Background information: Oh, California! is probably one of the most recognized songs of the California gold rush. The song was first written by Stephen Foster in 1847 as Oh, Susanna! While headed for California on a ship, John Nichols changed the words of the song and called it Oh, California!. The “forty-niners” of the gold rush enjoyed the rhythm and tune of the song so much that it became one of the most popular songs of America in the 1840s and 1850s.

Additional activities:
1. **Compare:** Have students compare the lyrics of Oh, California! to another Gold Rush song, such as Oh, My Darling Clementine. What story do the songs express? What can they tell us about what life was like during the Gold Rush? How are these songs different from the music of today?

2. **Writing/Performing:** Poems are often put to music. Have students work in groups to research and write a poem that tells a story about people during the Gold Rush. Students may set their poem to music, either writing their own melodies or use a favorite tune. Have students share with the class.

3. **Performance:** Have students act out the lyrics while listening to Oh, California! using props such as pans, backpacks, and gold nuggets.

Links to standards
**History/Social Studies:** 4.3.2
**Language Arts:** RI.4.2, W.4.7, SL.4.1a-d, SL.4.5
**Music:** 1.3, 2.1, 3.1, 3.3, 3.4, 5.1
Oh, California!

Songs tell stories. They can be about many things: good times, bad times, love, community, or a changing world. Songs can also reflect a time and place in history. *Oh, California!* was a popular song in the United States during the 1840s and 1850s and tells the story of the hopes and experiences of some people coming to California to join the Gold Rush.

1. I sailed from Salem City with my washbowl on my knee.  
   I'm going to California the gold dust for to see.  
   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:**  
   Oh California, that's the land for me.  
   I'm going to San Francisco with my washbowl on my knee.

2. I soon shall be in Frisco and there I'll look around,  
   And when I find the gold lumps there, I'll pick them off the ground,  
   I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys, I'll drain the rivers dry.  
   A pocketful of rocks bring home, oh brothers, don't you cry!