

Pat Works on the Railway

d

In eighteen hundred and forty one
I put my corduroy breeches on
Put my corduroy breeches on
To work upon the railway.

Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
To work upon the railway

	d	-		d	-	
	C	-		C	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	d	G		d	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	C	-		C	-	
	d	-		d	-	
	d	C		d	-	

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 Magee,
An elegant wife she's been to me,
While working on the railway.

When I left Ireland to come here,
To spend my latter days in cheer,
Bosses they did drink strong beer,
While Pat worked on the railway

It's "Pat do this" and "Pat do that"
Without a stocking or cravat,
And nothing but an old straw hat
While Pat works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
They pelted me with stones and brick.
I was in a hell of a fix
While working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven,
Sweet Biddy Magee, she went to heaven,
If she left one kid, she left eleven,
To work upon the railway.

Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
Fi-Li-Mi-Fi-Li-Mi-Oo-Re-Oo-Re-Ay
To work upon the railway.