

The Black Ball Line (D)

Synges a'capella

In the Black Ball Line, I served me time.

To me way – hay – hay – Oh Rio

And that's the line, where you can shine.

Hurray for the Black Ball Line – klap-klap

Hey, The Black Ball ships, they're good and throe.

To me way – hay

They are the ships, for me and you.

Hurray for the klap-klap

They'll carry you along, through frost and snow.

.

An' take you where, the wind's don't blow.

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For once there was, a Black Ball ship.

That fourteen knots, an hour could clip.

Oh! Her yards were square, an' her gear all new.

An' she had a good, and galant crew.

Just take a trip, to Liverpool.

To Liverpool, that Yankee school.

The Yankee sailors, you'll see there.

With red seaboots, and short-cut hair.

At Liverpool docks, we bid "Adieu!"

To Polly and Betty, and lovely Sue.

And now we're bound, for New York town.

To me way – hay

It's there we'll drink, and sorrows drown.

Hurray for the Black Ball Line - - kun 1 klap