introduction:

"There is a human stir throughout the book with the heights and depths to be found in Shakespeare. A wide human procession marches through these pages. The rich and the poor; robbers, murderers, hangmen; fathers and wild boys; mothers with soft words for their babies; workmen on railroads, steamboats, ships; wanderers and lovers of homes, tell what life has done to them. Love and hate in many patterns and designs, heart cries of high and low pitch, are in these verses and tunes. There are low-keyed lyrics, brief as the life of a rose; there are biographies of voyagers that epitomize long novels and thick log-books.

This is precisely the sort of material out of which there may come the great American grand opera. It is so intensely and vitally American that some who have seen the book have suggested that it should be collateral material with the study of history and geography in schools, colleges, and universities; the pupils or students might sing their answers at examination time.

'A big bandana bundle of bully ballads for big boys and their best girls,' was the comment of one who read the Table of Contents. Look at its program. Its human turmoil is terrible. Blasphemies from low life and blessings from high life for baritone or soprano are brought together. Puppets wriggle from their yesterdays and testify. Curses, prayers, jigs and jokes, mix here out of the blue mist of the past. It is a volume full of gargoyles and gnomes, a terribly tragic book and one grinningly comic; each page lifts its own mask. It is as ancient as the medieval European ballads brought to the Appalachian Mountains; it is as modern as skyscrapers, the Volstead Act, and the latest oil-well gusher. Though meant to be sung, it can be read and is a glorious anthology of the songs that men have sung in the making of America.' "\*

---

\* Sandburg, Carl American Songbag. (New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927).



The San Francisco Songster, an infinitely more modest effort, attempts to do for a region what the American Songbag has done for the nation.

Pioneer efforts in this direction have been made before, of course. Songbooks were almost a plague in early San Francisco. They reached their greatest popularity in the early sixties when pamphlet after pamphlet was issued by the D. E. Appleton Company -- sometimes in editions of ten, fifteen thousand. Put's Golden Songster, the Gold Diggers' Song Book, the Bella Union Melodious Songster, and a dozen others were eagerly consumed. Minstrel, temperance, sentimental, Civil War, bar-room and political songsters flooded the market, as the notes and appendices to this volume reveal. Definitely, the preservation of songs and ballads was of local concern -- at least during the stirring and expansive Gold Rush era.

And preservation need not petrify the living branch. Already themes for tomorrow's balladry may be stirring in the underground depths of folk-consciousness. There are new treks, new migrations, new individual epics enacted daily by the thousands blown west from parched and exhausted lands in search of a new life.

There are the nameless masses of transient agricultural workers, the pickers, the farmers, the herdsmen, the lumberjacks and longshoremen in today's El Dorado -- for the region is still the focal point of a great state, rich in resources, human and natural, and not designed to be marred by extremes of want and poverty.





From these folk sources may come a vigorous balladry of the future. And not only songs of protest and wish-fulfillment, but work-songs and festival-songs such as may spring from the rich vineyards of Napa and Calistoga or the harvest-burdened regions of the Sacramento Valley. The songbook collection of a century hence may be as rich as the one of the century past. And doubtless there will be others to collect tomorrow's ballads, yet wordless, which are waiting to be sung.

Cornel Lengyel

April, 1939  
San Francisco



TYPES OF MUSIC SUNG IN  
EARLY SAN FRANCISCO AND VICINITY

INDIAN SONG

*p*  
Hay daily daily da, Hay daily daily da, Hay day yola mato.  
Pomo Love Song

GREGORIAN CHANT

Sanc - - tus; Sanctus: Sanc - - tus, Do - - mi - nus  
Sanctus, Adaptation

SPANISH SERENADE

*p*  
La no-che 'sta se - re - na, Tran-qui-lo el a-qui-lon  
La Noche 'Sta Serena

FORTY-NINERS' BALLAD

Oh, don't you re - mem - ber sweet Bet - sy from Pike  
Sweet Betsy from Pike

OPERATIC ARIA

Andante Cantabile

Ah! non cre-dea mi - rar - - ti Si pre-sto e-stin-to, o fio - - re,  
La Sonnambula, Act III, Sc.2

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Handwritten text centered below the title, possibly a subtitle or a short description.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

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Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

1: POCO TIEMPO

It is only since the turn of the century that a few conscientious curators of the past such as William McCoy, Charles Lummis, Eleanor Hague, John Lomax, and Arthur Farwell, have become concerned with the gradually fading traces of pre-1849 folk song. Old descendants of the Indian and Spanish people of the missions, pueblos and ranches have been sought out in all parts of California. Recording apparatus has been set up against the working of these old memories and a small, precious fragment of musical history has been saved.

The pure tribal music of those Indians who inhabited the hills about San Francisco bay is today almost completely obscure. From an examination of the rest of their culture it is evident that the Bolanos, Tamales, Matalanes, Salses, Quirotes were not particularly musical anyway. They proved apt pupils, however. The Indian neophytes at the missions easily learned the melodic line of Gregorian chant, and even, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, sang the Latin very intelligibly. Intelligibly, but without much understanding, if the rapidity with which they fell away from the faith is any indication.

The Indian and Spanish folk songs, however, often mixed inextricably. Testimony to this fact is the song La Indita, The Indian Maiden. It was salvaged from the obscurity of a run-down shack in Jolon. The old mission



Indian was persuaded to recover the whole shape of the song: a strange song, chiefly in Spanish, but containing many elements of the early Indian-Spanish patois. This song stands, significantly, as the borderline signpost of two encroaching cultures.

The Spanish culture rapidly dominated. But living memory, even of the great Spanish ranches, has lost most of the authentic design. Dona Josefa, widow of de la Guerra, early vice-governor of California, was found to possess one of the last, really retentive minds of the old time. At the family hacienda in Santa Barbara, she remembered meticulously for historical sleuths the words and melodies of three Spanish rancharo songs, among them Me Mue (I Die.) Likewise, Jacob Leese, son and namesake of the Jacob Leese who built the first American house on San Francisco bay, was repository for the song Tus Ojos. (Thine Eyes.) This song, altered to signify Jacob's Eyes, was sung at a Spanish festival July 4th, 1836, to celebrate the completion of this significant dwelling.

El Sombrero Blanco (The White Sombrero), Mexican border song of 1840, marks the next stage of California history. The struggle between Mexican and American domination had begun. El Sombrero Blanco, a fine Spanish troubador song in its own right, is believed to reflect, with its white and blue sombreros, some obscure details of the rising political factions.





The cry of gold is the loudest voice in the archives of the state. The Spanish songs, with their delicate, old-world, troubador contours, and the Palestrinian chorales of the Indian neophytes in the mission courtyards, were soon to lose color, and finally fade out completely, behind the swirling foreground of a new social order.



POMO LOVE SONG

Hay daily daily da, Hay daily daily da,  
Hay day yo la mato.  
Hay wa-e wato, Hay wa-e wa-e wato,  
Hay day yo la mato. etc.

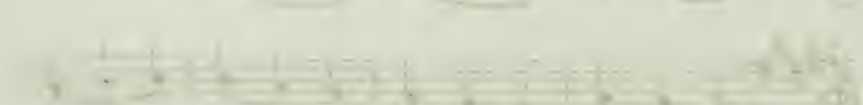
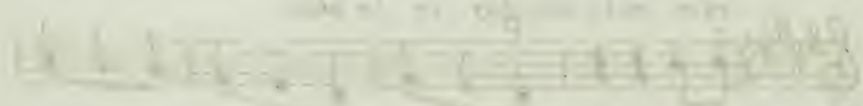
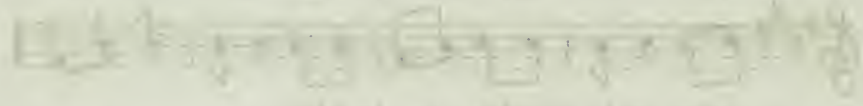
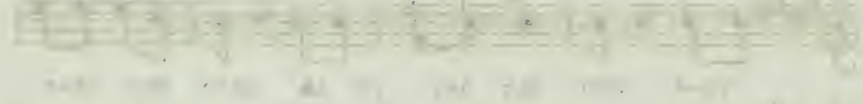
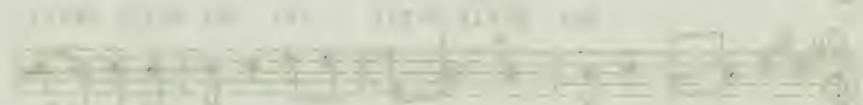
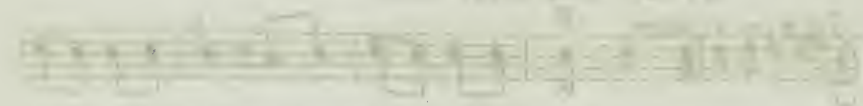
The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The score consists of ten lines of music. The first line begins with the tempo and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and rests. The final line of the score ends with a double bar line and a 2/4 time signature.

Allegro *p*

Hay daily daily da, Hay daily daily  
da, Hay day yo la mato. Hay daily daily  
da, Hay daily daily da Hay day yo la  
*B*  
mato Hay wa - e wa-e wato Hay wa-e  
wa-e wato Hay day yo la mato Hay wa-e  
wa-e mato Hay day yo la mato.  
*C*

THE END

THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD  
THE END OF THE WORLD



## ALABADO

Alabado y ensalzado  
 Sea el Divino Sacramento,  
 En quien Dios oculto asiste  
 De las almas el sustento.

Y la limpia Concepción  
 De la Reyna de los Cielos,  
 Que quedando Virgen pura,  
 Es Madre del Verbo Eterno.

Y el bendito San José,  
 Electo por Dios inmenso  
 Para padre estimativo  
 De su Hijo el Divino Verbo.

Esto es por todos los siglos  
 Y de los siglos. Amen.  
 Amen, Jesus y María;  
 Jesus, María, y José.

## SONG OF PRAISE

Praised and exalted  
 Be the Divine Sacrament,  
 Wherein the hidden Lord abides,  
 Of soul the sustenance.

And (praised by) the pure conception  
 Of the Queen of the Heavens  
 Who, Virgin Immaculate,  
 Is Mother of Eternal Word.

And the blessed Saint Joseph,  
 Chosen by God the Almighty  
 For the reputed Father  
 Of His Son, the Divine Word.

This is for all ages  
 And forever. Amen.  
 Amen, Jesus and Mary:  
 Jesus, Mary and Joseph.



## ALABADO

Alabado y ensalzado  
 Sea el Divino Sacramento,  
 En quien Dios oculto asiste  
 De las almas el sustento

etc.

Lento

Alaba-do y en - sal - za - - do

Sea el Di - vi - no Sa - cra - men - - to,

En quien Di - os o - cul - to a - - sis - - te

De las Al - mas el sus - ten - - te.

THEORY

THEORY OF THE  
ELECTRIC CIRCUIT  
AND  
MAGNETISM

1894

1. The electric current is a flow of electric charge.

2. The direction of the current is the direction of the flow of positive charge.

3. The intensity of the current is the amount of charge that flows through a cross-section of the conductor in unit time.

4. The potential difference between two points is the work done in moving a unit positive charge from one point to the other.

5. The resistance of a conductor is the opposition offered to the flow of electric current through it.

6. The conductance of a conductor is the reciprocal of its resistance.

7. The power of an electric circuit is the rate at which energy is converted into heat or other forms of energy.

8. The energy of an electric circuit is the total amount of energy that is converted into heat or other forms of energy.

9. The efficiency of an electric circuit is the ratio of the useful energy to the total energy.



## YA VIENE EL ALBA\*

Ya viene el alba rompiendo el dia,  
Digamos todos: Ave Maria.

Nacio Maria para consuelo  
De pecadores y luz del cielo.

Nacio Maria con eficacia,  
Ave Maria, llena de gracia.

La sierpe fiera llora sus penas,  
Maria le pone fuertes cadenas.

El infierno tres veces tiembla,  
Al decir pronto, Ave Maria.

Todos cantemos en alta la voz,  
Ave Maria, Madre de Dios.

## CANTICLE OF THE DAWN\*\*

The dawn appears and ushers in the day.  
Ave Maria! fondly let us pray!

For sinners' consolation wert thou born,  
First ray of hope, and brilliant star of the morn.

Thy birth, O Queen, is heaven's richest boon;  
It fills the earth with joy, dispels sin's gloom.

The cunning serpent writhes and coils in pains;  
Lest it do harm, thou fetterest it with chains.

At sound of thy sweet name, O Virgin chaste!  
Doth tremble hell and demons fly in haste.

With voices glad and joyful let us sing  
A hymn to Mary, Mother of our King.

---

\* This Spanish Canticle of the Dawn became so endeared to the early mission Indians that it was sung daily before the Indian huts at daybreak. This song, and the Alabado on the next page were salvaged from the memory of Fernando Cárdenas, an old mission Indian, by Father Alexander Buckler, a priest of Mission Santa Inés. Father Buckler induced Cárdenas to permit phonograph recordings of these representative hymns.

\*\* Translated by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt.



## LA INDITA

Cuando los Indios vinieron,  
 Cuando los Indios vinieron,  
 Bajaron por el estero  
 Bajaron por el estero  
 Y las Inditas decian,  
 "Ay! chihuahua cuanto huero yan-ke."  
 Y las Inditas decian,  
 "Ay! chihuahua cuanto huero yan-ke."

Ay! ay! ay! ay! ay!  
 Ay! ay! ay! ay! ay!  
 Ay comadre, compadre los Indios me matan  
 Ay comadre, compadre los Indios me matan.

'Si vay ve, 'si vay ve;  
 Que mayne ve; 'si vay ve,  
 Ay! ay! ay! ay! ay!  
 Ay! ay! ay! ay! ay!

## THE INDIAN MAIDEN

When the Indians came down  
 When the Indians came down,  
 They came down through the estero\*  
 They came down through the estero  
 Said the little Indian maidens,  
 "Aye! chihuahua see the pale-face Yankees,"  
 Said the little Indian maidens,  
 "Aye! chihuahua, see the pale-face Yankees."

Aye! aye! aye! aye! aye!  
 Aye! aye! aye! aye! aye!  
 Aye comadre, compadre poor Indians--it kills me  
 Aye comadre, compadre poor Indians--it kills me. \*

(The refrain: 'Si vay ve etc., is in the  
 Indian-Spanish patois and not easily trans-  
 lated. 'Si vay ve' means: 'So it goes.')

---

\* The translator for some reason has maintained the word "estero," Spanish for inlet or estuary.

\*\* Translated by William J. McCoy.



## EL SOMBRERO BLANCO\*

Si quieres que yo te quiera  
 Ha de ser con condición,  
 Que lo tuyo ha de ser mio,  
 Y el mio tuyo, no!

Chorus:

Quieres que te ponga mi sombrero blanco,  
 Quieres que te ponga mi sombrero azul,  
 Quieres que te sienta mi vida en un trono  
 Para que te canto el tu-run tun, tu-run tun,  
 Tu-run, tun, tun.

Si quieres que yo te quiera  
 Mandá enladrillar el mar,  
 Y despues--del ladrillado  
 Soy tuyo y puedo mandar.

## THE WHITE SOMBRERO

Your wish that I might desire you  
 May only be with this condition:  
 That your whole life be mine  
 And my whole life be yours.

Chorus:

You wish that I might place on you  
 my white sombrero  
 You wish that I might place on you  
 my blue sombrero  
 You wish that you might see  
 my body on a throne  
 Because you hear me sing the tun-run, tun,  
 the tu-run tun, tu-run tun, tun.

Your wish that I might desire you  
 Waits for your command to pave the sea  
 Thereafter, when the sea is paved  
 It shall be my will to be wholly yours.\*\*

---

\* El Sombrero Blanco is familiar throughout Southern California. It was transcribed in the present instance from the singing of a young girl of Mexican ancestry, who said that the tune was well known in Mexico, but was sung there with different words. She also said that the words here given were supposed to have had some political significance during the stormy period which culminated with the transfer of California to the United States....."Eleanor Hague in Journal of American Folklore, Vol. 27, 1914.

\*\* Translated by the editor.



## LA NOCHE ESTÁ SERENA

La noche está serena, tranquilo el aquilón;  
 Tu dulce centinela te guarda el corazón.  
 Y en alas de los céfiros, que vagan por doquier  
 Volando van mis súplicas, á tí, bella mujer,  
 Volando van mis súplicas, á tí, bella mujer.

De un corazón que te ama, recibe el tierno amor;  
 No aumentes mas la llama, piedad á un trovador.  
 Y si te mueve a lastime mi eterno padecer,  
 Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!  
 Como te amo, amame, bellisima mujer!

## THE NIGHT IS CALM

So still and calm the night is,  
 The very wind's asleep;  
 Thy heart's so tender sentinel  
 His watch and ward doth keep.  
 And on the wings of zephyrs soft  
 That wander how they will,  
 To thee, oh woman fair, to thee  
 My prayers go fluttering still.  
 To thee, oh woman fair, to thee  
 My prayers go fluttering still.

Oh take the heart's love to the heart  
 Of one that doth adore!  
 Have pity--add not to the flame  
 That burns thy troubador!  
 And if compassion star thy breast  
 For my eternal wee,  
 Oh, as I love thee, loveliest  
 Of women, love me so!  
 Oh, as I love thee, loveliest  
 Of women, love me so! \*

---

\* Translated by I. B. Richman.





## THE NIGHT IS CALM

So still and calm the night is,  
 The very wind's asleep;  
 Thy heart's so tender sentinel  
 His watch and ward doth keep.  
 And on the wings of zephyrs soft  
 That wander how they will,  
 To thee, oh woman fair, to thee  
 My prayers go fluttering still.  
 To thee, oh woman fair, to thee  
 My prayers go fluttering still.

etc.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is simple and lyrical, with various dynamics and performance markings. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words split across lines. The score includes a piano (p) marking at the beginning, a *pp in time* marking, and a *retard.* marking. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a final piano (p) marking.

So still and calm the night is, The ve-ry winds a-  
 sleep; Thy heart's so tender sen- ti - nel His watch and ward  
 doth  
 keep. And on the wings of zephyrs soft That  
 wan-der how they will, To thee, oh wo-man  
 fair, to thee My pray'rs go flutt'ring still. To  
 thee, oh woman fair, to thee My pray'rs go flutt'ring still.

THE [illegible]

[Faded text, likely lyrics or a preface]

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

Handwritten musical notation on a staff with lyrics below it.

2: CROSS COUNTRY AND ROUND THE HORN

The ballads of a people are as patched in their derivations as the doublet and hose of Shakespeare's ballad vendor, Autolycus. It was a long way across the continent and a long way around the Horn. Many songs were needed for the endless days, and the memories of the gold-seekers were ransacked back towards their youth. New words for old tunes; old words, revised. Everybody on the Atlantic seaboard was singing Stephen Foster's Oh, Susanna: the forty-niner fortune hunters quickly refurbished the tune with words relevant to their adventure.

The song Sacramento has an even more eclectic history than Oh, Susanna! There is some question as to the origin of the tune. It was a familiar tune on the New York waterfront, but it was also the tune of Stephen Foster's Camptown Races. At any rate, this particular melodic line was very receptive to sea-shanty words. With slight manipulation, one of these shanties became possibly the most popular of all forty-niner songs.

These first ballads of the great trek are vigorous with the large, general, westward impulse of the Argonauts; but they reflect even more intensely, because more sharply, the details of the voyage: Crossing the Plains includes this graphic stanza:



"You calculate on 60 days to take you over the  
 Plains,  
 But there you lack for bread and meat,  
 for coffee and for brains  
 Your sixty days are a hundred or more,  
 your grub you've got to divide,  
 Your steers and mules are alkalied, so foot it,  
 you cannot ride."

And Coming Around the Horn contains just as much relentless  
 reportage:

"We lived like hogs, penned up to fat,  
 our vessel was so small,  
 We had a 'duff' but once a month,  
 and twice a day a squall;  
 A meeting now and then was held,  
 which kicked up quite a stink,  
 The Captain damned us fore and aft,  
 and wished the box would sink."

The following stanza from The Fools of Forty-Nine was surely  
 not reassuring to the New York City clerk about to quit his  
 job and buy an interest in a caravan:

"The people died on ev'ry route,  
 they sickened and died like sheep,  
 And those at sea, before they were dead,  
 were launched into the deep,  
 And those that died while crossing the Plains  
 fared not as well as that,  
 For a hole was dug, and they thrown in,  
 along the miserable Platte."

These last three songs came out of the first years  
 of the trek itself. In the meantime, the forty-niners had  
 other songs to sing: irrelevant songs remembered from Euro-  
 pean childhoods, religious anthems. The great, early wave of  
 Irish immigration into America is reflected in the populari-  
 ty on the trek of such a ballad as The Rale Ould Irish Gin-  
 tleman. An anthem like Windham made an almost ironic decla-  
 ration of faith. Up from the camp-fire of the gold-haunted



crowd, surrounded by the dark, endless expanse of death-dealing prairie, would rise the harmony of the idea that

"Nature must count her gold but dross."

In the realms of popular song, these early ballads of the great trek were completing the contour of America. The Pacific coast line had been known before as something geographical: now it was something to be desired -- and desired by enough people to stimulate the production of that most basic of art-forms: the folk ballad.





A Few Lines Composed and Sung on the Bark Cantero\*  
 Composed by Mr. Crocker of Buxport, Maine.

Come all you yankeys farmers  
 Come leave your plowe and hoe  
 Ye tradesmen and mechanacs  
 And ore the ocean go  
 Unto the land of Opher  
 No longer now delay  
 Go seek a golden fortune  
 In California.

Chorus:

O, California  
 The land is far away  
 We are bound over the sea  
 With hearts so free, to California.

Come leave your northan regions  
 Where nought but woman smiles  
 Can hold you in all legience  
 Amongst her baren wilds  
 Whar from April to September  
 Your sun illumes the day  
 Whilst all is summer splendour  
 In California.

Come leave your fish and timber  
 Your snow-benighted lands  
 And with us cross the ocean  
 To seek that golden strands  
 Whar amongst her ancient mountains  
 Galconda seeks its way  
 From many a golden fountain  
 In California.

---

\* From the Journal of Benjamin Dore: "Benjamin Dore was born July 7, 1825, in Athens, Maine. At nineteen he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and a year and a half later went to Bangor, Maine, to continue his work. In 1846 he became interested in the discoveries of wealth in California. He became one of a company of 56 men who bought a bark, the Cantero, in which they sailed for San Francisco with a cargo of lumber. They rounded Cape Horn and after a voyage of six months arrived in San Francisco April 29, 1850."



Heed not your welthy mizer  
 Who lives but for himself  
 Who sees us home returning  
 As gentlemen of wealth  
 Who jealous of our fortunes  
 And feign would have us stay  
 While he would fill his caffers  
 In California.

This land they feign would sell us  
 And houses cheaply rent  
 And then they would befriend us  
 If wee'd but be content  
 Our papers they'd acknowledge  
 And give us time to pay  
 If wee'd fore swear our visions  
 Of California.

How kind and condescending  
 Ye men of cent for cent  
 How pliable and bending  
 How good is your intent  
 We will repay your kindsman  
 When years have passed away  
 If God our hands should prosper  
 In California.

Farewell thow loved Penobscot  
 Where in our youthful pride  
 So often have we sported  
 Upon thy noble tide  
 Where first our love was kindled  
 And where it shall decay  
 We'll send the many a blessing  
 From California.

Farewell our wives and sweethearts  
 We leave you for awhile  
 A few short years to tarry  
 Should fortune on us smile  
 Then when our locks are silvered  
 We'll not regret the day  
 We crossed the foaming billows  
 For California.



## WINDHAM\*

Broad is the road that leads to death  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.

"Deny thyself and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.

---

\* Perhaps the favorite religious song of the forty-niners. The words are by Daniel Read, an American, born in Rehoboth, Massachusetts, November 2, 1757. The tune is an old Welsh tune, and is called Windham after a town in Wales.



Version of Oh, Susanna! by a 'friend of one of  
the passengers on the ship Eliza.'

I came from Salem City,  
With my washbowl on my knee,  
I'm going to California,  
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 land 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 everytime 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!

I thought of all the pleasant times  
We've had together here,  
I thought I ought to cry a bit,  
But couldn't find a tear.  
The pilot's bread\* was in my mouth,  
The gold dust in my eye,  
And though I'm going far away,  
Dear brothers don't you cry!

I soon shall be in Frisco,  
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 don't you cry!

---

\* Pilot's bread: hard tack.





OH! SUSANNAH  
Theme Song for a Gold Rush.

It is satisfying that Stephen Foster, our greatest American song writer, should have written the ballad that "became the national anthem and marching song of the forty-niners on their way to California."\*

Oh! Susannah was sung not only by the gold seekers who paved the way for the final conquest of the continent, a 'manifest destiny' of such a people and such a continent. It was translated into the language of practically every civilized nation and not a few heathen countries for Bayard Taylor, writing in 1853, told how he heard a wandering Hindoo minstrel sing Oh! Susannah in Delhi. It is still being sung today, thanks to the recent popular revival of interest in hill-billy, cowboy and similar types of balladry. It has been 'swung', parodied, elaborated into overtures and made the fortune of several publishers and scores of entertainers. In fact, its original publisher, a Mr. Peters (let him be otherwise unrecorded) made about ten thousand dollars out of this song and one other, Old Uncle Ned which Foster had tossed off in the youthful ebullience that makes both highly atypical of his later more lugubrious ballads of nostalgia for a South that never existed where negroes and whites mingled in Acadian bliss. Foster at this time was merely writing for love of music, a fact sufficient to explain his unprofessional status

---

\*Howard, John Tasker, Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour, Pub. by Thomas G. Crowell Co., New York, 1934-35, fourth printing, 1935.



and when he gave the songs to Mr. Peters, 'expected no emolument' in the characteristic phrase of his friend whose correspondence Mr. John Tasker Howard used as his source. However, he was pleasantly surprised for Mr. Peters generously subtracted from the ten thousand dollars the songs earned, two fifty dollar bills which 'had the effect of starting me on my present vocation as a song-writer' to quote a letter written by the great Stephen Foster himself.



CROSSING THE PLAINS  
 (Air: "Caroline of Edinburgh")

Come all you Californians,  
 I pray ope wide your ears,  
 If you are going across the Plains,  
 with snotty mules or steers,  
 Remember beans before you start,  
 likewise dried beef and ham,  
 Beware of ven'son, damn the stuff,  
 It's oftentimes a ram.

You must buy two revolvers,  
 a bowie-knife and belt,  
 Says you, "Old feller, now stand off,  
 or I will have your pelt,"  
 The greenhorn looks around about,  
 but not a soul can see,  
 Says he, "There's not a man in town,  
 but what's afraid of me."

You shouldn't shave, but cultivate  
 your down, and let it grow,  
 So when you do return, 'twill be  
 as soft and white as snow;  
 Your lovely Jane will be surprised,  
 your ma'll begin to look;  
 The greenhorn to his mother'll say,  
 "How savage I must look!"

"How do you like it overland?"  
 his mother she will say,  
 "All right, excepting cooking,  
 but the devil is to pay;  
 For some won't cook, and other's can't,  
 and then it's curse and damn,  
 The coffee pot's begun to leak,  
 so has the frying-pan."

It's always jaw about the teams  
 and how we ought to do,  
 All hands get mad, and each one says,  
 "I own as much as you,"  
 One of them says, "I'll buy or sell,  
 I'm damned if I care which,"  
 Another says, "Let's buy him out,  
 the lousy son of a -----."



You calculate on 60 days  
 to take you over the Plains,  
 But there you lack for bread and meat,  
 for coffee and for brains,  
 Your sixty days are a hundred or more,  
 your grub you've got to divide,  
 Your steers and mules are alkali'd,  
 so foot it, you cannot ride.

You'll have to stand a watch at night,  
 to keep the Indians off,  
 About sundown some heads will ache,  
 and some begin to cough,  
 To be deprived of health we know  
 is always very hard,  
 Though every night someone is sick,  
 to get rid of standing guard.

Your canteens they should be well filled  
 with poison alkali,  
 So when you get tired of traveling,  
 you can cramp up and die,  
 The best thing in the world to keep  
 your bowels loose and free  
 Is fight and quarrel among yourselves  
 and seldom if ever agree.

There's not a log to make a seat,  
 along the river Platte,  
 So when you eat you've got to sit  
 or stand, or sit down square and flat,  
 It's fun to cook with buffalo wood,  
 take some that's newly born,  
 If I knew once what I know now,  
 I'd a gone around the Horn!

The desert's nearly death on corns,  
 while walking in the sand,  
 And drive a jackass by the tail,  
 it's damn this overland;  
 I'd rather ride a raft at sea,  
 and then at once be lost,  
 Says Bill, "Let's leave this poor old mule,  
 we can't get him across."

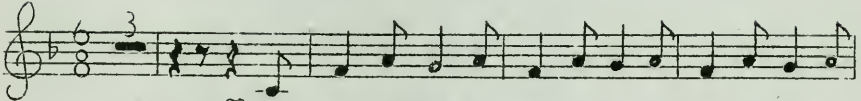




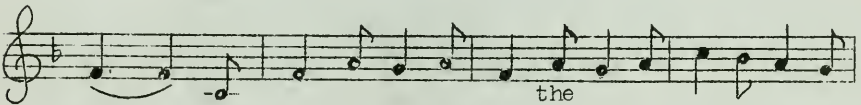
CROSSING THE PLAINS  
(Air: "Caroline of Edinburgh")

Come all you Californians,  
I pray ope wide your ears,  
If you are going across the Plains,  
with snotty mules or steers,  
Remember beans before you start,  
likewise dried beef and ham,  
Beware of ven'son, damn the stuff,  
it's oftentimes a ram.

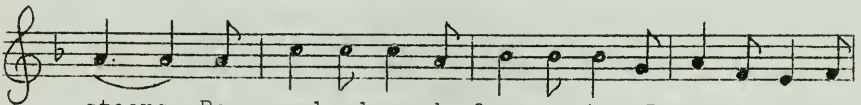
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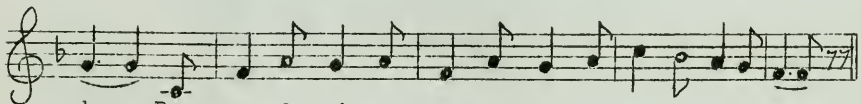
*P* Come all you Cal-i-for-ni-ans, I pray ope wide your



ears. If you are go-ing 'cross the plains with frisky mules and



steers, Re-mem-ber beans be-fore you start, likewise dried beef &



ham, Be-ware of ven'son, dang the stuff, it sometimes is a ram.

THE [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible]

A handwritten musical score consisting of four staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and beams. The handwriting is somewhat faded and the ink is dark. The staves are arranged vertically, with some faint text or markings visible between them.

SAILING FOR SAN FRANCISCO  
 (Air: "Pop Goes the Weasel!")

You go aboard a leaky boat,  
 And sail for San Francisco;  
 You've got to pump to keep afloat,  
 You've got that, by jingo!  
 The engine soon begins to squeak,  
 But not a thing to oil her,  
 Impossible to stop the leak,  
 Rip! goes the boiler!

The captain on the promenade,  
 Is looking very savage;  
 The steward and the cabin maid  
 Fighting 'bout a cabbage;  
 And all about the cabin floor,  
 The passengers lie sea-sick --  
 The steamer's bound to go ashore --  
 Rip! goes the physic!

Oh, pork and beans they can't afford  
 To second cabin passengers;  
 The cook has tumbled overboard  
 With forty pounds of 'Sassengers';  
 The engineer, a little tight,  
 Is bragging on the Mail Line,  
 And finally gets in a fight --  
 Rip! goes the engine!

The cholera begins to rage,  
 A few have got the scurvy;  
 The chickens dying in their cage --  
 Steerage topsy-turvy.  
 And when you get to Panama,  
 The greasers want a back-load;  
 The officers begin to jaw --  
 Rip! goes the railroad!

When home, you'll tell an awful tale,  
 And always will be thinking  
 How long you had to pump and bail  
 To keep the tub from sinking.  
 Of course you'll take a glass of gin,  
 'Twill make you feel so funny;  
 Some city sharp will rope you in --  
 Rip! goes your money!



SAILING FOR SAN FRANCISCO  
(Air: "Pop Goes the Weasel!")

10A

You go aboard a leaky boat,  
And sail for San Francisco;  
You've got to pump to keep afloat,  
You've got that, by jingo!  
The engine soon begins to squeak,  
But not a thing to oil her,  
Impossible to stop the leak,  
Rip! goes the boiler.

The captain on the promenade,  
Is looking very savage;  
The steward and the cabin maid  
Fighting 'bout a cabbage;  
And all about the cabin floor,  
The passengers lie sea-sick --  
The steamer's bound to go ashore --  
Rip! goes the physic!

etc.

Briskly

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time signature. It begins with a 3-measure rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with a piano (p) dynamic marking under the first line. The score ends with a fermata over the final note.

*p* You go a-board a leak-y boat, And  
sail for San Fran - cis - co; You've got to pump to  
keep a - float, You've got that, by jin-go! The  
en-gine soon be-gins to squeak, But not a thing to  
oil her, Im - pos - si - ble to  
stop the leak -- Rip! goes the boil - er!

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

[Faint, illegible text, possibly lyrics or a preface]

A musical score consisting of seven staves. Each staff contains musical notation (notes, rests, stems) and lyrics written below the notes. The notation is somewhat faded and difficult to read precisely, but the structure is clear. The lyrics are also faint and mostly illegible.

SACRAMENTO  
(Tune: "The Camptown Races")

A bully ship and a bully crew  
Doo-da! Doo-da!  
A bully mate and a captain too,  
Doo-da! Doo-da-day!

Chorus:

Then blow ye winds, hi-oh!  
For Californy O!  
There's plenty of gold,  
So I've been told  
On the banks of the Sacramento.

Round Cape Horn in the month of May,  
Doo-da! Doo-da!  
Round Cape Horn in the month of May,  
Doo-da! Doo-da-day!

We came to a land where the cocktail flows  
Doo-da! Doo-da!  
We came to a land where the cocktail flows,  
Doo-da! Doo-da-day!

Chorus:

Then blow, ye winds, hi-oh!  
For Californy O!  
There's plenty of grass  
To break your fast  
On the banks of the Sacramento.

Came to a river and I couldn't get across,  
Doo-da! Doo-da!  
Jumped on a nigger and I thought he was a hoss,  
Doo-da! Doo-da-day!

Chorus:

Then blow, ye winds, hi-oh!  
For Californy O!  
There's plenty o' stones  
And dead man's bones  
On the banks of the Sacramento.





SACRAMENTO  
 (Tune: "The Camptown Races")

A bully ship and a bully crew  
 Doo-da! Doo-da!  
 A bully mate and a captain too,  
 Doo-da! Doo-da-day!

Chorus:

Then blow ye winds, hi-oh!  
 For Californy O!  
 There's plenty of gold,  
 So I've been told  
 On the banks of the Sacramento.

The musical score is written on a single staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. A 'Chorus.' label is placed above the first note of the chorus line.

A bull-y ship and a bull - y crew,  
 Doo - da, Doo - da! A bull - y mate and a  
 cap-tain too Doo - da, Doo - da - - day!  
 Then blow ye winds hi - oh! For Cal - i - for - ny  
 O! There's plen - ty of gold, So I've been told On the  
 banks of the Sac - ra - men -- to.

STANDARD MUSIC COMPANY

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PUBLISHED BY STANDARD MUSIC COMPANY  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The image shows a musical score with approximately seven staves of music. The notation is somewhat faded and difficult to read. Below the staves, there are several lines of lyrics, which are also very faint and illegible. The overall appearance is that of an old, possibly scanned, sheet of music.

## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY\*

On the floating scow of old Virginny  
 I worked in from day to day,  
 A-rakin amongst de oyster beds,  
 To me it was but play;  
 But now I'm growing very old,  
 I cannot work any more;  
 So carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore.

## Chorus:

Den carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore;  
 Oh, carry me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore.

If I was only young again,  
 I'd lead a different life;  
 I'd save my money, and buy a farm,  
 And take Dinah for my wife;  
 But now old age, he holds me tight,  
 My limbs are growing sore;  
 So take me back to old Virginny,  
 To old Virginny's shore.

---

\* Christie, the famous 'father' of American minstrelsy, composed this song. The forty-niners identified their own nostalgia with the nostalgia of the song to the extent that it became one of the favorite trail-songs of the time.



SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE  
(Air: "Villikins and His Dina")

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike  
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover, Ike,  
With two yokes of cattle, a large yellow dog --  
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted dog?

Chorus:

Tooral lal looral lal looral la la  
Tooral lal looral lal looral la la.

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte  
'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,  
Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose,  
With wonder Ike gazed on that Pike County rose.

Their wagon broke down with a terrible crash,  
And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash,  
A few little baby clothes done up with care,  
'Twas rather suspicious, but all on the square.

The Shanghai ran off and their cattle all died,  
That morning the last piece of bacon was fried,  
Poor Ike was discouraged and Betsey got mad,  
The dog dropped his tail and looked wondrously sad...

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,  
And down in the sand she lay rolling about,  
While Ike, half-distracted, looked on with surprise,  
Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain  
Declared she'd go back to Pike County again,  
But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,  
And they traveled along with his arm 'round her waist.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,  
With wonder looked down upon old Placerville,  
Ike sighed when he said as he cast his eyes down,  
"Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Long Ike and Sweet Betsey attended a dance;  
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;  
Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings,  
Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"



SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE  
(Air: "Villikins and His Dóna")

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike  
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover, Ike,  
With two yokes of cattle, a large yellow dog --  
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted dog?

Chorus:

Saying goodbye, Pike County, Farewell for a while;  
We'll come back again, When we've panned out our pile.  
etc.

The musical score is written in a single system with six staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The score includes a repeat sign and the word 'REFRAIN' above the final two staves.

Oh, don't you re- mem - ber sweet Bet - sy from  
Pike; Who crossed the big mount-ains with  
her lov - er Ike; With two yoke of  
cat - tle, a large yel-low dog, A tall Shanghai  
roost-er, and one spot- ted hog; Say- ing  
We'll  
good-bye, Pike Coun-ty, Fare-well for a while;  
come back a- gain When we've panned out our pile.

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CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

The image shows a page of handwritten musical notation. It consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. Below each staff, there are lines of handwritten text, which appear to be lyrics or performance instructions. The handwriting is in cursive and somewhat faded. The page is otherwise blank, with some faint markings at the top and bottom.



A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"  
"I will do that, old hoss, if you don't make too free,  
But don't dance me hard, do you want to know why?  
Doggone you, I'm chuck full of alkali!"

This Pike County couple got married, of course,  
And he became jealous, obtained a divorce,  
Sweet Betsey well-satisfied, said with a snort --  
"Goodbye, you big bumner, I'm glad you backed out."



COMING AROUND THE HORN  
 (Tune: "Dearest Mae")

Now miners, if you'll listen,  
 I'll tell you quite a tale,  
 About the voyage around Cape Horn,  
 they call a pleasant sail;  
 We bought a ship and had her stowed  
 with houses, tools and grub,  
 But cursed the day we ever sailed  
 in the poor old rotten tub.

Chorus:

Oh, I remember well,  
 the lies they used to tell,  
 Of gold so bright it hurt the sight,  
 and made the miners yell.

We left old New York City,  
 with the weather very thick,  
 The second day we puked up boats,  
 oh, wasn't we all sea-sick!  
 I swallowed pork tied to a string,  
 which made a dreadful shout,  
 I felt it strike the bottom,  
 but I could not pull it out.

We all were owners in the ship,  
 and soon began to growl  
 Because we hadn't ham and eggs,  
 and now and then a fowl;  
 We told the captain what to do,  
 as him we had to pay,  
 The captain swore that he was boss,  
 and we should him obey.

We lived like hogs, penned up to fat,  
 our vessel was so small,  
 We had a 'duff'\* but once a month,  
 and twice a day a squall;  
 A meeting now and then was held,  
 which kicked up quite a stink,  
 The captain damned us fore and aft,  
 and wished the box would sink.

---

\* A cheap, nondescript pudding.



Off Cape Horn, where we lay becalmed,  
    kind Providence seemed to frown,  
We had to stand up night and day,  
    none of us dared sit down;  
For some had half a dozen boils,  
    'twas awful, sure 's you're born  
But some would try it on the sly,  
    and got pricked by the Horn.

We stopped at Valparaiso,  
    where all the women are so loose,  
And all got drunk as usual,  
    got shoved in the Calaboose;  
Our ragged, rotten sails were patched,  
    the ship made ready for sea,  
But every man, except the cook,  
    was up town on a spree.

We sobered off, set sail again,  
    on short allowance of course,  
With water thick as castor oil,  
    and stinking beef much worse;  
We had the scurvy and the itch,  
    and any amount of lice,  
The medicine chest went overboard,  
    with blue mass, cards and dice.

We arrived at San Francisco,  
    and all went to the mines,  
We left an agent back to sell  
    our goods of various kinds,  
A friend wrote up to let us know  
    our agent, Mr. Gates,  
Had sold the ship and cargo,  
    sent the money to the States.



COMING AROUND THE HORN  
(Tune: "Dearest Mae")

25A

Now, miners, if you'll listen,  
I'll tell you quite a tale,  
About the voyage around Cape Horn,  
they call a pleasant sail;  
We bought a ship and had her stowed  
with houses, tools and grub;  
But cursed the day we ever sailed  
in the poor old rotten tub.

Chorus:

Oh, I remember well,  
the lies they used to tell,  
Of gold so bright it hurt the sight,  
and made the miners yell.

etc.

L. V. Crosby

Moderato

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a dynamic marking of *p* and includes the tempo marking 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff has a dynamic marking of *mf*. The third staff has a dynamic marking of *f*. The fourth staff is labeled 'CHORUS.' and begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Now, Miners, if you'll listen, I'll tell you quite a  
tale, A-bout the voyage a-round Cape Horn, they call a pleasant  
sail; We bought a ship and had her stowed with houses, tools and  
grub But cursed the day we ever sailed in the poor old rotten  
tub. Oh, I remember well the lies they used to tell, of  
gold so bright it hurt the sight, and made the miners yell.

THE GREAT DIVINE MYSTERY

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THE GREAT DIVINE MYSTERY

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, followed by a piano accompaniment. The music is written in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line, though they are very faint and difficult to read. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



THE FOOLS OF FORTY-NINE  
 (Air: "Commence, You Darkies All")

When gold was found in '48,  
 the people said 'twas gas,  
 And some were fools enough to think  
 the lumps were only brass,  
 But soon they all were satisfied,  
 and started off to mine,  
 They thought their ships, came round the Horn,  
 in the Fall of '49.

Chorus:

Then they thought of what they had been told,  
 When they started after gold,  
 That they never in the world would make a pile.

The people all were crazy then,  
 they didn't know what to do,  
 They sold their farms for just enough  
 to pay their passage thro;  
 They bid their friends a long farewell,  
 said, "Dear wife don't you cry,  
 I'll send you home the yellow lumps,  
 a piano for to buy."

The poor, the old and rotten scows,  
 were advertised to sail  
 From New Orleans with passengers,  
 but they must pump a bail,  
 The ships were crowded more than full,  
 and some hung on behind,  
 The others dived off from the wharf,  
 and swam till they were blind.

With rusty pork and stinking beef,  
 and rotten wormy bread,  
 And captains, too, that never were up  
 as high as the main mast head  
 The steerage passengers would rave  
 and swear that they'd paid their passage,  
 And wanted something more to eat  
 beside Bologna sausage.



Then they began to cross the plains,  
 with oxen hollowing "haw!"  
 And steamers they began to run  
 as far as Panama,  
 And there for months the people stayed  
 that started after gold,  
 And some returned disgusted  
 with the lies that had been told.

The people died on ev'ry route,  
 they sicken'd and died like sheep,  
 And those at sea, before they were dead,  
 were launched into the deep,  
 And those that died while crossing the Plains,  
 fared not as well as that,  
 For a hole was dug, and they thrown in,  
 along the miserable Platte.

The ships at last began to arrive,  
 and the people began to inquire  
 "They say that flour is a dollar a pound,  
 do you think it will go any higher?"  
 And then to carry their blankets and sleep  
 outdoors, it seemed so droll,  
 Both tired and mad without a cent,  
 they damned the lousy hole.

The ladies have the hardest time,  
 that emigrate by land,  
 For when they cook with buffalo wood,  
 they often burn a hand,  
 And then they jaw their husbands round,  
 get mad and spill the tea,  
 Wish to the Lord they'd be taken down  
 with a turn of the di-a-ree.

When you arrive at Placerville,  
 or Sacramento City,  
 You've nothing in the world to eat,  
 no money -- what a pity!  
 Your striped pants are all worn out,  
 which causes folks to laugh,  
 When they see you gaping round the town  
 like a great big brindle calf.

You're lazy, poor and all broke down,  
 such hardships you endure,  
 The postoffice at Sacramento  
 all such men will cure;  
 You'll find a line from ma and pa,  
 and one from lovely Sal,  
 If that don't physic you every mail,  
 you never will get well.



I AM GOING TO CALIFORNIA

I am going to California  
 As sure as I am born  
 And I wonder if I'd better go  
 A sailing 'round the Horn.  
 Or had better go by Panama,  
 The old and beaten way  
 And see the towers and castles old  
 With walls so grim and gay.

I think I'll go the other way;  
 In Ephraim Jone's letter  
 He says the Nicaragua route  
 Than the other two is better.  
 So I'll take a ship some pleasant day,  
 And sail across the sea,  
 To find the monster Elephant,  
 Wherever he may be.\*

I wonder how the critter looks  
 And if he doesn't stand  
 With hind feet on the waters  
 And fore feet on the land.  
 Eph says I'll see him, tusks and all  
 Before I reach the diggin's  
 With the long tom lashed upon his back  
 And all a miner's riggins.

I wonder if the tales they tell  
 Are anything like true  
 About the steamship company,  
 The captain and the crew?  
 I wonder if the passengers  
 Must really eat such stuff  
 As beef like leather, cold burnt rice  
 And a little half raw duff?

---

\*See note, page 34



I AM GOING TO CALIFORNIA (cont'd)

I wonder if the pigs do grow  
So lank and long and thin,  
They tie a bow knot in their tails  
To keep the critters in?  
Else through the knot holes they would go  
Straight way into the ocean  
And make among the finny tribe  
A wonderful commotion.

I wonder if the steamer sinks  
Or blows us all sky-high,  
Upon whose shoulders will the blame  
And public censure lie?  
It's a mighty ticklish business  
I've a sort of half a notion  
This living in a floating house  
Upon a roaring ocean.





### 3: WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

What was Your Name in the States?, the title of a popular song of the decade 1850-1860, might serve also as the theme for the whole balladry of this period. Some of the gold-seekers had been lucky, but the most of them had not. Performances for the benefit of the 'unfortunate immigrants' were given at several of the San Francisco theatres in the early fifties. Although California had entered the Union, the far, feverish activity of the new gold-camps were a no-man's-land. The "States" were something cherished and comfortable, dust distant and almost inaccessible. The disillusion had set in. And it was not just the illusive 'dust' that was lamented. These ballads reflect the boom-prices of limited commodities; the lack of women; the crafty gamblers. Against the sheer, fundamental lack of friends and relatives, is posed another complaint which persists in aggrandizing the lice to the size of "Chile Beans."

Amid these reactions of disappointment to the ultimate reality of the gold-camps are a number of ballads descriptive of the town-life of the time. The Rowdy is a reaction to the roving gangster clans of "Sydney Coves" and "Hounds"; California Ball is a sharply-detailed picture of the dance as the all-important means of social-gathering in the early days; The Hog-Eye Man, a sea-shanty, is a salty

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first European settlements to the present day, the nation has expanded its territory and diversified its economy. The early years were marked by the struggle for independence and the establishment of a new government. The middle years saw the westward expansion and the rise of industry. The late years have been characterized by technological progress and global influence.

CHAPTER I: THE EARLY YEARS

The early years of the United States were a period of exploration and settlement. The first European settlers came to the New World in search of wealth and a better life. They established colonies that grew into a nation. The struggle for independence was a defining moment in the nation's history. The resulting government was a unique blend of democratic principles and federal structure.

reminder, already at this time, that San Francisco culture will be penetrated by a consciousness of the sea; Hangtown Gals survive as the comment of a miner down out of the hills, standing in his new boots, perhaps in the doorway of the Bella Union music hall, nudging his fellow-miner as the women gingerly cross the muddy street.

But the vermin, the cold, the hunger and the refractory mountains did not combine always for a cynical conclusion. There is the ballad with the refrain There's A Good Pile Coming Boys, which, untitled, was printed in the Columbia Gazette November 6, 1852; or the ballad of The Happy Miner who demands only "half an ounce a day" from the hills. There is the fanciful tune of Clementine, that long-lived reflection in mining-camp terms of the tear-jerking ballads of the time; and there are the indelible details of horror in Joaquin, the Horse-Thief.

The decade closes with the embittered summary of California As It Is and Was, containing the first indication in song of Engineer Judah's premonition of what was to become of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Days of Forty-Nine is like a talk around a stove on a stormy night: Monte Pete, New York Jake, Hackensack Jim, and Poor Lame Ches are recalled to life: these shades of a day which was gone stand there solidly in the verses of this famous ballad, making visible the change in the times: the forty-niner days were over. Not long, and California would be drawn into the



political dissension of the nation; the railroad, finally, would break down the isolating distances of the covered-wagon and Cape Horn routes. In a short time, the dignified facades of heavy stone in San Francisco would express the national and international ties which were gradually integrating California into the nation.

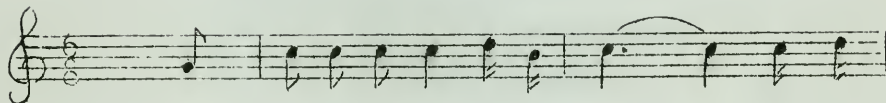


## WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

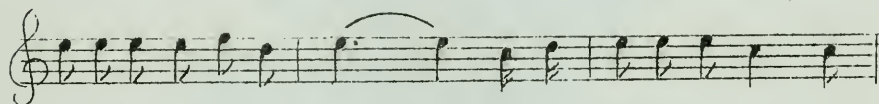
Oh, what was your name in the States?  
 Was it Thompson or Johnson or Bates?  
 Did you murder your wife  
 And fly for your life?  
 Say, what was your name in the States?

## WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES?

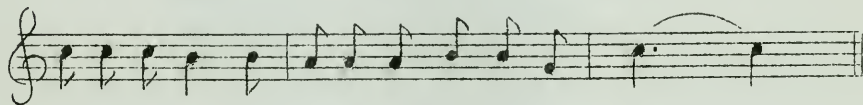
Brisckly



Oh what was your name in the States? Was it



Thompson or John-son or Bates? Did you mur-der your wife  
 /and



fly for your life? Say, what was your name in the States?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
MUSIC DEPARTMENT  
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

SONATA IN G MAJOR, OP. 10, NO. 3



Allegretto



Andantino



Andantino



LIFE IN CALIFORNIA  
 (Air: "Used Up Man!")

O, I hain't got no home,  
 nor nothing else, I 'spose,  
 Misfortune seems to follow me  
 wherever I goes;  
 I come to California  
 with a heart both stout and bold,  
 And have been up to the diggins,  
 there to get some lumps of gold.

But I'm a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.

I lives way down in Maine,  
 where I heard about the diggings,  
 So I shipped aboard a darned old barque  
 commanded by Joe Higgins.  
 I sold my little farm,  
 and from wife and children parted,  
 And off to California sailed,  
 and left 'em broken-hearted.

But here's a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.

I got a steamboat  
 and started up the river,  
 Where I tho't the darned mosquitoes  
 would ha' taken out my liver  
 When I got to Sacramento  
 I buckled on this rigging  
 And soon I found a decent place,  
 so I went to digging.

But I'm a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.



I got into the water,  
 where the 'fever-n-ager' took me,  
 And after I was froze to death,  
 it turned about and shook me;  
 But still I kept to work,  
 a-hopin' 'twould be better,  
 But the water wouldn't fall a bit,  
 but kept a-getting wetter.

But I'm a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.

I 'spose if I should die,  
 they'd take me to the Mission,  
 Or else the city'd sell me  
 to pay up my physician;  
 I've tried to keep up courage,  
 and swore I wouldn't spree it,  
 And here's my pile for five month's work,  
 I'd lief as not you'd see it.

For I'm a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.

I don't know what to do,  
 for all the time I'm dodging,  
 To hunt up grub enough to eat,  
 and find a decent lodging;  
 I can't get any liquor,  
 and no one seems to meet me,  
 Who'll take me by the collar now,  
 and kindly ask to treat me!

For I'm a used up man,  
 a perfect used up man,  
 And if ever I get home again,  
 I'll stay there if I can.



SEEING THE ELEPHANT\*  
 (Air: "De Boatman Dance")

When I left the States for gold  
 Everything I had I sold:  
 A stove and bed, a fat old sow,  
 Sixteen chickens and a cow.

Chorus:

So leave, you miners, leave;  
 oh leave, you miners, leave,  
 Take my advice, kill off your lice,  
 or else go up in the mountains,  
 Oh no, lots of dust,  
 I'm going to the city to get on a "bust,"  
 Oh no, lots of dust,  
 I'm going to the city to get on a "bust."

Off I started, Yankee-like,  
 I soon fell in with a lot from Pike,  
 The next was, "Damn you, back, wo-haw,"  
 A right smart chance from Arkansaw.

On the Platte we couldn't agree,  
 Because I had the di-a-ree,  
 We there split up, I made a break  
 With one old mule for the Great Salt Lake.

Chorus:

So leave, you miners, leave;  
 oh leave, you miners, leave,  
 Take my advice, kill off your lice,  
 or else go up in the mountains,  
 Oh no, lots of dust,  
 I'm going to the city to get on a "bust,"  
 Oh no, lots of dust,  
 I'm going to the city to get on a "bust."

---

\* "Seeing the elephant" was the very current, ironic, forty-niner phrase admitting the enormity of the bonanza illusion. The majority of the gold-seekers had seen the elephant: had found no spectacular 'leads;' had gone broke; had been hungry and cold and homeless. The phrase itself was reprinted everywhere: as a sort of healthy, realistic reminder. Around the various lugubrious and satirical meanings of the phrase, Dr. D. G. Robinson constructed a musical show which he called "Seeing the Elephant." The show opened at the Phoenix Theatre in San Francisco, March 23rd, 1850.



Being brave, I cut and carved,  
 On the desert nearly starved,  
 My old mule laid down and died,  
 I had no blanket, took his hide.

The poor coyote stole my meat,  
 Then I had naught but bread to eat,  
 It was not long till that gave out,  
 Then how I cursed the Truckee route.

On I travelled through the pines,  
 At last I found the northern mines;  
 I stole a dog, got whipt like hell,  
 Then away I went to Marysville.

There I filled the town with lice,  
 And robbed the Chinese of their rice;  
 The people say, "You've got the itch,"  
 Leave here, you lousy son of a -----."

Because I would not pay my bill,  
 They kicked me out of Downieville;  
 I stole a mule and lost the trail,  
 And fetched up in the Hangtown jail.

Canvas roof and paper walls  
 Twenty horse-thieves in the stalls,  
 I did as I had done before,  
 Coyoted out from 'neath the floor.

I robbed a nigger of a dollar,  
 And bought unguent to grease my collar;  
 I tried a pint, not one had gone,  
 Then it beat the devil how I daubed on.

Then people threatened hard my life  
 Because I stole a miner's wife;  
 They showed me a rope, to give me signs,  
 Then off I went to the southern mines.

I mined awhile, got lean and lank,  
 And lastly stole a monte-bank;  
 Went to the city, got a gambler's name,  
 And lost my bank at the thimble game.

I fell in love with a California girl,  
 Her eyes were grey, her hair did curl;  
 Her nose turned up to get rid of her chin,  
 Says she, "You're a miner, you can't come in."





When the elephant I had seen,  
I'm damned if I thought I was green;  
And others say, both night and morn,  
They saw him coming around the Horn.

If I should make another raise,  
In New York sure I'll spend my days;  
I'll be a merchant, buy a saw,  
So goodbye, mines and Panama.



SEEING THE ELEPHANT  
(Air: "De Boatman Dance")

When I left the States for gold  
Everything I had I sold:  
A stove and bed, a fat old sow,  
Sixteen chickens and a cow.

Chorus:

So leave, you miners, leave;  
oh leave, you miners, leave,  
Take my advice, kill off your lice,  
or else go up in the mountains,  
Oh no, lots of dust,  
I'm going to the city to get on a "bust,"  
Oh no, lots of dust,  
I'm going to the city to get on a "bust."

etc.

Allegretto

*mf*

*mf*

# THE SONG OF THE WIND

THE SONG OF THE WIND  
BY [Faint Name]

THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND  
THE SONG OF THE WIND

1888

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff introduces a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes. The fourth staff continues with a steady eighth-note rhythm. The fifth staff features a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.

JOE BOWERS\*  
(Tune: original)

My name it is Joe Bowers --  
I've got a brother Ike;  
I come from old Missouri,  
yes, all the way from Pike;  
I'll tell you why I left that,  
and how I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy,  
so fer away from home.

I used to love a gal thar,  
they call'd her Sally Black;  
I axed her for to marry me,  
she said it was a whack;  
"But," says she to me, "Joe Bowers  
before we hitch for life,  
You'd orter have a little home  
to keep your little wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sally,  
oh Sally, for your sake,  
I'll go to Californy,  
and try to raise a stake."  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,  
oh you're the chap to win  
Guv me a buss to seal the bargain,"  
and she threw a dozen in!

I shall ne'er forgit my feelins  
when I bid adieu to all;  
Sally cotched me round the neck,  
then I began to bawl;  
When I sot in, they all commenced --  
you ne'er did hear the like,  
How they all took on and cried,  
the day I left old Pike.

When I got to this 'ere country,  
I hadn't nary red,  
I had sich wolfish feelins  
I wish'd myself most dead;  
But the thoughts of my dear Sally  
soon made these feelins git,  
And whispered hopes to Bowers --  
Lord, I wish I had 'em yit!

---

\* Reprinted from Johnson's Original Comic Songs - Second Edition, a paper covered songster published in San Francisco in 1860. The curious spelling of the original is retained.

THE  
LIBRARY

of the  
University of  
the State of  
New York  
at  
Albany

1880

1881

1882

1883

At length I went to minin',  
 put in my biggest licks,  
 Come down upon the boulders  
 jist like a thousand bricks;  
 I worked both late and airly,  
 in rain, and sun, and snow,  
 But I was working for my Sally,  
 so 'twas all the same to Joe.

I made a very lucky strike,  
 as the gold itself did tell,  
 And saved it for my Sally,  
 the gal I loved so well;  
 I saved it for my Sally,  
 that I might pour it at her feet,  
 That she might kiss and hug me,  
 and call me something sweet.

But one day I got a letter  
 from my dear, kind brother, Ike --  
 It come from old Missouri,  
 sent all the way from Fike;  
 It brought me the gol-darn'dest news  
 as ever you did hear --  
 My heart is almost bustin',  
 so, pray, excuse this tear.

It said my Sal was fickle,  
 that her love for me had fled;  
 That she'd married with a butcher,  
 whose HAR was orful red!  
 It told me more than that --  
 oh! it's enough to make one swar,  
 It said Sally had a baby,  
 and the baby had red HAR!

Now, I've told you all I could tell,  
 about this sad affair,  
 'Bout Sally marryin' the butcher,  
 and the butcher had red HAR,  
 Whether 'twas a boy or gal child,  
 the letter never said,  
 It only said its cussed HAR  
 was inclined to be a RED!

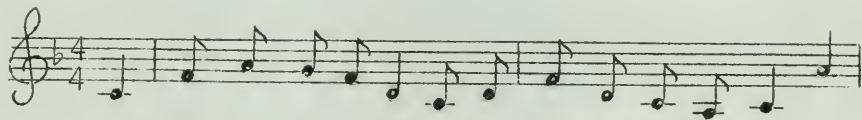




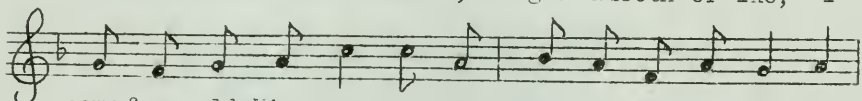
JOE BOWERS  
(Tune: original)

My name it is Joe Bowers --  
I've got a brother Ike;  
I come from old Missouri,  
yes, all the way from Pike;  
I'll tell you why I left that,  
and how I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy,  
so fer away from home.

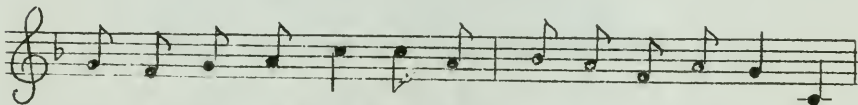
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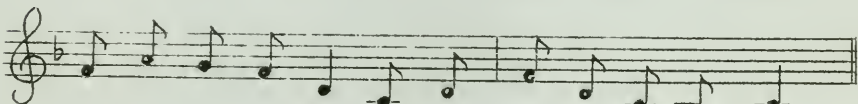
My name it is Joe Bow-ers, I've got a broth-er Ike; I



come from old Mis-sou-ri, Yes, all the way from Pike; I'll



tell you why I left that, and how I came to roam, And



leave my poor old ma-mmy so fer a-way from home.

SONATA  
OP. 10, NO. 3

ALLEGRO  
C-MINOR

1830

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "SONATA OP. 10, NO. 3" in C-Minor, marked "ALLEGRO". The score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below each staff. The first staff begins with the word "Allegro". The second staff contains the lyrics "The first of the series of the first of the series". The third staff contains the lyrics "The first of the series of the first of the series". The fourth staff contains the lyrics "The first of the series of the first of the series".

POKER JIM  
 (Air: "Raging Canal")

Now I'll tell you of my history  
 since 1847,  
 When I lived in old Missouri  
 and my home was like a heaven,  
 I had a buxom little wife,  
 as purty as can be,  
 She said as how she loved me well,  
 and I'm certain I loved she.

But there came a lot of news along,  
 I shall ne'er forget the day  
 About there being lots of gold  
 in Cal-i-for-ni-a,  
 I said, "Goodbye," unto my wife,  
 though my heart felt many pains  
 But thought the road to fortune, sure,  
 lay straight across the Plains.

The first place that I got into  
 is now called Placerville,  
 In them days it was Hangtown,  
 but they thought that ungenteel;  
 I went to work right willingly,  
 with my shovel, pick and pan,  
 And every chunk of gold saved  
 for my Mary Ann.

In about two years I made a pile,  
 though things were awful dear,  
 And then I started home again,  
 to fetch my wife out here,  
 I took passage by the steamer,  
 just because it went so quick,  
 But I'll never travel so no more,  
 for the darned thing made me sick.

I stayed at home for half a year,  
 then we left for good,  
 My wife and children all were well,  
 I was in a merry mood;  
 I bought a right good ox-team,  
 and a wagon for the trip,  
 And when we started, Mary Ann said,  
 "Joshua, let 'em rip."



We had a very pleasant time,  
 and all got safely through,  
 I went to work right willingly,  
 and so did my wife, too;  
 To make my home a happy one,  
 my Mary Ann did try,  
 But very shortly after that,  
 began my mis-e-ry.

There was a noted gambolier  
 a living in our camp,  
 They called him Poker Jim, and oh!  
 he was an awful scamp,  
 He used to come and talk to her,  
 while I tried to make a strike,  
 And said she was a fool to love  
 such an ugly damned damned Pike.

One night I felt almighty tired,  
 I'd been at work all day,  
 When I got home, the neighbors said  
 my wife had run away;  
 My heart was nearly bursting,  
 and my head began to swim,  
 She left a letter saying as how  
 she'd eloped with Poker Jim.

I tried to keep my dander up,  
 but felt awful bad, of course,  
 For the damned, damned critter she'd commenced  
 an action for divorce;  
 She got it, and with Poker Jim  
 she went off and got wed,  
 And the only ground she got it on  
 was because I snored in bed.



THE GAMBLER  
 (Air: "Camptown Races")

A gambler's life I do admire --  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 The best of rum do they require,  
 Du-da, du-da-day:  
 The poker sharps begin to pout,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 I played all night and cleaned them out  
 Du-da, du-da-day.

Chorus:

I'm bound to play all night,  
 I'm bound to play all day,  
 I bet my money on the ace and king,  
 Who dare bet on the tray?

Monte's mighty hard to beat,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 They say the dealer's bound to treat,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!  
 Barkeeper give me a glass of porter,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 Gin for me, with a glass of water,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!

The king's a layout from the top,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 That's where I let my money drop,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!  
 I like to deal and I like to buck,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 I'm down on noisy chuck-a-luck,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!

There's faro, sledge and twenty-one,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 For me to beat 'tis only fun,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!  
 Gamblers always hold your tongue,  
 Du-da, du-da!  
 French monte-dealers have all been hung,  
 Du-da, du-da-day!





What will we do these license-times?

Du-da, du-da!

I'll steal before I'll work the mines,

Du-da, du-da-day!

The miners used to bet their dust,

Du-da, du-da,

But now they lay it away to rust,

Du-da, du-da-day!

I used to wear a ruffled shirt,

Du-da, du-da!

But now I'm covered with rags and dirt,

Du-da, du-da-day!

A colt revolver and a bowie-knife,

Du-da, du-da,

I'm bound to gamble all my life,

Du-da, du-da-day!



JOAQUIN, THE HORSE-THIEF\*

(Air: "Now I Warn All You Darkies Not to Love Her")

I suppose you have heard all the talkin'  
Of the very noted horse-thief Joaquin;  
He was caught in Calaveras,  
but he couldn't stand the joke,  
So the Rangers cut his head off  
and have got it now in soak.

Chorus:

Now I warn everybody not to ramble,  
Never drink, never fight, never gamble,  
For you'll never have a cent,  
all your money will be spent,  
And you to Sacramento  
to the prison brig be sent.

They took three-fingered Jack and cut his  
hand off,  
Then the Rangers drove the rest of the  
band off;  
Then they took the head and hand,  
and they had it well preserved,  
And the Rangers got the credit,  
which they very much deserved.

Joaquin to the mountains advancing  
When he saw Lola Montez a-dancing,  
When she danced the Spider-dance,  
he was bound to run her off,  
And he'd feed her eggs and chickens,  
make her cackle, grunt and cough.

---

\* The following note is a condensation from H. H. Bancroft's History of the Pacific States: "In the memorable spring of 1850 we find Joaquin engaged as an honest miner among the Stanislaus placers, where he had a rich claim and was fast amassing a competency.

"A gang of American bullies burst in upon him, and, acting upon the excuse that he was a Mexican, beat him severely, and raped his female companion. That same year he was caught and flogged for stealing a horse--a crime of which he was innocent. Thereafter he turned to a life of crime, killing and robbing Americans but rarely disturbing the poor or the hard-working.

"At length, on the 17th of May, 1853, the legislature of California passed an act authorizing Harry Love to bring his mountaineer's experience, bravery and tested nerve into action to bring the marauders down.

"In the latter part of July, Love and eight rangers caught up with Murieta, and, after a furious chase, shot



Joaquin, just before he was taken  
 Killed a Chinaman and then stole his bacon;  
 Then he went to Sonora,  
     where he killed eleven more,  
 And a big Digger Indian,  
     which made the twenty-four.

You have heard of the steel he wore  
     round him,  
 I will tell you what it was when  
     they found him,  
 'Twas a long-tom iron  
     to protect him in his crimes,  
 And they swore by the holes,  
     he'd been shot a thousand times.

Now the head it can be seen at Sacramento,  
 But to have it there they never did intend to,  
 For they fought like the devil,  
     while they had half a show.  
 But the Rangers put an end to  
     the terror of Mexico.

---

him to death, together with most of the more important members of his gang.

"For the purpose of identification, the head of Joaquin and the mutilated hand of Three-Fingered Jack, were severed from the bodies and brought to San Francisco, preserved in spirits, in August, 1853, by Black and Nutall, two of Harry Love's rangers. The head was placed on exhibition, as the following notice, which appeared in the papers of the city on the 18th of August, and for several days will show. 'Joaquin's Head! is to be seen at King's, corner of Halleck and Sansome Streets. Admission one dollar.'"

Harry Love, U. S. Marshall at the time, is described by Bancroft as 'a lawful desperado who liked to shoot men, but disliked the idea of hanging for it.'



## HOG-EYE MAN\*

Oh the hog-eye man is the man for me,  
 He was raised way down in Tenn-i-see.

Chorus:

With a hog-eye,  
 Row boat ashore with a hog-eye,  
 All she wants is a hog-eye man.

Oh the hog-eye man is all the go  
 When he comes down to San Fran-cis-co.

Oh go fetch me down my riding cane  
 For I'm going to see my darling Jane.

Oh who been here since I been gone?  
 Some big buck nigger wid his sea boots on.

Oh I won't wed a nigger, I'll be damned if I do,  
 He's got jiggers in his feet and he can't wear a shoe.

---

\* A "Hog-Eye" in sailor's slang was a barge that cruised round Cape Horn to California.





## HOG-EYE MAN\*

Oh the hog-eye man is the man for me,  
He was raised way down in Tenn-i-see.

Chorus:

With a hog-eye,  
Row boat ashore with a hog-eye,  
All she wants is a hog-eye man.

Oh the hog-eye man is all the go  
When he comes down to San Fran-cis-co.  
etc.

*Lively* *mf*

O, the hog-eye men are all the go, when they

*Chorus*

come down to old San Fran-cis-co. And a hog-eye,

rail-road nig-ger with his hog-eye, Row the boat a-shore and a

hog-eye, O, she wants the hog -- eye man.\*\*

\* Colcord, Joanna C. Roll and Go: Songs of American Sailormen (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1924).

\*\* Sandburg, Carl. American Song Bag (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1927).

The ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...  
 ...

A musical staff with a treble clef, containing a sequence of notes and rests. The notes are mostly quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. The staff is on a five-line system.

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...  
 ...  
 ...

HANGTOWN\* GALS  
 (Air: "New York Gals")

Hangtown gals are plump and rosy,  
 Hair in ringlets mighty cozy;  
 Painted cheeks and jossy bonnets;  
 Touch them and they'll sting like hornets.

Chorus:

Hangtown gals are lovely creatures,  
 Think they'll marry Mormon preachers;  
 Head thrown back to show their features --  
 Ha, ha, ha! Hangtown gals!

They're dreadful shy of '40ers,  
 Turn their noses up at miners;  
 Shocked to hear them say, "gol durn it,"  
 Try to blush, but cannot come it.

They'll catch a neighbors cat and beat it,  
 Cut a bean in halves to eat it;  
 Promenade in silk and satin,  
 Cannot talk, but murder Latin.

On the street they're always grinning,  
 Modestly they lift their linen --  
 Petticoats all trimmed with laces,  
 Matching well their painted faces.

To church they very seldom venture,  
 Hoops so large they cannot enter;  
 Go it gals, you're young and tender,  
 Shun the pick and shovel gender.

---

\* cf. note on page 49



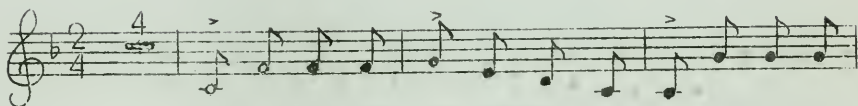
HANGTOWN GALS  
(Air: "New York Gals")

Hangtown gals are plump and rosy,  
Hair in ringlets mighty cozy;  
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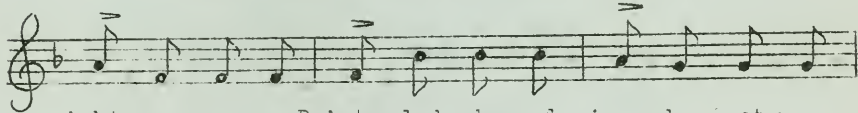
Chorus:

Hangtown gals are lovely creatures,  
Think they'll marry Mormon preachers;  
Head thrown back to show their features --  
Ha, ha, ha! Hangtown gals!

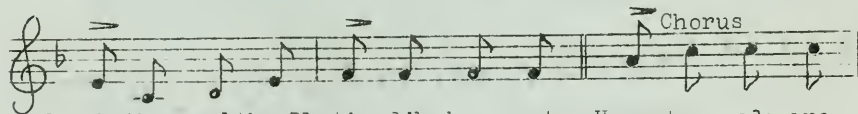
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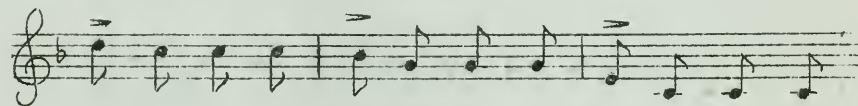
Hang-town gals are plump and ro-sy, Hair in ring-lets



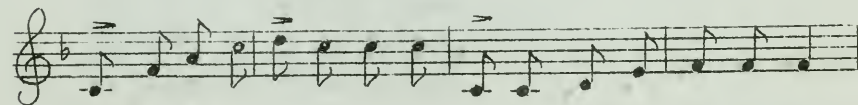
mighty co-sy; Paint-ed cheeks and jossy bon-net s,



Touch them and they'll sting like hor-nets, Hang-town gals are



love-ly crea-tures, Think they'll marry Mor-mon preach-ers;



Heads thrown back to show their features Ha, ha, ha! Hangtown gals!

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CHICAGO, ILL. 60637



SACRAMENTO GALS  
 (Air: "Babbling Around")

The Sacramento gals are some,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 They're down on men what live on rum,  
 As they go nipping 'round.

They're pretty gals I must confess  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 And "Lordy-massy" how they dress,  
 As they go nipping 'round.

On J Street they are to be found,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 Their bustles lift them off the ground,  
 As they go nipping 'round.

Their hoops will reach around a dray,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 They're "airy" on a windy day,  
 As they go nipping 'round.

There's many a gal from Arkansaw,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 Who well remembers hollowing "Haw,"  
 As she went nipping 'round.

Their faces covered with paint and chalk  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 Their hoops take up the whole sidewalk  
 As they go nipping 'round.

They're here and there, like Santa Anna,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 They're fresh and mellow as a ripe banana,  
 As they go nipping 'round.

Give me a rosy country gal,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 No matter if her name is Sal,  
 As she goes nipping 'round.

But of all the gals I ever see,  
 Nipping 'round, around, around;  
 The Sacramento gals for me,  
 As they go nipping 'round.





CLEMENTINE  
(Tune: original)

In a cavern, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, 'Forty-Miner,  
And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh my darling, oh my darling  
Oh my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,  
And her shoes were number nine,  
Herring-boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,  
Ev'ry morning just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,  
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard, near the canyon,  
Where the myrtle doth entwine,  
There grow roses and other posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, 'Forty-Niner,  
Soon began to peak and pine,  
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked in brine,  
Though in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead, I draw the line.



CLEMENTINE  
(Tune: original)

In a cavern, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine,  
Dwelt a miner, 'Forty-Niner,  
And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh my darling, oh my darling  
Oh my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

etc.

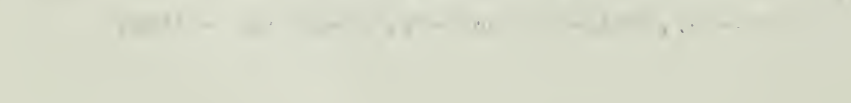
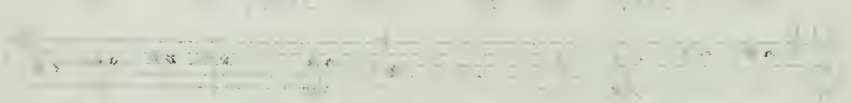
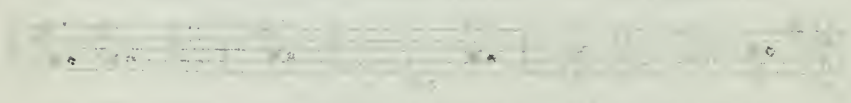
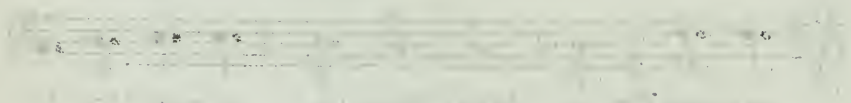
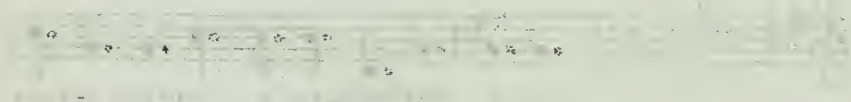
The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a 2-measure rest. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score is divided into a main verse and a chorus. The chorus is marked with 'Chorus.' and includes the lyrics 'Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine, You are lost and gone forever, Dreadful sorry, Clementine.'

In a ca-vern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-  
va-ting for a mine, Dwelt a mi-ner, 'For-ty-  
Ni-ner, and his daugh-ter, Clem-en - tine. Oh, my  
*Chorus.*  
dar - ling, Oh my dar - ling, oh my  
dar-ling Clem-en - tine, You are lost and gone for-  
ev - er, Dread-ful sor - ry, Clem - en - tine.

THE  
 CHORUS

CHORUS  
 (Sung by the Chorus)  
 (The Chorus enters with the following song)  
 (The Chorus sings the following song)

CHORUS  
 (Sung by the Chorus)  
 (The Chorus enters with the following song)  
 (The Chorus sings the following song)



"A Pilgrim from Maine's Rocky Shore"  
(Tune: original)

A Pilgrim from Maine's rocky shore  
Surveyed old Hangtown's\* strand:  
A tear was in his hither eye,  
A pick in his hand.  
A tear was in his hither eye --  
And in his left to match,  
There would have been another tear,  
But for a healing patch.

The Pilgrim Father looking down,  
As one who is in doubt,  
He sighed to see how fast that pair  
Of boots was wearing out.  
And while he filled an ancient pipe  
His wretchedness to cheer,  
He stopped with hurried hand, to pick  
A flea from out his ear.

Thrice have I left this cursed spot,  
But mine it was to learn  
The fatal truth, that 'dust we are,  
To dust we shall return.'  
So, here condemned, by Fates unkind,  
I rock illusive sand,  
And dream of wailing babes at home,  
Unrocked, an orphan band.

---

\* The origin of the name of Hangtown, later Placerville, is explained by Zoeth Skinner Eldredge as follows: "One night about the middle of January, 1849, five men attempted to rob a gambler in his room, where he was supposed to have a large amount of money. They were caught, tried by an improvised court, and sentenced to be whipped; but punishment was deferred until the following day, which was Sunday, when miners from far and near came to see it inflicted..."

The affair would probably have ended by driving them from the camp, had not three of them been recognized as old offenders who had been driven from Stanislaus some time before for stealing and attempted murder. When this became known, a new court was organized by which they were sentenced to hang. An attempt was made by E. Gould Buffum, who had been a lieutenant in the Stevenson regiment, and was afterward editor of the Alta California to prevent the execution, or at least delay it until the condemned men, no one of whom could speak English, could have some sort of opportunity to make a defense; but the crowd would not listen and the three were forthwith hanged on the tree to which they had been tied while being flogged. So unusual was it at the time to impose the death penalty as a punishment for stealing, that the place became known then and long after as Hangtown."



CALIFORNIA BALL  
 (Air: "Wait for the Wagon")

'Twould make our Eastern people rave  
 To see both great and small,  
 The old, with one foot in the grave  
 All "splurging" at a ball.

Chorus:

Wait for the music,  
 Wait for the music,  
 Wait for the music,  
 And we'll all have a dance.

On foot they through the diggings wind  
 And over mountains tall,  
 With young ones tagging on behind,  
 "Flat-footed," for the ball.

A dozen babies on the bed,  
 And all begin to squall;  
 Their mothers wish the brats were dead  
 For crying at the ball.

The manager begins to curse  
 And swagger through the hall,  
 For mothers, they've gone out to nurse  
 Their babies at the ball.

Old women in their Bloomer rigs  
 Are fond of 'balance all!'  
 And weighty when it comes to jigs  
 And so on at the ball.

A yearling miss fills out the set  
 Although not very tall,  
 "I'm anxious now," she says, "You bet  
 To proceed with the ball."

A married woman -- gentle dove --  
 With nary tooth at all  
 Sits in the corner making love  
 To some "pimp" at the ball.

A drunken loafer at the dance  
 Informs them one and all  
 With bowie-knife stuck in his pants,  
 "The best man at the ball."





The Spanish hags of ill-repute  
For brandy loudly call;  
And no one dares their right dispute  
To freedom at the ball.

The gambler all the money wins  
To bed the drunkest crawl,  
And fighting them of course begins,  
With rowdies at the ball.

They rush it like a railroad car,  
And often is the call,  
Of "Promenade up to the bar,"  
For whiskey at the ball.

"Old Alky" makes their bowels yearn,  
They stagger round and fall;  
And ladies say when they return,  
"Oh, what a splendid ball."



PROSPECTING DREAM  
(Air: "O! Susanna!")

I dreamed a dream the other night,  
when everything was still,  
I dreamed that I was carrying  
my long-tom\* down a hill;  
My feet slipp'd out and I fell down,  
oh, how I jarred my liver,  
I watched my long-tom till I saw it  
fetch up in the river.

Chorus:

Oh what a miner,  
what a miner was I,  
All swelled up with the scurvy,  
so I really thought I'd die.

My matches, flour and Chile beans  
lay scattered all around,  
I felt so bad I wished to die,  
so I lay on the ground,  
My coffee rolled down by a rock,  
my pepper I could not find,  
'Twas then I thought of Angeline,  
the girl I left behind.

I took my shovel, pick and pan,  
to try a piece of ground,  
I dream'd I struck the richest lead  
that ever had been found,  
Then I wrote home that I had found  
a solid lead of gold,  
And I'd be home in just a month,  
but what a lie I'd told.

I dug, I panned and tommed awhile,  
till I had but a dollar,  
I struck it here, and right down there,  
I could not raise the color,  
John Chinaman he bought me out,  
and pungled down the dust,  
Then I had just an ounce in change  
to start in on a "bust."

---

\* A long-tom is a miner's sluice-box.



I went to town and got drunk;  
 in the morning to my surprise,  
 I found that I had got a pair  
 of roaring big black eyes,  
 And I was strapp'd, had not a cent,  
 not even a pick and shovel,  
 My hair snarled up, my breeches torn,  
 looked like the very devil.

I then took up a little farm,  
 and got a senorita,  
 Grey-eyed, hump-backed and black as tar --  
 her name was Marguerita,  
 My pigs all died, hens flew away,  
 Joaquin\* he stole my mules,  
 My ranch burnt "down," my blankets "up,"  
 likewise my farming tools.

I left my farm and hired out  
 to be a hardware clerk,  
 I got kicked out, "cos" couldn't write,  
 so again I went to work;  
 But when they caught me stealing grub,  
 a few went in to boot him,  
 And others round were singing out,  
 "Hang him, hang him, shoot him!"

---

\* cf. note on page 43



## THE HAPPY MINER

(Air: "I Get in a Weaving Way")

I'm a happy miner,  
 I love to sing and dance.  
 I wonder what my girl would say  
 If she could see my pants,  
 With canvas patches on my knees  
 And one upon the stern?  
 I'll wear them when I'm digging here,  
 And home when I return.

Chorus:

So I get in a jovial way,  
 I spend my money free,  
 And I've got plenty!  
 Will you drink lager beer with me?

She writes about her poodle dog  
 But never thinks to say,  
 Oh, do come home, my honey dear,  
 I'm pining all away.  
 I'll write her half a letter  
 Then give the ink a tip,  
 If that don't bring her home to her milk  
 I'll coolly let her rip.

They wish to know if I can cook  
 And what I have to eat,  
 And tell me should I take a cold  
 Be sure and soak my feet.  
 But when they talk of cooking  
 I'm mighty hard to beat,  
 I've made ten thousand loaves of bread  
 The devil couldn't eat.

I like a lazy partner  
 So I can take my ease,  
 Lay down and talk of going home,  
 As happy as you please;  
 Without a thing to eat or drink,  
 Away from care and grief --  
 I'm fat and sassy, ragged, too,  
 And tough as Spanish beef.





No matter whether rich or poor  
I'm happy as a clam.  
I wish my friends at home could look  
And see me as I am.  
With woolen shirt and rubber boots  
In mud up to my knees,  
And lice as big as Chile beans  
A-fighting with the fleas.

I'll mine for half an ounce a day  
Perhaps a little less.  
But when it comes to China pay  
I cannot stand the press.  
Like thousands here, I'll make a pile,  
If I make one at all  
About the time the allied forces  
Take Sebastopol.\*

---

\* Reference to the siege of Sebastopol in 1854-55 during the Crimean War, in which Turkey, England, France and Sardinia were allied against Russia.



## THE LOUSY MINER

(Tune: "The Dark-eyed Sailor")

It's four long years since I reached this land,  
In search of gold among the rocks and sand  
And yet I'm poor when the truth is told,  
I'm a lousy miner,  
I'm a lousy miner in search of shining gold.

My sweetheart vowed she'd wait for me  
'Till I returned, but don't you see  
She's married now, sure, so I am told,  
Left her lousy miner,  
Left her lousy miner in search of shining gold.

Oh, land of gold, you did me deceive,  
And I intend in thee my bones to leave;  
So farewell, home, now my friends grow cold,  
I'm a lousy miner,  
I'm a lousy miner in search of shining gold.



THE MINER'S LAMENT  
(Tune: "Lilly Dale")

When the gold fever raged  
I was doing very well,  
With my friends all around, young and old,  
'Twas a long time ago,  
and I bade them farewell,  
And embarked for the land of gold.

Chorus:

Oh miners! poor miners,  
hungry and cold,  
Tho' poor I'll return to my home far away;  
So farewell to the land of gold.

'Twas a hard thing to part  
from those little ones so gay,  
That were playing in the yard round the door,  
And my wife sobbed aloud  
as I started away,  
Saying, "Farewell, I'll see you no more!"

Now the little gold locket  
my wife used to wear,  
Seems to fade by disease every breath;  
Once happy and gay  
now the picture of despair,  
And those little ones all paler than death --

I dreamed I was home  
in the old orchard tread  
With those loved ones so gay it did seem,  
As I reached for the apples  
that hung o'er my head  
Disappointed I woke from my dream.

Cold, wet and hungry,  
I've slept on the ground,  
When those visions of happiness came,  
But sad and disheartened,  
awoke by the sound,  
Of the screech-owl that lit on my claim.

I toiled night and day  
with the hope of gaining wealth  
Thru the cold winter's rain with delight;  
But alas! sad misfortune  
has ruined my health,  
To my fond friends at home, all, goodnight.



THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE  
(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

You are looking now on old Tom Moore,  
A relic of bygone days;  
A Bummer, too, they call me now,  
But what care I for praise?  
For my heart is filled with the days of yore,  
And oft I do repine  
For the Days of Old, and the Days of Gold,  
And the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

Chorus:

Oh, my heart is filled  
with the days of yore,  
And oft I do repine  
For the Days of Old,  
and the Days of Gold,  
and the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

I had comrades then who loved me well,  
A jovial, saucy crew,  
There were some hard cases, I must confess,  
But they all were brave and true;  
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,  
Who never would fret nor whine,  
But like good old Bric's they stood the kicks,  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

There was Monte Pete -- I'll ne'er forget  
The luck he always had,  
He would deal for you both day and night,  
So long as you had a scad.  
He would play you Draw, he would Ante sling,  
He would go you a hateful Blind --  
But in a game with Death Pete lost his breath  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,  
That was always a-getting tight;  
Whenever Jake got on a spree,  
He was spoiling for a fight.  
One day he ran against a knife  
In the hands of old Bob Cline --  
So over Jake we held a wake,  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.





There was Hackensack Jim who could outroar  
A Buffalo Bull, you bet!  
He would roar all night, he would roar all day,  
And I b'lieve he's a-roaring yet!  
One night he fell in a prospect-hole --  
'Twas a roaring bad design --  
For in that hole he roared out his soul  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

There was poor lame Ches, a hard old case  
Who never did repent,  
Ches never missed a single meal,  
Nor he never paid a cent.  
But poor lame Ches, like all the rest,  
Did to Death at last resign,  
For all in his bloom, he went up the Flume  
In the Days of 'Forty-Nine.

And now my comrades all are gone,  
Not one remains to toast,  
They have left me here in my misery,  
Like some poor wandering ghost.  
And as I go from place to place,  
Folks call me a 'Traveling Sign.'  
Saying 'There goes Tom Moore, a Bummer, sure,  
From the Days of 'Forty-Nine.'



YE ANCIENT YUBA MINER OF THE DAYS OF '49\*  
 (Air: "Fine Old English Gentleman")

To you I'll sing a good old song,  
 made by a Quaker pate,  
 Of an ancient Yuba miner,  
 who owned no real estate,  
 But who when asked where he belonged,  
 this son of Uncle Sam,  
 He scratched his head a moment  
 then in accents clear and shrill  
 straightway ejaculated "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this ancient Yuba miner,  
 of the days of '49.

I'm told that simple was his food,  
 he used no forks nor spoons,  
 And with old flour and coffee sacks  
 he patched his pantaloons;  
 He was saucy, lousy, ragged, lank,  
 but hap y as a clam,  
 And when interrogated in relation  
 to the location from whence he hailed,  
 he invariably replied, "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this grizzled Yuba miner,  
 of the days of '49.

\* Samuel C. Upham, writer of this song, says of himself in his Notes of a Voyage to California: "When the news of discovery of gold in California reached the Atlantic states, in the summer of 1849, I had a somewhat lucrative position in the counting house of a mercantile firm in the city of Brotherly Love... When I resigned the quill for 'the pick and the spade' it was my intention to have gone to California via the Isthmus of Panama, but on the eve of my departure, a communication appeared in the New York Herald in which the writer depicted in such vivid colors the 'hair-breadth 'scapes' by that route, that I abandoned my original intention and engaged passage via Cape Horn.

These Reminiscences have been written amid the hurly burly of a busy mercantile life, their principal merit being a narration of facts, not fancies. I have devoted considerable space to the early history of Sacramento City, where during the Spring and Summer of 1850, I was engaged in the publication of the Sacramento Transcript and from the columns of that journal I have made frequent drafts."

More light on Upham from Theodore Hittell's History of California: "... One miner of the Calaveras river region, Samuel C. Upham, after laboring at mining for about a month in the autumn of 1849, had a severe attack of rheumatism and was compelled to give up work. Being eventually cured he changed his occupation to that of buying up tools, clothing and supplies of all kinds from miners coming disgusted from the gold fields, and selling them at enormous profits to others who were about to set out on prospecting expeditions.



On a prospecting tour one day  
 he struck it very rich,  
 'Twas on a little mountain stream,  
 fornénst the Yuba ditch,  
 Said he, "This claim of mine I'll sell,  
 my purse the dust will cram,"  
 But when questioned in relation  
 to his antecedents, and from whence he came,  
 he articulated, "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this lucky miner,  
 of the days of '49.

He started down to 'Frisco town,  
 this man of no estate,  
 On muleback first, by water then --  
 but never mind the date,  
 And on his way they questioned him,  
 this son of Uncle Sam;  
 They asked him the initials of his front name,  
 the mine from whence he came,  
 and then he placed his hand beside  
 his mouth and roared out, "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this jolly Yuba miner,  
 of the days of '49.

---

The winter rains spoiling this business however, the handy speculator was driven to San Francisco. There, having no place to sleep, he purchased a ship's galley five feet long by four feet wide, and moved it to a vacant sand lot in what was then known as "Happy Valley"...In looking about for something to do, he found there was a great shortage of pickles, and immediately started collecting all the old pickle bottles he could find. Next, he purchased from an arriving vessel a barrel of salted cucumbers and half a bottle of cider vinegar. By rapidly selling them off before any more pickles arrived, he cleared a sum of \$300 in one week. He next bought up all the tobacco pipes in the market, and in about 24 hours cleared \$150. After that he became a carrier of the Pacific News, and soon after that settled down to regular business as bookkeeper of the concern at a salary of \$100 weekly."

(Upham left San Francisco in the fall of 1850, and arrived in New York 38 days later. He joined his family in Philadelphia, and never again returned to the Coast.)



Into the "El Dorado" then,  
 he went to try his luck,  
 Said he, "I'll show those gamboliers  
 a little Yuba pluck,  
 I'll bust their cussed monte bank,  
 for I am nary sham,"  
 But soon he emerged a wiser  
 but a badly busted individual  
 and to every question asked him,  
 he replied, "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this busted Yuba miner  
 of the days of '49.

Soon on a stretcher he was laid,  
 with his head all caved in,  
 For the way that they had walloped him  
 was a shame and awful sin;  
 All mashed and shattered was his head,  
 as if butted by a ram;  
 The doctor felt his corpus,  
 the parson sung a psalm,  
 and when they as'ed him from whence he came,  
 he faintly whispered, "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this dying Yuba miner,  
 of the days of '49.

The coroner soon an inquest held,  
 and then at his command,  
 They shoved old Yuba in a box,  
 and dumped him in the sand,  
 At midnight hour they buried him,  
 without show, or pomp or flam,  
 And when at the last day Gabriel's trump  
 shall sound among the early risers,  
 you bet, will be old "Yuba Dam!"  
 That defunct and ancient miner,  
 of the days of '49.





## YE ANCIENT YUBA MINER OF THE DAYS OF '49.

(Air: "Fine Old English Gentleman")

To you I'll sing a good old song,  
 made by a Quaker pate,  
 Of an ancient Yuba miner,  
 who owned no real estate,  
 But who when asked where he belonged,  
 this son of Uncle Sam,  
 He scratched his head a moment  
 then in accents clear and shrill,  
 straightway ejaculated "Yuba Dam!"  
 Did this ancient Yuba Miner,  
 of the days of '49.

etc.

The musical score is written on six staves of five-line treble clefs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter rest, and a series of eighth notes: A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. A fermata is placed over the first G4. The second staff continues with eighth notes: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third staff continues with eighth notes: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The fourth staff continues with eighth notes: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The fifth staff is labeled "CHORUS ad lib." and begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. It contains eighth notes: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The sixth staff begins with a dynamic marking of *p* and contains eighth notes: Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4, Bb4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. It ends with a double bar line, a fermata, and a final note G4. The word "Dal." with a flourish is written at the end of the staff.

Main body of handwritten text, possibly a preface or introduction, consisting of several lines of cursive script.

A handwritten musical score consisting of six staves. The notation includes notes, rests, and bar lines. Below the staves, there are lines of handwritten text, likely lyrics or performance instructions, written in a cursive hand.

## OLD FORTY-NINE

(Air: "Mrs. Tickle Toby")

I well remember those old times,  
 The days of forty-nine sir,  
 When miners gaily singing went  
 Into each golden mine, sir.  
 When buckskin coats and patched up pants  
 Were fashions of the day, sir,  
 And when a mining claim would yield  
 The biggest kind of pay, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.

Those highly interesting times  
 When miners used to think, sir,  
 That whiskey straight was very cheap  
 At fifty cents a drink, sir.  
 When miners made an ounce a day  
 In any kind of dirt, sir,  
 And oftentimes would freely pay  
 Ten dollars for a shirt, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.

Those highly interesting times  
 When never would a man, sir,  
 Think claims were good unless they paid  
 Ten dollars to the pan, sir.  
 When merchants always got the dust  
 For what they had to sell, sir,  
 But never were afraid to trust,  
 Men paid them up so well, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.

I do respect those good old times,  
 For men were honest then, sir,  
 The diggings paid, men couldn't stop  
 To cheat their fellow men, sir.  
 This salting and this jumping claims,  
 Was not considered fair, sir,  
 You ask a man where you might work,  
 He'd tell you "Anywhere, sir."  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.



And anywhere you went to work,  
 A fortune could be made, sir,  
 With nothing but a rocker, pan,  
 A bucket or a spade, sir.  
 And sometimes with a butcher's knife  
 You'd work a little while, sir,  
 And ere you knew what you had done,  
 You'd made a bully pile, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.

If one was found a rascal then,  
 Men took his case in hand, sir,  
 And wade him go to pulling hemp,  
 Or drove him from the land, sir.  
 But men are more enlightened now,  
 And stringent laws will make, sir,  
 And officers enforce the same,  
 To raise a poker stake, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.

But now, alas! those times have flown,  
 We ne'er shall see them more, sir,  
 But let us do the best we can,  
 And dig for golden ore, sir.  
 And if we strike a "decent lead"  
 Let's work and not repine, sir,  
 But take things easy as they did  
 In good old forty-nine, sir.  
 Whack fol de da, ri tol lol da,  
 te my whack fol de da.



GOLD LAKE AND GOLD BLUFF\*  
 (Tune: "The Fisherman's Daughter")

In 1850, when Gold Lake was in its prime,  
 The people swore the dirt would pay  
 from three cents to a dime;  
 The merchants trusted out their goods,  
 the miners ran away,  
 They soon returned, well satisfied  
 that Gold Lake wouldn't pay.

In 1861, Gold Bluff was all the go,  
 The ships, with passengers and grub,  
 were full as they could stow,  
 They'd nothing in the world to do,  
 but gather up the sand,  
 The fools that went without a cent,  
 Gold Bluff tee-totally damned.

They climbed up to the very top,  
 where gold must surely be,  
 They laid down on their bellies,  
 and peeped over in the sea;  
 They tied a rope onto a pail,  
 dipped up a little sand,  
 But all the gold was in the sea,  
 too far away to land.

They left their grub and blankets,  
 and patent gold machines,  
 The fleas were thick, and body-lice  
 were as large as Chili beans;  
 They all returned, well-satisfied  
 they'd all been nicely fooled,  
 For nothing there was to be found,  
 as speculators told.

---

\* In 1851 the rumor spread that gold in great quantities was procurable at the mouth of the Klamath River, where it flowed into the sea. There was a second Gold Rush, with steamship and supply companies staking thousands on the promise of wealth to come. Unfortunately, it was found that the gold, although present, existed in too fine a suspension to make its recovery on a large scale at all practical--and that furthermore, the precious black sand in which the gold was found, was washed out to sea by every high tide that occurred. Thousands of dollars were lost, fortunes were dissipated, hopes dashed. That the people were still able to draw a wry amusement from the situation is shown by this song, which was sung with hoots in music halls and on the street.





CALIFORNIA AS IT IS AND WAS\*  
 (Tune: "I Remember, I Remember")

I remember, I remember,  
 when once I used to mine,  
 My cabin still is standing  
 beneath a sugar pine;  
 From daylight in the morning  
 till the sun went out of sight  
 Alone I used to dig for gold,  
 and mend my clothes at night.

I remember, I remember,  
 when grub was very high  
 We had to live on pork and beans  
 'twas little pork indeed,  
 And miners were very poor,  
 could not afford to buy,  
 With enough to grease the frying-pan,  
 we thought we'd struck a lead.

I remember, I remember,  
 when we flumed American River  
 The flood came down swept off our dam,  
 and all hands damned together;  
 We lost our time and mining tools,  
 and everything we had,  
 Instead of having a pile,  
 we were left without a scad.

I remember, I remember,  
 when Yuba used to pay,  
 With nothing but a rocker,  
 five hundred dollars a day;  
 We used to think 'twould always last  
 and would with perfect ease,  
 If Uncle Sam had only stopped  
 the coming of Chinese.

---

\* This ballad is particularly valuable for its references to the increasing complexities of the process by which California was to become an up-to-date portion of a modern nation. The building of the railroad and its completion, with the subsequent release of thousands of Chinese railroad-workers on the labor market, will be reflected in a later section of this collection. For the significance of the political parties named in the last stanza of this song, cf. note on page 00



I remember, I remember,  
we're compelled to pay a tax  
Which people say is gumbled off --  
I wonder if these are facts?  
And certain ones are trying to give  
our mineral lands away,  
To build a railroad from the States,  
to San Francisco Bay.

I remember, I remember,  
when we hadn't any laws,  
we then could live in peace among  
the diggers and their squaws,  
But now it's Whigs and Democrats,  
and know-nothings of late,  
And fighting after office,  
without a chance to rob the State.



## 4: THE RAILROAD CARS ARE COMING

## Humbug Steamships

Nothing less than the discovery of gold and the chance to become fabulously rich could have induced the world's adventurers to endure the trip to San Francisco whether by land across the uncharted wilderness or around the Horn, by sea.

By land it was a spine-disintegrating 2000mile trek in covered wagon at ox-team speed; hostile Indians; the always present danger of running low on provisions during forced marches across desert, plain, and Rockies. In the motley crew who fought their way west were huskies, fighters, men of brawn, true. But also, there were even more former clerks, artists, merchants, city-bred, with no experience in fighting, in driving weary oxen pulling cumbersome wagons. These pioneers brought along women and children unused to footing it when wagons were ditched and horses were shot.

But somehow thousands successfully made the journey, following the Bidwell adventurers and the Donner Party, whose trips from Missouri to California made those of the voyagers in the *Mayflower* seem positively slight. The land Argonauts included composers and authors of many ballads. As will be seen from the examples reproduced below, they form a series of musical footnotes to American history, often more graphic and spirited than the work of the best professional writers who have dwelt on this period.



Travel to El Dorado by sea was just as dangerous with added miseries: close confinement, seasickness and gratuitous hardships added by profiteering steamship companies. These voyages also inspired travelling bards to forget physical discomforts in the solace of satirical song.





HUMBUG STEAMSHIP COMPANIES  
 (Tune: "Uncle Sam's Farm")

The greatest imposition  
 that the public ever saw,  
 Are the California steamships  
 that run to Panama;  
 They're a perfect set of robbers  
 and accomplish their designs,  
 By a general invitation  
 of the people to the mines.

Chorus:

Then come along, come along,  
 you that want to go,  
 The best accomodations,  
 and the passage very low;  
 Our boats they are large enough,  
 don't be afraid,  
 The Golden Gate is going down  
 to beat the Yankee Blade,  
 Then come along, don't be afraid,  
 The Golden Gate is going down  
 to beat the Yankee Blade.

They have opposition on the route  
 with cabins very nice,  
 They advertise to take you  
 for half the usual price;  
 They get thousands from the mountains,  
 and then deny their bills,  
 So you have to pay their price,  
 or go back into the hills.

When you start from San Francisco  
 they treat you like a dog,  
 The victuals you're compelled to eat  
 ain't fit to feed a hog,  
 And a drunken mate a-cursing  
 and damning you around,  
 And wishing that the boat would sink,  
 and everyone be drowned.



The captain goes to dinner  
and begins to curse the waiter,  
Knocks him out of hearing  
with a thundering big potato;  
The cabin maid, half-crazy,  
breaks the meat dish all to smash,  
And the steward comes a-running  
with a plate of mouldy hash.

You are driven round the steerage  
like a drove of hungry swine,  
And kicked ashore at Panama  
by the Independent Line;  
Your baggage is thrown overboard,  
the like you never saw,  
A trip or two will sicken you  
of going to Panama.



LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA

(Air: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" ) \*

The Central America, painted so fine  
 Went down like a thousand of brick,  
 And all the old tubs that are now on the line  
 Will follow her, two at a lick.  
 'Twould be very fine were the owners aboard  
 And sink where they never would rise  
 'Twould any amount of amusement afford  
 And cancel a million of lies.

Chorus:

'Twould be very fine  
 were the owners aboard  
 And sink where they never would rise  
 'Twould any amount of amusement afford  
 And cancel a million of lies.

These murdering villains will ne'er be forgot  
 As long as America stands,  
 Their bones should be left in the ocean to rot  
 And their souls be at Satan's commands.  
 They've murdered and swindled the people for years  
 And never will be satisfied  
 Till death puts an end to their earthly cares  
 Then may they with demons reside.

---

\* Air composed by Christie, the famous minstrel.



BLOW THE MAN DOWN\*

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street  
To me aye, aye - blow the man down!  
A saucy young p'liceman I chanced for to meet;  
Blow the man down to me aye, aye, blow the man down!  
Whether he's white man or black man or brown,  
Give me some time to blow the man down,  
Give me some time to blow the man down,  
Blow the man down, Bullies!

You're off from some clipper that flies the Black Ball  
To me aye, aye - blow the man down!  
You've robbed some poor Dutchman of coat, boots and all;  
Blow the man down, &c.

P'liceman, p'liceman, you do me much wrong  
To me aye, aye - blow the man down!  
I'm a peace party sailor just home from Hong Kong;  
Blow the man down, &c.

They gave me six months in Ledington jail  
To me aye, aye - blow the man down!  
For kickin' and fightin' and knockin' 'em down;  
Blow the man down, &c.

---

\*Robert Frost as a boy in San Francisco learned shanties from listening to sailors and dock-wallopers along the water front. He saved these tunes and verses in his heart. A favorite with him is Blow The Man Down. It has the lurch of ships, tough sea legs, a capacity for taking punishment and rising defiant of oppression and tyranny, according to Carl Sandburg, in The American Song Bag, Harcourt, Brace & Co., N.Y., 1927.





## STAGE COACHES

As the trickle of adventurers became a steady stream of westward moving gold seekers, stage coach lines were established to carry passengers, mail, and the lighter supplies so badly needed by the growing towns of the Far West. The need of transporting nuggets and bullion back East in less time than the months taken by even the fastest clipper ships, speeded the development of the stage coach lines. It also introduced a classic feature of the melodramatic pioneer days, the stage coach robbery.

A lively subject, riding and being robbed in vehicles driven at breakneck speed along the edge of precipices on roads deeply rutted and dusty in summer and in winter practically impassable. The Pioneer Stage Driver narrates an episode quite common in the annals of Western banditry. The almost equally unpleasant features of a bandit-free trip are sketched in boldly in the song about The California Stage Company.

MEMORANDUM

1. The following information was obtained from a review of the records of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, for the years 1950 through 1952, inclusive, concerning the activities of the National Student Reliance Corporation, a corporation organized in the State of New York, and its subsidiaries, the National Student Reliance Corporation, a corporation organized in the State of New York, and the National Student Reliance Corporation, a corporation organized in the State of New York.

2. The National Student Reliance Corporation was organized in the State of New York in 1949. The corporation has since that time operated as a holding company for the National Student Reliance Corporation, a corporation organized in the State of New York, and the National Student Reliance Corporation, a corporation organized in the State of New York.

Continued

## THE PIONEER STAGE DRIVER

I'm going to tell a story  
and I'll tell it in my song,  
I hope that it will please you,  
and I won't detain you long,  
It's about one of the old boys,  
so gallant and so fine,  
He use to carry mails,  
on the Pioneer line.  
He was such a favorite  
wherever he was seen,  
He was known about Virginia  
by the name of Bally Green;  
Oh! he swung a whip so graceful,  
for he was bound to shine,  
As a high-toned driver  
on the Pioneer line.

As he was driving up one night,  
as lively as a coon,  
He saw four men jump in the road,  
by the pale light of the moon;  
One sprung for his leaders,  
while another his gun he cocks,  
Saying, Bally, I hate to trouble you,  
but pass me out that box.

When Bally heard him say these words,  
he opened wide his eyes,  
He didn't know what the devil to do,  
it took him by surprise;  
But he reached down in the boot,  
saying take it sir with pleasure,  
And out into the middle of the road,  
went Wells & Fargo's treasure.

Now when they'd got the treasure-box,  
they seemed quite satisfied,  
The man that held the horses,  
politely stepped aside,  
Saying, Bally, we've got what we want,  
just drive along your team,  
And he made the quickest time  
to Silver City ever seen.

If you say greenbacks to Bally now,  
it makes him feel so sore,  
It's the first time he was ever stopped,  
and he's drove that road before;  
But they play'd four hands against his one,  
and shot guns was their game,  
And if I had been in Bally's place,  
I'd have passed the box the same.



## THE CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY

There's no respect for youth or age  
 On board the California stage,  
 But pull and haul about the seats  
 As bedbugs do about the sheets.

## Chorus:

They started as a thieving line  
 In eighteen hundred and forty-nine;  
 All opposition they defy,  
 So the people must root hog or die.

You're crowded in with Chinamen,  
 As fattening hogs are in a pen;  
 And what will more a man provoke  
 Is musty plug tobacco smoke.

The ladies are compelled to sit  
 With dresses in tobacco spit;  
 The gentlemen don't seem to care,  
 But talk on politics and swear.

The dust is deep in summer time,  
 The mountains very hard to climb,  
 And drivers often stop and yell,  
 "Get out, all hands, and push uphill."

The drivers, when they feel inclined,  
 Will have you walking on behind,  
 And on your shoulders lug a pole  
 To help them out some muddy hole.

They promise when your fare you pay,  
 "You'll have to walk but half the way";  
 Then add aside, with cunning laugh,  
 "You'll have to push the other half."

They have and will monopolize  
 The business till the people rise,  
 And send them kiting down below  
 To start to live with Bates and Rowe.



## AN ARCH-FILIBUSTER

As the future metropolis, San Francisco grew and became the center of supply to the mining towns of the state, the stage coach became totally inadequate as a carrier to meet the demand for speed and size caused by the needs of the merchants who had followed the miners. As the latter fattened on the former, the need for construction materials, for merchandise, for bond paper and engravers tools with which to indite mining stocks, an activity which promised easier and quicker fortunes than digging for gold had been, the cry arose for railroads for the west to match those webbing the eastern states.

The first attempt was a shortcut project to span Nicaragua. San Francisco was for many years the home base of the tragic adventurer William Walker who spent his life and the fortunes of others in a vain attempt to promote rails across the Isthmus.\*

It was inevitable that such a daring project as his filibuster should seem attractive material to the artist and typically American that this opera bouffe revolution should be utilized by a merchant to attract attention to the sale of shoes.

---

\* Rockwell S. Hunt and Nellie Sanchez A Short History of California (New York: Crowell Publishing Co., 1929).

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## RAILROAD TO NICARAGUA

Since railroads have grown all the rage  
 We will not be behind the age  
 And branded as "Old Fogies,"  
 No, no, we'll startle all the town,  
 And build a railroad of our own  
 From here to Nicaragua.

Walker wants half a million pair,  
 Of our boots and shoes and ladies wear;  
 Nor does he ask "on tick" a  
 Single dollars worth--as he,  
 To pay hard cash, does now agree,  
 When he conquers Costa Rica.\*

We'll get our steam up, run our cars,  
 Despite the skirmishes and wars  
 That in Nicaragua rages  
 For all the inhabitants declare  
 No boots or shoes but ours they'll wear  
 Though it costs them lands and wages.

Next month we'll send a large balloon  
 With boots and shoes to supply the moon  
 Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars  
 With Gaiter, Booties, Slips and Ties  
 We Juno and Venus now supply  
 And many lesser "stars."

Altho our spring stock's very large  
 You'll find the prices that we charge  
 Are very, very low;  
 So all who've had good shoes to wear,  
 Should without fail call on us, ere  
 To other stores you go.

-- Holcombe and Dale--New York Boot and  
 Shoe Stores -- (Advertising Ballad.)

---

\* On May 3, 1855, Walker set sail for Nicaragua with 60 enlisted men, put himself in control of the situation, and declared himself President of Nicaragua. But the arch-filibuster soon over-reached himself, proclaiming a reversal of the Nicaraguan anti-slavery laws, which had existed for a generation. A series of revolts followed and a declaration of war against the generalissimo. He was compelled to surrender in May, 1857, and to leave his Republic of Nicaragua after a sojourn of two years. Walker made one more abortive attempt to get into Nicaragua, but was held up by British, delivered to Honduran authorities, tried by court-martial and shot, Sept. 12, 1860.



## THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD

This attempt to link up eastern and western America even if successful must have been what it was, a mere prelude to the far more daring, though less theatrical, exploit of throwing four steel lines across the Rockies to meet at Promontory Point, Utah, four continental links of steel which had been forging westward. From inception to completion, the double march of the rails from both shores inland, provided drama on a scale to match the grandeur on the continent coming under man's control. Daily, laborers, Chinese mainly, in the West and in the East, Irishmen, performed feats of sheer driving manpower that in their entirety make the most fabulous myths of antique labors seem but the mornings' play of children. Even the robber barons who financed these railroads take on the stature of Titans.\*

What the railroads were to bring after them was completely unsuspected by the workmen who laid the rails. Evidence of this is furnished by the strangely delicately lyrical note of The Railroad Cars Are Coming reprinted below. More typically American was the half-humorous brag and boast of What the Engines Said about the vastness of America and the American's ability to tame it.

---

\*Lewis, Oscar, The Big Four, N. Y., London, A.A.Knopf, 1938.



What the railroads finally brought as by-products of transportation is crystal clear to the author of the Anti-Monopoly Song in which the locomotive becomes an almost Freudian symbol of evil power, of the rape of a continent and the rights of those who had the actual labor of linking it together and developing it, only to see the fruits of their labor drained off by the promoters, the corporation heads and their descendents.

Today balladists know only love and don't descend to the topical. The satirical muse that inspired the Ode to McCoppin doesn't live here any more apparently and our transportation problems now go unsung if not uncursed.

#### PACIFIC RAILROADS

The Central Pacific Railroad was begun around the first of 1863. In October, 1865, there were 5000 men with 600 teams of horses actually employed in the work of construction. The greater number of the laborers, on account of the unwillingness of white men to leave what they supposed the more profitable or congenial work of mining or farming, were Chinamen, who by that time constituted a very large element in the population of California. More prudent and saving than whites, they were contented with less wages.

The common terminus of the two roads, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, was fixed at or near Ogden, Utah, by joint resolution of Congress April 10, 1869. It was



determined that the ceremonies of the meeting of the two roads at Promontory, Utah, should be worthy of the occasion. The time fixed upon was May 10, 1869. The hour was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when, everything being prepared for the celebration, a Central train of cars, drawn by a decorated locomotive, all of which had come from the Pacific Coast, approached the gap from the West, and about the same time a Union train from the Atlantic Coast appeared from the East. The last tie, of California laurel, was produced, and the last spike, of California gold, driven by Leland Stanford, president of the Central Pacific. \*

---

\*Hittell, Theodore H. History of California - Vol. IV, S.F., 1898. P.467





## THE RAILROAD CARS ARE COMING\*

The great Pacific railway,  
 For California hail!  
 Bring on the locomotive,  
 Lay down the iron rail;  
 Across the rolling prairies  
 By steam we're bound to go,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico.

The little dogs in dog-town  
 Will wag each little tail;  
 They'll think that something's coming  
 A-riding on a rail.  
 The rattle-snake will show its fangs,  
 The owl tu-whit, tu-who,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico.

---

\* Carl Sandburg remarks in his *American Songbag*: "The Federal Government experiments with camel's in the 1850's were no go. The hope was that caravans of dromedaries might carry freight traffic from New Orleans to the west coast...Horse, mule and burro were good overland freighters. But the box car was better; it gave cruel desert spaces a friendly and human look. As the work gangs spiked rails to ties and the eastern and western gangs came closer, this song arose, one verse with jubilation, one with laughter at the prairie dog, the rattlesnake and owl having their dominion of the desert interrupted. We have this text and tune from Margery K. Forsythe of Chicago, who learned it from her pioneer mother."



## THE RAILROAD CARS ARE COMING

The great Pacific railway,  
 For California hail!  
 Bring on the locomotive,  
 Lay down the iron rail;  
 Across the rolling prairies  
 By steam we're bound to go,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico,  
 The railroad cars are coming, humming  
 Through New Mexico.

etc.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of several lines of music with lyrics underneath. There are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes) in the first, third, and fourth lines of music. The lyrics are: 'The great Pacific railway, for California hail! Bring on the lo-co-mo-tive, Lay down the i - ron rail; A- cross the rolling prairies, By steam we're bound to go, The rail-road cars are com-ing, hum-ming, Through New Mex - i - co... The rail-road cars are com-ing, hum - ming Through New Mex - i - co.'

The great Pacific railway, for California hail! Bring  
 on the lo-co-mo-tive, Lay down the i - ron rail; A-  
 cross the rolling prairies, By steam we're bound to go, The  
 rail-road cars are com-ing, hum-ming, Through New Mex - i -  
 co... The rail-road cars are com-ing, hum - ming  
 Through New Mex - i - co.

THE [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

## WHAT THE ENGINES SAID

What was it the Engines said,  
 Pilots touching--head to head  
 Facing on the single track,  
 Half a world behind each back!  
 This is what the Engine said,  
 Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,  
 In a florid Western speech,  
 Said the Engine from the WEST:  
 "I am from Sierra's crest,  
 And its altitude's a test,  
 Why I reckon, it's confessed,  
 That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the EAST:  
 "They who work best talk the least,  
 'Spose you whistle down your breaks;  
 What you've done is no great shakes:  
 Pretty fair,--but let our meeting,  
 Be a different kind of greeting,  
 Let these folks, with champagne stuffing,  
 Not their Engines, do the puffing."

Listen! where Atlantic beats  
 Shores of snow and Summer heats;  
 Where the Indian Autumn skies,  
 Paint the woods with wampum dyes:  
 I have chased the flying sun  
 Seeing all he looked upon --  
 Blessing all that he has blest --  
 Nursing in my iron breast  
 All his vivifying heat,  
 All his clouds about my crest;  
 And before my flying feet,  
 Every shadow must retreat.

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"  
 And a long low whistle blew.  
 "Come now, really that's the oddest  
 Talk for one so very modest --  
 You brag of your East! You do?  
 Why, I bring the East to you!  
 All the Orient--all Cathay--  
 Find through me the shortest way.  
 And the sun you follow here,  
 Rises in my hemisphere.  
 Really--if one must be rude--  
 Length, my friend, ain't longitude."



Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or  
I'll run over some director."  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,  
But when riled, I'm quite terrific,  
Yet today we shall not quarrel  
Just to show these folks this moral,  
How two Engines--in their vision --  
Once have met without collision  
This is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread.  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.





## ODE ON THE COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILWAY

Hark! the sound  
 Comes through the air and o'er the ground,  
 Clang of bells and cannon's roar,  
 From Eastern strand and Western shore,  
     Peals ring out;  
     Millions shout,  
     The work is done!

Work is done!  
 And echoing sound returns--is one,  
 East and West, which one were twain  
 And echoing answer speaks again,  
     The marriage vow,  
     Uttered now  
     Binds both bride and groom.

Echoes now  
 From gloomy gorge and beetling brow,  
 While rocking engines, whirling wheel,  
 And rattling car, the tremor feel,  
     Spans the land  
     Iron band  
     And thews of brass.

Over land  
 And mountain peak and golden sand,  
 Across Sierra's glittering snows,  
 Where lightning music comes and goes;  
     Joy to tell,  
     Gun and bell  
     Proclaim abroad.

North and South  
 Hand to hand and heart to mouth,  
 Infant lisp and manhood's voice,  
 Let every listening heart rejoice;  
     Hail and tell  
     All is well,  
     The Nation's one.

Lightning's play,  
 On cables' span proclaim the day  
 To Europe and to Asia far,  
 The rising of the western star,  
     Across the sea;  
     They and we  
     Together joined.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PH.D. THESIS

BY

THE AUTHOR

CHICAGO, ILL.

1950

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

O'er the world  
With lightning speed the news is hurled;  
"The East and West are bound with bands,  
The occident with fatherlands."  
    Iron rail,  
    Never fail  
    In peace or war.

Hail and praise!  
That our eyes have seen the days,  
When thews of iron span the land  
From East and West--join hand in hand.  
    Hosannas sing,  
    Voices ring;  
    Glory to God--Amen!



THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILWAY  
and its

Immediate effects upon California as a manufacturing State, and upon San Francisco as the Western carrier of the United States commerce to Asia and to Oceanica.

Onward rolls the avalanche  
Westward flows the mighty stream,  
Of the greatest worldly branch  
Of mankind's--and nation's dream.

From New York, the eastern station  
From Chicago's central strength  
Collects the progress of the nation,  
To amass in San Francisco's length.

Westward bound has civilization spread  
From western Asia to Europe's steppes;  
From Europe to America was lead  
Around the globe to Asia's adepts.

Four hundred millions of the race  
Now in reach by one month's steam,  
Shall compare what we can trace  
Of progress since the Bible's gleam.

Strong in will, ability and wealth,  
Superior in religion, civilization's hope,  
Shall we convince, and not by stealth  
With China, larger than Europe, cope?

To the Chinese to prove that we are wiser  
Is to convince them through their pockets  
Thus steam must be the strong adviser,  
Its whistle our progress sockets.

Immense the commerce flowing Westward  
Small in return the fear of inundation;  
Their exclusiveness is antideluvian windward  
Unconcerned by emigration.

As to the work itself to find  
At all times steady, well-paid labor;  
Is not the genius of America behind  
To push us on to valour?

And gives us now the best of lecture  
On how to stop the present crisis,  
Chinese goods we must manufacture  
Rely on steam to cheapen prices.



The great Pacific Railroad built  
Is not to alienate but to unite  
All national interests centering in that Guild  
Which is the World forever, now in sight.

Glorious be thy future, California,  
A new era date from San Francisco,  
We shall lead what leads America  
To mankind shall we progress show.

California wheat is destined  
To supersede Borneo rice;  
Hark, sister States combined  
Beware to raise the price.

Mendocino, Teekalet and Puget Sound  
Alaska send their forest's spars  
Playing well the voyage round  
To the credit of American lore.

The telegraphs connect their hearts,  
Steamboats, railroads, speed the friend,  
Shall Confucius' shade depart,  
And civilization rise, America has sent.





## ANTI-MONOPLY WAR SONG

Tempo di Marcia

*p* Lo! the car of Jugg-er-naut, Lo! the ruin  
 it hath wrought, As it moves o'er hill and dale,  
 Ri-ding on its i-ron rail, Will ye let the  
*f* i--dol grim Tear ye, brothers limb from limb?  
 And your breath'd Free-dom choke With its clouds of  
 Chorus  
*f* poi - soned smoke No! then onward to the fray  
 Hurl the monster from your way, Let your cry of  
 bat-tle be: *ff* "Death to all Mon- op - o - ly!"

Handwritten title or page number at the top of the page.

A handwritten musical score consisting of approximately 10 staves. Each staff contains musical notation, including notes, rests, and bar lines. Below each staff, there are lines of handwritten text, which appear to be lyrics or performance instructions. The handwriting is in cursive and somewhat faded. The score is organized into systems, with each system containing a staff of music and its corresponding text. The overall appearance is that of a personal manuscript or a draft of a musical composition.

1867

ODE TO MCCOPPIN  
"Roundfellow"

Ye denizens of Market Street  
And strangers who may drop in,  
Come join us in a roaring stave  
In honor of McCoppin.

Long time adown out thoroughfare  
The iron horse came whoppin'  
Scaring our teams and killing babes --  
We laid it to McCoppin.

And then the locomotive cars  
So high one couldn't hop in,  
Unless he was as lithe and spry  
As alderman McCoppin.

But now the cozy horse-cars run  
With cushions soft to flop in,  
And features iligant and note,  
Designed by our McCoppin.

Now push around the flowing bowl  
With glasses bob-b-bobbin;  
And shure the first and foremost toast  
We'll offer to McCoppin.

And then if e'er our Union folks  
Should nominate McCoppin,  
For Constable or Congressman,  
Our votes we'll duly drop in.

And when we ride along the street,  
As in the cars they pop in,  
We'll say a word to all our friends  
In favor of McCoppin.

And while the watchword's in his mouth,  
'Montgomery and extension,'  
If he will let our street alone,  
The past we will not mention.

---

Sung with great apolause at the Horse-car celebration on  
Market Street.



## THE WEST BOUND FREIGHT

Say Bo! Roll up your blanket  
 Join in the big parade  
 When the wint'ry winds  
 Begin to blow  
 There's a trip that must be made  
 Say Bo! You won't be sorry  
 I wouldn't steer you wrong  
 Here's a remedy for ice and snow  
 Pass the word along.

## Chorus:

There's a West-bound freight  
 At ten twenty-eight  
 Bound for California  
 Where the sun does something  
 To you  
 And the bums sing "Hallelujah"  
 There's a West-bound freight  
 At ten twenty-eight  
 Bound for California  
 Where the tropic breezes cool  
 Ya  
 And the bums sing "Hallelujah"  
 California, here I come  
 When the sheriff asks me  
 Where I'm from I'll say  
 I'm just a wand'ring bum  
 Who couldn't stand cold weather  
 There's a West-bound freight  
 At ten twenty-eight  
 Bound for California  
 Where the natives try to fool ya  
 And the bums sing "Hallelujah."



II: TRANSITION: CAMP TO CITY

The Background Solidifies

The first year of the gold rush was enacted against a fluid background of makeshift camps, experimental sites, and flimsy construction. Not long, however, until the successful settlements took on the air of permanence: names, city charters, solid foundations. The miners on their frequent trips down out of the hills to San Francisco were witnessing the incredibly swift reification of a city. A lively and competitive theatre had developed, political chicanery soon outstripped the local, gun-in-holster legality, and took on the national rivalries of Whigs, Democrats and Know-Nothings. For California had joined the Union -- as is so eloquently testified by Mrs. E. M. Will's Ode inspired by that occasion.

The rugged balladry of the gold rush itself was gradually to give way to the general taste of the nation. Simple, realistic detail was displaced in the music halls by the tear-stained, tremulous refrain of such a song as Alice Clair. Even during the 1850's, however, there was occasional, sharp light through this coast-to-coast vale of tears. The minstrel and burlesque companies which played in San Francisco during these years kept the satirical and ironic overtones fairly well exercised. The political jousting also, in one campaign at least, was tense enough to crystallize in the mordancy of lampoons. There is too the simple

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the Republic of the United States is a story of growth and expansion. From its humble beginnings as a collection of small colonies, it grew into a powerful nation that spans across continents. The early years were marked by struggle and hardship, but the spirit of freedom and democracy remained strong. The American Revolution was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the birth of a new government. The years following the Revolution were a time of rapid growth and development. The United States emerged as a major power on the world stage, and its influence spread across the globe. The nation's economy flourished, and its culture became a source of pride and inspiration for many. The American dream of a better life for all became a reality for millions of people. The history of the Republic of the United States is a testament to the power of freedom and democracy. It is a story of a nation that has overcome adversity and emerged as a leader in the world. The United States has shown the world that a government based on the principles of liberty and justice for all is possible. The history of the Republic of the United States is a story that will continue to inspire and guide us for generations to come.

The United States has a rich and diverse history. It is a nation that has been shaped by the experiences of many different people. The history of the Republic of the United States is a story of a nation that has grown and expanded over time. The early years were a time of struggle and hardship, but the spirit of freedom and democracy remained strong. The American Revolution was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the birth of a new government. The years following the Revolution were a time of rapid growth and development. The United States emerged as a major power on the world stage, and its influence spread across the globe. The nation's economy flourished, and its culture became a source of pride and inspiration for many. The American dream of a better life for all became a reality for millions of people. The history of the Republic of the United States is a testament to the power of freedom and democracy. It is a story of a nation that has overcome adversity and emerged as a leader in the world. The United States has shown the world that a government based on the principles of liberty and justice for all is possible. The history of the Republic of the United States is a story that will continue to inspire and guide us for generations to come.



reflection in song of a humorous incident in the public administration such as the one perpetuated in King's Campaign: or the Removal of the Deposits.

The passing figures in the background of this first decade thus occasionally assume the clear stasis of a farce: the social structure quickly achieved the architecture of a State of the Union. California, the Gem of the Ocean, composed by a 'daughter of a prominent lawyer' commemorates to the heavy air of Columbia the seventh anniversary of California's admission to the growing fold, and clinches with confidence the maturity of the state as a fait accompli.



## ODE

Composed by Mrs. E. M. Wills and sung to  
the music of "Star Spangled Banner" at  
the first Admission Day Celebration Oct.  
29, 1850.\*

Rejoice! hear ye not  
o'er the hills of the East,  
The sound of our welcome  
to Liberty's Union?  
Pledge high! for we join  
in that mystical feast  
That our forefathers hallowed  
at Freedom's communion?  
Then with hands high in air  
our allegiance we swear,  
Which time, nor dissention  
shall ever impair;  
And the Band of the Union,  
Oh, long may it be  
The hope of th' oppressed  
and the shield of the free.

Though afar on the verge  
of the ocean we lie,  
Our hearts are as true  
as the sun that shines o'er us;  
Our treasures we bring  
of earth, ocean and sky,  
Our souls that exult  
to join freedom's full chorus.  
Should foes o'er the land  
our justice withstand,  
'Neath our own stripes and stars  
we are found, heart and hand  
For the Band of the Union  
ah, long shall it be  
The Hope of th' oppressed  
and the shield of the Free.

---

\* From California Historical Society Quarterly, Vol. IV, 1925, p. 406: "On November 5th, 1925, Mrs. Marianna A. Wills of San Francisco passed away at Lane Hospital from a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. Wills was born in New Orleans on August 23, 1844, and spent her early childhood in Louisiana and New Hampshire. Her mother, who came of an old New England family, was Elizabeth Maria Bonney Wills, who wrote the Ode for the Admission Day celebration in San Francisco in 1850, and her father was W.R.D. Wills, of an early Virginia family...."



1: THREE FIREMEN'S CHANTIES

Among the occasional series contributed to San Francisco newspapers by the brilliant journalist Pauline Jacobsen was one on local balladry. From her article which was published in The Bulletin of May 27, 1916, on page 9, comes the following interesting and pertinent comment and examples of indigenous occupational balladry:

".....as I am making my way to California Engine No. 4, I come upon 'Curly' Jack Carroll and Felix Desmond, who sings for me the old favorite songs and chanties of the Volunteer Fire Department..... With the exception of 'The Engine on the Hill', the songs or the chanteys given here, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have never been published.

"I give here a chantey which was sung by all the companies and a favorite of Engine Ten and Engine Fourteen. It illustrates admirably the sailor influence in the chantey upon San Francisco. It evidences, as well, the impress of the war of 1846 between the United States and Mexico. Many of pioneers made directly from that war for the gold fields. It affords, too, a vivid picture of the life of the firemen among themselves."



## I

## SANTA ANA

- Santa Ana is dead and gone,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- Oh, we won our day at Monterey,  
 All on the plain of Mexico,
- Oh, Mexico and Texas, too,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- I wouldn't be Santy's son, you know,  
 All on the plains of Mexico.
- No. 1. She's always on the run,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No. 2. Always had a bully crew  
 All on the plains of Mexico.
- No. 3. Had a chouderie,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No. 4. Is laying at the door,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No. 5. Is always alive,  
 All on the plains of Mexico.
- No. 6. Is a bully set of bricks,  
 All in the plains of Mexico.
- No. 7. Will never get to heaven,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No. 8. Is always late,  
 All on the plains of Mexico.
- No. 9. Is never on time,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No.10. Had a great set of men,  
 All on the plains of Mexico
- No.11. Was just like Seven,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No.12. Is on the shelf,  
 All on the plains of Mexico.
- No.13. Was never to be seen,  
 Hurrah, Santa Ana.
- No.14. Was always a-courtin',  
 All on the plains of Mexico."





## II

## THE FIREMAN'S BRIDE\*

And as I strolled out on a fine summer's evening,  
 The weather it was fine and clear,  
 I overheard a tender mother conversing with  
 her daughter dear,  
 Saying, 'Daughter, dear, I would like you  
 to tarry,  
 No longer lead a single life',  
 'Yes, dear mother, I am going to marry,  
 I am going to be a fireman's wife'.

Chorus:

Who wouldn't be a fireman's darling?  
 Who wouldn't be a fireman's bride?  
 I'm going to be a fireman's lover,  
 I'm going to be fireman's wife.

Up, up the ladder, see how he's a-tripping,  
 Without dread and without fear,  
 Into the flames see how he's a-going,  
 As he cries aloud 'Brave boys, we are here!'  
 Down, down the ladder, see how he's a-coming,  
 Without dread and without fear,  
 In his arm he carries a mother;  
 See how she clings to her baby dear,

Chorus:

Who wouldn't be a fireman's darling? etc.

The fire's out.  
 And we can work no longer.  
 Take up! Reel up! And play your ladders high!  
 Command your rope! And we'll clean her in  
 the morning,  
 We are a bully good crew,  
 And if we want to try.

Chorus:

Who wouldn't be a fireman's darling? etc.

\*Jacobsen, Pauline, The Bulletin, May 27, 1916. "Redolent of the fifties, beloved by all, enchanting alike the fireman and the people, both men and women, was the song of The Fireman's Bride. It is a key to the heart of the fireman and to the glamour which surrounds him. It is a glowing account," (note fiery epithet, ed.) "as well, of his glory and his deeds."



OUR ENGINE ON THE HILL

To be a fireman in a world of claptrap frame hotels and warehouses in the days of the most primitive fire-fighting equipment was to be, in the most realistic sense of the word, a hero. The Coit Tower which dominates today the harbor's skyline is a monument to a race of men who once dominated citizens' minds. They were then regarded with as much admiration as today's airplane pilots, who do not command half the actual affection felt for the early San Francisco firemen who coped with worse dangers daily. Worship extended beyond the personnel of the units to favorite engines. Monumental Six a regular dinosaur of fire engines, was housed on the hill on Brenham Place. This brassy, beautiful machine responded to a call involving the Niantic Hotel at Sansome and Clay, now the site of the Niantic Cafe. In a mad rush down the Washington Street hill without brakes, the terrible engine threw two riders beneath its boiler and they were instantly killed.

Charles Rhodes thereupon wrote Our Engine Housed on the Hill minimizing with highly atypical restraint the heroic and intangible elements of the incident as the reader may note for himself.



## III

OUR ENGINE ON THE HILL

Come, laddies, and draw up your chairs,  
 Let's have a nice, sociable time,  
 We'll talk of the past, for it may be the  
     last  
 Ere we hear the old "City Hall" chime,  
 But before we begin with our chast  
 Just see that your glasses you fill,  
 And we'll drink a good toast to the Pride  
     of the Coast -  
 Our Engine that's housed on the hill.

There's Hossfross, old 'Friend' and 'Chief',  
 Whose heart knew no danger or fear,  
 Who battled to save - now lies in his grave,  
 But he lives in our memories dear,  
 And as long as our old 'machine' runs  
 His memory will linger there still  
 With the thing he loved most, his pride and  
     his boast -  
 Our Engine that's housed on the Hill.

There's Bohem and Washington, too -  
 Brave boys as ever drew breath -  
 Who, when the 'Hall' rung, nobly jumped for  
     the tongue  
 And went forth to battle with death!  
 How bravely they met their sad fate!  
 To save them was past human skill;  
 They sank, with a groan, while onward alone  
 Sped our Engine that's housed on the Hill.

But we'll drink to the boys whom no danger  
     annoys  
 To the laddies who never knew fear,  
 And when the 'Hall' strikes the alarm,  
 Without steam whistle screaming out shrill,  
 A space we'll soon clear, for they'll know  
     we are near  
 With our Engine that's housed on the Hill.



## 2: THREE PARLOR BALLADS BY MASSETT

## WHEN THE MOON ON THE LAKE IS BEAMING\*

When the moon on the lake is beaming  
 And the night is calm and still,  
 And the stars in their bright light gleaming,  
 Shine forth on some distant hill --  
 Wilt thou come, love come?  
 Oh, come with me,  
 And I'll give thee a happy home,  
 Where a true heart waits for thee.

When the vesper bells are ringing  
 Their evening melody,  
 Our maidens sweet are singing  
 Their simple minstrelsy --  
 Wilt thou come, love come?  
 Oh, come with me,  
 And I'll give thee a happy home,  
 Where a true heart waits for thee.

---

\*Stephen Massett, the self-dubbed 'Joems Pipes of Pipesville' of the early San Francisco stage, gave what is generally accepted as the first public theatrical performance in the city. This 'one-man concert' on June 25, 1849, included the first two songs which are reprinted here. When the Moon on the Lake is Beaming is Massett's composition, both in words and tune; Lament of the Irish Emigrant was written by W.R. Dempster. The third song You're All the World to Me, again entirely Massett's inspiration, is of later date: D.H. Douglas published it in 1855, and it became one of the popular songs of the late fifties. For details of Massett's career, cf. monograph on Massett issued by WPA Theatre Project, Vol. I O.P. 465-03-286; also, Massett's autobiography published in New York, 1863, Drifting About.





## II

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side  
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
 When first you were my bride;  
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high --  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary  
 And the love-light in your eye.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near,  
 The church where we were wed, Mary,  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest --  
 For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When my trust in God had left my soul,  
 And my arm's young strength was gone;  
 There was comfort ever on your lip,  
 And the kind look on your brow --  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,  
 When your heart was fit to break,  
 When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,  
 And you hid it, for my sake!  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore --  
 Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary--kind and true!  
 But I'll not forget you, darling!  
 In the land I'm going to;  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there --  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies;  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side;  
 And the springin' corn and the bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.



## III

## YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME

I love you, 'tis the simplest way  
The thing I feel to tell,  
Yet if I told it all the day  
You'd never guess how well.  
You are my comfort and my light,  
My very life you seem,  
I think of you all day, all night,  
'Tis but of you I dream.

I bless the shadows on your face,  
The light upon your hair,  
I like for hours to sit and trace  
The passing changes there.  
I love to hear your voice's tone,  
Although you should but say  
A single word to dream upon  
When that has died away.



## YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME

I love you 'tis the simplest way  
 The thing I feel to tell,  
 Yet if I told it all the day,  
 You'd never guess how well;  
 You are my comfort and my light,  
 My very life you seem,  
 I think of you all day, all night,  
 'Tis but of you I dream,  
 I think of you all day, all night,  
 'Tis but of you I dream.

etc.

Composed by Stephen C. Massett

Moderato

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and a triplet in the final measure.

I love you 'tis the simplest way The thing I feel to  
 tell, Yet if I told it all the day, You'd nev-er guess how  
 well; You are my com-fort and my light, My ve-ry life you  
 seem, I think of you all day, all night, 'Tis  
 but of you I dream, I think of you all  
 day, all night, 'Tis but of you I dream.

Handwritten text, possibly a title or introductory paragraph, located at the top of the page. The text is faint and difficult to read.

Handwritten musical notation consisting of six staves. Each staff contains notes, rests, and other musical symbols. The notation is written in a cursive style and includes various clefs and time signatures. The text is very faint and difficult to read.

## 3: SONGS FROM THREE EARLY PLAYS\*

## I

PIECE OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OR COCKNIES IN CALIFORNIA:  
a one-act play by J. Sterling Coyne.

A Miner's Chorus appears singing to the tune of  
'Soldier Laddie':

Sell your tables,  
Sell your chairs,  
Sell your mangles,  
Sell your mangles,  
Sell your feather beds, who cares?

The Chiffins, tenderfoot cocknies from Noxton, are startled in a wild California ravine by a sudden song. It is Bunker, a hardened, old miner with a generous grub-stake, swinging blithely up the trail:

Come with shovels, picks and spade,  
Pan and ladle, pan and ladle --  
Digging gold's your only trade,  
Bring a cradle, bring a cradle.

The Miners' Chorus opens the second scene with another song:

Gold, gold, gold,  
The yellow ore we find; --  
In love and peace and war,  
'Tis gold that rules man'kind.

Dig, dig, dig,  
And turn the teeming soil,  
For heaps of shining gold,  
Shall well reward our toil.

Unfortunate that limitations of space do not permit lengthy quotations from the prose dialogue, exhibiting as it does the unexpected pyrotechnics and torrential tear-ducts of the wonder-working plot.

---

\* Not many of the plays of the 1850-60 decade have survived. The excerpts included here have been taken from a collection made by Gertrude Willett in a WPA Research Bulletin of the San Francisco Federal Theatre Project, 1936.





## II

## THE SPIRIT OF CALIFORNIA:

this one-act play by Albert Benard de Russailh opened April 10, 1851 at the Jenny Lind Theatre. The author's journal, relating the details of his life in early California, was first published in 1851.

The 'Spirit of California' is thus propitiated in the play:

Arise, great Spirit, arise  
 For our delight --  
 Speak, and by counsel wise  
 Put things right.

Show us the paths that lead  
 Where fortune lies,  
 So that we may succeed,  
 O Spirit arise!

Gertrude Willett appends the following summary of the balance of the play:

"The spirit world responds immediately. A beautiful Spirit enters, shrouded in an exquisite gown of white gauze embroidered with gilt, a crown of golden laurels on her head, surmounted by a glittering star. In one hand she holds the American flag; in the other, behind her back, a grotesque sceptre representing the French Comic Spirit. The entire company appears arranging themselves in semi-circular fashion, which opens Scene II.

"Now the Spirit of California appeals to one member after another, who in turn speaks a few words calculated to establish the company securely, in public opinion,--and the prologue closes with a 'grand tableau.'

"This curtain raiser was repeated four times, with resulting proceeds totaling \$600, which with expenses deducted produced \$400 net to be equally divided among eight persons of the company, thus temporarily meeting their urgent financial needs. The author suffered many distressing financial misfortunes during his residence in San Francisco in the fire periods, dying a year later when the cholera epidemic swept the city."



## III

## A LIVE WOMAN IN THE MINES OR PIKE COUNTY AHEAD:

this play in two acts was written by Alonzo Delano, a San Franciscan, known throughout the town in the 1850's as 'Old Block.'

In the introduction to his play, Delano writes:

"The history of John and Mary Wilson is that of hundreds who have come to California, and their misfortunes and ultimate success is a type of what many others have experienced within the author's knowledge. 'Pike County Jess' is only a type of man, generous, off hand, uneducated, copied from a character I met crossing the plains in 1849. 'High Betty Martin' is a specimen of backwoods, western Amazon, such as I have seen not only in the West, but upon the Plains, who is indomitably persevering, and brave under difficulties; and withal with woman's feelings, when difficulty is overcome."

The arrival of Mary in the mining-camp rouses the miners to the one bit of song in the play. The song indicates once more the prevailing and unhappy masculinity of the early camps.

The miners at the first vision of Mary shout:

A petticoat! A petticoat!  
Huzza! Huzza!

One of the miners then plays a fiddle spiritedly and all the miners' sing:

A petticoat flag is the miner's delight --  
It awakens sweet thoughts of our mothers at home,  
Our sweethearts and wives to dear memory brought:  
All the girls will be welcome whenever they come.



## 4: MINSTREL SHOW BALLADRY

One of the few completely American contributions to musical form has been the minstrel show. Like flavorsome raisins, humorous and sentimental ballads were randomly thrust into the dreary tapioca of witless humor, mispronunciations, and clumsy topical references which as a total added up to a cruel lampoon on American Negroes. It is not odd that most of these shows were put on by Irishmen. These white men blacked their faces and played the fool much as English actors had put on comical hats and a stage brogue to make of the stage Irishman a contemptible though amusing dolt. Perhaps an unconscious necessity tormented the theatrical members of this oppressed race to find a butt in their turn. At any rate, from gold rush days to the height of the rage for these shows in the Sixties, it has been a fact that if you scratched a San Francisco black-face singer you found an Irishman.

Because the Irish have always found it necessary to release their emotionality in song, the minstrel show became more and more a background for featured sentimental ballads. These were of a fruity lushness never since surpassed and they always stopped the show and brought down the house. In the late nineteenth century it was not weakness but almost an obligation for manly men to prove their capacity for sentiment by allowing big round tears to slide publicly into their beards. Honest miners, honest merchants, honest card-sharppers and honest bankers all found relief from the



dirty scramble for gold in sobbing over separated brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers. So much less painful than the real separations of negro families up and down river actually occurring in the South at that time.

Yet even while San Francisco enjoyed belly laughs at the abysmal ignorance of the stage "coons" they were awakening to the substance behind the shadows. Gradually there arose a furious storm of indignation as people began to realize the plight of the southern slaves, fated to dismal lives in which chances for happiness depended on the idiosyncrasies of individual owners. To the New Englanders and Middle Western pioneers and their descendants who had largely settled California, the thought of slavery finally became intolerable songs were composed, sung, and applauded at concerts arranged to raise funds for volunteers anxious to join the Union Armies. But so laughter-loving was San Francisco, then as now, that the popularity of minstrel shows was unabated and even rose to a peak during the years of the Civil War\*:

---

\*"We were all going to 'Minstrels' in those days. They were the popular theatrical entertainment of the time with programs changed weekly. Always I thrilled like a child at the circus when the curtain rose to show the line of black faces across the stage and an urbane interlocutor said courteously, 'Gentlemen, be seated'. Songs and patter followed. I can still hear the sonorous tones of one basso-profundo going down to the bed of the ocean when he sang 'Rocked in the Cra-dull of the Deep.' Frillman, I think his name was Billy Birch, was a favorite end man who chanted a parody on a sentimental war song of which the chorus ran:

'Farewell, Mother, you will never  
See my name among the slain,  
For when I can jump the bounty  
I'll come back to you again'.\*\*

\*\*Neville, Amelia Ransome, The Fantastic City, Boston, New York, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1932.





## THERE'S NO COON THAT'S ONE-HALF SO WARM

Down on the levee where hot coons congregate,  
Came a swell nigger direct from a southern state,  
Mixed in society, dead swell variety,  
Envied by niggers who rated themselves as great;  
All coons assembled, in fear just trembled  
When this billy would get up and state:

## Chorus:

Well, I guess no coon is ever one-half so warm,  
'Been so ever since I was born;  
Muss me and I'll sure raise a storm,  
Dead-gone are all the wenches I know,  
They just can't resist me, and so,  
'Keep on a-movin! or I'll be a-provin,  
There's no coon that's one-half so warm.



## THERE'S NO COON THAT'S ONE-HALF SO WARM

Cake-walk

24

Down on the lev-ee where hot coons'll con-gre-gate  
 Came a swell nig-ger di-rect from a south-ern State, Mixed in so-  
 ci-e - ty, dead swell var-i - e - ty, En-vied by nig-gers who  
 ra-ted them-selves as great; All coons as-sem-bled, *Molto rit.* in fear just  
 trem-bled, When this big bul-ly would get up and state Well I guess  
 CHORUS. *A tempo.*  
 No coon is ev-er one-half so warm, 'Been so ev - er  
 since I was born; Muss me and I'll sure raise a storm, Don't care if it  
 is n't good form. Dead gone are all the wench-es I know,  
 They can't just re-sist me and, so Keep on a mov-in, Or  
 I'll be a prov-in, There's no coon that's one-half so warm.

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of ten staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Cake-walk' and '24' (beats per minute). The score includes lyrics and musical notation such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'ff' and 'Molto rit.'. The lyrics are: 'Down on the lev-ee where hot coons'll con-gre-gate / Came a swell nig-ger di-rect from a south-ern State, Mixed in so- / ci-e - ty, dead swell var-i - e - ty, En-vied by nig-gers who / ra-ted them-selves as great; All coons as-sem-bled, in fear just / trem-bled, When this big bul-ly would get up and state Well I guess / CHORUS. No coon is ev-er one-half so warm, 'Been so ev - er / since I was born; Muss me and I'll sure raise a storm, Don't care if it / is n't good form. Dead gone are all the wench-es I know, / They can't just re-sist me and, so Keep on a mov-in, Or / I'll be a prov-in, There's no coon that's one-half so warm.'

Handwritten title or subtitle at the top of the page.

A handwritten musical score consisting of ten staves. Each staff contains musical notation (notes, rests, and bar lines) and a line of lyrics written in a cursive script below it. The notation includes various note values and rests, and the lyrics are aligned with the musical phrases. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of a personal manuscript.

TWO MINSTREL SONGS  
SUNG BY LOTTA CRABTREE

1. JUBA DIS, JUBA DAT

Ruberii, de cinnamon seed, seed de Billy hop  
jis' in time,  
Juba dis, Juba dat, round de kettle of possum  
fat,  
A-hoop-ahoy, a-hoop-ahoy, double step for ju-  
berii,  
Sandy crab, de macreli, ham, and half a pint  
of Juba....

2. OLE BULL

Ole Bull he made his elbow quiver,  
He played a shake and den a shiver  
But when Dan Tucker touch his string  
He'd make him shake like a locus' wing....

Loud de banjo talked away,  
And beat Ole Bull from de Norway,  
We'll take de shine from Paganini,  
We're de boys from ole Virginny....



DON'T WE STEP IT LIGHTLY  
Song and Dance.

O we darkies are so pleasing, For the col-ord gals say so. And that is just the reason Our  
 style to you we show, We are fresh from the plantation, And from the cot-ton tree, Black  
 Joe is our re-la - - tion, Way down in Ten-nes-see. Then its don't we step it light-ly, oh, so  
 light-ly; So graceful and so sprightly, Oh, so  
 spright-ly. Oh, we are the boys that  
 led the style, On us the fair ones smile, And many a dark-eyed  
 col-ord belle, In love with this pair has fell. They say our style is  
 just too sweet, The way we move our fairy feet, So  
 friends just watch our style please do, The boss dark-ies are us two.

Handwritten title and subtitle at the top of the page.

First system of musical notation with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The notes are mostly eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody from the first system.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a prominent sixteenth-note run.

Fourth system of musical notation, showing a change in the melodic line.

Fifth system of musical notation, including a circled note and a fermata.

Sixth system of musical notation, with a more active melodic passage.

Seventh system of musical notation, continuing the piece's development.

Eighth system of musical notation, showing a melodic flourish.

Ninth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a final cadence.



## 5: LOCO-FOCOS, WHIGS, AND KINGS

The California Courier, early Whig newspaper, has this to say June 9, 1851, about the gubernatorial candidates:

"We have the gratifying intelligence to communicate that Major Reading has accepted the nomination for governor by the Whig state convention. He accepts as a Whig, and on no other terms. We learn from Captain Ford, who by the by is a Democrat, that Major Reading told him that he would accept the nomination, and would set about the work of canvassing the State. He did not wish the office, and would use no means to get himself nominated; but as he was nominated, he did not wish to be defeated, and that if personal exertion for the success of the whole Whig ticket would accomplish success, he would apply himself vigorously to the task.

"The Captain tells us that he intends to vote for Reading, and perhaps the whole Whig ticket, and everyone else in his region of the State will do likewise. We are now fairly on the track and our nominees in the field. If we do not give our Loco-Foco\* opponents work enough and trouble enough before the campaign shall close, we will be greatly disappointed."

The song which immediately followed in the context of the newspaper, embodied even more vigorously than the prose, high hopes for Reading:

Reading is now full on the trail.  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 And Locos all are turning pale,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 He'll give them all a tamel switchen  
 When he begins to clear the kitchen  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

---

\* In New York, the progenitor of the Loco-Foco or Equal Rights party, was the Workingmen's Party of 1828 and 1830. The Loco-Focos functioned as the extremists of the Democratic Party, with the expressed purpose of bringing the Party back to the principles upon which it was originally founded. Anti-monopolism came to be the crux of division between the Loco-Focos and the Right-wing Democrats.



For P. B. Reading we will go,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 And D. P. Baldwin, too, you know,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 With them we mean to share our fate,  
 With them we mean to sweep the state,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

With Robinson and Captain Fair?  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 We'll make each Loco's eyes to stare,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 They'll make 'cohesive friends of plunder'  
 Feel their sway in tones of thunder  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

In Burt and Abell we'll confide,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 To help to swell the mighty tide,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 And with Herron we will seek  
 To make our ticket all complete,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

To Washington we do intend  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Moore and Kewen there to send,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Then Whigs arouse and stump the state,  
 Pursue the foe 'till you hear him quake,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

The following day, June 10, 1851, the California Courier emitted more political vitriol, with song appended:

"We do not like to say that our friend Fitch, of the Sacramento Transcript is a singe-cat, or that he is a wharf-rat, for if he is a Loco Foco, he is a very worthy gentleman; but, as Jack Downing says, he prints some mighty queer things in his paper. Some one on Feather River says, through the Transcript, that if Captain Waldo had been nominated Bigler might have been hard run, but as Major Reading has been nominated the Democracy are dead sure of



electing the late chief of the Pittsburg Post Office under the administration of David Lynch. This prediction will have a curious look to it after the election. We have no doubt that we could have elected Captain Waldo over Colonel Bigler, and so we can with Major Reading.

"The Democracy will find that puffing Captain Waldo will bring them no comfort. The words have gone out into the far ends of the state that Major Reading is to be our next Governor. It is awful unpleasant news to the unterrified, no doubt, but no power can save them from defeat. The blunders of the leading men who have had charge of the public affairs of the state, and the extravagant use and abuse of the revenues of the common wealth makes this a necessary duty on the part of the people. So, as 'Old Rosin the Bow' would say --

Ye jolly good Whigs of Eureka  
And all ye sick Democrats too,  
Come out from among the foul party,  
And vote for Reading the true,  
And vote for Reading the true.

He will help to save our new state  
From the shackles of Loco misrule,  
With Baldwin, a gallant help mate,  
State credit and justice must rule,  
State credit and justice must rule.

Then hang out your banners to float,  
Sound the note of preparation afar,  
Let the hills and the valleys re-echo,  
With Whig shout and Whig huzzah,  
With Whig shout and Whig huzzah.

Then onward, right onward ye people,  
California's good name is at stake,  
Unless Reading the friend of the people,  
With Baldwin have charge of her fate,  
With Baldwin have charge of her fate.

The California Courier for the same date (June 10, 1851) has this to say about the song which had been published in its columns the previous day:

"We are glad to perceive that our efforts at song making are having a beneficial effect upon the community, by encouraging music. We heard yesterday quite a number of vocalists singing our first attempt with a regular 1840 old zip zest."



June 16, 1851, the Courier has this last word concerning its campaign of song:

"The Sacramento Transcript does not like the notion of our having songs in the coming canvass. It says we are trying to get up anew the old-fashioned times of songs, coonskins, and hard cider, as in the campaign of Harrison. People who are fond of freedom and prosperity are fond of singing. Those who love servitude and bondage have no music in their souls, and are fit only for stratagems and sports. Fortunately, the Whigs have something to sing about in going for Reading. If Bigler and his party have no music in their souls, they will think of or be fit for nothing but the spoils. Such men we do not wish to rule over us."

These Orphic strains evidently did not lay enough oil on the troubled waters in front of the Whig political ship: the Democratic candidate, Bigler, was elected to the governorship.





## FEW DAYS

Old P. T. Barnum had the rocks,  
 Few days, few days,  
 But lost them all on wooden clocks,  
 I'm going home.  
 He bragged about his wit too soon,  
 A few days, a few days,  
 For now he hasn't a picayune,  
 I'm going home.

You take a California stage,  
 A few days, few days,  
 You'll wear your soles out I'll engage,  
 I'm going home.  
 The driver's never known to fail,  
 A few days, few days,  
 To show you Foot and Walker's trail,  
 I'm going home.

The Senate and Assembly sit  
 A few days, few days,  
 And when the Members lazy get,  
 They're going home.  
 Now when the session fairly stops,  
 A few days, few days,  
 'Twill break up all the liquor shops,  
 I'm going home.

'Tis leap-year and the ladies can,  
 A few days, few days,  
 Propose to some good-looking man,  
 I'm going home.  
 So pop the question if you will,  
 A few days, few days,  
 And catch a husband by the gill,  
 I'm going home.

Miss Lucy Stone has changed her name,  
 A few days, few days,  
 But preaches woman's rights the same,  
 I'm going home.  
 It proves as strong as preaching can,  
 A few days, few days,  
 They cannot live without a man,  
 I'm going home.

You boys whose mining claims will pay,  
 A few days, few days,  
 Keep digging till each one can say  
 I'm going home.  
 You then can wed some pretty miss  
 In a few days, few days,  
 And live a life of happiness,  
 I'm going home.



## KING'S CAMPAIGN - OR - REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITS\*

Come listen a moment, a song I'll sing  
 Which I rather calculate will bring  
 Much glory and all that sort of thing  
 On the head of our brave Collector King.

Chorus:

Ri tu di nu, ri tu di nu,  
 Ri tu di nu di na.

Our well-beloved President  
 This famous politician sent  
 Though I guess we could our money have spent  
 Without aid from the Federal government.

In process of time this hero bold  
 Had collected lots of silver and gold  
 Which he stuck away in a spacious hole  
 Except what his little officers stole.

But there came a terrible fire one night  
 Which put his place in a terrible plight,  
 And 'twould have been a heart-rending sight  
 If the money had not been all right.

---

\* The 'King' of this campaign was T. Butler King, official in charge of the custom-house at the corner of Montgomery and California streets when it was destroyed by fire in 1853. King's immediate problem was to effect the removal of the million dollar deposit to the emergency quarters at the Kearny and Washington corner. Extremely delicate with his responsibility, King deployed his customs officers in belligerent formation about the cart containing the money; then with complete and shifty-eyed suspicion of every living thing insight, this solemn troupe commenced its dangerous one-block defile in the broad, open, infested daylight.

Frank Ball, music-hall entertainer, was quick to exploit the bad-boy-in-church hilarity of the people in the street as they watched the intolerably dignified procession. His ballad concerning King's campaign was immediately popular in all the gambling-houses and music-halls in town. Completely practical, Ball issued printed copies of his song, which at one dollar a copy, netted him something between five and six hundred dollars.



Then he put his officers on the ground,  
And told 'em the specie vault to surround,  
And if any "Sydney Cove" came round  
To pick up a cudgel and knock him down.

But the money had to be moved away  
So he summoned his fighting men one day,  
And fixed 'em all in marching array,  
Like a lot of mules hitched on to a dray.

Then he mounted a brick and made a speech  
And unto them this way did preach --  
"Oh, feller sodgers, I beseech  
You to keep this cash from the people's reach.

"For," said he, "'tis well convinced I am  
That the people's honesty's all a sham,  
And that no one here is worth a damn  
But the officers of Uncle Sam.

Then he drew his revolver and told 'em to start,  
But to be sure to keep their eyes on the cart,  
And not to be at all faint of heart,  
But to tread right up, and try to look smart.

Then each man grasped his sword and gun,  
The babies squalled, and the women run,  
And all agreed that the King was one  
Of the greatest warriors under the sun.



## ON THE DEATH OF JAMES KING OF WILLIAM\*

The country's age begins anew  
 And golden hours return  
 Repentance falls upon the few  
 Whose passions madly burn,  
 And virtue, sepulchring vice  
 Bewails its last sad sacrifice.

The hydra-headed serpent quails  
 At indignation's crest,  
 And martyr's blood once more avails  
 To purify the rest.  
 May this last shroud of guilt and sin  
 Be riven by Nature's light within.

The souls of men awaken now  
 From lucre's gushing dreams,  
 And duty's chaplets on each brow  
 Fringe the unceasing streams  
 Of tears which sanctify the grave  
 And truly mourn the "fallen brave."

The widow's wail and children's cries  
 Strike no true chord in vain -  
 The generous hearts have sympathies  
 In pleasure and in pain  
 Which now resound, for horror's blast  
 Has died upon the winds at last.

---

\*James King of William, editor of the Daily Evening Bulletin, was shot and fatally wounded by James Casey, an unscrupulous politician, early in May of 1856. The last outrage in a city which had been suffering from corrupt government and lawlessness since its birth, this was the incident that prompted the re-forming of the famous Vigilante Committee.





## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?\*

Who killed cock robin?  
 I, says Dr. Scammon,  
 With my chloroform and gammon  
 I killed cock robin.

Why was it given  
 In a smothering dose, by heaven?  
 I refuse to say,  
 Replied Dr. Grav.

Who put in the sponge?  
 I, says Dr. Lunge  
 They did me impung  
 So "bedad", I left in my sponge.

Who found the sponge in the body?  
 I, says (clever) little Bertody,  
 I found it in the body.

Who took it out?  
 I, says plucky Stout,  
 I took it out.

Who blabbed the whole?  
 I, says Dr. Cole,  
 It lay on my soul  
 And I blabbed the whole.

---

\*Referring to James King of William, whose death medical men of the time declared was unnecessary; as his wound was but a flesh-wound, and with ordinary care and judgment should have healed with no difficulty. The above jingle referring to the matter appeared in the press during the controversy which raged following the announcement of the medical theories in 1857, one year after King's death.



## CALIFORNIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

Composed on occasion of 7th anniversary of Admission  
Day 1857 to tune of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean.

California thou gem of the Ocean  
The land of red gold and gay flowers,  
The heroes now meet in communion,  
To brighten with joy the swift hours.  
Thy banners in beauty are streaming,  
Their stars the brave freeman's heart cheers,  
Whilst Liberty's soft light is beaming  
On the great land of bold Pioneers.

Welcome then to the brave Pioneers!  
Bring, to crown them, the brightest of flowers!  
All honor to those we revere,  
Who first trod this fair land of ours,  
And my freedom's gay banner outstreaming,  
Whose stars every freeman's heart cheers,  
Whilst Liberty's soft light is beaming,  
Still wave o'er the bold Pioneers.

Composed "by a daughter of a prominent  
lawyer."



1. THE LITERARY BALLAD

San Francisco was fortunate in its geographical proximity to the mother lodes of gold which caused the world's greatest and fastest migration in 1849, which in turn led to rapid colonization, with accumulating hordes of people looking for gold, and the acutal finding of it by some. The latter acted as a lodestone for the less adventurous but no less acquisitive merchantmen and soon the growing towns and cities needed professional word-manipulators to retail gossip and provide entertainment. Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Joaquin Miller answered the call; later when San Francisco evolved from mining metropolis to commercial center, Ambrose Bierce found it a good place to view mankind's foibles and encase them like beetles in the amber of his sharply pointed fables, verse and occasional essays.

Trade follows the flag, so it is said. Artists follow the march of trade. No wise else is it possible to explain the literary flowering of San Francisco in the nineties in which the "greenery-yallery" aestheticism of London in the time of Oscar Wilde found a miniature counterpart in the Bohemias of Carmel and San Francisco.

George Sterling nourished his Muse on the benefactions of cliff, sea, and mountains, but no less courted her under the influence of the ambrosia, spiritous and spiritual,



provided by association with the wits of the Bohemian Club, that erstwhile Parnassus. Ina Coolbrith vibrated gently between the half-worlds of Bohemia and the more stately realms of the cultivated wealthy.

Hordes of other and more minor artists contributed their mites to the literary balladry, hymning the city's beauty or the peculiar "x" which is San Francisco's soul; others in the ephemeral newspapers retailed the scandals of the day or lampooned the perpetrators of fads and petty bash-ibazoukeries.

Finally, still others, deserted by their muses, hired themselves out to shoe-sellers, patent medicine vendors, opticians, anyone, willing to patronize art and turn a sale simultaneously. The advertising ballad will remain perhaps the epitaph of the San Francisco which faced the decision between becoming Athens and Rome and made quite knowingly the worses choice.





THE ANGELUS  
(Heard at Mission Dolores, 1868)  
Bret Harte

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music  
Still fills the wide expanse  
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present  
With color of Romance

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers  
The white Presidio,  
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin  
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting  
Across the setting sun;  
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting  
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! Whose consecrated masses  
Recall the faith of old --  
O tinkling bells! That lulled with twilight music  
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness, --  
Break, falter and are still,  
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending  
The sun sinks from the hill!



FROM RUSSIAN HILL  
Ina Coolbrith

Night and the hill to me!  
Silence no sound that jars.  
Above, of stars a sea:  
Below, a sea of stars!

Tranced in slumber's sway,  
The city at its feet.  
A tang of salty spray  
Blends with the odors sweet

From garden-close and wall,  
Where the madrona stood,  
And tangled chaparral,  
In the old solitude.

Here, from the Long Ago,  
Rezanov's sailors sleep:  
There, the Presidio:  
Beyond, the plumed steep;

The waters, mile on mile,  
Foam-fringed with feathery white:  
The beaconed fortress isle,  
And Yerba Buena's light.

O Hill of Memories!  
Thy scroll so closely writ  
With song, that bough and breeze  
and bird should utter it;

Hill of desire and dream,  
Youth's visions manifold,  
That still in beauty gleam  
From the sweet days of old!

Ring out thy solemn tone,  
O far-off Mission bell!  
I keep the tryst alone  
With one who loved me well.

A voice I may not hear!  
Face that I may not see,  
Yet know a Presence near  
To watch the hour with me...

How stately and serene  
The moon moves up the sky!  
How silverly between  
The shores her footprints lie!

Peace, that no shadow mars!  
Night, and the hill to me!  
Below, a sea of stars!  
Above, of stars a sea!



THE HEATHEN CHINEE  
Bret Harte

Which I wish to remark  
And my language is plain  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name, and I shall not deny  
In regard to the same what his name might imply  
But his smile it was pensive and child-like  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played at that day  
Upon William and me  
In a way I despise, in a way I despise.

CHORUS.

Music by W. J. McCoy

*Allegretto*

Which is why I re-mark and my lan-guage is plain, That for  
ways that are dark And for tricks that are vain The  
heath-en Chi-nee is pe-cu-liar, Which the same I am free to main-  
tain *molto rit.* Which the  
same I am free to main-tain.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

By [illegible]

When the first bird began to sing  
The world was still and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were

When the first bird began to sing  
The world was still and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were

When the first bird began to sing  
The world was still and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were  
The birds were glad and all things were

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, followed by four instrumental staves. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the fifth staff.

THE COOL GREY CITY OF LOVE  
George Sterling

Though I die on a distant strand,  
And they give me a grave in the land,  
Yet carry me back to my own city -  
Carry me back to her grace and pity!  
For I think I could not rest  
Afar from her mighty breast.  
She is fairer than others are  
Whom they sing the beauty of.  
Her heart is a song and a star -  
My cool grey city of love.

Though they tear the rose from her brow  
To her is ever my vow,  
Ever to her I give my duty -  
First in rapture, and first in beauty,  
Wayward, passionate, brave  
Glad of the life God gave,  
The sea-winds are her kiss,  
And the sea-gull is her dove -  
Cleanly and strange she is -  
My cool grey city of love.

The winds of the Future wait  
At the iron walls of her Fate,  
And the western ocean breaks in thunder  
And the western stars go slowly under,  
And her gaze is ever west -  
In the dream of her young unrest.  
Her sea is a voice that calls,  
And her star a voice above,  
And her wind a voice on her walls -  
My cool grey city of love.

Though they stay her feet at the dance,  
In her is the far romance.  
Under the rain of winter falling,  
Vine and rose will await recalling.  
Though the dark be cold and blind,  
Yet her sea-fog's touch is kind,  
And her mightier caress  
Is joy and pain thereof;  
And great is thy tenderness,  
O cool, grey city of love.





SAN FRANCISCO  
Joaquin Miller

Such darkness, As when Jesus died!  
Then sudden dawn drove all before,  
Two wee brown tomtits, terrified,  
Flashed through my open cottage door;  
Then instant out- off again  
And left a stillness like to pain-  
Such stillness, darkness, sudden dawn  
I never knew or looked upon.

This ardent Occidental dawn  
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold,  
Just gold and gold to walk upon,  
As he of Patmos sang of old.  
And still, so still, her streets, her steeps,  
And when some great soul silent weeps;  
And oh that gold, that gold that lay  
Beyond, above the tarn, brown bay.

And then a bolt, a jolt, a chill,  
And Mother Earth seemed as afraid;  
Then instant all again was still  
Save that my cattle from the shade  
Where they had sought firm, rooted clay  
Came forth loud lowing, glad and gay,  
Knee-deep in grasses to rejoice  
That all was well, with trumpet voice.

Not so you city- darkness, dust,  
Then martial men in swift array!  
Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust  
To heaven, as if pots of clay-  
Cathedral, temple, palace, tower,  
An hundred wars in wild hour!  
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,  
The piteous wail of little ones.

The mad flame climbed the costly steep  
But man, defiant, climbed the flame.  
What battles where the torn clouds keep!  
What deeds of glory in God's name!  
What sons of giants- giants- yea-  
Or beardless lad or veteran gray.  
Not Marathon nor Waterloo  
Knew men so daring, dauntless, true.



Three days, three nights, three fearful days  
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,  
Of God's house thrown a thousand ways;  
Blown east by day, blown west by night-  
By night? There was no night. Nay, nay,  
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay  
Crouched down between this first, last day.  
I say those nights were burned away.

And jealousies were burned away.  
And burned were city rivalries  
Till all, white crescenting the Bay  
Were one harmonious hive of bees.  
Behold the bravest battle won!  
The City Beautiful begun;  
One solid San Francisco, one.  
The fairest sight beneath the sun.



## SAN FRANCISCO FOG

Words by Wallace Irwin

Music by John Milton Hagen

Morning, fel-low San Fran-cis-can! Here's my greet-ing to you! Shake! I'm an ex-iled  
 sort of re-lic from the Day Be-fore the Quake, When old Chi-na town was greasy,  
 when Old Market street was wood, When half the town was restau-rants, and all of 'em were  
 good. Come, you en-vo-y from my Youthland, turn my mem'ry back a cog,  
 Can't you blow me up a hat-ful of that San Fran- cis- co fog? Come you en-vo-y  
 from my Youthland, turn my mem'ry back a cog Can't you blow me up a hat-ful  
 of that San Fran- cis - co fog. Oh, that fog, fog How it  
 used to fill my brain With a fran- tic and ro-man- tic Sort of O- ri-ent re-  
 frain. O'er the hill-y streets and chilly, en-er gi-zing as a nog, Blew the  
 soul of San Fran- cis- co In her fog, in her fog. Oh, that fog.

*REFRAIN:*

1. 2.

THE GREAT DIVISION

Handwritten musical score with ten staves. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of a single melodic line with various rhythmic values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

## SAN FRANCISCO, OUR BELOVED, ARISE! ARISE!

When the earth shook and the walls broke,  
When the fire blazed miles around,  
And the fate stopped many a heart's stroke,  
That before in joy was bound.  
Then in spite of all terrors,  
Rose a cry of strength and hope,  
Let us wipe out former errors,  
And build up on better scope.

## Chorus:

San Francisco out from the ashes,  
As a Phoenix rise! Oh rise!  
Fear not further painful lashes,  
Look to future for your prize  
San Francisco, you are cleaned,  
You are better now, and wise.  
As a Phoenix from the ashes,  
Our Beloved arise!

Hurried help and full of bounties,  
No time lost to stand and wait,  
Came from all the states and counties,  
Came before we cried for aid.  
Let us show that we are worthy  
Of the love upon us show'r'd,  
Grateful always for their mercy,  
That to new life us empow'r'd.





## SAN FRANCISCO, OUR BELOVED, ARISE! ARISE!

Words and Music by  
Joseph Greven

*Moderato, with energy*

When the earth shook and the walls broke; When the  
fire blazed miles a-round, And the fate stopped many a  
heart's stroke, That be-fore in joy was bound. Then in  
spite of all the ter-rors rose a cry of strength and  
hopes Let us wipe out for-mer er-rors, And build  
*rit. >* *f* *Chorus. Largamente.*  
up on bet-ter scope. San Francisco out from ashes, As a  
Phoenix rise! Oh rise, Fear not further painful lashes, Look to  
fu-ture for your prize. San Fran-cis-co you are  
cleansed, You are bet-ter now and wise. As a  
*rit.*  
Phoe-nix from the ash-es. Our Be-loved A-ri-se! A-ri-se!

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of approximately 12 lines of dense, cursive script. The text is written in a dark ink on aged paper and appears to be a continuous passage of prose or a list of entries.

BACK TO MARKET STREET  
 Words by Virgil Moore  
 Music by Paul Steindorff

When the fire o'whelmed us, to the park we quickly  
 flew;  
 Camp'd out on "Rue de Fillmore," and Van Ness Avenue;  
 But our hearts were true to Market Street; that grand  
 old thorofare,  
 We all love to do our shopping and our strolling there.  
 Once more the crowd moves down the line in just the  
 same old way,  
 Again we meet our friends (down town) and at the  
 parting say-;

Chorus:

Meet me at the Emporium tomorrow afternoon,  
 Promenade the big arcade and I will be there soon,  
 Goodbye, dear, now don't forget,  
 and if it rains we won't get wet,  
 If you meet me in the big arcade tomorrow afternoon.

Oftentimes our people wander far away across the sea,  
 To view the sights of London, or take in gay Patee;  
 But their hearts are true to Frisco town; no matter  
 where they roam  
 And with Market Street deserted, it's not 'Home, Sweet  
 Home!  
 There's many a homesick native son looks forward to  
 the day,  
 When he can walk down Market Street and to his  
 sweetheart say;

Chorus:



## BACK TO MARKET STREET

Arranged  
by Paul Steindorff

Words and Music  
by Virgil Moore

When the fire ov-er-whelm'd us, to the Park we quickly flew, Camp'd  
out on "Rue de Fill-more" and Van Ness Av-en-ue; But our  
hearts were true to Market St. that grand old thoro'fare, We all  
love to do our shopping and our strolling there. Once  
more the crowd moves down the line in Just the same old way, A-  
gain. We meet our friends and at the part-ing say:

*CHORUS.*  
Meet me at the Em-po-ri-um to-mor-row af-ter-noon  
Prom-en-ade the big Ar-cade and I will be there soon,  
"Good-bye, dear, now don't for-get," and if it rains we won't get wet,  
If you  
meet me in the big ar-cade to - mor-row af-ter-noon.



## TELYGRAFT HILL

Oh, Telygraft Hill, she sits p roud as a queen,  
 And the docks lie below in th' glare,  
 And th' bay runs beyant her all purple and green,  
 Wid th' gingerbread island out there,  
 And th' ferryboats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,  
 And th' Hill it don't care if they do,  
 While th' Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill,  
 Joost sit there enjyin' th' view.

Words by Wallace Irwin

Music by John Milton Hagen

## REFRAIN.

The musical score for the refrain is written on ten staves of music. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 4/4. The tempo and meter markings are 123 and 4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes first and second endings for the final phrase.

1 - rish they live on the top - av it, And the  
 Dagoes they live on the base av it, And th'  
 goats and th' chicks and th' brick-bats and shticks is  
 joombled all o - ver the face av it, Av  
 Tel - y - graft Hill, Tel - y - graft Hill,  
 Cra - zy owld, dai - sy owld Tel - y - graft Hill, Av  
 Tel - y - graft Hill, Tel - y - graft Hill, Cra - zy owld  
 dai - sy owld Tel - y - graft Hill. For the Hill.

LETTERS SINGING

The following will be sung to the tune of "The  
 Letter Song" which is given on page 99.  
 The letters of the alphabet are arranged in  
 alphabetical order in the following order:  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 The following will be sung to the tune of "The  
 Letter Song" which is given on page 99.  
 The letters of the alphabet are arranged in  
 alphabetical order in the following order:  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

The musical score consists of ten staves. Each staff contains a line of music with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z



SAN FRANCISCO OF MY HEART\*  
 Words by John Lyons Considine  
 Music by Victor Herbert

San Francisco, in my heart,  
 Memories ever fond enshrine you.  
 Of my life you are a part -  
 With life alone shall I resign you.  
 California's brightest gem,  
 First among Pacific's daughters,  
 Proudest in the diadem,  
 That crowns the world of western waters.

Chorus:

Oh, my San Francisco fair,  
 My lovely, luring San Francisco!  
 Beauty graces many places,  
 But charm is yours, my San Francisco.

City of the turquoise bay,  
 City of the portal golden  
 City of the Don's brief stay,  
 City of romances olden;  
 Yours a cherished past to hide  
 In a heart with memories tender.  
 Yours the glory, yours the pride,  
 Of tomorrow's joy and splendor.

---

\*S.F. Examiner, March 13, 1922: "Victor Herbert, noted composer, yesterday completed setting to music the prize-winning lyric written by John Lyons Considine, former Federal Prohibition Director for the Pacific Coast, in The Examiner's recent contest. San Francisco of My Heart is the song, written and composed in San Francisco and dedicated to the city by the author and composer. Mr. Herbert says his latest composition has not a single note of jazz - and that he is sure San Franciscans will like it. 'I couldn't write jazz' says Victor Herbert, 'For I am a musician and no real musician ever wrote jazz - it is just musical antics of dilettantes.'"



## 2. VERSES QUAIN'T AND QUIZZICAL

THE ABALONE SONG  
By George Sterling

In Carmel Bay the people say,  
We feed the Lazzaroni  
On caramels, and cockle-shells  
And hunks of abalone.

O, some folks boast of quail on toast,  
Because they think its toney;  
But my tom-cat gets nice and fat  
On hunks of abalone.

He hides in caves, beneath the waves,  
His ancient patrimony;  
Race suicide will ne'er betide  
The fertile abalone.

I telegraph my better half  
By Morse or by Marconi  
But when in need of greater speed  
I send an abalone.

Some folks say that pain is real  
And some say that it's phoney;  
But as for me, when I can't agree  
I eat an abalone.

Our naval hero, best of all,  
His name was Pauley Joney;  
He sailed the seas as he darn pleased;  
But he never ate abalone.



## ABALONE SONG (version)

Verses by George Sterling, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce,  
and Gelett Burgess. Music adapted by Sterling Sherwin.

Oh, some folks boast of quail on toast  
Because they think it's toney,  
But I'm content to owe my rent  
And live on abalone.  
Oh! Mission Point's a friendly joint,  
Where ev'ry crab's a crony,  
And true and kind you'll ever find  
The clinging abalone.

He wanders free beside the sea,  
Where'er the coast is stony;  
He flaps his wings and madly sings--  
The plaintive abalone.  
By Carmel Bay, the people say,  
We feed the lazzaroni  
On Boston beans and fresh sardines,  
And to the some abalone.

Some live on hope, and some on dope  
And some on alimony;  
But my tom-cat, he lives on fat  
And tender abalone.  
Oh! some drink rain and some champagne,  
Or brandy by the pony;  
But I will try a little rye  
With a dash of abalone.

Oh! some like jam, and some like ham,  
And some like macaroni;  
But bring me in a pail of gin  
And a tub of abalone.  
He hides in caves beneath the waves,--  
His ancient patrimony;  
And so 'tis shown that faith alone  
Reveals the abalone.

The more we take the more they make  
In deep-sea matrimony;  
Race suicide cannot betide  
The fertile abalone.  
I telegraph my better half  
By Morse or by Marconi;  
But if the need arise for speed,  
I send an abalone.



## ABALONE SONG

Verses by George Sterling, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce,  
Gelett Burgess. Music adapted by Sterling Sherwin.

Oh, some folks boast of quail on toast  
Because they think it's toney,  
But I'm content to owe my rent  
And live on abalone.  
Oh! Mission Point's a friendly joint,  
Where ev'ry crab's a crony,  
And true and kind you'll ever find  
The clinging abalone.

etc.

*Andante.*

Oh, some folks boast of quail on toast Be - cause they think it's  
to - ney, - But I'm content to  
owe my rent And live on a - ba -  
lo - ne. Oh! Mis - sion Point's a  
friend - ly joint, Where ev' - ry crab's a  
cro - ny, And true and kind you'll e - ver find the  
clinging a - ba - - lo - ne. He lo - ne.

*last verse.*

THE CHORUS

When I'm in the land of the living  
I'll be with you in the land of the living

When I'm in the land of the living  
I'll be with you in the land of the living  
When I'm in the land of the living  
I'll be with you in the land of the living  
When I'm in the land of the living  
I'll be with you in the land of the living

Cresc.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the subsequent six staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Cresc.' (Crescendo). The lyrics are: 'I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living, I'll be with you in the land of the living.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.



THE SPIRIT OF A SPONGE  
By Ambrose Bierce

I dreamed one night that Stephen Massett died  
And for admission up at Heaven applied.  
"Who are You?" asked St. Peter. Masset said,  
"Jeems Pipes of Pipesville." Peter bowed his head,  
Opened the gates, and said, "I'm glad to know you,  
And wish we'd something better, sir, to show you."  
"Don't mention it," said Stephen, looking bland,  
And was about to enter, hat in hand,  
When from a cloud below such fumes arose  
As tickled tenderly his conscious nose.  
He paused, replaced his hat upon his head,  
Turned back and to the saintly warden said,  
O'er his already sprouting wings, "I swear  
I smell some broiling going on down there!"  
So Massett's paunch, attracted by the smell,  
Followed his nose and found a place in Hell.



SONG FOR TEA DRINKERS  
By The China Tea Company

Let the soldier seek fame in the din of battle,  
And the lover find joy in his mistress' dark eyes;  
Let the parents find joys in their firstborn's  
prattle,  
Or the poets in rapture praise Italy's skies;  
I'll take for my theme no such subjects-- they're  
killing-  
As war, love, or babies have no charms for me;  
I sing not of cries, maiden's sighs, or blood-  
spilling,  
But I'll sing of the joys of a good cup of Tea.

Men talk of champagne, of cock-tails and punches,  
Of Hock and Catawba, Scheidam, and Sauterne,  
Of smashes and toddies whilst taking their lunches;  
But can these things compare with a smoking Tea urn?  
Other drinks fire your blood, give you headache and  
fever,  
And oft make you sick as a mortal can be;  
But headaches and fever, a nausea, never was known  
To exist in a good cup of Tea.

You get up in the morning- you couldn't sleep soundly  
Your system's disordered- you feel very bad;  
You've a pain in the back, and your head's aching  
roundly,  
You think of the doctor, and the thought makes you  
sad,  
With a woman's perception, your wife sees your ailing,  
She knows which you like- Souchong-Hyson-Bohea:  
With a look of affection and a smile of true feeling,  
She presents you a cup of your favorite Tea.

Let such as would guard against sickness or sorrow,  
Go at once to the China Tea Company's store;  
If you can't go today, be sure go tomorrow;  
It's on Clay Street, the number two hundred and four,  
Right opposite the Plaza- there you'll find all you  
want,  
In the grocery line, preserved fruits; but you'll  
never repent,  
If you buy from James Evrard your groceries and Tea.

His Teas always being of the latest importation,  
Are warranted fresh as a rosebud in May,  
And the best that ever grew in the Great Chinese  
nation;  
So ladies, read this, and then try it, I pray.  
He has all kinds of jellies- I'll mention this, too;  
So a last word of parting; good reader, do you get  
From two hundred four Clay Street your groceries and  
Tea,  
For whatever you buy he sends to your house free.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE FUTURE

The first step in the process of change is the recognition of the need for change. This is a process that is often slow and painful, but it is essential for the survival of any organization in a rapidly changing environment.

Once the need for change is recognized, the next step is to develop a clear vision of the future. This vision should be based on a realistic assessment of the organization's strengths and weaknesses, and it should be communicated to all members of the organization.

The third step is to develop a strategy for achieving the vision. This strategy should be based on a realistic assessment of the organization's resources and capabilities, and it should be flexible enough to allow for changes in the environment.

Finally, the fourth step is to implement the strategy. This is a process that requires the active participation of all members of the organization, and it is often the most difficult and costly step in the process of change.

Change is a process that is often slow and painful, but it is essential for the survival of any organization in a rapidly changing environment. The key to successful change is to recognize the need for change, develop a clear vision of the future, develop a strategy for achieving the vision, and implement the strategy with the active participation of all members of the organization.

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A CHINATOWN BALLAD  
The Rival Wizards

130A

Words by Wallace Irwin

Music by John Milton Hagen

*p* Yok Tu-ang, the good luck doc-tor, is a leav-in' Chi-ny-town, He has boarded  
up his win-ders and 'is sign's a comin down, He's a walk-in' to the sta-tion  
wit'is shi-ny black-va-lise, And the beg-gars spit be-hind'im and the slave girls  
hiss-like geese While the coo-lies muck a hi-la dis-respectful like, be-cuz  
Yok Tu-ang the good-luck doc-tor, aint so pop'lar as - he was. And the de-vil  
shop of Song Ho right a-crost the lane from his, That is like-wise closed (re-spect'in'  
Song Ho's fun'ral ser-vi-ces) Gee! I'm most a-feared the bo-gies will be - out to-  
night - in mobs Both them champyan de-vil chasers be-in' ab-sent from ther jobs,  
And the ghosts o' nine dis-eas-es Will be how-lin' down - the street  
Now them famous mag-ic merchants is removed from Du-pont Street.

Handwritten title or section name

Handwritten musical score consisting of approximately 12 staves. The notation includes notes, rests, and other musical symbols. The handwriting is somewhat faded and difficult to read.

## EARLY WHITMAN PARODY

## THE GRASS LEAF POET\*

I happify myself.  
 I am considerable of a man. I am some.  
 You also are some.  
 We are all considerable, all of some.  
 Put all of you and all of me together and agitate  
 our particles by rubbing us all up into eternal  
 smash, and we should still be some.  
 No more than some, but no less.  
 Particularly some, some particularly, some in gen-  
 eral, generally some, but always some without  
 mitigation.  
 Distinctly some.  
 Oh ensemble! O quelque chose!

I luxuriate in Women.  
 They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head;  
 they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they  
 touch me, and the flesh crawls off my bones.  
 Women lay in wait for me, they do. Yes, sir.  
 They rush upon me, seven women laying hold of one  
 man; and the divine efflux that thrilled all  
 human beings before the mystials of saureans, over-  
 flows, surrounds, interpenetrates their souls, and  
 they say, 'Walt, Why don't you come and see us?  
 You know we'd be happy to have you.

Once I knew a man.  
 Not that man.  
 But another man.

A man I once knew. He was great, was glorious,  
 nev'r washed his hair, N'r combed his face---  
 'mean combed face n'r washed hair; had big han's-  
 dirty-- and big feet-- dirty-- red'n freckled,  
 'cause didn't wear hat, n'r coat, n'r shoes, but  
 went bare headed 'n bare footed, 'n shirts 'n  
 pants like free 'n in-in-inpent cit'n these 'nited  
 States.

By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutter-  
 able magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibil-  
 ity of inexplicableness.

These things are not in Webster's Dictionary Unabridged  
 Pictorial.  
 Nor yet in Worcester's. Wait and get the best.  
 Neither in the New York Directory; for that is full of  
 blunders; I know it, although it has not yet been  
 printed.





You also know it; for has not the same collector vexed your wife's soul, and your pale daughter's? and the plump-armed girl's in the kitchen? And what came of his vexing but spelling of your name wrong, and putting you in East Thirteenth, when you lived in West Thirty-first Street?

---

\*Daily Alta California, March 23, 1861:—"In New York they have a fellow who calls himself 'Walt Whitman,' and claims to be a poet. His poetry so far as we have seen it, is nondescript stuff, that will not pay for reading, but its publication has called out some parodies which imply some merit in the original. For instance, the New York Albion gives the following parody, of which the New Orleans Delta says, 'its fault as a parody is that it fails by exaggeration to make his style more grotesque and funny than it really is.' If the Delta is right, there must be more material to excite mirth in 'Walt' than we have succeeded in finding."



## LOCAL CHARACTERS

## THE SAN FRANCISCO LISZT

Dedicated (without permission) to  
Mr. Hartmann\*by a Professional Chip  
(November 15, 1869)

A Liszt? - has San Francisco got a Liszt?  
Yes, genius-like this man his way he missed,  
From European capitals has stray'd,  
And wander'd here to settle in the shade.  
Berlin has lost a bright and shining light,  
And music unrepresented languished in night;  
E'en Kings and Princes depriv'd their country's boast,  
Who vegetates on the Pacific Coast,  
Just five feet ten, within his boots he stands,  
A full-grown horse (or ass) of sixteen hands;  
And then his weight to guess, and bulk to scan,  
The stuff doth prove the greatness of the man.  
If after feeding, you could hear him snore,  
Just like a gluttoned ox within a store;  
But eye him closely, it would make you laugh,  
His looks resemble most the fatted calf,  
That stupid, wooden-face unmeaning look,  
Betrays an ignorance of each good book,  
No lights and shadows o'er the face will sweep,  
He looks as intellectual as a sheep,  
To baa as good, howe'er, is not his lot,  
For unsophisticated he is not;  
The innocence which makes the lamb so dear,  
You must not seek, or look in vain for here.  
What boots it then to talk about his mind,  
If on the face there's none, there's none behind;  
Or of his brains to speak, of few or many,  
It's my belief the goof has not got any.  
Mark well that eye; - how all devoid of light,  
Expressive of a dull and heavy wight;  
No love, no joy, no soul within those eyes,  
E'en goggles fail to make the fool look wise.

But now - of mind there's none, the body must rot,  
The name and game of Liszt is soon forgot,  
Of worthless books, be this the surest test,  
The most contemptible trash is bound the best;  
Of songless birds, and maids to virtue lost,  
The peacock, and the bawd will decorate the most.  
A man like you looks mean if not well dress'd,  
For native worth you never were caress'd;  
Then bind the outer man the best you can,  
And call yourself a high-toned gentleman.  
Whatever asked, with condescension do,  
As if you favor'd the public, and not they you;  
And though you have no title to aspire,  
Yet sink a chip, and you will seem the higher.



When men like Gottschalk, come publicly to play,  
 Then take your ticket and your dollar pay,  
 And stand aloof conspicuous to view,  
 And laugh and jest the whole performance through.  
 Then people ask your name, and you are known,  
 'Tis Liszt they whisper in an undertone:  
 By tact like this, you screen your vile intent,  
 They judge your merit by your merriment.\*\*\*

Oh! Schomacker, Kuhne, and are such men as you,  
 Both SCIENTIFIC musicians, to rank number two?  
 While this fake Daniel takes his judgment seat,  
 And presumes with his bombast to impose on the great.  
 Oh! Schomacker, thy modesty I much admire,  
 To brag, a man of parts does not require:  
 He never boasts of his ability -  
 Before all greatness is humility,  
 He personates not Music, where'er he go,  
 But merely a disciple of Apollo.\*\*\*

Beware of the fate of King Nebuchadnezzar,  
 It may be your own, though you're a far lesser:  
 For presumption, alas! He was changed to an ass,  
 And turned in the meadows to graze upon grass.  
 So never more now talk about your play,  
 Fiddling I call it, whatever you may say;  
 Not slightingly speak of my friend Stephen Heller,  
 For compared with that man you're a very small feller.

---

\*Hartmann, Ernst Charles Ferdinand Von, was born in Straalsund near Island of Roegen, December 20, 1840, and died on April 8, 1894, San Francisco. Graduated from Conservatory at Leipzig before he was 17; came to United States when 13; in Philadelphia during Civil War; gave many concerts for soldiers; married Elizabeth Bowden of Philadelphia in 1861; came to California and became one of San Francisco's first teachers of standing and reputation; wrote many compositions, all sent to Germany at time of death. In 1926 many of his old pupils gave to the Music Department of San Francisco Public Library, in his memory, a complete set of Bach. Source: Fredricks, Jessica M., California Composers, pub. Calif. Fed. Music Clubs, San Francisco, 1934.



EMPEROR NORTON I.\*  
(1880)

Monarch by choice of the Golden West,  
Usurper by right of his own behest,  
What though his reign was a world-wide jest -  
This wise old Emperor Norton, --  
There never was Monarch so kindly as he,  
So lordly in rags, democratic and free,  
With never a battle on land or on sea,  
Our good old Emperor Norton.

His soldierly dress we can never forget,  
With its tarnished and old-fashioned epaulette,  
A white plug hat with a side rosette,  
One suit had Emperor Norton -  
With a monster cane as a regal mace,  
Entwined with the serpent that tempted the race,  
This monarch of mystery held his place,  
Majestical Emperor Norton.

Enacting no beauty but moderate need,  
While the light of his life was excellent creed,  
For he never had done an ignoble deed,  
This ragged Emperor Norton.  
There never was tribute more modestly laid  
By bankers and merchants more willingly paid,  
And never were titles more cheerfully made  
Than those by Emperor Norton.

All men are usurpers somewhat in their way,  
But the high and the lowly acknowledged his sway,  
And even the children would pause in their play  
With greetings for Emperor Norton.  
No king ever ruled better people I vow,  
Those old San Franciscans were peers, anyhow -  
For none but the regal would smilingly bow  
To a mock-regal Emperor Norton.





## NOTE ON EMPEROR NORTON (1810-1880)

Joshua A. Norton, most splendid of a really outstanding group of eccentrics who made early San Francisco as delightful as it was dangerous, became purely through his own inspiration, the only emperor to live out a reign to a natural death on the continent of Northern America.

A partly Jewish-English immigrant, he prospered amazingly as a merchant until at his zenith in the world of fact, he was worth a quarter of a million dollars. This led to an attempt to corner the rice market which failed. Gradually henceforth he abandoned the world of fact for the vastly more entertaining world of fantasy, proclaimed himself Emperor Norton the First, adopted soon after the additional title of "Protector of Mexico" but abandoned his protectorate on the ground that it was "impossible to protect such an unsettled nation."\*

From office to office he would go, levying small taxes, sufficient to keep him and his faithful attendants, two dogs named Bummer and Lazarus, alive. His funeral which occurred in 1880 was attended by practically the entire roster of the town's famous, official, artistic and financial.

---

\*Dressler, Albert, Emperor Norton of the United States, San Francisco, 1927, Published by the News Publishing Company, Sacramento, California.



THE EXHIBITION FAIR  
(1858)

'Twill be the talk of all the world,  
That in so brief a time.  
Such giant wonders could be rear'd,  
Since the year of 'Forty-nine!  
Of all the sights I ever saw,  
There's nothing to compare,  
Which Industry of late display'd  
At the Exhibition Fair!

The pioneer of sturdy frame,  
Who first toil'd with the spade,  
To cultivate the land, shall wear  
A name which ne'er will fade;  
For California now can boast  
The apple, peach and pear,  
Rare products of their kind were seen  
At the Exhibition Fair!

Yes! Proud may be the Institute,  
That rear'd the mighty scheme,  
And California hence shall be  
The poet's happy theme.  
Great works of art were there to view,  
And mechanism rare,  
There Genius proudly reigned supreme,  
At the Exhibition Fair!

The ladies, too, contributed  
Their quantum to the arts,  
And who among us will not cry,  
"God bless their loving hearts!"  
Another word in praise of them,  
They banish all our care.  
Without their presence sad would be  
The Exhibition Fair!



THE PRETTIEST GIRL AT THE FAIR  
(1873)

We met by the side of the fountain  
The night that they opened the fair,  
The band had just struck up the schottische  
Of Reed's most beautiful air.  
She gave me a smile so bewitching  
As I gallantly offered my chair,  
My heart was gone out in a moment  
To the prettiest girl at the fair.

Chorus:

My heart was gone out in a moment  
To the prettiest girl at the fair.

I met her again in the garden,  
She made me the happiest man  
By blushing in charming confusion,  
And carelessly dropping her fan.  
I toy'd with the gem for a moment,  
And silently read her name there,  
That night I went home in a rapture  
With the prettiest girl at the fair.

Chorus:

That night I went home in a rapture  
With the prettiest girl at the fair.

And now, as we sit by the fountain,  
Or promenade down the broad aisles,  
I listen, entranc'd by her laughter,  
And bask in the light of her smiles,  
The ladies are dying of envy,  
The men are all blue with despair,  
As I lead through the gorgeous pavilion  
The prettiest girl at the fair.

Chorus:

As I lead through the gorgeous pavilion  
The prettiest girl at the fair.



## MEET ME AT THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR

Words and Music by  
Don J. A. Gono.

**CHORUS**

ff Meet me at the San Fran-cis-co Fair,  
 Nine - teen Fif - teen All will be there;  
 Meet me, greet me, how'-dy do?  
 San Fran - cis - co wel - comes you;  
 Cal - i - for - nia is the state;  
 Nine - teen Fif - teen is the date; Whoop-er  
 up Whoop -er > up > where - e'er you go,  
 Nine - teen Fif - teen, Nine - teen Fif - teen,  
 San Fran - cis - co. \_\_\_\_\_ co. \_\_\_\_\_

Handwritten title or header text, possibly a piece name or composer's name, centered at the top of the page.

A handwritten musical score consisting of ten staves. The notation is in a single system, likely for a piano or similar instrument. The score includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The handwriting is somewhat faded and the paper shows signs of age. The notation appears to be in a common time signature, possibly 4/4 or 3/4. The score is arranged in a single system across ten staves, with each staff containing a line of music. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The overall appearance is that of a personal manuscript or a draft of a piece of music.



I envy the miners, the gay "Forty-Niners",  
 Who found gold when they found California.  
 Since I can't be a miner,  
 I'll be a "Thirty-Niner"  
 At the Fair, I'll be there  
 I shall a-warn yuh!

## CHORUS.

Oh, I got-ta get-ta go-in' to the Gold-en Gate To my  
 fair one at the Fair. Ship me there by boat or train, Covered  
 wag-on, freight or plane, Gotta hug that Gold-en Bear! So I  
 got-ta get-ta go-in' to the Golden Gate In old  
 San Fran-cis-co Town, For the whole world will al-low, she's the  
 cit-y that knows "how" And she wears a golden crown. Soon you'll be  
 my land, You glam-o-rous Treas-ure Is - land, So I  
 got-ta get-ta go-in' To the Golden Gate par-cel post haste or wheel  
 chair, Got-ta get-ta go-in' now To the Golden Gate and how! To my  
 fair one at the Fair! Oh, I Fair (Without  
 a care)

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

The birds are singing  
 In the forest deep  
 Their voices are so sweet  
 As the wind that sweeps  
 Through the leaves and flowers  
 And the sun that shines  
 On the grass and flowers  
 And the birds that sing  
 In the forest deep

The musical score consists of ten staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and melodic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below each staff, though they are very faint and difficult to read. The music appears to be a single melodic line for a voice or a simple instrument.

## 3: WORKINGMEN BALLADS: ANTI-CHINESE

Properly speaking the miner was a worker, but not in the sense of being a "Worker," that upper-case abstraction, synonymous with "Proletarian" in the radical lexicon. The troubles of the miner were at first not with an employer but with rival gold-seekers whose real activities lay in seeking claims to jump. Among other difficulties was the unbridled rapacity of merchants. These charged dollars for doughnuts not worth a dime. Their competitors in legal banditry were the stage coach companies.

If trader followed the miner, the labor contractor followed trader. This was only one of the abuses of labor then prevalent. The contractor sought for cheap and still cheaper man-power and found it in China. This coolie labor was regarded by political opportunists as the great threat to the American's standard of living. Dennis Kearney, a labor leader, made a political issue of Chinese labor and inspired the unemployed of these days to sing ballads of race hatred, confusing economic issues.

Between San Francisco's romantic period as pioneer miner's metropolis to her present commercial era as the West's banking center, local labor troubles have not been lacking. But early unionization led to fairly rapid settlements of disputes. Consequently, the ballad literature of workers is slender for the years during which San Francisco grew from city to megalopolis, for only sharp and long enduring wrongs lead to outbursts of protest, whether the outbursts take the forms of violent strike or the milder release of song.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the early years of settlement, the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the development of the nation as a world power. The author discusses the various political, economic, and social changes that have shaped the country over the centuries.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865. It describes the causes of the war, the military campaigns, and the political and social consequences. The author also discusses the Reconstruction period and the struggle for civil rights.

The third part of the book is a history of the United States from 1865 to the present. It covers the Gilded Age, the Progressive Era, World War I, the Great Depression, World War II, and the Cold War. The author discusses the role of the United States in the world and the challenges it has faced in the modern era.

## THE SONG OF SILVER

We'll sing the song of Silver, shining Silver,  
 With its power to aid the honest working man;  
 We'll re-employ the miner, patient delver,  
 And give cheer to ev'ry artisan.  
 We'll storm the Gold-bug's fortress,  
 Rout the forces, plant our banner high;  
 We'll start the car of Progress, Regal progress,  
 On a march to grace the century.  
 Our mints must ring with music, cheery music,  
 Of the coins that touched our Father's palm;  
 We'll speed them on their mission, happy mission,  
 Help to Commerce, to our earthly ills a balm Oh! etc.

The musical score is written in a single system with eight staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like *rit.* (ritardando) and *mf*. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' and a slur. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final note.

*mf* We'll sing the song of Sil-ver, shin-ing Sil-ver, With its power to  
 aid the hon-est work-ing man; We'll re-emp-loy the min-er, pa-tient del-ver,  
 And give cheer to ev-ry ar-ti-san. We'll storm the Gold-bug's  
 for-tress, well-manned for-tress, Rout the for-ces, plant our bonner high;  
 We'll start the car of Progress, regal Progress, On a march to grace the cen-tu-  
 ry, Our mints must ring with music, cheery music *mf* Of the coins that  
 touched our Fa-ther's palm, We'll speed them on their mis-sion, happy mis-sion,  
 Help to Commerce, to our earth-ly ills a balm Oh!

Handwritten title or header text

Handwritten text block, possibly a preface or introductory section

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of approximately 10 lines of dense script

OUR WORKING MEN  
(Air: Increase of Crime)

I oft take a walk through our city,  
Where things that are strange may be seen;  
I'll tell what I saw in this ditty  
In a few of our places I've been.  
I go when our theatres are closing,  
And thoughtful I stroll through the street,  
'Tis the time when the rich are carousing,  
And the homeless in misery you meet.

Chorus:

Let our working men all pull together  
In this "Labor and Capital" fight  
And each dark day will change to fair weather,  
And right rule at last over might.

If a swell in his wine be insulting,  
The Police will in fear pass him by:  
He fears not of danger resulting,  
If he gives them a bribe on the sly.  
But let poverty sit on the doorstep,  
As an emblem of hunger and woe,  
They will drag you like sheep to the slaughter,  
To the crime-haunted cell you must go.

Search the gilded saloons of the wealthy,  
And mark well their pomp and the pride,  
If they think you're in want of a dollar,  
Your poverty they'll but deride.  
Though their cash it was earned by their fathers,  
By the sweat of the brow of the poor,  
They will laugh if from hunger you're dying,  
And kick you with scorn from their door.

Not a week but a Bank now is closing  
And the earnings of labor are stole  
While the victims at home loud are cursing  
The fiends who their savings control;  
If a million is stole'n from the people  
'Tis accounted no sin in the town,  
But steal when you're hungry a dollar,  
And then they will trample you down.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

From the first settlement of the  
English in 1630 to the present  
time, the city has been the seat  
of a government of the people,  
and has been the center of a  
great commercial empire.

The city has been the seat of  
a government of the people,  
and has been the center of a  
great commercial empire.

The city has been the seat of  
a government of the people,  
and has been the center of a  
great commercial empire.

The city has been the seat of  
a government of the people,  
and has been the center of a  
great commercial empire.

The city has been the seat of  
a government of the people,  
and has been the center of a  
great commercial empire.



THE SAN FRANCISCO RAG-PICKER  
(Air: Lather and Shave.)

O ladies and gentlemen, list to my song!  
It's about a poor devil who can't get along;  
For whenever some promising business I try,  
I'm sure to get "diddled" and "burst up sky-high."

Chorus:

I can't get along, and I've got "nixey" cash;  
So I have to go picking up rags for my "hash."

When I first went trading upon my own hook  
I started down South to sell a new book;  
But I got tarred and feathered the very first day,  
Because folks thought I came to run niggers away.

Then I went back down East and opened a shop  
To sell candy and cakes, "likewise ginger-pop;"  
And I hired but one clerk-not to go it too brash-  
But he eat up my stock and run off with my cash.

I thought I'd turn farmer, and went way Out West,  
Where I squatted on land of the richest and best;  
But for three long years I shooks with the "chills,"  
And mortgaged my farm to buy quinine and pills.

So I ran off and drove an ox-team to Washoe,  
Found a "rich silver lead," and Lord! didn't I blow?  
But I soon saw 'twouldn't make me rich in a hurry,  
As 'twas claimed as a "spur" by the "Gould & Curry."

Then I came down to Frisco, and went on the Stage;  
I made my debut in announcing a carriage;  
But I "stuck," and the "boys" sung out "Supe, Get,  
You Guy,"  
And one chap hove a big Irish "spud" in my eye.

I've tried everything else other people make pay;  
I've been Methodist preacher, and I've worked by the  
day;  
Taught school, made bricks, played poker, wrote rhymes,  
But whatever I do, it's always "hard times!"

As the last resort left me, I got these old bags,  
Also this 'ere hook to "snake out" the rags;  
But 'tother day I picked up a pair of old socks,  
And now, blast my luck! I'm broke out with small pox!



## I CATCH-A DA PLENTY OF FEESH \*

I sail over the ocean blue,  
 I catch-a da plenty of feesh;  
 The rain come down like hell,  
 And the wind blow through my wheesk.  
 O Marian, my good compan,  
 O Viva le Garibaldi!  
 Viva, viva, viva l'Italians!

## I CATCH-A DA PLENTY OF FEESH

Arr. H.F.P.

*With a swing.*

The musical score is written on five staves in a single system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'With a swing.' and ends with a fermata over the final note. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff begins with the tempo marking 'Jubilantly' and ends with a double bar line.

I sail o-ver the o - cean blue, I  
 catch- a da plenty of feesh; The rain come down like  
 hell, And the wind blow thro' my wheesk. O  
 Mar - i - an, my good com - pan, O Vi - va le Gar - i -  
 bal - di! Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va l' I - tal - i - ane!

\* At Fishermen's Wharf the Italian workmen sing in such cosmopolitan lingo. Harry Dick, Lillian Bos, and other occupants of crow nests on Telegraph Hill, have heard this air, according to Carl Sandburg.



THREE ANTI-CHINESE BALLADS  
(1871)

1: TWELVE HUNDRED MORE

O workmen, dear and did you hear  
The news that's goin' round?  
Another China steamer  
Has been landed here in town.  
Today I read the papers  
And it grieved my heart full sore,  
To see upon the title page,  
O, just 'Twelve Hundred More!'

O, California's coming down  
As you can plainly see,  
They are hiring all the Chinamen  
And discouraging you and me;  
But strife will be in every town  
Throughout the Pacific shore,  
And the cry of old and young shall be,  
O, d--n 'Twelve Hundred More!'

They run their steamer in at night  
Upon our lovely bay;  
If 'twas a free and honest trade,  
They'd land it in the day.  
They come here by the hundreds,  
The country is overrun,  
And go to work at any price -  
By them the labor's done.

If you meet a workman in the street,  
And look into his face,  
You'll see the signs of sorrow there -  
Oh, d--n this long-tailed race!  
And men today are languishing  
Upon a prison floor,  
Because they've been supplanted by,  
This vile, 'Twelve Hundred More!'

Twelve hundred honest laboring men,  
Thrown out of work today,  
By the landing of these Chinamen  
In San Francisco Bay,  
Twelve hundred pure and virtuous girls,  
In the papers I have read,  
Must barter away their virtue  
To get a crust of bread.

This state of things can never last  
In this, our golden land,  
For soon you'll hear the avenging cry,  
'Drive out the China man!'  
And then we'll have the stirring times  
We had in days of yore,  
And the devil take those dirty words  
They call 'Twelve Hundred More!'



## 2: KEARNEY, THE WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND

By Jim J. Nelson

You have heard of Moriarity, Mulchaey and Malone,  
 Also of McNamara, O'Malley and Muldoon;  
 But I will sing of Kearney, an anti-Chinaman,  
 He's down upon Mongolians and all their dirty clan.

Chorus:

So give three cheers for Kearney,  
 For he's a solid man;  
 He'll raise a grand big army  
 And drive out the Chinaman.

Last week we held a meeting, down fornenst the City  
 Hall  
 The bold undaunted Kearney was the first to get the  
 call  
 Said he, 'My fellow-laborers, if you'll be led by me,  
 We'll make Capital respect us, and drive out the  
 cursed Chinees.'  
 He spoke again, and told us all to mind what he did  
 say:  
 If we don't strike a blow at once, we'll surely rue  
 the day,  
 We let Chinamen and Capital usurp our liberty;  
 Our cuase is right, so let us fight,  
 And drive out the cursed Chinees.

Now goodnight, my fellow-laborers, I have to go away,  
 I'd like to stop and talk with you, but believe me I  
 can't stay;  
 So join me in the chorus now, and let your motto be,  
 God bless the poor white workingman and the devil take  
 the Chinees.





## 3: JOHN CHINAMAN

John Chinaman, John Chinaman,  
But five short years ago,  
I welcomed you from Canton, John -  
But wish I hadn't though;

For then I thought you honest, John,  
Not dreaming but you'd make  
A citizen as useful, John,  
As any in the State.

I thought you'd open wide your ports,  
And let our merchants in,  
To barter for their crapes and teas,  
Their wares of wood and tin.

I thought you'd cut your queue off, John,  
And don a Yankee coat,  
And a collar high you'd raise, John,  
Around your dusky throat.

I imagined that the truth, John,  
You'd speak when under oath,  
But I find you'll lie and steal too -  
Yes, John, you're up to both.

I thought of rats and puppies, John,  
You'd eaten your last fill,  
But on such slimy pot-pies, John,  
I'm told you dinner still.

Oh, John, I've been deceived in you,  
And in all your thieving clan,  
For our gold is all you're after, John,  
To get it as you can.



A DOLLAR A DAY WITHOUT BOARD  
 Written by Harry Norcross  
 (Tune: Jim Fiske)

I've traveled this wide world o'er and o'er,  
 And have lived in many a clime,  
 But poverty seems to have hold of me now,  
 For I'm left alone without a dime.  
 The coolie, you'll find, will get plenty of work,  
 And get fat! Oh! The miserable horde!  
 While a man has to work in the mud and the mire,  
 For a dollar a day, without board.

Chorus:

Then strike out, ye heroes of labor,  
 The sinew and bone of our land;  
 Remember the work of our leaders, I say,  
 And be true to the cause they command.

I got up just before daybreak,  
 For I heard that Crocker would give  
 A thousand men work in the morning  
 To buy grub enough so they could live.  
 I've got a good wife and two children -  
 There's bright little Freddie and Maud -  
 So I'm compelled to look out for my dear family  
 On a dollar a day, without board.

We must not forget Mr. Kearney,  
 Our leader, so brave and so true,  
 Who so nobly fought every battle;  
 To him alone honor is due.  
 When workingmen rule our grand country,  
 And wipe out this 'political fraud!  
 We won't work for cruel corporations, I know,  
 For a dollar a day, without board.\*

---

\*G. W. Greene, The Labor Agitator or The Battle for Bread, Published, San Francisco, 1877: "At last a workingman, a drayman, Dennis Kearney, of San Francisco, immortalized himself by these words: 'We will have a new party, the Workingman's Party. No great capitalist, no political trickster, no swindler or thief shall enter it. We will fill the offices with honest poor men who will make laws to protect themselves. We will send the Chinese home, distribute the land of the grabber, tax the millionaire, make a law to hang thieves of high as well as low degree, elevate the poor and once more return to the simple virtue of honest republicanism'... These words struck the people like electric fire. The movement began late in May, 1877, perhaps about the 20th.



## AN EDITORIAL FOR THE CHRONICLE\*

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;  
 The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he."  
 --- (Rabelais)

"When Kearney was sick  
 And Bailless in 'Cell No. 2,'  
 The Chronicle says --  
 'With you and your fellows I've nothing to do.'

When Kearney was free,  
 And Bones in the van --  
 The Chronicle says --  
 'Now Kearney's my man.'

MORAL

If you wish to be right  
 When things are in doubt;  
 Just straddle the fence,  
 'Till the issue is out -- .  
 Then pitch in and swear;  
 'Twas just as you said;  
 You only kept dark  
 To be sure who's ahead."

---

\*San Francisco Examiner, January 24, 1878.



#### 4: RECENT PROLETARIAN SONG

Songs with social significance are nothing new in the world's literature of balladry but they are comparatively new to our times. This perhaps accounts for the crudeness of the proletarian song, both in words and music. Workers with knowledge and experience of the struggle for relief from oppression seldom have had the opportunity to develop any literary or musical talents, while those possessing these talents have but recently experienced the sharp pressure, immediate and personal, driving professional and artist groups over to the side of the manual worker. Their songs, as a result, lack the rhythm, the vocabulary and the idiom of the classes for whom they articulate distress. Time and association between the classes, formerly separate but now one by virtue of common problems, will remedy this.

In the seventies and eighties the economic problems centered around the importation of Chinese coolie labor which threw native Americans and immigrant white workers out of jobs. Today the causes of unemployment are not as simple: the specific problems have become general and complex. Nor is unemployment the only, though it be the most painful and immediate, problem confronting today's workers. The right, indeed the necessity, of organizing to match the pressure of the organized employers furnishes the germ for a host of ballads.





Included here is Marie De L. Welch's poem Red Harvest for its lyrical, songlike quality and because of choice of metaphor admirably suited to lay bare the bones of the contrast between our solicitude for material resources and our wastage of our greatest resource: man-power.

More proletarian in expression, cadence, form and tone is the song Someday We'll Pay Our Debts. Its specific prophecies may mirror the hopes of what is now but a minority, but the descriptive detailed picture of poverty records the common experiences of workers of San Francisco and all other metropolitan cities from early to recent times.

With the passing of each day these ballads of proletarian celebration, prophecy and protest increase. Nor is it likely that future historians of local balladry will dismiss it as briefly transitory, for as long as such fundamental human problems continue unsolved, they will furnish theme and incident for future ballad-makers as they do for today's.



HARVESTS\*  
Marie de L. Welch  
(1933)

Now among good harvests  
The human harvest fails;  
The fruit and grain lie on the ground,  
The men are stored in jails.

The stem is rotten on the root  
And the seed on the stem;  
Store away the meager yield  
Of men with life in them.

Store them fearfully away,  
The fellows who maintain  
The right to live as honestly  
As fruit and grain.

Lock and wall may have their hour,  
But the new crop will be grown  
From the seed that's hoarded now  
In the barns of stone.

---

\*This poem was inspired by imprisonment of men attempting to organize Watsonville lettuce fields, 1933.



RED VANGUARD  
(Air:- Men of Harlech)  
(1933)

Million masses now awaking  
Banks a-roar and fists a-shaking  
Bans of ancient bondage breaking  
    Waking to the Day.

See the new world in the making  
Everywhere the old is quaking  
In the dawn the dauntless making  
    Onward to the day.

Rally to the Red Vanguard,  
Join us in the Red Vanguard,  
    One for all,  
    And all for one,  
    And all as one  
United on the Red Vanguard.

All the nations, all the races,  
Black and white and brown and yellow faces  
Close the ranks and take the places  
    You shall win the Day.



THESE ARE THE CLASS WAR DEAD\*  
(1934)

Stop in your tracks you passer-by,  
Uncover your doubting head,  
The working men are on the way  
To bury their murdered dead.

The men who saved their strength in work  
And reaped a crop of lies,  
Are marching by. The bosses' doom  
Is written in their eyes.

Two coffins lead the grim parade  
That stops you in your tracks;  
Two workers lying stiff and dead  
With bullets in their backs.

We want no priests or demagogues  
With empty talk or prayers  
For these were honest working men  
Not governors or mavors.

The blood they left upon the street  
Was workers' blood and red;  
They died to make a better world,  
These are the class war dead!

Stand back you greedy parasites,  
With banks and bellies filled,  
And tremble while the working class  
Buries the men you've killed.

For this is our word to those who fell,  
Shot down for bosses' gain,  
We swear to fight until we win;  
You did not die in vain.

---

\*Thursday, July 5,--The men were shot down during the riot that ensued when ship and warehouse owners attempted to run trucks through the picket lines. Their funeral, July 11, was the largest labor demonstration seen in the West, up to that time. At least 20,000 workers marched up Market Street.

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SOME DAY WE'LL PAY OUR DEBTS  
 (Air: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the boys are Marching)  
 (1936)

All my life I've been in debt,  
 Never beat the system yet,  
 Though I've worked my blasted fingers to the bone;  
 Payday comes for working men,  
 Then they take it back again  
 To the music of the bargain-sale trombone.

CHORUS:

Bills, bills, bills are piling high, boys,  
 Cheer up comrades, there is hope,  
 And someday we'll pay our debts  
 With our worker Soviets;  
 We will give the boss what's coming to him then.

There's a Wall Street millionaire  
 Has a corner on the air,  
 And he'll bill the world for every wind that blows;  
 Every man or beast from birth  
 Every living thing on earth  
 Will be forced to wear a meter on its nose.

In store windows on the street,  
 Wooden dummies look so neat,  
 Wearing all the finest garments men have made.  
 All the people stop to stare  
 At the clothes the dummies wear,  
 As they're passing by the rag-bags on the street.

There's a man across the way  
 Hasn't left the house all day;  
 He must sit alone to worry and to fret.  
 You can notice at a glance  
 He has worn right through his pants,  
 And he hasn't finished paying for them yet.

Toothpaste, furniture and shoes,  
 Laundry, groceries and booze;  
 Everytime you blow your nose you get the bill.  
 If you eat or quench your thirst,  
 Rockefeller, Ford and Hearst  
 Drop a dime they never worked for in the till.



## PICKET SONG\*

(Tune: Santa Claus is Going to Town)  
(1938)

You'd better stay out!  
You'd better stay out!  
You would if you knew what  
The strike was about--  
Santa Claus is going to town!

We're rarin' to go!  
We're fightin' to win!  
Our purses are flat  
But we've still got a grin--  
Santa Claus is going to town!

Chorus:

We know that we are winning  
For we have what it takes!  
You know that Kress is sinning  
So stay out for goodness sakes!

It may be a day!  
It may be a year!  
The bosses won't forget  
That we are here.  
Santa Claus is going to town!

We've just come down from Polarland  
Where wintry blasts are bold.  
But Kress has put us on the street  
We find it pretty cold.

---

\*A taunt-and-jeer song, sung to a popular tune by Retail Store Clerks Association pickets on Market Street, S.F., Sept., 1938.



5: TODAY'S HIRED THRUSHES

Almost the only professional balladists today are the hired hands of Hollywood and their less lucky Eastern brethren in Tin Pan Alley. Only occasionally does a San Francisco song writer strike pay dirt with a popular ditty! For the idle, both the jobless by choice or circumstance, today's hired thrushes grind out rhymes and melodic jingles of a banal simplicity that would revolt the aborigines of Central Australia. Appended here are a few of the least mediocre. The tunes are copyrighted and can't be reproduced without a lot of red-tape not worth the effort of bundling together today's sheet music, much less reproducing it.

Apparently there are two things necessary to balladry; a situation, story, or characters worth singing about, and composers and singers caring enough about their subject to be inspired to rhythmic expression rather than leaning on it as a technical aid to give some meaning to subjects intrinsically valueless.

The endless crooning about puppy disappointments as retailed in the sheets sold by publishers for profit are just that--inherently valueless. They persist because, orchestrated by other lost souls possessing great talents hitched to dead stars, they provide a background for murmured conversation in hotels and homes and serve to guide the awkward steps of embracing couples gliding around and obsessed with the peculiar fantasy that they are dancing.



A PENTHOUSE FOR A SONG

You can get a penthouse for a song  
That's what I've been hearing all along.

If I can get a penthouse for a song,  
Here's the song.

Written with a simple, tuneful swing.  
Easy for a landlord's wife to sing  
While I am up there living like a king  
For a song.

It seems such a lovely proposition  
My ma will be just as pleased as I,  
She knows it was always my ambition  
To live up near the sky.

In a social set where I belong  
With my etiquette there, I'll be strong  
If I can get a penthouse for a song  
Here's the song.





FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,  
The birds are singing for me and my gal,  
Ev'rybody's been knowing,  
To a wedding they're going,  
And for weeks they've been sewing,  
Ev'ry Susie and Sal,  
They're congregating for me and my gal,  
The Parson's waiting for me and my gal,  
And sometime I'M goin' to build a little  
    home for two  
For three or four, or more;  
In Loveland for me and my gal.



6: PATRIOTS AND PROPAGANDISTS

In America's short history as a nation, she has engaged in at least three major wars, several minor skirmishes and a particularly bloody internecine fight. War has always been one of the finest subjects for songsters; The American variety has specialized in ballads of two moods, the broadly humorous and the even more broadly sentimental. The examples appended below, show our characteristic attitudes at their sharpest and foggiest. That is, the soldiers' experiences are sung in that super-realistic portrayal only possible to satire and the feelings of the stay-at-homes are wailed in luxurious sentiment as vague as it is soul-filling.

An arch-type of the sentimental patriotism vented by the hearthloving Americans, Our Gallant Ninety-First will stand nicely for the rest. Dealing with the boys, home from saving democracy for the politicians and localized only by the reference in the first line to the fact that it is our "western" boys who are "home again with victor's battle song", it can well lead off the section's commentary. 'Western boys are brave and true at home or o'er the sea,' - "Western" boys, as opposed to "Eastern" or "Southern" or "Middle Western" boys who, by implication, may be supposed to have been craven and false whether on their native strand or abroad.

Happily this note of regionalism or provincialism, or minuscule chauvinism is absent from most of the other examples noted -- particularly in the Accessional, as good a



parody as Kipling's Recessional was an outstanding example of English cant. Unfortunately the mouth-filling line ending - "For if you do you'll be chastised and we'll annex the god-damned land" has been asteris'ed by the ladylike compiler from whom the example has been selected. As a stripping bare of the sentimental type of patriotism which clothes the bare bones of imperialistic expansion, the song can't be beat.

While the soldiers East of the Plains were shipped to the Philippines around the Horn or over the Isthmus, most passed through San Francisco and the transports out in the bay rang to the lusty strains of A Son of a Gambolier to which the ballad beginning "I'm only a common soldier-man in the blasted Philippines" was sung with complete abandonment to the pleasure of telling the truth in rhythmic melody.

Other wars, other songs. Mostly they speak for themselves. The only one particularly deserving of comment is The Maid of Monterey and that, because outside of several cheap attempts to make Joan of Arc serve in the Republic's armies during the World War, she is the only warrior's lady tenderly hymned in the ballads which follow, a tribute to a Mexican Nightingale.



THE MAID OF MONTEREY\*  
(1848)

The moon shone but dimly  
Upon the battle plain,  
A gentle breeze fanned softly  
O'er the features of the slain.  
The guns had hushed their thunder,  
The guns in silence lay,  
Then came the senorita,  
The Maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish  
On the dying and the dead,  
And made her lap a pillow  
For those who moaned and bled.  
Now here's to that bright beauty  
Who drives death's pangs away,  
The meek-eyed senorita,  
The Maid of Monterey.

Although she loved her country  
And prayed that it might live  
Yet for the foreign soldier  
She had a tear to give,  
And when the dying soldier  
In her bright gleam did pray,  
He blessed this senorita,  
The Maid of Monterey

She gave the thirsty water,  
And dressed each bleeding wound,  
A fervent prayer she uttered  
For those whom death had downed.  
And when the bugle sounded  
Just at the break of day,  
They blessed this senorita,  
The Maid of Monterey.

\*One of the popular soldier songs during the Mexican War.





AWAY TO THE WARS IN DIXIE!  
(tune: "Dixie")  
(1865)

Northmen, Lo! your country calls you!  
Rise, or slavery's doom befalls you!  
March away! March away! March away to the war!  
With the thunderbolts of heaven,  
Let the traitors forth be driven,  
March away! March away! March away to the war!

Chorus:

Then away to the wars in Dixie!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
In Dixie's land will take our stand  
For the Union down in Dixie.  
March on! March on!  
For the Union down in Dixie!  
March on! March on!  
For the Union down in Dixie!



## HOW DO YOU FEEL MR. DAVIS?

Composed and sung by Charley Rhoades\*  
(Air: How Do You Do Alabama?)

Bless the Lord, this bloody row is nearly over now,  
Thanks to General Grant, Sheridan and Sherman,  
With our President at the head they have killed  
  rebellion dead,  
And they're bush writing out its funeral sermon,  
Jeff Davis never thought that by Yankees he'd be  
  caught,  
While he was running for his own salvation,  
But in spite of hoops and shawl, this great leader  
  has to fall,  
'Though it was very much against his inclination,

## Chorus:

How do you feel Mr. Davis?  
You said saltpetre wouldn't save us;  
Just imagine if you can how you've bothered  
  Uncle Sam,  
Isn't hanging most too good for Mr. Davis!

For four years now or more, you have caused a great  
  uproar,  
With your rebellion, treason and secession,  
But now your time has come, and you've got to let  
  up some,  
For Uncle Sam has taken full possession,  
When you starved our Union ren, had you any idea  
  then  
How you fired the Union blood throughout the Nation?  
But now that you are caught, don't you think the  
  people ought  
On your dirty carcass make retaliation?

Now Jefferson take heed, for now's your time of need,  
Prepare yourself to leave this world of sorrow:  
Just learn to say your prayers, don't be taken un-  
  awares,  
For you deserve to be strung up tomorrow,  
You soon must surely die, your end is drawing nigh,  
You've not much longer time for preparation;  
So pray get ready soon, and in the world to come,  
In the warm place you'll find your proper station.

\*One of the famous San Francisco minstrels in the fifties;  
composer of Days of Forty-nine. See Minstrelsy, Vols. XIV  
and XV, S.F. Theatre Research Project, O.P. 465-03--286.



ACCESSIONAL\*  
 A Victorious Ode  
 (1808)

Our fathers fought in Freedom's name,  
 And wrested from the British Isle  
 Our country, loved and known to fame,  
 Oh, gracious Lord, withhold Thy hand,  
 While we expand - while we expand.

The doctrine taught by James Monroe,  
 And maintained through a hundred years,  
 Was but a bluff; it now must go  
 Since we've embraced both hemispheres.  
 O Lord, extend thy helping hand  
 While we expand - while we expand.

We've waved on high the Stripes and Stars,  
 With Liberty the glad refrain;  
 We've licked in three successive wars  
 Old England, Mexico and Spain.  
 The chip is on our shoulder yet;  
 Don't you forget - don't you forget.

So, ----- then be advised;  
 Don't knock this chip off - understand?  
 For if you do you'll be chastised  
 And we'll annex the -----  
 We mention this with some regret  
 Lest You forget - lest You forget.

\*The unusual international conditions existing in Manila Bay in 1898 were first succinctly apostrophized in this parody by an American army officer.



A SON OF A GAMBOLIER\*  
(1838)

I'm only a common soldier-man in the blasted Philippines,  
They say I've got Brown Brothers here but I dunno what it  
means.

I like the word Fraternity, but still I draw the line -  
He may be a brother of William H. Taft, but he ain't no  
friend of mine.

I never had a brother who would beg to get a drink  
To keep himself from dying when he hovered on the brink,  
And when my pal had give it him and emptied out his sack,  
Would take the opportunity to rip him up the back.

I'm here and I have seen it, so you can't make game of  
me;

I'd rather be an orphan than in such a familiee.

The L.B.B. may suit some folks, but after all is said,  
The best one that I ever saw had an overdose of lead.

\*The army signalized its opinion on the Philippine war in A Son of a Gambolier. Later the navy picked it up and sang it with gusto; later, too, its public enjoyment in the navy was forbidden. But the army clung to it, as well as it could, as a very apt and thorough expression of its feelings.





I'M A WARRIOR  
(1914)

I'm a warrior in de army  
I'm a warrior for de Lord.  
I'm a warrior, I'm a warrior  
In de army of de Lord....  
My God is a mighty God in battle  
My God is a victor in de fight  
My God is a mighty God in battle;  
He's fightin' for de right.

Chorus:

The musical score is written on seven staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Chorus:' and has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The final note of the chorus is a quarter rest.

I'm a war-rior in de ar-my I'm a  
war-rior for de Lord. I'm a war-rior, I'm a  
war-rior In de ar - my of de Lord.....  
My God is a might-y God in bat-tle  
My God is a vic-tor in de fight  
My God is a might-y God in bat-tle; He's  
fight-in' for de right.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS  
No. 1

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS  
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THE SONG OF THE BIRDS  
No. 1

A musical score for a piece titled "The Song of the Birds, No. 1". The score is written on eight staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The music is arranged in a multi-stemmed format, typical of a piano or organ score. The overall style is characteristic of early 20th-century musical notation.

OUR GALLANT NINETY-FIRST  
(1918)

Our western boys are home again with victor's  
battle song,  
With happy smile and martial stride they thrill  
the cheering throng.  
Their task is done, they beat the Hun, or all  
the world accurst,  
Our hearts we give, may long you live, Our  
Gallant Ninety-First!

Chorus:

They're home from France, they're home from  
France,  
Our boys who know no fear- Welcome, each and  
ev'ry one, let's give a rousing cheer,  
(Whoopie!)  
Hooray then, boy, hooray! hooray! You fought  
without dismay,  
And now you're home from o'er the foam-  
The Wild West won the day.

Western boys are brave and true, at home or  
o'er the sea,  
They kept the old red, white and blue, the  
emblem of the free,  
And now they're home let's make them glad they  
Sent the Hun accursed  
Across the Rhine in double time, Our gallant  
Ninety-First!



## WE'RE COMING BACK TO CALIFORNIA!

(1918)

Honey girl don't sigh,  
 Dry those tears, don't cry,  
 I'll be coming back some day;  
 Though you write, you're blue,  
 Little girl so true  
 Because you know I'm far away.

You know I love you best,  
 Girl of the Golden West,  
 And the Land of the Western Sun.  
 I'll pack up right away,  
 For the old U. S. A.;  
 For when the war is won,

## Chorus:

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is simple and sentimental, with lyrics written below the notes. The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the chorus.

I'm com-ing back to Cal-i - for - nia,-- To the  
 Gold-en West and you; ' I'm com - ing back to  
 Cal - i - for - nia To my lit - tle girl so  
 true. How well I re - mem - ber the tear in your  
 eye, The day that I left you and kissed you good-  
 bye I'm com-ing back to Cal-i - for - nia To the  
 Gold-en West and you. I'm com-ing you.



WE'RE COMING BACK TO CALIFORNIA  
(1918)

Honey girl don't sigh,  
Dry those tears, don't cry  
I'll be coming back some day;  
Though you write, you're blue,  
Little girl so true  
Because you know I'm far away.

You know I love you best,  
Girl of the Golden West,  
And the Land of the Western Sun.

I'll pack up right away  
For the old U. S. A.;  
For when the war is won,

Chorus:

I'm coming back to California,  
To the Golden West and you;  
I'm coming back to California  
To my little girl so true.  
How well I remember the tear in your eye,  
The day that I left you and kissed you  
goodbye.  
I'm coming back to California,  
To the Golden West and you I'm coming.  
We're coming back to California  
Where the Sunshine Division grew.  
After wading thru Europe and doing our bit  
The road to the West is the trail we will hit,  
We're coming back to California  
To the Golden West and you.

California's throng  
Will step right along  
From Paris to Berlin;  
Lads from Albuquerque  
Will do some mighty work,  
Declare the gang from Phoenix in;

The Denver Bunch has "Pep",  
You know the Mormon's "Rep",  
The combination spell EXCEL (XL)

Our Folks will all hear us shout,  
While we knock Huns about  
When Wilhelm's in his cell.





THE RUBAIYAT OF FUTURE STRUGGLE  
(1956)

Awake! for crisis in the marts of trade  
Has loosed war's thundering cavalcade;  
And o'er the paving of the cities march  
New regiments in ominous parade.

Watching the men in uniform go by,  
I seemed to hear the dead of Verdun cry:  
'Move over, fellows, make a bit more room.  
'Another million men are going to die.'

A mother, watching, asks: 'What is it worth?  
'The love? The pain? Anxiety of birth?  
'A little while- then war- and then we lay  
'Their broken bodies in the silent earth.'

Loud drums reviving old barbaric creeds,  
Youth panicked into wild and bloody deeds.  
The cannons cease. The smoke is cleared away.  
The banker profits and the vulture feeds.

Monarchs are gone. Their tyranny is dead.  
Financial Kings are ruling now instead.  
And still the armies march, the cannons roar.  
And still war's bloody river's running red.

We murdered twenty million men, but still  
The Lords of Greed are crying; 'Kill! Kill! Kill!'  
This morning they give uniforms to wear.  
Tomorrow there will be new graves to fill.'

'Come fill the graves, while dividends increase!  
'Die bravely. When the noble battles cease,  
'Beneath a torn and devastated world,  
'Your bones will rot in glory- and in peace!'

And look- a thousand men with legless knees!  
New empty sleeves go flapping in the breeze;  
Blind eyeless sockets; crazed and shell-shocked brains;  
Ten million children blighted with disease.



A SAN FRANCISCO SONGSTER  
(1849-1939)

APPENDICES: A-K

- A. SOURCES OF SONG TEXTS
- B. SOURCES OF MUSIC
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- D. SAN FRANCISCO MUSIC PUBLISHERS
- E. NOTE ON LOCAL SONGSTERS
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A SAN FRANCISCO SONGSTER

APPENDIX A: SOURCES OF SONG TEXTS

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## PART ONE: 2. (Cont'd.)

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35. The Days of the Forty-nine. Version recorded by Florence Gleason of Bakersfield, California. Words by Samuel C. Upham. Taken from his Notes of a Voyage to California, via Cape Horn. (San Francisco: Out West, February, 1903) P. 203.
36. Ye Ancient Yuba Miner. Samuel C. Upham. Notes of a Voyage to California via Cape Horn. (Philadelphia: Privately printed, 1878) P. 474-479.
37. Old Forty-nine. M. Taylor. The Gold Digger's Song Book. (Marysville: Marysville Daily Herald, 1856).
38. Gold Lake and Gold Bluff. John A. Stone. Put's Original California Songster. (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1854) P. 39.
39. California As It Is and Was. John A. Stone. Put's Original California Songster (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1854).

Main body of the document containing multiple paragraphs of extremely faint, illegible text.

## PART ONE: 3. (Cont'd.)

40. Humbug Steamship Companies. John A. Stone. Put's Original California Songster. (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1854).
41. Loss Of The Central America. John A. Stone. Put's Golden Songster (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1858) P. 7.
42. Blow The Man Down. Carl Sandburg. American Songbag (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927).
43. The Pioneer Stage Driver. Charley Rhoades. (San Francisco T. C. Boyd, 1865).
44. The California Stage Company. John A. Lomax. Cowboy Songs (New York: Macmillan Company 1938) P. 393-4.
45. Railroad To Nicaragua. Author Unknown. (San Francisco: Bulletin, April 16, 1856).
46. The Railroad Cars Are Coming. Arr. H. F. P. Carl Sandburg. American Songbag. (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927) P. 358
47. What The Engines Said. Author Unknown. (San Francisco : Evening Bulletin, May 29, 1869).
48. Ode On The Completion of the Pacific Railway. Author Unknown. San Francisco: Daily Evening Bulletin, May 10, 1869).
49. The Great Pacific Railway. William E. Krause. America, The Hope of Mankind. (San Francisco: Joseph Winterburn & Co., 1869).
50. Anti-Monopoly War Song. Composed for the Anti-Monopoly Party of California, dedicated to R. J. Harrison. Copyrighted by same in 1882.
51. Ode To McCoppin. Author Unknown. (San Francisco: Evening Bulletin, March 6, 1867).
52. West Bound Freight. Author Unknown. Cowboy Songs (Song Sheet, San Francisco, 1932).



## PART TWO: TRANSITION: CAMP TO CITY

52. ode, Mrs. E. M. Wills, (San Francisco Historical Society Quarterly, Vol. 4, No. 4, December 1925) P. 406.

## 1. Firemen's Shanties

53. Santa Ana, Author Unknown; an article, Chantevs Sung to The Rhythm of the Pumps by Pauline Jacobsen, (San Francisco: The Evening Bulletin, May 27, 1916) P. 9.

54. The Firemen's Bride, (as above)

55. The Engine on the Hill, (as above)

## 2. Three Parlor Ballads

56. When The Moon On The Lake Is Beaming, Stephen Massett; Popular Songs and Music of the 1850's, (San Francisco: Music Department, Public Library).

57. Lament of the Irish Emigrant, W. R. Dempster. (as above)

58. You're All The World To Me, Stephen Massett. (as above)

## 3. Songs From Three Early Plays

59. Piece of Golden Opportunity or Cocknies in California, by Sterling J. Coyne. A one-act play, (San Francisco: Federal Theatre Project, 1936).

60. The Spirit of California, by Albert Bernard de Russailh. A one-act play. (as above)

61. A Petticoat, A two-act play, A Live Women in the Mines or Pike County Ahead by Alonzo Delano. (as above)

## 4. Minstrel Show Lyrics

62. There's No Coon That's One-half So Warm, words by James O'Dea; music by M. B. Garrett. Popular Songs of 1900's, (San Francisco: Music Dept., Public Library).

63. Juba Dis, Juba Dat, two songs as sung by Lotta Crabtree. Constance Mayfield Rourke, Troupers of the Gold Coast, (New York and Boston: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1928). P. 157.

64. Don't We Step It Lightly, words by Edward Boden Price; music by John C. Sorg, (San Francisco: Kohler & Chase, 1879).

## 5. Loco-Focos, Whigs, and Kings

65. Two Political Songs, John Crane, (San Francisco: California Courier, June 9 & 10, 1851) De Young Museum.

66. Few Days, New Version, M. Taylor Gold Digger's Songbook, (Marysville: Marysville Daily Herald, 1856).



PART TWO: 5. (Cont'd.)

67. King's Campaign or Removal of the Deposits, anonymous. Soule's Annals of San Francisco, (San Francisco: D.E. Appleton & Co., 1855) P. 337-8.
68. On The Death of James King of William, anonymous, (San Francisco: Daily Evening Bulletin, May 24, 1856).
69. Who Killed Cock Robin? Dr. George D. Lyman, The Scalpel Under Three Flags, (San Francisco: California Historical Society Quarterly, Vol. 4, No. 2, June 1925) P. 193.
70. California, The Gem of the Ocean, Author Unknown (by the daughter of a distinguished lawyer of this city) Society of California Pioneers, Vol. 2, Sept. 9, 1857, (San Francisco: printed by Charles F. Robbins, 1857).





## PART THREE: METROPOLITAN SONG

## 1. The Literary Ballad

71. The Angelus. Bret Harte, "Collected Poems," (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1912).
72. From Russian Hill. Ina Coolbrith. Wings of Sunset, (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1929).
73. The Cool Grey City of Love. George Sterling. Sails and Mirage, (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1921).
74. San Francisco. Joaquin Miller. Literary California. (San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Co., 1918). P. 114
75. San Francisco, Our Beloved, Arise! Arise! Joseph Greven, (San Francisco: Chartier and Greven, 1906).
76. Back to Market Street. Words by Virgil Moore; music by Paul Steindorff. (as sung by the "Sunny Side of Broadway Co." at the American Theatre).
77. San Francisco of My Heart. Words by John Lyons Considine; music by Victor Herbert, (San Francisco Examiner, March 13, 1922).

## 2. Lampoons, Topical Verse

78. The Abalone Song. George Sterling. American Songbag by Carl Sandburg, (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927).
79. The Abalone Song. (Version). Verses by George Sterling; Jack London; Ambrose Bierce; Gelett Burgess. Songs of San Francisco, " (New York: Remick Music Corporation 1939) P. 14
80. The Spirit of the Sponge. Ambrose Bierce. Black Beetles in Amber. (San Francisco & New York: Western Authors Publishing Co., 1892).
81. A Song For Tea Drinkers. By The China Tea Company, (San Francisco: Evening Bulletin, January 2, 1856).
82. The Grass Leaf Poet. Walt Whitman, (San Francisco Daily Alta California, March 23, 1861).
83. The San Francisco Liszt. By A Professional Chip, (San Francisco: From Sir Henry Heymann's Scrapbook, 1875) De Young Museum.
84. Emperor Norton I. Fred Emerson Brooks. Literary California, (San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Co., 1918). P. 144

1. The first section of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the general situation and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

2. The second section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

3. The third section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

4. The fourth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

5. The fifth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

6. The sixth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

7. The seventh section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

8. The eighth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

9. The ninth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

10. The tenth section of the report deals with the progress of the work done during the year. It is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the progress of the work done during the year and the second with the progress of the work done during the year.

## PART THREE: 2. (Cont'd.)

85. The Exhibition Fair. Bella Union Melodeon Songster, (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1860). By permission of A. Kohler.
86. The Prettiest Girl at the Fair. Words by Sam Booth; music by Charles Schulz. Songs and Music Descriptive of San Francisco and California, (San Francisco: Grocer and Canner Print).
3. Workingmen Ballads
87. Our Working Men. Words by B. F. Dunning, (San Francisco: Bell & Company: A reprint).
88. The San Francisco Rag-Picker. As sung by Fred Woodhull, (San Francisco: T. C. Boyd: A reprint).
89. Twelve Hundred More. The Blue and Gray Songster, (San Francisco: S. S. Greene, 1871).
90. Kearney, The Working Man's Friend. Jim J. Nelson. The Blue and Gray Songster, (San Francisco: S.S. Greene, 1871).
91. John Chinaman. Pacific Song Book, (California Songster P.44) (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., 1861).
92. A Dollar A Day Without Board. Harry Norcross. The Blue and Gray Songster, (San Francisco: S.S. Greene, 1871).
93. An Editorial For The Chronicle, (San Francisco: San Francisco Examiner, January 24, 1878).
4. Recent Proletarian Song
94. Harvests. Marie de L. Welsh. (San Francisco: Western Worker, Sept. 4, 1933). P. 4
95. Red Vanguard. Author Unknown, (San Francisco: Western Worker, May 15, 1933).
96. These Are The Class War Dead. Michael Quinn, (San Francisco Western Worker, Aug. 1, 1934).
97. Some Day We'll Pay Our Debts. Michael Quinn, (San Francisco Western Worker, June 29, 1936).
98. Picket Song. (Song of the Retail Store Clerks Association pickets. San Francisco, Sept. 1938).
5. Today's Hired Thrushes
99. Penthouse For A Song. "400 Songs To Remember." Vol.1 No.1, Feb. 1939, P. 6 (Dunellen, New Jersey: Song Lyrics Inc.).



## PART THREE: 5. (Cont'd.)

100. For Me and My Gal. "400 Songs to Remember." Vol. 1, No. 1, Feb. 1959, P. 11 (Dunellen, New Jersey: Song Lyrics, Inc.).
6. Patriots and Propagandists
101. The Maid Of Monterey. Author Unknown. Literary California, (San Francisco: Harr Wagner Publishing Co., 1918). P. 195
102. Away to The Wars In Dixie. Rev. J. G. Forman, (San Francisco: Daily Alta California, Oct. 2, 1862, P. 4 - C.1.) De Young Museum.
103. How Do You Feel, Mr. Davis? Charley Rhoades, (San Francisco: T. C. Boyd, 1865). A reprint.
104. Accessional, A Victorious Ode, 1898. A Parody by an American Army Officer.
105. Son Of A Gambolier. Author Unknown. Article "The Army's Songs of the Philippines." (New York: Harper's Weekly, Mar. 5, 1910).
106. Our Gallant Ninety-first. Bruce Thomas. Songs and Music Descriptive of San Francisco and California, (San Francisco: Music Dept., Public Library).
107. The Rubaiyat of Future Struggle. Michael Quinn, (San Francisco: Western Worker, Nov. 16, 1936).



SOURCES OF MUSIC

1. Pomo Love Song. Derrick N. Lehmer Coll. (Recording.)  
Berkeley, California: 1939.
2. Alabado. Charles Francis Saunders and J. Smeaton Chase.  
California Padres and Their Missions. Boston and New  
York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1915.
3. La Noche Esta Serena. I.B. Richman, California under Spain  
and Mexico. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,  
1911.
4. Sacramento. (Tune: The Camptown Races.) Sigmund Spaeth.  
Read 'em and Weep. Garden City, New York: Doubleday,  
Page and Company, 1927.
5. Sweet Betsey from Pike. Carl Sandburg. The American Song-  
bag, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927.
6. Coming Around the Horn. (Tune: Dearest Mae.) Music by L.V.  
Crosby. Edited by Albert E. Weir. Songs of the Sunny  
South. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1929.
7. Joe Bowers. Words by Frank W. Smith. John A. and Alan  
Lomax. American Ballads and Folk Songs. New York: The  
Macmillan Company, 1934.
8. Ye Ancient Yuba Miner of the Days of '49. Edited by Edmond-  
stone Duncan. The Minstrelsy of England. London: Augener,  
Ltd., 1909.
9. Seeing the Elephant. (Tune: Boatman Dance.) Edited by Al-  
bert E. Weir. Songs of the Sunny South. New York, D.  
Appleton and Company. 1929.
10. The Hog-Eye Man. Arr. E. C. Carl Sandburg. The American  
Songbag. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927.
11. Hangtown Gals. Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman. Songs  
of the Gold Miners. New York: Carl Fischer, 1927.
12. Clementine. Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman. Songs of  
the Gold Miners. New York: Carl Fischer, 1927.
13. The Railroad Cars are Coming. Arr. H.F.P. Carl Sandburg,  
The American Songbag. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.,  
1927.
14. Crossing the Plains. Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman.  
Songs of the Gold Miners. New York: Carl Fischer, 1927.

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SOURCES OF MUSIC (Cont'd)

15. Sailing for San Francisco. Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman. New York: Carl Fischer, 1927.
16. The Song of Silver. Words by H. G. Parsons; music by E. P. Leisering. San Francisco: California Music Publishing Co., 1893.
17. Meet Me at the San Francisco Fair. Words and music by Don J. A. Gono. San Francisco: San Francisco Publishers, 1914.
18. San Francisco, Our Beloved, Arise! Arise! Joseph Greven. San Francisco: Chartier & Greven, 1906.
19. Don't We Step it Lightly. Words by Edward B. Price; music by John C. Sorg. San Francisco: Kohler & Chase, 1879.
20. Anti-Monopoly War Song. Dedicated to R. J. Harrison; copy-righted by same. San Francisco: 1882.
21. Back to Market Street. Words by Virgil Moore; music by Paul Steindorff. Collection of Songs Descriptive of San Francisco and California. San Francisco Music Department, Public Library.
22. San Francisco Fog. Words by Wallace Irwin; music by John Milton Hagen. Songs of San Francisco. New York: Remick Music Corporation, 1939.
23. Abalone Song. Words by George Sterling; Jack London; Ambrose Bierce; Gelett Burgess; music by Sterling Sherwin; Songs of California. New York: Remick Music Corporation, 1939.
24. We're Coming Back to California. Words by Ralph Hogan; music by Frank Walterstein. War Songs of the World War. San Francisco: Sherman, Clay & Co., 1918.
25. San Francisco of my Heart. Words by John Lyons Considine; music by Victor Herbert. San Francisco: San Francisco Examiner, March 13, 1922.
26. You're all the World to Me. Stephen Massett. Popular songs and Music of the 1850's. San Francisco: Music Department. Public Library.
27. I'm a Warrior. John J. Niles. Singing Soldiers. New York: C. Scribner's Son, 1927.



28. A Chinatown Ballad. Words by Wallace Irwin; music by John Milton Hagen. Songs of San Francisco. New York: Remick Music Corporation, 1939.
29. Telygraft Hill. Words by Wallace Irwin; music by John Milton Hagen. Songs of San Francisco. New York: Remick Music Corporation, 1939.
30. I Catch-A Da Plenty Of Feesh. Arr. H.F.P. Carl Sandburg, The American Songbag. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1927.
31. There's No Coon That's One Half So Warm. Words by James O'Dea; music by M. B. Garrett. San Francisco: San Francisco Examiner, 1901. A Reprint.
32. The Heathen Chinees. Words by Bret Harte; music by W.J. McCoy. Berkeley: Copyrighted by The Associated Students, 1905.



C: LOCAL SONG AND BALLAD COMPOSERS

1832-1907	Koppitz, George
1837-1920	Troyer, Carlos
1839-	Jaffa, Ruby M.
1839-1905	Holmes, Henry
1840-1920	Lejeal, Alois F.
1848-1938	Pratt, John Haradan
1850-	Hinrichs, Gustav
1850-1926	Vogt, Theodore
1852-	Masset, Stephen
1854-1926	McCoy, William Johnston
1855-1924	Heyman, Sir Henry
1856-	Nichols, P. R.
1856-	McKorkell, William
1856-	Geness, Herman
1856-1926	Metcalf, John W.
1856-1932	Stewart, John Humphrey
1857-	White, Clement
1857-	Kelley, Edgar Stillman
1857-	Pasmore, Henry Bickford
1858-	Planel, L. T.
1858-	Reiter, Prof. Philip
1858-	Zech, Frederick Jr.
1858-	Locher, Adolphe
1859-1918	Parrott, John
1859-1932	Redding, Joseph D.
1860-	Schultz, Charles
1860-	St. Clair, C. G.
1860-	Greven, Joseph M.
1861-	Fisher, William Arms
1862-	Evans, George T.
1862-	Rimbault, Edward F.
1863-	Edmonds, George H.
1863-	Ryan, Desmond L.
1863-1929	Jones, Abbie Gerrish
1863-	Wachtmeister, Axel Raoul
1864-	Simonsen, Martin
1864-	Thomas, J. B.
1864-	Cooper, George
1864-1930	Lloyd, Robert
1864-1937	Roma, Caro Mme.
1865-1934	Lemare, Edwin Henry
1866-1898	Johnson, Lee
1866-	Page, Nathaniel
1866-1939	Brescia, Domenico
1866-	Bevitt, Zay Rector
1867-1938	Lehmer, Derrick Norman
1869-	Scott, Gustav A.
1869-	Leach, Stephen W.
1870-	Wilson, Harriet



C: LOCAL SONG AND BALLAD COMPOSERS (Continued)

1871-	Westgate, Elizabeth
1872-	Schneider, Edward Faber
1873-	Von Der Mehden, L.
1873-	Booth, Sam
1874-1921	Dohrmann, J. H.
1874-	Lingard, William Horace
1875-	Pratt, Charles E.
1875-	Collier, Alfred
1875-	Marti, Felix
1875-	Silva, Giulio
1875-	Melville M. Ellis
1876-	Daynes, James
1876-	Lane, Spencer
1876-	Pferdner, Adolph
1876-	Morgan, John P.
1877-	Lavarnie, Frank
1878-	Stayner, Charles W.
1878-	Salz, Henri E.
1878-1924	Vargas, Guillaume
1878-	Aylwin, Josephine Crew
1879-	Gainfort, Emma
1880-	Lutz, W. Meyer
1881-	Heller, Herman
1882-	Mignon, August
1883-	Lloyd, Arthur
1884-	Arrillaga, Santiago
1884-	Elkus, Albert I.
1884-	Carrington, Otis Mills
1885-	De Grassi, Antonio Gioachino
1885-	Waldrop, Uda
1886-	Stone, Roberta Russell
1887-	Weber, Bertha Anna
1887-	Pendleton, Emmet
1888-	Tours, Berthold
1888-	Whitcomb, Pearl Hossack
1888-	Persinger, Louis
1889-	Attl, Kajetan,
1890-	Towner, Edwin Earl
1890-	Housman, Rosalie
1890-	Ferry, Charles Theodore
1891-	Jacobi, Frederick
1892-1938	Warnke, Frederick William
1893-	Leisering, E. P.
1896-	Hicks, Hobart
1897-	Cowell, Henry Dixon
1897-	Usigli, Gastone
1898-	Bacon, Ernst
1904-	Hicks, John Pendleton
1908-	Green, Ray
1912-	St. Edmonds, John





D: MUSIC PUBLISHERS  
1850-1939

1852-58	Atwill & Co.	172 Washington Street
1856-64	A. Kohler	178 Washington Street
1858	Rasche & Sons	190 Washington Street
1859-60	Gray & Herwig	176 Clay Street
1860	Salvator Rosa	615 Montgomery Street
1862-64	Chas. F. Robbins, & Co.	417 Clay Street
1862-74	M. Gray	613, 623 Clay Street
1866	The Zeno Mauvais Music Co.	769 Market Street
1872	Wm. A. Frey	404 Kearny Street
1874	Sherman & Hyde	137 Kearny Street
1877-78	California Music Pub. Co.	532 Clay Street
1893	California Music Pub. Co.	403 Market Street
1879-07	Kohler & Chase	137 Post Street
1883-1937	Sherman, Clay & Co.	Kearny and Sutter Sts.
1884	A. Waldteufel	
1899	Lee Johnson & Co.	41 Geary Street
1900	San Francisco Music Co.	225 Sutter Street
1914	San Francisco Publishers	766 Sutter Street
1917	Daniel & Wilson, Inc.	
1920-24	Florentine Publishing Co.	55 Stockton Street
1923	Morrison Music Co.	935 Market Street
1925-39	Villa Moret, Inc.	703 Market Street
1937	Cross-Winge	1053 Howard Street



### APPENDIX E: NOTE ON LOCAL SONGSTERS

The music of the white race is widely enjoyed by peoples sharing many different histories and origins; the simple harmonies underlying all Teutonic, Anglican, Gaelic, or Gallic music, religious or secular, have satisfied such diverse folk as those of Western Europe, those raped from Africa, and those Polynesians and Melanesians now enjoying cultural benefits of Caucasian civilizing procedures.

It is not singular then to find that the polyglot horde attracted by gold in 1849, their descendants and other westward moving immigrants to El Dorado, should have shared a common love for hearing their own voices raised in diatonic song.

Singing is one of the few pleasures enjoyed in the Dark Ages, that still costs no money. It is always available to relieve stress or communicate joy, instantaneously, at any hour, under almost any circumstances.

#### FIRST SONGSTERS

The songster, or collection of songs enjoyed in professional performances, or remembered from old, made an early appearance in San Francisco. One thing in particular assured the commercial success of song collections at a modest price. Among the miners and their colleagues, the successful and unsuccessful gold prospectors, there was an astoundingly high percentage of Cornishmen. These Englanders were miners, used to mining tin under conditions requiring the utmost skill and hardihood and for their labor they received sustenance and



little more. The news of Marshall's great discovery came to them as a god-sent chance to use their talents, free themselves and become perhaps independent, if not wealthy men. They rushed to California in droves and on up into the mountain mining camps. They loved to sing, particularly they loved to sing ballads and to hear ballads sung, either sentimental or satirical. Cornishmen are both, and natural singers as well. So, from the start, there was a natural market for published song collections, even without music, because all knew or could easily pick up the indicated tunes, but the new words composed on themes drawn from their daily lives, aspirations, successes and failures, had to be learned. These little books contained the precious words that make songs a natural history, both of the individual and the group to which he or she belongs. They furnish a history of environment as well: social, cultural, geographical or political - in short, the environment in all its aspects.

#### THE PACIFIC SONG BOOK

The most ambitious of these songsters, was the Pacific Song Book, published in 1861, by Appleton.

It included, (according to W.J. Handy, in Some Early California Songs, Outwest. v.18) the Original Songster, The California Songster, the Golden Songster, Johnson's Comic Songs and Johnson's new Comic Songs, all of which had been previously published in separate volumes.

Perhaps the best idea of its scope and its import-

1. The Commission on the Status of Women, established in 1946, was the first international body to focus on the status of women. It was created by the United Nations and has since then held regular sessions. The Commission's work is based on the principle of equality between men and women. It has produced a number of important documents, including the Declaration on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women (CEDAW). The Commission also monitors the implementation of these instruments and provides technical assistance to governments. In 1992, the Commission was replaced by the Commission on the Status of Women, which continues its work under a new mandate.

DECLARATION ON THE ELIMINATION OF DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WOMEN

1. The Commission on the Status of Women, established in 1946, was the first international body to focus on the status of women. It was created by the United Nations and has since then held regular sessions. The Commission's work is based on the principle of equality between men and women. It has produced a number of important documents, including the Declaration on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women and the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women (CEDAW). The Commission also monitors the implementation of these instruments and provides technical assistance to governments. In 1992, the Commission was replaced by the Commission on the Status of Women, which continues its work under a new mandate.

ance to history is furnished by the publishers themselves who wrote in a wise, if somewhat purple, passage:

"Six years ago the Publishers of this volume first gave to the California world a new publication called the California Songster of Original and Selected songs, compiled with an eye to the tastes and wants of our miners and Gold Hunters - those indomitable men who have made this Golden State what she is, one of the brightest among the galaxy of thirty-two, (or thirty-three if S.C. stays in) and as we then said in the Preface 'its our intention to improve on the California Songster'. And should any of the many sojourners in the mountains, while breathing the pure air of the lofty Sierra Nevada, kindle the spark of enthusiasm in praise of his country, please send them along, and we will give every man the credit of his own works. How far these promises have been fulfilled, we leave to the public. The success of the Book, apart from pecuniary considerations, was most gratifying. This book was shortly followed by another, called 'Put's Original California Songster',..... which proves its renowned author, John A. Stone (or Old Put, as he is familiarly called) to have been at home with either pick or pen.

"Three years later, 'Johnson's original Comic Songs' was issued, the sale of which exceeded all expectation, and it has now reached its second edition, tenth thousand. A few months after appeared on the boards 'Put's Golden Songster'.. One year ago, Johnson's New Comic Songs' No. 2 was published...and for a long time we handed them out about as fast as we could print them. A few months since, the 'Bella Union Melodeon Songster' made its appearance, and was immediately followed by 'Conner's Irish Song Book'. Both are now before the Public and speak for themselves.

"In the publication of the various SongBooks as above stated, we have catered to the Public taste, with profit to ourselves, and, we trust, with pleasure to our patrons. We herewith present the Pacific Song Book, not doubting this venture to please, like all former attempts, will result with success.





"This volume contains songs that will be sung and remembered as long as there is a Pacific Coast: - 'Fools of '49'; 'Arrival of the Greenhorn'; 'Joe Bowers'; 'Poker Jim'; 'Sweet Betsey from Pike'; 'Ragged Coat'; &c. In it will be found the cream of the most popular songs and ballads ever sung on this Coast, embracing in its wide and varied selection all the favorites, the whole comprising a book that cannot fail to please."

To quote further from W. J. Handy's volume, "... an advertisement, moreover, in Ben Cotton's songster, published in 1864, indicates that this Pacific Songbook, was in the finer editions:

"A handsome 18mo. volume of 300 pages, beautifully bound in cloth, with gold illuminated back, containing all the Songs ever published on the Pacific Coast. This book is in fact a History of California in early times. Nothing shows the character of the people more than their ballads, and a more correct idea of life in '49 can be gained from this volume than from all the California Guides and Annuals &c. ever published. \$1.50 Price."

Not exorbitant, certainly, for "All the Songs ever published on the Pacific Coast". Of course, this is not exactly accurate as lists published in another appendix of this volume demonstrate, but, even so, it was a good buy and sold well.

For data on the various songsters published and listed elsewhere, preceding The Pacific Songbook and published later, credit is due to the American Folk Lore Society, a branch of which has existed in California since August 18, 1905. It was organized to study the many elements of folk-lore extant in California among the Indian, Spanish-American and Asiatic populations.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
OFFICE OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20530

MEMORANDUM FOR THE ATTORNEY GENERAL  
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

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Not the first, but well up among the famous, stands Put's California Songster. Titles of the songs in this engaging work appear elsewhere, as does a list of the names of mining towns in which these songs were sung as recreation from the excitement and hardships of the day's round of early California miners.

This list of names gives ample proof of the story concerning Booth, who toured these camps with Shakespearean repertory; most of his audiences could whisper the most florid and satisfying passages along with him. For most had carried but two books with them, from Europe and the East to the new goldfields--Shakespeare and the Bible in the King James version. Thus it is that the names of these camps have the true quality of the best English literature--a fine and affirmative realism and a romantic ring and rhythm. They give evidence of the strange qualities of courage and imagination which have carried English-speaking adventurers around the world in search of fortune and independence.

It was this same talent with words and deeds, in which the first naturally begets the second, and vice versa, that begot the balladry we have sought to chronicle. Its almost Elizabethan richness of trope and conceit, its simple-complex structure, (simple form, complexly varied,) gives proof from the past of the talents of the English-speaking races to adapt themselves to the most difficult situations and to make these situations and human feelings concerning them, fit sub-



jects for balladry. Unfortunately these ballads are usually as deficient in musical excellence as they are excellent in literary quality.

### CIVIL WAR SONGSTERS

It is amusing to note in later songsters, the transition, in miniature, from 16th century realism and gusto to the cant and overblown sentiment characteristic of the latter half of the 19th century of English literature.

The Civil War songsters published in San Francisco by the Appletons, as well as other collections such as those sung by that favorite of the sixties, Ben Cotton, are full of songs of furious and highpitched patriotism shared by all entertainers and songwriters who write rather to please the vulgar than from any inner necessity and ardor. Most of these collections such as John Brown, and The Union Right or Wrong Songster, were designed to appeal to supporters of the North, but the defenders of Southern feudalism were not entirely neglected by San Francisco bards and publishers. Musical partisans of either side stuck to highflown and windy generalities. In not one song in any songster does any realistic suggestion occur as to what the war was all about.

Following the war, the victorious Union General was rewarded for military ability by a presidential nomination. This brought forth such a profusion of ballads that a songster appeared bearing the title Stratman's Campaign U.S. Grant Song-Book, (San Francisco, 1868.) Earlier, the Fremont presidential



campaign had occasioned the appearance of The Fremont Songster and a recent historian, Jeannette Miller, makes the critical comment that "even if Fremont had been elected, the songs would have died a speedy death."\*

#### TEMPERANCE MELODIES

The only other political struggle important enough and of sufficient duration to call forth collections of songs was the Temperance movement, which has always flourished in California, America's Vineyard. The Dashaway Association certainly the most oddly named sect of this profoundly negative movement, had a book of 96 pages called Songs of the Dashaways, printed in 1860 by Charles F. Robbins of San Francisco. To quote again from Miss Miller's valuable thesis on California Folk Songs: "A typical number is the Dash Away Chorus sung to the tune of Bonny Doon:

"A happy band of brothers, we  
 United in sweet community,  
 Resolved the cup to 'dash away'  
 Whose poisonous draughts do thousands slay."

The above example is similar to many found in the Temperance Melodies of 1869 and the Silver Star Temperance published at some unknown date in the eighties.

#### SENTIMENTAL SONGSTERS

Collections of sentimental songs, perennial in San Francisco as elsewhere in our peculiarly sentimental country, vied for popularity with collections of minstrel songs dis-

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\*Miller, Jeannette, Folk Songs of California, University of California thesis, 1937.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
5800 S. UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

**MEMORANDUM**

TO: [Name]  
FROM: [Name]  
SUBJECT: [Subject]  
[Detailed text of the memorandum, including a summary of the work done, the results obtained, and any conclusions drawn. The text is mostly illegible due to blurriness.]

DATE: [Date]  
BY: [Signature]

APPROVED: [Signature]  
[Additional text at the bottom of the page, possibly a footer or administrative note.]

**MEMORANDUM**

TO: [Name]  
FROM: [Name]  
SUBJECT: [Subject]  
[Detailed text of the second memorandum, including a summary of the work done, the results obtained, and any conclusions drawn.]



tinguished for a wit so feeble and stale that it is revamped nightly over the radio of today to the never failing delight of today's listeners-in, a delight hardly less keen than that of the audiences attending yesteryears' minstrel shows. Among the songsters designed for these San Francisco music lovers of early days were the Champagne Charlie and Coal Oil Tommy Songsters, issued by Appleton and Co., in 1868, containing such appeals to provincial vanity as 'Frisco Bay, California Bloomer and the Young Girl from Sonoma.

While the Appleton Company profitably mixed laughs in with the sighs, Signor Raffaell Abbecco, played sighs straight across the board in his Sentimental Songster, as did many another collection of "tear-jerkers" which filled local publisher's pockets to bulging.

Today, song-collections published locally still exist. With few exceptions they are pirated grab-bags, culled from the factories connected with the studios of Hollywood, and the leg-and-gag "entertainment" of New York.

Yet the desire to laugh and to cry provides excuse for the republishing in songsters of ballads hardly deserving of a first printing. Today's collections - the Leo Feist, the Irving Berlin, the Remick Company's folios of popular hits are bought and badly played and sung by the contemporary public, bringing forth their accompanying smiles and whimpers just as the earlier balladry did, and always has done, so long as humans take delight in rhyme, rhythm and notes of varying pitch.



F. THE PACIFIC SONG BOOK:  
 (Grand Collection of Songsters)  
 1861

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I Will, and I Won't  
Rosy Hannah

Songs by San Francisco Minstrels

Aunt Jemina's Plaster  
Der Radish Girl  
Pull Back  
Old Tom Cat  
The Cottage by the Sea  
Kiss Me Quick And Go  
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The Female Auctioneer  
Don't be Angry, Mother  
Not Married Yet  
Emma Jane  
Thy Daughter, Columbia, Are Fairest  
Millie of the Vale  
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 Nancy Lane  
 The Latest Dispatch  
 Bacon and Greens  
 Sounds On The Union  
 Mother Kissed Me In My Dreams  
 How Do You Do, Alabama?  
 John Hones, a parody on Ben Bolt  
 I'd Choose To Be A Baby  
 Battle Cry of Freedom



All's for the Best  
 When Johnny Comes Marching Home  
 Annie Laurie  
 Good Ole Times (Air: Kingdom Coming)  
 Happy Go Lucky (Air: Drops of Brandy)  
 I'm a Young Man From The Country  
 Who Will Care For Mother Now?  
 Write A Letter To My Mother  
 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home  
 Sammy Slap, the Bill-Sticker  
 Something To Love Me  
 Our Union, Right Or Wrong  
 Sambo, I have Missed You  
 Johnny was a Shoemaker  
 Yes, I Would The War Was Over  
 Dear Mother, I've Come Home To Die  
 I'm Going To Fight Mit Siegel  
 We Stand Here United  
 On The Field of Battle, Mother  
 Trust To Luck  
 A National Song  
 I Have No Mother, Now  
 Wouldn't You Like To Know?  
 Annie of the Vale  
 All Hail To Ulysses!  
 We'll Fight for Uncle Abe  
 The Poll-Tax Man  
 I Loved That Dear Old Flag The Best  
 People Will Talk  
 Brother, Tell Me Of The Battle  
 Come In And Shut The Door  
 Stand up for Uncle Sam, My Boys  
 Daisy Deane  
 The Vacant Chair

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY SONGSTER  
 (1871)

The Blue and The Gray  
 The Marble Arch  
 Slavery Days  
 Sadie Ray  
 Twelve Hundred More  
 Custard Pies  
 A green Banana  
 My Wife is So Awfully Thin  
 Lullaby  
 Funny Old Gal  
 Since Terry First Joined The Gang  
 A lock of My Mother's Hair



Whoa, Emma! sung by Tony Pastor  
I Wish Mamma was Here  
The Laboring Man For Me  
Don't You Do It  
It's Funny When You Feel That Way  
None Others Need Apply  
You Are An Awful Tease  
The Murphy Twine  
Walking Out On Sunday  
Old Grimes' Cellar Door  
Jockey Club Boquet  
Don't Put The Working Man Down  
The Laborer's Grievance  
A Dollar A Day Without Board  
Behind The Scenes  
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\* Put's Golden Songster (San Francisco: D. E. Appleton & Co., Copyrighted by John A. Stone, 1858).



H. SONGSTERS PUBLISHED  
IN SAN FRANCISCO OR VICINITY

- 1855 California Songster, giving a true sketch of the ups and downs of a California Life. San Francisco, D.E.Appleton
- 1856 The Gold Diggers Song Book, containing the most popular, humorous and sentimental songs sung throughout California Marysville, Marysville Daily Herald Print.
- 1856 The San Francisco Minstrels' Songbook. San Francisco, Monson and Valentine.
- 1856 Comic Songs; or, Hits at San Francisco, San Francisco, D.G.Robinson, Commercial Book & Job Office.
- 1858 Put's Golden Songster, Stone, John A., containing the largest and most popular collection of California songs ever published. San Francisco, D.E.Appleton.
- 1860 Bella Union Melodeon Songster, No. 1. San Francisco, D.E. Appleton.
- 1860 Conner's Irish Song Book. San Francisco, D.E. Appleton
- 1860 Songs of the Dashaways, Dashaway Association, San Francisco Charles F. Robbins.
- 1861 Pacific Song Book, containing all the songs of the Pacific coast and California; by various authors. San Francisco, D.E.Appleton.
- 1863 Johnson's New Comic Songs, No. 2. San Francisco, D.E. Appleton & Co.
- 1864 The Sally Come Up Songster, Clark and Fisher. San Francisco D.E.Appleton & Co.
- 1864 Sentimental Songster, Raffael Abecco, San Francisco, D.E. Appleton & Co.
- 1864 Ben Cotton's Own Songster, No. 2. San Francisco, D.E. Appleton.
- 1867 Marching Through Georgia, and Wearing of the Green Songster, 5th edition. San Francisco, D.E.Appleton & Co.
- 1868 Champagne Charlie and Coal Oil Tommy Songster. San Francisco, D.E.Appleton.
- 1868 Put's Original California Songster, 4th edition. John A. Stone. San Francisco, D. E. Appleton. (1st edition, 1854)
- 1868 Stratman's campaign U.S. Grant Song Book, San Francisco, John Stratman.
- 1869 Brown of Yonkers, Temperance Melodies, James M. Brown, Sacramento, Russell & Winterburn.
- 1871 The Blue and The Gray Songster, San Francisco, S.S.Greene (California songsters issued every month).
- 1871 Booth Campaign Songster, San Francisco, Alta California General Printing House.
- 1871 Songs of the Emerson Minstrels, Vol. 1., San Francisco, Bacon and Co.
- 1872 The Great Emerson New Popular Songster, San Francisco, S.C. Blake & Wm. Sharp, Jr.
- 1872 Local Lyrics, by Sam Booth. San Francisco, Bruce's Printing House.
- 1874 Billy Warner's Clown Songster, by William Warner, San Francisco, Francis & Valentine.

### THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives and actions of countless individuals and the evolution of societies over time. It is a story of human progress, struggle, and achievement, shaped by the forces of nature and the choices of men. From the dawn of civilization to the present day, the human story has unfolded in a series of interconnected events and eras, each leaving its mark on the world we live in.

In the beginning, the world was a place of mystery and wonder, where the boundaries between the natural and the supernatural were blurred. As humanity emerged, it sought to understand its place in the universe and the forces that governed it. This quest for knowledge led to the development of language, art, and science, laying the foundation for the civilizations that followed.

The ancient world was a time of great achievement and discovery. The Greeks and Romans, among others, made significant contributions to philosophy, art, and governance. Their legacies continue to influence the modern world in countless ways. The Middle Ages, often characterized by the rise of the Church and the Crusades, was a period of both darkness and enlightenment, as scholars preserved and built upon the knowledge of the ancients.

The Renaissance brought a renewed interest in the arts and sciences, leading to the great works of literature and the discoveries of the scientific revolution. The 17th and 18th centuries were marked by the Enlightenment, a period of intellectual and political reform that challenged traditional authority and laid the groundwork for modern democracy and human rights.

The 19th century was a time of rapid industrialization and social change. The Industrial Revolution transformed the world, bringing about unprecedented economic growth and technological advancement. However, it also led to the exploitation of workers and the environmental degradation that we see today. The 20th century has been a period of global conflict, social upheaval, and scientific breakthroughs, culminating in the end of the Cold War and the dawn of the 21st century.

As we look to the future, we are faced with new challenges and opportunities. The rapid pace of technological change, particularly in the fields of artificial intelligence and biotechnology, promises to revolutionize our lives. At the same time, we must address the pressing issues of climate change, social inequality, and global peace. The history of the world teaches us that the future is not predetermined, and that we have the power to shape our destiny through our actions and choices.

H. SONGSTERS PUBLISHED  
IN SAN FRANCISCO OR VICINITY (cont'd)

- 1876 The Great Centennial Republican Campaign Songster, San Francisco, McLean & Co.  
 1887 The Silver Star Temperance Song Book, R.H. McDonald, compiler, San Francisco, published by the author.

Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning Songster. San Francisco, G. W. Green  
Bar-room Ballads of the Fifties, Mildred M. Wiley, compiler, collected by Miss Margaret A. Kelly. 106 leaves. (photostat copy, negative)

H. 1. OTHER SONGSTERS POPULAR IN SAN FRANCISCO

(Sold by D.E. Appleton & Co.,  
but not all published here.)

Touch The Elbow Songster  
Fred. May's Comic Irish Songster  
The Little Mack Songster  
Bob Hart's Plantation Songster  
White's Plantation Melodies  
Christy's Songster  
Beadle's Military Song Book  
Berry's Comic Songs  
The Handy Andy Songster  
Harry Lorrequer Songster  
The Irish Boy & Yankee Girl Songster  
The Shamrock  
Charley O'Malley Songster  
Rory O'More Songster  
Lover's Irish Songs  
White's Ethiopian Songster  
Uncle Sam's Naval & Patriotic Songster  
Columbian Songster  
Juliana Johnston's Own Colored Solos  
The Naval Songster  
Bryant's Essence of Old Virginny  
Bryant's Minstrels

Note: S.S. Greene, No. 4 Eighth Street, San Francisco issued in 1871 a CALIFORNIA SONGSTER each month, of songs popular in the East and local, and sung at the San Francisco Theatres.

Pull Down The Blind  
Pretty As A Picture  
The Green Little Shamrock  
Songs of the Emerson Minstrels  
Maggie Darling  
Walking for Dat Cake  
Sweet By-and-By  
They All Do It.  
At It Again





I: MINING FIATS AND CAMPS  
NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO \*

Jim Crow Canon	Nigger Hill	Graveyard Canon
Happy Valley	Humbug Canon	Gridiron Bar
Ground Hog's Glory	Greaser's Camp	Seven-up Ravine
Red Dog	Seventy-Six	Gospel Gulch
Hell's Delight	Bloomer Hill	Hen-Roose Camp
Jackass Gulch	Christian Flat	Loafer's Retreat
Bogus Thunder	Piety Hill	Chicken-Thief Flat
Ladies Canon	Grizzly Flat	Lousy Ravine
Dead Wood	Rough and Ready	Pike Hill
Last Chance	Hog's Diggings	Sugar-Loaf Hill
Miller's Defeat	Rat Trap Slide	Liberty Hill
Gouge Eye	Ragtown	Port Wine
Greenhorn Canon	Brandy Gulch	Poker Flat
Loafer Hill	Chucklehead Diggings	Love Letter Camp
Puke Ravine	Push-Coach Hill	Mud Springs
Shanghai Hill	Seven-by-nine Valley	Logtown
Mad Canon	Barefoot Diggings	Coyote Hill
Plug Lead Gulch	Rattlesnake Bar	Skinflint
Shirt-tail Canon	Quack Hill	Git-up-and-git
Guano Hill	Snow Point	Podletown
Slap Jack Bar	Wild Cat Bar	American Hollow
Skunk Gulch	Paradise	Gopher Flat
Humpback Slide	Nary Red	Yankee Doodle
Hungry Camp	Dead Mule Canon	Gold Hill
Lazy Man's Canon	Blue Belly Ravine	Stud-Horse Canon
Swellhead Diggings	Gas Hill	Horsetown
Coon Hollow	Dead Man's Bar	Pancake Ravine
Murderer's Bar	Wild Goose Flat	Bob Ridley Flat
Whiskey Bar	Sluice Fork	Petticoat Slide
Pepper-Box Flat	Ladies' Valley	Centipede Hollow
Poor Man's Creek	Brandy Flat	One Eye
Poverty Hill	Shinbone Peak	Nutcake Camp
Mount Zion	Puppytown	Paint-Pot Hill

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\*Geographic localities referred to in the popular balladry of El Dorado.



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THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I  
THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA  
The first discovery of America was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. He sailed from Spain in August and reached the island of San Salvador in the Bahamas in October. Columbus was the first European to reach the Americas, although he did not realize it at the time. He believed he had reached the East Indies. His voyage opened the way for European exploration and settlement of the Americas.

CHAPTER II  
THE EARLY YEARS  
The early years of the United States were marked by the struggle for independence from Great Britain. The American Revolution began in 1775 and ended in 1783. The Continental Congress declared independence on July 4, 1776. The war was fought between the Continental Army and the British Army. The Continental Army, led by General George Washington, emerged victorious. The Treaty of Paris in 1783 recognized the independence of the United States.

CHAPTER III  
THE CONSTITUTION  
The Constitution of the United States was drafted in 1787 and ratified in 1788. It is the supreme law of the land. The Constitution established the three branches of government: the executive branch, the legislative branch, and the judicial branch. The executive branch is headed by the President, the legislative branch by Congress, and the judicial branch by the Supreme Court.

CHAPTER IV  
THE WESTERN EXPANSION  
The Western Expansion of the United States was a period of rapid growth and settlement. It began in the late 18th century and continued through the mid-19th century. The expansion was driven by the desire for land, resources, and trade. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and the Texas Annexation in 1845 were major events in the expansion. The expansion also led to the discovery of gold in California in 1848.

CHAPTER V  
THE CIVIL WAR  
The Civil War was fought between the Union and the Confederacy from 1861 to 1865. It was the bloodiest war in American history. The war was fought over the issue of slavery. The Union, led by President Abraham Lincoln, emerged victorious. The war ended slavery in the United States and preserved the Union.

CHAPTER VI  
THE RECONSTRUCTION  
The Reconstruction period followed the Civil War. It was a period of rebuilding and reform. The Reconstruction Act of 1867 established the Reconstruction Acts, which required the Southern states to ratify the 14th Amendment and to guarantee the rights of African Americans. The Reconstruction period ended in 1877 with the Compromise of 1877.

CHAPTER VII  
THE Gilded Age  
The Gilded Age was a period of rapid industrialization and economic growth. It began in the late 19th century and continued through the early 20th century. The Gilded Age was characterized by the rise of big business and the accumulation of vast wealth by a few individuals. The Gilded Age also saw the rise of social reform movements and the Progressive Era.

CHAPTER VIII  
THE PROGRESSIVE ERA  
The Progressive Era was a period of social and political reform. It began in the late 19th century and continued through the early 20th century. The Progressive Era was characterized by the rise of the Progressive Movement, which sought to reform society and government. The Progressive Era led to the passage of many important laws, including the Sherman Antitrust Act and the Progressive Era reforms.

CHAPTER IX  
THE INTERWAR PERIOD  
The Interwar Period was a period of relative stability and economic growth. It began after World War I and continued through the 1920s and 1930s. The Interwar Period was characterized by the rise of the automobile and the economy. The Interwar Period also saw the rise of the Great Depression in the 1930s.

CHAPTER X  
THE SECOND WORLD WAR  
The Second World War was fought between the United States and the Axis powers from 1941 to 1945. It was the largest and most destructive war in history. The United States, along with the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union, emerged victorious. The Second World War led to the end of the war and the beginning of the Cold War.

CHAPTER XI  
THE COLD WAR  
The Cold War was a period of tension and conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union. It began after the Second World War and continued through the 1940s and 1950s. The Cold War was characterized by the arms race and the proxy wars. The Cold War ended in 1991 with the collapse of the Soviet Union.

CHAPTER XII  
THE MODERN ERA  
The Modern Era is a period of rapid technological and social change. It began in the late 20th century and continues to the present. The Modern Era is characterized by the rise of the Internet and the digital age. The Modern Era has led to many important discoveries and innovations.

CHAPTER XIII  
THE FUTURE  
The Future of the United States is uncertain. It will depend on the actions of the people and the government. The future of the United States will be shaped by the challenges of the 21st century, including climate change, terrorism, and global inequality.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, in the Year 1724.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST, FROM HIS DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND, TO HIS DEATH.

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON, Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, in the Year 1724.

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Cornel Lengyel, Editor



WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION  
Northern California  
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San Francisco -- a center of music in the West since the Gold Rush Days -- offers a rich and as yet hardly touched field for investigation. The main object of the History of Music Project is to prepare a comprehensive history of San Francisco music. This is being done through a series of monographs covering its phases from 1849 to the present. Written in a clear, concise and vivid manner, it is to be published in twelve or more mimeographed volumes, appropriately illustrated wherever possible.

The series are to provide the student and the musician with a reference work of local significance and a compendium for consultation. To the author, critic, and historian it should be a valuable depository of information and source materials. A work such as this will make accessible to the layman an interesting history of the city's musical culture, a subject which as yet has had but fragmentary treatment. The monographs are to be distributed to specified public agencies such as schools, libraries, universities, and special institutions, places where they will be at the disposal of the student and the general public.

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