

# Goodbye fare-ye-well



Oh, don't \_\_\_ yiz hear \_\_\_ the Old \_\_\_ Man say?



Good - bye fare - ye - - well! good - bye fare - ye - - well!



Oh, don't yiz hear \_\_\_ the Old \_\_\_ Man say?



Hoo - - raw me boys, we're home - - ward bound!

Oh, don't yiz hear the Old Man say?

(Chorus: Goodbye fare-ye-well! goodbye fare-ye well!)

Oh, don't yiz hear the Old Man say?

(Chorus: Hooraw me boys, we're homeward bound!)

We're homeward bound to Liverpool town,  
Where all them judies they will come down.

An' when we gits to the Wallasey Gates,  
Sally an' Polly for their flash men do wait.

An' one to the other ye'll hear them say,  
Here comes Johnny wid his fourteen months pay.

Them gals there on Lime Steet we soon hope to meet,  
Soon we'll be a-rollin' both sides of the street.

We'll meet these fly judies an' we'll ring the ol' bell,  
With them judies we'll meet there, we'll raise merry hell.

I'll tell me ol' mammy when I gits back home,  
The girls there on Lime Street won't leave me alone.

We're homeward bound to the gals of the town,  
Then heave away, bullies, we're all homeward bound.

We're a fine flashy packet an' bound for to go,  
Wid them gals on the towrope she cannot say no.

We're homeward bound, we'll have yiz to know,  
An' over the water to Liverpool must go.