

Fun Seder Songs

Lean

to the tune of "Dream, Dream, Dream," original lyrics by Hazzan Mike Stein

Lean, lean, lean (2 xs)
When we drink wine
On the Seder night
We lean to the left
Our wine to the right
Whenever we're drinking
All we have to do is
Lean, lean, lean (2x)

Take a sip of wine
Really tastes so fine
Especially when we're free
By the time we get to four
Oh sure we're singing happily...Lean, lean, lean

Pharaoh

*To the tune of "Day-o," as heard by Hazzan Mike Stein, with
additional lyrics by Hazzan Mike Stein and Robyn Helzner*

Pharaoh, Pharaoh
Plagues are comin' and me wan' go home
 First the Nile, she turns red
 Then the frogs jumping in my bed
Then the lice running in my hair
Then the wilds beats, tigers, bears
 Then the cattle, they get sick
 Then the skin need relief real quick
Then the hails comes down like rain
Then the locusts cover the plain
 Then the sky, she turns black
 Then the first born, gone like that

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

Ballad of the Four Children

to the tune of "Clementine"

Said the father to his children
At the Seder you will dine
You will eat your fill of matza
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 son to his father,
"Could you please explain the laws
Of the customs of the Seder
Could you please explain the cause?"

And the father proudly answered,
"Every man himself must see
In every age and generation
As if he himself was freed."

Then the wicked son said wickedly,
"What does all this mean to you?"
And the father's voice was bitter
As his grief and anger grew

"If yourself you don't consider
As a 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."

And the youngest son was silent
For he was not very bold
But his eyes grew wide with wonder
As the Pesach tale was told.

Now dear children heed the lesson
And remember ever more
The good father and his children
And his sons that numbered four

Pharaoh, Pharaoh

to the tune of "Louie, Louie," words by Ken Chasen, Steve Brodsky, and Josh Zwieback

chorus

Pharaoh, Pharaoh, whoa baby, let my people go.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh, whoa baby, let my people go.

A burning bush told me just the other day
That I should come to Egypt and say:
"It's time to let my people be free.
Listen to God if you won't listen to me."

chorus

Well, me and my people going to the Red Sea.
With Pharaoh's best army coming after me.
Took my staff, put it in the sand.
And all of God's people waded on dry land.

chorus

Well, Pharaoh's army was a-coming too.
So what do you think that God did do?
Had me take my staff and part the Red Sea.
Pharaoh's army was surprised and so were we.

chorus

Well, that's the story of the stubborn goat.
Pharaoh should have known that chariots don't float.
The lesson is simple, it's easy to find.
When God says "Go!" you had better mind.

Chorus

Don't Sit On The Afikoman

to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

chorus: Don't sit on the afikoman (3x) Or the meal will last all night

My Dad at every Seder breaks a matzah piece in two
And hides the afikoman half a game for me and you
Find it, hold it ransom, for the Seder isn't through,
'Till the afikoman's gone (chorus)

One year Daddy hid it 'neath a pillow on a chair
And 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 matzah crumbs all over, oh it was a messy sight
We pick 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 afikoman (chorus)

Koreich, Koreich

to the tune of "New York, New York," original lyrics by Hazzan Mike Stein

Start spreading charoset
Start spreading it now
Put in on your matzah slice
Go on you're allowed

It's great with maror
What else is Pesach for
Thanks to you Hillel
Each year we're back for more

If you can spread it here
You can spread it anywhere
So take your spoon and shmear
Koreich man

Everything's Coming Up Moses

to the tune of "Everything's Coming Up Roses," words by Peter Levitan

Things look swell, things look great,
We've got such a divine Seder plate.
Starting here, starting soon
Honey, ev-rything's coming up Moses

Candles lit, wine cups filled,
Drink it quick before some of It's spilled
Say a prayer, sing a tune,
Honey ev-rything's coming up Moses

Now's our Seder
Lots of blessings and wine
Nothing greater,
Let's sing now and we'll eat later

Fill the cups, say the prayers,
We'll recline like we're all millionaires.
Maror's hot, wine is sweet,
Matzah tastes like concrete.
But every bite we eat tonight tastes fine,
Honey, ev-rything's coming up Moses, so let's sing and dine.

That's A Matzah

to the tune of "That's Amore" words by Barbara Sarshik

When your bread doesn't bake
and it's not a mistake,
That's a matzah!
When it breaks in your hand
just like hard grains of sand,
That's a matzah!
We recline . . . and we talk about Moses.
We drink wine . . . and eat lots of charoses.
S'phardic Jews think it's nice to eat green beans and rice
With their matzah,
Ashkenazi Jews say we should stay far away from those foods.
Keeping track of the rules is so crazy that you could just plotz-a!
But one food's always right on this Passover night,
That's a matzah!