Dad's a Millionaire

Dad's a Millionaire
(Henry Clay Work)

(by Dad, himself)
I wish you joy, my little ragged throng.
    Your dad's a millionaire!
The fortune's come, we waited for so long,
    And I'm a millionaire!
Come Will, come Bub, go buy some better shoes,
Come Liz, come Lu, go tell your Ma the news,
Though once so poor, We're now as rich as Jews,
For I'm a millionaire!

cho: Hurrah! hurrrah! Now give us a rousing song!
    Goodbye! Good bye! to poverty, want and care;
    The fortune's come, we've waited for so long,
    And Dad's a millionaire!

(By Liz, the eldest daughter)
Good news! I'll go a-shopping, so I will
    For Dad's a millionaire,
And I must have a thousand dollar bill
    As Dad's a millionaire!
Put on your duds, and you'll go with me, Lu,
Come Bub, go call a carriage from the square,
We'll ride in style, along the avenue
For Dad's a millionaire!

(By Will, the hopeful heir)
Hip, Hip, Hooray! run up the striped flag
    My Dad's a millionaire!
This blessed day, I'll buy a trotting nag
    For Dad's a millionaire!
I vow, I'll smoke three-cent cigars no more,
Here, take them Bub, and pitch them out the door,
I'll have the best, the dearest in the store
    Now Dad's a millionaire!

(By Dad)
So, wife, you think this house will never do
    Now I'm a millionaire,
Well, I must build a mansion, then, for you
    As I'm a millionaire!

Though as for me, I think I should invest
My wole pile in some mammoth farm out west
Yet I can build, if you should think it best
    Since I'm a millionaire!

(By Liz)
I'll tell you what! we'll give a party then
    As Dad's a millionaire,
And we'll invite none but the "upper ten"
    Since Dad's a millionaire!
I should be sure to find another beau
For dukes and lords and nobles would be there
I've turned him off, the tailor's clerk, you know,
Now Dad's a millionaire.

From Songs of Henry Clay Work, Work
apr96

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.