**UPSIDE DOWN LICKIN’ UP THE WHISKEY**

We learned this song at a a performance of English music hall numbers the last night of the Chester Folk Festival. The connection with folk music is that many old music hall songs, such as this one, from the 1800s are now considered folk music, and thought by many to be traditional.

**THE OLD DUN COW**

*By Harry Wincott*

**Capo II**

**Am**

Some friends and I in a public house   
**Am** **G Am**

Was playing dominoes one night   
**Am G F E**

When into the room the barman came   
**E**

His face all chalky white.   
**Am**

"What's up", says Brown, "Have you seen a ghost,   
**Am** **G E**

Or have you seen your Aunt Mariah?"   
 **Am G F**

"Me Aunt Mariah be buggered!", says he,   
 **E** **F E**

"The bloody pub's on fire!"

"On fire," 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 more   
Till we were all half pi\*\*ed.

**CHORUS:**

And there was Brown upside down   
Lickin’'' 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.

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

And then there came an awful 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.

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!"

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!"