

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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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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