

# Finnegan's Wake

## Schooner Fare

Tim Finnegan lived in Watling 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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