

Whiskey on a Sunday

## **Whiskey on a Sunday**

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## The Ballad of Seth Davy

Glyn Hughes[1932-1972]

*FF Version*

He sits on the cor - ner of Ould Beggers Bush, A -  
 His ti - red ould hands tug a - way on the strings, the  
 I'm sad to re - late that ould Sad Da - vie died  
 Some dark stor - my night should your pass - in' that way, and the  
 top of an old pack - ing case, He's got three wood - en dolls who  
 pup - pets they dance up and down. It's a far bet - ter show than you  
 in nineteen hun - dred and four. His three wood - en dolls in the  
 winds blow - in' up from the sea. You can still hear the voice of ould  
 can dance and can sing, And he sits with a smile on his face.\_\_\_\_  
 e - ver will see, In the fan - ciest thea - tre in town.\_\_\_\_  
 dust - bin are laid, Their songs will be heard ne - ver more.\_\_\_\_  
 Sad Da - vie, As he sings to his danc - in' dolls three.\_\_\_\_  
 Come day go day, I wish in my heart it was Sun - day,\_\_\_\_  
 Drinkin' Butter milk through the week, Whiskey on a Sun - day.\_\_\_\_

*Playing Notes: none.*

**Whiskey on a Sunday**

1. He sits on the corner by ould beggar's bush,  
atop of an ould packing crate.  
He's got three wooden dolls who can dance and can sing,  
And he sits with a smile on his face.

**Chorus:** Come day go day,  
I wish in my heart it was Sunday  
Drinkin' buttermilk through the week,  
and whiskey on a Sunday

2. His tired ould hands tug away on the strings,  
the puppets they dance up and down.  
It's a far better show than you ever will see  
In the fanciest theatre in town.
3. I'm sad to relate that ould Sad Davie  
died in nineteen hundred and four.  
His three wooden dolls in the dustbin are laid,  
Their songs will be heard never more
4. Some dark stormy night should your passin' that way,  
and the winds blowin' up from the sea,  
you can still hear the voice of ould Sad Davie,  
As he sings to his dancin' dolls three.

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