

## Finnegans Wake

Artist: Dubliners

C Am F G  
 Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd  
 C Am F G C  
 He had a brogue both rich and sweet, an' to rise in the world he carried a  
 hod

Am C Am  
 You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way but the love for the liquor poor Tim  
 C  
 was born

Am F G C  
 To help him on his way each day, he'd a drop of the craythur every morn  
 C Am F G  
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake

C Am F G C  
 Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

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  
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake

Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch  
 First she brought in tay and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch  
 Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,  
 Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee  
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake

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Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "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, t'was woman to woman and man to man  
 Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began  
 Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake

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Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a bucket of whiskey flew at him  
 It missed, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim  
 Bedad he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed  
 Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do ye  
 think I'm dead?"

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer trotters  
 shake

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