

# Days of '49

## Bob Dylan

I'm ol' Tom Moore from the bummers shore in the good old golden days

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

I wander around from town to town just like a rovin' sign

And all the people say, "There goes Tom Moore in the days of 49" In the days of old, in the days of gold

How often times I repine

For the days of old, when we dug up the gold

In 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

Whatever the pitch they never would flinch

They never would fret or 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 oftentimes 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's boy

He was always getting tight

And every time that he'd get full, he was spoiling for a fight

Then Jake rampaged against a knife in the hands of ol' Bob Stein

And over Jake they held a wake in the days of 49 In the days of old, in the days of gold

How often times I repine

For the days of old, when we dug up the gold

In the days of 49 There was Poker Bill, one of the boys who was always in a game

Whether he lost or whether he won, to him it was always the same

He would ante up and draw his cards and he would you go a hatful blind

In a game with death, Bill lost his breath, in the days of 49 In the days of old, in the days of gold

In the day's times I repine

In the days of old, in the days of gold

Those were days of 49 There was ragshag Bill from Buffalo, I never will forget

He would roar all day and he'd roar all night and I guess he's roarin' yet

One day he fell in a prospect hole in a roaring bad design

And in that hole he roared out his soul in the days of 49 In the days of old, in the days of gold

How oftentimes I repine

For the days of old, when we dug up the gold

In the days of 49 Of the comrades all that I've had, there's none that's left to boast

And I'm left alone in my misery like some ol' poor wandering ghost

And I pass by from town to town, they call me 'The Rambling Sign'

There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure in the days of 49 In the days of old, in the days of gold

How often times I repine

For the days of old, when we dug up the gold

In the days of 49 In the days of old, when we dug up the gold

How oftentimes I repine  
In the days of old, in the days of gold  
In the days of 49, oh

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