

# In The Days Of '49 - song lyrics

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IN THE DAYS OF '49.

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Words and Music by Percy Gaunt.

A figure sat beside the fire, and storm-swept was the night,  
While merry children grouped around and watched the flick'ring light;  
The figure was old gran'ma, and her sad face told the pain  
Of patient watching for the one who might return again.  
The tots then coaxed her for the tale about her dear old Jack,  
Who left her years and years ago, and would he not come back?  
For Jack had left her as a bride, a girl of form divine,  
But that was many years ago, in the days of 'forty-nine.

Chorus.

In the days of 'forty-nine, when gold was madly sought,  
In the days of 'forty-nine the golden fever caught,  
As westward rushed the human tide to strike a glitt'ring mine-  
How many perished on the way in the days of forty-nine!

"Yes, Jack had left me one bright day," old gran'ma whispered low;  
He seemed to be light-hearted, but I begged him not to go.  
'Why, Mollie dear,' he gaily cried, 'while I have strength and health,  
You'll want for nothing when I strike a golden mine of wealth.'  
He had a loving, fond adieu and passed the swinging gale;  
My heart was heavy, for I knew how hard would be his fate.  
He waved his hand and soon had gone, that darling Jack of mine.  
And that's the last I saw him, in the days of 'forty-nine." - Chorus.

But gran'ma never knew the fate that had befallen Jack:  
He wrote her once or twice that he would soon be coming back:  
He struck a mine of golden ore, and wealth came thick and fast-  
A letter told her in few words, "I've found success at last"  
And then he fell to evil ways, success had turned his brain;  
He never cared to see his darling Mollie once again;  
And gran'ma still keeps watching, in the days of her decline.  
And wonders if he'll come, as in the days of 'forty-nine. - Chorus