The Woods Band "Finnegan's Wake"

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Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way
With a love of the whiskey he was born
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.
Chorus:
Whack fol the darn O, dance to your partner

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

- 2. One mornin' Tim was feelin' full
 His head was heavy which made him shake;
 He fell from the ladder and 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,
 A gallon of whiskey at his feet
 And a barrel of porter at his head.
 Chorus:
- 3. 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 bawl
 "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?
 "O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
 "Arragh, hold your gob" said Paddy McGhee!
 Chorus:
- 4. Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
 "O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
 Biddy she gave her a belt in the gob
 And left her sprawlin' on the floor.
 And then the war did soon engage
 'Twas woman to woman and man to man,
 Shillelagh law was all the rage
 And a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus:

5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head When a noggin of whiskey flew at him, It missed, and falling on the bed The liquor scattered over Tim! The corpse revives! See how he raises! Timothy rising from the bed, Says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes Thanum an Dhul! Do you thunk I'm dead?" Chorus:

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