

Finnegan's Wake

Verse1

C Am
Tim Finnegan lived in Walken Street
F G7
A gentleman Irish, mighty odd.
C Am
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
F G7 C
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Am
You see he'd a sort of a tipplin' way
C Am
With a love for the liquor he was born
C Am
And to send him on his way each day,
F C
He'd a drop of the craythur every morn'.

Chorus

C Am
Whack fol' the dah will ya dance to your partner
F G
Round the floor your trotters shake
C Am
Isn't it the truth I told ya?
F G7 C
Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

Verse2

One morning Tim was 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.
Rolled him up in a nice, clean sheet
Laid him out upon the bed,
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

Verse3

Well his friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for brunch.
Well, first she brought them tea and cake,
Then pipes, tobacco, and whiskey punch.
Then the Widow Malone began to cry,
"Such a nice clean corpse did you ever see?"
"Tim, auvreen! Why did you die?"
"Will you hold yer gob?" says Molly McGee'

Chorus

Verse4

Well, Mary Murphy took up the job,
"Oh Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure."
Well Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor.
Then the war did then engage -
'Twas woman to woman and man to man.
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began.

Chorus

Verse5

Well Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him.
It missed, and landing on the bed
The whiskey scattered over Tim.
Bedad revives, see how he rises!
Timothy risin' from the bed!
Sayin' "Throwin' your whiskey around like blazes,"
"Thundering jaysus do ye think I'm dead?"

Chorus

The lyrics to Finnegan's Wake have been an inspiration to Irish nationalists for nearly 200 years.

The words were written by Thomas Davis, who lived in Dublin and was prominent in the nationalist movement in the 1840s. The opening lines of the song with their reference to ancient Greece and Rome reflect Davis' classical education at Trinity College, Dublin.

Davis composed many other songs and lyrics but sadly died in 1845, aged 30.

For more information about Finnegan's Wake, and videos of various performers, visit <http://www.irishmusicforever.com/finnegans-wake>

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