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## When Father Papered The Parlour

Reference number PT0922

Our parlour wanted papering, and Pa said it was waste  
To call a paperhanger in, and so he made some paste.  
He bought some rolls of paper, a ladder and a brush,  
And with my Mummy's nightgown on at it he made a rush.

### **Chorus**

When Father papered the parlour, you couldn't see him for paste!  
Dabbing it here, dabbing it there, paste and paper everywhere.  
Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the children stuck to the floor,  
I never knew a blooming family so 'stuck up' before.

The pattern was 'blue roses' its leaves red, white and brown;  
He'd stuck it wrong way up and now, we all walk upside down.  
And when he trimm'd the edging off the paper with the shears,  
The cat got underneath it, and dad cut off both his ears.

### **Chorus**

When Father papered the parlour, you couldn't see him for paste!  
Dabbing it here, dabbing it there, paste and paper everywhere.  
Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the children stuck to the floor,  
I never knew a blooming family so 'stuck up' before.

Soon Dad fell down the stairs and dropp'd his paperhanger's can  
On little Henrietta sitting there with her young man,  
The paste stuck them together, as we'd thought 'twould be for life,  
We had to fetch the parson in to make them man and wife.

### **Chorus**

When Father papered the parlour, you couldn't see him for paste!  
Dabbing it here, dabbing it there, paste and paper everywhere.  
Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the children stuck to the floor,  
I never knew a blooming family so 'stuck up' before.

We're never going to move away from that house any more,  
For father's gone and stuck the chairs and table to the floor,  
We can't find our piano, though it's broad and rather tall,  
We think that its behind the paper pa stuck on the wall.

### **Chorus**

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Dabbing it here, dabbing it there, paste and paper everywhere.  
Mother was stuck to the ceiling, the children stuck to the floor,  
I never knew a blooming family so 'stuck up' before.

Now, father's sticking in the pub, through treading in the paste,  
And all the fam'ly's so upset, they've all gone pasty faced.  
While pa says, now that ma has spread the news from north to  
south  
He wishes he had dropped a blob of paste in mother's mouth.

### **Chorus**

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