

GOLD DUST OR BUST (SONG #1)

Sleepy northern California

In 1848

We've got ranchos and steers

Just a few pioneers

And tons of real estate.

Sleepy northern California

In 1848

There's no smog in the air

We've got grizzly bears

And we're not yet a state.

But grab your picks and shovels, friends

It's all gonna change real soon

Gold dust or bust

Gold dust or bust

Start singing a different tune.

Abandoned ships will fill the bay

They'll bob and float around

You can't keep the crews

When they hear the news that gold's been found.

Eggs will cost three dollars each

You'll live in just a shack

It's too much for some

But most who will come aren't going back.

So grab your picks and shovels, friends

It's all gonna change real soon

Gold dust or bust

Gold dust or bust

Start singing a different tune.

Gold dust or bust

Gold dust or bust

Gold dust or bust

Gold dust or bust.

GOLD FEVER (SONG #3)

ALL STUDENTS:

Gold fever! All over the place.

Gold fever! A terrible case.

Oh gold fever! It's deep in my chest.

Gold fever! We've gotta go west.

MINERS:

I dream of golden nuggets (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah).

Gold dust in golden buckets (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah).

This bug is so outrageous (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah).

It's terribly contagious (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah, la la la la).

ALL STUDENTS:

Gold fever! All over the place.

Gold fever! A terrible case.

Oh gold fever! It's deep in my chest.

Gold fever! We've gotta go west.

MINERS:

Gold dollars and gold shillings (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah).

Gold toothpicks and gold fillings (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah)

We've got the bug inside us (ALL: Doo-be-doo-bah)

I'm feeling like King Midas (ALL: Doo-be-deh-doo-bah, la la la la)

ALL STUDENTS:

Gold fever! All over the place. Gold fever! A terrible case.

Oh gold fever! It's deep in my chest.

Gold fever! We've gotta go west!

GIRLS:

Go west, go west, go west!

Go west, go west, go west!

Go west, go west, go west!

BOYS:

We've gotta go west!

We've gotta go west!

We've gotta go west!

OVERLAND TRAIL (SONG #4)

Leaving Missouri one gentle spring day,
hundreds of wagons are going our way.
None of us wants to believe we can fail.
But it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

ALL STUDENTS:

Mighty rough, mighty rough.
Oh it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

Rivers swell up and you can't get across,
some folks get sick and some others get lost.
For some it's the heat and for some it's the hail,
'cause it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

ALL STUDENTS:

Mighty rough, mighty rough.
Oh it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

Seven weeks out and the oxen grow weak.
We toss from the wagon the stuff we don't need.
The plains start to look like a furniture sale.
Cause it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

ALL STUDENTS:

Mighty rough, mighty rough.
Oh it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

Before it snowed, the Sierras were so blue...
leaving Missouri one gentle spring day.
Hundreds of wagons are going our way.
None of us wants to believe we can fail.
But it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

ALL STUDENTS:

Mighty rough, mighty rough.
Oh it's mighty rough on the Overland Trail.

WE'RE ARGONAUTS (SONG #5)

The waves are high, supplies are low.
We're packed on deck, we're crammed below.
But what is worse, there's zilch to do.
You're sick of me. I'm tired of you.

We're Argonauts. We're going nuts, on a sixth month ocean trip.
We're Argonauts. We're going nuts. Sixteen thousand miles by ship.

We've read the books, we've met the folk.
We've sung that song, we've heard that joke.
We've played charades a million times.
We've banned the bards. We've shot the mimes.

We're Argonauts. We're going nuts, on a sixth month ocean trip.
We're Argonauts. We're going nuts. Sixteen thousand miles by ship.

Hey everybody, let's dance!
Blech!
Yeah, I don't want to either.
How about hide-and-go-seek?
(Other Argonauts snore loudly)
Hello, is anybody awake here?

We're Argonauts. We're going nuts. On a sixth-month ocean trip.
We're Argonauts. We're going nuts. Sixteen thousand miles by ship.

Blech!

ONE PAN AWAY (SONG #6)

MINERS:

I'm just one pan away from striking pay dirt,
just one pan away from being rich.
There's icy water up to my knees.
Can't feel my thumbs and my toes might freeze.
Still I've got that "any day now" itch.

I'm just one pan away from El Dorado.
Just one pan to hit the mother lode.
The air's a hundred and ten degrees.
My head's on fire and there ain't no breeze.
Still it's not the time to hit the road.

'Cause I've got a fortune right here in my hand.
I've got a fortune in this mud and sand.
I've got a fortune waiting for me here.
Maybe not this time but my time is near.

ALL STUDENTS:

One more scoop!
One more scoop!
One more scoop!
We can't stop scooping!

MINERS:

I'm just one pan away from striking pay dirt,
just one pan away from being rich.
There's icy water up to my knees.
Can't feel my thumbs and my toes might freeze.
Still I've got that "any day now" itch.
Still I've got that "any day now" itch.

WE'RE MERCHANTS (SONG #8)

Mr. Studebaker's got wheelbarrows.
Mr. Armour's got his butcher shop.
Mark Hopkins comes along now selling groceries.
Don't think that he's gonna stop.

We're merchants and we have found gold.
We're merchants with profits untold.
We're merchants, a marvelous thing.
We're merchants and retail is king.

Mr. Levi-Strauss has got his canvas
making tents was getting too routine.
Now he has got his scissors and his rivets.
He's found a fit in blue jeans.

Merchants and Chorus:

We're merchants and we have found gold.
We're merchants with profits untold.
We're merchants, a marvelous thing.
We're merchants and retail is king.
(dance)

We're merchants and we have found gold.
We're merchants with profits untold.
We're merchants, a marvelous thing.
We're merchants and retail is king.

GOLD DUST OR BUST FINALE (SONG #10)

Restless northern California in 1855.
Not much gold is now found.
We start settling down.
just trying to survive.

Restless northern California in 1855.
Cooks and farmers once more,
just like we were before,
and hoping we will thrive.

Forget your picks and shovels, friends.
It's all gone and changed so soon.
Gold dust or bust, gold dust or bust,
start singing a different tune.

Russians, Swedish, and Chinese:
the world has come to stay.
Families from Peru,
struggling like us too here by the bay.
Railroad tracks are coming soon
and folks will come again.
“**Go West**” they are told,
when that spike of gold is hammered in.

Forget your picks and shovels, friends.
It's all gone and changed so soon.
Gold dust or bust, gold dust or bust,
start singing a different tune.
Gold dust or bust, gold dust or bust,
gold dust or bust, gold dust or bust!