

# The Pogues, Muirshin Durkin

(Traditional)

In the days when I was courtin',  
I was seldom done resortin'  
In the ale house and the playhouse,  
And many's the house between  
I told me brother Seamus,  
I'll go off and get right famous,  
And when I come back home again,  
I'll have seen the whole wide world

And it's goodbye, Muirshin Durkin,  
I'm sick and tired of workin'  
I'll no more dig the praties,  
I'll no longer be a fool  
As sure as me name is Carney,  
I'll go off to California  
And instead of digging praties,  
I'll be digging lumps of gold

Farewell to all the girls at home,  
I'm bound away across the foam  
Off to seek me fortune  
In far Amerikay  
There's silver there a-plenty,  
For the poor and for the gentry  
And when I come back home again,  
I never more will say,

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I'm sick and tired of workin'  
I'll no more dig the praties,  
I'll no longer be a fool  
As sure as me name is Carney,  
I'll go off to California  
Where instead of diggin' praties,  
I'll be digging lumps of gold

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