THAT'S YIDDISHA LOVE.

JAMES BROCKMAN.

Moderato.

Piano.

Oh, Oi! Moth-er I'm in love, Oi, Oi!
"Bye bye!" Mo-ritz said next day, "Bye bye!"

Father I'm in love, Oi, Oi!
Mo-ritz ran a-way, "Bye bye!"
don't know what to do,
Mo-ritz left a note,

Maggie breaks my heart for me in two.
"Maggie she e-loped with me he wrote?"
Mother said: "Tell me
Passed one week, Mo-ritz

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Möritz, Maggie's not a Yid-dish-a name.
Father said, "I am said 'I'm sick; Maggie spends more than I can make.
Fancy skirt and she

get-ing mad, It dont pay to play a love game. Don't be a wise guy
makes a flirt Wears a bun-dle of hair that's a fake. She run a-way this

Möritz.
Morn-ing.
Make your lit-tle plan,
With an Irish lad.

Love like your fa-ther Möritz, Like a Yid-dish-a man?
Father he gave me warn-ing, I didn't b'lieve what he said:

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Chorus.

"First you find a lady that is smart in the head;

Then you ask her pa how much you get when you wed.

Never mind the good looks or the fancy pom-pom-doodles,

See that she can cook and make gefilte fish and noodles.
Ask her if she'll help you when the bus'ness goes bad;

If she'll take in washing, scrub the floor, not get mad—If she's honest and frank, And has money in the bank, Oi!

Oi! that's Yid-dish-a love;