

# Finnegan's Wake

## The Irish Rovers

Tim Finnegan lived in Walken' Street  
A gentleman Irishman mighty odd;  
He seen a brogue so soft and sweet  
And to rise in the world he carried the hod.

Tim had a sort of a tipplin' way  
With a love of the liquor now he was born  
To help him on with his work each day  
Had a "drop of the cray-chur" every morn.

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

One mornin' 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 gallon of whiskey at his feet  
A barrel of porter at his head.

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

His friends assembled at the wake  
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch.  
First they brung 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?"  
Arragh, shut your gob said Paddy McGhee!

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

Patty O'Connor took up the job  
"Ah Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"  
Biddy gave her a belt in the gob  
Then left her sprawlin' 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.

Mickey Maloney lowered his head  
And a bottle of whiskey flew at him,  
Missed, and fallin' on the bed  
The liquor scattered over Tim!

Tim revives! See how he rises!  
Timothy risin' from the bed,  
Sayin', "Whirl your liquor around like blazes  
Thunderin' Jaysus! Do you thunk I'm dead?"

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

---

Lyrics submitted by George Youdig.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>