

**411****"Old Dun Cow"**Visit "[Old Dun Cow](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Some friends and I in a public house  
Were playing a game of chance one night  
When into the pub a fireman ran  
His face all a chalky white.  
"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,  
Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"  
"Me Aunt Mariah be bugged!", says he,  
"The bleedin' pub's on fire!"

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

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

Then, Smith walked over to the port wine tub  
And gave it just a few hard knocks (clap clap)  
Started takin' off his pantaloons  
Likewise his shoes and socks.  
"Hold on, " says Brown, "that ain't allowed  
Ya cannot do that thing here.  
Don't go washin' trousers in the port wine tub  
When we got Guinness beer."

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 drunken sods! You heathen clods!  
You've taken to a drunken spree!  
You drank up all the Benedictine wine  
And you didn't save a drop for me!"

And then there came a mighty crash  
Half the bloody roof caved in.  
We were almost drowned in the firemen's hose  
But still we were gonna stay.  
So we got some tacks and some old wet sacks  
And we nailed ourselves inside  
And we sat drinking the finest Rum  
Till we were bleary-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 hanging low.  
"Oh look", says Brown with a look quite queer.  
Seems something raised his ire.  
"Now we gotta get down to Murphy's Pub,  
It closes on the hour!"

Background: Our friend Snicker first suggested this Song in 2000 at the Texas Renaissance "Venice" Faire (It rained a lot that year). At long last, we've added It to our repertoire and what a great addition it is. It's a great sing-a-long and fun to shout along with, And after our first performance of it, I'm happy to say It's gonna be hit! This version came from a live Recording we found an MP3 of. Hopefully, we'll have a Recording some time early next year.

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