

The Latke Song

Music: Debbie Friedman
Arrangement: Naomi Feldman
and Loren Shevitz

Lead

Soprano

Tenor

Bass

L

S

T

B

5

am so mixed up that I can-not tell you, I'm sit-ting in this blen-der turn-ing brown, I've
por-tant that I have an un-der-stand-ing Of what it is that I'm sup-posed to do, You

L

S

T

B

9

made friends with the on-ions and the flo-ur, And the cooks are scout-ing o-il in
see there - are man-y who are home-less With no jobs no clothes and ver-y lit-tle

L

S

T

B

12

town, I sit here wond-ring what will come of me, I
food, It's so im-por-tant that we all re-mem-ber That

15

L can't be eat - en look - ing as I do, I need some - one to take me out and
 though we have most of the things we need, We must re - mem - ber those who have so

S

T

B

18

L cook me, Or I'll real - ly end up in a roy - al stew. I am a lat - ke, I'm a
 lit - tle, We must help them, we must be the ones to feed.

S

T

B

22

L lat - ke, And I am wait - ing for Cha - nu - kah to come, I am a

S

T

B

25

L lat - ke, I'm a lat - ke, And I am wait - ing for Cha - nu - kah to

S

T

B

28

L 1 2
 come. come. I am a lat - ke, I'm a lat - ke, And I am

S 1 2

T 1 2

B 1 2

32

L wait - ing for Cha - nu - kah to come, I am a lat - ke, I'm a

S 32

T 32

B 32

35

L lat - ke, And I am wait - ing for Cha - nu - kah to come.

S 35

T 35

B 35

39

L

S 39

T 39

B 39