

STANDARD EDITION

YIDDISHE MOMME

Lyric by

JACK YELLEN

Music by

JACK YELLEN AND LEW POLLACK

ALSO PUBLISHED
IN YIDDISH

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS AND WORD ROLLS OBTAINABLE
IN YIDDISH AND ENGLISH

Published by
AGER YELLEN & BORNSTEIN Inc.
1595 Broadway New York City

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

'04. N4BC-1063

My Yiddishe Momme

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
JACK YELLEN &
LEW POLLACK

Andante moderato

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece concludes with a *rall. e dim.* (rallentando and diminuendo) marking.

Of things I should be thank-ful for I've had a good-ly share, — And
I see her at her dai-ly task in morn-ing's ear-ly light; — Her

The vocal line begins with a *ten.* (tenuto) marking. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

as I sit here in the com-fort of a coz-y chair, — My
will-ing hands for e-ver toil-ing far in-to the night. — I

The vocal line continues with a *ten.* marking. The piano accompaniment includes a *rit.* marking and a *a tempo* marking.

fan-cy takes me to a hum-ble east side ten-e-ment; — Three
hear the quaint old lul-la-bies that haunt my mem-o-ry, — Each

The vocal line continues with a *ten.* marking. The piano accompaniment includes a *rit.* marking and a *a tempo* marking.

flights up in the rear to where my child-hood days were spent. It
 plain-tive note, each ten-der word a Moth-er's pray'r for me. What

was - n't much like Par - a - dise, but 'mid the dirt and all,
 have I that I would not give to cross the trails of Time

rit.

There sat the sweet-est an - gel One that I fond-ly call
 Back to those child hood by - gones Back to you, Mom - me mine.

ff *pp* *rall.*

CHORUS

My Yid-dish-e Mom - me, I need her more than e-ver now,

p mf

— My Yid-dish-e Mom - me, ——— I'd love to kiss that wrinkled brow. ———

— I long to hold her hands 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 plea - sures. ——— She nev - er cared for fashion's styles; ———

Her jew-els and treas - ures, She found them in her ba-by's smiles

Oh, I know that I owe what I am to - day, To that dear lit-tle la - dy so

old and gray; To that won - der - ful Yid - dish - e Mom - me

rall. *ff*

1 of mine. My Yid-dish-e 2 of mine.

rall. e dim. *sfz*

A Yiddishe Mame

Ikh vil bay aykh a kashe fregen,
zogt mir ver es ken
Mit velkhe tayere farmegen
bentcht got alemen?
Men koyft dos nisht fir kayne
gelt, dos git men nor umzist
Oon dokh az men ferlirt dos, oy
vi treren men fargist
A Tzvayten git men kaynem nit,
es helft nisht kayn gevayn
Oy, ver es hot farloyrn, der vays
shoyrn vos ikh mayn.

A Yiddishe Mame,
Es gibt nisht besser oif der velt
A Yiddish Mame,
Oy vey vi bitter ven zi felt
Vi shayn in likhtig iz in hoiz ven
di mame iz do
Vi troyerig finster vert ven Got
nemt ir oif Olam Haboh

In vasser in fayer volt zi gelofn
far ihr kind
nisht halten ihr tayer, dos iz gevis
di gresten zind
Oy, vi gliklekh un raykh iz der
mentsh vos hot
Aza shayne matuneh geschenkt
foon G-t,
Nor ayn altichke Yiddishe Mame,
Oy, Mame Mayn!

איך וויל ביי אייך א קאשע פֿרעגען,
זאָגט מיר ווער עס קען
מיט וועלכע טײַערע פֿאַרמעגען
בענטשט גיט אַלעמען
מ'קויפט דאָס נישט פֿאַר קײַנע געלט,
דאָס גיט מען נאָר אומזיסט
און דאָך אַז מען פֿאַרלירט דאָס אוי, ווי
טרערן מען פֿערגיסט
אַ צווייטען גיט מען קײַנעם נישט עס
העלפט נישט קײַן געוויין
אוי, ווער עס האָט פֿאַרלוירען, דער
ווייס שוין וואָס איך מײַן

אַ ייִדישע מאַמע, עס גיבט נישט בעסער
אויף דער וועלט
אַ ייִדישע מאַמע, אוי וויי ווי ביטער
ווען זי פֿעלט
ווי שײַן און ליכטיג איז אין הויז ווען די
מאַמע איז דאָ
ווי טרויעריג פֿינסטער ווערט ווען גאָט,
נעמט איר אויף עולם הבאָ

אין וואַסער אין פֿײַער וואָלט זי געלאָפֿן
פֿאַר איר קינד
נישט האַלטן איר טײַער, דאָס איז
געוויס די גרעסטע זינד
אוי ווי גליקליך און רייך איז דער
מענטש וואָס האָט
אַזאַ שײַנע מתנה געשײַנקט פֿון גיט
נאָר איין אַלטיטשקע ייִדישע מאַמע
אוי מאַמע מײַן

My Yiddishe Mame

I'd like to ask of you a question,
tell me who knows
With which dear possession
does G-d bless everyone
It cannot be bought for no
money, it's given only for free
And when it is lost, how many
tears are shed.
A second is given nobody, no
cry can help,
Oy, he who has lost it, he
already knows what I mean.

A Yiddishe Mame
It doesn't get better on this earth
A Yiddishe Mame,
How bitter when she is missing.
How nice and bright it is at
home, when the Mame is here
How sad and dark it becomes,
when G-d takes her to Olam
Haba (The World to Come)

In water, through fire, she would
have run for her child
Not to hold her dear, is surely
the greatest sin,
How lucky and rich is the one
who has
Such a beautiful gift presented
from G-d
Like and old Yiddishe Mame
My Yiddishe Mame!