

Chanukah Waltz

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I like a *latke* fried crispy and brown
And I like a *dreydl* that's spinning around
Why can't we have a holiday where both are found?
And maybe its name could be "*Chanukah*."

I'm a sucker for candles lit all in a row
And I love a present tied up in a bow
What if that holiday came with snow?
I believe that its name could be "*Chanukah*."

A feast with a blessing sung to an old tune
And the soft glow of candles when it gets dark too soon—

I like a *menorah* of old polished brass
And a *dreydl* that's made of wood, lead, or glass
I think seven—no, eight!—days is the least it should last
And you can bet that its name should be "*Chanukah*."

A time to remember the heroes of old
And that freedom's more precious than any king's gold—

We gather at this darkest time of the year
For *latkes* and laughter with loved ones so dear
Come join us for blessings and holiday cheer
On this Feast of Lights that we call *Chanukah*.