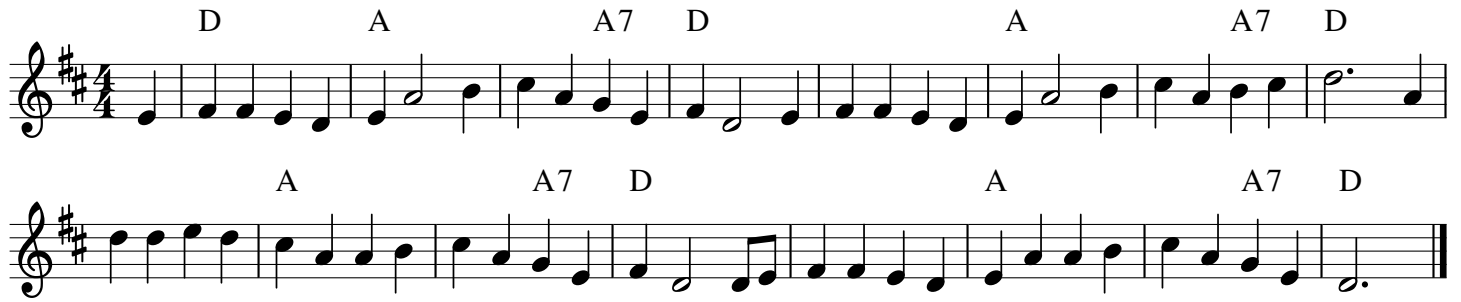


Muirsheen Durkin



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

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

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