

# Paddy Works On The Railway Irish Trad.

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**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty one... I put my corduroy breeches on...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
I put my corduroy breeches on... to work upon the railway...

**Em** **D**  
**Fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray... fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray...**  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
**Fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray... to work upon the railway...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty two... I left the ould world for the new...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through... to work upon the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty three... 'twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
An elegant wife she's been to me... while workin' on the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty four... me back was gettin' mighty sore...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
Me back was gettin' might sore... while workin' on the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred forty five... I found meself more dead than alive...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
I found myself more dead than alive... while workin' on the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
It's "Pat do this!" and "Pat do that!"... without a stocking or cravat...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
Nothing but an ould straw hat... while Pat worked on the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty seven... sweet Biddy McGee she went to heaven...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
She left one child, she left eleven... to work upon the railway... **Fil-a...**

**Em** **D**  
In eighteen hundred and forty eight... I learned to drink my whiskey straight...  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
It's an elegant drink that can't be beat... for workin' on the railway...

**Em** **D**  
**Fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray... fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray...**  
**Em** **D** **Em**  
**Fil-a-me-o-me, o-me-ray... to work upon the railway...**