

Passover Song Parodies 2020
Compiled by Rabbi Jeffrey Myers

There's No Seder Like our Seder

(By Rabbi Dan Liben, "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!

Are You Ready for Passover Fare?

to the tune of "Are You Going to Scarborough Fair?" by Simon and Garfunkel

Are you ready for Passover fare?
Parsley, egg, charoses and wine.
We'll dip our greens and say a sweet prayer.
Just lean back. Tonight we recline.

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Afikomen!

to the tune of "Oklahoma!"

Afikomen!

Every year I know that I am cursed.

After it's been hid,

some other kid is the one who always finds it first.

Afikomen!

If I had a better pair of eyes,

I could have some fun,

I'd be the one who would get to claim the special prize.

God brought us to the promised land.

And the land that he gave us is grand.

But when I say, "Oy vay!"

I'm only saying, "Lord!

Please let me find it."

All that I want is to find the

Afikomen! Amen.

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When Israel was in Egypt's land,

Let My people go!

Oppressed so hard they could not stand,

Let My people go!

Refrain

Go down, Moses,

Way down in Egypt's land;

Tell old Pharaoh

To let My people go.

Oh, let us all from bondage flee,
Let My people go!
And let us all do worship free,
Let My people go! [*Refrain*]

The Ballad of the Four Sons

(By Ben Aronin "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
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.

A Spoon of Charoses

to the tune of "A Spoonful of Sugar" from Mary Poppins

At every seder each year,
There is an element of fear
When I must eat a bitter herb.
And in the moment that I dread,
The heat goes to my head,
I cough! I sneeze!
I whimper and I wheeze! But...

A spoon of charoses helps the bitter herb go down,
The bitter herb go down, bitter herb go down,
Yes, a spoon of charoses helps the bitter herb go down
In the most delightful way.

So you should keep it in your mind,
If there's a moment when you find
There's something dreadful you must do.
It will be better if you add
A thing that's not so bad,
A song! A sweet!
A favorite toy or treat! Cause...**(Chorus)**

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Don't sit on the Afikomen

(Glory, Glory, Halleluyah)

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 Afikomen. [**Chorus**]