

My Mother's *Latkes*

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Oh, my mother turns her *latkes* with an old kitchen knife
They're the very best *latkes* you ate in your life.

And the people fought for freedom with Judah Maccabee
It's Chanukah so come and have some *latkes* with me.

Oh, my mother grates potatoes with one onion small
Flour, salt, and baking powder, then eggs to bind all.

And the people fought for freedom with Judah Maccabee
It's Chanukah so come and have some *latkes* with me.

Oh, my mother eats her *latkes* with applesauce fine
But I prefer sour cream or sugar on mine.

And the people fought for freedom with Judah Maccabee
It's Chanukah so come and have some *latkes* with me.

Oh, my mother she makes *latkes* that we all do praise
And the small cruse of oil lit the Temple eight days.

And the people fought for freedom with Judah Maccabee
It's Chanukah so come and have some *latkes* with me.