

PASSOVER SONGS – Meridith Shaw Patera

1. On My Seder Table Tonight (On the Sunny Side of the Street)

There's an egg, that is beytsah, and salt water, that's mey melakh,
Maror with a bite, on my seder table tonight.
Apples make charoset sweet; the green vegetable is karpas,
And four cups of wine, that's right; on my seder table tonight.

We have no soft, leavened bread. We've three matzot instead.
Pesakh's a bone that's roast-ed - We're reclinin', that's fine, an'

We read from the Haggadah, and that cup's cos Eliyahu,
Everything's just right, on my seder table tonight.

2. Why Can't the Seder Start on Time? (The Lady Is a Tramp)

I get too hungry for dinner at eight,
I'd like to eat now, but I have to wait.
Instead I must eat these foods that I hate.
Why can't the seder start on time?

First there's the kiddush, and we drink some wine,
Then eat the parsley; I guess that that's fine.
And tell the story, it's long by design.
Why can't the seder start on time?

We have to schmooze first, and eat hors d'œuvres,
I don't deserve
To wait; it's late.

I'm passing out now, that soup smells divine,
Why can't the seder start on time?

3. Bye Bye Hametz (Bye Bye Blackbird)

Pack up every cake and roll,
Bagels too, that's our goal,
Bye bye hametz.

Get rid of the Oreos,
Doughnuts and Doritos,
Bye bye hametz

Everything that's made of corn is going.
Add some beans and now the pile is growing.

For the next seven days
We'll avoid peas and maize
Hametz, bye bye.

4. Oh Afikomen (You Are My Sunshine)

On seder night, dear, while I was eating
Somebody hid you - out of my view.
But after dinner I started looking
And I know I'll soon find you.

Chorus Oh afikomen, my afikomen,
I know you're in here, but out of sight,
But I will find you, and be rewarded,
On this happy seder night.

We cannot finish the meal without you,
While you are lost we - cannot say grace.
Can't greet Elijah or sing Chad Gadya,
Till afikomen's in its place.

Chorus

5. Three Foods in a Sandwich
(Three Coins in the Fountain)

Three foods in a sandwich,
Each one tells of something rare
Each food is a symbol
Each one tells the story there.

Two pieces of matzah
Telling of our haste to leave.
Charoset stands for the pesakh -
Caused Egyptian moms to grieve.

Maror stands for bitterness!
Slaves in Egypt – what distress!

Three foods tell a story,
Hillel told us what to do.
Three foods make a sandwich.
History for me and you.

Passover! Passover! Passover!