

Seven Drunken Nights

Writer: Traditional, roots to 1770's



As [G] I went home on a Monday night, as [D]
drunk as drunk could [G] be
I saw a horse outside my door, where [D] my
old horse should be
Well I [G] called me wife and said to her, will
you [C] kindly tell to me,
Who [G] owns that horse outside the door
where [D] my old horse should [G] be,
Ha [G] you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old
fool, still you cannot see,
That's a lovey sow, that me [D] mother sent to
[G] me,
Well [G] its many a day I travelled, a hundred
miles or more,
But a saddle on a sow sure I [D] never saw be-
[G]fore.

And as I went home on Tuesday night as [D]
drunk as drunk could [G] be,
I saw a coat behind the door where [D] my old
coat should be,
Well I [G] called me wife and said to her will
you [C] kindly tell to me,
Who [G] owns that coat behind the door where
[D] my old coat should be,
Ha [G] you're drunk, you're drunk you silly old
fool, still you cannot see,
That's a woolen blanket, that me [D] mother
sent to [G] me,
Well [G] its many a day I travelled, a hundred
miles or more,
But a blanket with buttons on sure I [D] never
saw be-[G]fore.

And as [G] I came home on a Wednesday night
as [D] drunk as drunk could [G] be,
I saw a pipe upon the chair, where [D] my old
pipe should be,
Well I [G] called me wife and said to her would
you [C] kindly tell to me,
Who [G] owns that pipe upon the chair where
[D] my old pipe should be,
Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool,
and still you cannot see,

That's a lovely tin whistle, that me [D] mother
sent to [G] me,
Well [G] its many a day I travelled, a hundred
miles or more,
But a whistle with tobacco in sure I [D] never
saw be-[G]fore.

And as [G] I went home on a Thursday night as
[D] drunk as drunk could [G] be,
I saw two boots beneath the bed where my [D]
old boots should be,
Well I [G] called me wife and said to her will
you [C] kindly tell to me,
Who [G] owns them boots beneath the bed
where [D] my old boots should be,
Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool,
and still you cannot see,
That's two lovely geranium pots me [D] mother
gave to [G] me,
Well [G] its many a day I travelled ,a hundred
miles or more,
But laces on a geranium pot sure I [D] never saw
be-[G]fore.

And as [G] I went home on a Friday night as [D]
drunk as drunk could [G] be,
I saw a head upon the bed where my [D] old
head should be,
Well I [G] called me wife and said to her will
you [C] kindly tell to me,
Who [G] owns that head upon the bed where
[D] my old head should be,
Ha you're drunk you're drunk you silly old
fool, and still you cannot see,
That's a lovely baby boy that me [D] mother
gave to [G] me,
Well [G] its many a day I travelled, a hundred
miles or more,
But whiskers on a baby boy sure I [D] never saw
be-[G]fore.

Note: There are two more verses - Saturday and
Sunday - that are progressively more ribald. We
decided to call it quits at Friday.