THE GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST
OR
THE RACE TO CALIFORNIA.
A Comic Song
Written to a
GOLDEN MEASURE.
and Dedicated to the
Master of the Mint
by One of the
Golden Fleece

LONDON: LEONI LEE & COXHEAD.
Music Seller to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
Price 1/6
THE GOOD TIMES COME AT LAST

OR

THE RACE TO CALIFORNIA.

Written by R. V. Sankey.
The World is full of wonders now and each succeeding day Sir Inventions, Curiosities new novelties display Sir, but power of Steam and light of Gas and Electricity Sir, are sought to California's wealth that great and last discovery Gold, Gold, Gold, everybody's running after Gold, Gold, Gold
Oh the good time is come at last, and each succeeding day Sir
Inventions, Curiosities—new novelties display Sir
But power of Steam, and light of Gas, and Electricity Sir
Are sought to California's wealth that great and last discovery
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold.

Ten thousand Ships they're building now to cross the wide Atlantic
And all are on their way to reach those golden shores romantic
Butchers Bakers leave their work Coblers and "Navvies" too Sir
And even Lawyers Emigrate. Oh dear, what shall we do Sir
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold.

The Miner looks with wistful eye, the Spendthrift hails with glee Sir
This golden scheme now set afloat by many a Company Sir
In breathless haste they all set off and like the Gilpin chase Sir
All Nations for the ingots rare to California race Sir
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold.

Some travel by the aid of Steam, some tramp upon their feet Sir
And some in Ships, some in Balloons, their voyages complete Sir
But all go with the same intent, the hope of gaining wealth Sir
Nor do they stop to eat or drink, regardless of their health Sir
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold.

Soldiers desert, no wonder, since the means of getting rich Sir
Is open to the Poorest Man by scraping in a Ditch Sir
Their Officers now make their beds, and cook their meals we hear Sir
But soon they must betake themselves to scrape there too we fear Sir
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold.

'Tis true we have a Silver Street and a Golden Square Sir
But still we must remember they've Golden Mountains there Sir
Now doubtless they will build their Towns of Gold or such like stuff Sir
And as we all are going there, they'll soon have bricks' enough Sir
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold.

Oh the glorious time has come at last. deny it who's so bold Sir
A pound of baked potatoes new, will bring its weight in gold Sir
While blankets, brandy, Lucifers, and shoes and boots "worn out" Sir
Will rise, that every "soul" will wish, a "healing" time no doubt Sir.
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold.

Instead of drinking Pump water, or even Half and Half Sir
We all will live like jolly souls and Port and Sherry quaff Sir
In "spirits" we will keep ourselves. The Mettle's coming in Sir
And not a man will now be found who'll say he wants for "vin" Sir.
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold.

Oh the Good Time has come at last, we need no more complain Sir
The Rich can live in luxury, and the Poor can do the same Sir.
For the Good Time has come at last, and as we all are told Sir
We shall be Rich at once now, with California Gold Sir.
Gold, Gold, Gold.

Every body's running after Gold, Gold, Gold.