

Woody Guthrie, Hanuka Bell

Dinga lingle lingle, I ring your bell
Knocka knock knockie knock at your door
The week of Hanuka now is here
And you must be sad no more

I'll help you clean and scrubbity scrub
I'll dress you pretty and sweet, sweet, sweet,
I'll dance you right out your door, door, door,
And you must be sad no more.

Here's my old man that drives my old horse
Hitched up to my junky old cart
His clothes look older than you and me
But he talks with a song in his heart

Grandma tells tales of old Hanuka times
Us kids walk all back to those years
She waves both her hands and a fire lights her eye
And she never looks sad anymore.

Hanuka time is the time for us all
To tell things that troubled our minds
To untie old knots of bad feelings we've had
And try not to look sad anymore

It's dinga lingle lingle, I dingle your bell
Yes, I knocka knock knock at your door
Eight days of sweet Hanuka make me feel like new
So I don't look so sad anymore