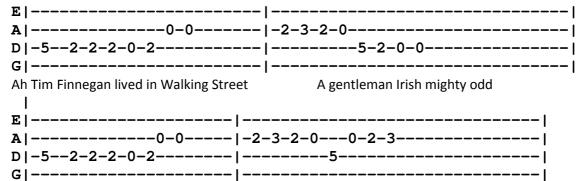
Finnegans Wake

Verse:



Well he had a tongue both rich and sweet, An' to rise in the world he carried a hod

Ah but Tim had a sort of tipplin' way With the love of the liquor he was born

An' to send him on his way each day

He'd a drop of the crater ev'ry morn

CHORUS

Whack fol the dah now dance to yer partner around the flure yer 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 he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
Well they wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
And they laid him out upon the bed
With a bottle of whiskey at his feet
And a barrel of porter at his head

Well his friends assembled at the wake
And Mrs Finnegan called for lunch
Well first she brought in tay and cake
Then pipes, tobacco and brandy punch
Then the widow Malone began to cry
'Such a lovely corpse, did you ever see
Arrah, Tim Mavourneen, why did you die?'
'Will ye hold your gob?' said Molly McGee

Well Mary Murphy toko up the job
'Biddy' says she 'you're wrong, I'm sure'
Well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And left her sprawling on the floor
Well civil war did then engage
Woman to woman and man to man
Shillelagh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began

Well Tim Maloney ducked his head
When a bottle of whiskey flew at him
He ducked and landing on the bed
The whiskey scattered over Tim
Bedad he revives, see how he rises
Tim Finnegan rising in the bed
Saying; 'Twiddle your whiskey around like blazes,
Be the thunderin' Jaysus, did ye think I'm dead ?'