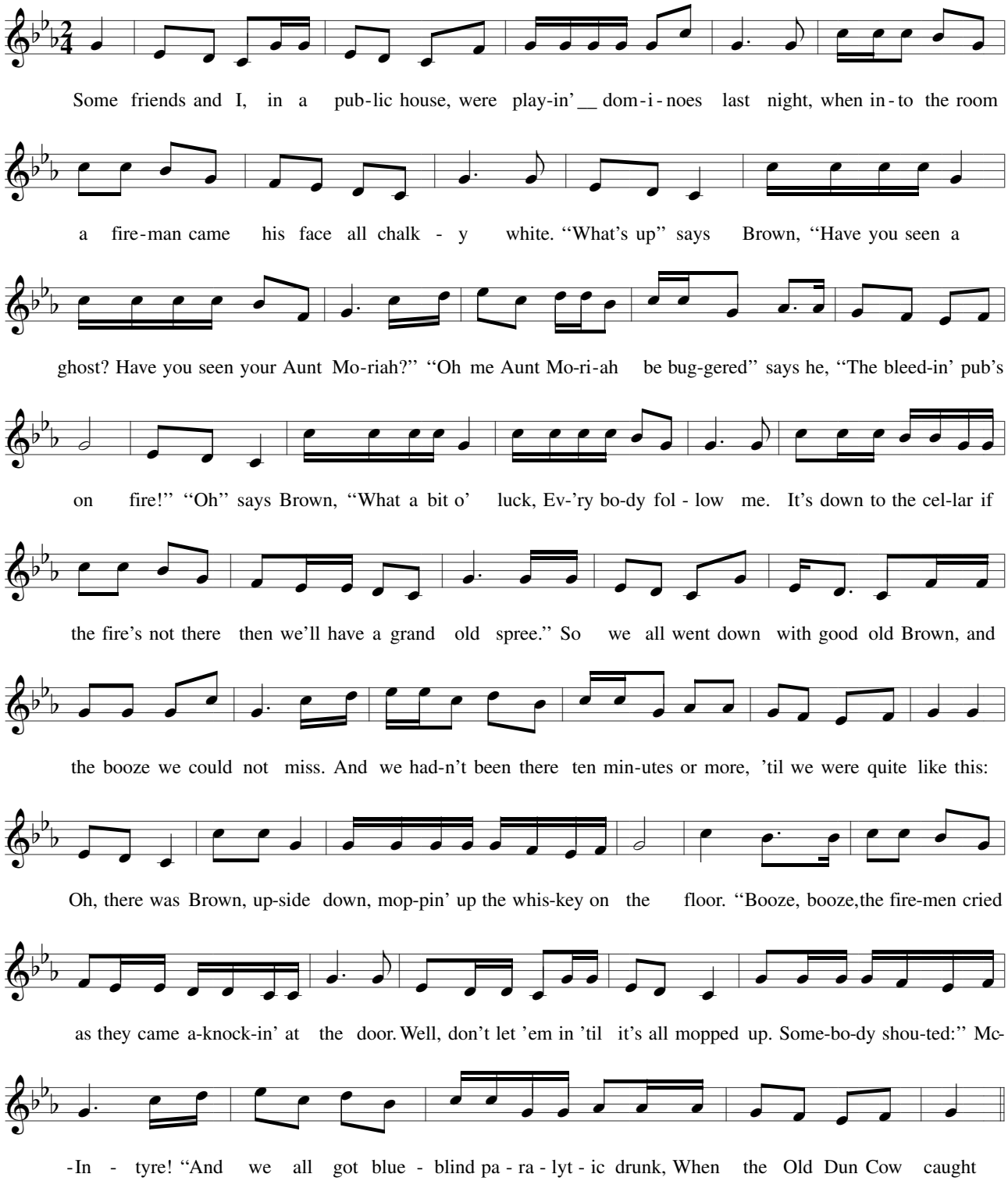
Some friends and I, in a pub-lic house, were play-in' __ dom-i-noes last night, when in-to the room
a fire-man came his face all chalk - y white. "What's up" says Brown, "Have you seen a
ghost? Have you seen your Aunt Mo-riah?" "Oh me Aunt Mo-ri-ah be bug-gered" says he, "The bleed-in' pub's
on fire!" "Oh" says Brown, "What a bit o' luck, Ev-'ry bo-dy fol - low me. It's down to the cel-lar if
the fire's not there then we'll have a grand old spree." So we all went down with good old Brown, and
the booze we could not miss. And we had-n't been there ten min-utes or more, 'til we were quite like this:
Oh, there was Brown, up-side down, mop-pin' up the whis-key on the floor. "Booze, booze,the fire-men cried
as they came a-knock-in' at the door. Well, don't let 'em in 'til it's all mopped up. Some-bo-dy shou-ted:" Mc-
-In - tyre! "And we all got blue - blind pa - ra - lyt - ic drunk, When the Old Dun Cow caught