Liederheym p. 19

Di Goldene Keyt

It often happens

That I ride by

The entrance

Of the former “Goldene Keyt”

Where Avrohom

Gathered Yiddish words

As rare pearls,

And Alexander

With great dedication

Arranged them on the pages.

Pages of Yiddish words

Smiling and teary

Thought-through by generations,

Yiddish words like bees

Which seek a flowering spot

And on the way sting the Hebrew city

With a reclaimed,

Lost

Yiddish word.