Banks of the Sacramento

Banks of the Sacramento

As I was rollin' down the strand
    Hoo-dah, hoo-dah,
I met two fairies* hand in hand
    Hoo-dah, hoo-dah, day!

cho: Blow, boys blow!
    To Californ-i-o
    There's plenty of gold**, so I've been told
    On the banks of the Sacramento.

I chose the one with the curly locks,
She let me chase her o'er the rocks***

I chased her high, I chased her low
I fell down and broke me toe.

Off to the doctor I did go
And I showed him my big toe.

In came the doctor with a bloomin' big lance
"Now, young sailor, I'll make you dance!"

In came the nurse with a mustard poultice
Banged it on, but I took no notice.

Now I'm well and free from pain
I'll never court flash gals again.

*(sic) Probably affectionate form of fair ones
**or There's plenty of grass to wipe your ass
***Bowdlerization by Mr. Hugill. Adjust as required.

From Shanties from the Seven Seas, Hugill