

## Whiskey on a Sunday

### Chorus

Come day go day,  
Whishing in me heart it was Sunday,  
Drinking buttermilk all the week,  
Whiskey on a Sunday.

He sits on the corner of Beggars Bush,  
Astride of an old packing case,  
And the dolls on the end of the plank were dancing,  
As the crooned with a smile on his face,

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

But in 1902 old Step Daly died,  
His song it was heard no more,  
The three dancing dolls in the dust were thrown  
And the plank went to mend the backdoor.

But on some stormy night if you are passing that way,  
With the wind blowing up from the sea,  
You can still hear the song of old Step Daly  
As he croons to his dancing dolls three.