

Finigan's Wake

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Allegro



Fine

D

1. Tim Fin - i - gan lived in
2. One morn - ing Tim was
3. His friends as - sem - bled
4. Then Peg - gy O' - Con-nor took
5. Mick - ey Mul - van - ey

Bm

D

A7(no5)

Walk - er Street, An I - rish gen - tle - man might - y odd, He'd a
ra - ther full, His head felt heav - y, which made him shake, He fell
at his wake, Mussus Fin - i - gan called out for the lunch. First
up the job, "Arrah, Bid - dy" says she, "ye'er wrong I'm sure." But
raised his head, When a gal - lon of whis - key flew at him. It

14 Bm Bm G D

beau - ti - ful brogue so rich and sweet, And to rise in the world he
from the lad - der and broke his skull; So they car - ried him home his
they laid in the tay and cake, Then pipes and to - back - y
Ju - dy then gave her a belt on the gob. I left her sprawl - ing
missed him and hop - ping on the bed, The liq - uor scat - tered

17 A7(no5) D(no5) D

car - ried the hod. But you see he'd a sort of a
corpse to wake. They rolled him up in a
and whis-key punch. Miss Bid - dy O' - Neil be -
on the flure. Each side in war did
o - ver Tim! Be - dad! He re - vives! See how

21 G Bm G A7(no5)

tip - ling way With a love for the li - quor poor Tim was born, And to
nice clean sheet, And laid him out up - on the bed, With
gan to cry: "Such a pur - ty corpse did ev - er you see: Ar - rah!
soon en - gage: "Twas wom - an to wom - an and man to man. Shil -
he rais - es! An' Tim - o - thy jump - ing from the bed, Cries, while

24 D G A7(no5)/G

help him through his work each day, He'd a drop of the crea - ture
 four - teen can - dles round his feet, And a cou - ple of doz - en
 Tim a - vour - neen, an' why did ye die?" "Och, none of your gab," sez
 le - lah law was all the rage, And a blood - y ruc - tion
 he lath-ered a - round like bla - zus: "Bad luck till y'ersouls d'ye

27 A7(no5) D Chorus **Strepitoso** Bm D

ev' - ry morn. Whack, hur - rah, dance to your part - ners, Welt the flure your
 round his head. *ff*
 Ju - dy Ma - gee. *ff*
 soon be - gan.
 think I'm dead?!"

31 A7(no5) Bm Bm D A7(no5) D(no5) **D.S. al Fine**

trot - ters shake, Is - n't it the truth I've told ye, Lots of fun at Fin-i - gans wake.

Play last four bars of sym-
 phony after each verse.