

The Latke Ditty

Words by Ben Aronin.

Melody: O Chanukah, O Chanukah!

Each Chanukah we glorify brave Judah Maccabeus
Who had the courage to defy Antiochus and free us.
Yet, it is not fair that we should forget
Mrs. Maccabeus, whom we owe a debt.

She mixed it. She fixed it. She poured it into a bowl.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes
That gave brave Judah a soul.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes
That gave brave Judah a soul.

Now, this is how it came about, this gastronomic wonder
That broke the ranks of Syria like flaming bolts of thunder.
Mrs. Maccabeus wrote in the dough,
portions of the Torah and then fried them so.

They simmered. They shimmered, absorbing the olive oil.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes
That made the Syrians recoil.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes
That made the Syrians recoil.

The Syrians said, "It cannot be that old Mattathias
Whose years are more than eighty three, would dare to defy us."
But they did not know his secret, you see
Mattathias dined on latkes and tea.

One latke, two latkes, and so on into the night.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes,
That gave them the courage to fight.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes,
That gave them the courage to fight.

And so each little latke, brown and delicious
Must have hit the spot, for with appetite viscous
All the heroes ate them after their toil
Causing in the Temple a shortage of oil.

One latke, two latkes, and so on into the night.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes,
that gave us the Chanukah light.
You may not guess, but it was the latkes,
that gave us the Chanukah light.