

## **Don't sit on the Afikomen**

(To the tune of Battle Hymn of the Republic – 'Glory, Glory, Halleluyah')

My Dad at every Seder breaks a Matza piece in two  
And hides the Afikomen half - a game for me and you.  
Find it, hold it ransom for the Seder isn't through  
'till the Afikomen's gone.

**Chorus:** Don't sit on the Afikomen.  
Don't sit on the Afikomen.  
Don't sit on the Afikomen.  
Or the Meal will last all night!

One year Daddy hid it 'neath a pillow on a chair,  
But just as I raced over, my Aunt Sophie sat down there.  
She threw herself upon it; awful crunching filled the air,  
And crumbs flew all around.

**Chorus:** Don't sit on the Afikomen ...

There were matza crumbs all over - Oh, it was a messy sight.  
We swept up all the pieces though it took us half the night.  
So, if you want your Seder ending sooner than dawn's light,  
Don't sit on the Afiko-o-men

**Chorus:** Don't sit on the Afikomen ...