

Dun Cow



Some friends and I in a pub-lic house Drink-in' up a storm one night; When
all at once in a fire-man came, His face all chalk-y white. "What's
up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost? Or have you seen your aunt Mar-ire?" "Oh, me
aunt Mar-ire be damned," says he, "The bleed-ing pub's on fire!"

Some friends and I, in a public house, drinking up a storm one night;
When all of a sudden, in a fireman came, his face all chalky white.
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost?
Or have you seen your aunt Marire?"
"Oh, me aunt Marire be damned", says he, "The bleeding pub's on fire!"
"On fire?" says Brown, "There's a bit o'luck. Everybody follow me."
"For down in the cellar if the fire's not there, we'll have a rare old spree!"
So we all went down, with good old Brown,
And the beer we could not miss.
And we had not been five minutes there, before we were all bloody pissed!

*And there was Brown, upside down; sucking up the whiskey off the floor.
"Booze! Booze!" the firemen cried, as they came knocking at the door
"Don't let 'em in 'till it's all mopped up."
Somebody shouted "MacEntyre" (Fesselmeyer on last verse)
And we all got stone-blind paralytic drunk, when the old Dun Cow caught fire.*

Then Smith walked over to the port wine tub, gave it a few hard knocks. (*Knock, knock*)
Started taking off his pantaloons, likewise his stinking socks
"Hold on," says Brown, "that aint allowed.
You can't do that there here.
Don't wash your trotters in the port wine tub, when we've got so much [Schaffer's] beer"

Chorus

Just then there came a terrible crash (*loud crash*) Half the bloody roof gave way
We was all drowned in the fireman's hose, but we was feeling gay.
So we got some rags and some old tintacks
And we nailed ourselves inside
And we kept on drinking our pints of ale 'till we were all bleary-eyed.
(*As well as... Calontir drunk... again*)

Chorus