

# Paddy Works On The Railway

Irish

em D

In eigh - teen hund-red and for - ty one, I put my cor-du-roy breech - es on. I

em D em

put my cor-du-roy breech - es on to work up - on the rail - eay.

em D

Fil - li - me - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay, fil - li - me - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay,

em D em

fil - li - me - oo - ree - oo - ree - ay, to work op - on the rail - way.

2. In eighteen hundred and forty-two I left the old world for the new,  
bad cess to the luck that brought me through to work upon the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
3. In eighteen hundred and forty-three, 'twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee,  
an elegant wife she's been to me, while working on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
4. In eighteen hundred and forty-four, me back was gettin' mighty sore,  
me back was gettin' might sore, while workin' on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
5. In eighteen hundred and forty-five, I found myself more dead than alive,  
I found myself more dead than alive, while workin' on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
6. It's "Pat do this!" and "Pat do that!", without a stocking or cravat,  
nothing but an old straw hat, while Pat worked on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
7. In eighteen hundred and forty-seven, sweet Biddy McGee she went to heaven,  
if she left one kid, she left eleven, to work upon the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
8. In eighteen hundred and forty-eight I learned to drink me whiskey straight,  
it's an elegant drink that can't be beat for workin' on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...
9. When Pat then laid him down to sleep, the wiry bugs 'round him did creep,  
hardly could your poor Pat sleep, while working on the railway.  
Fil-li-me-oo-ree-oo-ree-ay...