

Michael Finnigan

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There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
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He grew whiskers on his chin-i-gin,
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The wind came up and blew them in a-gin,
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Poor old Michael Finnigan, begin a-g'in.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
He got drunk through drinking ginigin,
That's how he wasted all his tinnigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigan, begin ag'in.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigan,
He grew fat and then grew thin ag'in,
Then he died, and had to begin ag'in,
Poor old Michael, please don't begin ag'in.