

ORGANIZE YOUR SEDER!

from the NYC Jewish Labor Bund

So we break the matzo, drink four glasses, raise a beet, an orange, a tomato, and an olive. We tell the story and chuckle at it a little to ourselves. We ask four questions but there are a few more we need to answer if we're going to understand our moment:

- ★ *Ma nishtanah* literally means *What's changed? Vos hot zikh gebitn?* What's changed in the way we organize this past year?
- ★ How have we plagued our enemies this year? Any new cracks?
- ★ Matzo symbolizes hardship, not from a lack of ingredients or money, but from a lack of time to prepare. What are some ways we feel the oppressiveness of imposed haste? When do we wish we could take our time?
- ★ What does freedom mean in the belly of the beast?
- ★ Zionists use stories of the oppression of Jews, like the Exodus story and the Shoah, to give themselves moral authority when colonizing and attacking Palestinians. Does oppression give the oppressed moral authority? What does oppression give people?
- ★ The Passover seder always takes place around the same time of year as we commemorate the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. What makes the days people revolt different from all other days?



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John Brown's Body/Solidarity Forever/Move on Over

John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mold'ring in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

Solidarity forever x3
For the union makes us strong.

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun;
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one,
But the union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the union makes us strong.

[for Jewish orgs who tells us to "slow down"]

Move on over or we'll move on over you x3
O' the movement's moving on.

It is you who are subversive, you're the killers of the dream;
In a savage world of bandits it is you who are extreme.
And you never take your earmuffs off nor listen when we scream,
O' the movement's moving on.

Many noble dreams are dreamed by small and voiceless men;
Many noble deeds are done the righteous to defend;
We're here today, John Brown, to say we'll triumph in the end!
O' the movement's moving on

Solidarity forever x3
For the union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old,
For the union makes us strong.