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Leaving on a Desert Plane

(Sung to the tune of "Leaving on a Jet Plane")

All our bags are packed we're ready to go
We're standing here outside our doors
We dare not wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breakin' this early morn'
Moses is waiting, he's blowing his horn
We're planning our escape so we won't die

You'll miss me, as you will see
You've been dealt a harsh decree
You held us like you'd never let us go
We're leaving from this great strain
We pray we won't be back again
God knows, can't wait to go.

There's so many times you've let us down
Your many crimes have plagued our town
I tell you now they were all mean things
Every pace I go, you'll shrink from view,
Every song I sing will be 'gainst you
I won't be back to wear your ball and chain

You'll miss me, as you will see
You've been dealt a harsh decree
You held us like you'd never let us go
We're leaving through a wet plain
We hope we won't be back again
God knows, can't wait to go.

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time, let me diss you
Close your eyes, we'll be on our way
Dream about the days to come
When you'll be left here all alone
About the time when I won't have to say
You'll miss me, as you will see
You've been dealt a harsh decree
You held us like you'd never let us go
We're leaving all our bread grain
We know we won't be back again
God knows, can't wait to go.

Oh this is the matza

Sung to: Home on the Range
Oh this is the matza
With too much you'll platza
So listen to me while i say
At our home on the range
It'll never seem strange
If it binds you together all day
Chorus: matza oh matza it's strange
Manischevitz is the drink that we seek
Where there's no regrets
From a burp and a greps
From eating this matza all week
Oh we're not aloof, when it sticks to the roof
Of your mouth as you're chomping away
And never is heard a dovening word
If you eat the mah tza while you pray

I'M A LITTLE MATZA

I'm a little matza, flat and thin.
Open your mouth and put me in.
Baked in the desert in the sun.
Pesach is coming, oh what fun!

LET MY PEOPLE GO

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.
Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let My people go,

If not I'll put frogs on your head,
Let My people go.
Refrain
No more in bondage shall they toil,
Let My people go,
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let My people go.
Refrain

BUILDING CITIES

Bang, Bang, Bang
Hold your hammer low
Bang, bang, bang
Give a heavy blow

Chorus:
For it's work, work, work
Every day and every night
For it's work, work, work
When it's dark and when its light

Dig, dig, dig
Get your shovel deep
Dig, dig, dig
There's no time to sleep

(Chorus again)

MAKE A MATZA

Make a matza, pat, pat, pat.
Do not make it fat, fat, fat.
Make a matza, pat, pat, pat.
This is the way for Pesach.

Make charosis, chop, chop, chop.
Take some wine and add a drop.
Make charosis, chop, chop, chop.
This is the way for Pesach.

Take your herbs and dip, dip, dip.

You may take a little nip.
Take your herbs and dip, dip, dip.
This is the way for Pesach.

OH LISTEN

Oh listen, oh listen, oh listen, King
Pharaoh
Oh listen, oh listen, oh listen, please let
my people go!
They want to go away, they work too hard
all day
King Pharaoh, King Pharaoh, what do
you say?
No, no, no, I will not let them go!
No, no, no, I will not let them go!

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.

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 chrain is bitter, (charoses better!)
Please pass the matzoh.
Why is this evening different
From all the other nights?
This year the Jews all over
Are free to perform the rites.

Gilligan's Exodus

(Sung to the theme from "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 celebrated their Exodus with a three
hour meal, a three hour meal!
The Pharoah was an evil dude, his wrath
would not replent
If not for the effort of the fearless
jews.....we'd all be keeping Lent(2x)
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

I've Been Cooking for this Seder (Sung to the tune of "I've Been Working on the Railroad")

I've been cooking for this seder
Erev Pesach day
Making matzah balls and kugel
So we'll feast as well as pray
Can't you smell the pareve sponge cake

It rises up so little without yeast
Can't you hear our voices singing
At this joyous Pesach feast
Mama, you can cook
Mama, you can cook
Milchidik and fleishidik and pareve, too
Mama, you can stew
Mama, you can stew
Your seder food's delicious and we thank
you!!

Passover Song (Sung to the tune of Puff the Magic Dragon)

by Sharon and Jeremy Lite

When G-d saw that our fathers
were slaves in Egypt land,
He summoned up his fury, then
said "This cannot stand!"

So He spoke to Moses
from a burning tree
"You must go to Egypt now
and set my people free."

Moses told the Pharaoh
that G-d said "Free the Jews,"
but Pharaoh believed none of this,
not knowing he would lose.

"I choose not to worship
this great G-d of yours
the Jews will stay right here with me
and do all of my chores."

So G-d inflicted Egypt
with 10 awful plagues
from frogs to boils, and locusts too,
plus blood and darkened days.

At last, upon the slaying

of their first born sons
the Egyptians said "Enough with this,
get out of here, and run!"

The Jews, they packed up quickly,
before the bread could rise.
They threw it all into a sack
and said their last goodbyes.

Now we're eating matzoh,
it is just flat bread.
If we want some toast this week,
we'll eat this stuff instead.

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.

I've Been Working on the Matzo Balls (to the folk song tune of "I've been working on the railroad...")

I've been working on the Matzo Balls
All the live long day
I've been shaping all the Matzo Balls
Because Pesach's on its way

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 twelve 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.

Can't you smell the soup a boiling?
The process cannot halt!
Can't your hear your Bubbie's Voice say
"it needs more carrots and more salt"
Cook until you float, Cook until you float
Cook until you float those ba aa aaa lls
Cook until they float, cook until they float,
Cook until they float those balls
Half of the whole family's in the Kitchen
Preparing the food with zeal
More family is in the Kitchen
Then at the seder meal

Singing...

Where are we in in the haggadah? How long till we eat?

The story is so amazing! This seder's quite a feat..

A Passover Song (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 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

Just a Tad of Charoset (Sung to the tune of "Just a Spoon Full of Sugar")

Chorus:

Just a tad of charoset helps the bitter herbs go down,

The bitter herbs go down, the bitter herbs go down.

Just a tad of charoset 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

The Ballad of Mo Amramson (Sung 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
Pharoah,
Until one day he was lookin' at a bush,
And he heard the voice of G-d, though he
wasn't a lush---
The LORD, that is,
I AM,
The Big G.
Next thing you know, Mo's talkin' to
Pharoah,
Mo says, "G-d said you gotta let my
people go!"
But the king says, "No, they always will
be slaves to me!"
So G-d sent down ten big plagues on
Pharoah's whole country---
Blood 'n frogs, that is,
Pestilence,
Special effects.
When the first borns died, Pharoah sent
the Jews away,
They ran and ate some matza 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!
Matza, that is,
Maror too.
And good food.
Y'all come back now, y'hear!

Don't Sit on the Afikomen (Sung to the tune of "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 Afiko-o-men
Chorus

Pharoah's Nile (Sung to the theme from "Gilligan's Island")

Just lean right back and you'll hear a tale,
a tale of a fateful trip
That started back in ancient times, while
under Pharoah's whip.

Well Moses was a pious man, G-d made
him brave and sure,
Though Pharoah was a mighty man, his
heart was not pure,
his heart was not pure.
Old Pharoah started getting tough, the
Jews were harshly bossed.
If not for the courage of the fearless few,
our people would be lost,
our people would be lost.
They cried to G-d, please rescue us,
conditions here are vile.
Send Moses, and Aaron, too, to save our
children and wives.
We'll leave this land at G-d's behest, here
on Pharoah's Nile.
So G-d said Moses take you staff and
with your brother go.
To Pharoah you will plead your case, to
let my people go.
Well Moses, he sure did his best, but
Pharoah was not moved,
'Til G-d sent down ten dreadful plagues,
and His power was proved,
His power was proved.
The frogs, the lice, and even boils, could
not make Pharoah bend
'Til slaying of the first born males,
threatened Pharoah's life to end,
threatened Pharoah's life to end.
The Jews escaped miraculously, when G-
d helped them to flee.
Egyptian armies followed them, but
drowned in the deep Red Sea.
So this is a tale of our ancestors, they
wandered a long, long time.
They had to make the best of things, it
was an uphill climb.
So join us here each year my friends, it's
sure to be worthwhile,
Retelling how the Jews escaped, far from
Pharoah's Nile.

Same Time Next Year
(Sung 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 chrain is bitter, (charoses better!)
Please pass the matzoh.
Why is this evening different
From all the other nights?
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 Chad Gad Ya.
Watch close or your place you'll lose,
For Echad Mi Yodea:
Which tune shall we use?
We pray next Pesach
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 _____

'Twas the Night After Seder (Recited to "Twas the Night Before X-Mas)

'Twas the night after Seder, and all
through the house
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.
The matzah, the farfel, the charoset I ate,
After both the Sedarim, had gone to my
waist.
When I got on the scales there arose
such a number!
When I walked over to shul (less a walk
than a lumber),
I remembered the marvelous meals I'd
prepared;
The turkey with gravy, the beef nicely
rared,
The wine and the matzo balls, the Migdal
pareve cheese
The way I'd never said, "I've had enough;
no more, if you please."
As I tied myself into my apron again
I spied my reflection and disgustedly,
then --
I said to myself, "you're such a weak
wimp",
"You can't show up at shul resembling a
blimp!"
So--away with the last of the meatballs so
sweet,
Get rid of the turkey, chopped liver and
meat.
Every last bit of food that I like must be
banished
'Till all the additional ounces have
vanished.
I won't have any more macaroons from
the box,
I can't wait til next week. (Ah, the bagels
and lox.)
I won't have any luxion, farfel or p'chah,

I'll munch on a carrot or wire shut my own
jaw.
It's a three day yom tov and shabbas is
still
Ahead of me with another fleshiks meal
to fulfill.
If I have to cook one more chicken, I think
I will riot.
So a zisn pesach to you all and to all a
good diet!