I have a story here to tell
To all my children—you as well.
Hush, dear friends, be very still—
Hear my story, if you will.

There's a land that's quite remote,
Beyond the reach of train or boat;
Even traveling by horse
couldn't bring you there on course.

In this far-off land we find
A valley, and right through it winds
A river, stretching like a string,
Thin and straight as anything.

Near the river, on each shore
Stand some houses, and, what's more
There are streets, a market too,
And a mountain in full view.

Jews and Christians live like brothers,
Sharing, helping one another,
Always glad to lend a hand—
All's well in this far-off land.
האב א מעשה הך א שעתה
ופא דיקנבר ממידך קדישא.
וינש קדישא, יושאר עין שן.
כ眦ים, מדלי מעשה הך אבא.

זירת ויתם, ויתם, ויתם פן דסבנא.
זיגנץ שפרעפי נפשו באנתן.
שפרעפי, גבשל עאן ואפרך.
ואין עין ויתם פון פפרך א בכר.

ואן דק גון און די אינך
יוצצ'י זרעם ביעביס זסרימ
והרפי און פריי און וער אין גון.
יושאר הושע עשה ענווה עני בורימ.
Then, it happened, one fine day,
That the summer went away—
Well, now, what is there to fear?
Summer runs off every year!

Winter comes before you know;
Covers everything with snow—
Houses, mountain, marketplace—
All entwined with frosty lace.

All about the world is bright
In its dress of snowy white;
Just like this the valley stays
'Til Pesach comes—and milder days.

Peasants come from all around,
Driving sleighs right into town.
Every sleigh is piled high
With geese and wood, with hay and rye.

Jews are running everywhere,
Selling here and buying there,
Faces shining as they say,
"What a splendid market day!"
Gangs of boys go skating by,
Squealing, wheeling, as they fly
Over ice as blue and fair
As the sparkling winter air.

Other fellows race downhill,
Sledding, flying, then they spill,
Tumbling, screaming as they go
'Til they land in banks of snow.

Children using all their might
Roll up snowballs, big and white,
Stack them up as best they can,
Make themselves a fine snowman

With a nose and mouth and eyes.
And the snowman, good and wise,
Watches one boy rub his ear
And whisper, "Stay 'til spring this year."
Squealing on
Over ice
As the snow
Sledding in
Tumbling "Til they fall
Children
Roll up
Stack them
Make them
With a rod
And there the Frosty man
Watches them
And when he

Tales of Gomorrah

drawn by Chagall
But this year, as it turned out,
Winter never came about.
It was damp and dark as pitch—
Just like living in a ditch!

How the rains did fall and fall—
Winter wasn’t there at all.
There wasn’t any snow to see—
Snow had simply ceased to be.

And the market turned to muck.
Take one step, and you’d get stuck.
Try to travel, if you please—
Streets oozed right up to your knees!

A peasant with his horse and cart
Tried to cross the mud-filled mart;
Cracked his whip, “I won’t be stopped!”
Poor horse—pulled until it dropped.

Then, a coachman passing through
Got his wagon stuck there, too.
How he ranted, how he cursed!
But he sank down all the worse.

All the little boys in school
Studied late, as was the rule.
But to cross the mud at night
Gave them all an awful fright.
ובער דעם ואיז מאפים במגעים,
ואז דעם וענש ער צע rôle
בם אול סオススメו וה גזירה.
כנטש איז געה אריצי פומ שטוש.

ואז א רעון אקעס גבעוש
נימ ררי יראנייר. סנءר ררי אפריק.
ואז קקסי ריני איז י בי צערון.
וריד קיו לעיני איז ביכ געוהו.

בלאוסט איז איז מאפים גawaiter
נימ צי געוה איז דע מפאך.
בינאך אול מגיצי—ראני אול ריו.
ואז ס' אויב בלואסן בי דיו קינע.

איא די ארבעסַיא, ווי דער סדר.
ערערער וענשער שיפעם ציא תודר.
העבּאוו ייז גאראשק קשאָרג.
געוה איז בלואסן דורוכך מדיק.
Townsfolk now began to grieve,
For the mud refused to leave,
And there was no snow to see,
As if the snow had ceased to be.

They grew more and more afraid—
Night and day the Jews all prayed,
Filled the synagogue with singing;
Christians set the churchbells ringing.

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

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

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

Thing at all—He said, “Who cares?
You think we’ll be attacked by bears?
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?”
אף מתנשף הייbestosו
ותוס דר בקובעט קאנוב יתוריער
ותוס קים שיני אדם בינ ווהט
וזי קים שאני אז רב תוריער.

האוכס מתנשף יק תוריערסקא
נורם קברגנעל אק פאר עקאא
גואר מיטאפאנעל אק שוק
וזי דרברשת שך ו𬸦ט מיל.

آن דר אגרנסקא פון דמע חזר
ועדער איינגל טאמ א דזר
כתרג קים ויטנייב נא פאר ביצער
וידעל אק מיטאפאנעל באטן
דערן מארק ביטנאעמ פארליי.

יאנגרקל זיק יערנעם שוריסק
אלא הויס נוי אז קימנ
צידעל חואט ועס קינמסאפ ני
וע אי דאל גיט ייק שפדוי.

Townsfolk now were there,
For the mud was there.
And there was snow,
As if the snow.

They grew more light.
Night and day.
Filled the space.
Christians set.

Things were good.
Schoolboys too.
"Come, dear,"
I promise I'll.

They bought oil.
Now, they hung.
Buying lante-
To guide their
That night, the clock 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 lamp a light?”

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

All at once, a little tot
Spoke up, “Where 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 mud, 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 happily,
“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 home right after school!
ככ אל נראת, כי אין ישונין.
ויתמר רבי אברהם ויניצה,
ויהי אלי אומרו אידך קים?
ככ מדע, וב שום היהון.

והעם א ליצるもの. שונים א ינכי.
והעם א ליצ המר א ינכי. זנכניה,
ויהי צנכניה צנכניה,
שנ冊ך דאם ינכנך וך עניך.

צנכניה שטמע הכ אולכמע מרטהיך.
ואל צעונגה וך פרעלווכך: חコン.
והאפרכ וך, דארעוכ וך, צימך וך אスペ.
קינא מוי בכם ענכיomain.

והעם א ליצמר: צנכניה.
זנכניה צנכניה.

פורציסכנב ותעך ופל טוסן.
𬤇ינע טע מך. א בכמה.
ואל אלי בכמה בני קמא.

That night,  
The Rabbi  
For boys  
School is  

No sooner  
But the echo  
Boys began  "Who can  

Then the  
In the west  
Though the  
Each war.

All at once  
Spoke up  
They called  
But Tsina
Deep in mud our Tsingl stayed; 
Now, would he become afraid? 
Tsingl told himself, "Ho-hum, 
I can wait 'til morning comes.

I'll just go to sleep here, out 
of doors—" But then, it came about: 
A nobleman 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—one, two, three—
And pulled up Tsingl—he was free!

This nobleman was kind and good; 
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 lantern! How 
Then do you find your way at night?"
Tsingl laughed with all his might.

"Lantern?" Tsingl said, "Who cares? 
You think I'll be attacked by bears? 
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,
Deep in mud and mire
He drove his horse
He held him by the reins
And pulled up near the house.

This nobleman
Stretched his hand
And tried to take a seat.

The man asked, "Lantern?"
You think I'll light the way?
Who needs a lantern? I'd rather go on my own.
“I’m old and grey, as you can see,
I’ve traveled far—it seems to me,
Though, such a boy, so bright and clever
I have never met—not ever!

I want you never to forget
Me, lad, so if you will, do let
Me give you something that I’ve got
That no one else has, Tsingl Khvat.

I’ve a horse so very rare,
Runs as if he flies on air,
Like an arrow from the bow—
That’s how quickly he can go.

I also have a magic ring
That does the most amazing thing—
Just turn it seven times around,
And snow starts falling to the ground.

So, my boy, I’ll let you choose
Which thing would you like to use?
Ring or horse, whichever one—
It’s yours no sooner said than done!”

“Horse or ring—which one?” thought Tsingl.
How his mind began to tingle!
“Magic ring or flying horse?”
So he answered, “Both, of course!”

The nobleman dismounted, and
He took the ring from off his hand.
“You’re quite a fellow, I must say,
Dear Tsingl! Now, be on your way.”

He gave the horse a hearty slap,
And Tsingl shouted, “Giddyap!”
To say good-bye he turned around—
The man was nowhere to be found!

Tsingl blinked—where did he go?
Then, like an arrow from the bow
The horse flew from the marketplace
And up the mountainside they raced.

They reached the top; said Tsingl, “Whoa!”
And with the magic ring just so
He turned it seven times around—
Then snow fell gently to the ground.

Next day, folks got out of bed,
Took a look outside and said,
“What is this?” How they did stare!
“Are those snowflakes in the air?”
I want you to know that, lad, so help me! I've traveled for years, and I've never met a fellow that can hold his own with a task like an arranger. I also have a horse. It's yours, though, such as it is. I've a horse, me, that will carry you.-

"I'm old and wise, lad, so help me!
I've traveled for years, and I've never met a fellow that can hold his own.
They looked and looked—what a surprise!
They couldn’t quite believe their eyes.
And then, they all began to cheer:
“At last, there’s snow! The snow is here!”

The townsfolk wanted to rejoice,
But they asked, all in one voice:
“Where is Tsingl? Where’s the boy?
Without him there’ll be no joy!”

His mother went to find her son.
She called and called his name, ’til one
Schoolboy told her he was lost—
Stuck in mud beneath the frost.

How she wept, did Tsingl’s mother!
People said to one another,
“Well, you see? It isn’t right
To walk outside alone at night.”

But worry not for Tsingl Khvat—
Remember now, that he has got
The noble’s swift and trusty horse
And the magic ring, of course.

Tsingl and the horse fly fast
Like a whirlwind, rushing past
Mountains, forests, countryside—
Traveling the whole world wide.

Far away from home he flew,
And the winter followed, too—
Disappeared without a trace,
Off to yet another place.
They looked and another sun rose.
They couldn’t quench the fire of its rays.
And then, they asked, "At last, there’s light!"

The townsfolk were startled.
But they asked, "Where is Tsingl?"
Without him there was no light.

His mother went to the swineherd.
She called and called. Schoolboy told her, "Stuck in mud because of evil spirits."

How she wept, crying and wailing!
People said to one another, "Well, you see? To walk outside is evil!"

But worry not for me -
Remember now, the noble’s swineherd.
The magic ring was on his finger.
And the magic ring was removed.

Tsingl and the bridegroom
Like a whirlwind entered the mountains, forest and traveling the world.
Far away from us, you know.
And the winter came, snow fell.
Disappeared with the snow.
Off to yet another sun..."
Now, when winter comes to town,
And only rain comes pouring down—
And there is no snow to see,
As if the snow had ceased to be—

Then Tsingl and his horse take flight
So swiftly through the starry night
That no one ever really knows
Just when and where our Tsingl goes.

Tsingl and his horse fly fast,
Like a whirlwind, rushing past;
Riding through the marketplace,
Then, up the mountainside they race.

They stop when Tsingl calls out, “Whoa!”
And with the magic ring just so,
He turns it seven times around,
And snow falls gently to the ground.
ברך ועוף ומיימש רגלינו
כמב דרר ונושר ולא מי רקענו.
ואל קדש שני און רט צותקה.
ויר קדש שני ואזרמה נים גורעים.

וריתש עוז יבנג לייך מ폼 בורגו.
פוכל דער נאנסער אריראטפיגרג
ניש בצענטא inicial ניס למאטרפ
איריפ מיריצס קרומ טרדר.

ואל ער טראנט ער ייבער, דיכה.
ויר דער וילדער והטן ער ויכער.
מיתר ריבכנ דביכן בטבר.
גודורן מיסריך ישראל ברבר.

ספרות דער פערט מסחת שתחה.
אוך ירגניק
מוק א נעמ דעם נשאר-רייגנול.
מוק אי מיו דמק א בועрен.
ואל עס פ FLACCHRשק א שמי.