Mommele

(Mother) Secondo

M. Parish, A Alstone A Goodhart arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen



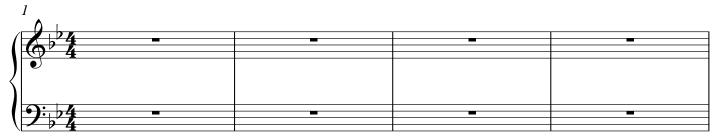
As I watch you light the Sabbath candles, There's a lovely glow upon your face. While you're standing there whispering a prayer, None can take your place.

Momele, Momele, Mother dear I'll always call you Momele,
Tired eyes, wrinkled hands And the loving heart that always understands.
I remember how you used to comfort me, A little girl of three in bygone years.
I remember how you took me on your knee, With a kiss you dry all my tears.
Silver hair, heart of gold, Day by day I hate to see you growing old,
Momelle, Momele, May God bless you mome mine.



Mommele (Mother) Primo

M. Parish, A Alstone A Goodhart arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen









As I watch you light the Sabbath candles, There's a lovely glow upon your face. While you're standing there whispering a prayer, None can take your place.

Momele, Momele, Mother dear I'll always call you Momele,
Tired eyes, wrinkled hands And the loving heart that always understands.
I remember how you used to comfort me, A little girl of three in bygone years.
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