Somebody's Coming To Tea

Words and Music by CLAY SMITH, R.F. WESTON and BERT LEE

Sung by LEE WHITE

Moderato

1. Ev'ry one at home today is mighty busy,
   Polishing the greases with little sister Mabel
   Not to wipe his dear, I know they're sure to like him,
   But I kind of

2. Baby Fred a-

3. Reggie's such a
knock—er there's my old Aunt Liz—zie. Fa—ther's on a
jam—my fin—gers on the ta—ble. Moth—er's do—ing
won—der how they're going to strike him. Gu—ess they're rough and

ladder with a great big broom, Break—ing up the spi—ders' homes in
all she can to teach our Steve To use his lit—tle hand—ker—chief and
rea—dy, tho' as true as steel, While Reg—gie has a ser—vi—ette at

our best room. Moth—er's clean—ing win—dows, and when pass—ers
not his sleeve. Bill—y drops his aitch—es worse than poor old
ev—ry meal, Moth—er says, "Don't wor—ry, dear, if he proves

-by Whis—per, "What's the mat—ter, dear—ie?" I re—ply,
mum, So he's a— greed on Sun—day to be deaf and dumb.
true He'll be blind to all our fail—ings, and see on—ly you."

G D7 G7 D7
CHORUS (Repeat last time)

Somebody's coming to tea on Sunday, somebody's coming to tea. 
Mother will bake a cake

All for somebody's sake, somebody dear to me.

Somebody's coming to tea on Sunday, there'll be a jubilation.
1. All of the girls are going to wear their Sunday blouses,
2. Mother's been roaming up and down the street to borrow
3. Father, he's going to look just like an Oxford scholar,

Father intends to wear his pair of wedding cufflinks,
Cups that have handles on, and somehow by tomorrow
After he's had a shave he's going to turn his collar, he's

Mother will have her hair in crackers all day Saturday,
Father's going to get a pound of real lump sugar, 'cos
Going to call our mother "dear" instead of other things,

Somebody's coming to tea, somebody's coming to tea.
Somebody's coming to tea.

D.S.