

OH CALIFORNIA

SOLOS

1. I come from Salem City with a washbowl on my knee

I'm going to CA—LI---FOR---NI---AY

The gold rush for to see

2. It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry

The sun so hot I froze to death,

Oh brothers don't you cry

CHORUS-ALL

Oh, California, now that's the place for me

I'm bound for San Francisco with a washbowl on my knee

SOLOS

3. I jumped aboard the Liza ship and traveled on to sea

And every time I thought of home I wished it wasn't me

4. The vessel reared like any horse that had of oats a wealth

I found it wouldn't throw me so I thought I'd throw myself

CHORUS-ALL

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