

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)