

And We Sang *Ha Lakhma Anya*

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When I was just a little boy
On *Peysakh*, every spring
My *zeyda* led our *seder*
Reclining like a king
It was in Aunt Gerry's dining room
With the crystal chandelier
Zeyda raised his cup and chanted
In a voice I still can hear.

And he sang *Ha Lakhma Anya*
All the way to *Khad Gadya*
While my uncles, aunts, and cousins
Followed in the *Haggadah*
And we stole the *afikoman*
And *Eliyahu* came
And each year we grew older
But the *seder* stayed the same.

Just after my *bar mitzvah*
My *zeyda* passed away
He was buried in his *talis*
Full of *mitzvas*, full of days
And that *Peysakh*, at the *seder*
Candles lit and table spread
My father sat where *Zeyda*'d sat
And he led as *Zeyda*'d led.

And we sang *Ha Lakhma Anya*
All the way to *Khad Gadya*
We sang *Avadim Hayinu*
And *L'shana Haba'a*
And the youngest asked the *kashes*
Everybody knew their parts
Zeyda wasn't at the *seder*
But he was still there in our hearts.

My father led the *seder*
For thirty-seven years
His songs and jokes are part of
Our *seder* souvenirs
But we lost him late last August
We were with him when he died
And now I lead the *seder*
With my children by my side.

And we sing *Ha Lakhma Anya*
All the way to *Khad Gadya*
All in the proper order
From *Kadesh* to *Nirtzah*
And the voices of the present
Join the voices of the past
And they all will sing together
As long as *seders* last.