

# Finnegan's Wake

## The Dubliners

Ah Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street  
A gentleman Irish mighty odd  
Well, he had a tongue both rich and sweet  
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod  
Ah but Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way  
With the love of the liquor he was born  
An' to send him on his way each day  
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn  
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner  
Around the flure yer trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you?  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake  
One morning Tim was rather full  
His head felt heavy which made him shake  
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull  
And they carried him home his corpse to wake  
Well they rolled him up in a nice clean sheet  
And they laid him out upon the bed  
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet  
And a barrel of porter at his head  
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner  
Around the flure yer trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you?  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake  
Well his friends assembled at the wake  
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch  
Well first they brought in tay and cake  
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch  
Then the widow Malone began to cry  
"Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see,  
Arrah, Tim avourneen, why did you die?"  
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Molly McGee  
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner  
Around the flure yer trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you?  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake  
Well Mary O'Connor took up the job  
"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"  
Well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
And left her sprawling on the floor  
Well civil war did then engage  
T'was woman to woman and man to man  
Shillelagh law was all the rage  
And a row and a ruction soon began  
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner  
Around the flure yer trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you?  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake  
Well Tim Maloney raised his head  
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him  
He ducked, and landing on the bed  
The whiskey scattered over Tim  
Bedad he revives, see how he rises  
Tim Finnegan rising in the bed  
Saying "Whittle your whiskey around like blazes  
T'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"  
Whack fol the dah will ya dance to yer partner

Around the flure yer trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth I told you?  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake