

## Clancy Brothers "Finnegans Wake"

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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 tipplin' way  
With love for the liquor poor Tim was born  
To help him a man with his work each day  
He'd a drop of the craythin' every morn'

Whack fol, de, dah  
Now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor, your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun  
At Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim got rather full  
His head felt heavy which made him shake  
Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull  
They carried him home, his corpse to wake

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

Whack fol, de, dah  
Now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor, your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun  
At Finnegan's wake

His friends assembled at the wake  
And misses Finnegan called for lunch  
First she brought in tea and cake  
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch

Biddy O'Brien began to cry  
Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?  
Tim me, boy, yadda, hoy, dida, ho, yada  
"Arrah, hold your gob", said Patty Megee

Whack fol, de, dah  
Now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor, your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun  
At Finnegan's wake

Then O'Connor took up the job  
"Arrah", biddy says, she ye'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

Whack fol, de, dah  
Now, dance to your partner  
Welt the floor, your trotters shake  
Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun  
At Finnegan's wake

Then 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  
Then Whirl your whiskey around  
Like blazes Thanum o'n Dhoul  
Do ye think I'm dead?

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