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.