

The *Bal Shem's* Soup

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Now, the *Bal Shem Tov* was a very holy man
But a man of wealth by no means
And all that his wife could put in a pan
For his supper was a quart of soup beans.
With a scrap of onion and a dash of salt
That her one or two coins had bought her
And no one could find either flaw or fault
When she boiled up the beans in water.

CHORUS

And the *Bal Shem* danced (*yom biddle biddle
bam*)
And he laughed in his elation
And he praised the Lord for the fruits of the
earth
And the bounty of creation.

"Now, my dear," said the *Besht*, "when the
cooking's o'er

"The soup may be weak in savour

"I wonder if there's anything more

"You can add for extra flavour?"

She recalled the roast they'd had that week
With a bone they'd gnawed since daily
So she put it in the beans at a slant oblique
Where it simmered away quite gaily.

Said she, "My dear, sure as dogs have pups

"And in Hebrew, 'water' is *mayim*

"The soup would be better for a drop of *shnaps*

That we use to drink *lekhayim*."

To the top of the cupboard she reached in a
flash

(For the *rebitzn*, she was handy)

She took down a bottle and poured in a splash
Of the *Bal Shem Tov's* best brandy.

Now, the very first spoonful of soup they tried
Was still a *bisl shvakh* and flaccid
Said the *Besht*, "It really can't be denied
"It could use a bit of something acid."
Said she, "Since *Sukkis* last year I've had
The *esrog* you shook with the *lulav*"—
[*Oy! A lebn an dayn kep'!*]
So a squeeze of lemon they agreed to add
By the hand of the *Bal Shem's* true love.

And that's how the soup was born, I hear
That's named for the good *Bal Shem Tov*
It's fine to eat any time of the year
Whether *khol ha mo'ed* or on *yomtov*.
Yes, lots of pleasure it's sure to give
Whatever the week or the day is
And whether you're Reform or Conservative
Or a *khasid* with a beard and *peyis*.