

# Seven Drunken Nights

The Dubliners

Oh, as I went home on Monday night As drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a horse outside the door Where my old horse should be  
Well, I called me wife and I said to her "Will you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that horse outside the door Where my old horse should be?"

Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool Still you cannot see  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more  
But a saddle on a sow, sure, I never saw before

And as I went home on Tuesday night As drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a coat behind the door Where my old coat should be  
Well, I called me 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?"

Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool Still you cannot see  
That's a woolen blanket that me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more  
But buttons on a blanket, sure, I never saw before

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

Ay, 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 many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more  
But tobacco in a tin-whistle, sure, I never saw before

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

Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool Still you cannot see  
They're two lovely geranium pots me mother sent to me  
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more  
But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

And as I came home on Friday night As drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a head upon the bed Where my old head should be  
Well, I called my 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?"

Ay, 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've traveled, a hundred miles or more  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on, sure, I never saw before