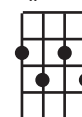


IF I WERE A RICH MAN

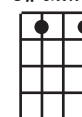
D#dim7



if I were a rich man, yaba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum
all day long, I'd biddy biddy bum if I were a wealthy man

*I wouldn't have to work hard, yaba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dibba dum**
if I were a biddy biddy rich, idle deedle daidle daidle man

C#dim7



I'd build a big, tall house with rooms by the dozen right in the middle of the town
a fine tin roof with real wooden floors below
there would be one long staircase just going up & one even longer coming down
and one more leading nowhere, just for show

I'd fill my yard with chicks & turkeys & geese & ducks for the town to see and hear
squawking just as noisily as they can
and each agay and ago and aga and aca would land like a trumpet on the ear
as if to say, here lives a wealthy man

I see my wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man's wife with a proper double chin
supervising meals to her heart's delight
I see her putting on airs & strutting like a peacock, oh what a happy mood she's in
screaming at the servants, day and night

if I were rich, I'd have the time that I lack to sit in the synagogue and pray
and maybe have a seat by the eastern wall
and I'd discuss the holy books with the learned men seven hours every day
and that would be the sweetest thing of all

**Lord who made the lion and the lamb, you decreed I should be what I am*
would it spoil some vast eternal plan if I were a wealthy man