

Father's Old Grey Whiskers

Traditional



I have a dear old dad-dy, For whom I might - ly pray, He



has a set of whis-kers, They're al-ways in the way. They're



al-ways in the way, The cows eat them for hay, They



hide the dirt on Dad-dy's shirt, They're al-ways in the way.

Around the supper table,
We make a happy group,
Until dear father's whiskers,
Get tangled in the soup.

CHORUS

Father had a strong back,
But now it's all caved in,
He stepped upon his whiskers,
And walked up to his chin.

CHORUS

We have a dear old mother,
With him at night she sleeps,
She wakes up in the morning,
Eating shredded wheat.

CHORUS (twice)

