

Finnegan's Wake

Frank McCourt

Tim Finnegan lived in Wattling Street
A gentle Irishman mighty odd
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
To rise in the world he carried a hod

See he'd sort of a tripling way
With love for a liquor poor Tim was born
To help him on with his work each day
He'd a drop of the Craythor every morn'

One morning Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
Fell from the ladder and broke his skull
So they carried him home, his corpse to wake

Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laided him upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a gallon of porter at his head

And whack Fol-De-Dah now 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 his wake
And Missus Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch

Biddy O'Brien begged to cry
Such a nice clean corpse did you see
Aye, Tim me boy, oh why did you die?
Arrah shut your gob said Paddy MCGee

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Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job
Biddy says she you're wrong I'm sure
Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor

There the war did soon engage
Woman to woman and man to man
Shillelah-law was all the rage
An a row and a ruction soon began

Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a bottle Of whiskey flew at him
It missed him falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim

Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Tonamondeal, do you think I'm dead

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