

Old Dun Cow

Harry Wincott

$\text{♩} = 90$

Some friends and I in a pub - lic house were playing do - mi - noes one night.

In - to the room the bar - man came his face all chal - ky white. "What's

up?" Says Brown "Have you seen a ghost, have you seen your aunt Ma - ri - ah?" "Oh my

aunt Ma - ri - ah be buggered!" Said he, "The bloo - dy pub's on fire!" "On

fire!" Says Brown "What a bit of luck eve - ry - bo - dy fol - low me.

Down to the cel - lar if the fire's not there we'll have a rare old spree." So we

all went down af - ter good old Brown. Booze we could not miss. And

Zpomalovat

we weren't there five mi - nutes or more, till we were all half pissed. And

CHORUS

there was Brown up - side down lic - kin' up the whis - key of the floor.

"Booze, booze!" The fire - men cried as they came knocking at the door. knock knock "Don't

22 *Zpomalovat*
let them in till it's all mopped up." Some - bo - dy shou - ted "Mac - In - tyre!" Mac - In - tyre! And we

24 *Noty v závorce po poslední sloce*
all got blue blind pa - ra - ly - tic drunk when the Old Dun Cow caught fire. Then

27
Smith went o - ver to the port wine tub gave it a few hard knocks. knock knock

29
Star - ted ta - kin' of his pan - ta loons like wise his shoes and socks. "Hold

31
on!" Says Brown. "We can't have that. You can't do that in here. "Don't go

33 *Zpomalovat* CH.
wash - in' your trot - ters in the port wine tub when we've got all this lite beer." And

35
Just then there came an aw - ful crash. Half the bloo - dy roof gave way.

38
We were drowned in the fire - men's hose still we were goin' to stay. So we

40
got some tacks and our old wet slacks and nailed our - selves in - side. And we

42 *Zpomalovat* CH.
sat there swal - ly in' pints of stout till we were blea - ry eyed. And