Leaving of Liverpool

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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

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

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

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