

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Traveler (Our Goodman)

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I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be.
And there was a hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that hat upon the rack,
Where my hat ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
That's not a hat upon the rack,
But a chamberpot you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a jerry with a hatband on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
That's not a horse in the stable,
But a milk-cow you can see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mild-cow with a saddle on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,

And there were some boots beside the bed.
Where my boots ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those boots beside the bed,
Where my boots ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
Those aren't boots beside the bed,
But some slippers you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a pair of slipper with black feet in
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there were some breeches beside the bed
Where my breeches ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose are those breeches a-lying there,
Where my breeches ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
Those aren't a pair of breeches,
But a polishing cloth, you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a polishing cloth with a buttons on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was head on the pillow,
Where my head ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that head a-lying there,
Where my head ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,

You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
That's not a head on the pillow,
But a football you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a football with a mustache on,
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was cock inside my bed,
Where my cock ought to be.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that cock a-standing there,
Where my cock ought to be?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
That's not a cock a-standing there,
But a carrot that you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a carrot with balls on
I never saw before.

I came home on Saturday night,
As drunk as I could be,
And there was stain on the counterpane
And it didn't come from me.
So I said to my wife, the curse of my life,
"Explain this thing to me,
Whose is that stain on the counterpane,
Which didn't come from me?"

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
That's not a stain on the counterpane,
But some baby's milk you see."

Well, I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But baby's milk that smelled like cum,
I never saw before.

"Oh, you're drunk you fool,
You silly old fool,
You're as drunk as a c*** can be,
I ain't your wife, this ain't your house,
You're not living at all with me.

Well I've traveled this wide world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
It's the fifth time that I've stuffed this bird,
She ain't never complained before.

I'm interested in the following bawdy version of the ubiquitous "Our Goodman." Happily, the good Zippy included it in his pages. I understand that it's the obligation of the Hash House Harriers to enjoy these things, not to be academic about them, but I wonder if there's any available info on the origins & usage of this particular one. Are there known very recent parts of it? Is it commonly sung today as it sits?

The format & most of the text is pretty traditional & it seems to be most closely related to the Scottish versions not the American ones. The last verse - relating to the _husband's_ philandering rather than just the wife's seems rare and that's the real reason I'm curious about it.

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Child #274

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