

7

Chorus (Rises and Sings to the Tune of "Nothing like a Dame")

T To Hadassah we belong, and before we sing this song  
We want all of you to know, in Hadassah we raise dough,  
We have teas and they net us, cabbage, moolah, call it lettuce  
We only know, we must have dough.

We've got cars and we've got furs,  
We belong to swanky clubs,  
We've got everything we need,  
There is just one thing that rubs,  
And to get this thing we want  
We will gladly make amends  
What ain't we got? We ain't got friends.

Got Hadassah on our minds.  
We sell tickets every day.  
When my neighbor sees us coming  
She just looks the other way.  
If I'm short and I need something  
She is sorry, never lends  
What ain't we got? We ain't got friends.

Got Hadassah on our minds  
We sell tickets every day.  
When my neighbor sees us coming  
She just looks the other way.  
If I'm short and I need something  
She is sorry, never lends  
What ain't we got? We ain't got friends.

Long ago we all had friends  
Just like you we all had friends  
Hadassah then made its call  
And we answered one and all.  
We work hard, did our best  
Helping those in distress  
The friends we've lost will soon return we know,  
When they discover where the money will go---  
To help the Jews in Eretz Yisrael.