

Fillimiooriay

D A D

trad

Verse

Bm D

In eight- een hundred and for- ty one, I put my cor- du-roy breech-es on, I

0	5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	2 2 2 2 2	0 0 0 0
0	5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	3 3 3 3 3	0 0 0 0
4	5 5 5 5 4	5 6+ 7 5	4 4 4 4 3	2 3 4 2

Bm A Bm

put my cor- du -roy breech -es on to work up - on the rail - way.

5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	5 5 4 4	5 5
5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	5 5 4 4	5 5
5 5 5 5 4	5 6+ 7 7	7 6+ 8 6+	5 5

Chorus

Bm D

Fil- i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay, Fil- i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay,

5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5	2 2 2 2 2	0 0 0
5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5	3 3 3 3 3	0 0 0
5 5 5 5 4	5 6+ 7	4 4 4 4 3	2 3 4

Bm A Bm

Fil- i - mi - oo - ri - oo - ri - ay, To work up - on the rail - way.

5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	5 5 4 4	5 5
5 5 5 5 5	5 5 5 5	5 5 4 4	5 5
5 5 5 5 4	5 6+ 7 7	7 6+ 8 6+	5 5

Dulcimer Arr. S. Stevens

In eighteen hundred and forty-two I left the old world for the new
 Bad cess to the luck that brought me through,
 To work upon the rail way. CH

In eighteen hundred and forty-three, 'Twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee
 An elegant wife she's been to me,
 While working on the railway. CH

In eighteen hundred and forty-four, I worked again, and worked some more,
 It's "Bend your backs," the boss did roar,
 While working on the railway. CH

It's "Pat, do this," and "Pat, do that," Without a stocking or cravat
 And nothing but an old straw hat,
 While working on the railway. CH

In eighteen hundred and forty-five,
 They worked us worse than bees in a hive,
 I didn't know if I was dead or alive,
 While working on the railway. CH

In eighteen hundred and forty-six
 They pelted me with stones and sticks
 Oh, I was in a terrible fix,
 While working on the railway. CH

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