

My Yiddishe Momme

Connie Francis

My yiddishe momme

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

And as I sit here in the comfort of my cosy chair

My fancy takes me to a humble eastside tenement

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

It wasn't much like Paradise but 'mid the dirt and all

There sat the sweetest angel, one that I fondly call

My yiddishe momme I need her more then ever now

My yiddishe momme I'd like to kiss that wrinkled brow

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

and ask her to forgive me for things I did that made her cry

How few were her pleasures, she never cared for

fashion's styles

Her jewels and treasures she found them in her baby's smiles

oh I know that I owe what I am today

to that dear little lady so old and gray

to that wonderful yiddishe momme of mine

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the end by ziggyigz