

# 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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