

Paddy Schmidt

"Whiskey On A Sunday"

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He sits on the corner of Beggars Bush
Astride of an old packing case
And the dolls at the end
of the plank were dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face
Come day go day
Whishing in me heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week
Whiskey on a Sunday
His tired old hands from the wooden beam
And the puppets they danced up and down
A far better show than you ever would see
In the fanciest theatre in town
But in 1902 old Seth Daly died
His song it was heard no more
The three dancing dolls
in the dustbin were thrown
And the plank went to mend the backdoor
But on some stormy night
if you'Áre passing that way
With the wind blowing up from the sea

You can still hear the song

of old Seth Daly

As he croons to his dancing dolls three

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