

Leaving of Liverpool

song 7



Fare [C] well to you my [F] own true [C] love
I am going far a[G]way
I am [C] bound for Cali[F] forni [C] a
But I [C] know that I'll re [G] turn some [C] day

Chorus:

*So [G] fare thee well, my[F] own true [C] love
And when I return, united we will[G] be
It's not the[C] leaving of Liverpool that [F] grieves[C] me
But, my [C] darling, when I [G] think of[C] thee*

I have [C] sailed on a yankee [F] sailing [C] ship
Davy Crockett is her [G] name
And [C] Burgess is the captain [F] of [C] her
And they [C] say she is a [G] floating [C] shame

CHORUS

I have [C] sailed with Burgess [F] once be [C] fore
And I think I know him right [G] well
If a [C] man is a sailor, he can [F] get a[C]long
But if not than he's [G] surely in [C] hell

CHORUS

Oh, the fog is on the [F] harbour [C] love
And I wish I could re[G]main
But I [C]know it will be [F]some long [C] time
Before I see [G] you a[C]gain