

In the Black Ball Lines I served my time, to me hoo-dah, to me hoo-dah in a
 full rigged ship and in her prime, to me hoodah, ho-da day. Blow boys blow, for
 Ca-lifor-ni - o, for there's plenty of gold, as I am told, on the banks of the Sa-cra-men-to.

In the Black Ball Lines
 I served my time,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 In a full rigged ship
 and in her prime,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow,
 For Californio!
 For there's plenty of gold,
 So I've been told,
 On the banks of the Sacramento!

Around Cap Horn in seventy days,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 Around Cap Horn is a mighty long ways,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...

Oh, the mate he whacked me
 around and around,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 And I wished I was home
 all safe and sound,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...

Oh we were the boys to make her go,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 Around Cap Horne in the frost and snow,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...

When we was tracking around Cap Horn,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 I often wished I'd never been born,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...

To the Sacramento we are bound away,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 To the Sacramento it's a hell of a way,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...

Oh, when we got the the Frisco docks,
 To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
 The girls were all
 in their Sunday frocks,
 To me hoodah, hoodah, day!
 Blow, boys, blow, ...