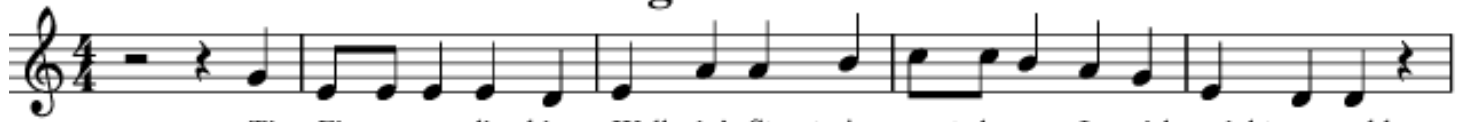


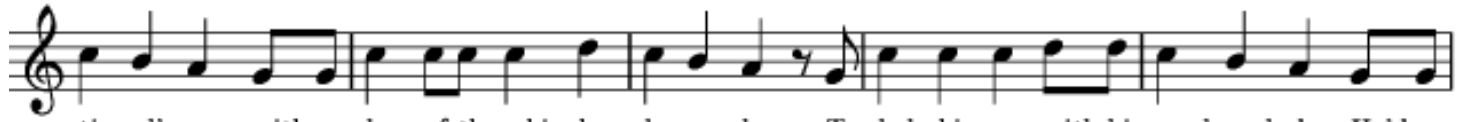
Finnegan's Wake



Tim Fin- ne- gan lived in Walk- in' Street, A gent- le- man I- rish, might- y odd,



He had a brogue both rich and sweet, and to rise in the world he car- ried a hod. Now Tim had a sort of a



tip- pl'n way, with a love of the whis- key he was born, To help him on with his work 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, Lot's of fun at Fin- ne- gan's wake!

Tim Finnegan lived in Walkin' Street
A gentleman, Irish, mighty odd;
He had a brogue both rich and sweet
And to rise in the world he carried a hod.
Now Tim had a sort of the tipplin' way
With a love of the whiskey he was born
And to help him on with his work each day
He'd a "drop of the cray-thur" every morn.

CHORUS

**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!**

One mornin' Tim was feelin' full
His head was heavy which made him shake;
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled 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.

CHORUS

His friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs. Finnegan called for lunch,
First they brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to bawl
"Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?"
"O Tim, mavourneen, why did you die?"
Arragh, hold your gob said Paddy McGhee!

CHORUS

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job
"O Biddy," says she, "You're wrong, I'm sure"
Biddy she gave her a belt in 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.

CHORUS

(continued next page)

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head
When a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed, and falling on the bed
The liquor scattered over Tim!

The corpse revives! See how he raises!
Timothy rising from the bed,
Says, "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes
Thanum an Dhul! Do you think I'm dead?"

CHORUS

Fillagain's chrissormiss wake, 6.14
Lapps for Finns This Funnycoon's Week, 105.21
Hops of Fun at Miliken's Make, 176.16
Fanagan's weak, 276.21
old lotts have funn at Flammagen's ball, 321.17
all the fun I had in that fanagan's week, 351.02
loss of fame from Wimmegame's fake, 375.16
Qui quae quot at Quinnigan's Quake, 496.36
leps of flam in Funnycoon's Wick, 499.13
Fanagan's Weck, 537.34
lovesoftfun at Finnegan's Wake, 607.16
etc., etc., etc.