

The Leaving of Liverpool

Fare thee well to you, my own true love,
For I'm going far away
I am bound for Californiay,
But I know I'll return someday

Chorus

*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 shipped on a Yankee clipper ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is her Captain
And they say that she's a floating hell.

Well It's me second trip with Burgess on the Crocket
And I'd say that I know him well
If a man is a sailor he'll get by
But if not then he's sure in hell.

Oh the sun is on the harbour, love,
And I wish that I could remain,
I know that it's going to be a long, long time,
Before I see you again.