

# CALIFORNIA;

OR,

## THE FEAST OF GOLD.

A New Comic Song,

*Written by Henry Valentine,*

AND

SUNG BY MESSRS. CARROL. WARDE, MARTIN, MILLS,

And all the Principal Comic Singers,

WITH THUNDERS OF APPLAUSE.



LONDON:

R. MACDONALD, 30, GREAT SUTTON STREET,

*Price One Shilling.*

# California; or, The Feast of Gold.

*p* *f*

Oh! list to the Yan-kee proc - la-mation! "The

*ff* *p*

smartest na-tion in all cre - a-tion," Has is-sued a gen'-ral in - vi - ta-tion To folks of ev'-ry de - no - mi - nation, To

*f*

cross the main, and drain, and strain, And share in the feast, the won-d'rous feast of gold.

*p* *f* *p*

*f* *p* *ff*

2.

Then list! oh, list, you Englishmen!  
 Ye Scotchmen, too, from hill and glen!  
 Let the Irish echo repeat the strain!  
 To raise the wind, and the means obtain,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

3.

In California, all men agree,  
 Large fortunes are made with certainty,  
 In a day or two, or at furthest three;—  
 Be quick, then, folks of every degree,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

4.

Don't stop to doff your shoes or hose,  
 But jump in the river with all your clothes;  
 Fortune lies beneath your toes,  
 Though how she came there—nobody knows;  
     Then cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

5.

A sieve, a pickaxe, and a spade,  
 Are all you need for stock in trade;  
 You can purchase a hop-sack ready made;  
 When full, you'll rejoice you were not afraid  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

6.

A blow of your shovel—a poke of your pick,  
 Brings a lump of gold, like a Chinese brick;  
 Take what you can, and cut your stick,  
 And send for your poor relations quick,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

7.

'Tis a harem-scarem, scrambling battle—  
 Niggers, navvies, and half-starved cattle;  
 The mother is deaf to her infant's prattle,  
 And snatches its cradle, the mud to rattle,  
     Then cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

8.

I've told you the newest New Year's news,  
 'Twas first found out by the Mexican crews;  
 The Yankees are getting as rich as Jews,  
 And all are at liberty, who choose,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

9.

This is no "Great Sea-Serpent" tale,  
 Though it sounds, I own, "very like a whale,"  
 There's gold galore, both "grain" and "scale,"  
 And cockneys are sailing off wholesale,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And share in the Feast—  
     The wondrous Feast of Gold.

10.

But the Yankees, for me, their fibs may cram on;  
 When I wade in a lake, it shall be for salmon;  
 I'm not so "considerably" fond of mammon,  
 To be lured by Brother Jonathan's gammon,  
     To cross the main,  
     And drain, and strain,  
     And starve at their Feast—  
     Their wondrous Feast of Gold.