

## Woody Guthrie "Hanuka Bell"

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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

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