

Sacramento

(Banks of the Sacramento; Californi-O; Blow, Boys, Blow)

$\text{♩} = 105$



1. A - round Cape Horn we__ all must go, Hoo-dah! Hoo-dah!
2. It's nine-ty - one days to__ Fris - co Bay,
3. San - tan - der Jim was the mate from Hell,
4. And when_ we get to the Fris - co docks,
5. And when_ we've land - ded_ safe and sound,
6. It's sing_ and heave and_ heave and sing,
7. It's breast_ your bars and_ bend your backs,



A - round_ Cape Horn through the frost and__ snow, Oh, hoo - dah,
It's nine - ty - one days is a bloody long__ way,
With fists_ like iron that__ rang like a bell,
The pret - ty young girls come__ down in__ flocks,
I'll stand_ yez whis - keys__ all a - round,
It's heave_ and make your__ hand - spikes_ spring,
It's heave_ and make your__ spi - rits__ crack,

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hey! **Ch.** And it's blow, boys, blow For Cal - i - for - ni - O! There's

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plen-ty of gold, So I've been told, On the banks of the Sac - ra - men - to!