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E84  
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THE ONLY CORRECT EDITION.

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# FINIGAN'S WAKE

The Popular Irish Song,

SUNG BY

## MR. DAN BRYANT,

WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

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ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE BY

## CHARLES GLOVER.

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New York:

Published by WILLIAM A. POND & CO.,  
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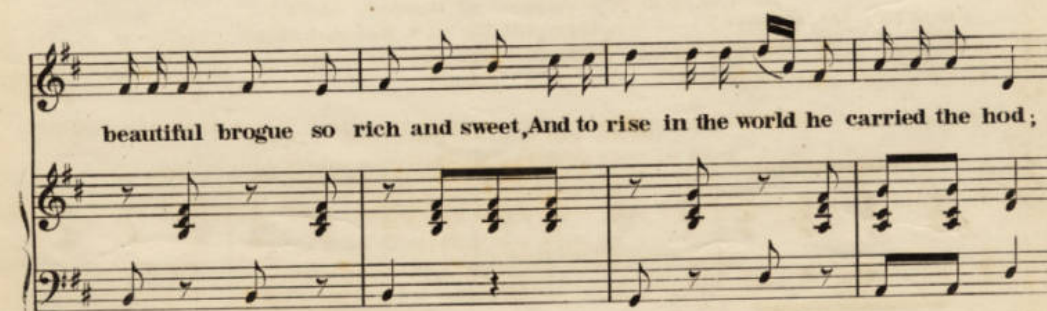
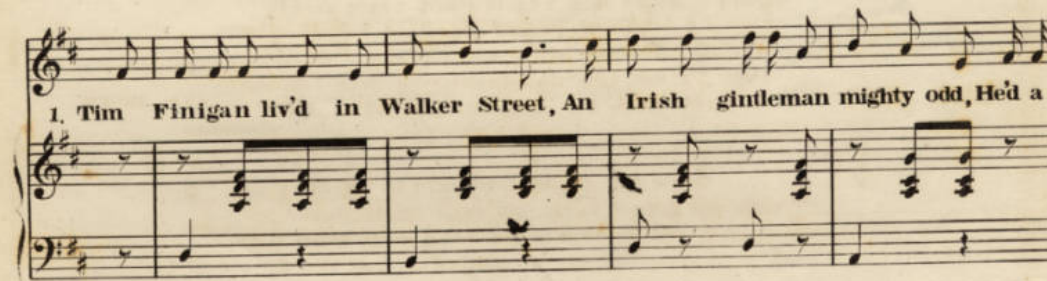
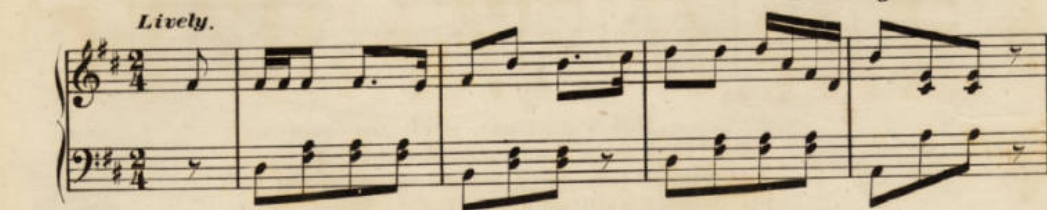
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# FINIGAN'S WAKE.

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Arr'd by C. GLOVER.

*Lively.*



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But you see he'd a sort of a tip-ling way: With a

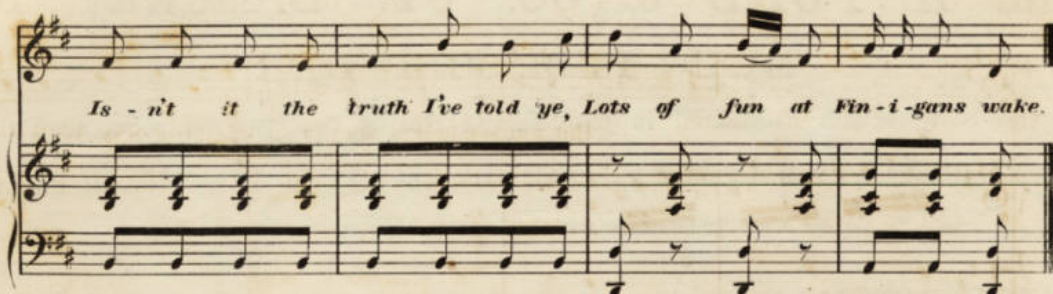
love for the liquor poor Tim was born, And to help him through his

work each day, He'd a drop of the crea-ture ev-ry morn.

**CHORUS. (Boisterous.)**

**ff** Whack, hur - rah, dance to your partners, Well the flure your trot- ters shake,

59-15



2.

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

One morning Tim was rather full,  
His head felt heavy, which made him shake,  
He fell from the ladder and broke his skull;  
So they carried him home his corpse to wake:  
They rolled him up in a nice clean sheet,  
And laid him out upon the bed,  
With fourteen candles round his feet,  
And a couple of dozen around his head.

*Chorus.*

3.

His friends assembled at his wake,  
Missus Finigan called out for the lunch:  
First they laid in tay and cake,  
Then pipes and tobacky and whiskey punch.  
Miss Biddy O'Neil, began to cry:  
"Such a purty corpse did ever you see:  
Arrah! Tim avourneen, an' why did ye die?"  
"Och, none of your gab," sez Judy Magee.

*Chorus.*

4.

Then Peggy O'Connor took up the job,  
"Arrah, Biddy" says she, "ye'er wrong I'm shure."  
But Judy then gave her a belt on the gob.  
I left her sprawling on the flure.  
Each side in war did soon engage:  
'Twas woman to woman and man to man;  
Shillelah law was all the rage,  
And a bloody ruction soon began.

*Chorus.*

5.

Mickey Mulvaney raised his head,  
When a gallon of whiskey flew at him  
It missed him — and hopping on the bed,  
The liquor scattered over Tim!  
Bedad! he revives! see how he raises!  
An' Thimothy jumping from the bed,  
Cries, while he lathered around like blazus:  
"Bad luck till yer souls d'ye think I'm dead!"

*Chorus.*

*Eng'd at Clayton's.*