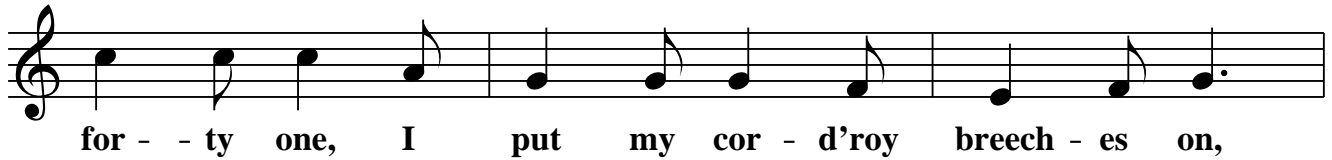
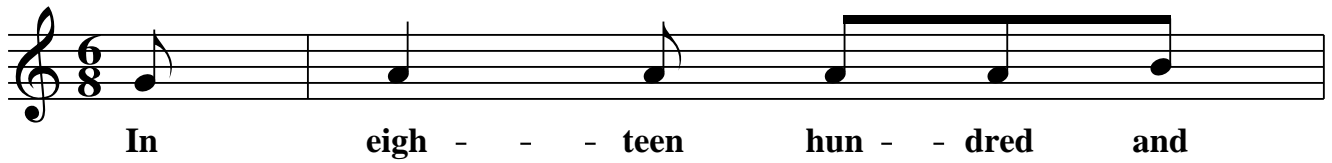


Paddy on the Railway

(Patrick on the Railroad)



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

(Chorus)

Billy me-oo, re-eye, re-aye,
Billy me-oo, re-eye, re-aye,
Bil-y me-oo, re-eye, re-aye,
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two,
I left the ould world for the new,
Bad 'cess to the luck that brought me through
To work upon the railway.

Our boss's name it was Tom King,
He kept a store to rob the men,
A Yankee clerk with ink and pen,
To cheat Pat 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.