

# The Leaving of Liverpool



## Forebitter

Fare- ye - well the Prin - cess land - ing stage, Ri- ver Mer - sey fare - ye -

well. I am bound to Cal - li - for - nay - ea, it's a place I -

*Chorus*

know right well. So - o fare - ye - well, my own true love, when

I re - turn u - ni - ted we will be. It's not the leav - ing of

Li - ver pool that grie - ves me, but me dar - ling when I thinks of ye.

2. I am bound to Callifornayea / By way of ol' Cape Horn  
An' I bet that I will curse the day / An' the hour that I was born.
3. I've shipped in a Yankee clipper ship / Davy Crockett is her name  
Captain Burgess he is tough, me lads / And the mate is just the same.
4. Tis me second passage with ol' Burgess / An' I think I knows him well  
If a man is a sailor, he can get along / But if not, he's sure in hell.
5. Fare-ye-well to Lower Frederick Street, / Anson Place and Parkee Lane  
Tis a long, long time, me bucko boys, / Ere I see you again.
6. So, fare-ye-well me own true love, / Goodbye, my love, goodby  
Twill be a long, long time, my dear, / But me darlin' don't ye cry.