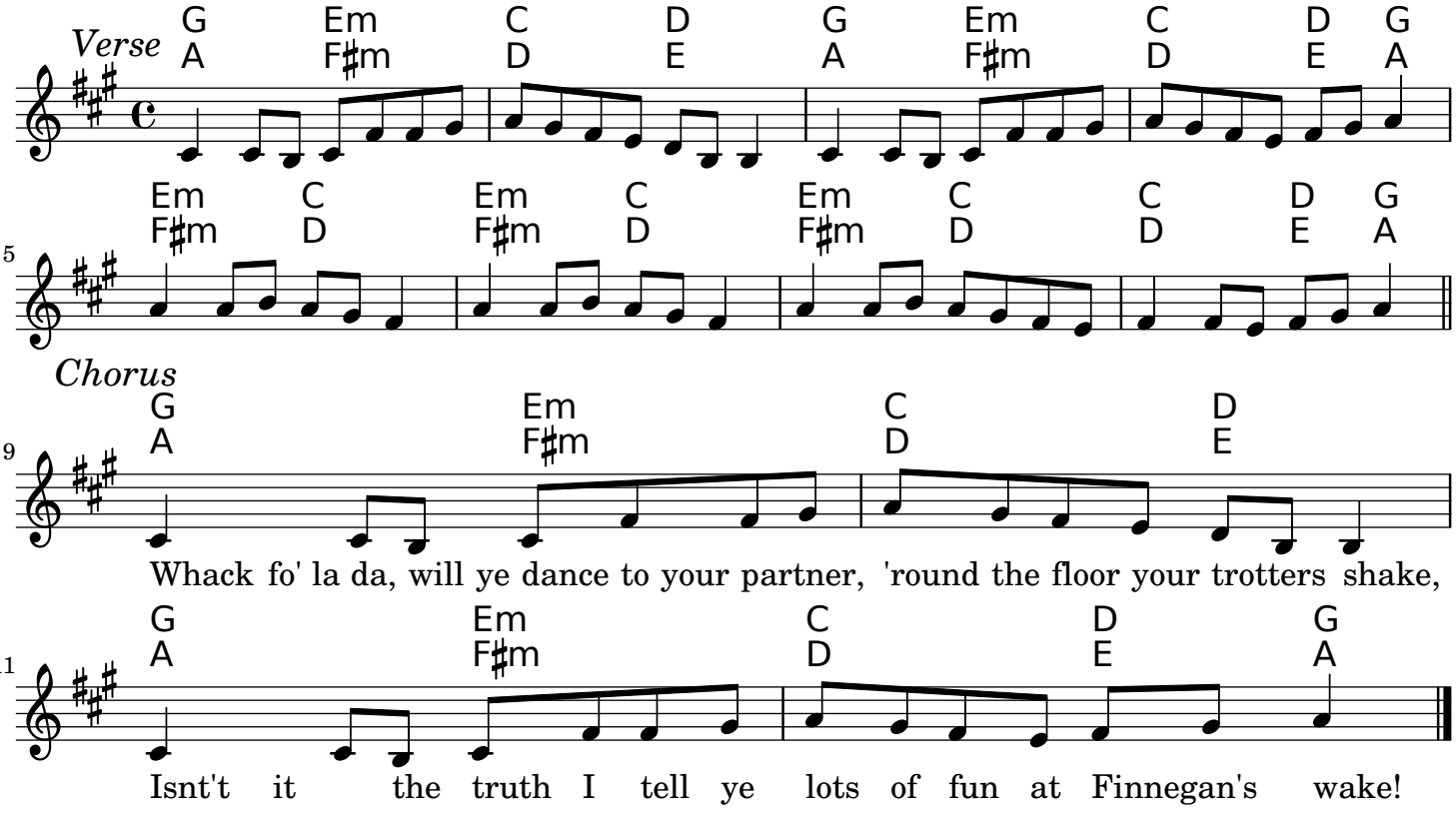
Finnegan's Wake (A)

Upper Chords: CAPO 2

Traditional

Arr. Mark Duvall via the Dubliners



Verse 1 Tim Finnegan lived in Walken Street; a gentleman Irish, mighty odd
He had a brogue both rich and sweet; and to rise in the world, he carried a hod
Tim had a bit of a tippler's way; for the love of the liquor he was born
To send him on his way each day, he'd a drop o' the craythur every morn.

Verse 2 One morning Tim got rather full; his head felt heavy, which made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull; and they carried him home, his corpse to wake
They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet, and laid him out upon the bed,
A bottle of whiskey at his feet, and a barrel of porter at his head

Verse 3 His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch
First they brought out tea and cake; then pipes, tobacco, and brandy punch
Then the widow Malone began to cry, "Such a lovely corpse, did ya ever see,
Musha Tim, avorneen, why did ya die?" -- "Will ye hold your gob?" said Molly McGee

Verse 4 Mary Murphy took up the job; "Ah, Biddy," said she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob, and left her sprawling on the floor
A civil war did then engage; 'twas woman-to-woman and man-to-man
Shilelagh Law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soon began

Verse 4 Tim Maloney ducked his head, when a bottle of whiskey flew at him
He ducked, and landing on the bed, the whiskey scatters over Tim
Bedad, he revives, and see how he rises; Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying, "Twiddle your whiskey around like the blazes -- Thunderin' Jesus, do ye think I'm dead!?"

Music engraving by LilyPond 2.18.2—www.lilypond.org