

FINNEGAN'S WAKE

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Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentleman Irish (mighty odd!)
He'd a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world, he carried a hod
Now Tim had a bit of a tippling way
With a love of the liquor he was born
To send him to his work each day
He'd a drop of the crathur every morn

(Chorus)

Whack! hurrah! Will ye dance to your partner
Round the floor your trotters shake
Isn't it the truth I told you
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake?

One morning Tim was rather full
His head was heavy which made him shake
He fell of the ladder and broke his skull
And they took him home his corpse to wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a bottle of porter at his head!

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought them tea and cakes
Then pipes, tobacco, and brandy punch
Then the Widow Malone began to cry
"Such a nice clean corpse did ye ever see?
Arrah Tim mavourneen, why did ye die?"
"Will ye hold your gab?" said Biddy McGee

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job
"Ah Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure -"
Then Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor.
'Twas 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!

Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him
It missed and shattered on the bed
And the whiskey pours all over Tim!

Begod he revives! See how he rises!
Tim Finnegan rising from the bed!
"Throwing whiskey around like blazes -
Be the thunderin' jayz, did ye think I was dead?"