

# If I Were A Rich Man

Written by Harnick & Bock    Sung by Topol in Fidler on the Roof

[Chorus]

N/C ..... (fade in to)    A

If I were a rich man, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dibbie dum

Dm                    Am                    B                    E

All day long I'd biddy biddy bum if I were a wealthy man

A

I wouldn't have to work hard, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dibbie dum

Dm                    Am                    B                    E7                    A

If I were a biddy biddy rich, idle-deedle-didle-didle man

[Verse 1]

A/ A/ A/ Dm                    G7                    C                    Am

I'd build a big tall house with rooms by the dozen, right in the middle of the town

Dm                    G                    A                    A7

A fine tin roof with real wooden floors below

Dm                    G                    C                    Am

There would be one long staircase just going up and one even longer coming down

Dm                    D#dim                    E

And one more leading nowhere, just for show

[Verse 2]

Dm                    G7                    C                    Am

I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese and ducks for the town to see and hear

Dm                    G                    A                    A7

Squawking just as noisily as they can

Dm                    G                    C                    Am

And each loud "cheep" and "squawk" and "honk" and "quack" would land like a trumpet on the ear

Dm                    D#dim                    E

As if to say "Here lives a wealthy man"

[Chorus]

A

If I were a rich man, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dibbie dum

Dm                    Am                    B                    E

All day long I'd biddy biddy bum if I were a wealthy man

A

I wouldn't have to work hard, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dibbie dum

Dm                    Am                    B                    E7                    A

If I were a biddy biddy rich, idle-deedle-didle-didle man

[Verse 3]

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 and strutting like a peacock, oh, what a happy mood she's in  
Screaming at the servants, day and night

(Bridge removed to make the song playable)

[Verse 4]

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 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  
That would be the sweetest thing of all

[Chorus]

If I were a rich man, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dum  
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum if I were a wealthy man  
I wouldn't have to work hard, ya ba dibbie dibbie, doobie dibbie dibbie dum

[Outro]

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