

Pat Works on the Railway
By:Unknown
an American folk song

In Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-One,
I put my cord'roy breeches on.
I put my cord'roy breeches on
To work upon the railway.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
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.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon the railway.

In Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-Three,
'Twas then I met sweet Biddy Magee.
An elegant wife she's been to me
While working on the railway.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon the railway.

In Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-Four,
I landed on Columbia's shore.
I landed on Columbia's shore
To work upon the railway.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon 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.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon the railway.

In Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-Six,
I changed my trade to carrying bricks.
I changed my trade to carrying bricks
From working on the railway.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon the railway.

In Eighteen-Hundred-and-Forty-Seven,
Sweet Biddy Magee, she went to heaven.
If she left one child, she left eleven
To work upon the railway.
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
Fil-lee-me-oo-ree-i-ree-ay,
To work upon the railway.

