

Across The Western Ocean

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Oh the times are hard and the wages low,

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Amelia, where you bound to ?

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The Rocky Mountains is my home,

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Across the Western Ocean.

That land of promise there you'll see,

Amelia, where you bound to ?

I'm bound across that Western Sea,

It's time for us to leave her.

To Liverpool I'll take my way,

Leave her, bullies, leave her,

To Liverpool, that Yankee school,

It's time for us to leave her.

There's Liverpool Pat with his tarpaulin hat,

Amelia, where you bound to ?

And Yankee John, the packet rat,

It's time for us to leave her.

Beware these packet ships, I pray,

Amelia, where you bound to ?

They steal your stores and clothes away,

Across the Western Ocean.