

The Liverpool packet

Trad.

In the Liverpool docks at the break o' the day
I spied a flash packet bound westward away
She's a'bound for the Indies, where the wild waters flow
She's a Liverpool packet – Oh, Lord let 'er go

Chorus

Bound away! – **Bound away!**
Bound away! – **Bound away!**
Through the ice, sleet an' snow,
She's a Liverpool packet
Oh, Lord let 'er go!

An' now we are standin' in the Mersey so free
Awaitin' the tugboat to tow us to sea
Around the Rock Light where the salt tides do flow
She's a Liverpool packet – Oh, Lord let 'er go

Chorus

An' now we are howlin' down the wild Irish Sea
With the passengers are merry, an' their hearts full of glee
Our sailors like tigers they walk to an' fro
She's a Liverpool packet – Oh, Lord let 'er go

Chorus

An' now we are sailin' the Atlantic so wide
An' the hands are now ordered to scrub the ship's side
Now then, holystone boyos, ther bosun do ball
For Kickin' Jack Williams commands this Blackball

Chorus

An' now we are off the banks of Newfoundland
Where the bottom all fishes an' fine yeller sand
An' the fishes they sing as they swim to 'n' fro
She's a Liverpool packet – Oh, Lord let 'er go

Chorus

An now we're arrivin in old New York town
We're bound for the Bowery, an' let sorrow drown
With our gals an' our draught, me boys, oh, let the song flow
She's a Liverpool packet – Oh, Lord let 'er go

Chorus