

## Irish Folksongs

### "A Muirsheen Durkin"

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In the days I went a courtin' I was never tired resortin'  
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house  
beside  
But I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and be right  
famous  
And I'd never would return again 'til I'd roam the world  
wide

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin sure I'm sick and tired of  
workin'  
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled  
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  
Goodbye to all this pleasure I'll be off to take me  
leisure  
And the next time that you hear from me will be a letter  
from New York

So it's goodbye Muirsheen Durkin I'm sick and tired of  
workin'  
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled  
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

Goodbye to the girls at home I'm going far across the  
foam  
To try and make me fortune in far America  
There's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for  
the gentry  
And when I return again I never more will say

Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin sure I'm sick and tired of  
workin'  
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled  
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

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