

FILIMEOOREEOORIAIY

(PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY) *Irish American Traditional*

Fil-i-me-oo-ree-oo-ri-ay, Fil-i-me-oo-ree-oo-ri-ay
Fil-i-me-oo-ree-oo-ri-ay, Workin' on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
I put me cord'roy britches on, I put me cord'roy breeches on
To work upon the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-two
I left the Old World for the new, I left the Old World for the new
To work upon the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
'Twas then I met Miss Biddy MacGhee, An elegant wife she's been to me
While workin' on the railway

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

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
Found myself more dead than alive, found myself more dead than alive
From workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
They pelted me with stones and bricks, I was in a heck of a fix,
While workin' on the railway

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

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight
Found myself at the pearly gate, Found myself at the pearly gate,
From working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-nine
Angels gave me a harp divine, Angels gave me a harp divine,
For working on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-ten
Found myself on earth again, found myself on earth again,
Workin' on the railway