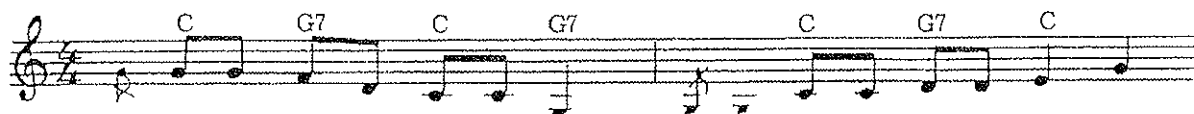


Hop, Mayne Homentashn!

Hey, Hey, Homentashn!

Purim song. English lyrics by Ruth Rubln, © 1964 by Applesseed Music, Inc.



Yach-ne Dvo-she fort in mark, Zi halt zich in eyn pa - kn,
I'll tell you of a pret-ty girl, Who was al-ways in a flur - ry,



Fort oyf Pu - rim koy - fn mel, Ho-men-ta-shn ba - kn.
She baked her Pu - rim ho - men-ta-shn, In an aw-ful hur - ry.



Hop, may-ne ho - men-ta-shn, Hop, may-ne vay - se.
Hey, Hey ho - men-ta-shn, You might have been so tas - ty,



Hop, mit may-ne ho - men-ta-shn Hot pa-sirt a may - se!
But you were the vic - tims of a pret-ty girl so has - ty!

Yachne-Dvoshe fort in mark,
Zi halt zich in eyn pakn,
Fort oyf purim koyfn mel,
Homntashn bakn.

I'll tell you of a pretty girl,
Who was always in a flurry,
She baked her Purim homentashn,
In an awful hurry.

Refrain:

Refrain:

Hop, mayne homntashn,
Hop, mayne vayse!
Hop, mit mayne homntashn
Hot pasirt a mayse!

Hey, hey, you homentashn,
You might have been so tasty-
But you were the victims of
A pretty girl so hasty!

S'geyt a regn, s'geyt ashney,
S'kapet fun di decher,
Yachne firt shoyn kornmel,
In a zak mit lecher.

That girl, she hurried off to town,
Shaking with her bustle,
To buy the flour and poppy-seed,
As fast as she could hustle.