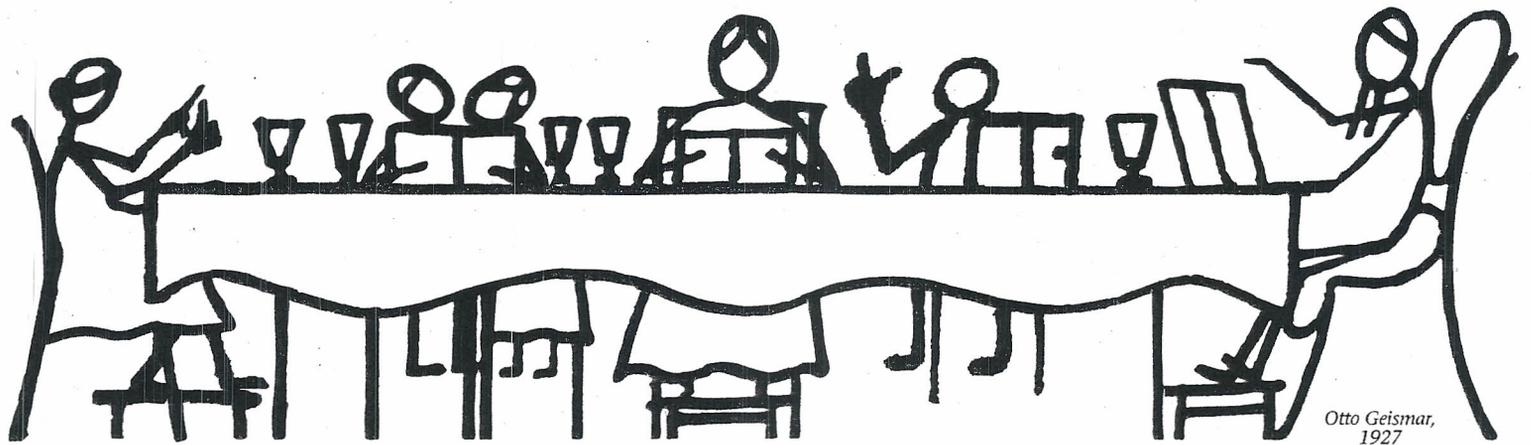


SONGS^{*} For PESACH



Compiled by
Rabbi Barry L. Schwartz

** And Readings*

ברוכים הבאים לסדר
Welcome to Our Seder

Tonight is "A Night to Remember!"

Tonight is the Jewish people's birthday
and the rebirth of personal freedom for each individual.
Tonight is a journey of rediscovery: to relive slavery and
poverty, and then to experience liberation
and taste abundance.

Eating together

we become a community of caring for each other's needs.

Reading, discussing and arguing

we become a community of learners.

Asking questions and telling stories

we become a community of memory.

Playing and acting

we become a community of imagination.

Praying together

we become a community of hope, willing to take a stand.

Singing together

we become a community of joy and appreciation.

Join in, take part, feel free to ask, to add (and to skip)...

No matter your background, no matter your age,
no matter your knowledge,
make this Seder your own.

Feel Free!

*Noam Zion
"A Night to Remember"*

Why We Have to Rehash the Same Story Over and Over

Letty Cottin Pogrebin

When I was a smart-mouthed kid, I was always impatient for the seder service to end and the meal to begin. I kept asking why we had to rehash the same story over and over: slavery's humiliations, Pharaoh's brutality, God's miraculous intervention, the ten plagues, the harrowing escape, the desert, Mt. Sinai, the whole shebang.

"We know this already," I would moan to my parents. "We said it last year and the year before and the year before that. Why do we have to go through it again?"

Eventually, I understood why Jews everywhere in the world repeat the Exodus story at every Seder and why observant Jews thank God for our liberation from Egypt so many times in so many prayers throughout the year: Because reiteration sustains experience and turns event into symbol—and because the Exodus is THE core event of Jewish history. It is the experience that defines us as a people. Genesis is the saga of a family. Exodus shows how that family became a people. It tells us who we are, where we came from, and what we are supposed to be.

ELIEZER SEGAL**UNCLE ELI'S HAGGADAH**

Why is it only, on Passover night
we never know how, to do anything right?
We don't eat our meals, in the regular ways,
the ways that we do, on all other days.

'Cause on all other nights we may eat
all kinds of wonderful good bready treats,
like big purple pizza that tastes like a pickle,
crumbly crackers and pink pumpernickel,
sassafras sandwich and tiger on rye,
fifty felafels in pita, fresh-fried,
and toasted whole-wheat bread with liver and ducks,
and crumpets and dumplings, and bagels and lox,
Yes - on all other nights we eat all kinds of bread,
but tonight of all nights we munch matzah instead.

And on all other nights we devour
vegetables, green things, and bushes and flowers,
lettuce that's leafy and candy-striped spinach,
fresh silly celery (have more when you're finished!)
daisies and roses and inside-out grass
and artichoke hearts that are simply first class!
Sixty asparagus tips served in glasses
with anchovy sauce and some sticky molasses -
But on Passover night you would never consider
eating an herb that wasn't all bitter.

And on all other nights you would probably flip
if anyone asked you how often you dip.
On some days I only dip one Bup-Bup egg
in a teaspoon of vinegar mixed with nutmeg,
but sometimes we take more than ten thousand tails
of the Yakkity-birds that are hunted in Wales,
and dip them in vats full of Mumbegum juice.
Then we feed them to Harold, our six-legged moose.
Or we don't dip at all! We don't ask your advice.
So why on this night do we have to dip twice?

And on all other nights we can sit as we please,
on our heads, on our elbows, our backs or our knees,
or hang by our toes from the tail of a Glump,
or on top of a camel with one or two humps,
with our foot on the table, our nose on the floor,
with one ear in the window and one out the door,
doing somersaults over the greasy k'nishes
or dancing a jig without breaking the dishes.
Yes - on all other nights you sit nicely when dining -
So why on this night must it all be reclining?



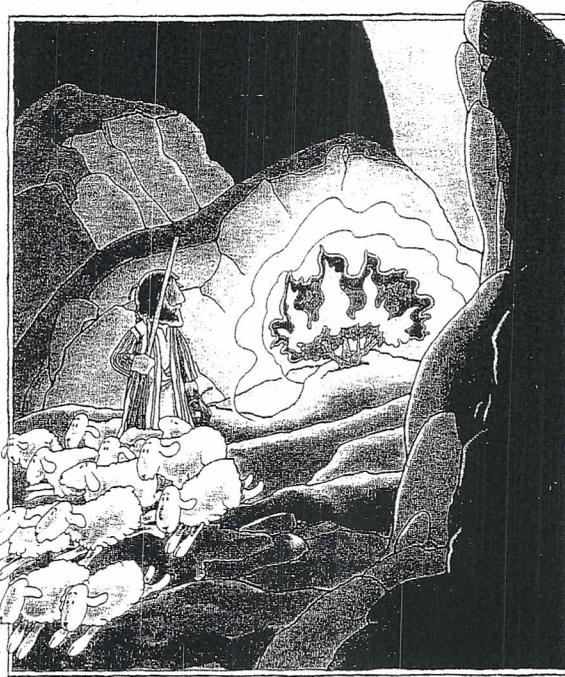
Tribute to Dr. Seuss

THE FIRE OF CONCERN: MOSHE'S BURNING BUSH

Moses lived in a period of dictatorship. His people were slaves. The bosses made them work under a speed-up system, and committed horrible atrocities. Young Moses became curious about the Hebrew slaves, and one day went to the brickyards and saw an Egyptian boss hitting a Hebrew laborer. Moses was a powerful young man, and he lost his temper. He hit the boss and killed him! A fire had been kindled in Moses' heart, a fire of concern about his people and their suffering.

The next day he went back to the hot brickyards. Then he learned two things that those who try to help their fellow men often discover: first, that slaves often spend as much time and energy fighting each other as they do fighting their common oppressors, and second, that slaves do not always welcome their deliverers.

Moses found two Hebrews fighting each other. When he rebuked them, they turned on him and said, 'Who made you our boss? Do you mean to kill us as you did that Egyptian yesterday?'



Leon Baxter

Moses feared that they would tell the Egyptians that he killed the boss. He concluded that it might not be healthy to stay around those parts, so he ran away. In his new home he settled down to a nice comfortable life, raising a family and feeding the flocks of his father-in-law.

Only, after a while, God came into the picture, with a bush that burned and burned and did not stop burning. Moses had had a fire kindled in his heart once, but it went out, or at least died down. God is the Being whose heart does not stop burning. What was God all burned up about? The voice that came out of the bush said, "I have seen the affliction of my people that are in Egypt and have heard their cry by reason of their oppressors."

And the proof that God had entered into Moses was that he had to go back and identify himself with his enslaved people – organize them into Brickmakers' Union Number One

– and lead them out of hunger and slavery into freedom and into "a good land, and a large one, a land flowing with milk and honey."

Abraham Johannes Muste (1885-1967), the grand old man of American radicalism and pacifism

We still have a long, long way to go before we reach the promised land of freedom. Yes, we have left the dusty soils of Egypt, and we have crossed a Red Sea that had for years been hardened by a long and piercing winter of massive resistance, but before we reach the majestic shores of the promised land, there will still be gigantic mountains of opposition ahead and prodigious hilltops of injustice . . .

Let us be dissatisfied until the tragic walls that separate the outer city of wealth and comfort from the inner city of poverty and despair shall be crushed by the battering rams of the forces of justice.

Let us be dissatisfied until those who live on the outskirts of hope are brought into the metropolis of daily security.

Let us be dissatisfied until slums are cast into the junk heaps of history, and every family will live in a decent, sanitary home.

Let us be dissatisfied until the dark yesterdays of segregated schools will be transformed into bright tomorrows of quality integrated education.

Let us be dissatisfied until integration is not seen as a problem but as an opportunity to participate in the beauty of diversity.

Let us be dissatisfied until men and women . . . will be judged on the basis of the content of their character, not on the basis of the color of their skin.

Let us be dissatisfied until from every city hall, justice will roll down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream.

Let us be dissatisfied until that day when nobody will shout, "White Power!" when nobody will shout, "Black Power!" but everybody will talk about God's power and human power.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Here is a story by Josef Mendelovich, the Soviet Jewish prisoner of conscience that illustrates the point.

"After seven years of being in labor camp, I was sentenced to three years of "special regime" for keeping Shabbat, and I was sent to a certain prison close to Moscow. My first Pesah in this special prison I was locked up with one Jew and one non-Jew in a prison cell. I insisted that we have a *seder*. My cell mates were astonished and asked me how I was going to do it, for we didn't have anything in our cell that would permit us to have a *seder*. I wouldn't answer, but prepared for the *seder*.

"I needed to have a green plant to eat during the *seder*. During my exercise time I realized that there was a small green plant growing through the asphalt in another exercise yard. One day when leaving my yard, I rushed to an open door to the second yard, and I took away this small plant. It was eatable. I have experience from Labor Camp and could tell the difference between edible and poisonous ones. A guard caught me. He was astonished and asked me why I did it. I explained that I needed *karpas* for the *seder*.

"One day all prisoners were given a small onion as part of our food, and all the inmates ate it immediately out of hunger. But I figured out that if I put it in water, it would grow and produce a

green leaf that might be used for the *seder's maror*. When I put the onion in water on the window, my friends felt I was crazy for doing it and not eating it. They couldn't understand.

"Finally I started making wine. I preserved a handful of raisins that my father sent me 5 years before. I put them in water adding sugar that I would collect for a month from my prison rations. I put it in a warm place under my board. After a month, I had wine.

"When the holiday finally arrived, I invited my two friends to sit at a *seder*. They couldn't believe it. When I removed the blanket that covered my plate that I pieced together from scraps of paper, they were astonished. For on the plate were the Passover foods in their proper order, *maror*, *karpas*, even a bone that I got from Israeli soup cubes, and 4 cups of wine. We drank the wine, and I told the story of the Exodus from Egypt."

Rabbis Today,
April, 1993

THE LAST ETHIOPIAN SEDER, 1991

From the eyewitness report of Micha Odenheimer, journalist and director of a program for Ethiopian olim.

"I brought you to Me on eagles' wings" (Exodus 19:4)

On Friday night, May 24, 1991, fourteen thousand four hundred Jews from Beita Yisrael crowded into the Israeli Embassy compound in Addis Ababa, the capital. They were caught between a nightmare and a dream, the danger of slaughter by the rebel army that encircled the capital and the opportunity to make aliyah to Israel at the last possible moment before the invasion by the rebels.

Months earlier the Jews of Ethiopia who had lived for centuries as farmers in the Gondar region abandoned their homes, sold their property and migrated – often by foot – 700 km south to the slums of the capital of the Marxist regime, hoping to leave from there to Israel.

Eight weeks earlier the priests (called *kesim*) celebrated at the Israeli Embassy their last Passover in Ethiopia. After purifying themselves in water they laid their hands on ten one-year-old sheep, blessed them, and then ritually slaughtered and roasted them. When the *kesim* honored me by offering me – an Ashkenazi Orthodox Jew – a piece of the lamb, I hesitated for a moment because their kashrut is different than my own. Yet I knew that eating the Pesach lamb has always been the symbol of inclusion in the Jewish community, so I expressed my solidarity with their Exodus and ate my first Paschal sacrifice.

Now, only weeks after Pesach, the final Exodus was to begin under the title "Operation Solomon." The Marxists who ruled the capital had made a deal with Israel for a \$35,000,000 bribe

(paid by American Jewish philanthropists) to release the Jews in a massive airlift just days before the government fell.

At the Israeli embassy, 14,400 Jews spent all night long in darkness and exceptional calm and discipline. They experienced a mixture of fear and hope (reminiscent of the children of Israel in Egypt on the first Seder night).

That night the Ethiopian Jews passed from one station to another at the embassy grounds. First the head of the household's identity card was checked and his children counted off and given a sticker with the number of their bus to wear on their forehead. Then all their local money had to be thrown into a box, as demanded by the Ethiopian government. Afterwards all their possessions were relinquished, for lack of space in the planes. Only what they wore – their nicest clothes and gold jewelry – came with them, along with bread which was wrapped in their flowing garments.

I remembered the Biblical verses describing a similar "Night of Vigil" in which no one slept, on Passover evening in Egypt: "*The people took their dough before it was leavened...wrapped in their cloaks upon their shoulders. That was...a Night of Vigil*" (Exodus 13:9). Even the numbered stickers on the foreheads reminded me of the command, "*This shall serve you as a sign upon your hand and as a reminder on your forehead... that the Lord freed you from Egypt with a mighty hand.*" (Exodus 13:9).

**In less than 24 hours
El Al passenger
planes and Hercules
transports took
14,400 people in
the largest, longest,
and fastest airlift
of refugees in the
history of the world;
40 journeys over
1,560 miles and back
in 24 hours.**

Freedom Folk Songs

This Little Light of Mine

This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, Let it shine, let it shine.

When it's Pesach, when we're free
I'm gonna let it shine...

At the seder, at that time
I'm gonna let it shine...

All across this great big world
I'm gonna let it shine...

Deep inside my beatin heart
I'm gonna let it shine...

This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine.

GO DOWN MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt's land
Let my people go
Oppressed so hard they could not stand
Let my people go!

(Chorus)
{ Go down Moses, way down in Egypt's land
{ Tell ole Pharoah
{ Let my people go!

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said
Let my people go!
If not I'll smite your first born dead
Let my people go!

(Chorus)
The Lord told Moses what to do
Let my people go!
To lead the children of Israel thro'
Let my people go!

(Chorus)
When they had reached the other shore
Let my people go
They sang a song of triumph o'er
Let my people go!

He's Got the Whole World

He's got the whole world in His hands
He's got the whole wide world in His hands
He's got the whole world in his hands
He's got the whole world in his hands.

He's got the little baby Moses...
He's got the slaves in Egypt...
He's got freedom for the world...
He's got you & me brother(sister)...

Down By the Riverside

Gonna join hands with everyone
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside.
Gonna join hands with everyone
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside.

Lo Yisa Goi El Goi Herev
Lo Yilmadu Od Milchama.

THE HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening
All over this land.
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a bell,
I'd ring it in the morning
I'd ring it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a song
I'd sing it in the morning
I'd sing it in the evening
All over this land.
I'd sing out danger
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

Well, I got a hammer
And I've got a bell
And I've got a song
All over this land.
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between
My brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

KOSHER⁴PASSOVER[®]

Passover Song Parodies

Our Passover Things

(Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things" from The Sound of Music)

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.

Matzah 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
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.

————— Kosher4Passover.com —————

There's No Seder Like our Seder

(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 matzoh
While on their feet
Now isn't that a story
That just can't be beat?
Let's go on with the show!

————— Kosher4Passover.com —————

Sung to: Home on the Range

(by Albert Resnick)

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
Manishevitz 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

Leaving on a Desert Plane

(© Randi and Murray Spiegel, Passover 2000)

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.

12

PESACH FREEDOM RAP
RABBI BARRY L. SCHWARTZ

CHORUS:

Freedom
is what it's all about
Freedom
I really want to shout
Freedom
strike a mighty blow
Freedom
let my people go!

Long ago in the Promised Land
lived an aged Jacob and his faithful band
One of his boys made it big down south
having gotten the boot on account of his mouth
But good son Joseph, as it would happen
saved his family from a terrible famine

So the Jews settled down on the banks of the Nile
tending their sheep and living in style
The tribes increased; their numbers sky high
but Pharaoh was a pal, a regular guy
Everything was cool, just hunkey dory
and then came a change in this Pesach story (chorus)

You see an evil ruler came to the throne
oppressed the people and taxed them to the bone
Old King Pharaoh was the name of the dude
he was mean and nasty and even rude
He said to the Jews, you can't be free
kiss my "pyramids" and worship me.

Well this was too much for many of the Jews
bowing only to God they had nothing to lose
When Pharaoh gave the order; their first born slay
The midwives muttered: heck, we'll disobey
So baby Moses was saved from the sword,
put on the river, and trusted to the Lord. (chorus)

2.

Along came Pharaohs kind hearted daughter
who saved the babe from certain slaughter
Moses grew up- Egyptian royal
but never forgot, to the Jews be loyal
He smote an Egyptian and was forced to flee
deep in the desert was the only place to be

One fine day he saw a bush aflame
Moses looked around; none to blame
From out of that bush God started talking
Tellin old Moses, you better start walking
Right straight back to Egyptian soil
to deliver my people from unending toil

But Moses said, I, I can't talk right
God replied: let Aaron join the fight
So the brothers two came to Pharaohs court
And delivered to the king a grim report
Give us freedom, or plaques will come
Pharaoh replied: consider it done (chorus)

But Pharaohs heart grew heavy and cold
he changed his mind, so Moses was told
The plagues started coming, from frogs to hail
everybody hoping they wouldn't fail
Yet stubborn Pharaoh held on the the last
And then told Moses, get out of here fast

Whew, let me tell you, that was some close call
checkin out of Egypt with our backs to the wall
No one had time to bake any bread
Which is why on Pesach we eat matzah instead
Then out of nowhere came a sea deep blue
Friend turned to friend and said: after you

But Moses raised his staff and the waters did part
the folks skipped across with gladness in their heart
Miriam led the people in a song
But the party on the shore didn't last very long
Pharaoh came chasin, wearin a furious frown
But sorry to say, his army did drown (chorus)

14
3.

Pesach is a plum, an awesome holiday
sittin at the seder, and havin my say
When I ask those questions, in Hebrew real fine
Say hi to Elijah and drink real wine
And those bitter herbs, they are hot
but the matzah ball soup hits the spot.

Dor vador, in every generation
this Pesach tale is a revelation
The work of freedom is never complete
and slavery is something to defeat
But for me, you know, the greatest glory
is that the Jews are still here to rap this story (chorus)