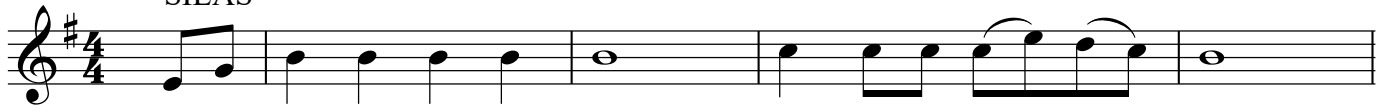


Pot of Gold

Israeli folk tune

SILAS



O, my pre-cious Pot of Gold, formed from the cloth I've sold,



Grow-ing high - er and higher As you warm your-self by the fire._____



Each a diff - 'rent face, to me it's like a child,



Each one has its place as high - er it is piled.