Sipurei Savta Lyric Sheet

1. Gramma’s Stone Stew ©2017

Well the war was finally over and a soldier walked along.

It was time to make some peace, and he hummed a little song:

Chorus

I’ve got a pot and my Gramma’s stone, and I bet you’ve got stuff too!

With a little from here and a little from there, together we’ll make a

great stew!

He was really, really hungry, he hadn’t eaten in days.

But he had a pot and he had a stone and his Gramma’s cookin’ ways.

Ahead he saw a village, it looked like a friendly place.

He thought he’d find a good meal, for a soldier folks always made space. Chorus

But as he got closer, it seemed no one was around

No neighborly discussions, no happy sounds.

All he wanted was a good meal, and a place to spend the night.

So he walked up to the first house, and knocked with all his might. Chorus

The old man who answered said, “Son I’d really love to help.

But I’ve just got a few **onions**, I can’t even feed myself.”

At the next house was a young girl, she just had a few **mushrooms**.

And the next lady just had **tomatoes,** stored in her tiny room. Chorus

No one had much, well that was plain to see.

One house just had **carrots**, another **zucchini**.

So the soldier went to the town square, and set down his pot

He said, “Alone no one’s got enough, but together we’ve got a lot.” Chorus

He put out his pot, put in the stone,

Got water from the well, lit a fire from dry pine cones.

Then the soldier told the folks who had followed him to the square

“My gramma had a special way of cooking, using bits from here and there!” Chorus

The old man’s eyes twinkled, he understood what the soldier meant,

He brought over his **onions**, and into the pot they went.

The girl with her **mushrooms**, well she brought **salt + pepper** too

Soon **tomatoes**, **carrots**, and **zucchini**, were added to the stew. Chorus

Now villagers were gathering, and everyone brought some food

The stew was simmering, it smelled so good.

The soldier took the first taste, stirred the pot,

Said, “Just like Gramma said, together we’ve got a lot.”

Chorus

1. Something From Nothing, ©2017

I had a little coat that was very, very old, La la la….

Though it was all worn out, I loved it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered what to do, and then I made a jacket, almost good as new, La la la …. La la la ….

Then I made a jacket almost good as new.

I had a little jacket that was very, very old, La la la….

Though it was all worn out, I loved it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered what to do, and then I made a vest, almost good as new, La la la …. La la la ….

Then I made a vest almost good as new.

I had a little vest that was very, very old, La la la….

Though it was all worn out, I loved it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered what to do, and then I made a tie, almost good as new, La la la …. La la la ….

Then I made a tie almost good as new.

I had a little tie that was very, very old, La la la….

Though it was all worn out, I loved it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered what to do, and then I made a button, almost good as new, La la la …. La la la ….

Then I made a button almost good as new.

I had a little button that was very, very old, La la la….

Though it was all worn out, I loved it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered all day long, but the button turned to nothing, the material was gone, La la la …. La la la ….

The button turned to nothing, the material was gone.

Now I have a little nothing, just a memory so old, La la la….

Though it is all worn out, I still love it more than gold, La la la ….

So I wondered what to do, and then I made this song, and it is good as new, La la la …. La la la ….

Then I made this song, and I sing it with you.

1. Grandfather and the Enormous Carrot ©1998

Grandfather planted the carrot in his garden, he watered it carefully.

He fretted and he muttered, and he weeded and he puttered, then he let that carrot be.

And it grew and it grew and it grew and it grew, ‘til it was so big that grandfather knew

That he’d never get it out, but…

He pulled and he pulled and he pulled and he pulled, but nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move.

So Grandfather called to Grandmother, come help me if you please

Our carrot is huge and I just can’t move it, but with your help I’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother, they pulled and they pulled and they pulled and they pulled,

But nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move

So Grandmother called to my mama, come help us if your please

Our carrot is huge and I just can’t move it, but with your help I’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother and Mama, they pulled and they pulled and they pulled and they pulled,

But nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move

So Mama called me from my homework, come help us if you please

Our carrot is huge and I just can’t move it, but with your help I’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother and Mama and me, we pulled and we pulled and we pulled and we pulled,

But nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move.

So then I called to Farfel my dog, come help us if you please

Our carrot is huge and I just can’t move it, but with your help I’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother and Mama and me and Farfel the dog, we pulled and we pulled and we pulled and we pulled, but nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move.

So Farfel called to Kashka the cat, come help us if you please

Our carrot is huge and I just can’t move it, but with your help I’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother and Mama and me and Farfel the dog and Kashka the cat, we pulled and we pulled and we pulled and we pulled, but nothing helped, that carrot wouldn’t move.

So Kashka called to Pitzi the mouse, come help us if you please.

Our carrot is huge and we just can’t move it, But with your help we’ll do it with ease.

So Grandfather and Grandmother and mama and me, and Farfel the dog and Kashka the cat and Pitzi the mouse,

We pulled and we pulled and we pulled and we pulled, and this time it worked, the great carrot moved!

Down came Grandfather, down came Grandmother, Down came Mama, down came me!

Down came Farfel, down came Kashka, Down came Pitzi, and the carrot was free!

Accompanying hand motions:

Grandfather: put one hand on chin like a beard

Grandmother: put “glasses” around eyes with forefinger and thumb of each hand

Mama: put on big “earrings” with forefinger and thumb of each hand on each ear lobe

Me: point at self

Farfel: put pretend dog ears on top of head with forefinger and thumb in triangle shape

Kashka: put fingers of each hand pointing out from nose like whiskers

Pitzi: point at nose

Do each motion as each name is repeated……

1. It Could Always Be Worse ©2000

Once there was an old man, he lived in one small room. Everything seemed too noisy, it made him want to fume.

The bed squeak- squeaked, and the floor creak-creaked. The leaves rattle-rattled, and the shutters clatter-clattered.

Well the old man needed help, he simply could not sleep.

He went to see a wise-woman, she said “Bring inside your sheep!“

So now………….the bed squeak- squeaked, and the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle-rattled, and the shutters clatter-clattered, and the sheep baa-baaed!

Well the old man needed help, he was feeling a little wonkey,

The wise-woman told him this, “Go bring inside your donkey!”

So now……the bed squeak- squeaked, and the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle-rattled, and the shutters clatter-clattered. The sheep baa-baaed, and the donkey hee-hawed!

The old man needed help, he went to sleep in his boat

The wise-woman told him this, “Go bring inside your goat!”

So now……the bed squeak- squeaked, and the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle-rattled, and the shutters clatter-clattered. The sheep baa-baaed, and the donkey hee-hawed,

and the goat mah-mahed!

Well the old man needed help, he felt he was out of luck

The wise-woman told him this, “Go bring inside your duck!”

So now……the bed squeak- squeaked, and the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle-rattled, and the shutters clatter-clattered. The sheep baa-baaed, and the donkey hee-hawed.

The goat mah-mahed, and the duck quack quacked!

Well the old man needed help, he needed a little booster

The wise-woman told him this, “Go bring inside your rooster!”

So now…

The bed squeak- squeaked, And the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle- rattled, And the shutters clatter-clattered. The sheep baa-baaed, the donkey hee-hawed.

The goat mah-mahed, and the duck quack quacked, and the rooster cockadoodledoo!

Oh the old man needed help, his house was just too loud.

The wise-woman told him this, “Go bring inside your cow!”

So now…

The bed squeak- squeaked, And the floor creak-creaked!

The leaves rattle- rattled, And the shutters clatter-clattered. The sheep baa-baaed, the donkey hee-hawed.

The goat mah-mahed, and the duck quack quacked. The rooster cockadoodledoo, and the cow moo-mooed!

Now the house was really crazy, and full of animals too.

He went back to that wise woman, this really wouldn’t do!

The wise woman told him this, I know just what to do.

Take away all the animals, and see how that suits you.

Put the sheep and the donkey out in the yard.

Put the goat and the duck out on the farm.

Put the rooster and the cow out in the barn.

So now…………

The bed still squeaks, and the floor still creaks. The leaves still rattle, and the shutters still clatter

…………and it seems so quiet!

1. This Too Shall Pass ©2009

גם זה יעבור (Gam zeh ya’avor), this too shall pass

Life’s full of changes, some slow, some fast.

There are good times and bad, of this you can be sure

Nothing lasts forever, גם זה יעבור

History tells us stories of King Solomon the wise. On issues large and small he was asked to advise.

And part of his greatness was his willingness to learn, so listen to this tale of how fortunes turn.

The king’s servant Benaiah was the most loyal in the land, whatever Solomon needed, Benaiah was on hand.

Quiet and faithful, Benaiah loved the king, but one day he boasted that he’d never failed at anything.

גם זה יעבור (Gam zeh ya’avor), this too shall pass

Life’s full of changes, some slow, some fast.

There are good times and bad, of this you can be sure

Nothing lasts forever, גם זה יעבור

(spoken) So the king made up a story, a task for Benaiah to do, about a ring that didn’t exist, to teach a lesson or two.

He said, “I’ve heard of a ring that is special indeed. It makes a happy man sad, and a sad man fill with glee.

It will make a poor man smile, and a rich man frown. Please bring me this ring, I don’t know where it’s found.”

Benaiah was thrilled to take up this cause, he eagerly set off, he didn’t even pause.

Up and down he searched, in every corner of the land, mountains high, valleys low, beaches made of sand.

גם זה יעבור (Gam zeh ya’avor), this too shall pass

Life’s full of changes, some slow, some fast.

There are good times and bad, of this you can be sure

Nothing lasts forever, גם זה יעבור

He didn’t know of course that this was the king’s plan. Solomon expected him to return a humbled man.

But as he entered Jerusalem, the city of peace. He walked slowly through the gates, feeling his defeat

An old man beside him, gave him a knowing look, pulled out a ring, three words wiser than a book.

This was the ring, the king’s little trick, this was the ring, it really did exist.

Both Benaiah and Solomon learned so long ago, You just never know what will happen, or how the wind will blow.

Yes both Benaiah and Solomon learned in their own way, The lesson that is sounding throughout our world today.

Fortunes come and fortunes go, empires fall and rise, It’s not what you have that matters, but who you are inside.

יעבור גם זה(Gam zeh ya’avor), this too shall pass

Life’s full of changes, some slow, some fast.

There are good times and bad, of this you can be sure

Nothing lasts forever, גם זה יעבור

1. The Queen of Sheba and King Solomon ©2009

When the answer to a riddle is brought by something small, it takes a very wise soul, to notice it at all.

Nature’s the wisest teacher we will ever find, and it’s the wisest among us, who listen, and pay mind.

Well the Queen of Sheba came from Africa, drawn by King Solomon’s name.

Wisdom and kindness were central to his fame.

They say that she was beautiful and ruled with a just hand.

She wanted to meet this king, thought the wisest in the land.

So she came bearing riches, treasures of every kind, Birds made from jewels, carpets that could fly.

She also brought a challenge, to test the king’s mind. Was he as smart as they said, or just a regular guy?

Two vases of flowers she set before the king. They looked exactly alike, identical in everything.

But only one was real, the other just gems and gold. He had to choose the real one, he could only look, not hold.

King Solomon gazed slowly at each bouquet. They both had the same flowers, arranged in the same way.

They both had green leaves, they both had drops of dew,

King Solomon despaired of choosing, but then a bee flew into view.

The king’s servant went to catch it, and remove it from the room.

But the king knew this was the answer, that the bee would show the truth.

And sure enough, without a pause, the bee settled on the real flowers.

And Solomon raised his hand and pointed to the proof of Nature’s powers.

The queen bowed respectfully, saw the king’s reputation was true.

Though that messenger was very small, Solomon paid attention and knew,

Nature’s the wisest teacher that we will ever find. And it’s the wisest among us, who listen, and pay mind.

Yes, Nature’s the wisest teacher that we will ever find, And it’s the wisest among us, who listen, and pay mind.

1. The Lamedvavniks ©2001

Chorus:

And we just never know, we just never know, who the angels are,

We just never know, we just never know, who the angels are.

There’s a story told in whispers about a little plan,

All through time there’ve been the wise ones, found throughout the land.

A group of angels spread around in secret near and far,

Not just one, not two or three but thirty-six there are.

We never know just who they are and they’re not who we’d expect.

Not the leaders, not the loud ones, the famous or elect.

Maybe they’re a little odd, the ones whose eyes we won’t meet,

The sweet woman no one’s got time for, the old man up the street. Chorus

Sometimes they are children, often they are poor.

They work in humble silence, no spotlights, no rewards,

And as we hurry through our lives so busy in our days,

How many angels do we meet along the way?

And if you’re wondering why that number, it’s all a little math trick….

Eighteen is the number of life, times two is thirty-six.

The thinking was we needed help and that’s what these folks do

But they don’t even know themselves, it’s a secret to them too! Chorus

And by the time we’ve understood, what might be going on,

We turn around in quiet awe, but they’re already gone. Chorus

1. The Shepherd and His Flute - A tale of the Baal Shem Tov – retold by Joanie Calem ©2017

Long ago, in a small shtetl in what is now Ukraine, where the famous Rabbi, the Ba’al Shem Tov lived, also lived a family of scholars. The father of the family, Moshe, was the son and grandson of very respected Rabbis, and he himself was a well-respected teacher of Torah and Talmud. And the mother, Rachel, was the daughter and granddaughter of very respected Rabbis. Though many women of her time did not know how to read Hebrew or study the Torah, Rachel did, and she would read and study along with her husband at home. Their home was always full of joy, full of learning, full of conversation, full of exploration, full of consideration of life and how best to live it.

Moshe and Rachel were blessed with five sons, and together they taught their sons the treasures of Torah. When their eldest, Meir, was six years old, it was time to go to Cheder, to learn to read and write. He said goodbye to his parents and his younger brothers, and he excitedly went off to school, eager to learn. It was obvious right from the first day that he too would be a brilliant scholar. He was a quick learner, and soon was able to assist the Rabbi in teaching the other boys.

Next came time for the second son, Menachem, to join his older brother in Cheder. He too said goodbye to his parents and younger brothers, and happily joined his older brother in Cheder. Sure enough, just as everyone expected, he was just as sharp a student as his older brother and his parents and grandparents and great grandparents.

Soon, the third son, Shmuel, was old enough to join his brothers in the Cheder. Shmuel was a wonderful, sweet boy. But his parents had a suspicion that he would not have the same experience in Cheder that his older brothers did. And sure enough, as obvious as it had been that Meir and Menachem were going to grow to be brilliant scholars, it was quickly clear that Shmuel would not. He wasn’t like his brothers: he couldn’t sit, he couldn’t learn his letters, he didn’t seem to be paying attention the way the other boys did, and he often would get up and walk over to the window, staring longingly outside at the trees and the fields and the clouds.

So Moshe and Rachel and the Cheder’s teacher realized that Cheder was not the place for Shmuel to learn and thrive and grow. They didn’t know what to do, because all of the boys of the shtetl went to Cheder, and everyone in their family had always gone to Cheder. But the solution came clear very quickly: early in the morning, every day, the shtetl shepherd would come by to collect the community’s sheep and goats and cattle to take them out to the meadows and pastures around the village for the day, and then bring them back every evening. Though Moshe and Rachel had never noticed before, Shmuel had a special friendship with the shepherd, and used to rise early every morning just to greet the man, and walk with him a bit. Moshe and Rachel asked the shepherd if Shmuel could be his apprentice, and the shepherd was thrilled to have the young boy’s company and help. And so , unlike his brothers and his cousins and everyone else in his family, Shmuel did not go to Cheder. Instead, he spent every day in the fields and meadows learning how to be a shepherd. Shmuel was thrilled. He loved the animals, he loved being outdoors, he loved being with the shepherd, and he loved learning how to play the flute, which the shepherd taught him as they sat for many hours every day with the flocks of animals. Shmuel always felt that he was praying as he played his flute.

In time, the two youngest brothers, Simcha and Yitzchak, were also old enough to go to Cheder, and they joined their oldest brothers, and showed that they too would soon be star scholars. Moshe and Rachel were proud of all of their sons in Cheder, and of course loved Shmuel dearly, but worried about him in a way that they did not worry about the other four boys.

As each of the boys grew, they reached Bar Mitzvah age, and Meir, Menachem, simcha and Yitzchak all led the prayers of the congregation on their respective Bar Mitzvahs beautifully. Shmuel did not, but instead quietly celebrated his Bar Mitzvah playing his flute in the fields. For him, playing the flute was praying. He always felt that he was talking with God as he played his quiet tunes.

When Shmuel was about fourteen, the old shepherd decided that it was time for him to stop going to the fields with the flocks, and Shmuel became the official shepherd for the village. It was bitter-sweet of course for Moshe and Rachel, they were proud of their son, but it was never what they would have dreamed for one of their children.

Now, all of these years, there were two days every year when Shmuel would not take the flocks to the fields, on Rosh HaShanah and Yom Kippur. On those days, he would join his grandfathers, his father and his brothers in the synagogue, where everyone would gather to join the Baal Shem Tov in the holiday prayers. Every year Shmuel sat quietly, unable to speak the words of the prayers, unable to read. He loved the melodies of the community praying around him, but as the years passed, he felt sad that he couldn’t join in.

One year on Rosh HaShanah, Shmuel was sitting with his family as usual, in the midst of the prayers, and he happened to look up at the Baal Shem Tov. As the prayers were being sung all around him, Shmuel again longed to join in. He noticed that the Baal Shem Tov seemed to look concerned. Shmuel sat and wondered what he could do to add his voice to the prayers of the community. His hand went to his flute in his pocket, and at once it was obvious how he could join in. He pulled out his flute and began to play a beautiful melody that wove harmoniously with the prayers of the congregation. He played with all of his heart and all of his soul, so happy to finally have found a way to participate in the community.

But the community stopped their praying, and a sound of shock and horror went through the room. Suddenly, men were shouting at Shmuel to stop, shouting at Moshe, Shmuel’s father to stop him, shouting at the Baal Shem Tov to stop him. Moshe rose to reach out and grab Shmuel’s flute, but the Baal Shem Tov reached them first, and, putting his hands on both Moshe and Shmuel’s shoulders, the Baal Shem Tov said, “Finally, our prayers will truly reach Heaven as a full community, because Shmuel has joined us with his pure love, joy and devotion. We needed his voice in order for God to hear all of us. This is how he prays, and though it is different than our prayers, it is wonderful.”

The rest of the congregation bowed their heads, acknowledged their mistake, breathed deeply to accept this new idea, and after a few minutes, returned to their prayers, letting their melodies intertwine with Shmuel’s flute.

The Ba'al Shem Tov, Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer (1698 –1760) Ukraine

1. Noah and the Ark ©2016

A long time ago (echo) Noah built a boat (echo)

The biggest boat (echo) That you ever did see (echo)

Well Noah built a big, big boat, And the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, (echo) The elephants came (echo)

Yes the elephants stomped (echo) To beat the rain (echo)

So the elephants stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat

And the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat (echo) The jaguars came (echo)

Yes the jaguars jumped(echo) To beat the rain (echo)

Well the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped

And Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the giraffes came, the giraffes they munched, to beat the rain….

Well the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the cats came, well the cats meowed, to beat the rain….

Well the cats they meowed-meowed, and the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the monkeys came, yes the monkeys swung, to beat the rain….

Well the monkeys swung and swung, the cats they meowed-meowed, and the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the red foxes came, yes the red foxes yipped, to beat the rain….

Well the red foxes yipped and yipped, the monkeys swung and swung, the cats they meowed-meowed, and the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the tapers came, yes the tapers sniffed, to beat the rain….

Well the tapers sniffed and sniffed, the red foxes yipped and yipped, the monkeys swung and swung, the cats they meowed-meowed, and the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the wolves came, well the wolves howled, to beat the rain….

Well the wolves howled and howled, the tapers sniffed and sniffed, the red foxes yipped and yipped, the monkeys swung and swung, the cats they meowed-meowed, the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And to that boat, the lions came, well the lions roared, to beat the rain….

Well the lions roared and roared, the wolves howled and howled, the tapers sniffed and sniffed, the red foxes yipped and yipped, the monkeys swung and swung, the cats they meowed-meowed, the giraffes they munched and munched, the jaguars they jumped and jumped, the elephants they stomped and stomped, and Noah built a big, big boat, and the rain it fell all around, all around, and the rain it fell all around.

And the rain it fell, for forty days, then the sun came out, and the clouds went away.

And a rainbow shone all around all around, a rainbow shone all around all around,

Yes a rainbow shone all around.

1. Hannah the Hanukah Dragon ©2014

Let me tell you a story about a friend of mine, She’s kind of scaley and green.

Lots of folks are afraid of her but she’s the kindest soul I’ve ever seen.

My friend loves Hannukah, Loves to watch the dreidles turn

And she’s got a special talent, She can make the candles burn!

Cause my friend is a dragon, Hannah is her name,

And every time she sneezes AH CHOO! She lights one more flame!

Chorus:

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, With her candle-lighting AH-CHOOS

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, Make sure she doesn’t sneeze on you!

Hannah only comes around at Hanukah time, And guess what she loves to eat?

Latkes and sufganyot, Are her very favorite treat.

And I bet you know her favorite game - Yup, she loves to watch the dreidles spin….

She loves to play, doesn’t care where they land, Nun, gimmel, heh or shin!!

Chorus:

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, With her candle-lighting AH-CHOOS

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, Make sure she doesn’t sneeze on you!

Hannah sure loves Hannukah, She stays for all eight nights,

She sings the blessings quietly, And dances in the candlelight.

And on the last day of Hanukah, I know we’ve got to say goodbye

Hannah will go back to her home, And remind me not to cry….

Cause next year at Hannukah time, I know she’ll come again.

Bringing her candle-lighting sneezes….She’s my special Hannukah friend….

Chorus:

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, With her candle-lighting AH-CHOOS

Hannah the Hannukah dragon, Make sure she doesn’t sneeze on you!

AH-CHOO!

1. The Runaway Latke ©2005

Oh once there was a cook, who was really quite good, he made a latke for Hanukah, the best that he could.

He grated the potatoes, he mixed and he fried, but from the frying pan, the latke jumped up and cried:

“Run, run, as fast as you can, you can’t catch me I’m the latke man!”

*“Rutz, Rutz, ani levivah, lo titfos oti, ki ani mehir norah!”* רוץ, רוץ, אני לביבה, לא תתפוס אותי,כי אני מהיר נורא!

So the cook with the pan chased the latke man………….

They ran past a cow, mooing on the land, “Stop so I can eat you!” she called to the latke man.

But he said, “Run, run, as fast as you can, you can’t catch me I’m the latke man!”

*“Rutzu, Rutuz, ani levivah, lo titfasu oti, ki ani mehir norah!”* רוצו, רוצו, אני לביבה, לא תתפסו אותי, כי אני מהיר נורא!

So the cow, and the cook with the pan, both chased the latke man………..

They ran past a horse, neighing on the land, “Stop so I can eat you!” she called to the latke man.

 But he said, “Run, run, as fast as you can, you can’t catch me I’m the latke man!”

*“Rutzu, Rutzu, ani levivah, lo titfasu oti, ki ani mehir norah!”* רוצו, רוצו, אני לביבה, לא תתפסו אותי, כי אני מהיר נורא!

The horse and the cow and the cook with the pan, all chased the latke man…….

They ran past a dog, barking on the land, “Stop so I can eat you!” she called to the latke man.

But he said, “Run, run, as fast as you can, you can’t catch me I’m the latke man!”

*“Rutzu, Rutzu, ani levivah, lo titfasu oti, ki ani mehir norah!”* רוצו, רוצו, אני לביבה, לא תתפסו אותי, כי אני מהיר נורא!

The dog and the horse and the cow and the cook with the pan, they all chased the latke man…….

They couldn’t catch him, he was just too fast. So they stopped running, they gave up at last.

So he ran and he ran, that latke man. But then he came to a river, and to cross he had no plan.

Standing by a tree was a little red fox, “Climb onto my back, I’ll take you across!”

And as they crossed the river, sure enough fox took a bite. But then the fox discovered a taste he did not like!

That latke man, had run through the woods. And he was full of mud and twigs and did not taste good!

So the fox said to the latke man, “Run, run as fast as you can, keep on running you latke man!

 *“Rutz, Rutz, atah levivah, tamshich larutz ki atah mehir norah!”* רוץ, רוץ, אתה לביבה, תמשיך לרוץ, כי אתה מהיר נורא!

1. Hop Mein Hamentaschen, traditional song with new lyrics by Joanie Calem

Yachne Dvoshe’s all confused, gone to do her shopping. Buying everything she needs to make her Hamentaschen.

Chorus: (sing 2x)

*Hop, meine Hamentaschen, Hop, meine weise, Hop mit meine Hamentaschen, Hut Pasirt a meise.*

Rain is falling, snow is dropping, all the roofs are dripping. Yachne’s bringing flour home but in a bag that’s ripping.

Chorus

She puts no sugar nor no yeast, the filling is forgotten. But in the oven getting hot are Yachne’s bad hamentaschen.

Chorus

Yachne takes a *mishloach manos* to her mother-in-law, two or three black Hamentaschen, some half-burnt, some raw.

Chorus

1. Who Was Actually Invited? Traditional story retold by Joanie ©2017

Rebbe Eliezer was very tired, but he kept on walking. He had been invited to dinner and to come lead a Torah study in Mezhibush, a large town about 15 miles from his own village. It was a great honor apparently, because the man who had invited him had sent a written invitation on very expensive paper, engraved very beautifully. The invitation had actually made Rebbe Eliezer wonder what the event was really about: the invitation had said that it was to study Torah together with the town’s community of scholars, some of whom Rebbe Eliezer knew quite well and respected greatly, but the invitation made it look more like it was a party, and the man who had sent the invitation, Reb Chayim, was not one of those scholars. Rebbe Eliezer didn’t know him well, but did know that he was very wealthy. No matter, an invitation to lead Torah study was always a good thing, no?

The morning hadn’t started off well though, unfortunately, on the day that he was supposed to travel, his horse had gotten sick. He hadn’t thought that would be a problem, he still had his cart, and maybe he could borrow a horse from his neighbor Reb Yoel, who had two horses, but Reb Yoel had already loaned out one of his horses to Reb Shmuel. Reb Yoel suggested he try Reb Mordechai. But before Rebbe Eliezer could go down the street to Reb Mordechai’s house, he noticed that one of the wheels of his cart was broken. There was no time to go to Reb Shimon to get it fixed, so he was just going to have to walk to Mezhibush. If he left right away, he would arrive at Reb Chayim’s house just in time to wash up before dinner. He never travelled in real comfort anyway, his was just an old cart and old horse, but it would have been more comfortable, and faster, than walking for sure. No matter, an invitation to lead Torah study was always a good thing.

So Rebbe Eliezer started on his way. It was thankfully a beautiful day, and he enjoyed the sunshine and the breezes through the leaves of the trees, and the views of the mountains in the distance. As he walked, Rebbe Eliezer also spent time considering the Torah portion that they would be studying together that evening, Leviticus 19. This Torah portion was full of rules, and lots of people weren’t comfortable studying this portion, but Rebbe Eliezer loved one line in particular, “Love your neighbor as yourself.” He thought to himself how this portion was pretty central to Judaism.

And so Rebbe Eliezer passed the time on his way to Mezhibush, thinking to himself, humming his favorite nigunim, singing his favorite songs. It was certainly a long walk, a long day, but he arrived in Mezhibush just before sundown. He found his way to Reb Chayim’s home, which was indeed a fine-looking home, and certainly made it look as though the rumors that Rebbe Eliezer had heard about Reb Chayim’s wealth were true, it was indeed a fine-looking home. Rebbe Eliezer knew that he was dusty and disheveled from his long walk, but he also knew he had plenty of time to clean up before dinner and the Torah study.

He was still humming to himself as he opened the large, heavy gate to Reb Chayim’s house and walked up the broad steps to his front porch. He knocked on the door, brushing some of the dust off of his coat. The door was pulled open just a crack, and a man looked out suspiciously. “Go away!” he said, “I, Reb Chayim, am having a fancy dinner here tonight and there is no room for beggars! An important Rabbi, Rebbe Eliezer, is coming from the next town. He will be here very soon and I don’t need any riffraff hanging around!” And he shut the door in Rebbe Eliezer’s face before he had the chance to tell him that he was Rebbe Eliezer!

Well! Rebbe Eliezer didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He decided to laugh. He also realized this was the perfect way to teach the Torah study for the evening.

Rebbe Eliezer turned and walked off of Reb Chayim’s fancy porch. He walked a few blocks to the home of one of his friends, one of Mezhibush’s wisest scholars. He knocked on his friend’s door, explained that he needed a place to wash up, and was welcomed in.

Rebbe Eliezer washed his face and hands, and shook out his dinner coat from his bag. He brushed the dust and dirt off of his shoes and pants, combed his hair and beard, and was ready to go, back to Reb Chayim’s house.

Back a few blocks he walked, chuckling to himself as an idea took shape in his head. He knocked again at Reb Chayim’s big door, and the door opened a crack again. This time, Reb Chayim threw the door wide and called out with a loud welcoming voice, “You must be Rebbe Eliezer! Welcome, welcome to my home. I am so pleased that you have come to join us this evening in our Torah consideration of ‘Love your neighbor as yourself!’ Please come in, please come sit at the finest seat at my table!”

Rebbe Eliezer let himself be led to Reb Chayim’s table, where many of the town’s most important people were sitting amongst the town’s scholars. Everyone welcomed Rebbe Eliezer, and dinner began. The dishes of food were passed around the table, and the dinner guests all began filling their plates, but as the serving dishes made their way to Rebbe Eliezer, he started to do something odd. Instead of putting food on his plate, he began to put food into the pockets of his dinner coat. Chicken legs in one pocket, rice in another, cooked carrots into one, salad into another. Everyone at the table stopped their talking and stared at Rebbe Eliezer. Reb Chayim in particular looked horrified. He wasn’t sure whether to be embarrassed or angry, so he decided to be angry, taking Rebbe Eliezer’s behavior as an insult to his fine house. Rebbe Eliezer was just about to pour some soup on top of the chicken in his pocket, when Reb Chayim yelled, “Stop that! What are you doing? Why are you putting food into your dinner coat?”

Rebbe Eliezer looked up quietly, seeming surprised. “I thought my dinner coat was the guest, and not me. You see Reb Chayim, I arrived at your house about an hour ago, a bit dusty and tired from the 15 miles that I walked to reach your fine home in time for us to study the Torah portion that instructs us to love our neighbor as ourselves. But when I knocked on your door in my travel coat, you shooed me away, thinking that I was a beggar. When I came back in my dinner coat, you welcomed me in. Seeing as I am the same person, regardless of which coat I am wearing, I assumed that I wasn’t the guest you had invited, but rather my coat was. So I figured my coat needed to eat, not me.”

Reb Chayim looked confused at first, but then he looked closer at Rebbe Eliezer and recognized that he was indeed the man that he had turned away earlier in the evening. Slowly, a look of understanding grew in his eyes, and in the eyes of all who were seated around the table. Reb Chayim apologized profusely to Rebbe Eliezer, brought him new food and a clean dinner coat, and the guests began talking about other situations where people had judged someone by their appearance.

Rebbe Eliezer calmly kept eating, this time the food on the plate in front of him. It was obvious that an invitation to lead Torah study was always a good thing. And the good people of Mezhibush would always remember to love their neighbor as their self.

1. Lech L’cha ©2009

Long long ago, lived a man named Abraham. He listened to God’s words, he listened to God’s plan.

His wife was Sarah, a woman strong and true. Together they led their people away from all that they knew

Chorus:

“Lech Lecha,” God said to Abraham. “Leave this place, and go to Canaan land.

There you shall be, the leader of a nation. I will bless you and make your name grand.”

Abraham and Sarah, proved their trust and faith. By leaving their land, and going to a new place.

Their home and tent were known, far and wide as a place where strangers were welcome,

There was always room inside.

Chorus:

“Lech Lecha,” God said to Abraham. “Leave this place, and go to Canaan land.

There you shall be, the leader of a nation. I will bless you and make your name grand.”

Like Abraham and Sarah, so long ago, when God gives us a message, we must be ready to go.

We may not lead a nation, we have different roles to play, but still we must be daring, and try things in a new way.

Chorus:

“Lech Lecha,” God said to Abraham. “Leave this place, and go to Canaan land.

There you shall be, the leader of a nation. I will bless you and make your name grand.”