

# Leaving of Liverpool

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Fa re-well to Prin-ces lan-ding stage Ri-ver Mer-sey fare thee well I ambound for Ca - li -

6 -for - ni-a, a\_ place I\_ know right well So fare thee well my own true love When

11 I re-turn u - ni - ted we will be It's not the leav - ing of Li - ver-pool that

14 grieves\_\_\_ me But my dar - ling 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

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

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

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