

# Finnegan's Wake (A)

Upper Chords: CAPO 2

Traditional

Arr. Mark Duvall via the Dubliners

*Verse*

G A Em F#m C D D E G A Em F#m C D D E G A

5

Em F#m C D Em F#m C D Em F#m C D C D E G A

*Chorus*

9 G A Em F#m C D D E

11 G A Em F#m C D D E G A

Whack fo' la da, will ye dance to your partner, 'round the floor your trotters shake,

Isn't it the truth I tell ye lots of fun at Finnegan's wake!

*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!?"