

Songs of My Father's



Songs by Samuel Schuman

Compiled by Sandor Schuman
www.tothestory.com

VOL. VIII. S. SCHUMAN No. 29
2559-41 ST.
L I C N.Y.

BULLETIN
—of—
Congregation Beth-El
of Astoria

30-85 35TH STREET, LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1944

ADAR 29, 5704

VICTORY VARIETIES OF 1944

THE SHOW OF SHOWS

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1944

8:30 SHARP

In Our Social Hall

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00

LIGHTING OF THE SABBATH CANDLES, 6:59 P. M.

KABALATH SHABBATH SERVICE, 7:15

SATURDAY MORNING SERVICE, 8:45

SONGS OF MY FATHER'S
Songs by Samuel Schuman z"l

All songs
Copyright Samuel Schuman,
© 2005 Sandor Schuman

2 BULLETIN OF CONGREGATION BETH-EL OF ASTORIA

Published weekly from September to July by Congregation Beth-El of Astoria, 30-85 35th Street, Long Island City, N. Y. Annual subscription \$50. Single copy 5c. Entered as second-class matter, November 19, 1936, at the Post Office at Long Island City, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE SHOW OF SHOWS

Our Victory Varieties of 1944 promises to be the show of shows. Since the early days of shows there never was a show like this show. Because this show has everything. It has glamour, class, style, originality, genius. It has everything one can possibly think of, and more.

For example, here are some of the Hit Songs specially written (music and lyrics) for this occasion. The titles of the songs in themselves suggest originality. They are: "Say Tihlim," "On the Spiritual Side," "Belle of Beth-El," and "When Will Our Dream Come True?" (dedicated to the Zionist District of Astoria). Those of us who remember last year's show will recall only two song hits written for that occasion. This year the number has been more than doubled. Because of the wide popular demand the two hits of last year will be repeated. They are, "Adon Olam Past, Present and Future" and "I Worship You."

On the program are also included a variety of novelty dances, comedies and dramas and, believe it or not, a chorus of our Sisterhood women.

When we call this show Victory Varieties of 1944 we mean just that. We mean, first, that we hope this show will have taken place in the year of victory for the United Nations. Secondly, we mean varieties, varieties, and more varieties. Every act is something new, something different. Each act is crammed with fun, gaiety, laughter and, in order to make it really Jewish, even tears.

The price for a show of this magnitude is really amazingly low. Yes, you guessed it, just \$1.00. All tickets are in the charge of Esther Gershon. The committee selling tickets will account to Mrs. Gershon for all tickets sold. She may be reached on the telephone by calling Ravenswood 8-4488.

Rehearsals are taking place every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. All those participating in the show are asked to attend faithfully and on time.

HELEN EDLES
ESTHER GERSHON
MAE SCHIFFMAN
SAM SCHUMAN
Committee on Arrangements

TTSP

This Too Shall Pass Press
Albany, New York

SONGS OF MY FATHER'S
Songs by Samuel Schuman z"l

Introduction	ii
<i>Adon Olam</i> : Past-Present-Future	1
Say <i>Tehillim</i>	4
When Will Our Dream Come True?	7
On the Spiritual Side	9
When We March into Palestina	11
Was the World Worthwhile?	13
How are Things in Monticella?	15
Join the Z.O.A.	16
The <i>Shul</i> Belongs to Everyone	18
I Worship You	19
You Gotta Give it That Extra Push	22

INTRODUCTION

My father, Samuel Schuman *z”l*, wrote many songs. We have the sheet music, lyrics, or copyright records for 78 of them. Ten have Jewish themes; some incorporate Yiddish or Hebrew lyrics. Most of these were written for “Victory Varieties,” home-grown variety shows presented in 1943 and 1944 at Congregation Beth El of Astoria, New York, where he was an active member. (The announcement for the 1944 show is shown on the inside front cover.) While song writing was his life-long aspiration, he made his living as an electrician. Although he made several attempts, none of his songs were ever published commercially.

I grew up in the 1950s listening to his songs. He would be asked to sing them at family gatherings and social events. They were part of our family and community heritage.

This collection contains his Jewish-themed songs.

Sandor Schuman
Albany, New York
June, 2015

www.tothestory.com
sschuman@tothestory.com
518-229-8345

ADON OLAM: PAST-PRESENT-FUTURE

Traditional melodies in an arrangement with words and incidental music by Samuel Schuman, 1943

When I was small I went to *shul*
And every Friday night as a rule
Before going home we'd sing and hum
That sweet melody *Adon Olam*.

It used to lift my spirits high
My childhood cares and troubles would fly.
When things would go wrong I could find
some
Renewed spirit in *Adon Olam*.

The years flew by as years will fly
That sentimental kid became a hard-boiled
guy
And one day when I went to shul
It seemed that somehow they had changed
the rule.

Adon Olam was not the same
At first I thought it was a shame
The words remained just as before
But now it had a snappy and a modern
score.

It took no time and pretty soon
In fact before I knew it I could sing the tune.
Adon Olam was still OK
Although they sang it in a different way.

The rhythm and the lively swing
It was indeed a thrill to sing
I liked it in the modern way
And really I believed that it was here to
stay.

Adon Olam asher malach
B'terem kol y'tzir nivrah
L'ayt na'ahsah v'kheftzo kol
Ahzai melech sh'mo nikrah

(The following Yiddish verses may be
omitted; continue with "Another tune that's
new to me...")

Nu vie fiel niggun darfen mir?
Vos vil men hobben yetst fon dir
Adon Olam?

Der chazen zingt a posik und tzvey
Der oyiom muz shveigen, vos denken zei?
A voch noch a voch der niggun is nei
Vie fiel is der shir, mir hobben shein drei!

Another tune that's new to me
I think by 2023 ...

We'll be goin' some
When we sing *Adon Olam*
Its a sign of Kingdom Come.
It's the song of Israel on a plaintive chord.
The ancient glory of Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Lord

When we sing *Adon Olam*
Its a sign of Kingdom Come.
It's a major story on a minor chord.
The modern glory of Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Lord

So we sing *Adon Olam*
And we pray for Kingdom Come.
With a pen that's mightier than every sword
And children learning to Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the
Lord

So through the years by old and young
This ancient song will always be sung.
Adon Olam will still go on
When all tyrants of the world are gone.

~~~~~

## Yiddish Translation

So how many melodies do we need?  
What do they want from you now  
*Adon Olam?*

The cantor sings a line or two,  
The people keep quiet, but what are they thinking?  
Week after week it's a new tune;  
How many do we need, we already have three!

## Adon Olam: Past - Present - Future

Traditional melodies in an arrangement with words and incidental music by Samuel Schuman

**Piano Intro**

**VOICE**

1. I was small I went to shul and ev- ery Fri-day night as a rule be-  
 2. Used to lift my spi-rits high my child-hood cares & troub-les would fly when

fore go- ing home we'd sing and hum that sweet mel-o- dy A don e lom.... It  
 things would go wrong I could find some, re-newed spi-rit in A

**Piano Modulation To G Major**

don a lom. The years flew by as years will fly, the

sen- ti- men- tal kid be-came a hard-boiled guy and one day when I went to shul it

seemed that some-how they had changed the rule, A don o lom was not the

same at first I thought it was a shame the words re- mained just as be-

fore, but now it had a snap-py and a mod- ern score. **Piano Only**

It took no time and pre- tty soon, in fact be-fore I knew it I could

sing the tune, A don o lom was still O. K. al- though they sang it in a

dif- ferent way the rhy- thm and the live-ly swing it was in-deed a thrill to

sing I liked it in the mod- ern way and real-ly I believed that it was

Copyright 1943 by Samuel Schuman

here to stay. **PIANO MODULATION TO G MAJOR**

A 1. don o lom a  
2. Cha-zen zingt a

sher----mo lach be te----rem kol ye tzir----niv ro le  
pos- sik und tzvey der o- lom muz schvei-gen vos den-ken zey a

eis----na so be chef----tso kol a zai----me lech she  
voch noch a voch der nig-gum is nei vie fiel iz der shir mir

mo----nik ro, Nu vie fiel nig- gun darf- en mir vos  
hob- en shon drei, A noth- er tune that's new to me I

vil men hob-ben yetzt fun dir A don O-----lom----- Der  
think by nine-teen

**Allegando**

six-ty three we'll be go-ing some--- when we 1. sing A don o  
2. sing A don o

RIT.

lom, it's a sign of King-dom Come it's a maj- or sto-----ry on a  
lom, it's a sign of King-dom Come it's a song of Is-----rael on a

min- or chord, the mod-ern glo---ry of Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,  
plain-tive chord, the an-cient glo---ry of Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,  
Praise the Lord, when we Praise---the Lord---. **PIANO MODULATION TO E MINOR**

So

through the years by old and young this an- cient song will al-ways be sung, A

don o-----lom will still go on when all ty- rants of the

world are gone

For revised and updated lyrics, see above.

sschuman@exedes.com [www.tothestory.com](http://www.tothestory.com)

**SAY TEHILLIM**

Words and music by Samuel Schuman, 1944

The old time Jews used to get the blues  
 Even as you and I.  
 They had no pills to cure their ills  
 Or cigarettes that satisfy.

Once I asked an old man what  
 To do when things are not so hot.  
 He stroked his beard, he said, "Nu! Nu!  
 Why don't you do what we do?"

Say *Tehillim* when you're feeling sad  
 Say *Tehillim* when you're luck is bad  
 If you're blue you'll be glad when you Say *Tehillim*.

Say *Tehillim* and the Lord will bless  
 Each undertaking with success  
 Make a wish with *Ashrei ho-ish*, Say *Tehillim*.

Little David when he wrote the Psalms  
 He was well aware of whom to sing to  
 Never followed any false alarms  
 That baby knew whom to cling to.

Say *Tehillim* when you've got the blues  
 Say *Tehillim* when you hear bad news  
 Lose your care in a little prayer, Say *Tehillim*.

Say *Tehillim* when your hope is gone  
 Say *Tehillim* and you'll carry on  
 It's a cinch when you're in a pinch, Say *Tehillim*.

Say *Tehillim* when the road is long  
 Say *Tehillim* and you can't go wrong  
 When you're weak and you must be strong, Say *Tehillim*.

There is still another cure besides  
 Sulfanilamides and penicillin  
 You can find a greater peace of mind  
 Wrapped in your *tallis* and *tefillin*.

Your ship is just about to sail  
 Some journey where you mustn't fail  
 All is set but you need the gale, Say *Tehillim*.

*Tu on dos hittle; zug a kapitel; Tehillim!*

*Tehillim*: Praises. *Sefer Tehillim* (Book of Praises) is the Hebrew name of the Book of Psalms.  
*Nu*: "Well?" or "so?" (Yiddish exclamation)

*Ashrei ho-ish*: Happy is the man. These are the first words of Psalm 1.  
 Penicillin and sulfanilamides are "wonder drugs" that came into use in the 1940s.

*Tallis*: Prayer shawl.

*Tefillin*: Phylacteries. A set of two small leather boxes containing verses from the *Torah*.  
*Tu on dos hittle, zug a kapitel*: Put on your hat, open a page/ say a prayer.

"SAY TIHILIM"

WORDS & MUSIC  
BY  
SAMUEL SCHUMAN

**INTRO.**

**VERSE**

THE

OLD TIME JEWS — USED TO GET THE BLUES —

EV-EN AS YOU AND I, — THEY HAD NO PILLS TO

CURE THEIR ILLS OR CI-GAR-ETTES THAT SA-TIS-FY; —

ONCE I ASKED AN OLD — MAN WHAT TO DO WHEN THINGS ARE

RIT.

NOT SO HOT, HE STROKED HIS BEARD, HE SAID NOO! NOO!

WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT WE DO? SAY

**CHORUS**

TIHI-LIM WHEN YOU'RE FEEL-ING SAD, SAY  
TIHI-LIM WHEN YOU'RE HOPE IS GONE SAY

TIHI-LIM WHEN YOU'RE LUCK IS BAD — IF YOU'RE BLUE YOU'LL BE  
TIHI-LIM AND YOU'LL CAR-RY ON — IT'S A CINCH WHEN YOU'RE

GLAD WHEN YOU — SAY TIHI-LIM; SAY  
 IN A PINCH —

TIHI-LIM AND THE LORD WILL BLESS EACH UN-DE-R-TAK-ING WITH SUCCESS  
 TIHI-LIM WHEN THE ROAD IS LONG SAY TIHI-LIM AND YOU GANT GO WRONG

MAKE A WISH- WITH "ASH-REI HO-ISH"  
 WHEN YOU'RE WEAK- AND YOU MUST BE STRONG-

SAY TIHI-LIM; LIT-TLE DA — VID WHEN HE  
 THERE IS STILL AN-OTH-ER

WROTE THE PSALMS- HE WAS WELL A-WARE OF WHOM TO SING TO,  
 CURE BE-SIDES SUL-FA-NIL-IM-IDES AND PE-NICIL-LIN

NE-VER FOL-LOWED A-NY FALSE A-LARMS-  
 YOU CAN FIND- A GREAT-ER PEACE OF MIND-

THAT BA-BY KNEW WHOM TO CLING TO;  
 WRAPPED IN YOU'RE TA-LIS AND TFI- LIN SAY  
 YOU'RE

TIHI-LIM WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE BLUES SAY TIHI-LIM WHEN YOU HEAR BAD NEWS  
 SHIP IS JUST A-BOUT TO SAIL SOME YOUR-NEY WHERE YOU MUS-N'T FAIL-

LOSE YOU'RE CARE- IN A LIT-TLE PRAYER-  
 ALL IS SET- BUT YOU NEED THE GALE

SAY TIHI-LIM — LIM CODA →

CODA TU ON DOS HIT-TLE, ZIG A KA-PI-TEC

TIHI-LIM!

**WHEN WILL OUR DREAM COME TRUE?**

Words by Samuel Schuman, 1944  
 Music by Edvard Grieg: *Solveig's Song* from the *Peer Gynt Suite*

When I was a kid in the *cheder* where I went  
 We all sat around one day.  
 We talked of *Moshiach*, the Rabbi listened in  
 And we heard one fellow say,  
 "Moshiach is a hoax,  
 One of those Jewish jokes,"  
 The Rabbi said "No! No!  
 Moshiach is a dream,  
 For centuries the dream supreme,  
 The dream that must come true -- "

*Oy! Ribono Shel Olam*  
 When will our dream come true?  
 Let that *Shofar* blow, let your people know  
 Their destiny;  
 Take your children by the hand  
 Give your firm command  
 And lead us into the Promised Land.

I wish I could see my old Rabbi once again  
 Though he must be old and gray  
 I wonder if he has that *cheder* as of yore  
 And the *Talmud* who would say  
 "Moshiach is a hoax  
 One of those Jewish jokes,"  
 My Rabbi still says "No!"  
 Moshiach will yet come  
 We'll pray and pray for G-d's Kingdom  
 Moshiach will yet come --

*Oy! Ribono Shel Olam*  
 When will our dream come true?  
 Holy Father please make hostilities  
 Forever cease;  
 May the Biblical *Shalom*  
 Finally come home  
 And let the nations all live in Peace.  
 Peace!

*Original 1944 final chorus:*

*Oy! Ribono Shel Olam*  
 When will our dream come true?  
 Let the British wake  
 Let them not forsake us  
 Hear my plea!  
 Tell them not to hesitate  
 Open wide the gate  
 And lead us into a land that's free.  
 Free!

# WHEN WILL OUR DREAM COME TRUE

Words by Samuel Schuman; Music by Edvard Grieg: Solveig's Song from the Peer Gynt Suite



When I was a kid in the cheder where I went we all



sat a-round one day-- We talked of Mo-shi-ach the



Rabbi list-ened in and we heard one fel-low say-- Mo-



shi-ach is a hoax one of those Jew-ish jokes, the Rabbi said "No! No! Mo"



shi-ach is a dream for cent-uries the dream su-preme, the dream that must come



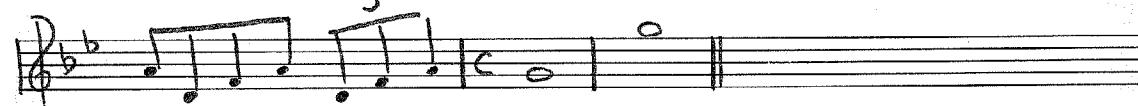
true (chorus) Oy! Ni-boy- noy Shel Oy- lom when will our dream come



true? Let that Shofar blow, let your people know their destiny



Take your children by the hand Give them your firm command



and lead us into the Promised Land.

**ON THE SPIRITUAL SIDE**

Words by Samuel Schuman, Music by Anthony J. Messina and Dan Franklin, 1944

When life begins to bore you  
Let heaven be your guide  
You'll find a new horizon  
On the Spritual Side.

And should success evade you  
Although you know you've tried  
You'll find new inspiration  
On the Spritual Side.

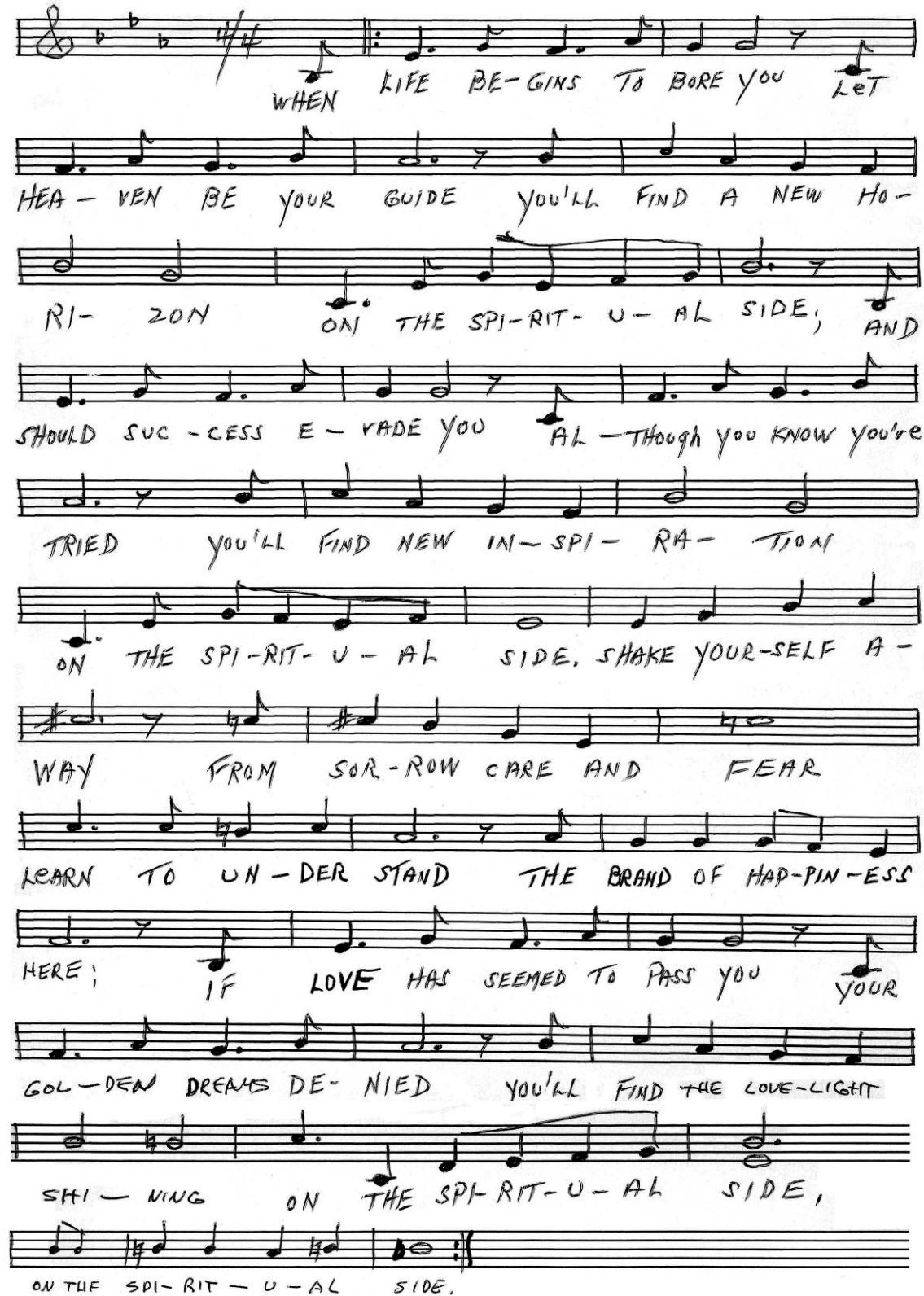
Shake your self away form sorrow, care, and fear.  
Learn to understand the brand of happiness here.

If love (luck) has seemed to pass you  
Your golden dreams (wishes all) denied  
You'll find the love light shining (feel new hope arising)  
On the Spritual Side.

On the Spritual Side.

## On the Spiritual Side

Words by Samuel Schuman, Music by Anthony J. Messina &amp; Dan Franklin, 1944


 WHEN LIFE BE-GINS TO BORE you LET  
 HEA- VEN BE your GUIDE you'll FIND A NEW HO-  
 RI- ZON ON THE SPI-RIT- U- AL SIDE, AND  
 SHOULD SUC-CESS E- VADE you AL-THough you KNOW you're  
 TRIED you'll FIND NEW IN-SPI- RA- TION  
 ON THE SPI-RIT- U- AL SIDE, SHAKE YOUR-SELF A-  
 WAY FROM SOR-ROW CARE AND FEAR  
 LEARN TO UN-DER STAND THE BRAND OF HAP-PIN-ESS  
 HERE; IF LOVE HAS SEEMED TO PASS you YOUR  
 GOL-DEAN DREAMS DE- NIED you'll FIND THE LOVE-LIGHT  
 SHI- NING ON THE SPI-RIT- U- AL SIDE,  
 ON THE SPI-RIT- U- AL SIDE.

**WHEN WE MARCH INTO PALESTINA**

Words by Samuel Schuman, 1948(?)

Originally written to the tune of *Victory Polka*, by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne, 1943

Original music by Sandor Schuman, 1998

We're gonna sing a hearty "Mazel Tov!"  
 After we regain the land we love  
 And the skies will all be blue above  
 When we march into Pa-les-ti-na.

We're gonna give that land a brand new birth,  
 Cultivate the soil and plow the earth  
 And we'll make it bloom for all its worth  
 When we march into Pa-les-ti-na.

Centuries it has been written  
 Sons of Israel return  
 And when we get rid of Britain  
 Our eternal light will burn.

There'll be a streak of blue across the sky  
 With the Star of David flying high  
 And the Jewish faith will never die  
 When we march into Pa-les-ti-na. Amen!

## A note about this song

Years after he died, I was surprised to find there was yet another Jewish-themed song he had written but that I had never heard. When Sheila, eldest of my three sisters, sang it for me it became clear why I had never heard it. As the youngest of the family I had arrived too late! It was too topical; bound to its time. Like another song that I similarly discovered, "Join the ZOA," it was a Zionist song; it foreshadowed the formation of the Jewish homeland. Once the State of Israel came into being it was no longer timely and he dropped it from his repertoire.

*When We March Into Palestina* was written by my father in 1944 with the tune of the *Victory Polka*, written by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne in 1943 and recorded by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters. In 1998, I entered it into a Jewish songwriting contest but, since the words and music had to be original, I wrote a new melody for it.

My sister, Sheila, told me the following true story.

The day – or maybe it was the day after – Israel was declared a state, I came home from school, and the first thing I always did when I came home was I turned on the radio. And just as I turned it on the news announcer said, "The sky was streaked with blue today as the Star of David flew high over the newly declared State of Israel." So his words came true, word for word.

## When We March into Palestina

Words: Samuel Schuman; Music: Sandor Schuman



We're gon-na sing a hear-ty "Ma - zel Tov!" af - ter  
 We're gon-na give that land a brand new birth, cul - ti-  
 There'll be a streak of blue a - cross the sky with the



- we re - gain the land we love, and the skies will all be  
 vate the soil and plow the earth, and we'll make it bloom for  
 Star of Da - vid fly - ing high and the Jew - ish faith will



blue a - bove when we march in - to Pa - le - sti-na.  
 all its worth when we march in - to Pa - le - sti-na. Cen - tur-ies it has been  
 ne - ver die when we march in - to Pa - le - sti-na. Amen!



writ-ten, Sons of Is - ra - el re - turn; and when we get rid of



Brit-ain, our e - ter-nal light will burn.

Copyright 1944 Samuel Schuman  
 Copyright 1998 Sandor Schuman

**W A S T H E W O R L D W O R T H W H I L E ?**

Words and adaptation of traditional melody by Samuel Schuman, 1960

Traditional melody: Blessing before reading the Haftarah

There once was a prophet  
Who predicted in his writings  
That the world would go under.

Creation, he stated,  
Was a great celestial blunder  
And mankind would be destroyed  
Within the wrath of its own lightning and thunder.

Still as we silently pray  
With the birth of each day  
And we ponder the sunrise  
The early dawn that comes creeping  
The glory of a curly head sleeping.

We then remember that the word was worthwhile.

Copyright 1960 by Samuel Schuman

*"Was The World Worth While?"*

LYRIC & MUSICAL  
ADAPTATION BY  
SAM SCHUMAN

*SLOWLY-BROADLY*

*3/4*

THERE ONCE WAS A PRO-PHET WHO PRE-  
DIC-TED, IN HIS WRITINGS, THAT THE WOR-LD WOULD GO  
UN-DER; — CRE-A-TION, HE STA-TED, WAS A  
GREAT CE-LESTI-AL BLUN-DER — AND  
MAN-KIND WOULD BE DES-TR oyED — WITH-IN THE  
WRATH OF ITS OWN LIGHT-NING AND THUN-DER! —  
FF

STILL AS WE SI-LENT-LY PRAY *pp*  
WITH THE BIRTH OF EACH DAY  
AND WE PON-DER THE SUN-RISE, THE EAR-LY  
DAWN THAT COMES CREEP-ING, — THE GLO-RY OF A  
CUR-LY HEAD SLEEP-ING, — WE THEN RE-MEM-BER THAT THE  
WORLD WAS WORTH WHILE. — *11.* *12.* WORLD WAS WORTH WHILE. —

*COPYRIGHT 1960 BY S. SCHUMAN*

## HOW ARE THINGS IN MONTICELLA?

Words by Samuel Schuman

Written to *How Are Things in Glocca Morra?* Words by E. Y. Harburg, music by Burton Lane, 1946

How are things in Monticella?

In that lovely summer rendezvous

Where the city folks come out to play, you hear them say,  
*Siz a Gan Eden du* (This is the Garden of Eden/ Paradise).

How are things in Monticella?

Is that dining room still standing there?

Does the waiter with the greedy eyes still swat the flies,  
And does he ever care if they get in a  
Bowl of *smetina* (sour cream).Do the wives all tell their husbands what they did throughout the week  
When the boys come out for weekends, Tooralay.

How are things in Monticella this fine day?

How are things in Monticella?

Is that small casino still so gay?

Do they feed the folks who stay awake some tea and cake  
Before they hit the hay?

How are things in Monticella

In that puddle that they call a lake?

Do the bathing beauties by the beach stay out of reach  
And do the boys and girls sing *Hatikvah* there,  
By that *mikvah* (ritual bath) there?  
Do the good girls sit around while all the bad girls go to town  
While the old folks shake their heads and sigh "Oy vey." (Woe is me)  
How are things in Monticella this fine day.

How are things in Monticella?

Is the little place alive or dead?

Do they pack them in each weekend so you never know  
Who's sleeping in your bed.

How are things in Monticella?

Is that dinner menu still the same?

And for breakfast if you come in late, they say you ate  
And do the fill you up 'till you sicken there  
From boiled chicken there.Do the wives all make their husbands shell out lots of extra dough  
Then they lose it playing poker thru the day  
How are things in Monticella this fine day?

How are things in Monticella?

Where the hotel owner is no fool.

In September for the Holy Days he knows it pays  
Converting to a *shul* (synagogue).

How are things in Monticella?

In that modern sportsman's paradise

Where they tell you they have every sort of outdoor sport  
But should you dare to ask for the handball court  
Then they cut you short.So you give them your opinion and prepare to go away  
But they need you for the *minyan* (prayer quorum) so you stay.  
How are things in Monticella this fine day?

**JOIN THE Z.O.A.****Words and music by Samuel Schuman, 1944**

Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
Carry out your obligation. Join the Z. O. A.  
Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
Help us build a mighty nation. Join the Z. O. A.

Tell you wife there's room for her with such a lovely view,  
We've an active and attractive Hadassah too.  
So hurry don't delay, join with us today.  
And we'll have another brother. Join the Z. O. A.

Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
Get to be another booster. Join the Z. O. A.  
Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
Ev'ry grocer, Schneider Schuster. Join the Z. O. A.

What the heck'll we get if you join us you may ask,  
Ev'ry *shekel* (coin) we get helps us complete the task.  
So hurry don't delay, join with us today.  
Serve yourself a dish of *yishuv*, join the Z. O. A.

Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
Ev'ry member get a member. Join the Z. O. A.  
Join the Z. O. A. Join the Z. O. A.  
January thru December. Join the Z. O. A.

Let us try, solidify our forces more and more,  
And with pride we'll open wider that open door.  
So hurry don't delay, join with us today.  
Now the dream of Israel is real. Join the Z. O. A.

*Join The Z. O. A.* BY SAM SCHUMAN

INTRO: SNAPPY

VOICE!

JOIN THE Z. O. A. JOIN THE Z. O.

A. CAR-RY TO BE OUT YOUR OB-LI-GA-TION  
GET 'RY MEM-BER O-THER BOOST-TER  
GET A MEM-BER

JOIN THE Z. O. A. JOIN THE Z. O. A.

JOIN THE Z. O. A. HELP US BUILD GRO-CER,  
JAN- 'RY JAN- 'RY

MIGHT-Y NA-TION HA-DAS-SAH TOO, SO  
"SCHNEIDER" "SCHUS-TER" COM-PLETE THE TASK, SO  
THRU DE-CEM-BER THAT O-PEN DOOR, SO

JOIN THE Z. O. A.

TELL YOUR WIFE, THERE'S ROOM FOR HER WITH SUCH A LOVE-LY VIEW,  
WHAT THE HECK-LL WE GET IF YOU JOIN US YOU MAY ASK,  
LET US TRY SO LI-DI-FY YOUR FORCES MORE AND MORE,  
WE'VE AN AC-TIVE AND AT-TRA-C-TIVE HA-DAS-SAH TOO, SO  
EV-RY SHEK-EL WE GET HELPS US COM-PLETE THE TASK, SO  
AND WITH PRIDE WE'LL O-PEN WI-DER THAT O-PEN DOOR, SO

HURRY DON'T DE-LAY, JOIN WITH US TO-DAY

AND WE'LL HAVE AN O-THER BRO-THER  
SERVE YOURSELF A DISH OF YISH-UV  
MOW THE DREAM OF IS-RAEL IS REAL JOIN THE Z. O. A.

No. 4. 12 Staves (Medium)

**THE SHUL BELONGS TO EVERYONE**

Words by Samuel Schuman, 1948

Written to *The Best Things in Life are Free*.

Words by Buddy DeSylva and Lew Brown, music by Ray Henderson, 1927

The *shul* belongs to everyone  
The best things in life are free.  
The social hall, the *kiddush* room  
Belong both to you and me.  
The *gabbai*, the *shul*  
The *rabbi* the school  
The *sforim* (books) divine, they're yours, they're mine.  
We also have a sisterhood  
The best things in life are free!  
  
The *shul* belongs to everyone  
The best things in life are free.  
The kitchen and the boiler room  
Belong both to you and me.  
Those sweet melodies,  
Our choir so fine.  
The Board of Trustees!!!  
They're yours – they're mine.  
But for this Diamond Jubilee  
You just had to pay the fee!

## I WORSHIP YOU

Words and music by Samuel Schuman, 1943

Boy In Hebrew School I was such a fool  
I didn't know *aleph* from *baze*.

Girl The girls all knew I was stuck on you  
And I spent my time in a daze.

Boy Through the years it still appears that you are my devotion  
So I wrote this song to help along in showing my emotion.

Boy Every time I pray I always say  
My dreams will soon come true;  
You're my *Chumash*, my *Rasha*, so *frayg nicht kein kashe* (don't ask any questions),  
I Worship You.

Every time I look into a book  
Your face comes into view;  
You're *Tanach*, you're *Gemorrah*, the Queen of the *Borah* (Borough),  
I Worship You

You're my *Shacharis*, my *Musaf*, my *Mincha*, my *Ma'ariv* and more  
My *Krishma*, my *Benchin*, do I have to mention  
You're what I'm praying for, so  
Never worry dear, and never fear  
That I may be untrue;  
You'll be cute as a *vible* (little wife), you're my Holy Bible,  
I Worship You

Girl Every time I pray I always say  
My dreams will soon come true;  
You posses *alle myles* (all the good traits)  
So *frayg nicht kein shyles* (don't ask any questions),  
I Worship You

Every time I cook, or bake a cake  
Your face comes into view;  
You're the *leffel* (spoon), the *teller* (plate), I'm tellin' you feller,  
I Worship You

You're my *simcha* (gladness), my *naches* (satisfaction/ proud enjoyment),  
My glory, my *tachles* (purpose/ reason for being) and more  
My *glick* (happiness) and my *frayden* (joy), my dream of *Gan Aden* (*Paradise*)  
You're what I'm praying for, so  
I should worry dear and I should fear  
Until this draft is through,  
For a *Cohen* or *Levi* can still join the Navy,  
I Worship You

Together, facing the audience  
Thanks for coming here, you've been so dear  
And we're most thankful too  
But the truth of the thing is, what we "wanna" sing is  
We Worship You!

Copyright 1963 Samuel Schuman

# "I Worship You"

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
SAMUEL SCHUMAN

**INTRO.**

(Boy) IN HE-BREW SCHOOL I WAS SUCH A FOOL — I DID-N'T KNOW "A-LEPH" FROM  
 "BAZE" (GIRL) THE KIDS ALL KNEW — I WAS STUCK ON YOU — AND  
 (Boy) I SPENT MY TIME IN A DAZE; THRU THE YEARS IT STILL AP-PEARS THAT  
 YOU ARE MY DE-VO-TION — SO I WROTE A SONG — TO  
 HELP A-LONG — IN SHOW-ING MY E-MO-TION: —

**CHORUS**

(Boy) EV'RY TIME I PRAY I AL-WAYS SAY — MY DREAMS WILL SOON COME TRUE  
 (GIRL) YOU'RE MY "CHU-MISH" MY "RA-SHE" SO FREG NICHT KEIN KA-SHE  
 (Boy) YOU'RE MY "CHU-MISH" MY "RA-SHE" SO FREG NICHT KEIN KA-SHE  
 (GIRL) YOU POS-SESS AL-LE MY-LES SO FREG NICHT KEIN SHY-LESS  
 I WOR-SHIP YOU; — EV'RY TIME I LOOK IN — TO A BOOK — YOUR  
 EV'RY TIME I COOK OR BAKE A CAKE — YOUR

FACE COMES IN-TO VIEW — YOU'RE "TE-NACH" YOU'RE GE-MOR-ROH THE  
 FACE COMES IN-TO VIEW — YOU'RE THE LEF-EL THE TEL-LER I'M  
 QUEEN OF THE BOR-OUGH  
 TELLING YOU FEL-LER I WOR-SHIP YOU, —

YOU'RE MY "SHACH-RIS", MY "MU-SAF", MY "MIN-CHA", MY  
 YOU'RE MY SIM-CHA, MY NA-CHES MY GLO-RY MY

"MY-RIV" AND MORE — MY "KRISH-MA", MY "BEN-CHIN", DO  
 TACH-LES AND MORE — MY CLICK AND MY FREY-DEN MY

I HAVE TO MENTION YOU'RE WHAT I'H PRAY-ING FOR SO  
 DREAM OF 'GAN-A-DEM

NE-VER WOR-RY DEAR AND NE-VER FEAR THAT I MAY BE UN-TRUE  
 I SHOULD WOR-RY DEAR AND I SHOULD FEAR UN-til THE DRAFT IS THRU,

YOU'LL BE CUTE AS A VI-BLE YOU'RE MY HO-LY BI-BLE  
 FOR A COY-EN OR LAY-VEE CAN STILL JOIN TH NA-VY

I WOR-SHIP YOU, —

3RD CHORUS: THEY SING THEIR RESPECTIVE LINES INDIVIDUALLY  
 THEN THE LAST 8-BARS TOGETHER, THUS: FACING THE AUDIENCE  
 THANKS FOR COMING HERE, YOU'VE BEEN SO DEAR

AND WE'RE MOST THANKFUL TOO;  
 BUT THE TRUTH OF THE THING IS  
 WHAT WE "WANNA" SING IS WE WORSHIP YOU !!!  
 (POINTING TO AUDIENCE)

No. 10C  
 10 STANDARD STAVE

**Y O U G O T T A G I V E I T T H A T E X T R A P U S H**

Words and Music by Samuel Schuman

Chorus:

A little girl was in a swing  
 She tried to go up high  
 Her playmate shouted from below  
 You can make it if you try.

You gotta give it that extra push  
 You gotta give it that extra push  
 You gotta give it that extra,  
 Give it that extra  
 Give it that extra push.

A certain item wouldn't sell  
 The firm was in the red  
 The boss called all the salesmen in  
 Here's exactly what he said.

You try to take a hill in high  
 You nearly reach the top  
 And when you think you've made the grade  
 Then the car decides to stop.

The crowd got in the crowded bus  
 The rain came down like sin  
 A fat man tried to get inside  
 But he only got half way in.

The hall was full of people who  
 Were in no mood for jest  
 The elevator wouldn't come  
 'Cause the button wasn't pressed.

The dentist has to pull your tooth  
 No longer can it thrive  
 The needle goes five inches in  
 But the nerve is still alive.

The tuba player in a band  
 Was very good no doubt  
 He pressed the valve, he blew and blew  
 But the note would not come out.

I know a guy who's six foot six  
 At football he's a cinch  
 He ran for touchdown 90 yards  
 And he missed it by an inch.

Two men were moving one piano  
 You should hear them shout  
 They jammed it in between two doors  
 And it wouldn't move in or out.

The juke box simply wouldn't play  
 Went dead without a doubt  
 The serviceman said "can't you see  
 That the plug is half way out!"

Contractions coming faster now  
 Delivery soon with luck  
 But labor turns night into day  
 Could it be this baby's stuck?

You "GOTTA" Give IT

THAT EX-TRA Push.

VERSE:

A LIT-TLE GIRL WAS IN A SWING She  
 A CERTAIN ITEM WOULD-N'T SEE The  
 TRIED TO GO UP HIGH - HER PLAY-MATE SHOUTED FROM BE-LOW  
 FIRM WAS IN THE RED The BOY CALLED ALL THE SALES-MAN IN

CHORUS: HERE'S EX-ACT-LY WHAT HE SAID.

you "GOT-TA" Give IT THAT EX-TRA Push —  
 you "GOT-TA" Give IT THAT EX-TRA Push —  
 you "GOT-TA" Give IT THAT EX-TRA Give IT THAT  
 EX-TRA Give IT THAT EX-TRA Push —.

VAMP :: 2 ::