

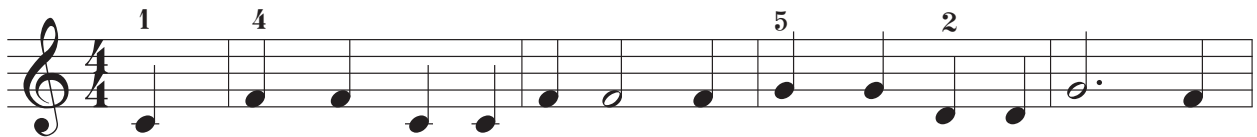


Right hand fingers

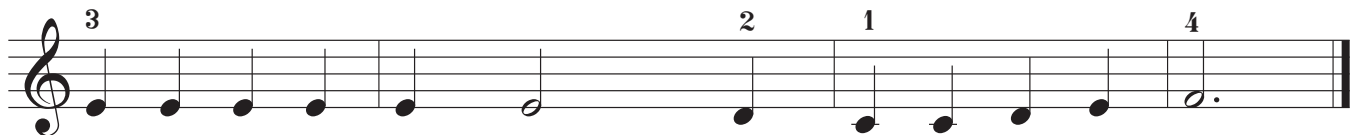
Father's Whiskers

(They're Always in the Way)

Arr: Gilbert DeBenedetti



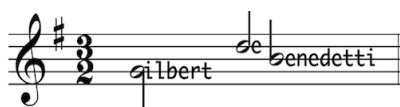
1. I have a dear old fa-ther For whom I night-ly pray, He
Chorus: They're al - ways in the way, — The cows eat them for hay, They



has a set of whis - kers They're al - ways in the way.
hide the dirt on father's shirt, They're al - ways in the way.

2. Father had a strong back,
Now it's all caved in,
He stepped upon his whiskers
And walked up to his chin.
(Chorus)

3. Father has a daughter,
Her name is Ella Mae,
She climbs up father's whiskers
And braids them all the way.
(Chorus)



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