

הגדה
של
פסח



**SHOLEM FAMILY
HAGADA**

For a Secular Celebration of Peysakh



Some words before we start...

THIS LATEST VERSION of the Sholem Family Hagada is one of scores of “alternate” hagadas in use throughout the world. Many are the creations of Secular and Humanistic Jews who, unwilling to recite deistic formulas or to accept as literal truth the presentations of myth in the traditional hagada, nevertheless find great significance in the historical allusions of *peysakh* and in maintaining folk traditions in a communal-family setting. We gratefully acknowledge the concepts — and, often, the texts — gleaned from many secular hagadas.

It is in meeting the needs of *families* that this secular hagada is different from most others of its kind. We have taken care to keep the language fairly accessible to children, while avoiding the childish tone that might repel or bore adults. This is especially true in the sections specifically designated to be read by children.

This hagada reflects growing awareness of the mythological nature of the Exodus story — long known to careful readers of Jewish history, archaeology, and comparative folklore. At the same time, it honors the folk traditions that took inspiration from the legend to imbue generations with a commitment to social justice and equality.

We invite the entire Sholem Community, as well as extended families, friends, and Secular Jews throughout the world, to use this hagada and to suggest ways to improve and enlarge upon our “retelling of our bondage and our liberation.”

—On behalf of The Sholem Community
Hershl Hartman, Educational Director
וועגװײַזער /Vegvayzer/Leader
Co-editor, Jeffrey Kaye
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Pronunciation Guide for Transliterations

a.....as in *father*
e.....as in *lemon*
ee.....as in *heed*
ias in *kid*
oas in *not*
eyas in *grey*
ay as in *aye*
oyas in *boy*

kh...as in *Kharkov* or the German
ch
g.....as in *give*
dzas in *rounds*
ts (tz) as in *fits*
tshas in *pinch*
zh..... as in *measure*

TO THE CHILDREN, PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS ... to our families and friends gathered here ... to everyone of every people in the great brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity: **גַּיְי יוֹם טוֹב** *gut yontif*. Greetings to you all on this ancient festival of **פֶּסַח** *peysakh*, our holiday of Passover.

SONG: (2x) **לֹמֵר אֵלֵמֶן בַּגְּרֵסִין**
 (6x) **לֹמֵר**
לֹמֵר אֵלֵמֶן בַּגְּרֵסִין

Lomeer alemen bagreesn (2x)
 Lomeer (6x)
 Lomeer alemen bagreesn

THIS BOOKLET we are reading is called a “hagada,” which means a story, or a legend. The legend has been woven together over many centuries. The many threads come from many different times and many different traditions. Much of it is mythical. Some of it is historical. Some parts are very old, and some come from our own times. Bound up together, our hagada is the beautiful weaving that we call the heritage of the Jewish people.

(Hold up a piece of matza) This is a symbol of the bread of slavery that our fore-parents ate in the land of Egypt. It is a simple bread, made of flour and water. It is like the many simple, flat breads that



poor farmers have made ever since they learned to grow grain. Our ancient ancestors called this holiday the Festival of Matza. The hagada calls this the “bread of affliction ... of poverty.” Let all who are hungry come and eat with us. Let all who hunger for freedom and justice and peace join our *peysakh* festival, our Passover. And may the day soon come when no one goes hungry. We dedicate this season of our freedom to the ideal of a world of peace and justice.

לְשׁוֹנָה חַבֵּרָה בְּיַמֵּינוּ **Leshone habo, biny khoreen.** Next year, may all humanity be free.



SONG:

טײערע מלכה, געזונט זאלסטו זײן

גיס אָן דעם בעכער. דעם בעכער מיט דיין

Tayere malke, gezunt zolstu zayn

Gis on dem bekher, dem bekher mit vayn

Chorus: Bim-bam, ba-bim-bam, bim-bam, bam, bam (2x)

פֿון דעם דאַזיקן בעכער דאָס גלאַנצט אזוי שיין

דאָס געטרונקען מיין זידע. מיין זידע אליין

Fun dem dozikn bekher vos glantst azoy sheyn

Hot getrunken mayn zeyde, mayn zeyde aleyln.

This very same beaker that glows so and shines

Belonged to my *zeyde*, that *zeyde* of mine.

Chorus: Bim-bam ...

To friends and to friendship, much better than wealth:

Fill up the beakers — we’ll drink to your health!

בכל דור ודור Bikhol dor vidor.

From each generation to the next.

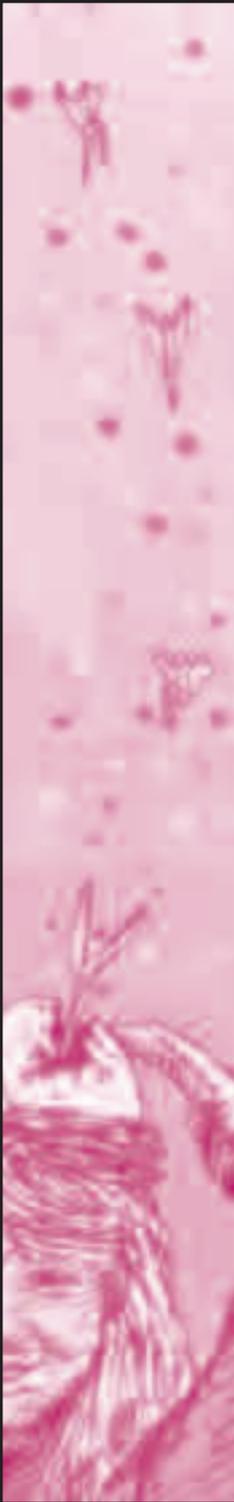
In every generation, we must all regard ourselves as though we had just been liberated from slavery. In every generation ... because the struggle for freedom never ends. In every age we learn more about

the meaning of freedom. So, at every Passover, we retell the legend of bondage and liberation in order to discover new meanings in our heritage of freedom.

In the very early days of humanity this was the festival of springtime, when people celebrated the new birth of nature. That wonderful springtime feeling is shared by children everywhere and in all times. It was captured by our Yiddish folk-writer, Sholem Aleykhem:







געדומען דער ליבער גיטע יום טוב פסח. אין דרייטן
אין גיט. אין דרויסן אין האיל. די זון האלט
שיין ליכט אין היסל, קוקט שוין אראפ אויף יענער
וינט שעטט, כאי ברעט און גראס אין
רייך און פריט ארום אין ארים. פרטערוויי
שלאנג זיך דורך טון בארג, זאס
אויף יענער יום שיל, א טרופעלע א גרינס,
א פריס, א צאפעלדיקע, מיט א קוויסט און מיט
א צוויין פליע דורך איבער אינדייער קעפ
א גלעך שנייל פון דליינע שותעלבעלעך.
און יודער רעיסאן איך פיר אין רעם שיר
השירים פון דוד.

“The beloved festival of *peysakh* has arrived. It’s good to be outdoors. Being outdoors feels fine. By now, the sun is high in the sky, shining down on the other side of town. Everywhere, all around me, the air feels so wide and fresh and soft and free! On the earth of the hill beyond the *shul*, here and there a blade of grass breaks through: green, tender, quivering. Screeching and fluttering their wings, a straight string of little swallows flies over our heads and I am reminded again of the Song of Songs that we studied in school ...”

It is a part of the *peysakh* tradition to read from King Solomon’s Song of Songs:

For now the winter is past,
The rains are over and gone.
The blossoms have appeared in the land,
The time of birdsong has come;
The voice of the turtledove
Is heard in our land.
The green figs form on the fig tree,
The vines in blossom send out their fragrance.
Let us arise, for it is spring.

AT THE SEYDER CEREMONY, we drink four cups of wine. Let us fill our glasses now and drink the first cup in memory of the winter of our bondage, and to the everlasting spring of freedom, which will come to all people.

(Together): To the everlasting spring of freedom.

There are four questions at the *seyder*, too. Traditionally, asking the questions was a task reserved to children, while providing the answers was assumed to be the responsibility of adults.

But we know that asking the right questions is often the most important part of learning. So we will share the asking. And we will ask them in Yiddish and Hebrew, as well as in English.



מד נשתנה הלילה הזה מכל הלילות?

Ma nishtano halaylo hazeh mikol haleylot?

אזויזאג אייך נאכט פֿון פֿסח

אנדערש פֿון אלע נעכט?

Farvos iz dee nakht fun peysakh andersh fun ale nekht?

Why is this night different from all other nights?

שבעל הילית אני ארכליק חמץ ומצה.

הלילה הזה יכלו מצה.

Shebkhoh haleylot onu okhleen khomets umatza;

halaylo haze, kulo matza.

אלע נעכט פֿון יאר עסן מיר

ארער ברויט, אָרער מצה;

אזויזאג עסן מיר

כטס סדר בליוו מצה?

Ale nekht fun yor esn meer oder broyt, oder matza;

Farvos esn meer baym seyder bloyz matza?



Child: On all other nights we eat either bread or matza. Why, on this night, do we eat only matza?

שבעל הלילות אנו אוכלין שאר ירקין;
דלידו היר-טרייך.

Shebkhoh haleylon onu okhleen sh'or y'rokos; halaylo haze, moror.

אלע נעכט פון יאר עסן מיר
עלע מינים גרינסן;
פארוואס עסן מיר ביים טר-
בלויי ביטערע גרינסן?



Ale nekht fun yor esn meer ale meenim greensn;

Farvos esn meer baym seyder bloyz bitere greensn?

Child: On all other nights, we eat all kinds of herbs and greens. Why, on this night, do we eat only bitter herbs?

שבעל הלילות אין אנו מטבילין אפילי פנים אחת;
הלילה דוהיינטיץ פענדיט.

*Shebkhoh haleylon eyn onu matbileen afilu
pa'am ekhos; halaylo haze – shtey p'omeem.*

אלע נעכט אין יאר טינקען מיר
ניס אונד די גרינסן;
אפילו אין טאל;
פארוואס טונגען מיר אונד
בייס טרר צייד טאל?



*Ale nekht fun yor tunken meer nit ayn dee
greensn afile eyn mol;*

Farvos tunken meer ayn baym seyder tsvey mol?

Child: On all other nights, we don't dip our vegetables into anything. Why, on this night, do we dip them twice: the parsley into salt water and the bitter herbs into *kharoses*?

שבעל הלילות אנו אטקען פון זיכען זיכען סספין;
הלילה דוה, בלויי סספין.

*Shebkhoh haleylon onu okhleen beyn
yosho'vin uvveyn m'subeen; halaylo haze –
kulonu m'subeen.*



אלע נעכט פֿין יאָר
עסן מיר זיצנדיק;
פֿאר וואס דארפֿן מיר עסן
אָנגעשפּארט בײַם סדר?



*Ale nekht fun yor esn meer zitsndik;
Farvos darfn meer esn ongeshpart baym seyder?*

Child: On all other nights, we eat sitting up. Why, on this night, are we supposed to eat leaning back on pillows?

עבדים היינו: *Avodeem hoyeenu.* We were slaves in the land of Egypt. As the seyder goes on, each of those questions will be answered. But the most important part of the answer is in those words: we were slaves.

SONG: *Avodeem hoyeenu, hoyeenu
Ato b'ney khoreen, b'ney khoreen
Avodeem hoyeenu }
Ato, ato, b'ney khoreen } 2x
B'ney khoreen. }
(We were slaves; now we are free.)*

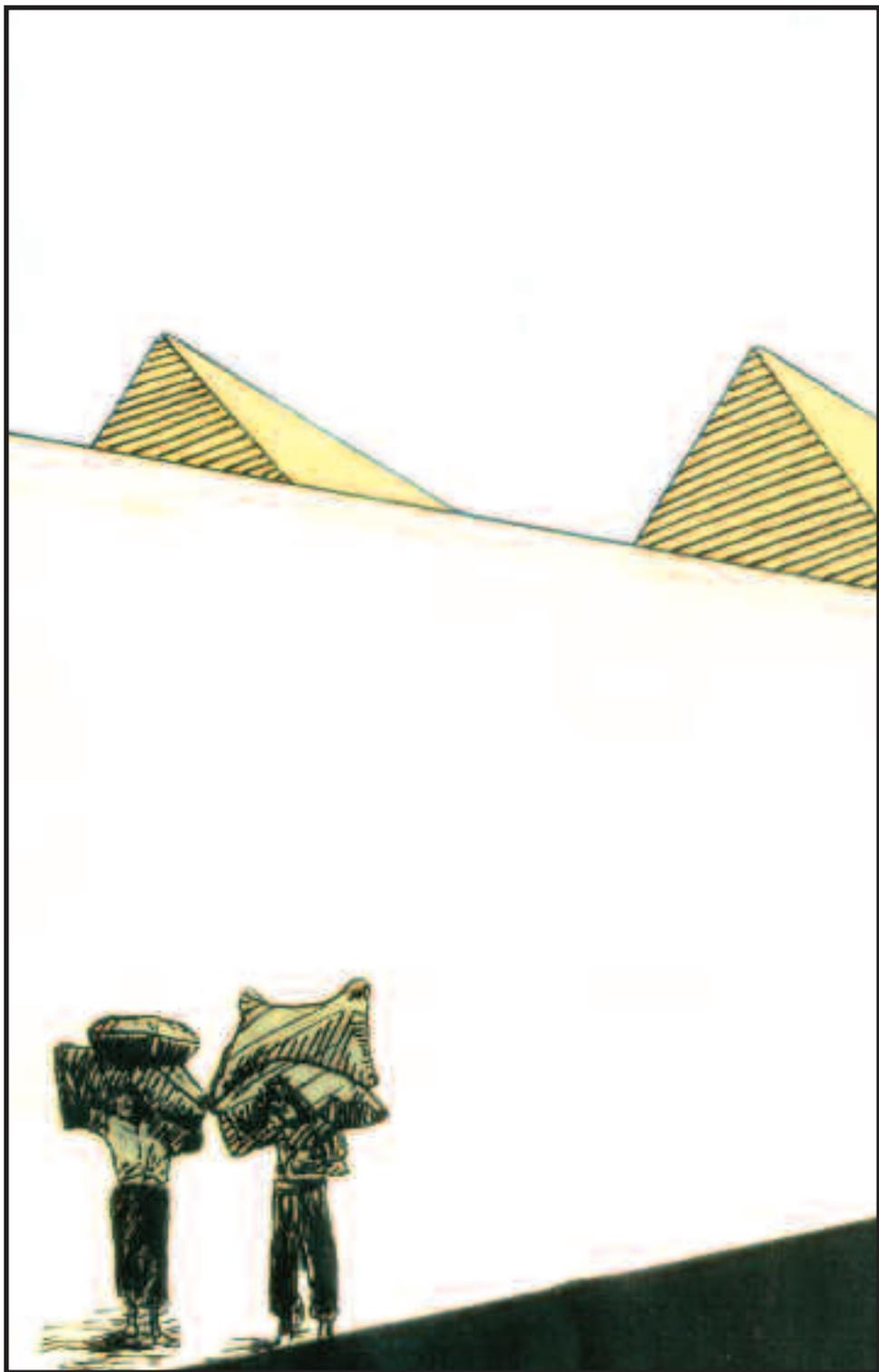
Now let the children retell the legend of our bondage and of our freedom.

Child: A slave's life was hard and bitter. They had to work from sun-up to sundown. There was no chance to rest. The slaves were not paid for their work.

Child: The Egyptian king, Pharaoh, made the Jewish slaves build his great cities. And he forced them to make the bricks only with clay, without the straw they needed.

Child: Because Pharaoh didn't want to have too many Jews in Egypt, he decided to kill all the Jewish boys. A Jewish





mother, Yokheved, decided to try to save her newborn son, Moyshe — Moses. She made a little cradle-boat for him and hid him among the reeds on the bank of the Nile River.

Child: Every day, Moses' sister came to take care of him. One day, the princess, Pharaoh's daughter, discovered them near the river.

Child: The princess took the baby to the palace to raise him as her own son. She also took Moses' mother along to be the baby's nurse.

Child: It was through the bravery of those Jewish and Egyptian women that Moses could grow up to lead our people to freedom. The name of Moses' sister was Miriam.

MIRIAM

Words & Music By Laura Berkson, 1989

Narrow places we have left behind us,
Never knowing what may lie ahead.
Moving through a wilderness called freedom;
Living now on hope as much as bread.

Chorus: Miriam, it's gonna be a long journey.
Miriam, we're gonna need a song.
Miriam, it's gonna be a long, long road
And we'll keep movin' on.

Freedom is the ownership of choices:
To know my future, we must know our past.
History gives reason to our voices,
Building strength on visions that will last.

Chorus: Miriam, it's gonna be...

We look back on darkness not to own it,
But to see the lessons of the night.
For the past is ready to reclaim us
As we're building courage through the night.

Chorus: Miriam, it's gonna be...



Child: Moses lived in the palace as an Egyptian prince. But when he grew up, he learned that he was a Jew, just like the Jews who were Pharaoh's slaves.

Child: Moses was very unhappy to see that his people, the Jews, were being treated so badly, starved and tortured. He left the palace and became a leader of his people. He called upon them to leave Egypt and slavery.

Child: With Moses as their leader, the Jewish rebels rose up against their masters and escaped from Egypt.

Child: And that is the short story of the Exodus. The story reminds us that we must never forget what freedom means. That's why every year, at Passover, we remember our slavery and our freedom.

בכל דור ודור Bikhol dor vidor. From each generation to the next. The freedom story of the Jewish people has become the story of all peoples who have been enslaved and oppressed.

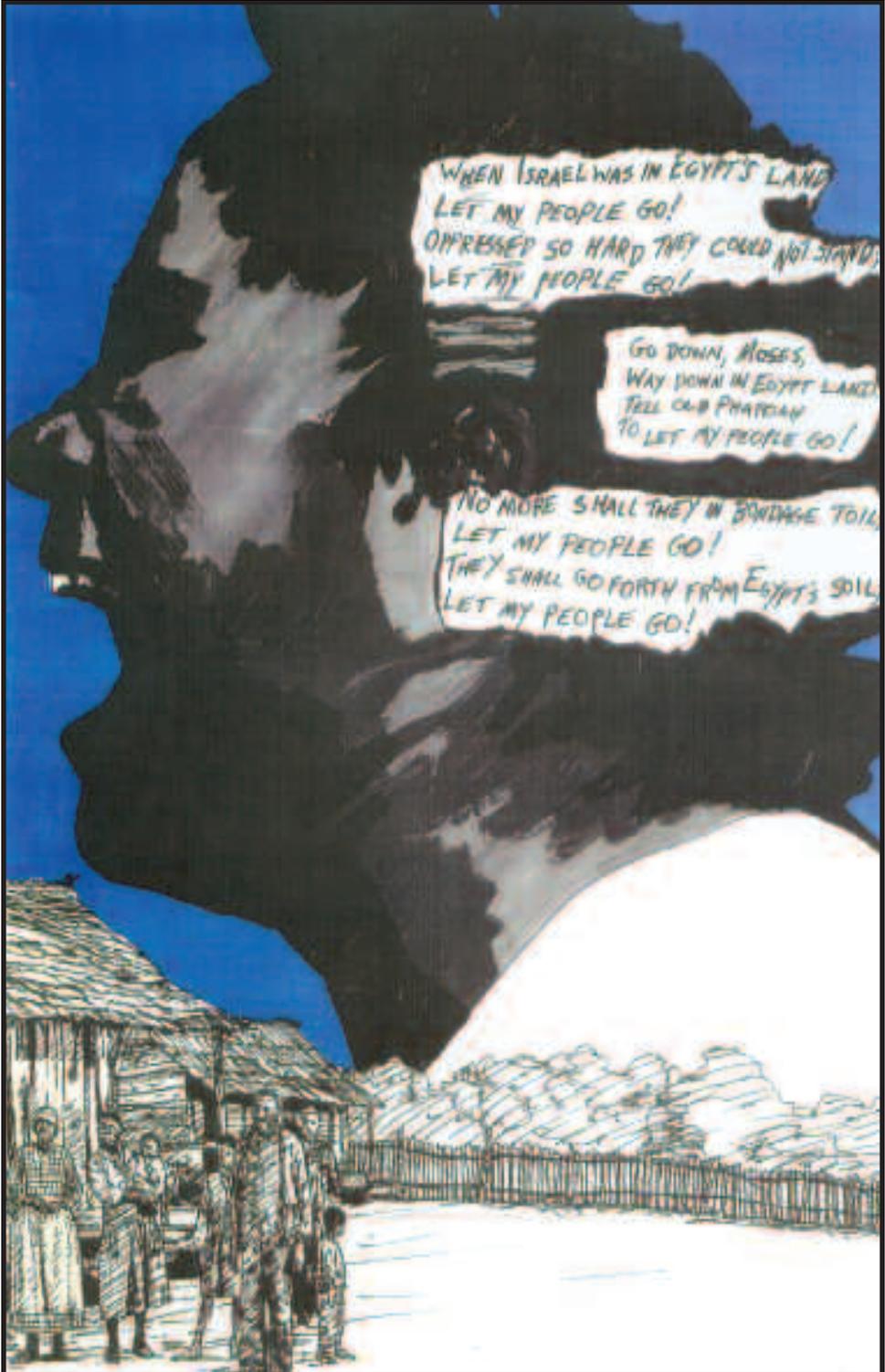
The enslaved have been of all colors: black and brown, red and yellow, white. They have spoken in all the languages of Earth. And all have sung their freedom songs in the same freedom key.

SONG: When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard they could not stand;
Let my people go!

Go down, Moses.
Way down in Egypt land.
Tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go!

No more shall they in bondage toil;
Let my people go!
They shall go forth from Egypt's soil;
Let my people go!





WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN EGYPT'S LAND
LET MY PEOPLE GO!
OPRESSED SO HARD THEY COULD NOT STAND,
LET MY PEOPLE GO!

GO DOWN, MOSES,
WAY DOWN IN EGYPT LAND,
TELL OUR PHARAOH
TO LET MY PEOPLE GO!

NO MORE SHALL THEY IN BONDAGE TOIL,
LET MY PEOPLE GO!
THEY SHALL GO FORTH FROM EGYPT'S SOIL,
LET MY PEOPLE GO!



Let us drink the second cup of wine to all who still toil in bondage, because we cannot be truly free until all people are free. To our oppressed sisters and brothers of all the world!

(Together): To our oppressed sisters and brothers of all the world!

The old legends say that, when the slaves were struggling to be free, terrible plagues fell upon Egypt. These legends remind us that whenever a people are oppressed, the oppressors suffer, too. They suffer a loss of their humanity ... they become the victims of their own evil.

As the slaves struggled against slavery, so we must struggle against the plagues of our own time. As we name each plague, we pour a drop of wine from our glasses.

Doing so reminds us that our own actions are like tiny drops. Only together with many, many others can our actions become a flood to help put an end to the plagues of our time. Let us join our voices together as we name the plagues:

The plague of hunger ...
The plague of homelessness ...
The plague of hatred ...
The plague of ignorance ...
Fear ...
Selfishness ...
The terrible plague of war ...
The plague of disease ...
Poisoned air and water and soil ...
The nuclear shadow over our lives.



FEAR...



THE PLAGUE
OF
HUNGER...

THE PLAGUE
OF
HOMELESSNESS...

THE PLAGUE
OF
HATRED

THE PLAGUE
OF
IGNORANCE...

FEAR...

SELFISHNESS...

THE TERRIBLE
PLAGUE OF
WAR...

THE PLAGUE
OF
DISEASE...

THE NUCLEAR
SHADOW OVER
OUR LIVES.





ON OUR SEYDER TABLE are the traditional symbols of Passover. Matza is said to be a reminder of the bread that was baked in haste on the hot stones of the desert when our people fled from bondage.

We eat *moror*, bitter herbs, as a remembrance of the bitterness of slavery. We eat *karpas*, parsley or lettuce, as a symbol of the greens of springtime, which brings hope.

We dip the greens in salt water so as not to forget the tears of struggle that won our freedom. We dip the bitter herbs in the sweet kharoses as another symbol of hope: our hope that the bitterness of oppression and war will soon be replaced by the sweetness of justice and peace. Our *seyder* re-dedicates us to that hope.

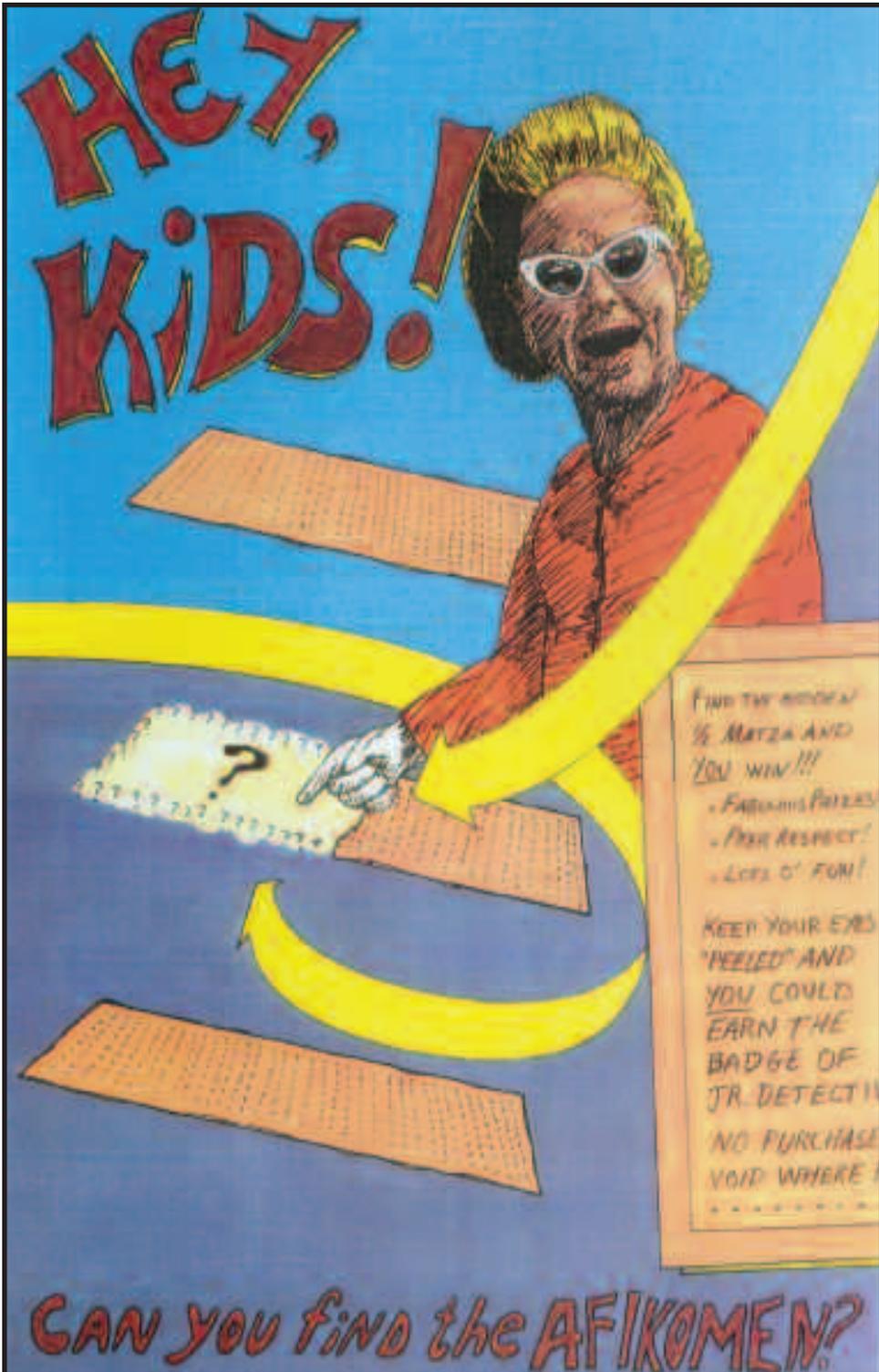
The *kharoses* — chopped apples, nuts and wine — on our *seyder* table is said to look like the clay our ancestors used to make brick for the great cities of Egypt.

The *z'roa*, roasted lamb shank, is said to be a symbol of the ancient Passover meal that united the tribe at the start of the year. The lamb that was sacrificed had to be perfect, so that all the other lambs to be born in spring would be strong. The lamb's blood was smeared around the doors of tents and houses as a symbol of the unity of the tribe. Primitive people believed that smearing animal blood prevented bad luck.

And the *beytsa*, the egg, is a common symbol of life that is as universal and eternal as springtime.

There is also an orange on our *seyder* plate. It was added to the tradition in recent years. It symbolizes all the people and groups not fully recognized in much of the Jewish community. Among them are women, gays, lesbians, bi-sexuals and transgendered people. For us, the orange on the *seyder* plate also represents the fruitful contributions of Secular Jews who understand *peysakh* historically and culturally, as well as traditionally, and all the intercultural families whom we welcome and celebrate.

HEY, KIDS!



FIND THE HIDDEN
1/2 MATZO AND
YOU WIN!!!

- FABULOUS PRIZES
- FREE RESPECT!
- LOTS O' FUN!

KEEP YOUR EYES
'PEELED' AND
YOU COULD
EARN THE
BADGE OF
JR. DETECTIVE

NO PURCHASE
VOID WHERE

CAN YOU FIND THE AFIKOMEN?



There are also three special matzas. Some traditions say that the top one symbolizes the *shabes kbale*, the sabbath bread, and that the bottom one is a symbol of the festival loaf that was baked for all other holidays in ancient Israel. The one in the middle is meant to represent the “bread of affliction,” the unleavened bread of bondage.

Break the middle matza in half. One half may be eaten along with the top piece as a “sandwich” with bitter herbs. The other half is the *afikoymen*. It may be wrapped up very carefully and hidden. According to tradition, the children who find it after the *seyder* is over can claim a reward or a ransom.

Now we know about the symbolic foods. Among every people in the world, sharing a common meal has remained a symbol of friendship. So, in friendship and in gratitude for our freedom, let us eat!

(The meal is served)



IN A PREVIOUS GENERATION, Secular Jews added a fifth question to the hagada: Why was the first night of Passover, 1943, different from all other nights in our history?

The new hagada of our times begins in the city of Warsaw ... a city where Jews had lived for a thousand years ... in joy and in sorrow, celebrating births and mourning deaths. In our time, the Warsaw Ghetto became an end ... and a beginning.

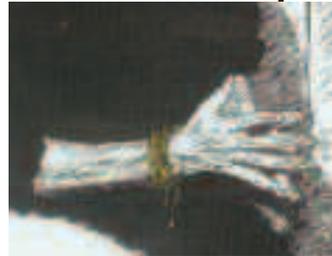
PEYSAKH HAS COME TO THE GHETTO AGAIN

by Binem Heller (English: Max Rosenfeld)

Peysakh has come to the Ghetto again.
The wine has no grape; the matza, no grain.
But the people anew sing the wonders of old:
The flight from the Pharaohs, so often retold.
How ancient the story, how old the refrain!

The windows are shuttered. The doorposts, concealed.
The *seyder* goes on. And fiction and fact
Are confused into one: Which is myth? Which is real?
Come all who are hungry, invites the hagada.
The helpless, the aged, lie starving, in fear.
Come all who are hungry! And children sleep, famished.
Come all who are hungry! And tables are bare.

Peysakh has come to the Ghetto again
And shuffling shadows shift stealthily through
Like convert-Marranos in rack-ridden Spain,
Seeking retreat with the God of the Jews.
But these are the shards, the shattered remains
Of the "sixty ten-thousands" whom Moses led out
Of their bondage ... driven to ghettos again ...
Where dying's permitted, but protest is not.



From Holland, from Poland, from all Europe's soil,
Becrippled and beaten, the remnant has come.
And there they sit weeping, plundered, despoiled,
And each fifty families has dwindled to one.



Peysakh has come to the Ghetto again.
The lore-laden words of the *seyder* are said
And the cup of the Prophet Elijah awaits.
But the Angel of Death has intruded, instead.
As always — the Nazi snarls his commands.
As always — the words sharpened-up and precise.
As always — the fate of more Jews in his hands:
Who shall live, who shall die this Passover night.
But no more will the Jews to the slaughter be led.
The truculent jibes of the Nazis are past.
And the lintels and doorposts tonight will be red
With the blood of free Jews who will fight to the last!



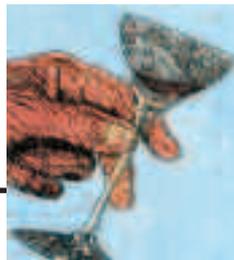
Peysakh has come the Ghetto again
And neighbor to neighbor the battle-pledge gives:
The blood of the Nazi will flow in the Ghetto
So long as one Jew in the Ghetto still lives!
In face of the Nazi — no fear, no subjection!
In face of the Nazi — no weeping, no wincing!
Only the hatred, the wild satisfaction
Of standing against him and madly resisting.
Listen! how death walks abroad in the fury!
Listen! how bullets lament in their flight!
See how our History writes End to the story
With death heroic, this Passover night.

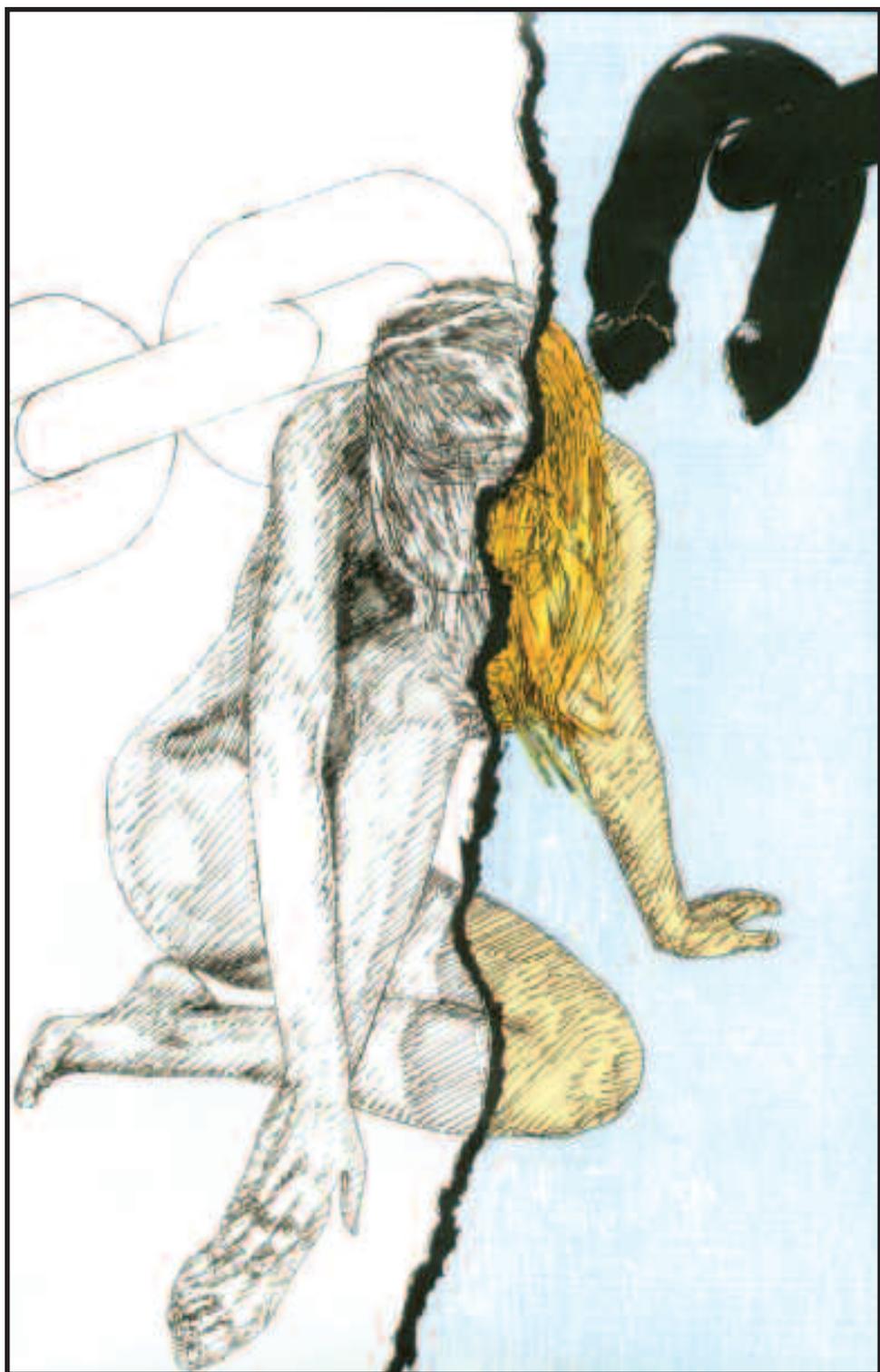
(From *Jewish Currents*, April 1954)

Let us now rise and drink the third cup to the eternal honor of the
heroes of the Uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto.

(Together): The heroes of the Warsaw ghetto!

(Remain standing)





PARTISAN HYMN

(Written by the young poet Hirsh Glick in the Vilna Ghetto, 1943, in honor of May Day and the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, this song has become the hymn of the Holocaust and is sung standing.)

זאג ניט קיינמאל אז דו גייסט דעם ליצענן דעג
ווען הימלען בליצענע פֿארשטעלן בלויז טעג.
ווייל קומען וועט נאך אונדזער אויסגעצוקטע ישרה:
ס'וועט א פֿויק טאן אונדזער טראט- ס'יר זיינען דאָ!

Zog nit keynmol az du geyst dem letstn veg
Ven himlen blayene farshteln bloye teg,
Vayl kumen vet nokh undzer oysgebenkte sho:
S'vet a poyk ton undzer trot, meer zaynen do!

Never say that now the end has come for you,
When leaden skies may be concealing days of blue,
Because the time for which we've yearned will yet appear:
And our marching step shall thunder: We Are Here!

This song was written with our blood and not with lead;
It's not the caroling that birds sing overhead.
It was our people, 'midst the crashing walls of hell
That sang this song and fought with courage 'til they fell.

We'll have the morning sun to set our days aglow
And all our yesterdays shall vanish with the foe; And if the time is
long before the sun appears
Then let this song go like a
signal through the years.

WE LIGHT SIX CANDLES

in memory of the one-third of
our people, destroyed by fascism
and war. We dedicate these
candles to the memory of six





million Jews, murdered by the Nazis in Europe, and in memory of all the victims of genocide. Even though it happened before many of us were born, we must remember. We dare not forget.

That was their message to us: never forget, never forgive. Never forgive the crime of genocide, the murder of a people. If we don't forget, we can help make sure that genocide never happens again ... to any people.

We remember the children and women and men who fought for the honor of all humanity. In the ghettos, in the death camps, in the fields and forests, **THEY FOUGHT BACK!** With their dignity and courage ... with few weapons ... often with bare hands and rocks ... **THEY FOUGHT BACK!**

We remember that they were destroyed by war, by racism, by hatred.

We, too, must fight back. Against war. Against racism. Against hatred. We have six million reasons.

In their memory, we light these flames of freedom. Freedom for all people. The only true monument to our six million is freedom.

We light the final, sixth flame for the future. For our future, in a world of peace, justice and freedom. And for the future of all humanity — in a world where no one will profit from hatred, exploitation, oppression or war. The new humanity that was their dream is our dream, too. We remember.

One of the most pleasant traditions of Passover is the welcoming of Eyleeyohu Hanovee, Elijah the Prophet ... the ancient hero of the people's fantasy who will herald the new day of peace and justice.

Child: Let us greet the prophet in the old way of our people. First, we pour a glass of wine for him in his special cup. Then, the youngest person at the *seyder* opens the door for him while we sing him a welcome:



Eyleeyohu hanovee
Eyleeyohu hatishbee
Eyleeyohu, eyleeyohu
Eyleeyohu hagilodee

The number “4” appears in the Hagada in many ways. There are four cups of wine ... four questions ... four ways to describe the liberation. And there are four ways of talking about the *seyder*.

Child: The mature child asks: what do all our customs and traditions mean? Where did they come from?

To such a question, we explain that Passover really began much before the time of Egypt. It was first the Festival of Unleavened Bread, which was celebrated at the end of winter to greet the new

year of nature. Each family had a special meal together to assure the family's strength against the dangers of nature.

We point out that Passover began as the way for a single family to gain freedom from fear of the unknown ... that it grew to be a festival of freedom for a particular people ... and that it has become a symbol of freedom for all people, everywhere, in all times.

Child: The angry child asks: why do you bother me with this *seyder* of yours? What does it have to do with me? These are your customs, not mine!

Our answer is that all humans must have roots in the history and traditions of their own people. That way, we can appreciate and value the traditions of other people. We know that humanity is a beautiful tapestry and that we must weave into it the unique strands and threads of our people — or the tapestry will lose some of its color and beauty.

Child: The young child asks: what is the *seyder* about?

To answer this question, we have told simply the legends of our bondage and our freedom. We have told it as though we, too, had been liberated from slavery. And we remember that by teaching our traditions to each generation, our people have survived through the ages.

Child: The very young child doesn't know what to ask.

We know that the *seyder* can be a very wonderful and happy time. For a very young child, that is enough. When young children grow older, they learn what to ask.

בכל דור ודור Bikhhol dor vidor. From each generation to the next.

In the spring of yet another year, in 1948, a new nation was born in the worldwide struggle against the modern bondage of colonialism. A new nation, yet ancient ... in an ancient land that can be renewed by its people, the dispossessed of many lands.

In each generation ... Now, a new generation in that old-new land of Israel hears again the ancient cry, Let My People Go! It is the voice of our brothers and sisters, the voices of the people of



Palestine. They, too, seek to rebuild their land ... to welcome back the dispossessed.

May the year to come bring peace to those ancient lands. May it see the people of Palestine, growing in peace and

friendship beside the people of Israel. To our sisters and brothers of Israel and Palestine: SHALOM ... SALAAM ... PEACE.

SONG: Zum galee, galee, galee }
 Zum galee, galee } (repeat)

 Hekhalutz leyman avoda
 Avoda leyman hekhalutz

 Hashalom leyman ha'ameem
 Ha'ameem leyman hashalom
 (For the pioneer there is labor ...
 For the peoples there is peace)

The traditional hagada has a series of verses called “*dayeynu*” — it would be enough. In our day, we must ask: **is it enough?**

If we remember our bondage, but forget the bondage of others — **is it enough?**

If we see the bondage of others, but remain silent — **is it enough?**

If we speak out against bondage, but do nothing to end it — **is it enough?**

If we act against bondage, but quit when the going gets rough — **is it enough?**

If we persist in the struggle, but still bondage endures — **is it ever enough?**

SONG: Eelu, eelu hotzionu
Hotzionu meemitzrayim (2x)
Dayeynu!

Eelu, eelu nasan lanu
Nasan lanu es hatorah (2x)
Dayeynu!

Volt keyn *peysakh* nit gevezn
Volt keyn *seyder* nit gevezn
Volt undz freylakh yo gevezn
Dayeynu!

Volt keyn *peysakh* nit gevezn
Volt keyn moyshe nit gevezn
Volt dee frayhayt yo gevezn
Dayeynu!

In every age and tongue and town
Our freedom song keeps marching on (2x)
Dayeynu!

For generations, the song “Khad Gadyo” — the little goat, or kid — has been part of the *seyder*. It is a simple folksong that reminds us of other songs, like “The House That Jack Built.”

Our ancestors understood this song to be more than just a happy way to end the *seyder*. For them, it was a fable of the many empires that swallowed each other up throughout history. And the little goat in the song, they thought, was a symbol of the Jewish people.

Anyway, it’s fun to sing ... even if you get all mixed up.



חר גדיה: KHAD GADYO

My father bought a kid for two zuzim
Khad gadyo, khad gadyo.

Along came a cat and ate the ki-id
THAT my father bought for two zuzim,
Khad gadyo, khad gadyo.

Along came a dog that bit the cat
That came along and ate the ki-id
THAT my father bought for two zuzim,
Khad gadyo, khad gadyo.

Along came a stick that beat the dog
That came along and bit the cat
That came along and ate the ki-id
THAT my father bought for two zuzim,
Khad gadyo, khad gadyo.

Along came a fire that burned the stick
That came along and beat the dog
That came along and bit the cat
That came along and ate the ki-id
THAT my father bought for two zuzim,
Khad gadyo, khad gadyo.



Along came a water that quenched the fire
That came along and burned the stick ...(etc.)

Along came an ox that drank the water
That came along and quenched the fire ...(etc.)

Along came a butcher who slew the ox
That came along and drank the water
That came along and put out the fire
That came along and burned the stick
That came along and beat the dog
That came along and bit the cat
That came along and ate the ki-id
THAT my father bought for two zuzim,
KHAD GADYO, KHAD GADYO!

OUR SEYDER IS ALMOST OVER. There remains one more toast, one more cup of wine. Before we raise our glasses for the last time at this *seyder*, let us recall the words of the Prophet Isaiah:

They shall beat their swords into plowshares
And their spears into pruning hooks.
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war anymore.

The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling, together.
And a little child shall lead them.

Let us drink the last cup to a world at peace.

(Together): To a world at peace.

לשנה הבאה בני חורין Leshone habo, biney khoreen.
Next year, may all humanity be free and may the festival of freedom and springtime come to all the people on Earth.





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