

## Whiskey On A Sunday

The Dubliners

He sits at the corner of Begger's Bush  
Astride of an old packing crate  
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing  
As he crooned with a smile on his face:

"La da da...  
Come day, go day  
Wish in me heart it was Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk all the week,  
And a whiskey on a Sunday"

His tired old hands worked the wooden beam  
As the puppets they danced up and down  
A far better show than you ever will see  
In the fanciest theatre in town

La da da...  
Come day, go day  
Wish in me heart it was Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk all the week,  
And a whiskey on a Sunday

In 1902 old Seth Davie died  
His song it was heard no more  
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown  
And the plank went to mend a back door

On some stormy night if you're passing that way  
With the wind blowing up from the sea  
You can still hear the song of old Seth Davie  
As he croons to his dancing dolls three

La da da...  
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Drinking buttermilk all the week,  
And a whiskey on a Sunday