

# A1

## "Finnegan's Wake"

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Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street.  
A gentleman, Irishman, mighty odd;  
He had a beautiful brogue both rich and sweet.  
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.  
Now Tim had a sort of the tippler's way.  
With a love of the liquor poor Tim was born  
And to help him on with his work each day.  
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

Whack fol me darlin' , dance to your partner  
Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

One mornin' Tim felt rather full.  
His head was heavy and it made him shake;  
He fell off the ladder and broke his skull  
So 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 case of the blue star at his head.

Whack fol me darlin' , dance to your partner  
Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

His friends assembled at the wake.  
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,  
They brought in tea and whisky cake.  
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch.  
Then Biddy O'Brien began to cry.  
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?  
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"  
Arragh, hold your gob says Paddy McGhee!

Whack fol me darlin' , dance to your partner  
Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job.  
"Now Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"  
And Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob.  
And left her sprawlin' on the floor.  
Civil war did then engage.  
'Twas woman to woman and man to man,  
Shillelagh law was all the rage.  
And a row and a ruction soon began.

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Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
Wasn't it the truth I told you  
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head.  
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him,  
It missed, and falling on the bed.  
The liquor scattered over Tim!  
Tim revives! See how he rises!  
Tim finnegan rising in the bed,  
Saying , "Whirling your whiskey around like blazes.  
Well Holy Jesus! Do you think I'm dead?"

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Round the floor, your trotters shake;  
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Comment: This irish ballad is sang all over Europe in  
many,  
many different ways so don't worry if some words  
don't fit  
exactly with the version you are listening to

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