Much of the labor of the railroads Was done by Chinese and Irish immigrants An Irishman was known as a Patrick

In eighteen hundred and forty one I put my cordoroy britches on Put my cordoroy britches on To work up on the railway

Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye To work up on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty two
I left the old world for the new
Bad 'cess the luck that brought me through
To work up on the railway

Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye To work up on the railway

We left old Ireland to come here And spent our latter days in cheer Our bosses they did drink strong beer And Pat worked on the railway

Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye And Pat worked on the railway

It's "Pat do this" and "Pat do that" Without a stocking or cravat
Nothing but an old straw hat
And Pat worked on the railway

Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye Philly me-oo, re-eye, re-aye And Pat worked on the railway