

Finnegan's Wake

The High Kings

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
You see he'd a sort of a tipplers way
But the love for the liquor poor Tim was born
And to help him on his way each day
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn()
Whack fol the dah, now dance with your partner
Around the floor, your trotters shake
Isn't it the truth, I tell you?
Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake
One morning Tim felt rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell off his ladder and he broke his skull
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake
They wrapped him up in a nice, clean sheet
And they laid him out there upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head()
His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
First she served them tay 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?"
"Will ye hould your gob?" said Paddy McGee
()Then Ginny O'Harriton got the job:
"Biddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy gave her a clapper upon the gob
And sent her sprawlin' on the floor
T'was then the war did soon engage
It was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law, did all engage
And a row and a ruction soon began()
Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed, and landed on the bed
And the whisky splattered over poor old Tim
Bedad he revives, now see him rise
Tim Finnegan rise and up in the bed

Throwin' the whiskey around the place
"T'underin' Jaysus, do ye think I'm dead?"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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