

New Gold Song

Now the time to change your clothes
Give up work and taking
All who choose be rich as Jews
Even without asking
California's precious earth
Turns the new world frantic
Sell your traps and take a berth
Across the wild Atlantic

Yankee Doodle all aye
With the golden mania
Debts no longer prove a drag
Happy Pennsylvania
Shout who about stocks and loans
Kicker up such an old dust
Live to see the very stores
Come down with the gold dust

Shakepear of undying fame
Whom they are going to play so
Gave to gold a naughty name
Or made limon say so
And the mob their true lands leave
Corn and cane and tobacco
To appear lost at sea
As Californians

Gold is got in pan and pot
Soup tureen or ladle
Basket bird cage and what not
Even to a cradle
Oh Davador's foam at last
Turba red virusum
Loon their saddled heads as fast
As Raleigh did before and

How this flush of gold will end
The bare statements unfold
Perhaps a few sacks they will send
Only for a sample
But we hope this golden move
Really is all true sirs
Else with Yankee Doodle prove
A Yankee Doodle too sirs. J.C.

The Sleigh Ride

Sleigh riding isn't it very good fun
With the mercury almost too thick to run
From below zero twenty one
When if you sneeze
The spray will freeze
And your legs are numbed by the dreadful breeze
Glorious pastime is this I swear
How you admire the silvery snow
As your lungs collapse in the blast so soon
Of nose and ears as the sled's progress
You pleasantly lose all consciousness
And the buffalo hide
And the cap was tied
And the wooden structures too beside
Are powerless all to shield off the blast
That knives you through in harrowing frost
Whisps pine in a moonlight night
Thaw with the very winds to fight
And frost bitten ears when the race is done
Aptly show the capital fun