Seth Davy

[C] He sat on the corner of **(D)**Bebington 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

(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

(C) His tired old hands drummed the **(D)** wooden beam
And **(G)** the puppet dolls they danced the **(C)** gear
A far better show than you **(D)** ever would see
At the **(G)** privvy on New Brighton Pier **(C)** da da da, 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

(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, 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

(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

(A7) Come day **(Dm)** go day
(G) wishing me **(G7)** heart for **(C)** Sunday 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