

# Days of '49

## Bob Dylan

I'm ol' Tom Moore from the bummers shore in the good old golden days  
They call me a bumner 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 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'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 oft times 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 bumner 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 oft times I repine  
In the days of old, in the days of gold  
In the days of 49, oh

Songwriters  
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