My Yiddisha Mammy

Fox Trot Ballad

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Down South, where the Swa-nee riv-er flows,
Down South, that's the home of mel-o-dies,

Down South, that's where all the cot-ton grows,
Down South, that's the land of bumble bees,

All of the mam-mies they call di-vine,
Come from be-low that old Dix-on line,
All of the mam-mies, I've heard it said,
In that old South-land they are born and bred,

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But let me tell you 'bout that dear old mam-m-y of mine.  
But down in Dix-on, my mam-m-y ne'er rest-ed her head.  
I've got a

REFRAIN Tenderly

Ma-a, Ma-a, Mam-m-y, But she don't come from

Al-a-bam-y, Her heart is filled with love and

real sen-ti-ment, Her cab-in door is in a
Bronx ten-ment. (Believe me,) My mammy never heard about dear old Black

Joe,
She's never been down where the sweet magnolias grow,

She don't play a banjo or ukulele, But her lullaby is Eli, Eli,

That's why I love my Yid-dish-a Mammy. I've got a my.