A CALIFORNIA BALL

Twould make our eastern people rave To see the great and the small, The old with one foot in the grave, All splurging at the ball.

Wait for the music; Wait for the music! Wait for the music, and we'll all have a dance!

One foot they through the diggings wind, And over the mountains tall, With the young ones tagging on behind, "Flat-footed" for the ball!

-Chorus

A dozen babies on the bed. And all begin to squall; The mothers wish the brats were dead, For crying at the ball.

-Chorus

A drunken loafer at the dance, Informs them one and all. With bowie-knife stuck in his pants, The best man at the ball.

-Chorus

The gambler all the money wins, To bed the drunkest crawl; And fighting then of course begins With rowdies at the ball!

-Chorus

They rush it like a railroad car; And often is the call Of, "Promenade up to the bar," For whiskey at the ball!

-Chorus

—From "Songs of the Gold Miners," by Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman. Copyright 1932, by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York.

HANGTOWN GIRLS

Hangtown girls are plump and rosy, Hair in ringlets, mighty cosy; Painted cheeks and sassy bonnets. Touch them and they'll sting like hornets.

Hangtown girls are lovely creatures Think they'll marry Mormon preachers, Heads thrown back to show their features Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hangtown girls.

Dreadful shy of 'Fortyniners, Turn their noses up at miners, Shocked to hear them say "gol durn it!" Try to blush but cannot "burn" it.

They'll catch neighbors cats and beat them, Cut their beans in half and eat them; Promenade in silk and satin, Cannot talk but murder Latin.

-Chorus On the streets they're always grinnin'; Modestly they lift their linen; Petticoats all trimmed with laces,

Matching well their painted faces. -Chorus

To church they seldom venture, Hoops so large they cannot enter; Go it, gals, you're young and tender, Shun the pick and shovel gender.

-Chorus -From "Songs of the Gold Miners," by Sterling Sherwin and Louis Katzman. Copyright 1932, by Carl Fischer, Inc., New York.

SAILING 'ROUND THE HORN

Now miners, if you'll listen, I will tell you quite a tale About the voyage 'round Cape Horn they call a pleasant sail;