Songs

Contributed by <u>Dalya Romaner</u>

Source:

My Favorite Things

[Sung to the tune of "These are a few of my favorite things"]

Cleaning and cooking and so many dishes

Out with the hametz, no pasta, no knishes

Fish that's gefilted, horseradish that stings

These are a few of our Passover things.

Matzoh and karpas and chopped up haroset

Shankbones and Kiddish and Yiddish neuroses

Tante who kvetches and uncle who sings

These are a few of our Passover things.

Motzi and maror and trouble with Pharoahs

Famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbarrows

Matzoh balls floating and eggshell that cling

These are a few of our Passover things.

When the plagues strike

When the lice bite

When we're feeling sad

We simply remember our Passover things

And then we don't feel so bad.

There's No Seder Like our Seder

(sung to the tune of "There's no Business like Show business")

There's no seder like our seder,

There's no seder I know.

Everything about it is Halachic

nothing that the Torah won't allow.

Listen how we read the whole Haggadah

It's all in Hebrew

'Cause we know how.
There's no Seder like our seder,
We tell a tale that is swell:
Moses took the people out into the heat
They baked the matzoh
While on their feet
Now isn't that a story
That just can't be beat?
Let's go on with the show!
Take Us Out of Egypt
(sung to the tune of "Take me out to the ball game")
Take us out of Egypt
Free us from slavery
Bake us some matzoh in a haste
Don't worry 'bout flavor
Give no thought to taste.
Oh it's rush, rush, rush, to the Red Sea
If we don't cross it's a shame.
For it's ten plagues,
Down and you're out
At the Pesach history game.
Take me out to the Seder
Take me out to the crowd.
Feed me some matzah and kosher wine,
We'll wine and dine and we'll have a good time.
For we'll root for Moshe Rabbeinu
And our crossing through the Red Sea.
For it's one, two, okay four cups of wine,
We rejoice that we are free!
The Ballad of the Four Sons

(to the tune of "Clementine")

Said the father to his children, "At the seder you will dine,

You will eat your fill of matzoh, you will drink four cups of

wine."

Now this father had no daughters, but his sons they numbered four.

One was wise and one was wicked, one was simple and a bore.

And the fourth was sweet and winsome, he was young and he was

small.

While his brothers asked the questions he could scarcely speak at

all.

Said the wise one to his father, "Would you please explain the

laws?

Of the customs of the seder, will you please explain the cause?"

And the father proudly answered, "As our fathers ate in speed,

Ate the paschal lamb 'ere midnight, and from slavery were freed."

So we follow their example, and 'ere midnight must complete

All the seder and we should not, after 12 remain to eat.

Then did sneer the son so wicked, "What does all this mean to you?"

And the father's voice was bitter, as his grief and anger grew.

"If you yourself don't consider, a son of Israel,

Then for you this has no meaning, you could be a slave as well."

Then the simple son said simply, "What is this," and quietly

The good father told his offspring, "We were freed from slavery."

But the youngest son was silent, for he could not ask at all.

His bright eyes were bright with wonder as his father told him all.

My dear children, heed the lesson and remember ever more

What the father told his children told his sons that numbered four.

Gilligan's Island

Recline right back and you'll hear a tale,

A tale of a fateful trip

That started many years ago in old, ancient Egypt.

The Jews were forced to work as slaves,

They suffered that ordeal;

We celebrate their Exodus with a three hour meal,

A three hour meal!

The Pharaoh was an evil dude,

His wrath would not repent

If not for the effort of the fearless Jews,

We'd all be keeping lent,

Yes, we'd all be keeping lent!

They landed in the desert after parting the Red Sea,

With Moses, and Aaron too, each Israelite and his wife,

A movie star, the Professor and Miriam...

Here on Passover night!