

Fare you well the Prince's landing stage,
River Mersey, fare you well.
I'm off to California,
a place I know right well.
So fare you well, my own true love,
when I return united we shall be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool
that grieves me,
but my darling when I think of you.

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street, Anson Terrace and Park Lane, farewell, it will be some long time before I see you again. So fare you well, my own true love ...

The tug is waiting at the pierhead to take us down the stream, our sails are loose and our anchor secure, so I'll bid you good-bye once more. So fare you well, my own true love ...

I'm off to California by the way of the stormy Cape Horn, I will send to you a letter, love, when I am homeward bound. So fare you well, my own true love ...

I've 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. So fare you well, my own true love ...

I'm bound away to leave you, good-bye, my love, good-bye, there ain't but one thing that grieves me, that's leaving you behind. So fare you well, my own true love ...