

# Seth Davy

## V1

[C] He sat on the corner of [D] Bevington Bush  
A [G] stride an old packing [C] case  
And the dolls on the end of his [D] plank went dancing  
As he [G] crooned with a smile on his \ face da da da [A] daaaa

## Chorus

[A7] Come day [Dm] go day  
[G] wishing me [G7] heart for [C] Sunday da da da [A] daaaa  
Drinking buttermilk [D] all the week [Dm] whisky [G] on a [C] Sunday

## V2

[C] His tired old hands drummed the [D] wooden plank  
And [G] the puppet dolls they danced the [C] gear  
A far better show than you [D] ever would see  
At the [G] Privvy or New Brighton [C] Pier da da da [A] daaaa

[A7] Come day [Dm] go day  
[G] wishing me [G7] heart for [C] Sunday da da da [A] daaaa  
Drinking buttermilk [D] all the week [Dm] whisky [G] on a [C] Sunday

## V3

[C] But in 1905 old Seth [D] Davy died  
And his [G] song was heard no [C] more  
And the three dancing dolls ended [D] up in a bin  
And the [G] plank went to mend a back [C] door da da da [A] daaaa

## Chorus

[A7] Come day [Dm] go day  
[G] wishing me [G7] heart for [C] Sunday da da da [A] daaaa  
Drinking buttermilk [D] all the week [Dm] whisky [G] on a [C] Sunday

## V4

[C] But on some stormy nights down [D] Scotty Road way  
When the [G] wind blows up from the [C] sea  
You can still hear the song of old [D] Seth Davy  
That he [G] sang to his dancing dolls [C] three da da da [A] daaaa

## Chorus

[A7] Come day [Dm] go day  
[G] wishing me [G7] heart for [C] Sunday da da da [A] daaaa  
Drinking buttermilk [D] all the week [Dm] whisky [G] on a [C] Sunday