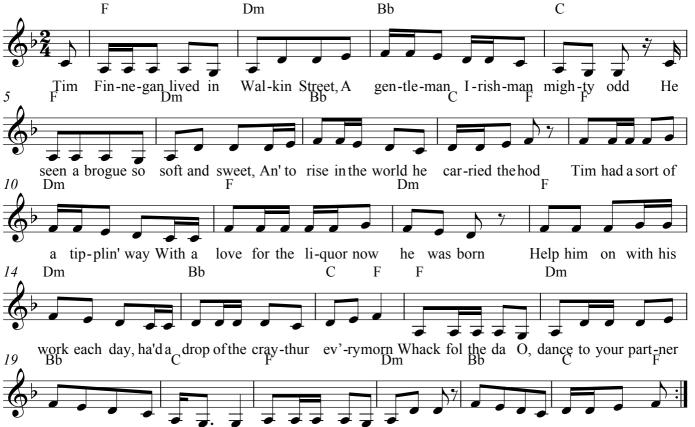
Finnegan's wake

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Irish Folk song



Well the floor, your trot-ters shake Was-n't the truth I told to you, Lots of fun at Fin-ne-gan's Wake

One morning Tim felt rather full, his head felt heavy which made him shake
Fell from a ladder and he burst his skill, so they carried him home his corpse to wake
Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet, laid him out upon the bed
A bottle of whiskey at his feet a barrel of porter at his head

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His friends assembled at the wake, and Mrs 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, Tim avourneen, why did you die?", "I should your gob?" said Paddy McGee

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Maggie O'Connor took up the job, "AhBiddy" says she "you're wrong, I'm sure" Biddy gave her a belt in the gob Then left her sprawling on the floor Then the war did soon enrage, woman to woman and man to man Shillelagh law was all the rage and a row and a ruction soon began

Tim he revives, see how he rises, Timothy rising from the bed Saying "Whirl yourliquor around like blazes, t'underin' Jaysus, do you think I'm dead?"

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