

Billie Holiday, My Yiddishe Mama

(Rehearsal Fragment)

My yiddishe momme
I need her more then ever now
My yiddishe momme
I long to kiss her wrinkled brow
I long to hold her hands as in days gone by
And ask her to forgive me for
Things I did to make her cry
How few were her treasures
She never cared for fashion's styles
Her jewels and her pleasures
She found them in her baby's smiles
Oh I know what I owe
And I am today
To that dear little lady so old and gray
To that dear little yiddishe momme
Mother of mine