

Orthodox Celts

Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin Street, a gentle Irishman mighty odd.
He had a brogue so rich and sweet, and to rise in a world he carried a hod.
With time in a bit of a timeless way, with a love of liquor he was born,
And to help him on his way each day he'd a drop o' the craytur ev'ry morn.

Whack fol da now dance to your partner round the floor your trotters shake.
Wasn't it the truth I told you? Lots of fun at Finnegan's wake.

One morning Tim was rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake.
He fell off 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
With a gallon of whiskey at his feet and a bottle of porter at his head.

His friends assembled at the wake and missus Finnegan called for lunch,
Then they brought him tea and cake, pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy Malone began to cry, such a nice clean corps did ever see
Arrah! Tim avourneen why did you die with a love of your gabs at Molly Magee.

Mary murphy took the job, old Biddy is he wrong I'm shure.
Biddy gave her a belt on the gob and she left sprawling on the floor.
Each side in war did soon engage, 'twas woman to woman and man to man,
Shillelagh-law was all the rage, and a row and a ruction soo began.

Tim Maloney raised his head when a bottle of whiskey flew at him.
He dropped and landed on the bed. The whiskey scattered over Tim.
I'll be dead if see how he raises, Timothy raisin' in the bed,
seeing plenty of whiskey 'rond the places with a tour of gin that I think I'm dead.