

Finnegan's wake

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Irish Folk song

D Bm G A

5 D Bm G A D D

10 Bm D Bm D

14 Bm G A D D Bm

19 G A D Bm G A D

Tim Fin-ne-gan lived in Wal-kin Street, A gen-tle-man I-rish-man migh-ty odd He
seen a brogue so soft and sweet, An' to rise in the world he car-ried the hod Tim had a sort of
a tip-plin' way With a love for the li-quer now he was born Help him on with his
work each day, ha'da drop of the cray-thur ev' ry morn Whack fol the da O, dance to your part-ner
Well the floor, your trot-ters shake Was-n't the truth I told to you, Lots of fun at Fin-ne-gan's Wake

One morning Tim felt rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from a ladder and he burst his skull, so they carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet a barrel of porter at his head

Refr.

His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
First she brought in tea and cake, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch
Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see,
Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "I should your gob?" said Paddy McGee

Refr.

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

Tim he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed
Saying "Whirl your liquor around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do you think I'm dead?"

Refr.