If I Were A Rich Man

cue: TEVYE: We've got the sickness already...

Moderately — in 1

With a lift — In 4

(TEVYE)

If I were a rich man Dae-dle dee-dle dai-dle Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle dai-dle dum.

All day long I'd bid-dy bid-dy bum, If I were a wealth-y man.

Would'n't have to work hard, Dai-dle dee-dle dai-dle Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle dai-dle dum.

proceed at cue:

TEVYE: What would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?
If I were a bid-dy bid-dy rich
Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle da-dle man.
I'd build a

big tall house with rooms by the doz-en
right in the mid-dle of the town,

fine tin roof with real wood-en floors be-low.
There would be

one long stair-case just go-ing up. And one e-ven long-er com-ing down.

Deliberately
one more leading nowhere just for show.

I'd fill my

yard with chicks and turkeys and geese And ducks for the town to see and hear,

Squawking just as noisily as they can. And each loud

quack and cluck and gobble and honk Will land like a trumpet on the ear.
if to say, here lives a wealthy man.

(Sigh)

If I were a rich man, Dai-dle dee-dle dai-dle Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle dai-dle dum,

All day long I'd bid-dy bid-dy bum, If I were a wealth-y man.

Would-n't have to work hard, Dai-dle dee-dle dai-dle Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle dai-dle dum,
If I were a bid-dy bid-dy rich Dig-guh dig-guh dee-dle dai-dle man. I see my

Deliberately

wife, my Gol-de, look-ing like a rich man's wife, With a pro-er dou-ble chin.

Su-per-vis-ing meals to her heart's de-light.
putting on airs and strut-ting like a peacock. Oh! What a happy mood she's in.

Screaming at the servants day and night.
The most important men in town will come to fawn on me.

Freely

They will ask me to advise them like a Solomon the wise. If you please, Reb Tev-yeh. Pardon me, Reb Tev-yeh, posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eyes. Boi boi boi boi boi boi boi boi boi—
Deliberately

And it won't make one bit of difference If I answer right or wrong.

When you're rich they think you really know! If I were

Pensively

rich I'd have the time that I lack To sit in the synagogue and pray, And

may be have a seat by the eastern wall, And I'd dis-
cuss the holy books with the learned men Seven hours every day.

That would be the sweetest thing of all.

Tempo I°

If I were a rich man, Diddle didle didle Diddle didle didle didle dum,

All day long I'd biddy biddy bum. If I were a wealthy man.
Wouldn't have to work hard, Daid-dle deedle da-dle. Dig-guh dig-guh deedle da-dle dum.

Lord, who made the li-on and the lamb, You de-creed I should be what I am.

Would it spoil some vast, e-ter-nal plan— If I were a wealth-y man?

Tempo

W.W., Str.

Hns.

Br., Rhythm

Tutti