



Purim Shpiel

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Produced by Hankus Netsky

A happy Purim, my rich-men
Listen, gentlemen, to my sufferings.
I get lots of trouble from my wife
She wants me to be an unpaid
employee.

I wake up early,
And she orders me to milk the cows
And to clean out the “stink”
And give the cows something to
drink

And if I don't follow her
She hits me with her stick
To show that I have three weeks
to lick my wounds

So, gentlemen, have you heard what
I've said?

May I divorce her?

(Wife answers)

You'll rue the day you divorce me.

And if you really do divorce me,

Give me back my dowry

So I'll have it to give to another
husband.

(Husband)

So tell me Dobrish my dear

How much of a dowry did you give me?

Before the wedding your father let it be
known

That he couldn't afford to support me

He ordered me to dance at the wedding

Meaning that he'd be able to pay me in
full.

So what did he give me? Herring!
I figured that I was destined to starve.
He told me to pray in *tallis* and *tefillin*
until 12 noon
So that I would spend less money on
bread
And if I had already gone to eat

I needed to pray
that I wouldn't spit up my bile
So, gentlemen,
even if you were given 1000 *kronen*,
Would you be able to live with such a
catch?

(Wife answers):

May you be healthy

Since you're finally telling the truth now

See, my father paid for you

like he would for his own child

He gave you ten thousand *kronen*

And in the end you don't even have to live
with me?

Listen gentlemen

Once at night

I nearly lost it with him completely

He had forgotten to come home and
eat

I began going all around looking for
him

And I found him in a bar
keeled over like a dead horse

So in the end

he's telling of my indignities and
shame

(Husband)

Oh. Oh. Dobrish, my dear.

You must follow all these things.

Tell them, have I had a real bite to eat
since I've been with you?

When you cook the food is full of hair
and straw

And, whenever you bake, it's raw

So listen gentlemen

I once sent her off to the market to buy a
goose

I told her to buy one

that had been allowed to graze

Not one that had been force-feed

So I pointed out a goose that wasn't too
fattened

She didn't even look at it
But chose a force-fed one
I wasn't home to see the goose
When I came home
I took a spoon to its neck
And feel how it is completely fat

So I asked her if she consulted a
Rabbi

And she says,

"no, I thought that we could do
without it"

So I asked the Rabbi

And they judged against me saying I didn't have to heat up the stones to make it kosher.

So finally she said that I was wrong and that everything I was saying was bad

(Wife answers)

So listen gentlemen

I once sent him to the market to buy
a cow

When he brought the cow back

I went to try to milk it

And the cow knocked me in the
mouth

When I barely came in

Finally when he tied her up

He saw that she was gone

(Husband answers)

So let's hear your prayer

Maybe I'll get better.

(Wife answers)

The great honor
of the Egyptian Pharaoh ensures
That my husband will not drink any more
The intervention of the holy
Nebuchadnezzar
Who was a bear for seven years
So that my husband would not drink any
more

In honor of the holy wives who were
so talkative

As it's written in the Tekhine

So that it should be the honor the
Tekhine

That if my husband won't obey

He should die a horrible death

The honor of Haman's daughter
who was very religious
She didn't see everything
And a nasty story happened to her

Her father Haman
May his name be blotted out
Led Mordechai on a horse
And she looked down to the ground
And didn't want him to go out with a
bald head
So she covered him,
not with a hat but with a chamber pot

And again I wish you a good Purim
my dear Jews

I'm very pleased with you

May you all live to see lots of joy

And to eat from the Leviathan

And then you should cut large pieces
out of it

And may you sweeten them with
sugar

And we'll sing and dance
And we'll finally have
the Messiah in his home
Because liquor
is measured by the liter
And things are very difficult
Because our pockets are empty.



S'a Mekhaye

Introduction

After the assassination attempt,
The king stands in his long-johns by the
open window and thinks:

“So many bright stars fill up the skies
of a summer night!”

(sung) Ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay,
ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay,
ay-ay-ay, ay-ay-ay-Ay!

Refrain :

- How wonderful, what a pleasure it is to live in this world,
- To drink wine and carouse and wave your sword around!
-

Verse 1

What would have happened, for instance, if that crazy young man Had murdered me? What would have happened then? Ay-ay

I would now be lying “six feet under” *(lit: nine cubits deep in the earth)*

And wouldn't be looking at the stars and hearing the birds. (Ay-ay-ay, etc)

Refrain

How wonderful, what a pleasure it is
to live in this world,
To drink wine and carouse
and wave your sword around.

Verse 2

My Esther would have wrapped herself
in sorrow for a year.

And maybe not; She might have had a love
affair with someone else right away. Ay-ay.

The ghost of Vashti would have come to
me:

Look who's here! My husband!

How's my canary doing?

Who's playing on my piano? Ay- ay –ay etc.

Aside

Is she gone yet , that shrew ?

Aside :

Refrain :

How wonderful, what a pleasure it is
to live in this world,
To drink wine and carouse
and wave your sword around.

Verse 3

Haman is really right. We should put an end to this (Jewish Problem).

Tomorrow – no ! Right now.

I'll send the proclamations out. Ay -ay

I'll sit down at my desk and take a deep breath

And spit into my inkwell and sign the letters.

Ay- ay –ay , Ay-ay-ay , etc.

Refrain

How wonderful, what a pleasure it is
to live in this world,
To drink wine and carouse
and wave your sword around.

Ay-ay.



Casonetta da Purim

**Gather round, congregation,
Sit down in a chair,
Or in an armchair or on benches,
Just as long as you're not tired**

**Listen while I tell you about the
great event,**

That famous thing,

Open your ears,

Both young and old.

**Even if I'm telling you a story,
Don't stop drinking or eating
Better two than one
When brothers gather together.**

**May we find peace
During Purim eve and afterwards,
And, between all good Jews:
Down with all who seek to destroy
us.**



Pirim, Pirim

Verse 1

The best holiday is Purim. It excites everyone.

**Wherever you go,
you see people eating and becoming tipsy.
Even the sexton's wife is dancing,
deliriously happy.**

**Before she goes to hear the Megilleh read,
the food is all prepared.**

Refrain:

**O Purim, Purim, Purim –
brings joy to each home,
Pauper or millionaire –
everyone loves this holiday
You eat snacks or homentashen
You drink and whatever else you want
Drunkards wish it could be
Purim twenty times a week!**

Verse 2

**Mordkhe is not the kind of young man
who spends money wildly.**

**But when Purim comes, he goes overboard
,**

**His aunt orders whiskey
and a bottle of wine for him**

He makes a sumptuous kiddish spread

He takes pleasure in it all and grabs a bite.

Refrain:

**O Purim, Purim, Purim –
brings joy to each home,
Pauper or millionaire –
everyone loves this holiday
You eat snacks or homentashen
You drink and whatever else you want
Drunkards wish it could be
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