WHEN FATHER PAPERED THE PARLOUR

by Weston & Barnes

Brightly, but not too fast

Em D G C6 B7 8 Em 8

VERSES

1. Our par-lour want-ed paper-ing, and
2. The pat-tern was ‘blue ros-es’ with its
3. Soon dad fell down the stairs and dropp’d his
4. We’re nev-er going to move a-way from
5. Now, father’s stick-ing in the pub, through

Till Ready

Em B C7 B7 Em

pa said it was waste To call a paper-hang-er in, and
leaves red, white and brown; He’d stuck it wrong way up and now, we
pa-per-hang-er’s can On lit-tle Hen-ri-etta sitting
that house any more, For father’s gone and stuck the chairs and
tread-ing in the paste, And all the fam’ly’s so up-set, they’ve

C Fm D G C
so he made some paste. He bought some rolls of
all walk up side down. And when he trimm’d the
there with her young man, The paste stuck them to
table to the floor, We can’t find our pi -
all gone pas ty faced. While pa says, now that

Em C7 B7 Em

paper, got a lad - der and a brush, And
inging off the pa - per with the shears, The
gath - er, as we thought t’would be for life, We
an - o, though it’s broad and rath - er tall, We
Ma has spread the news from north to south, He

A7 D7

with my mum - my’s night - gown on at it he made a rush.
cat got un - der - neath it, and dad cut off both his ears
had to fetch the par - son in to make them man and wife.
think that it’s be - hind the pa - per pa stuck on the wall.
wishe - es he had dropped a blob of paste in moth - er’s mouth

G Em C6 C7 B
CHORUS

When father papered the parlour, you couldn’t see him for paste!

Dabbing it here, dabbing it there Paste and paper ev’rywhere.

Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the children stuck to the floor,

never knew a blooming family so ‘stuck up’ before.