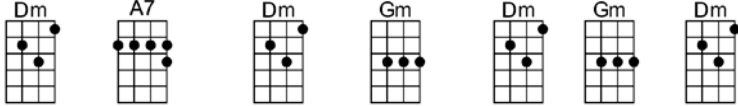
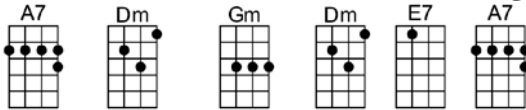


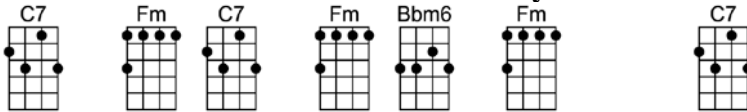
A YIDDISHE MAME (BAR) - Jack Yellen/Lew Pollack



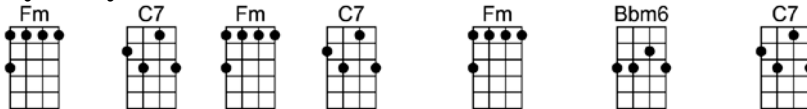
Of things I should be thankful for, I've had a goodly share



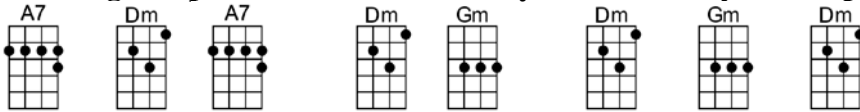
And as I sit here in the comfort of a cozy chair



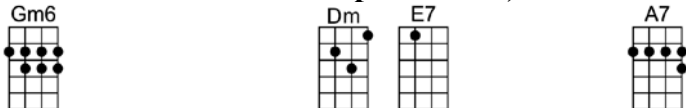
My fancy takes me to a humble east side tene-ment



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



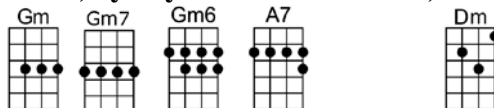
There sat the sweetest angel, one that I fondly call



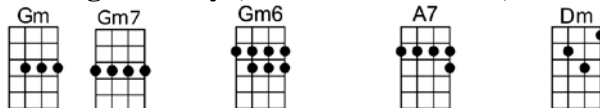
A Yiddishe Mame, es gibt nit beser oyf der welt.



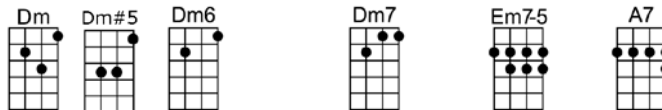
A Yiddishe Mame, oy vey vi biter ven zi felt,



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



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



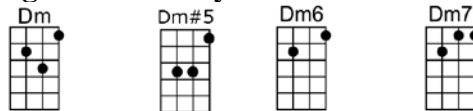
In vaser in fayer, volt zi ge-lofn far ir kind,



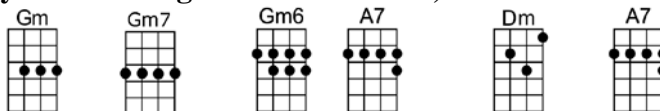
Nit haltn ir tayer. Dos iz gevis di greste zind.



Oy vi gliklekh un raykh iz der mentsh vos hot,



Aza sheyne ma-tone ge-shenkt fun Gott,



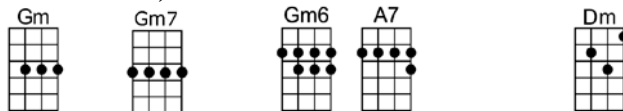
Nor an altitshke Yiddishe Mame, oy Mame mayn.



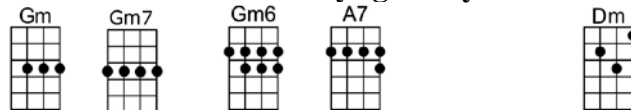
My Yiddishe Mama, I need her more than ever now



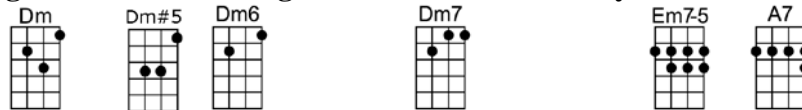
My Yiddishe Mama, I'd love to kiss that wrinkled brow



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



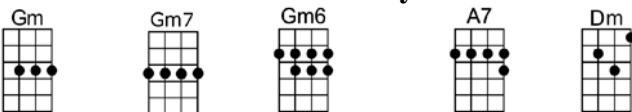
How few were her pleasures, she never cared for fashion style



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!

A YIDDISHE MAME

Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm
Of things I should be thankful for, I've had a goodly share

A7 Dm Gm Dm E7 A7
And as I sit here in the comfort of a cozy chair

C7 Fm C7 Fm Bbm6 Fm C7
My fancy takes me to a humble east side tene-ment

Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm Bbm6 C7
Three flights up in the rear to where my childhood days were spent

A7 Dm A7 Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm
It wasn't much like para - dise, but 'mid the dirt and all

Gm6 Dm E7 A7
There sat the sweetest angel, one that I fondly call

Dm Em7b5
A Yiddishe Mame, es gibt nit beser oyf der welt.

A7 Dm
A Yiddishe Mame, oy vey vi biter ven zi felt,

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm
Vi sheyn un likhtig iz in hoyz, ven di mame'z do,

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm
Vi troyerik finster vert, ven Gott nemt ir oyf oylem habo.

Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm7 Em7b5 A7
In vaser in fayer, volt zi ge-lofn far ir kind,

Em7b5 A7 Dm
Nit haltn ir tayer. Dos iz gevis di greste zind.

Gm Dm Gm Gm6
Oy vi gliklekh un raykh iz der mentsh vos hot,

Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm7
Aza sheyne ma-tone ge-shenkt fun Gott,

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm A7
Nor an altitshke Yiddishe Mame, oy Mame mayn.

p.2 A Yiddishe Mame

Dm A7
My Yiddishe Mama, I need her more than ever now

Em7b5 A7 Dm
My Yiddishe Mama, I'd love to kiss that wrinkled brow

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm
I long to hold her hand once more as in days gone by

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm
And ask her to for-give me..... for things I did that made her cry

Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm7 Em7b5 A7
How few were her pleasures, she never cared for fashion styles

Em7b5 A7 Dm
Her jewels and her treasures, she found them in her babies' smiles

Gm Gm7 Gm6 Dm Dm#5 Dm6 Dm
Oh, I know that I owe what I am today to that dear little lady, so old and gray

Gm Gm7 Gm6 A7 Dm
To that wonderful Yiddishe Mama.....Oh Mama of mine!