

Y<sup>E</sup> ANCIENT YUBA MINER, OF THE DAYS OF '49.

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*Air:—“Fine Old English Gentleman.”*

I.

To you I'll sing a good old song, made by a Quaker pate,  
Of an ancient Yuba miner, who owned no real estate,  
But who when asked where he belonged, this son of Uncle  
Sam,  
He scratched his head a moment, then in accents clear and  
shrill, straightway ejaculated “*Yuba Dam!*”  
Did this ancient Yuba Miner, of the days of '49.



## II.

I'm told that simple was his food, he used no forks nor spoons,  
And with old flour and coffee-sacks he patched his trouser-  
loons ;

He was saucy, lousy, ragged, lank, but happy as a clam,  
And when interrogated in relation to the location from whence  
he hailed, he invariably replied, "*Yuba Dam!*"

Did this grizzled Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



## III.

On a prospecting tour one day, he struck it very rich,  
'Twas on a little mountain stream, forninst the Yuba ditch ;  
Said he, "this claim of mine I'll sell, my purse the dust wi  
cram,"

But when questioned in relation to his antecedents, and fro  
whence he came, he articulated, "*Yuba Dam!*"

Did this lucky Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



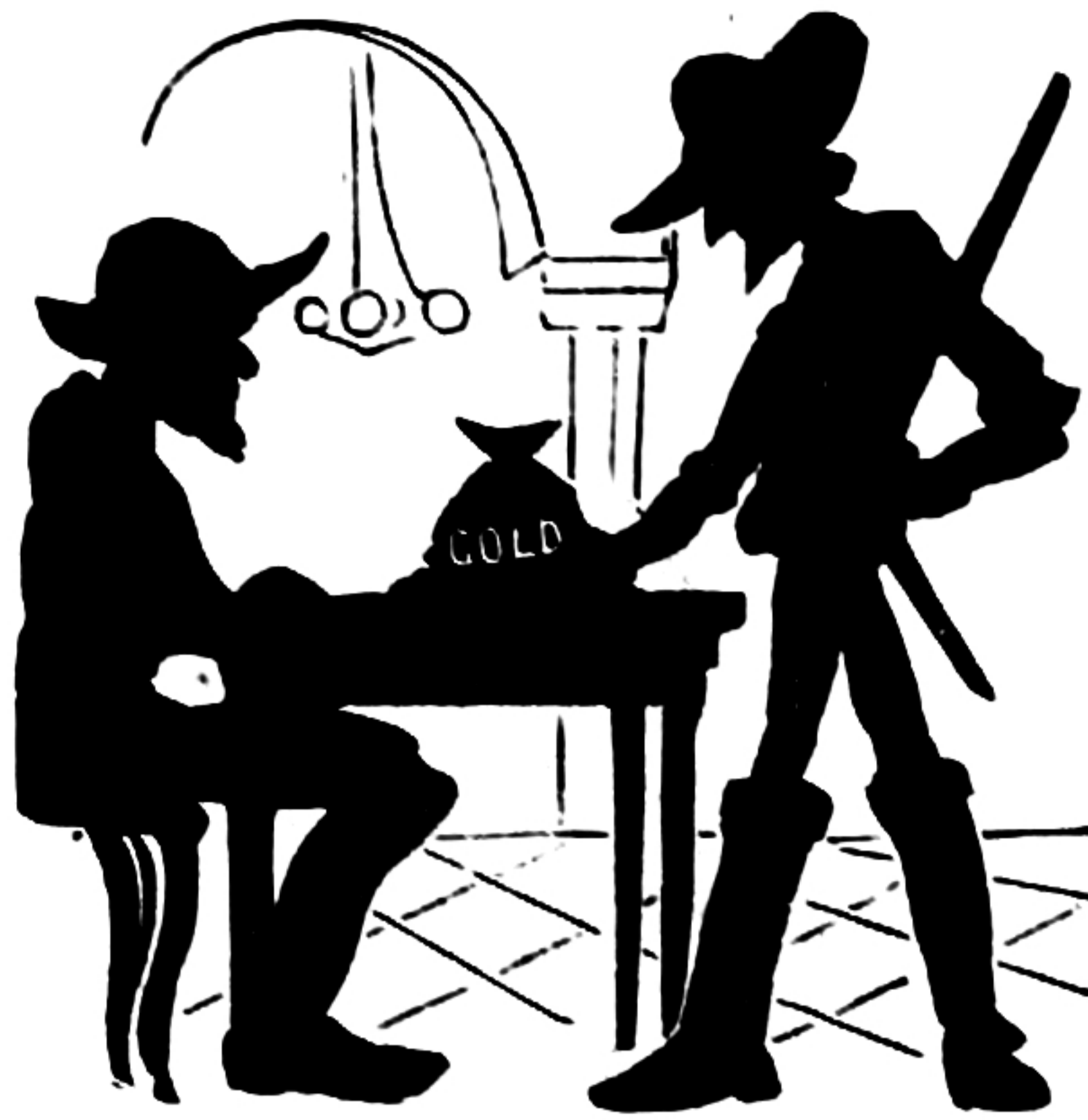
## IV.

He started down to 'Frisco town, this man of no estate,  
 On mule back first, by water then—but never mind the date,  
 And on his way they questioned him, this son of Uncle Sam;  
 They asked him the initials of his front name, the mine from  
 whence he came, and then he placed his hand beside his  
 mouth and roared out, "*Yuba Dam!*"  
 Did this jolly Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



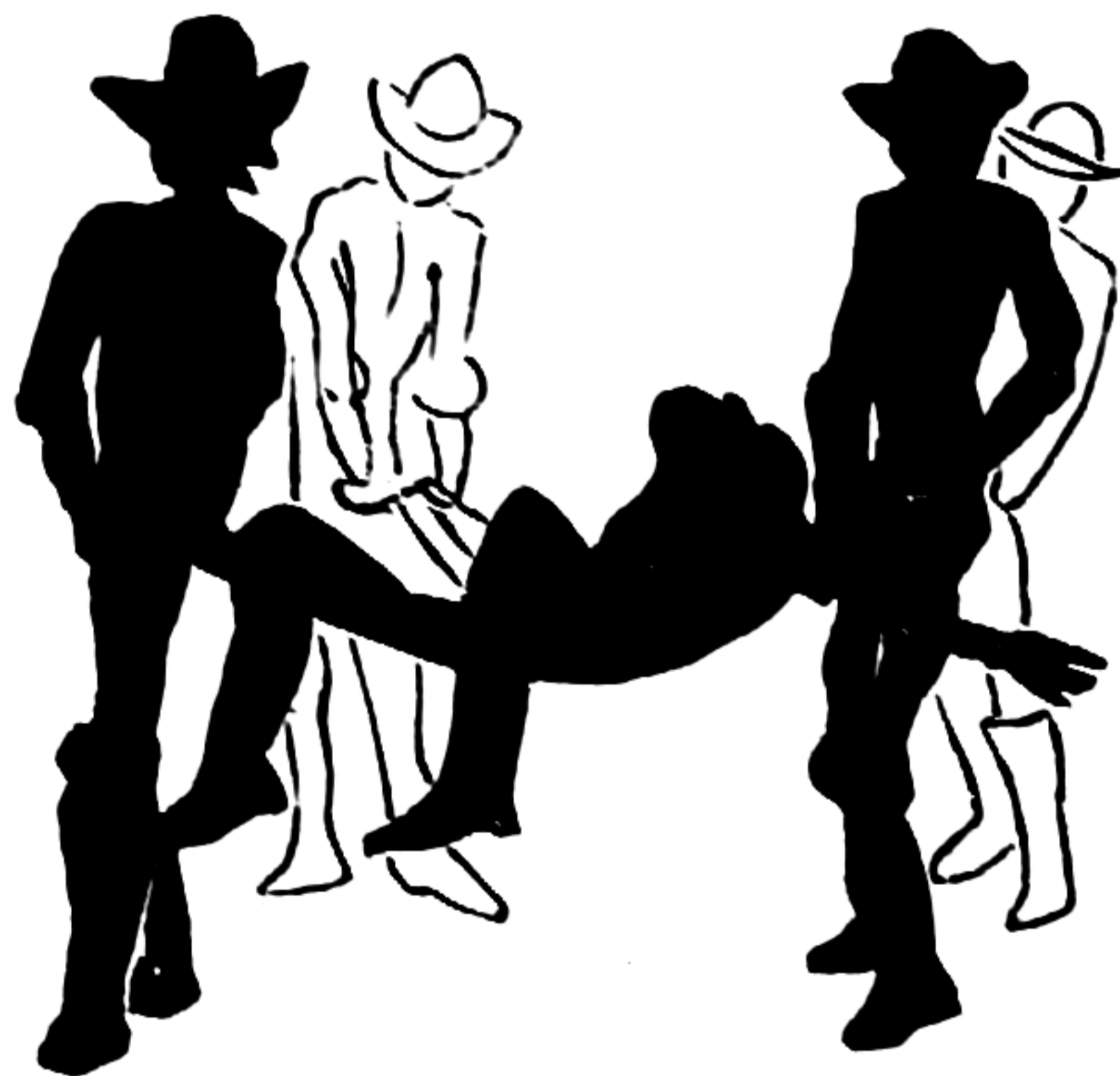
## V.

When he arrived in 'Frisco town, the mud was very deep,  
 Said he, "my equilibrium now, I surely mean to keep;"  
 But then the crowd they jostled him, and finally, in a jam,  
 He was pitched headlong into the mud, and when fished out  
 and asked where he belonged, he sputtered, "*Yuba Dam!*"  
 Did this wilted Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



## VI.

Into the "El Dorado" then, he went to try his luck,  
 Said he, "I'll show those gamboliers a little Yuba pluck,  
 I'll bust their cussed monte bank, for I am nary sham,"  
 But he soon emerged a wiser but a badly busted individual,  
 and to every question asked him, he replied, "*Yuba Dam!*"  
 Did this busted Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



## VII.

Soon on a stretcher he was laid, with his head all cavéd in,  
 For the way that they had walloped him, was a shame and  
 awful sin ;

All mashed and shattered was his head, as if butted by a ram ;  
 The doctor felt his *corpus*, the parson sung a psalm, and when  
 they asked him from whence he came, he faintly whis-  
 pered, "*Yuba Dam!*"

Did this dying Yuba miner, of the days of '49.



## VIII.

The coroner soon an inquest held, and then at his command,  
They shoved old Yuba in a box, and dumped him in the sand,  
At midnight hour they buried him, without show, or pomp, or  
flam,

And when at the last day Gabriel's trump shall sound, among  
the early risers, you bet, will be old "*Yuba Dam!*"  
That defunct and ancient miner, of the days of '49.