

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Banks of the Sacramento (2)

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O, around Cape Horn we are bound to go  
To me Hoo-dah, to me hoo-dah  
Around Cape Horn through the sleet and snow  
To me hoo-dah, hoo-dah, day

cho: Blow boys blow,  
For Califor-I-O  
There's plenty of gold so I've been told  
On the banks of the Sacramento.

Oh around the Horn with a mainskys'l set,  
Around Cape Horn an' we're all wringin' wet.

Oh, around Cape Horn in the month o' May,  
Oh, around Cape Horn is a very long way.

Them Dago gals we do adore,  
They all drink vino an' ask for more.

Them Spanish gals ain't got no combs,  
They comb their locks with tunny-fish bones.

To the Sacramento we're bound away,  
To the Sacramento's a hell o' a way.

We're the buckos for to make 'er go,  
All the way to the Sacramento.

We're the bullies for to kick her through,  
Roll down the hill with a hullabaloo.

Starvation an' ease in a Yankee ship,  
We're the bullies for to make 'er rip.

Santander Jim is a mate from hell,  
With fists o' iron an' feet as well.

Breast yer bars an' bend yer backs,  
Heave an' make yer spare ribs crack.

Round the Horn an' up to the Line,

We're the bullies for to make 'er shine

We'll crack it on, on a big skiyoot,  
Ol' Bully Jim is a bloody big brute.

Oh, a bully ship wid a bully crew,  
But the mate is a bastard through an' through.

Ninety days to 'Frisco Bay,  
Ninety days is damn good pay.

Oh, them wuz the days of the good ol' times,  
Back in the days of the Forty-nine.

Sing an' heave an' heave an' sing,  
Heave an' make them handspikes spring.  
An' I wish to God I'd niver bin born,  
To go a-ramblin' round Cape Horn.

From Shanties from the Seven Seas, Hugill