

Finnegan's Wake

Am
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
 G7
 A gentle Irishman mighty odd,
 Am
 He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
 F G7 C
 And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
 Am
 You see he'd a sort of the tipplin' way,
 C Am
 With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,
 C Am
 To help him on with his work each day,
 F G7 C
 He'd a "drop o' the cray-thur" ev' ry morn.

Chorus:

Am Em
 Whack fol the da now, dance to your partner
 Am G7
 Welt the floor your trotters shake
 Am Em
 Wasn't it the truth I told you,
 Am F G7 C
 Lots of fun at Finne gan's Wake.

One mornin' Tim was rather full,
 His head felt heavy which made him shake,
 He fell from a ladder, and he broke his skull,
 And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
 They rolled him up in a nice clean ship,
 And laid him out upon the bed,
 A gallon of whisky at his feet,
 And a barrel of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the Wake,
 And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
 First they brought in tay, and cake,
 Then pipes, tobacco, and whisky punch.
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
 Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see ?
 Tim Mavourneen why did you die ?
 Arrah hold your gob said Paddy McGhee.

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
 Oh 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,
 'Twas woman to woman, and man to man,
 Shelelaigh law was all the rage,
 And a row, and a ruction soon began.

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head,
 When a noggin of whisky flew at him,
 It missed and falling on the bed,
 The liquor scattered over Tim.

Tim revives see how he rises,
Timothy rising from the bed,
Said, "Whirl your whisky around like blazes,
Thanum an dial do you think I'm dead ?"