

The Leaving of Liverpool

The Dubliners

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