Finnigans Wake   by   Irish Folk

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
      but for 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

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C Am
F G
C Am
F G C
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Chorus--
Whack fol the dah, now dance to yer partner
round the flure, yer trotters shake
Bend an ear to the truth they tell ye,
we had lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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C Am
F G
C Am
F G C
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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

His friends assembled at the wake,
and Widow Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tea and cake,
then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
      Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
      "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Tim, auv-reem! Oh, why did you die?",
"Will ya hold your gob?" said Paddy McGee

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C Am
F G
C Am
F G C
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Then Maggie O'Connor took up the cry,
"O Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
and sent 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

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C Am
F G
C Am
F G C
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Mickey Maloney ducked his head
when a bottle of Jameson flew at him
It missed, and falling on the bed,
And the whiskey scattered over Tim
      Now the spirits new life began reviving
      Tim Finnigan Jumped from the bed
Cryin "will ya wall-up each girl and boy",
Thunder-ing Jesus, do you think I'm dead?   Chorus, Chorus Fast, END
END: C gg A g   gC