

# Michael Finnegan

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There was an old man named Michael  
Finnegan  
He had whiskers on his chin again  
Along came the wind and blew them in again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael  
Finnegan  
He kicked up an awful dinnegann  
Because they said he must not sing again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man called Michael  
Finnegan  
Ran a race and thought he'd win again  
Got so puffed that he had to go in again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael  
Finnegan  
He drank through all his good gin again  
And so he wasted all his tin again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael  
Finnegan  
He went fishing with a pin again  
Caught a fish and dropped it in again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man called Michael  
Finnegan  
Climbed a tree and barked his shin again  
Took off several yards of skin again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.

There was an old man named Michael  
Finnegan  
He grew fat and then grew thin again  
Then he died and had to begin again  
Poor old Michael Finnegan....Begin again.