



Purim Songs

1. Chag Purim “The Holiday of Purim” חג פורים

Chag purim, chag purim חג פורים, חג פורים
Chag gadol hu layehudim חג גדול הוא ליהודים
Maseichot, ra’ashanim, z’mirot v’rikudim מסכות רעשנים זמירות ורקודים
Hava nar’isha rash, rash, rash }3x 3x [רש, רש, רש]
Bara’ashanim ברעשנים

*Purim Day, Purim Day, What a happy holiday!
Wear your mask! Wear your crown! Dancing all around!
Round go the groggers-- rash, rash, rash! (3x)
For this is Purim Day.*

2. Leytsan Katan “Little Clown” ליצן קטן

Leytsan katan nechmad rokeyd im kol echad ליצן קטן נחמד רוקד עם כל אחד
Leytsan katan sheli Ulai tirkod iti ליצן קטן שלי אולי תרקוד אתי
The nice little clown dances with everyone. My little clown, maybe you’ll dance with me?

3. Lakova sheli “My Hat” לכובע שלי

Lakova sheli, shalosh pinot לכובע שלי שלוש פינות
Shalosh pinot lakova sheli שלוש פינות לכובע שלי
Lulei hayu lo shalosh pinot לולא היו לו שלוש פינות
Lo haya ze hakova sheli לא היתה זה הכובע שלי

*My hat has three corners. Three corners has my hat.
If it didn’t have three corners, it wouldn’t be my hat!
Kova=hat sheli=my shalosh=3 pinot=corners*

4. Lay’hudim haita ora “The Jews enjoyed light” ליהודים היתה אורה

Lay’hudim haita ora, ליהודים היתה אורה
V’simcha v’sason vikar ושמחה וישון ויקר
Kein tihyeh lanu כן תהיה לנו

*The Jews enjoyed light and joy and happiness and grace. (Esther 8:16)
May we enjoy them as well.*

5. Mishenichnas Adar “When Adar Comes” משַׁנְכַּנְס אָדָר

Mishenichnas Adar, marbim b'simcha מִשְׁנַכְנַס אָדָר מְרַבֵּים בְּשִׂמְחָה

When Adar comes, joy increases

6. Elimelech of Gilhoffen (to the tune of Az Der Rebe Elimeylech)

Elimelech of Gilhoffen drank "L'chayim" once too often,
Drank "L'chayim" and was feeling A-OK,
So he put his studies by, tipped his hat across one eye,
And he called for the fiddlers to play.

Well, the fiddler took his fiddle, put his bow across the middle,
And the fiddle fiddled out a little tune,
When the fiddler with his fiddle fiddled "fiddle-diddle-diddle,"
Elimelech bounced just like a toy balloon.

Elimelech, feeling frisky, took another drop of whisky,
Twice too often down his gullet did it go,
Called each friend and each relation to his Purim Celebration,
Then he roared for the piper to blow.

Well, the piper "tweedle-tweeted," and the fiddle it repeated:
"Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, diddle-dee."
When the piper "tweedle-tweeted," and the fiddle it repeated,
Elimelech was beside himself with glee.

Then he drank three times too often and his eyes began to soften,
And the tears began to trickle from his chin.
Oh, his ears they were a-buzzin', 'till a sympathetic cousin
Whispered: "Please let the drummer begin!"

Well, the drummer's drum he beat it, and the piper "tweedle-tweeted,"
And the fiddle, it repeated its encore.
The drum was "tweedle-tweeting" and the fiddle, it was beating,
Elimelech, fast asleep, began to snore.

When the drum starts "tweedle-tweeting," and the fiddle, it is beating,
The piper gaily fiddles "fiddle-dee."
And your head it starts a-whirling, like a grogger that is twirling,
Then they're playing Elimelech's melody.

Oh, it happened in Gilhofen, just from drinking thrice too often,
And there's only one thing more that must be said:
At your Purim celebration use a little moderation,
Or you'll wind up with a grogger for a head!