

SM 1504

# Clap Hands! Clap Hands!

## When Papa Comes Home.

Words by  
WILL A. HEELAN

Music by  
SEYMOUR FURTH

Moderato

Our moth - er just at  
A phon - o - graph dear

till ready

sup - per - time, Our bangs would gent - ly comb, And  
fa - ther bought, He said, "Come, child - ren dear, Your

teach us all that nurs - ry rhyme, "Clap hands! when pa - pa comes  
sweet old child - hood song I've brought, It's sim - ple words you will

home," For years, to please our Dad - dy dear, That  
hear," The rec - ord start - ed, so did Dad, His

nurs - ry rhyme we'd nurse, But since we've grown, Dad  
yells and rav - ings rang, He smashed the rec - ord,

does - n't hear, The way we've changed the verse,  
he went mad, For this is what it sang,

CHORUS

Clap hands! Clap hands! when pa - pa comes home, To -

*p-f*

day's the day, he draws his pay, We'll jol - ly him and take it all a - way, Clap

hands! Clap hands! Dad hard - ly un - der - stands. For

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

1. 2.

*ff*