



[Verse 3]

C

G7

C

Goodbye to all the boys at home, I'm sailing far across the foam

To try and make me **fortune**, in far **Amerikay**.

There's gold and money **plenty** for the poor and for the **gentry**

And when I come **back** again, I never more will **stray**. ^

[Chorus]

C

G7

C

So, good-bye 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 **Carney** - I'm off to **Californy**

Where instead of diggin' **praties**, I'll be diggin' lumps of **gold**. v

*Instrumental: verse*