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"Finnegan's 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, You see He'd sort of a Trippling 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 sheat, 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 Ye 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 OBrien begged to cry, such a Nice clean corpse did you see Arrah hold your gob see Paddy Magee. And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to your Partner, welt the floor, your trotters shake Wasn't it the truth I 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 Mickey Maloney raised his head when a bottle Of Whickey 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 Whisky around like blazes Tonamondeal, do ye think I'm dead. And whack Fol-De-Dah now dance to your Partner, welt the floor, your trotters shake Wasn't it the truth I told Ye Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake.