

Muirsheen Durkin

In the days I went a courtin', I was never tired resortin'
To the alehouse and the playhouse or many a house beside,
I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and go right famous
And before I'd return again I'd roam the world wide.

*So goodbye Muirsheen Durkin, I'm sick and tired of working,
No more I'll dig the praties, no longer I'll be fool.
For as sure as me name is Carney I'll be off to California, where
Instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold.*

I've courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and in Killarney
In Passage and in Queenstown, that is the Cobh of Cork.
But goodbye to all this pleasure, for I'm going to take me leisure
And the next time you will hear from me
Will be a letter from New York,

Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam
To try to make me fortune in far America,
For there's s gold and money plenty for the poor and gentry
And when I come back again I never more will stray

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