

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd;
Had a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
You see Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way
With a love of the whiskey poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

Chorus

**Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner
Whirl the floor, your trotters shake;
Wasn't it the truth I told you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!**

One mornin' Tim got rather full
His head felt heavy which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and 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 gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they 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?
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
Arragh, hold your gob said Paddy McGhee!

Chorus

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
Then the war did soon engage
Woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin 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 you think I'm dead?"

Chorus

Finnegan's Wake