

# HOLDSTOCK & MURPHEY'S "SAN FRANCISCO SHANTIES" PAGE 1

## OH CALIFORNIA

J.Nichols words 1858, Steven Foster Melody

I came from Salem City with my wash bowl 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's so hot I froze to death. Oh brothers don't you cry

### Chorus

Oh California, that's the place for me.  
I'm off to San Francisco with my wash bowl on my knee

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

I thought of all the pleasant times we had together here,  
I thought I ought to cry a bit but couldn't shed a tear.  
The pilot's bread was in my mouth, the gold dust in my eye  
Although I'm going far away, dear brothers don't you cry

And when I get to Frisco boys, it's then I'll look around.  
And when I see the gold lumps there, I'll pick them off the  
ground.  
We'll scrape the mountains clean me boys, we'll drain the rivers  
dry,  
A pocket full of rocks bring home, Oh brothers don't you cry.

## SANTY ANA

We're sailing down the river from Liverpool  
Heave away, Santy Ana  
Around Capehorn to Frisco Bay  
Way out in Californio.

So heave her up and away we go,  
Heave away, Santy Ano  
Heave her up and away we'll go  
All on the plains of Mexico.

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew,  
A down east Yankee for her captain too

There's plenty of gold so I've been told,  
There's plenty of gold so I've been told,

Back in the days of forty-nine  
Those were the days of the good old times

When Zachary Taylor gained the day,  
He made poor Santy run away,  
General Scott and Taylor too,  
Made poor Santy meet his Waterloo

Santy Ana was a good old man,  
Till he met his uncle Sam.

When I leave this ship I'll settle down,  
And marry a girl named Sally Brown.

## SACRAMENTO

Oh around Cape Horn we're bound for to go,  
To me Hooda, To me Hooda,

Around cape Horn through the sleet and snow  
To me Hooda, Hooda, Do Dah Day.  
Blow boys blow, for Californio  
There's plenty of gold so I've been told  
On the Banks of the Sacramento.

Around cape Horn with the skysyl set  
Around Cape Horn we're all ringing wet

Around the Horn up to the line,  
Were the bullies for to make her shine,

Were the Buckos for to make her go  
To make her go to San Francisco.

Ninety days to Frisco Bay  
Ninety days is a dam good pay.

Sing and heave and heave and sing.  
Sing and make those handspikes ring.

Them was the days of the good old times  
Back in the days of forty nine.

## CALLERFORNIE

Words By J.P. Robson Tune Alley Croaker 1849

Oh Hinny Geordie, Canny man, you know I love you dearly  
For you I gave up Baggy Crooks and used Tim Targent queerly;  
Billy Benson wanted me to wed, but man I couldn't spurn ye,  
Oh hinny can you think of this and gang tea Californie,  
Oh Californie, foolish Californie, I  
Like honey gloves my hart will bust if you gang to Californie

Why Mary hold yer wenching gob me minds made up for certain,  
Me picks and spades are in me case, in the morn I'll soon be startin.  
I'll soon be hiking on the sea and plowing round Cape Horney  
And in the seem I'll hue for gold when I get to Californie  
Oh Californie, bonny Californie,  
The very clods upon the street is gold in Californie.

Oh you may rue me collier lad when in the waves yer sprawling.  
When crocodiles and unicorns are at yer hoggers haulin,  
You'll not look like a Geordie man, you'll catch a cold and turn ye,  
You'll wish to be at home with me and far from Californie,  
Oh Californie shame on Californie,  
Bob Stoker says it's none but fools that goes to Californie.

Yer wrong I tell yer Mary lass just read the papers hinney  
The place is very like the mint another coast of Guinea!  
But mind you once I've heard it said the cannibals will bone ye,  
And make gold ointment of yer bairns when you get to Californie,  
Oh Californie why not Californie?  
Why Mary lass, I can thrash them all, I'll conquer Californie.

Well consider Geordie as yer wife I'd never turn contrary,  
If you must go then take the lass you calls yer bonnie Mary  
But well I know before you go yer trembling at the journey;  
So lad take me on the boat, so where's yer Californie.  
O Californie ticing Californie,  
I wish we folks were not so poor to want ye Californie.

Cheer up me ducks and gang wi me and never heed the danger,  
Us collier lads works hard fer nowt and still to death's no stranger,  
Like Whittington I hear the bell that says come on yer Geordie

## ALL THE WORDS TO SAN FRANCISCO SHANTIES PAGE 2

Golds better far than hewing coal, oh dear this Californie  
Oh Californie we're coming Californie  
Farewell to slate, cold, damp, and blast, Hurrah for Californie.

### JOHN KANAKA

I thought I heard the old man say.  
John Kanaka naka To Li Ay  
There's work tomorrow but no work today.  
John Kanaka naka To Li Ay

Chorus To li aye-O to li aye  
John Kanka naka to li aye

We're bound away from Frisco Bay  
We're bound away at the break of day.

It's just one thing that grieves my mind.  
To leave my wife and child behind.

They'll wave farewell down on the quay.  
To wait and fear and weep for me.

Were bound away around Cape Horn,  
Where you wish to Christ you've never been born.

The bosun said before "I'm through,  
You'll curse yer mother for having you".

It's rotten wheat and weevily bread,  
And it's pump or drown the old man said.

It's one more pull and that'll do.  
And we're the bullies for to pull her through.

### THE FRISCO SHIP

Oh our ship she lay by Frisco Bay,  
To me way hay oh I O  
Oh our ship she lay by Frisco Bay,  
A long time ago

Our smart Yankee clipper lay out in the bay  
All waiting a wind for to get underway.

We sailed from Frisco in a full rigged ship,  
We sailed from Frisco in a full rigged ship,

Her masts was silver, her yards was gold,  
Her masts was silver, her yards was gold.

Bound for new York with a cargo gold  
Bound South round the Horn through the ice and the cold.

If ever I sets me feet on the shore  
I'll become the owner of a little rum store.

If ever I gets me feet on the land,  
I'll become some young ladies fancy man.

Oh it's a long time and a very long time  
It's a very long time since I wrote this rhyme.

### COMING AROUND THE HORN

John A. Stone Words 1855, L.V.H. Crosby Melody

Now miners if you 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 housing, tools, and grub,  
But cursed the day we sailed away 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 sailed from New York City with the weather very thick  
The second day we puked up boots oh wasn't we all sea sick  
I swallowed pork tied to a string, which made a dreadful shout  
I heard it hit the bottom but I couldn't pull it out.

We all were owners in the ship but soon began to growl.  
Because we had not ham and eggs nor now and then a fowl  
We told the captain what to do for 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 the vessel was so small,  
We had a doff but once a week and twice a day a squall,  
We had a meeting now and then and kicked up quite a stink,  
The captain cursed us fore and aft and wished the tub would sink.

Off Cape Horn we lay becalmed kind providence seemed to frown,  
We had to stand up day and night none of us dared sit down.  
Some had half a dozen boils 'twas awful sure as your born.  
Someone tried it on the sly and got pricked by the horn.

We arrived in Valpariso where the women are so loose  
All got drunk as usual got put in the calaboose  
We patched our ragged rotten sails and then made ready for sea  
But all the crew, except the cook, were uptown on a spree

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

We arrived in San Francisco and all went to the mines  
We left an agent back to sell our goods of various kinds  
A friend wrote to say our agent Mr. Gates  
had sold the ship and cargo, sent the money to the states.

### WHISKY JOHNNY

Now if ever you go to Frisco Town  
Whisky, Johnny  
Mind you steer clear of Shanghai Brown  
Whisky for me Johnny oh

He'll dope your whisky night and morn,  
And then Shanghai you round cape horn.

Two months wages they are dead  
And a donkeys breakfast for your bed.

Oh Shanghai Brown and Larry Marr,  
Their names are known both near and far.

Oh Larry Marr and Shanghai Brown  
They robbed me up and they robbed me down.

They fit you up with dumboat gear,  
That'll have to last you half a year.

## HOLDSTOCK & MURPHEY'S "SAN FRANCISCO SHANTIES" PAGE 3

Carpet slippers made out of felt,  
An a nice clean yarn rope for a belt.

A suite of oilskins made out of cotton,  
And an old sea chest with bricks on the bottom.

Oh the Barbary coast is no place for me  
Keep an eye on your drink when you come from sea.

Or else you'll wake up on a cold frosty morn,  
On a three sky'sl yarder bound round the horn.

On a three sky'sl yarder bound round the horn,  
You'll wish to Christ you'd never been born.

Oh I thought I heard the old man say,  
Just one more pull and then belay.

### HO FOR CALIFORNIA

We've formed our band were all well manned,  
To journey afar to the promised land,  
The golden shore is rich in store  
On the banks of the Sacramento shore.

Then ho boys ho for Californio  
There's plenty of gold so I've been told  
On the banks of the Sacramento

The gold is thar it's every whar,  
We dig it out rich with an iron bar,  
And where it's rich with spade or pick  
We dig out chunks as big as a brick.

We expect our share of the coarsest fare.  
And oft times sleep in the cold damp air  
We'll all sleep sound on the cold damp ground,  
Except when the wolves come howling around

As off we roam o'er the dark sea foam,  
We'll not forget kind friends at home  
And memory kind still brings to mind the love of the girls  
we left behind.

The land we'll save for the bold and brave,  
And there shall never be a slave,  
Let foes recoil from the suns of toil,  
We'll make California Gods free soil.

### HUMBUG STEAMSHIP COMPANIES

John A. Stone Words. Turner melody

The greatest imposition that the public ever saw,  
Are the California steam ships that sail to Panama.  
Their a perfect set of robbers and accomplish their designs,  
By a general invitation of the people to the mines.

#### Chorus

So come along, you that wants to go,  
The best accommodation and passage very low.  
Our boats they are large enough don't be afraid  
The Goldengate is going down to beat the Yankee Blade.  
So Come along don't be afraid.  
The Goldengate is going down to beat the Yankee Blade.

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

When you leave from San Francisco they treat you like a dog.  
The victuals that they feed ain't fit to feed a hog.  
The drunken mate's a cursing and a damning you around.  
Wishing that the boat would sink and every one would drown.

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 knocks the meat dish all to smash.  
The steward comes a running with a plate of moldy hash.

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

### SHANGHAI BROWN

When first I went to Frisco boys, I went upon a spree,  
My hard earned cash I spent it fast, I got drunk as drunk could be,  
Before me money was all gone, or spent on some old whore,  
I made up me mind and was well inclined to go to sea no more.

#### Refrain

No more me, no more, To go to sea no more,  
I made up me mind and was well inclined to go to sea no more.

That night I spent with Sally Brown too drunk to roll in bed,  
Me clothes was new me money was too, in the morn  
with them she fled,  
A feeling sick I left the house and went down to the shore,  
There I went me head all bent and the crimps at me did roar  
Did roar, did roar, the crimps at me did roar.  
There I went., me head all bent and the crimps at me did roar

The first chap I ran afoul of was Mr. Shanghai Brown,  
Well I asked him neat if he'd stand the treat; he looks me up and down.  
He said " The last time yer was paid off you chalked me up no score.  
But I'll give yer a chance and I'll take yer advance,  
and send yer to sea once more".  
Once More, etc

They shipped me aboard of whaling ship bound for the Arctic Sea,  
Where them cold winds blow and the ice and snow would  
even make Jamaica rum freeze.

I had no clothes I had no gear, me money spent on a whore,  
T'was then I swore that when on shore I'd go to sea no more.  
No more, etc.

Some times we caught them sperm whales boys and sometimes  
we caught none,  
With a twenty-foot oar stuck in yer paw you pulled the whole day long,  
And when the night it came around and yer nodded on your oar,  
A man must be blind to make up his mind to go to sea once more.  
Once more, etc.

## ALL THE WORDS TO SAN FRANCISCO SHANTIES PAGE 4

### A RIPPING TRIP

You go a-board a leaky boat and sail for San Francisco,  
You've got to pump to keep her a float  
You have that by jingo.  
The engine soon begins to squeak,  
But nary thing to oil her  
Impossible to stop the leak-  
Rip goes the boiler.

The captain on the promenade,  
Looking very savage;  
Steward and the cabin maid  
Fighting bout a cabbage;  
All about the cabin floor,  
Passengers lie -sick *OH*  
Steamers bound to go ashore-  
Rip goes the physic

"Pork and beans" they can't afford,  
For second cabin passengers;  
The cook has tumbled overboard  
With forty pound of "sassadors";  
The engineers a little tight  
Bragging on the Main Line,  
Finally gets in a fight-  
Rip goes the engine.

Cholera begins to rage.  
A few have got the scurvy;  
Chickens dying in their cage  
Steerage topsy-turvy.  
When you get to Panama,  
Agents want a back-load;  
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 have a glass of gin,  
"Twill make you feel so funny;  
Some city shark will rope you in-  
Rip goes your money!

### THE FIVE GALLON JAR

On the Barbary coast there lived a man,  
His name is Larry Marr,  
And in the days of the Cape Horn Trade,  
He played the Shanghai game.  
His wifes name it was Mary Anne,  
They was known both far and near.  
They never missed a lucky chance  
To use the big five gallon Jar.

In the old Virginia low lands, low lands low,  
In the old Virginia low lands low.

A hell ship she was short of hands,  
Of full red blooded tars,  
Misses and Larry primed the beer  
In the big five gallon jar,  
Shellbacks and farmers just the same  
Sailed into Larry Marr's,

And sailed away on a skys'l ship,  
Around Cape Horn so far,  
Away from all those girls and boys,  
helped by the big five gallon jar.

There were five or six old drunken tars  
Standing around the bar,  
And Larry he was serving them  
From the big five gallon jar.  
Their names are known both near and far,  
As is the Cape Horn bar,  
And the dope they serve to old Jack Tar,  
From the big five gallon jar.

So from the Barbary coast steer clear me boys  
Steer clear of Larry Marr,  
Or else dam sure Shanghaied you'll be,  
By the big five gallon jar.  
Shanghaied away on a Skys'l ship,  
Around cape Horn so far.  
Away from those girls and boys,  
And the big five-gallon jar.

### CALIFORNIA BOY

Going to California is a dreary life  
Robs young girls of their heart's delight  
Causes them to weep, and causes them to mourn  
The loss of a true love, never to return.

Captain, oh captain, bring me a boat  
That I may over the ocean float.  
I'll hail every vessel that passes me by.  
And there I will inquire for my California boy.

Brown is the color of my true love's hair.  
His cheeks resemble the roses fair.  
If he'll come back and bring me joy,  
None will I ever have but my California boy.

She called for a chair to sit upon  
Pen and paper to write it down.  
With every line she shed a tear,  
With every page she cried "Oh my dear".

Dig my grave both wide and deep  
Put marble stones at my head and feet  
Upon my breast put a turtle dove  
To show all the world that I died for love.

Going to California is a dreary life  
Robs young girls of their heart's delight.  
Causes them to weep and causes them to mourn  
The loss of a true love, never to return.

### HOG EYE MAN

Oh the Hogeye man is all the go,  
When he comes down to San Francisco.

With yer Hogeye, Railroad Nellie with a Hogeye,  
Row ashore in the Hogeye Oh, She wants the Hogeye man.

Oh Nellie's in the garden shelling peas,  
Her long yellow hair's hanging down to her knees.

## HOLDSTOCK & MURPHEY'S "SAN FRANCISCO SHANTIES" PAGE 5

She won't wed a sailor she'll damned if she do,  
They got giggies on their feet and they can't wear a shoe.

Oh the Hogeye man is the man for me,  
He lives down in Tennessee

In San Francisco there she'll wait  
Till the Hogeye man sails through the gate.

Hand me down my walking cane,  
I'm going to see my darlin again.

Nellie's in the garden on his knee,  
The Hogeye man's home from the sea.

Who's been hear since I've been gone,  
Big fat sailor with his sea boots on.

In San Francisco so they say,  
The Hogeye man goes around all day.

Yes the Hogeye man is all the go,  
When he comes down to San Francisco.

### The Dying Californian

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,  
For my limbs are growing cold,  
And thy presence seeming nearer  
When thine arms around me fold

I am dying, brother dying,  
Soon you miss me in my birth,  
For my form will soon be lying,  
Neath the ocean's briny surf

Listen brother, catch each whisper,  
'Tis my wife I speak of now,  
Tell oh tell her how I missed her  
When the fever burned my brow.

Oh my children, heaven bless them,  
They were all my life to me,  
Would I once more caress them,  
Before I sink beneath the sea.

'Twas for them I crossed the ocean  
What my hopes were I'd not tell,  
But they gained my orphans portion  
Yet he doeth all things well.

Tell them I never reached the haven,  
Where I sought the precious dust,  
But have gained a port called heaven,  
Where the gold will never rust.

Lay up nearer brother nearer  
For my limbs are growing cold,  
And thy presence seemeth nearer  
When thine arms around me fold

### HOMEWARD BOUND

We're homeward bound I heard them say,  
Good bye fare you well, good by fare you well,

We're homeward bound this very day.  
Hurrah me boys were homeward bound.

Were homeward bound for Frisco bay,  
To Frisco bay in three months and a day.

Oh heave a way, she's up and down,  
We're homeward bound it's a joyous sound.

I thought I heard the old man say,  
Oh Frisco Bay in three months and a day.

Them Frisco Girls has got us in tow,  
We'll hall away and roll and go.

And it's good by to Katie and good by to Nell,  
And it's good by again and fare ye well.

And now I hear our first mate say,  
Its one more pull and then belay.