

# My Mother's Old Menorah

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*Every family has its heirlooms  
Its precious souvenirs  
Handed down through generations  
Kept safe for years and years  
Some are made of gold or silver  
But there are dearer ones by far  
That show us where we came from  
And tell us who we are —*

My mother's old *menorah*  
She loved it, *ken ayn horah*  
Like a *khokhem* loves *gemorah*  
Like Joseph loved his dream  
She polished that *menorah*  
Till it shone like the aurora  
You could read a *sefer torah*  
By the brass's golden gleam.

When Mama died she passed her old *menorah* on to me  
Now every *erev shabis* we light it faithfully

You can search from Gloccamora  
To the isle of Bora Bora  
You won't find a *menorah*  
Like my mother left to me.

The old *menorah* seems to listen each time we recite  
The blessing Mama taught us to light the Sabbath lights

As I roam the diaspora  
From Kabul to Kenora  
My mother's old *menorah*  
Is a beacon in the night.