Finnegan's Wake

Tim Finnegan lived in Walking 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 bit of a tippling way: with a love of the liquor Poor Tim was born,
And to help him on with his work each day, he'd a drop of the créatúr every morn.

Whack fol the da will you 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 feeling foul: his head was heavy, and it made him shake.
He fell off 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 they laid him out upon the bed,
With a bucket of whiskey at his feet and a barrel of porter at his head.

Chorus

Tim's friends assembled at the wake, and the Widow Finnegan called for lunch:
First she brought in tea and cake; then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch.
Biddy O'Brien began to cry - "Such a nice, clean corpse, did you ever see?
O Tim, mo mhuirnín, why did you die?" - "Ara, hold your gob!" said Paddy McGee.

Chorus

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job: "O Biddy," says she, "you're wrong, I'm sure!";
Biddy fetched her a belt in the gob, and she left her sprawling on the floor.
Then 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

Then Mickey Maloney ducked his head, when a noggin of whiskey flew at him,
It missed and landed on the bed – the liquor scattered over Tim!
By God, he revives! See how he rises! Tim Finnegan rising from the bed,
Saying "Whirl your whiskey around like blazes - T'anam don Diabhal! Do you think I'm dead?!"

Chorus

Notes:

créatúr - liquor
mo mhuirnín - my darling
t'anam don diabhal! - damn you!
tipple - get drunk