

Paddy Works on the Railway

Gm F

In eight - een hund-red and for - ty - one I put me cord - u - roy

Gm F

breach-es on, I put my cord-u - roy breach-es on to work up-on the

Gm F

rail - way. Fil-a-mi-or - i - or - i - ay, fil - a - mi - or - i - or - i - ay,

Gm F Gm

fil - a - mi - or - i - or - i - ay to work up-on the rail - way.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two,
I left the old world for the new,
'Twas sorry luck that brought me through,
To work upon the railway.

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.

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I left my home and closed the door
And travelled to the New World shore
To work upon the railway.

It's "Pat do this" and "Pat do that"
Without a stocking or cravat,
And nothing but an old straw hat
While Pat works on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
I found myself more dead than alive.
I found myself more dead than alive
From working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
They pelted me with stones and brick.
Oh I was in a terrible fix
While working on the railway.

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.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight
I found myself at heaven's gate
Oh, I was in a terrible state
From working on the railway