

Molly Durkin

Words & music: Traditional

D **A** **D**
I'm a decent honest working man, as you might understand

A **D**
And I'll tell to you the reason I left old Ireland

A **D**
'Twas Molly Durkin did it when she married Tim O'Shea

A **D**
And to keep my heart from breakin' I sailed to Amerikay

A **D** **A** **D**
CHORUS: So goodbye, Molly Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'

A **D**
My heart might well be broken but no longer I'll be fooled

A **D**
For sure as my name is Carney I'll be off to Californie

A **D**
Instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

D **A** **D**
Goodbye to all the girls at home — I'm sailing far across the foam

A **D**
To try and make my fortune in far Amerikay

A **D**
There's gold and jewels a-plenty for the poor and for the gentry

A **D**
And when I come back again I never more will stray

CHORUS

D **A** **D**
When I landed in Amerikay I met a man named Burke

A **D**
He told me if I'd stay a while he'd surely find me work

A **D**
But work he didn't find me so there's nothing here to bind me

A **D**
So I'm bound for San Francisco in Californ-i-ay

CHORUS

D **A** **D**
Well, I'm now in San Francisco and my fortune it is made

A **D**
My pockets loaded — aye, with gold! — I'll throw away my spade

A **D**
I'll return to dear old Erin, spend my fortune never carin'

A **D**
And I'll marry Kate O'Kelly, Molly Durkin for to spite!

A **D** **A** **D**
CHORUS: So goodbye, Molly Durkin, I'm sick and tired of workin'

A **D**
My heart might well be broken but no longer I'll be fooled

A **D**
For sure as my name is Carney I'll be off to Californie

A **D**
Instead of diggin' praties I'll be diggin' lumps of gold

Molly Durkin

Trad. arr. Peter McLaren

Verse

I'm a de-cent hon-est work-ing man, as you might un-der-stand And I'll
tell to you the rea-son I left old I-re-and 'Twas
Mol-ly Dur-kin did it when she mar-ried Tim O'Shea And to
keep my heart from break-in' I sailed to A-mer-i-kay.

Chorus

So good-bye, Mol-ly Dur-kin, I'm sick and tired of work-in' My
heart might well be bro-ken but no long-er I'll be fooled For
sure as my name is Car-ney I'll be off to Cal-i-forn-ie In-
stead of dig-in' pra-ties I'll be dig-gin' lumps of gold.

2. Goodbye to all the girls at home — I'm sailing far across the foam
To try and make my fortune in far Amerikay
There's gold and jewels a-plenty for the poor and for the gentry
And when I come back again I never more will stray

CHORUS

3. When I landed in Amerikay 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'd find me so there's nothing here to bind me
So I'm bound for San Francisco in Californ-i-ay

CHORUS

4. Well, I'm now in San Francisco and my fortune it is made
My pockets loaded — aye, with gold! — I'll throw away my spade
I'll return to dear old Erin, spend my fortune never carin'
And I'll marry Kate O'Kelly, Molly Durkin for to spite!

CHORUS