

Poor Paddy (Works on the Railway)

In eighteen hundred and forty-one
The corduroy breeches I put on
Me corduroy breeches I put on
To work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

E
B
E
B E B
E A E
B E

In eighteen hundred and forty-seven
Poor Paddy was thinking of going to Heaven
If he left one child, then he left eleven
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
From Hartly-pool I moved to Crewe
Found myself a job to do
A [B7]working on the [E]railway

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight
I learned to drink my whiskey straight
I learned to drink my whiskey straight
To work upon the railway

Chorus

Chorus-----

I was wearing corduroy breeches E
Digging ditches, pulling switches E
Dodging pitches, as I was E
Working on the Railway B E

In eighteen hundred and forty-nine?
they laid me down in a box of pine
laid me down in a box of pine
from workin on the railway

Chorus

In eighteen hundred and forty-three
I broke the shovel across me knee
I went to work for the company
On the Leeds to Selby railway

Chorus

In eighteen hundred and forty-four
I landed on the Liverpool shore
My belly was empty me hands were sore
With working on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway
Poor Paddy works on the railway

E
B
E
B E B
E A E
B E

In eighteen hundred and forty-five
When Danny O'Connell he was alive
When Danny O'Connell he was alive
And working on the railway

Chorus

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
I changed my trade to carrying bricks
I changed my trade to carrying bricks
To work upon the railway

Chorus