

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

C **Am** **F** **G**
Ah, Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street, A gentleman Irish mighty odd,
C **Am** **F** **C**
He had a brogue both rich and sweet, An' to rise in the world he carried
G C
a hod.

C **Am** **C** **Am**
But Tim had a bit of a tipplin' way, with the love of the liquor he was

born,
C **Am** **F** **G**
And to send him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur ev'ry
C
morn.

C **Am** **F**
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner, Around the floor with yer
G
trotters shake,

C **Am** **F** **G** **C**
Isn't it the truth I tell ya? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.

One morning Tim was rather full, His ould head felt heavy which made him
shake,
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull, And they carried him home his
corpse to wake.
Oh they rapped him up in a nice clean sheet, And they laid him out upon the bed,
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet, And a barrel of porter at his head.

Well his friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
Well first she brought them tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch.
Then the Widow Malone began to cry, ah such a lovely corpse, did yis ever see,
Arrah, Tim avourneen, why did you die? Will ye hould your gob? said Molly
McGee.

Well Mary Murphy took up the job, Ah Bidy, says she, you're wrong I'm sure,
Well Bidy fetched her a belt in the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor.
A civil war did then engage, 'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began.

Well Mick Maloney ducked his head, when a bottle of whiskey flew at him,
He ducked, and landing on the bed, the whiskey scatters over Tim.
Oh bedad he revives and see how he rises, Tim Finnegan rising in the bed,
Saying, twiddle your whiskey around like blazes,
Be the t'underin' Jaysus, did ye think I was dead?