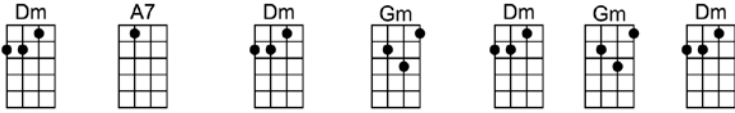
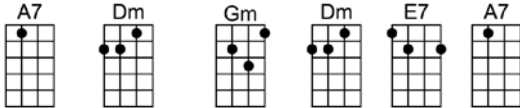


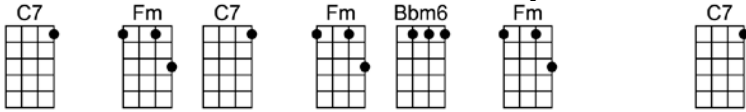
A YIDDISHE MAME



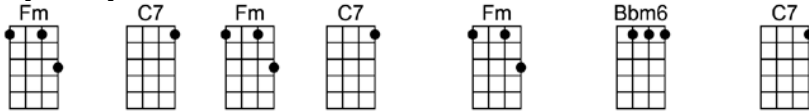
Of things I should be thankful for, I've had a goodly share



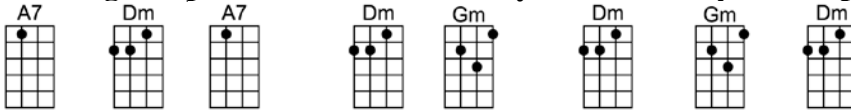
And as I sit here in the comfort of a cozy chair



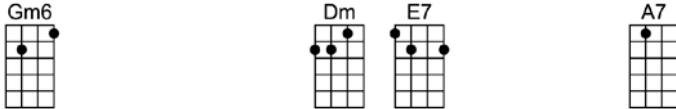
My fancy takes me to a humble east side tene-ment



Three flights up in the rear to where my childhood days were spent



It wasn't much like para - dise, but 'mid the dirt and all



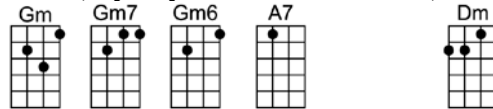
There sat the sweetest angel, one that I fondly call



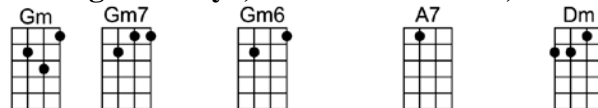
A Yiddishe Mame, es gibt nit beser oyf der welt.



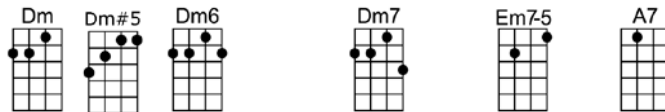
A Yiddishe Mame, oy vey vi biter ven zi felt,



Vi sheyn un likhtig iz in hoyz, ven di mame'z do,



Vi troyerik finster vert, ven Gott nemt ir oyf oylem habo.



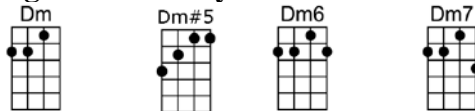
In vaser in fayer, volt zi ge-lofn far ir kind,



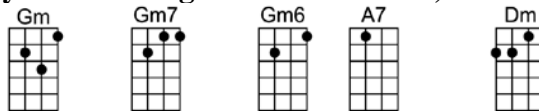
Nit haltn ir tayer. Dos iz gevis di greste zind.



Oy vi gliklekh un raykh iz der mentsh vos hot,



Aza sheyne ma-tone ge-shenkt fun Gott,



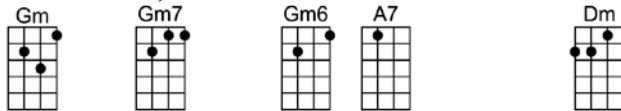
Nor an altitshke Yiddishe Mame, oy Mame mayn.



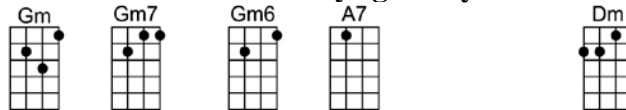
My Yiddishe Mama, I need her more than ever now



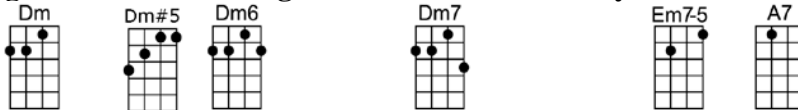
My Yiddishe Mama, I'd love to kiss that wrinkled brow



I long to hold her hand once more as in days gone by



And ask her to for-give me..... for things I did that made her cry



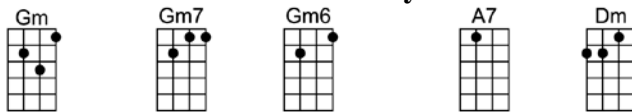
How few were her pleasures, she never cared for fashion styles



Her jewels and her treasures, she found them in her babies' smiles



Oh, I know that I owe what I am today to that dear little lady, so old and gray



To that wonderful Yiddishe Mama.....Oh Mama of mine!