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

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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

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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

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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?"

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written by BOURKE, CIARAN PADRAIG MAIRE / DREW, RONALD JOSEPH / MCKENNA, BARNEY / SHEAHAN, JOHN EDMUND / KELLY, LUKE
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