

Iris Dement

"Seven Drunken Nights"

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As I came home on Monday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be
So I called the wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns the horse outside the door
Where my old hose should be

Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that me mother sent to me
Well manys the day I travelled
A hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

As I came home on a Tuesday night,
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be
So I called the wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be

Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a lovely blanket
That me mother sent to me
Well manys the day I travelled
A hundered miles or more
But buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

And as I went home on a Wednesday night,
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be
I called the wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns the pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be

Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a lovely tin whistle
That me mother sent to me
Well it's manys the day I travelled
A hundred miles or more
But tobacco in a tin whistle
Sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Thursday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw two boots beneath the bed
Where my two boots should be
Well I called the wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns those boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be

Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's some lovely geranium pots
Me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I travelled
A hundred miles or more
But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

As I went home on a Friday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a head upon the bed
Where my old head should be
Well I called the wife and I said to her
Will you kindly tell to me
Who owns that head upon the bed
Where my old head should be

Ah you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Still you cannot see
That's a baby boy
That me mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I travelled
A hundred miles or more
But a baby boy with whiskers on
I never saw before

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