

## Finegans Wake

Ah Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd  
 Well he had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he  
 carried a hod  
 Ah but Tim had a sort of tipplin way with love of the liquor he was born  
 An`to send him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn

### Chorus:

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake  
 Isn`t it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

Ah One morning 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  
 Well they 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

Well his friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch  
 First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch  
 The widow Malone began to cry, and"Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see,  
 Arrah Tim avourneen, why did you die?and", and"Will ye hould your gob?and"  
 said Paddy McGee

Oh well Mary O'Connor took up the job, and"Biddyand" says she and"you're  
 wrong, I'm sureand"  
 Oh well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob and left her sprawling on the floor  
 Well civil war did then engage, woman to woman and man to man  
 Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Oh well Tim Maloney ducked his head when a bootle of whiskey flew at him  
 He ducked and landing on the bed, the whiskey scattered over Tim  
 oh bedad he revives, see how he rises, Tim Finnegan rising in the bed  
 Saying and"Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do ye  
 think I'm dead?and"