

Seven Drunken Nights
Misc Traditional

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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From: ludwig@mfrkhc.mfr.dec.com (Ludwig Alberter)
Subject: CHOPRO: Seven Drunken Nights - Irish trad.

CHORD 3.5 usage: -s 25 -g -a -L -p\$2 -c 12 -C Helvetica-BoldOblique -t 16

{title:Seven Drunken Nights}
{subtitle:(Irish traditional)}

[C]As I went home in Monday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
I [F]saw a horse outside the door where [C]my old [F]horse should be.
Well, I [C]called my wife and I said to her: Will you [F]kindly tell to me,
Who [C]owns that horse outside the d[F]oor where [G7]my old horse should [C]be?

Are you [C]drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s the lovely sow that my [F]mother had [G7]given to [C]me.
Well, it s [C]many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
but a saddle on a sow sure I [G7]never saw be[C]fore.

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 my 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?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s the woolen blanket that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But buttons in a blanket sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Wednesday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a pip 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?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s a lovely tin whistle that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before.

{np}

{textsize:14}

As 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 my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that boots beneath the bed where my old boots should be?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s the geraniene pots that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But laces in a gernaniene pot sure I never saw before.

As I went 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?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s a lovely baby-boy that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But a baby and his whiskers sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Saturday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw two hands upon her breasts, where my two hands should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that hands upon your breasts where my two hands should be?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s a lovely new night-gown that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But fingers in a night-gown sure I never saw before.

As I went home on Sunday night, as drunk as drunk could be,
I saw a thing in her thing, where my old thing should be.
Well, I called my wife and I said to her: Will you kindly tell to me,
Who owns that thing in your thing where my old thing should be?

Are you drunk, you drunk, you silly old fool? Still you cannot see,
That s that lovely tin whistle that my mother had given to me.
Well, it s many a-day I travelled, a hundred miles and more,
But hair on a tin whistle sure I never saw before.

well, it became kinda longish, didn t it?

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 ^ ^ ^
regards, EXTRA / \/ \/ \ NULLA
Ludwig BAVARIAM \ /\ /\ / VITA
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