

# Leaving of Liverpool

So, ho, fare th'y 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 princess of landing stage there were fare th'y fare th'y well  
I am bound for California a place I know right well.

**Soho fare th'y 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.  
I will ride to be a lass I love when I am homeward bound.

I have sailed a yankee sailing ship, „Lady Crocket“ was her name.  
The purches is the captain of her, and say she's the floating hell.

I have sailed with borders once before. I think I know him well.  
Do a man's sailor he will get along if not any shore in hell

**So ho fare th'y 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.  
but my darling when I think of thee.**

(Trad.)