

# SETH DAVEY

by Glen Hughes

C Am D7  
He sat on the corner of Bevington Bush,  
G7 C  
a stride of an old packing case,  
C Am D7  
And the dolls at the end of the plank went dancing,  
G7 C / / (C B Bb) A7  
as he crooned with a smile on his face.

A7 D7 D7 G7 C / / (C B Bb) A7  
[Chorus] Come day go day, wish in me heart it was Sunday,  
A7 D7 G7 C  
Drinking Buttermilk all the week Whiskey on a Sunday

C Am D7  
[2] His tired old hands drummed the wooden beam,  
G7 C  
And the puppets they danced up and down,  
C Am D7  
A far better show than you ever will see,  
G7 C / / (C B Bb) A7  
In the fanciest theatre in town.

C Am D7  
[3] In nineteen O two old Seth Davy died,  
G7 C  
And his song it was heard no more,  
C Am D7  
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown,  
G7 C / / (C B Bb) A7  
And the plank went to mend the back door.

C Am D7  
[4] But on some stormy night when you're passing that way,  
G7 C  
With the wind blowing up from the sea,  
C Am D7  
You can still hear the song of old Seth Davy,  
G7 C / / (C B Bb) A7  
As he croons to his dancing dolls three.

