

SM 6628

My Yiddishe Momme

Words by
JACK YELLEN

Music by
JACK YELLEN &
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Andante moderato

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. 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 first system of the vocal melody is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system ends with 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 second system of the vocal melody continues the melody in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a *a tempo* marking. The system ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) 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 third system of the vocal melody continues the melody in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a *a tempo* marking. The system ends with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

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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.

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*

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

rall. e dim. *sfz*