

## Days Of '49

### Hammers of Misfortune

Old Tom Moore, from the bummer's shore in the good old golden days

They call me a bummer and a ginsot too, but what cares I for praise?

I rove around from town to town, folks call me a roving sign  
"Yes, just Old Tom Moore, he's a bummer sure, from the days of '49"

My comrades they all loved me well, a jolly saucy crew  
A few hard cases I will recall, though they all were brave and true

What 'ere the pitch, they never would flinch, they never would fret nor whine

Like good old bricks, they stood the kicks in the days of '49

In the days of old, in the days of gold  
How oft 'times I repine for the days of old  
When we dug up the gold, in the days of '49

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy, he was always getting tight

And every time that he'd get full, he was spoiling for a fight  
But Jake rampaged against a knife in the hands of old Tom Clay

And over Jake they held a wake in the days of '49

There was Nantucket Bill, I knew him well, he was always fond of tricks

At a poker game, he was always there, and ready with his bricks  
He would ante up and draw his cards, and he would you go a hateful blind

In the game with death, he lost his breath, in the days of '49

There was Ragshag Bill from Buffalo, I never will forget  
He would roar all day and roar all night, and I guess he's roaring yet

One day he fell in a prospect hole of a roaring bad design  
And in that hole he roared out his soul, in the days of '49

Of the all friends that I had then, there's no one left to toast

And I'm left alone in my misery like some poor wandering ghost  
I just rove around from town to town, folks call me a roving sign

"Yes, just Old Tom Moore, he's a bummer sure, from the days of '49"