

Michael Finnegan

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.