

Dubliners, The

"The Leaving Of Liverpool"

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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

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