

Old Dun Cow

Fiddler's Green

Some friends and I in a public place
Were playing cards one night
When into the room a fireman ran
His face all chalky while.
"What's up?", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,
or have you seen you aunt Mariah?"
"Me aunt Maria be buggered!", says he,
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

"Oh well," says Brown, "What a bit of luck.
Everybody follow me!
Ands it's down to the cellar,
If the fire's not there
Then we'll have a grand old spree."
So we all went down with good old Brown
The booze we could not miss
And we had't been in there ten minutes or more
Till we were all quite pissed.

And there was Brown upside down
Lappin' up the Whiskey on the floor.
"Let's booze, booze!" The firemen cried
As they came knockin' on the door
O 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 he gave it a few hard knocks
The he started takin' off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Oh, no!" says Brown, "that ain't allowed!
You can't do that thing here!
Don't wash your trousers in the port wine tub
When we got guinness beer!"

And the there came a mighty crash
Half the bloody roof caved in.
We were almost drowned by the firemen's hose
But I swear it tastes like gin
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks
And nailed ourselves inside
And we sat there drinking down pints of Stout
Till we were bleary-eyed.

And there was Brown upside down
Lappin' up the Whiskey on the floor.
"Let's booze, booze!" The firemen cried
As they came knockin' on the door
O don't let ,em in till it's all drunk up
Somebody shouted: "MacIntyre!" - MACINTYRE!
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
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Then there came from 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 drunkend sods! You heathen clods!
You've take to a drunken spree!
You drank up all the benedictine wine
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

Late 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 hanging low.
"Oh look!", says Brown with a look quite queer.
Something raised his eye.
"We gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,
It closes on the hour!"

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Lappin' up the Whiskey on the floor.
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As they came knockin' on the door
O don't let ,em in till it's all drunk up
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