

FINNEGAN'S WAKE (page 1 of 2)

Tim Finnegan lived in Wattling Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet and to rise in the world he
carried a hod

See Tim had sort of a tippling way, with love for a liquor poor Tim was
born

To help him on with his work each day, he'd a drop of the Craythor
every morn'

(CHORUS)

whack Fol-De-Di-Do, dance to your partner
Welt the floor, your trotters shake
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim felt rather full, his head felt heavy, which made him
shake

Fell from the ladder and broke his skull and they carried him home, his
corpse to wake

They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and laided him upon the bed
With a bucket of whiskey at his feet and a bottle of porter at his head

CHORUS

His friends assembled at his wake and Missus Finnegan called for
lunch

First they brought in tay and cake then pipes, tobacco and whiskey
punch

Biddy O'Brien begged to cry such a nice clean corpse did you ever
see

Tim me boy, oh why did you die? Arrah shut your gob said Paddy
MCGee

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CHORUS

Then Maggie McGuire took up the job biddy says she you're wrong I'm
sure

Biddy belted her in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor

There the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to
man

Shillelah-law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

CHORUS

Mickey Maloney raised his head when a bottle of whiskey flew at him

It missed him falling on the bed, and the liquor scattered over Tim

Tim revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed

Says whirl your whiskey around like blazes, Thunderin' Jesus, do you
think I'm dead

CHORUS