

Mursheen Durking

**So, good bye Mursheen Durking, I'm sick and tired of workin'.
No more I'll dig the prates and no longer I'll be fooled.
But as sure as my name is Carney, I'll be off to Californy.
And instead of digging prates I'll be digging lumps of gold.**

**In the days I went a-courtin' I was never tired resortin'
to the alehouse and the playhouse and many's the house beside.
But I told me brother Seamus I'd be off and be right famous.
And when I return again I roamed the world wide.**

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**I courted girls in Blarney, in Kanturk and Killarney,
in Passage and in Queenstown, that is the cove of Cork.
But I'm sick of all this treasure, I'm gone and make me leisure,
and the next time that you hear from me
will be a letter from New York.**

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**Goodbye to all the girls at home, I'm sailing far across the foam.
To good old Paddy Mincoln and to Americay.
There's gold and jewels in plenty for the poor and for the gentry.
And the next time I'll return again I'll never more will say.**

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