

Finnegan's Wake

Songwriters: Ken Casey / Matthew Edward Kelly



C Am
Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street
F G
A gentle Irishman, mighty odd
C Am
He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet
F C
And to rise in the world he carried a
G
hod
You see he'd a sort of the tipp'lin' way
With the love of the liquor, poor Tim was
born
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn

[CHORUS]

C Am
Whack fol the da, now, dance to your
partner
F G
Round the floor your trotters shake
C Am
Wasn't it the truth I tell you
F G C
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake

One mornin' Tim was rather full
His head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell from the ladder and he broke his
skull
And they carried him home his corpse to
wake
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet
And laid him out upon the bed
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

[REPEAT CHORUS]

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought in 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 Mavourneen why did you die?"
"Arrah hold your gob" said Paddy McGee

[REPEAT CHORUS]

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

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head
When a bucket of whiskey flew at him
It missed and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim
Tim revives, see how he rises
Timothy rising from the bed
Said "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thundering Jaysus, do you think I'm
dead?"

[REPEAT CHORUS]

The Craythur is a modern Irish term for whiskey, from 'the creature', as in 'created'...

"Mavourneen" is a term of endearment derived from the Irish Gaelic mo mhuirín, meaning "my beloved".