

THE ONLY CORRECT EDITION.

FINIGAN'S WAKE

The Popular Irish Song,

SUNG BY

MR. DAN BRYANT,

WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE BY

CHARLES GLOVER.

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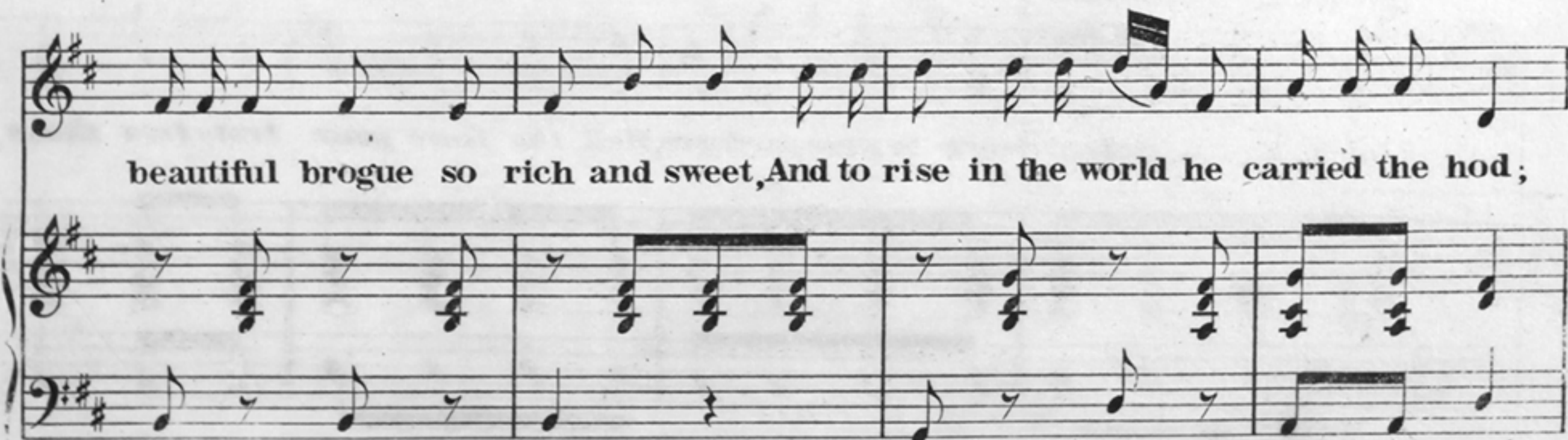
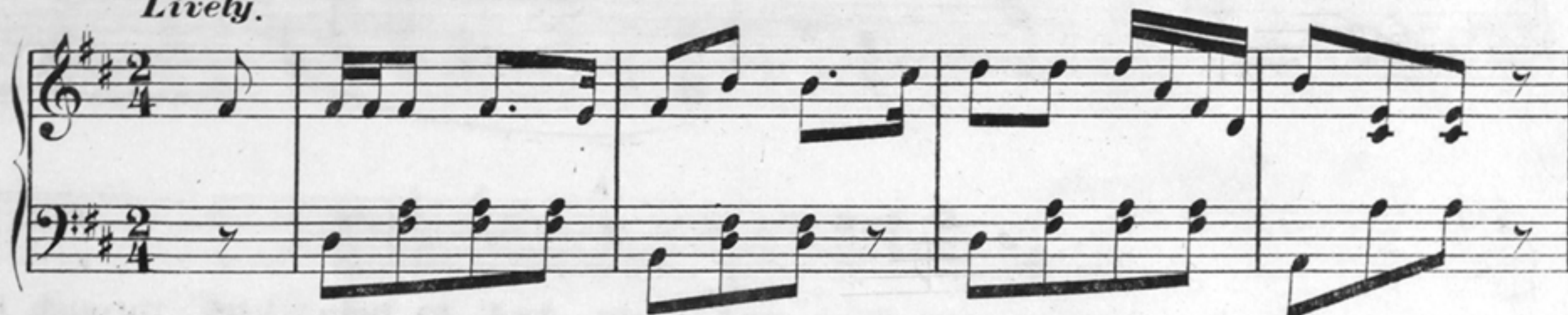
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FINIGAN'S WAKE.



Arr'd by C. GLOVER.

Lively.



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.)

Whack, hur - rah, dance to your partners, Welt the flure your trot- ters shake,



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

2.

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' Timothy jumping from the bed,
Cries, while he lathered around like blazus:
"Bad luck till yer souls d'ye think I'm dead!"

Chorus.