

Brobdingnagian Bards "Old Dun Cow"

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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 repetoire 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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