

The Title

"Seven Drunken Nights"

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Well, as i came home on Monday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I sar a harse outside the door
Where my old harse should be
So i called the whife and i said to her, "Will you kindly
tell to me, who owns that harse outside the dar where
moy old harse should be?"
"aaah ya drunk ya drunk you silly old fool, i tell you
cannot see that's a lovely Sow that me mother sent to
me"
"where many a days I travel, a hundered miles or
more, but a sow with a saddle on, i never saw before"
Now, as I came home on Tuesday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I sar a coat behind the dar where moy old coat should
be
So i called the whife and said to her, "Willl you kindly
tell to me, who owns that coat behind the dar, where
moy old coat should be?"
"aaah, ya drunk ya drunk ya silly old fool, i tell you
cannot see, that's a lovely blanket that me mother sent
to me"
"well many's the day i travel, a hundred mile or more,
but buttons on a blanket sure I never seen before"
And as i went home on wednesday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I sar a pipe upon the chair where moy old pipe should
be
I called the whife and i said to her, "will you kindly tell
to me, who owns that pipe upon the chair, where my old
pipe should be?"
"aaah ya drunk ya drunk, ya silly old fool, still ya
cannot see, that's a lovely tin whistle that me mother
sent to me."
"well a manys the day i travel, a hundered miles or
more, but tobacco in a tin whistle sure i never seen
before"
AAnd as I, went home on Thursday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I sar two boots beneath the bed
Where my two boots should be

So i called the Whife
And i said to her, " will you kindly tell to me, who owns
those boots beneath the bed, where moy old boots
should be?"
"aaaah! ya drunk ya drunk you silly old fool, tell ya
cannot see, that's a lovely geranuim pot me mother
sent to me"
"well as manys the day i travel , a hundred miles or
more, but laces on a geranuim pot, i never seen
before"
And a- I went home on friday night
As drunk as dllunk could be
I saw a head
Upon the bed
Where my own head should be
So i called the whife and i said to har,"will you kindly
tell to me, who owns, that head, upon the bed, where
my old head should be"
"AHHH! ya drunk ya durnk ya silly old fool, tell ya
cannot see, that's a baby boy that me mother sent to
me"
"Well it's manys a day i travel, a hundred miles or
more, But a baby boy with whiskers, THAT i never seen
before"

"oh a drunk ya drunk ya silly old fool, YA DRUNK! Your
a silly old fool! your drunk! Your drunk!! Ya silly old
fool, your drunk! your drunk!!"

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