

## OLD DUN COW

Some friends and I in a public house  
Were playing of chance one night  
When into the pub a fireman came,  
His face all chalky white  
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?"  
"Or perhaps your Aunt Mariah?"  
"Me Aunt Mariah be bugged," says he,  
"The bleedin' pub's on fire"  
"Oh, well!" says Brown, "What a bit of luck!  
Everybody follow me.  
It's down to the cellar if the fire's not there  
And we'll have a grand old spree"  
So we all went down after good old Brown  
And the booze we could not miss  
And we hadn't been there ten minutes or more  
'Til we were all quite pissed.

### Chorus

Oh, there was Brown, up side down  
Suckin' up the whiskey on the floor.  
"Booze, booze" the firemen cried  
As they come a knockin' at the door (clap, clap)  
"Well don't let em in till it's all drunk up  
Somebody shouted, "MacIntyre" **MACINTYRE!**  
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Then Smith walked over to the port wine tub  
And gave it a couple hard knocks (clap, clap)  
He started taking off his pantaloons  
Likewise his shoes and socks  
"Hold on," says Brown, "That t'ain't allowed  
You can't do that thing in here  
Don't be washing your trotters in the port wine tub  
When we got some o' Guinness's beer"

Then there came through the old back door  
The Vicar of the local church.  
And when he saw our drunken ways,  
He began to scream and curse  
"Ah, you drunken sods! You heathen clods!  
You've taken to a drunken spree!

You drank up all the Benediction wine  
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

**Chorus**

Then there came a mighty crash  
Half the bloody roof gave way.  
And we were almost drowned by the fireman's hose  
But still we were gonna stay.  
So we got some tacks and some wet old sacks  
And we nailed ourselves inside  
And we sat there down drinking pints of Rum  
'Til we were bleery-eyed.

Later that night, when the fire was out  
We came up from the cellar below.  
Our pub was burned. Our booze was drunk.  
Our heads was hangin' low.  
"Oh! Look!" says Brown with a look quite queer.  
Seems something has raised his ire.  
"Boys we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub  
It closes in an hour!"

**Chorus**