

# 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