

Irish Song Lyrics

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PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
My corduroy breeches I put on
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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
I didn't know what I should do (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I sailed away across the sea (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on Columbia's shore (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Daniel O'Connell he was alive (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I made my trade to carrying bricks (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven (2x)

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight
I learned to drink my whiskey straight (2x)