

(79)

1 Ton höher

THE LIVERPOOL PACKET

(79)

5/14

CHOR

$\frac{2}{4}$

she's a Li-ver-pool packet, oh Lord let her go! Bound a-way ho—! Bound a-

$\frac{3}{4}$

way, ho— Through the ice, sleet and snow! she's a Li-ver-pool packet, oh Lord let her go!

shanty-man

$\frac{3}{4}$

1. At the Li-ver-pool docks at the break of the day. I saw a fast packet bound
westward a-way. She was bound for the westward where the wild wa-ters flow

res. gesch. ↗ CHOR

2. Oh, the time of her sailin' is now drawin' nigh,
Stand by all ye lubbers we'll wish ye goodbye;
A pair o' clean heels to ye now we will show,
Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—O Lord let her go!

3. An' now we are leavin' the sweet Salthouse Docks,
All the boys an' the gals on the pierhead do flock;
All the boys an' the gals are all shoutin' hurro!
Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—Oh, Lord let 'er go!
Full Chorus. Bound away! Bound away! etc.

4. An' now we are waitin' in the Mersey so free,
Awaitin' the tugboat to tow us to sea;
An' we'll round the Rock Light where the salt tides do flow,

Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—Oh, Lord let 'er go!

5. Sheet home yer big tops'l's, haul aft yer jib sheets,
Sheet home fore 'n' aft, boys, ye'll git no darn sleep;
Come aft now, God damn yers, come aft one an' all,

6. An' now we are howlin' down the wild Irish Sea,
Our passengers are merry, an' their hearts full of glee;
Our sailors like tigers they walk to an' fro,
Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—Oh, Lord let her go!

7. An' now we are sailin' the Atlantic so wide,
An' the hands are now ordered to scrub the ship's side;
Now then, holystones boyos, the bosun do bawl,

8. An' now we are off the Banks o' Newf'n'land,
Where the bottom's all fishes an' fine yeller sand;
An' the fishes they sing as they swim to 'n' fro,
Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—Oh, Lord let 'er go!

9. 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 beer, boys, oh, let the song flow,
Ch. She's a Liverpool packet—Oh, Lord let 'er go!

