

Tatte

Yaakov Shwekey

By the ancient cave - of Ir Chevron
You ll see a man - standing all alone.
As the tears stream down his face,
This is my hope, my request.
Where our forefathers rest.
For our father Avrohom - Aneinu
Bizchus Yitschok and Yaakov - I beg of You.
And in the zchus all of the heiligeM Mamas,
He pours out his soul.
To our father in heaven.

Oh my father, my dear Father,
The anguish of your children knows no end.
Reach out to us with Your helping hand.
Oh my father, my dear father,
How much can more Klal Yisroel take?
Remember chasdei avos for our sake.
We are your children Avrohom, Yitzchok, and Yaakov.
Won t you carry our prayers to the one above?
As the tears stream down his face,
This is my hope, my request.
Where were our forefathers rests.
Oh my father, my dear Father,
The anguish of your children knows no end.

Dm **Em**
Reach out to us with your helping hand,

C **Em Dm Em**
Oh my Father, my dear Father,
Dm **Em**
How much more can Klal Yisroel take,
Dm **Em**
Remember chasdei avos for our sake.

C **Em Dm Em**
Oh my children, my dear children.
Dm **Em**
I ve kept every precious tear you ve ever shed.

Dm **Em**
You will be redeemed leolam voed.

Dm
Every heartfelt tefiloh,
Em **C**
Will bring closer the Geulah

Dm **Em**
Vezocher Chasdei avos.

C **Em**
Tatte Tatte, Tatte