

Traditional Irish Music
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Pat Works On The Railway

Dm
In eighteen hundred and forty-one,
F
I put my corduroy breeches on,
Dm
I put my corduroy breeches on
C Dm
To work upon the railway.

Chorus:

F
Fil-li-me-oo-ri-i-ri-aye

Dm
Fil-li-me-oo-ri-i-ri-aye.
F
Fil-li-me-oo-ri-i-ri-aye.
Dm

C Dm
To work upon the railway.

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.

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-five,
I thought myself more dead than alive,
I thought myself more dead than alive
While working on the railway.

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.

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 learned to drink me whiskey straight,
It's an elegant drink that can't be beat
For working on the railway.

