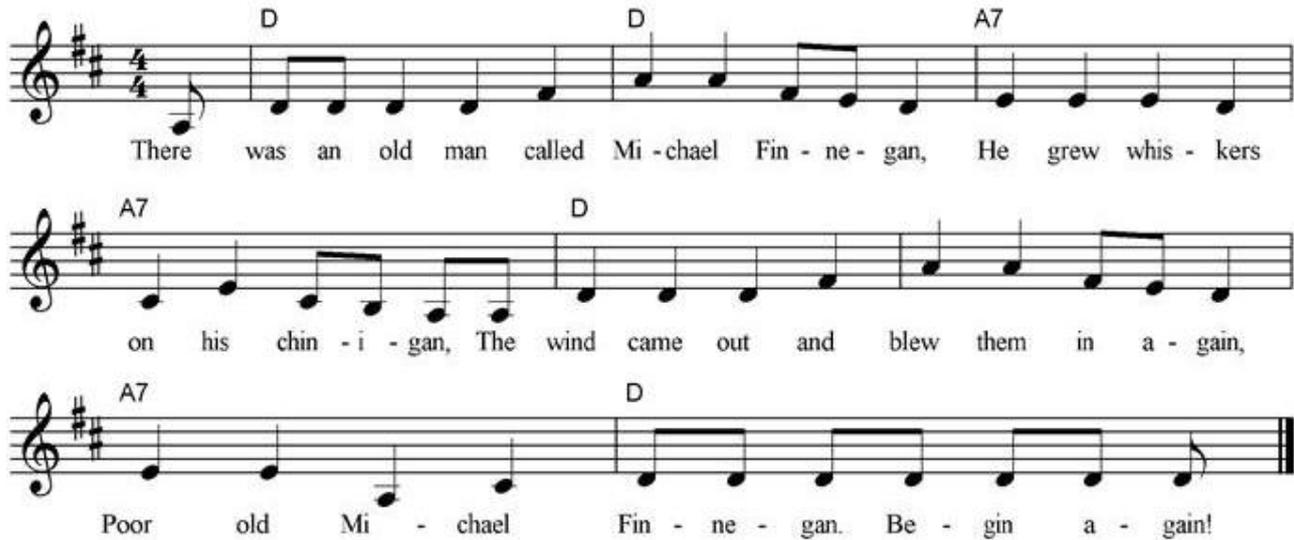


# Michael Finnigan

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

*A comic Irish song I learnt at teacher training college.  
The verses are many and various.*



There was an old man called Mi - chael Fin - ne - gan, He grew whis - kers  
on his chin - i - gan, The wind came out and blew them in a - gain,  
Poor old Mi - chael Fin - ne - gan. Be - gin a - gain!

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,  
He grew whiskers on his chin-i-gan,  
The wind came out and blew them in again,  
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again!

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

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan,  
He fell down and broke his shin-i-gan,  
Folks said 'Mike, you'll never swim 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!

