Under The "Matzo" Tree.

(A ghetto love song.)

Words and Music by
FRED. FISCHER.

Slow.

Listen to your Abbie,
So you're going away with an

baby Abbie, Come out in the moon-light with me,
Irish loafer, Say how can you love such a face?

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Can't you see me kneeling, hear me spilling,
What you going to do when the wedding's over,

Ain't you got a feeling for me,
What a sad disgrace for the race,

night, In my heart I got such loneliness,
cry, When you eat corned beef and cabbages,

Oi oi such a cold, You will lose your little Abbie,
Oi oi you will sigh, When you lose your little Abbie,

Under The Matzos Tree. 4.
boy, your joy, your boy, oi, oi.

Chorus.

Wont you come and make for me a happy life,

I've got plenty money to support a wife, It's not a

business to be single, Let's mingle jingle

Under The Matzos Tree. 4.
Jingle, Make it quick and say the word Re-

becal --- Think of all the future that's for

you and me, We'll have a happy, happy,

ju-bi-lee Under the Matzo tree. tree.

Under The Matsos Tree. 4.