

*P'nai Sholom Reform Hootenanny*  
*Albany, New York*  
*prepares to put up with*

# ***Zim, Golly, Golly!***

***The Megillah according to Dylan***

by **Rabbi Don Cashman** and performed by the  
***ROLLING MEGILLAH REVUE***

**Purim: Thursday, March 24, 2005 - II Adar 14, 5765**

Another fine product  
Produced under the  
Auspices of the



*American  
Jewish  
Hysterical  
Society*

## ZIM GOLLY GOLLY: Lyrics

**ESTHER SCROLL** *Grogger sounds ring out in the Purim night  
Enter the rabbi through the synagogue door  
He wears a costume, and a crazy hat  
Carrying a bottle, and something more*

*Here is the story of the Esther Scroll  
A fun holiday, a joy to behold  
Especially when you do it here  
Where the same old Megillah you won't rehear  
we take fun seriouslee*

*(ooo –ahh 2X – watch for fiddle solo)  
All the Jewish rabbis wearing tallitot  
Are free to drink tequila and sit and gloat  
While Christian clergy prepare to promote  
Their solemn holiday, I don't mean Sukkot*

*Here is the story of the Esther scroll  
A crazy holiday with no self-control  
Especially at B'nai Sholom  
Where the same old megilah takes new life  
in the cold Albany night*

## **IT AIN'T ME, KING**

VASHTI

*Go way from my doorway  
Go way any way that you choose  
I'm not coming to your shindig  
Not after all that booze  
You say your looking for this queen  
To show up in my crown  
You didn't mention anything else,  
Not a necklace nor a pretty gown  
You want I should show up without a stitch?  
It Ain't Me, King,  
No, No, No. It ain't me, King.  
It ain't me who's showin' up, King*

## **THE QUEENS, THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'**

*Come gather you Persians, in Shushan town  
And see that Queen Vashti has lost her dear crown  
She's out on her tuchus, her misdeed reknowned  
And the king, on his own, is lonely  
He'll soon have a contest and cease feeling down,  
For the queens, they are a-changing'*

*Come eunuchs and ministers, your role is now clear  
You'll find lots of maidens to audition this year  
They'll come for a tryout, and then disappear,  
Except one, she'll be raised over Persia.  
We'll forget about Vashti, her throne is now clear,  
For the queens, they are a-changin'*

## **STUCK INSIDE OF SHUSHAN WITH THE JUDEAN BLUES AGAIN**

*Ahashuerus, he is lonely  
He's got no one by his side  
And my people, we've been shlepped here  
With no place left to hide  
    The Persians, they are OK  
    Among them we now reside  
    But I really want to go home,  
    And I don't mean stateside  
Oy, Tateh, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Shushan with the Judean Blues again*

*Benjamin was my ancestor  
Kish, he was one, too  
Here in the Diaspora  
I know I am a Jew  
I remember the Holy City  
    And justice, I'll always pursue  
    Just like it says in Deuteronomy  
    Written in Hebrew  
Gevult, Mameh, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Shushan with the Judean Blues again*

## TANGLED UP IN JEWS

*I] Early one morning, I got up  
Walked outside the gate  
Saw them all bow down to me  
'Cept one, he did vacillate  
    ]He never got down on his knees  
    Stood tall, while other bowed  
    I stared at him with hatred,  
    But he wasn't at all cowed  
I knew I'd get him, then I heard  
He wasn't from Persian soil  
He'd come in from Jerusalem  
OOO, that made my blood boil...I knew.. I was  
Tangled up with Jews!*

*II] Me, I was second to the King  
Advanced beyond my peers  
But when that guy stood up straight  
I saw he had no fears  
    I'd get even with Mordecai  
    I was angry, out of my mind  
    I'll take my vengeance not just on him  
    But with every one of his kind  
I knew I'd get him, not him alone  
But all those Judean born  
I'll bribe the king, and sealed with his ring  
There won't be one Jew left to mourn...at all..I was  
Tangled up with Jews.*

*III ] Their laws are theirs, their customs strange  
They're spread out over the land  
It makes no sense to tolerate  
These Jews I can't understand  
    We roll the dice, cast the lot  
    Pick a real good date  
    To kill the people of Mordecai  
    I'm ready, I just can't wait  
I'll wipe them off the face of the earth  
I'll be a hero for all time  
hey'll remember my deed with joy and mirth  
And not as an organized crime. No more..we'll be  
Hangin' up the Jews.*

**MR. CHRONICLE MAN (2003)**

KING

Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
In that rash-rash-rash-rash morning I'll be list'nin t'you

1. CHRONICLE MAN

Have you heard about the eunuchs who tried to kill the king,  
They completed not a thing,  
While Haman had the ring  
Cause Mordecai the Jew heard them scheming  
We haven't honored Mordecai, not even "Thanks a lot";  
Bupkes is what he got.  
And Haman's in the courtyard and he's preening.

ALL

Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
In that rash-rash-rash-rash morning I'll be list'nin t'you

2. KING

Haman, my good buddy, I've got a question here for you  
What should a good king do  
To honor one who's done for me a favor?

HAMAN

Get the Royal robe and steed,  
the royal crown and a prince indeed,  
Who'll lead him down the street for all to savor

ALL

Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
In that rash-rash-rash-rash morning I'll be list'nin t'you

3. KING

It's a great idea, O Haman, I'm grateful now to you.  
Find Mordecai the Jew  
And to him that's what you'll do  
Lead him through the streets of our fair city  
With my clothes and on my horse  
My crown and you, of course,  
I'm sorry if the road is kind of ...bumpy

ALL (FINAL chorus 4)

Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.  
Hey, Mr. Chronicle Man, read that book to me.  
In that rash-rash-rash-rash morning I'll be list'nin t'you

**JUST LIKE AN AMALEKITE**

*Nobody can kill all the Jews  
They tried before, in any era you peruse.  
Pharaoh tried his best,  
God's plan, it coalesced  
and we left Egypt, by God we were blessed.  
On the way, we were attacked from behind.*

***CHO:** Haman lies, just like an Amalekite, (yes he does)  
and he Cries, just like an Amalekite  
He draws flies, just like an Amalekite  
But he dies just like a mean old dog*

*Nebuchadnezzar came from Babylon  
Against Jerusalem, he declared war on  
Destroyed the Holy City  
To us that was a pity  
He shlepped us off to a town that's pretty gritty  
Then came Cyrus, who let us go.*

***CHO:** Haman lies, just like an Amalekite,  
and he Cries, just like an Amalekite  
He draws flies, just like an Amalekite  
But he dies just like a mean old dog*

**HANGIN' IN THE WIND**

*Why do they try to kill all the Jews  
When all other tries were for naught?  
Why do they try to do us all in,  
When we have good leaders who fought?  
Don't they acknowledget we'll outlive them all,  
Our hist'ry should be food for thought  
The ten sons of Haman are Hangin' in the wind,  
The ten sons are hangin' in the wind.*

*How many Pharaohs enslaved Yisrael  
Before they fled Egypt land?  
Yes n'now many Assyrians conquered the north  
And spread them all over as planned?  
Yes n' Babylonians -how many- burnt down the shrine  
That Temple so big and so grand?  
The ten sons of Haman are Hangin' in the wind,  
The ten sons are hangin' in the wind.*

*Haman we recall with our noisemakers loud,  
And blot out his name everytime  
Hadrian's remembered with very big crowds  
Yom Kippur's for noting that slime  
Hitler reminds us that hatred of Jews  
Is really no nursery rhyme  
The ten sons of Haman are Hangin' in the wind,  
The ten sons are hangin' in the wind. (2X)*

## **KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCKIN' ON SOMEONE'S DOOR**

*Mama, make some pastries filled with prune  
Three sides to each. and not four  
Give 'em to my friends as Mishloah manot  
And I'm ready to knock on someone's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on someone's door (4x)*

*Papa, put more hamentashen on my plate  
I see it needs a few more  
I'm getting ready for Mishloah manot  
And I'm ready to knock on someone's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on someone's door (4x)  
Ooo ooo ooo (2x)*

## **FOREVER JEW**

*May God save you from the Persians,  
May God save you from the Greeks  
May God save from the Seleucids, like Antiochus, that creep  
May God save you from the Romans,  
from Crusading soldiers, too  
May God keeeep you...Forever Jew  
Forever Jew, Forever Jew / May you stay Forever Jew.*

*May God save you from the villains  
May God save you from the clods  
May God save you from the people who worship other gods  
May God save you from shmegeees, from racist preachers too,  
But can God... save you from you?  
Forever Jew, Forever Jew/ May you stay Forever Jew.*

*As God saved you from the tyrants  
in days so long ago  
And God saved you from the masses, There is a quid pro quo  
God saved you for a purpose  
A covenant still stands  
May you stay...forever Jew  
Forever Jew, Forever Jew/ May you stay Forever Jew.*

*Some holidays are solemn  
And usually we eat  
For the holiday of Purim there is a special treat  
We drown away the name of him  
Who tried to kill us off  
Mir zeinen do...forever Jew  
Forever Jew, Forever Jew/ May you stay Forever Jew.*

**Reprise FOREVER JEW** *Forever Jew, Forever Jew  
May you stay Forever Jew.*

*We've celebrated Purim  
A holiday of fun  
We've used the great tunes  
of Robert Zimmerman.  
His parents, they were Jewish  
His children they are too.  
May yours be...Forever Jew.*

*Forever Jew, Forever Jew  
May yours be Forever Jew*

Many thanks to all the members of the  
**Rolling Megillah Revue**

Liz Davis, Sarah Davis, Shari Hoffman-Simsek, David Liebschutz, Libby Liebschutz, Ben Marvin, Hal Rosenthal, Judy Sagor, Ilyssa Simsek, Doug Smith, Sandra Zabarsky, Sophia Zabarsky; GUITARS: Phil Teumim, Rabbi Don Cashman, VIOLIN: David Ray

Both Bob Dylan and Rabbi Don Cashman were born in May/Iyar; are sons of men with the Hebrew name "Avraham"; married women named, in some manner, Sarah, and hung around on West Fourth Street in the Village. Bob had his legal name change approved on Don's Mom's birthday.

Songs are taken from these albums: *The Freewheelin' Vashti; Another Side of Shaashgaz; Shleppin it All Back Home; Jerusalem Skyline; Pat Garrett and Hegai the Eunuch; Before the Sermon; Blood on the Altar; The Genizah Tapes; Slow Hazzan Coming; and Oy, Rachmones;*

**For even more – and better - Jewish Dylan songs, don't miss Cantor Jeff Klepper when he comes to Albany on May 21 – 22 to help celebrate Bob Dylan's 64<sup>th</sup> birthday and Rabbi Don Cashman's 20 Years with B'nai Sholom, as it is written "Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift."**

"Shema is the song that we all know the words to so we all sing  
**LOUD"**