

Moses Island

(Sung to the tune of Gilligan's Island)

Just recline right back and you'll hear a tale, a
tale of dreadful trip.
That started with ten awful plagues brought onto
Egypt, brought unto
Egypt.
The boss he was a Jewish man raised as a Phar-
aoh's son.
Then G-d he did come calling and soon the fun
began, soon the fun begun.
More blood, such frogs, and all those bugs, Phar-
aoh could just barely see.
The Jews were really scoring points and soon
they would be free. and
soon they would be free.
They shlepped and shlepped for forty years
across a desert land.
He went up to Mt Sinai and a party soon began, a
party soon began.

Take Me Out To The Seder

(To the tune of, "Take Me Out to the Ballgame!")

Take me out to the Seder
Take me out with the crowd.
Feed me on matzah and chicken legs,
I don't care for the hard-boiled eggs.
And its root, root, root for Elijah
That he will 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 lets, root, root, root for the leader
That he will finish his spiel
So we can nosh, nosh, nosh and by-gosh
Let us eat the meal!!

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 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.

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 Pharoahs
Famines and locusts and slaves with wheelbar-
rows
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