Titanic Hotel Liverpool | Review

By Luiz Faye | 24 April 2026



Luxury travel reviewed against the standard it sets itself.

Whilst I visited Titanic Liverpool just last month, this trip actually started in 2022.

I had always wanted to stay at Titanic Hotel Belfast. Being a frequent guest of Northern Ireland, I took the opportunity to spend a few days there. And it stayed with me. The building. The history. The service. The accessibility. All of it worked.

So when I realised there were two other Titanic hotels, naturally I wanted to experience all three.

It took me until 2026 to tick number two off the list. Which, on paper, feels like a long time. But perhaps it was waiting for The Inclusive Edit to exist before I experienced it properly.

When work called me to Liverpool for a few days, I did not search for accommodation. I headed straight to Titanic.



Before Arrival

Booking was simple. And the website helped with that.

Clear, upfront accessibility information. Parking. Level access. Lift details. Room dimensions. Spa facilities. Staff training. It was all there without having to dig for it.

Two accessible parking bays near the hotel entrance. Step-free access to the hotel and Rum Warehouse. Lifts to all floors and event spaces. Four accessible rooms, one on each floor, each with a wet room bathroom. Rooms starting at 56 square metres. The spa, Maya Blue Wellness, accessible by lift with an accessible changing room and treatment rooms that can accommodate wheelchair users.

And this: staff trained every twelve months on accessibility policies, procedures, and communication skills.

With all of this information, plus detailed descriptions of the other available room options, I was able to make an informed decision confidently. I opted for a Superior Dockside Room. Not one of their adapted rooms, but I could choose it because I could see the layout and dimensions clearly, without needing to call and ask.

The bathroom was huge. And it had a bath.

If I was not sold already, I was the moment I realised I could wheel freely around the bathroom and have a soak and a cinnamon bun. If you read my journeys often, you will know this is a thing.

I emailed the hotel to check the details. Disabled parking. EV charger points. Room. Spa. The response was friendly and helpful. I was good to go.



Arrival

When I arrived in the car park, I noticed instantly that the whole thing, including the entrance to the hotel, was on cobbles.

They are not my favourite. But I have learned the art of navigating them on wheels.

Or so I thought.

All the disabled parking spaces were full. With no drop-off space free, I found a spot about a hundred metres down at the far end of the car park. Loaded myself and my bags into my wheelchair and headed across the cobbles.

Literally. Head first.

There I was, like a turtle on its back, in a puddle. Ruined my wool coat. Case, laptop, camera equipment spilled across the floor. Struggling to get up, I could see a woman in her car parked nearby. I shouted for help. Nothing.

Realising she was not going to hear me and still trying to peel myself off the ground, I just hoped someone would walk by. A minute or so later, a couple walked out of the hotel. I shouted. Nothing. Four people passed. Every one heading the other way.

You could not write it. Oh wait. I actually am.

About five minutes passed. I was just about loaded back into my chair when a chef appeared from a side door of the hotel. He said he thought he could hear someone shouting in the distance.

That would be me.

He carried my things and pushed me, sobbing, up to the hotel. He handed me over to two lovely female staff members who honestly could not have done more to help me. Feeling frustrated, embarrassed, and sore, they calmed me. Took me to my room. Sorted everything I needed. Made me a drink. Even offered to run me a bath.

We ended up sitting and talking for a good while about all sorts. The tears turned to smiles and laughter. They made me feel so much better and able to reset myself ahead of my work the following day.

The Room

I did not need an excuse to stay in and enjoy the room. It was perfect.

The building itself was once a rum warehouse. The room had original brickwork in the ceiling, arched to accommodate the stacks of rum barrels that would have once filled the space.

The space was, well, spacious. More than enough room to swing a wheelchair around freely without swerving furniture. The king-size bed was large, dressed in crisp white sheets, the perfect height for transferring. And I could choose which side of the bed to get in on.

I know this might sound small. But often it becomes a one way system. One side tight to a wall or a bedside table. This had been thought through.

A little sofa sat at the end of the bed. A table and chairs for two to dine or spread out a laptop. The open-plan room also had a full sofa and coffee table to relax on. Views over the water allowed me to take a step back in time, just as I had at Titanic Belfast, rolling through the original drawing rooms.

As I mentioned, I did not take a fully adapted bathroom. I did not need to in this case. A large, smooth space. Walk-in shower. Large bath. No handrails, which I would not expect in a non-adapted room. But I was able to transfer easily, even with my bruised hip and pride.

So I had my hot soak. My glass of Lanson. My cinnamon bun. Room service breakfast ordered for the morning. I settled in for a restful night.

And it was.



The Morning

Room service breakfast is a big one for me.

I love to have breakfast with a little privacy. It allows me time to enjoy a moment that is often rushed when you work from home. To pour that extra coffee. To make breakfast feel more of an occasion than a survival practice.

Rising in the morning, it was served exactly as I ordered. Perfect timing. Perfect eggs. And that same warmth from the gentleman who brought it as I had been met with the previous day.

Set up and ready for what would be a truly unusual business meeting. A floating sauna on Princes Dock. Absolutely the strangest place I have ever had a meeting. Especially when it involved ninety-degree chats followed by three-degree plunges.



Returning

Coming back to Titanic in the evening felt just as I had left it.

A calm space. Character and charm I was pleased to return to.

I took dinner in the Rum Bar. I was not there to sample the rum on that occasion, but it was interesting to read about the history of the building and of the liquor and tobacco exports that shaped it. The menu was relatively small, the same options as room service. No criticism at all. I found something to my taste both nights. And whether it was a coffee, a cocktail, or a meal, it was done very well.

After another lovely night, a little pampering session in my room, I checked out feeling refreshed. Recharged. Almost forgetful of my rocky start.



The Standard

I think the ethos of wanting to create a well-remembered experience is something Titanic takes seriously. I have felt it now in both Belfast and Liverpool.

From a design perspective, it is well considered throughout the hotel. Four accessible rooms. None of which were under renovation. If you are a disabled traveller, you will know what I mean.

The public areas were accessible. An accessible check-in desk. Spacious lifts. Disabled parking.

The only point where the experience shifts is the cobbled approach.

But staff insisted that should I stay again, all I needed to do was park close and call reception. The concierge team would help me in. Normally, I would lean towards independence. But in this case, given everything else, I would happily work with it.

And that is because of how the staff made me feel throughout the hotel and stay.

That is what I will remember.

And that is the difference I return for.

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