

Muirsheen Durkin

C G G C
In the days I went a courtin' I was never tired resortin'

C G G7 C
To an alehouse or a playhouse and many's the house beside

C G G7 C
But I told me brother Seamus I'd go off and be right famous

C G G7 C
And I'd never would return again 'til I'd roam the world wide

C G G7 C
Goodbye Muirsheen Durkin sure I'm sick and tired of workin'

C G G7 C
No more I'll dig the praties and no longer I'll be fooled

C G G7 C
As sure as me name is Carney I'll be off to California

C G G7 C
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 Muirsheen...

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...