**Finnegan's Wake (Traditional. 1864)**

 **C Am**

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,

 **F G**

A gentle Irishman mighty odd

 **C Am**

He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,

 **F G C**

To rise in the world he carried a hod

 **C Am**

You see he'd a sort of a tippler's way

 **C Am**

With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born

 **C Am**

To help him on his work each day,

 **F G C**

He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

**Refrain:**

**C Am**

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner

**F G**

Welt the floor yer trotters shake

**C Am**

Wasn't it the truth I told you?

**F G C**

Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

 **C Am**

One morning Tim got rather full,

 **F G**

His head felt heavy which made him shake

**C Am**

Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull,

 **F G C**

And they carried him home his corpse to wake

**C Am**

Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,

 **C Am**

And laid him out upon the bed

 **C Am**

A gallon of whiskey at his feet

 **F G C**

And a barrel of porter at his head

**(Refrain)**

 **C Am**

His friends assembled at the wake,

 **F G**

And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch

**C Am**

First they brought in tay and cake,

 **F G C**

Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch

**C Am**

Biddy O'Brien began to cry,

 **C Am**

"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,

**C Am**

Tim avourneen, why did you die?",

 **F G C**

"Arrah hold your gob!" said Paddy McGee

**(Refrain)**

 **C Am**

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,

**F G**

"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"

**C Am**

Biddy gave her a belt in the gob

 **F G C**

And left her sprawling on the floor

**C Am**

Then the war did soon engage,

 **C Am**

T'was woman to woman and man to man

**C Am**

Shillelagh law was all the rage

 **F G C**

And a row and a ruction soon began

**(Refrain)**

 **C Am**

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head

 **F G**

When a bucket of whiskey flew at him

 **C Am**

It missed, and falling on the bed,

 **F G C**

The liquor scattered over Tim

**C Am**

Tim revives, see how he rises,

**C Am**

Timothy rising from the bed

 **C Am**

Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,

**F G C**

Thanum an Dhul, do ye think I'm dead?"

**(Refrain) (2x)**