

(5)

Townsfolk now began to grieve,  
For the \_\_\_\_\_ refused to leave,  
And there was no \_\_\_\_\_ to see,  
As if the snow had ceased to be.

They grew more and more \_\_\_\_\_  
Night and day the \_\_\_\_\_ all prayed,  
Filled the \_\_\_\_\_ with singing;  
\_\_\_\_\_ set the churchbells ringing.

Things were getting serious now—  
\_\_\_\_\_ took a solemn vow:  
“Come, dear snow, and if you do,  
I promise I’ll be \_\_\_\_\_ and true.”

They bought no rolls or other treats;  
Now, they hurried through the streets  
Buying \_\_\_\_\_s—\_\_\_\_\_ and bright,  
To guide them through the town at night.

Well—something else this town has got  
Is a \_\_\_\_\_ named Tsingl Khvat.  
A special fellow, this boy Tsingl,  
You see, he didn’t \_\_\_\_\_ a single

Thing at all—He said, “Who cares?  
You think we’ll be attacked by \_\_\_\_\_?  
Who needs a lantern? Not for me!  
I’d rather go my own way, see?”

The other fellows sat and stared:  
“Could our Tsingl not be scared?”  
What Tsingl said was always true—  
So they asked, “What would he do?”

(6)

That night, the \_\_\_\_\_ began to chime.  
The rebbe said, “Well, now, it’s time  
For boys to set out on their way—  
School is finished for the day.”

No sooner had the rebbe spoken  
But the evening’s calm was broken.  
Boys began to yell, to fight:  
“Who can give my \_\_\_\_\_ a light?”

Then they all went out together  
In the wet and gloomy weather.  
Though their lamps shone red and bright,  
Each was \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_, a little tot  
Spoke up, “\_\_\_\_\_ is Tsingl Khvat?”  
They called, “Tsingl, are you there?”  
But Tsingl wasn’t anywhere.

They looked up, and they looked down  
’Til, in the middle of the town  
They saw Tsingl fall down, plop!  
In the \_\_\_\_\_, from toe to top.

What an uproar! What to—do!  
One boy shouted, “I’ll save you!”  
But he wasn’t brave enough  
To wade through all that muddy stuff.

Tsingl sang out \_\_\_\_\_,  
“I like the mud! Just let me be!”  
But though he tossed and squirmed about,  
Tsingl couldn’t wriggle out.

All the boys cried, “Tsingl, Tsingl!”  
They should help, but every single  
Boy knew all too well the rule:  
Come straight \_\_\_\_\_ right after school!

(7)

Deep in \_\_\_\_\_ our Tsingl stayed;  
Now, would he become afraid?  
Tsingl told himself, “Ho-hum,  
I can wait ’til morning comes.

I’ll just go to \_\_\_\_\_ here, out  
of doors—” \_\_\_\_\_ then, it came about:  
A \_\_\_\_\_ rode by—what luck!  
And saw that Tsingl Khvat was stuck.

He drove his horse straight into town.  
Then, from his mount, the man reached down  
Stretched his hand out—\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_,  
And pulled up Tsingl—he was \_\_\_\_\_!

This nobleman was kind and \_\_\_\_\_;  
He held him as a father would.  
But Tsingl didn’t want to stay  
And tried to pull himself away.

The man asked Tsingl, “Tell me, now,  
I see you have no \_\_\_\_\_! How  
Then do you find your way \_\_\_\_\_?”  
Tsingl laughed with all his might.

“\_\_\_\_\_?” Tsingl said, “Who cares?  
You think I’ll be attacked by \_\_\_\_\_?  
Who needs a lantern? Not for me!  
I’d rather go my own way, see?”

The noble asked him, “Are you sure?  
Can it really be that you’re  
Not scared at all?” “No, sir, I’m not—  
That’s why they call me Tsingl Khvat.”

That some boy could be so much  
At ease before a noble such  
As he was, made the man so glad  
That he told this brave young lad,

(To be continued...)