

Passover Tunes **(Sung to Well-known melodies)**

The Path to Freedom **(Maggid in one fell swoop)**

By Manuel Lerman, Sung to the tune of Sounds
of Silence

Hello Pharoah | my old friend
I've come to talk | with you again
Because a vision | at a bush burning
Left the seeds | of a deep yearning
And the vision | that was planted in my brain |
will remain
'Til my people have | their freedom

The people Israel | I walked among
My brother Aaron | was my tongue
Convincing them | that there was hope
Encouraging them | to try to cope
Ensuring | them that their Lord would show his
might, | would set all right
And they would have | their freedom

"Fool" said I | "you do not know
The Lord's wrath | like a cancer grows
Ten plagues | will he smite you with
Your sense of safety | is just a myth"
But my words | like silent raindrops fell
Pharaoh refused | their freedom

The plague of the first-born | was the last
And from Mitzrayim | the people were cast
Pillars of fire and clouds | led the way
The Red Sea | kept the Mitzrim at bay
Then to | Mount Sinai the people walked, | no
longer stalked
Enjoying the smell | of freedom

And the people | bowed and prayed
The Lords words | through me they weighed
We will do what | you beseech us
We will hear what | you teach us
Yes the words of the Lord | will be written in
the Torah scroll, | they'll be our goal
Each year we'll tell the story | of our freedom

Vanitzak el Adonai **(sung to the tune of Hey Jude)**

By Manuel Lerman
Dedicated to Jonah Lerman

Hey God, it's really bad
Take our sad plight and make it better
Remember we let you into our heart
And hoped you'd start to make it better

Hey God, we're so afraid
Our backs are sore from Pharaoh's labor
They whip us when we need rest
Our pain and distress they cruelly savor

And all the time we feel the pain, hey God
refrain
From adding more weight upon our shoulders
For well you know that it's so cruel to have no
school
To teach your laws as kids get older
Na na na na na na na na na na

Hey God, don't let us down
Now that we've found you, we pray you save us
Redeem us from bondage in this cruel land
And we will pray to you who made us

So get us out of Mitzrayim, hey God, we'll begin
Performing mitvot that you'll command us
We surely know that it's so true, hey God, just
you
Who answers prayers and who will save us

Hey God, it's really bad
Take our sad plight and make it better
Remember we let you into our heart
And hoped you'd start to make it better

Na na na na na na na na na na, hey God
Na na na na na na na na na na, hey God
Na na na na na na na na na na, hey God
Na na na na na na na na na na, hey God

The Ten Plagues (Sung to the tune of “This Old Man”)

By Manuel Lerman

The first plague a bloody Nile
Baths and swimming out of style
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

Second plague, frogs abound
I can't stand that croaking sound
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The third plague, damn those lice
Fumigation won't suffice
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The fourth plague, wild beasts roam
Rampaging through every home
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The fifth plague, pestilence
Cattle fall against the fence
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The sixth plague, boils on skin
Open sores, infection sets in
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

Seventh plague, the hail drops
It's devastating all the crops
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The eighth plague, locusts swarm
No grain remaining on the farm
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The ninth plague, day is night
Felt like they had lost their sight
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

The tenth plague, slay first-born
The Mitzrim all must mourn
Inflicted by God on Mitzraim long ago
So Pharoah would let my people go

BRISKET MELODY **(sung to the tune of “Windy”)**

Contributor: Bea Brodie

What do we serve on every occasion?
What will we eat this Passover night?
What kind of beef just spells “celebration”?
Everyone knows it's brisket.
Chorus:
And brisket is quick to make
Just wrap it in foil and bake
Make extra for goodness sake
It freezes well. It freezes well
What makes a vegetarian think twice?
What cut of beef do cows want to be?
What really was that manna from heaven?
Everyone knows it's brisket.

There's No Seder Like our Seder

Contributor: Brina Abrahams

(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 matzah while on their
feet... Now isn't that a story that just can't be
beat? Let's go on with the show!

Our Passover Things

Contributor: Brina Abrahams

(To be sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things" from the "Sound of Music")

Cleaning and cooking and so many dishes. Out with the chametz, no pasta, no knishes. Fish that's gefilted, horseradish that stings. These are a few of our Passover things.

Matzah and karpas and chopped up charoset, shankbones and kiddish and yiddish neuroses, Tante who kvetches and uncle who sings, these are a few of our Passover things.

Motzi and moror and trouble with Pharaohs, famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbarrows, matzah balls floating and eggshell that clings, 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.

Don't Sit on the Afikomen **(Sung to the tune of "Glory, Glory,** **Halleluyah")**

Contributor: Bea Brodie

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 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

Passover Story

Contributor: Brina Abrahams

(by Mark Kreditor, sung to the tune of The
Brady Bunch)

It's a story, about baby Moses, who came
floating down the river called the
Nile.....Pharoah's Queen was there just to catch
him and so he stayed a while.

It's a story about Jewish builders, who were
tired of building Pyramids. All of them were
slaves just like their Mothers and just like their
kids.

Until one day big Moses talked to Big G. That's
G-O-D and that spells Moses's God. He said
you just leave and go to Israel I won't make it
hard.

So then Moses asked old Pharoah let my people
go. He said "For Real"!, no Moses never no. So
the 10 plagues were brought to Pharoah and he
said: Moses go.

Your people can go. Now Moses go. That's the
way Pharaoh said now Moses go.

The Ballad of the Four Sons

(to the tune of "Clementine")

Contributor: Brina Abrahams

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 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.