Clap Hands! Clap Hands!
When Papa Comes Home.

Words by
WILL A. HEELAN

Music by
SEYMOUR FURTH

Moderato

[Music notation]

Our mother just at
A phonograph dear

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teach us all that nursery rhyme, "Clap hands! when pa-pa comes home,"

sweet old childhood song I've brought, It's simple words you will hear,"

The record started, so did Dad, His nursery rhyme we'd nurse, But since we've grown, Dad

yells and ravings rang, He smashed the record, He doesn't hear, The way we've changed the verse, he went mad, For this is what it sang.
CHORUS

Clap hands! Clap hands! when papa comes home,
Today's the day, he draws his pay, We'll jolly him and take it all away, Clap

Clap hands! Clap hands! Dad hardly understands. For

him, he thinks, we raise high jinks! Clap hands! Clap hands! Clap hands!

Clap Hands - 2