

Silly Seder Songs

The Ballad of the Four Sons

to the tune of "Clementine" — written by Ben Aronin in 1948

Said the father to his children,
"At the seder you will dine,
You will eat your fill of matzah,
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
As 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 evermore
What the father told his children
Told his sons that numbered four.

There's No Seder Like Our Seder

*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 matzah
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 matzah 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 Pessah history game.

Elijah

to the tune of "Maria"

Elijah!
I just saw the prophet Elijah.
And suddenly that name
Will never sound the same to me.
Elijah!
He came to our seder
Elijah!
He had his cup of wine,
But could not stay to dine
This year —
Elijah!
For your message all Jews are waiting:
That the time's come for peace
and not hating —
Elijah —
Next year we'll be waiting.
Elijah!

Les Miselijah

to the tune of

"Do you hear the people Sing" from Les Miserables

Do you hear the doorbell ring,
And it's a little after ten?
It can only be Elijah
Come to take a sip again.
He is feeling pretty fine
But in his head a screw is loose.
So perhaps instead of wine
We should only give him juice.

Just a Tad of Haroset

to the tune of "Just a spoon full of sugar"

Chorus:

Just a tad of haroset helps the bitter herbs go down,
The bitter herbs go down, the bitter herbs go down.
Just a tad of haroset helps the bitter herbs go down,
In the most disguising way.

Oh, back in Egypt long ago,
The Jews were slaves under Pharaoh
They sweat and toiled and labored
through the day.
So when we gather Pesach night,
We do what we think right.
Maror, we chew,
To feel what they went through. *Chorus*

So after years of slavery
They saw no chance of being free.
Their suffering was the only life they knew.
But baby Moses grew up tall,
And said he'd save them all.
He did, and yet,
We swear we won't forget.
That . . . *Chorus*

While the Maror is being passed,
We all refill our water glass,
Preparing for the taste that turns us red.
Although Maror seems full of minuses,
It sure does clear our sinuses.
But what's to do?
It's hard to be a Jew!!! *Chorus*

Echad Mi Yodaya — Who Knows One?

*This one is more a chant than anything else, but it's got a melody for the "One is HaShem" part.
Some people start each verse with "Oo Ee Oo Ah Ah. I said Oo Ee Oo Ah Ah" — but not my family.
We end each verse with "Ya-da-da-da-da-dah." Synagogues have split over such issues.*

Who knows one? I know one!
One is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows two? I know two!
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows three? I know three!
Three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows four? I know four!
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows five? I know five!
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows six? I know six!
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.
n the heavens and the earth.

Who knows seven? I know seven!
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows eight? I know eight!
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows nine? I know nine!
Nine are the months before a baby is born,
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows ten? I know ten!
Ten are the ten commandments,
Nine are the months before a baby is born,
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,

In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows eleven? I know eleven!
Eleven are the stars in Yosef's dream,
Ten are the ten commandments,
Nine are the months before a baby is born,
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
and one is hashem, one is hashem, one is hashem,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows twelve? I know twelve!
Twelve are the tribes of Yisroel,
Eleven are the stars in Yosef's dream,
Ten are the ten commandments,
Nine are the months before a baby is born,
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Who knows thirteen? I know thirteen!
Thirteen are the faces of haShem,
Twelve are the tribes of Yisroel,
Eleven are the stars in Yosef's dream,
Ten are the ten commandments,
Nine are the months of a baby's birth,
Eight are the days of a brit milah,
Seven are the days of the week — ooh ah,
Six are the parts of the Mishnah,
Five are the books of the Torah,
Four are the Mamas, three are the Papas,
Two are the tablets that Moshe brought,
And one is haShem, one is haShem, one is haShem,
In the heavens and the earth —
Ya-da-da-da-da-dah.

Same Time Next Year

to the tune of "Makin' Whoopee"

Another Pesach, another year,
The family seder with near and dear . . .
Our faces shining,
All thoughts of dining
Are put on hold now.
We hear four questions,
The answer given
Recalls the Jews from Egypt driven.
The khraim is bitter, (haroset better!)
Please pass the matzah.
Why is this evening different
This year the Jews all over
Are free to perform the rites.
A gorgeous dinner — who can deny it —
Won't make us thinner, to hell with diet!
It's such great cooking . . .
and no one's looking,
So just enjoy it.
Moving along at steady clip
Elijah enters, and takes a sip;
And then the singing with voices ringing
Our laughter mingling.
When singing about Had Gadya.
Watch close or your place you'll lose,
For Ehad Mi Yode'a:
Which tune shall we use?
We pray next Pessah
We'll all be here.
It's a tradition . . .
Same time next year . . .
So fill it up now, the final cup now,
Next year at _____.

Synopsis

To the tune of "Coming round the mountain"

Now Moses' mother hid him for a while
Then she built a box and placed him in the Nile
Pharaoh's daughter came and saw him
Told her servants to withdraw him
Looked upon him and then broke into a smile.

She said "I really do believe my luck is in,
The things one can discover on a swim,
Just wait till I tell Daddy
That I've found a little laddy.
We'll take him in and make a prince of him."

One summer's day he took a walk as planned,
Saw Egyptian beating Hebrew whip in hand.
So he killed the cruel taskmaster
And to avoid disaster
He quickly hid the body in the sand.

Saying "Pharaoh will be furious when he hears
In retrospect I now am filled with fear.
Pharaoh don't like martyrs —
He'll have my guts for garters."
So he fled and stayed away for forty years.

From a burning bush God said to Moses "Hey!
Go tell Pharaoh that the Israelites won't stay.
They don't like his hospitality
Or racist mentality.
On Pesach night they'll all be on their way."

To the Red Sea Pharaoh chased them where he found
That the Israelites had crossed on solid ground
And they were not downhearted
For they found the sea had parted —
It was Pharaoh's army following that drowned.

So the Israelites were saved from further flight
And marched off till Mount Sinai came in sight.
Their slavery had ended
Moses to the top ascended.
The Israelites sang out with all their might:

"He'll be coming down the mountain by and by.

He'll be holding ten commandments up on high.
And we'll not be slaves no morer
'Cos we're going to have the Torah.
Singing: Ay yi yippee, yippee yi!"

Singing: Ay yi yippee, yippee yi!
Singing: Ay yi yippee, yippee yi!
And we'll not be slaves no morer
'Cos we're going to have the Torah.
Singing: Ay yi yippee, yippee yi!

A Few of 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 gefillted, 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 Pharaohs
Famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbarrows
Matzah 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.

The Ballad of Mo Amramson

to the tune of "The Ballad of Jed Clampett"

Come and listen to a story 'bout a man named Mo,
His people they were slaves to the evil Pharaoh,
Until one day he was lookin' at a bush,
And he heard the voice of God, though he wasn't a
lush —
The LORD, that is, I AM, The Big G.

Next thing you know, Mo's talkin' to Pharaoh,
Mo says, "God said you gotta let my people go!"
But the king says, "No, they always will be slaves to
me!"
So God sent down ten big plagues on Pharaoh's
whole country —
Blood 'n frogs, that is,
Pestilence,
Special effects.

When the first borns died, Pharaoh sent the Jews
away,
They ran and ate some matzoh on that very happy
day,
So now we have our Seder to commemorate that
feat —
We drink some wine and talk a lot, we sing and
also eat!
Matzoh, that is,
Maror too.
And good food.
Y'all come back now, y'hear!

Pharaoh's Lament

To the tune of "The Itsy-Bitsy Spider"

My river and my sun gods
have always helped me rule.
Down came the plagues
And folks think I'm a fool.
Up come the slaves' God
And tells me what to do.
I'm a roughy-toughy Pharaoh.
Why won't my gods come through?

Pharaoh Doesn't Pay

*(To the tune of "I've Been Working on the
Railroad")* I've been working on these buildings;

Pharaoh doesn't pay.
I've been doing what he tells me
Like making bricks from clay.
Can't you hear the master calling,
"Hurry up, make a brick!"
Can't you feel the master hurt me
Until I'm feeling sick.
Oh is this a mess,
Oh is this a mess,
Oh is this a mess, for Jews, for Jews.
Oh is this a mess,
Oh is this a mess,
Oh is this a mess for Jews.
Someone's in the palace with Pharaoh
Someone's in the palace we know, ow, ow, ow,
Someone's in the palace with Pharaoh
Does he know they treat us so?
Keep singing work, work, work all day,
Work all day and then some more,
Work, work, work all day
Does he know they treat us so?

Take Me Out to the Seder

Take me out to the Seder
Take me out with the crowd
Feed me some matzah and chicken legs
I don't care for the hard-boiled eggs
And its root, root, root for Elijah!
That he'll soon reappear!
And let's hope, hope, hope that we'll meet
Once again next year!

Take me out to the Seder
Take me out with the crowd
Read the Haggadah
And don't skip a word
Please hold your talking,
We want to be heard,
And let's root, root for the leader,
That he will finish his spiel!
So we can nosh, nosh, nosh and by-gosh
Let's eat the meal!

Don't Sit on the Afikomen

To the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic

My Dad at every Seder breaks a Matza piece in two
And hides the Afikomen half —
A game for me and you
Find it, hold it for a ransom
for the Seder isn't through
'till the Afikomen's gone.

Chorus:

Don't sit on the Afikomen.
Don't sit on the Afikomen.
Don't sit on the Afikomen.
Or the Meal will last all night

One year Daddy hid it 'neath a pillow on a chair
But just as I raced over,
my Aunt Sophie sat down there
She threw herself upon it —
Awful crunching filled the air
And crumbs flew all around. *Chorus*

There were matza crumbs all over —
Oh, it was a messy sight
We swept up all the pieces
though it took us half the night
So, if you want your seder ending
sooner than dawn's light,
Don't sit on the Afiko-o-men *Chorus*

Moses

by Mark Kreditor, sung to the tune of The Flintstones

Moses, he's our Moses he's the man that took us for
a tour
Out of, Pharaoh's Egypt went the children that he
soon would lure

Come sit and eat matzah all week long.
Listen to our prayers and to our songs of Moses
he's our hero
he's a really really good time,
a forty year guy
he's the one that set us free.

Barney Pesach

*by Mark Kreditor,
sung to the tune of I Love You, You Love Me*

We are Jews can't you see,
Moses took us out we're free.
With a long long walk from Sinai to Israel,
Charlton Heston's role he'd steal.

Haggadah Wash that Man Right Out of My Hair

Haggadah wash that man right out of my hair
Because he's full of chometz but he doesn't care.
That it's a custom now to be rid of that snare,
I'll send him on his way.
Haggadah drink my wine and feel real free,
Haggadah eat charosez, matzah and tea,
Haggadah keep the seder, with joy and glee.
I really love that day!!
He doesn't like gefilte fish,
eat it up, eat it up.
He doesn't like the matzah dish
Heat it up, heat it up.
can't wait for him to change-
Hey buddy... (*repeat 1st verse*).

DISCO DELIVERANCE:

**“WE WILL SURVIVE,
An In-Your-Face Passover Anthem”**

Lyrics by Anna Morrison Markowitz

(Sung to the tune of Gloria Gaynor’s “I Will Survive”)

Moses: First I was afraid -
I was petrified.
Kept thinking I’m just not a public speak-
ing kind of guy.
But then I spent too many nights
Seeing how you’d done them wrong,
And I grew strong.
Yes, I learned how to get along!

Pharoah: So now you’re here,
Back in my face.
You’ve brought us pestilence and famine,
Now I want you off my case!
I should have let your people go,
When the locusts ate our grain.
Now our firstborn have been taken,
And you’ve caused us so much pain!

Go on now, go!
Walk out the door.
Don’t turn around now -
You’re not welcome anymore.
Weren’t you the ones to bite the hand
that held your pie?
Without me, you’ll crumble -
You’ll all lay down and die!

CHORUS: No, we’ve got Chai -
We will survive!
As long as we trust in our G-d
We know we’ll stay alive.
Our numbers will be countless
As the stars up in the sky.
Yes, we’ll survive...
We will survive!

Moses: It took all the strength we had,
Not to fall apart.
Now G-d has heard the weeping
Of our broken hearts.

You know we spent too many years
Sweating, hungry, and abused
We used to cry -
But now we hold our heads up high!

So now you’ll see
Somebody new.
We’re not that chained up little people
Once enslaved by you.
So if you decide to chase us,
Don’t expect it to be free.
Our G-d will surely save us,
Guide us through the parted sea!

Pharoah: Go on now, go!
Walk out the door.
Don’t turn around now -
You’re not welcome anymore.
Weren’t you the ones to bite the hand
that held your pie?
Without me, you’ll crumble
Yeah, you’ll lay down and die!

CHORUS: No, we’ve got Chai -
We will survive!
As long as we trust in our G-d
We know we’ll stay alive.
Our numbers will be countless
As the stars up in the sky.
Yes, we’ll survive...
We will survive!

Yeah, we’ve got Chai -
We will survive!
These miracles of freedom
G-d delivered long ago -
Still we tell our children,
So the story they will know.
We will survive!
We have survived!!!!

HEY, HEY!

— Anna Morrison Markowitz 2008
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