



# With Voices Raised

By: Gitty Zee

The Yom Tov of Pesach is here -  
What a busy time of year!  
We shop till' the shelves in the store are almost bare.  
When we sit down to the Seder, no chometz will appear.

On Seder night, not a speck of chometz is found;  
Only matzos, crispy and round,  
Which we purchase by the pound.  
When we lean to the left and eat it, it makes a crunchy sound.

As slaves in Egypt, the Jews worked so hard.  
They were beaten badly until they were scarred  
By the evil and cruel Egyptian guards,  
Their backs were broken into shards.

Bricks, the Jews made from scratch -  
Each day a new batch,  
Or else a Jewish baby the Egyptians would snatch.  
A moment's rest, they could not catch.

To remind us of the cement, charoses we grind -  
Apples, nuts, wine and cinnamon are combined.  
The Egyptians controlled us, both body and mind  
No, they were not very kind.

We eat bitter herbs that go to the head  
To remind us of the tears that the Jews shed.  
We dip our maror into charoses, so red  
Reminding us of the difficult lives the Jews led.

The plagues were brought to hurt the Egyptians -  
Boy! Were they having conniptions!  
Because the pain they caused the Yidden was beyond description,  
They were paid back as per Hashem's prescription

The number four is the number of the night;  
Four cups of wine we drink - red, pink or white  
With 4 sons, questions in our children's mind we ignite  
Ma Neshtana they ask with such delight

With praise to Hashem, our voices to Him we raise  
About the miracles that happened to us in those days.  
We say Hallel, phrase after phrase  
To thank Him for redeeming us, and that we are no longer slaves.

So, on our Seder night we lean  
While eating matzah and maror in between -  
What a beautiful, royal scene  
Next year in Yerushalayim, Oh! What a dream.

