



Finnegan's Wake (Traditional, before 1861) (C)

Finnegan's Wake by the Dubliners– Finnegan's Wake by the Irish Rovers

Finnegan's Wake by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem

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)

Finnegan's Wake (Traditional, before 1861) (G)

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G Em
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street,
C D
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
G Em
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet,
C D G
To rise in the world he carried a hod
G Em
You see he'd a sort of a tippler's way
G Em
With the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
G Em
To help him on his work each day,
C D G
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

Refrain

G Em
Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner
C D
Welt the floor yer trotters shake
G Em
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
C D G
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

G Em
One morning Tim got rather full,
C D
His head felt heavy which made him shake
G Em
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull,
C D G
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
G Em
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,
G Em
And laid him out upon the bed
G Em
A gallon of whiskey at his feet
C D G
And a barrel of porter at his head. **Refrain**

G Em
His friends assembled at the wake,
C D
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch

G Em
First they brought in tay and cake,
C D G
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
G Em
Biddy O'Brien began to cry,
G Em
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
G Em
Tim avourneen, why did you die?",
C D G
"Arrah hold your gob!" said Paddy McGee.

Refrain

G Em
Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job,
C D
"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
G Em
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
C D G
And left her sprawling on the floor
G Em
Then the war did soon engage,
G Em
T'was woman to woman and man to man
G Em
Shillelagh law was all the rage
C D G
And a row and a ruction soon began. **Refrain**

G Em
Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
C D
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
G Em
It missed, and falling on the bed,
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The liquor scattered over Tim
G Em
Tim revives, see how he rises,
G Em
Timothy rising from the bed
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Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes,
C D G
Thanum an Dhul, do ye think I'm dead?"

Refrain (2x)