

39- Seven Drunken Night

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<http://martindardis.com/id104.html>

Solo Violin

A A A

As I went home on a Mon - day night as drunk as drunk could

S.Vln.

5 A D D D

be I saw a horse out - side the door where my old horse should

S.Vln.

9 D A A D

be. Well I called me wife and I said to her: "Will you kind - ly tell to

S.Vln.

13 D A A D

me, who owns that horse out - side the door, where my old horse should

S.Vln.

17 A A A A

be?" "Ha you're drank, you're dran you sil - ly old fool, and still you can - not

S.Vln.

21 A A A E

see That's a lo - ve - ly sow, that my mot - her sent to

S.Vln.

25 A A A A

me." Well it's ma - ny a day I trav - elled, a hund - red miles or

S.Vln.

29 A A A E

more, but a sad - dle on a sow sure I ne - ver saw be -

S. Vln.

33 A

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.
 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?
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
 That's a woollen blanket that my 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.

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.
 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.
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
 That's a lovely tin-whistle, that my 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.

As I came home on Thursday nigh,
 as drunk as drunk could be.
 I saw two boots beside the bed,
 where my old boots should be.
 I called my wife and I said to her:
 Will you kindly tell to me,
 who owns them boots beside the bed
 where my old boots should be.
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
 They're two lovely flower pots my mother sent to me.
 Well, it's many a day I've traveled,
 a hundred miles or more,
 but laces in flower pots I never saw before.

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.
 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.
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see.
 That's a baby boy, that my 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.

As I came home on a Saturday night,
 as drunk as drunk could be
 I spied two hands upon her breasts,
 where my old hands should be.
 I called to my wife and I said to her:
 Will you kindly tell to me,
 Who's hands are these upon your breasts,
 where my old hands should be?
 Oh, you're drunk, you're drunk,
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see
 'Tis nothing but a Living Bra Jane Russell gave to me.
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled
 a hundred miles or more,
 but fingernails on a Living Bra, I never saw before.

Now when I came home on Sunday night,
 a little after three.
 I saw a man running out the door
 with his pants about his knee.
 So I called to my wife and I said to her:
 would you kindly tell to me,
 who was that man running out the door
 with his pants about his knee?
 Oh you're drunk, you're drunk,
 you silly old fool, and still you cannot see,
 Twas nothing but the tax collector the Queen sent to me.
 Well, it's many a day I've travelled,
 a hundred miles or more,
 But an Englishman that could last 'till three
 I never saw before.