

## **Paddy Schmidt**

### **"MURSHIN DURKIN"**

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In the days I went a-courtin'Â´  
I was never tired resortin'Â´  
To the alehouse and the playhouse  
and many'Â´s the house beside  
But I told me brother Seamus  
I'Â´d be off and be right famous  
And when I return again  
I roamed the world wide  
I courted girls in Blarney  
in Kanturk and Killarney  
In Passage and in Queenstown  
that is the cove of Cork  
But I'Â´m sick of all this treasure  
I'Â´m gone and make me leisure  
And the next time that you hear from me  
will be a letter from New York  
Goodbye to all the girls at home  
I'Â´m sailing far across the foam  
To good old Paddy Mincoln and to Americay  
There'Â´s gold and jewels in plenty  
for the poor and for the gentry

And the next time Iâll return again

Iâll never more will say

So, Good Bye Murshin Durkin

Iâm sick and tired of workinâ

No more Iâll dig the praties

and no longer Iâll be fooled

But as sure my name is Carney

Iâll be off to Californy

And instead of digging praties

Iâll be digging lumps of gold

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