

Unknown

"Dead Dog Scrumpy"

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Dead Dog Scrumpy

In the year of one, in a little cider mill
A poor old dog lay down to die cause he was feeling ill
He chose a most precarious perch above the cider
press
When all at once he tumbled in and perished in
distress

Which caused his master for to grieve likewise his
mistress too
Until his sorrows were relieved when he sampled of the
brew
Hark, hark cried farmer Atwater its likes I ne'er did sup
So he invited all the neighbors in and bid them take a
cup

And every man that drank that night got drunk as
drunk could be
They wondered how that scrumpy had acquired such
potency
The farmer kept his council and took another drop
When all at once the poor old dog came floating to the
top

A silence then did fill the room, every man he wore a
frown
The recognized old Bendigo, though he was upside
down
The vicar lost his color and collapsed upon the floor
And the squire he lost his britches in the rush to reach
the door

See here said farmer Atwater, in all his life I vow
He never bit no man nor dog, he'll not bite no man now
And this shall be his epitaph, here lies our faithful Ben
Who perished in the scrumpy vat and quickly rose
again

So if ever your in Devon and you goes in to a bar
Just ask for Dead Dog scrumpy its the best there is by

far

Refuse all imitations, you'll sleep just like a log
You can always recognize it by the hair of the dog

recorded by Ian MacKintosh

@drink @animal

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