

Finnegan's Wake

Ireland

earliest date: before 1861 (Ballad Index)

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1. Tim Fin-ne-gan lived in Walk-er Street, a gent-le-man, I-rish, might-y odd. He'd a beau-ti-ful brogue so rich and sweet and to rise in the world he car-ried a hod. Now Tim had a sort of a tip-plin' way, with a love of the whis-key he was born, and to help him on his way each day, he'd a "drop of the cray-thur" ev-'ry morn. Whack fol the darn, o, dance to your part-ner, whirl the floor, your trot-ters shake. Was-n't it the truth I told you, lots of fun at Fin-ne-gan's wake!

2. One mornin' Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake, he fell from the ladder and broke his skull, so 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 gallon of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head.
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!
3. His friends assembled at the wake and Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch, first they brought in tay and cakes, then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch. Miss Biddy O'Brien began to cry, "Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?" "O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?" "Arragh, hold your gob", said Paddy McGhee!
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!
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 on 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.
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!
5. Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head when a gallon of whiskey flew at him. It missed him, and falling on the bed, the liquor scattered over Tim! The corpse revives! See how he raises! Tim Finnegan jumping from the bed, says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes! Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?"
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!

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