

WHEN FATHER LAID
THE CARPET ON THE STAIRS,
Burlesque
Pathetic Song

Written, Composed
and Sung by

NELSON JACKSON.

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London: REYNOLDS & CO., 62^A, Berners Street, W.I.

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Printed in England

WHEN FATHER LAID THE CARPET ON THE STAIRS.

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Andante Patetico.

VOICE.

PIANO. *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking 'Andante Patetico.' The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a long melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system introduces the vocal line with the lyrics 'We all stood round at -'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'ten - tive, fa - ther's or - ders for to take, And'. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, often using slurs to connect notes.

We all stood round at -

ten - tive, fa - ther's or - ders for to take, And

not a word was whis-pered, such a fuss did fa-ther

make, Al-though with smothered chuckles all our

lit-tle ribs did ache, When fa-ther laid the

car-pet on the stairs. First

one of us he sent a - way to pur - chase car - pet tacks, An -

oth - er one for car - pet thread, and one to bring bees - wax; And

one to find the ham - mer, and the gim - let, and the axe, - When

fa - ther laid the car - pet on the stairs.

When Father Laid the Carpet on the Stairs.

We all stood round attentive, father's orders for to take,
And not a word was whispered, such a fuss did father make.
Although with smothered chuckles all our little ribs did ache,

When father laid the carpet on the stairs.

First one of us he sent away to purchase carpet tacks,
Another one for carpet thread, and one to bring bees-wax;
And one to find the hammer, and the gimlet, and the axe—

When father laid the carpet on the stairs.

Then father grabbed the carpet and he took it to the top,
The roll was rather heavy and so father let it drop,
But the carpet slithered down, it didn't seem to want to stop,

And father slithered with it down the stairs.

Then father rubbed his funny bone, and father rubbed his knee,
And if anyone was laughing, father glared around to see,
And though we were nearly throttled, still we bottled up our glee,

When father laid the carpet on the stairs.

Then father tried unrolling it, and climbing bit by bit,
He got it right up to the top and stooped to make it fit,
Then perhaps it was an accident, or perhaps to show his grit,

He tobogganed on his waistcoat down the stairs.

We all of us enjoyed it, it was bliss without alloy—
Although to show our mirth we were naturally coy,
And mother went behind the pantry door to hide her joy—

When the carpet laid poor father on the stairs.

After superhuman struggles, father got the carpet spread,
He tried to drive a tack in, but he hit his thumb instead,
He dropped the hammer with a grunt, and oh! the things he said,

When father laid the carpet on the stairs.

Then father used some language that is not in common use,
And the hammer and the tacks and things he covered with abuse,
And father, he consigned the stairs and carpet to the Deuce,

So mother laid the carpet on the stairs.