

Words by  
JACK YELLEN

# My Yiddishe Momme

Music by  
JACK YELLEN &  
LEW POLLACK

Andante moderato



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

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

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

*a tempo*

*rit.*

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 - goes Back to you, Mom - me mine.

**CHORUS**

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

My Yid-dish-e Mom - me, I'd love to kiss that wrink-led 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 fash-ion'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

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

*rall.* *sfz*

*rall. e dim.*

My Yiddishe etc. 4

## 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 farloym, der vays  
shoyn 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 geshenkt  
foon G-t,  
Nor ayn altichke Yiddishe Mame,  
Oy, Mame Mayn!

איך וויל בי איך אַ קאָשׁע פֿרְעָגָעַן,  
זאגט מיר ווער עס קען  
מייט וועלכע טײַיעֶר פֿאַרְמָעָגָעַן  
בּעַנְטַשְׁת גַּט אַלְעָמָעַן,  
מְקוֹיַט דָּאָס נִישְׁת פֿאַרְקִינְעַ גַּעַלְטַ  
דָּאָס גִּיט מַעַן נָאָר אָוְזִיסְטַ  
אוֹן דָּאָר אָז מַעַן פֿאַרְלִירַט דָּאָס אַוי, וּוי  
טַרְעָדוֹן מַעַן פֿעָרִיסְטַ  
אַ צְוַיְּעַטְעַן גִּיט מַעַן קִינְגַּעַם נִיטַ' עַס  
הַלְּפַט נִישְׁת קִין גַּעֲוָזַן  
אוֹי, וּועָר עַס הַאָט פֿאַרְלִירַעַן, דָּעַר  
וּוִיסְטַ שְׂוִין וּוּאָס אַיךְ מִינְ

אַ יִדְיְשַׁע מַאֲמַעַן, עַס גִּיבְטַ נִישְׁת בַּעֲסָעַר  
אוֹיפְּ דָּעַר וּוּעַלְט  
אַ יִדְיְשַׁע מַאֲמַעַן, אוֹי וּוֹי וּוּי בִּיטְעַר  
וּועָן זַי פֿעַלְט  
וּוְשִׁין אָוָן לִיכְתִּיג אֵיז אַין הוֹזֵי וּועָן דַּי  
מַאֲמַעַן אֵיז דָּא  
וּוְטוֹרְיִיעָרִיג פֿינְסְטַעַר וּוּרְטַ וּועָן גַּאַט,  
נְעַמְּט אִיר אוֹיפְּ עַולְם הַבָּא

אַין וּוּאַסְטַר אֵיז פֿיְיַעַר וּוּאַלְט זַי גַּעַלְאָפַן  
פֿאַרְקִינְד  
נִישְׁת הַאלְטַן אִיר טִיעַר, דָּאָס אַי  
גַּעֲוָזַן דַּי גַּרְעַסְטַע זַיְנַד  
אוֹי וּוּי גִּילִּיקְלִיךְ אָוָן רִיכְיךְ אֵיז דָּעַר  
מַעַנְטַשׁ וּוּאָס הַאָט  
אָזֶא שִׁינְעַ מַתְנָה גַּעַשְׁיִינְקַט פּוֹן גַּיְטַ  
נוֹאָר אַיִן אַלְטִיטְשָׁקָע יִדְיְשַׁע מַאֲמַע  
אוֹי מַאֲמַע מִינְ

## 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!