

## Leaving of Liverpool

Farewell to Princes' landing stage River Mersey fare thee well  
I am bound for California, a place I know right well  
So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee

I have sailed with Burgess once before, I think I know him well  
If a man's a sailor he will get along, if not then he's sure in hell  
So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street, Anson Terrace and Park Lane  
I am bound away for to leave you and I'll never see you again  
So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee

I am bound for California by way of stormy Cape Horn  
And I will write to thee a letter, love, when I am homeward bound  
So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee

I've shipped on a Yankee clipper ship, "Davy Crockett" is her name  
And Burgess is the captain of her and they say that she's a floating hell  
So fare thee well my own true love  
When I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee