

Seven Drunken Nights

The Dubliners

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

Chorus:

G C
Ay, you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old fool Still you cannot see
G D
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me
G C
Well, it's many a day I've traveled, a hundred miles or more
G D G
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?"

Chorus:

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?"

Chorus:

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?"

Chorus:

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?"

Chorus:

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

Songwriters: Barney McKenna / Ciarán Bourke / John Sheehan / Luke Kelly / Ronnie Drew
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