

## Goodbye Mrs. Durkin

### The Irish Rovers

Goodbye Mrs. Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'.  
No more I'll dig your praties, no longer I'll be poor.  
As sure as my name is Barney, I'm off to Califarny.  
Instead of digging praties, I'll be digging lumps of  
gold.

In the days when I was courting, I was never tired  
resorting  
To the alehouse and the playhouse, and the other house  
besides.  
But I told my brother Seamus, "I'll be off now and grow  
famous  
And before that I return again, I'll roam the whole  
world wide."

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Well, I've courted girls in Blarney, in Antrim and  
Killarney,  
In Dublin and in Kerry, down to the coves of Cork.  
But I'm tired of all this pleasure, so now I'll take my  
leisure.  
And the next time that you hear from me, I'll write you  
from new York.

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When I landed in America, I met a man named Burke.  
He told me if I'd stay a while, he'd surely find me  
work.  
But work he didn't find me, so there's nothing here to  
bind me.  
I'm bound for San Francisco, in Califor-ni-yay!

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gold.

Well, I'm now in San Francisco, and my fortune it is  
made.  
My pockets loaded down with gold, I'll throw away my  
spade.  
I'll go back to dear old Erin, spend my fortune never  
carin'.

I'll marry Queen Victori', Mrs. Durkin for to spite.

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