

Poor Paddy On The Railway

The Dubliners

In eighteen hundred and forty one, me 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

In eighteen hundred and forty two, from Bartley Pool I moved to
Crewe
And I found meself a job to do, workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty three I broke me shovel across me
knee
And went to work with the company in the Leeds and Selby Railway
I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty four I landed on the Liverpool shore
Me belly was empty, me hands were rough with workin' on the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway, poor Paddy works on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty five, when Daniel O'Connell he was
alive
Daniel O'Connell he was alive and workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty six I changed me trade from carryin'
bricks
Changed me trade from carryin' bricks to workin' on the railway
I was wearing corduroy britches
Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty seven poor Paddy was thinkin' of
goin' ta heaven
Poor Paddy was thinkin' of goin' ta heaven, to work upon the railway, the railway
I'm weary of the railway, poor Paddy works on the railway

I was wearing corduroy britches

Digging ditches, pulling switches, dodging hitches
I was workin' on the railway