

Finnigan's Wake

Ah Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
 A gentleman Irish mighty odd
 Well, he had a tongue both rich and sweet
 An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
 Ah but Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way
 With the 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

Whack fol the dah will ya 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

One morning Tim was rather full
 His head felt heavy which made him shake
 He fell off the 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 they laid him out upon the bed
 With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
 And a barrel of porter at his head

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Well his friends assembled at the wake
 And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
 Well first they brought in tay and cake
 Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
 Then 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 Molly McGee

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Well Mary O'Connor took up the job
 and"Biddyand" says she and"you're wrong, I'm sureand"
 Well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
 And left her sprawling on the floor
 Well civil war did then 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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Well Tim Maloney raised his head
 When a bottle of whiskey flew at him
 He ducked, and landing on the bed
 The whiskey scattered over Tim
 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"

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