Finnegan's Wake

The Tossers

Tim Finnegan lived on Walkin Street,
A gentleman Irish mighty odd
well, he had a brogue both rich and sweet,
An' to rise in the world he carried a hod
Well, he had a bit of a timmlin' way
with a love for the liquor poor Tim was born
And to send him on his way each day,
he'd a drop of the craythur every morn[Chorus:]
Whack fol the dah do now dance with your partner
whirl the floor your trotters shake
Isn't it the truth I tell you,
lots of fun at Finnegan's WakeOne morning Tim felt rather full,
his ole' head felt heavy which made him shake
well, he fell off the ladder and he broke his skull,
then they carried him home his corpse to wake
oh, they wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet,
and they laid him out upon the bed
with a gallon of whiskey at his feet
and a bucket of porter at his head[Chorus]Well, his friends assembled at the wake,
and missus Finnegan called for lunch
well, first she brought out tea and cake,
then pipes and tobacco and brandy punch
Then the widow Malone began to cry,
"Such a nice, clean corpse, have you ever seen,
Saying Tim my boy why did you die?",
well, "Hold your gob." says Mother McGee[Chorus]Then Maggie O'Conner took up the job,
And Biddy says "you're wrong, for sure"
well, Biddy fixed her with a belt in the gob
and sent her sprawling on the floor
then a civil war did soon engage,
it was woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
and a row and a ruction soon began[Chorus]Then Mickey Maloney he ducked his head
when a bottle of whiskey flew at him
It ducked, and landed on the bed,
well, whiskey scattering over Tim
Be dad it revives him see how he rises
Tim Finnegans rising in the bed
Sayin whirl whiskey around like place

Thanum an Dhul!, do ye think I was dead?"[Chorus 2x]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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