

Momele

mit geful

As I watch you light the sab-ath can-dles there's a love-ly glow u-pon your face.

5

While your stand-ing there whis-per-ing a prayer none can take your place.

9

Mo-me-le mo-me-le mo-ther dear I'll al-ways call you mo-me-le.

13

Tired eyes wrin-kled hands and the lov-ing heart that al-ways un-der-stands.

17

I re-mem-ber how you used to com-fort me a lit-tle girl of three in by-gone years.

21

I re-mem-ber how you took me on your knee with a kiss you dry all my tears

25

sil-ver hair heart of gold day by day I hate to see you grow-ing old

29

Mo-me-le Mo-me-le may god bless you Mo-me mine

Mamele,mamele

Mit dis apel hob ikh gerufn dikh mamele

Oygn mud, shvakh dayn hant, a goldn harts vos yedr kind varshteyt

Ikh gedenk vi ikh lest mir baruign

A kind fun dray yor alt so lange her

Un ikh lest mikh setsn damals oyf dayn shoys

Mit a kush host gevisht yedr trenn.

Vays dayn kop,vi shney dos kop

Oy got di yorn flign so shnel farbay

Mamele,mamele, say gebensht fun got, Mamele