

# Finnegan's Wake

- e**  
1. Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,

**D7**

A gentle Irishman, mighty odd.

**e**  
He had a brogue both rich and sweet,

**C D7 G**

An' to rise in the world he carried a hod

**G**

**e**

Now Tim had a sort of a tipplers way

**G**

**e**

With a love for the liquor poor Tim was born,

**G**

**e**

To help him on his work each day,

**C**

**D7 G**

he'd a drop of the craythur every morn.

**e** **h**  
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner

**e**

**D7**

Whirl the flure yer trotters shake

**e**

**h**

Wasn't it the truth they tell ye,

**e**

**C**

**D7**

**G**

Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.

2. 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.
3. 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, mauvrneen! O, why did you die?", "Will ye should your gob?" said Paddy McGee.
4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "O 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.
5. 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!  
Tim revives; see how he rises! Timothy rising from the bed  
Said, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes, Thanum an Dhul! Do ye think I'm dead?"