

# Finnegan's Wake

Traditional

Tim Finnegan lived on Walkin' Street. A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;  
He had a brogue so rich and sweet and to rise in the world he carried a hod.  
Now Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way with a love of the whisky now he was born  
And to help him on with his work each day He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

*Chorus:*

Whack fol the daddle, dance to your partner  
Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

One mornin' Tim felt rather full his head felt heavy which made him shake;  
Fell from a ladder and he burst his skull so they carried him home to start the wake.  
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet and laid him out upon the bed,  
A gallon of whiskey at his feet a barrel of porter at his head.

*Chorus*

His friends assembled at the wake And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,  
First they brought in tea and cake then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.  
Biddy O'Brien began to cry "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?  
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?" "Arragh, shut your mouth" said Paddy McGhee!

*Chorus*

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the moan "O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawlin' on the floor.  
Then the war did soon engage 'Twas woman to woman and man to man,  
Shillelagh law did all enrage and a row and a ruction soon began.  
Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a noggin of whiskey flew at him,  
Missed, and shattered on the bed the liquor scattered over Tim!  
Tim revives! See how he raises! Timothy was rising from the bed,  
Saying, "Flung your whiskey around like blazes  
Thundering Hell! Do you think I'm dead?"

*Chorus*