

Finnegan's Wake



Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a hod
 You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way with the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
 To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner 'round the floor yer trotters shake
 Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

One morning Tim got rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
 Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull, and they carried him home his corpse to wake
 Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed
 A bottle of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
 First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
 Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Chorus + Instrumental

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
 Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor
 Then the war did soon engage, t'was woman to woman and man to man
 Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Chorus

Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him
 It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim
 Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed
 Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' blazes, do ye think I'm dead?"

Chorus + Instrumental + Chorus 2x