

# The Leaving of Liverpool

Fare thee well, the Prin - - ces  
Land - ing Stage, Ri - ver Mer - sey, fare thee well,  
For I'm bound for Ca - - li - - for - - ni - - a, It's a  
place that I know right well. So \_\_\_ fare thee well, my  
own true love, And when I re - turn, u - ni - ted we will be \_\_\_  
It's not the leav - - ing of Li - ver - pool that  
grieves \_\_\_ me, But my dar - ling when I think of thee.

Fare thee well, the Princes Landing Stage,  
River Mersey, fare thee well,  
For I'm bound for California,  
It's a place that I know right well.

(Chorus)

So fare thee well, my own true love,  
And 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.

Well, I'm bound for California  
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,  
But you know I'll write to you a letter my love,  
When I am homeward bound.

I have shipped on a Yankee clipper ship,  
Davy Crockett is her name.  
And Burgess is the captain of her,  
And they say she's a floating shame.

Fare the well to Lower Frederick Street,  
Anson Terrace and old Parkee Lane.  
For I know it will be some long, long time  
Before I see you again.