

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.

