

Poor Paddy on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
Me corduroy breeches i put on
Me corduroy breeches i put on
To work upon the railway,
the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
From hartlepool i moved to crewe
an i Found myself a job to do
A working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, i was
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I broke the shovel across me knee
I went to work for the company
On the leeds to selby railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, i was
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the liverpool shore
Me belly was empty me hands were raw
With working on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When daniel o'connell he was alive
When daniel o'connell he was alive
And working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, i was
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed my trade from carrying bricks
I changed my trade from carrying bricks
To working on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, i was
Working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor paddy was thinking of going to heaven
Poor paddy was thinking of going to heaven
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm wearyof the railway
Poor paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches, pulling switches
Dodging pitches, i was

Working on the railway