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# THE DAN MCGINNESS WAKE

COMIC IRISH SONG  
AND  
CHORUS

WORDS BY

J.M. Smith

MUSIC BY

C.W. JOHN.



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# The Dan Mc Guinness Wake.

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Words by J. M. SMITH.

Music by C. W. JOHN.

1. Dan Mc Gin - ness had a fall, But no  
2. When Dan he left the wall, Sure he  
3. He left the scenes of home, For his  
4. So Dan is now at home, Sure no

doubt you've heard it all, In the carrying out of his ar - tis - tic trade, He's been  
had a fear - full fall, But the Ir - ish blood still travel'd through his veins, His  
mind was giv'n to roam, So he travel'd far be - yond his na - tive shore, In Jap -  
more he cares to roam, For his mind is now more settled than be - fore, Still he

miss - ing since he went, Dev'l the one that cared a cent, Bout him  
friends they thought him dead, But to him self he said, I will  
an he was'nt the man, But in Ire - land he was Dan, So to  
climbs the lad - der quick, With his mor - tar and his brick, For his

self his hod, his mor-tar or his spade. Sure we thought his fate was seal'd, When from  
 dance a-gain al-though it gives me pain. Sure they wald him in good style, But old  
 cir-cu-late his Ir-ish blood he swore. That as far as he could see, 'Tis a  
 head is clear, al-though his feet are sore. For he knows his pay is small, Dev'l the

off the lad-der he reel'd, But the likes of him is ve-ry hard to kill His  
 Dan he fail'd to smile, So they drank and smok'd the pipe and all ga-lore In the  
 tip for you and me, Ameri-ca was big and good e-nough for Dan So he  
 bit he cares at all, For he trav-els once a-gain a-mong the boys He

friends they held a wake, But old Dan he takes the cake, For he in-  
 mid-dle of the drunk, Dan pro-posed to take a jumb, And he-  
 paid his pass-age back, And has land-ed on our track, Look-ing  
 still con-trols his vote, And he has the cheek to quote, That in

sists on be-ing live-ly Dan-ny still.  
 land-ed once a-gain u-pon the floor.  
 up a-noth-er job from Un-cle Sam.  
 pol-i-ties he yet will make a noise.

CHORUS.

For up bobs M<sup>c</sup> Gin-ness just as dry as he can be, Sure there

was-nt a da-cent man, That would run the grow-ler can, But he

gave them all the slip, Then he took a qui-et nip, Tis the

first that he did take since the wake.