



Pesach Mash-Up

(to the tune of “Glory Glory Hallelujah”)

My dad at every seder breaks a matzoh piece in two
And hides the afikomen half, a game for me and you
Find it, hold it ransom for the seder isn't through
till the afikomen's gone.

Chorus: Don't sit on the afikomen. (x3)
Or the meal will last all night.

(to the tune of “My Favorite Things”)

Matzoh and karpas and chopped up charoset
Shankbones and Kiddush 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
Matzoh balls floating and eggshell that clings
These are a few of our Passover things.

Chorus: 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.

(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 halakhic,
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, let's go on with the show!