

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. You can listen to it here: <https://youtu.be/dEBN0mpH7t0?si=9qOvVVqiCl6sRAuY>

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!"