

Match the words to the sentences:

farm, heart, rich, schoolmaster, village
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Narrator: Who's the town's ladies' man?

Singers: Gets around like nobody can

Narrator: Has to be none other than

Singers: Ichabod, Ichabod Crane!

Narrator: Thus, as time went by, it may be seen that the pedagogue got on tolerably enough. Moreover, Ichabod found diverse ways to increase his slender income and, at the same time, awaken the cultural interests of the sleepy little (1)_____.

Singing Interlude

Narrator: It was inevitable that such a man as Ichabod would become an object of ridicule to Brom Bones and his gang. And yet to Ichabod these were small matters. Indeed the schoolmaster possessed a remarkable equanimity which remained quite undisturbed until that fateful day, when his path was crossed by a woman. A certain woman. Katrina Van Tassel, daughter and only child of old Baltus Van Tassel, the richest farmer in the county. She was a blooming lass, plump as a partridge. Ripe, melting and rosy-cheeked. Once you have met that little coquette Katrina, You won't forget Katrina, But nobody yet has

ever upset Katrina, That cute coquette Katrina, You can do more with Margaret or Helena or Anne or Angelina. But Katrina will kiss and run, To her, a romance is fun, With always another one to start. And yet when you've met that little coquette Katrina, you've lost your heart. Now there was no doubt, the fair Katrina was the richest prize in the countryside. And the schoolmaster, being an ambitious man, at once began to fill his mind with many sugared thoughts and hopeful suppositions. Ah, Katrina, my love. Who can resist your grace? Your charm? And who can resist your father's (2)_____? Boy, what a set-up! There's gold in them acres, and that ain't hay. Not to mention that lovely green stuff. Ah, Katrina, my sweet. My treasure. Treasure, hahaha, that barn's a gold mine. How I'd love to hit the jackpot. Dear Katrina. Papa's only child. Papa! Well, the old goat can't take it with him, and when he cuts out, that's where I cut in. Sweet Katrina, poor little (3)_____ girl. But don't worry, Katie, Ichabod will protect you. Ah, yes, Katrina, you've won me. I surrender.

Song: And yet when you've met that little coquette Katrina, you've lost your (4)_____.

Narrator: Truth to say, every portal to Katrina's heart was jealously guarded by a host of rustic admirers. Ha, but Ichabod was confident he'd soon ride roughshod over

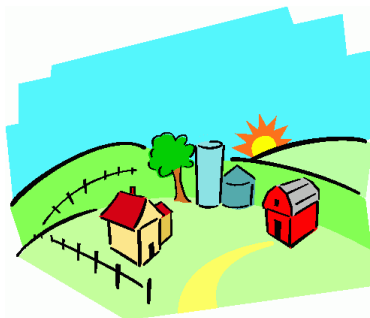
these simple country bumpkins. The most formidable obstacle of all, however, the schoolmaster had failed to reckon with. That was the redoubtable Brom Bones himself. Now the ease with which Brom cleared the field of rivals both piqued and provoked the fair Katrina. And she often wished that some champion would appear and for once take the field openly against the boisterous Brom. Though a wiser man would have shrunk from the competition, love, they say, is blind. Ichabod was aware only that Dame Fortune was at last thundering at his door. It's true that Brom liked a joke as well as the next, but enough was too much. It was time to carry the issue to open warfare. Why, he'd double that schoolmaster up and lay him on a shelf in his own schoolhouse! Haha, but this, it seemed, was easier said than done. No doubt of it, this was Ichabod's lucky day. Now it was evident the (5)_____ was indeed a man of hidden talents, a rival to be reckoned with. Still, wars are neither won nor lost at the first encounter. The high-flying pedagogue might yet be brought to earth. For Brom Bones was never a man to cry quits. It was upon the occasion of her father's annual Halloween frolic that Katrina again chose to stir the embers of the smoldering rivalry. Thus one invitation in particular carried a most personal and provocative summons.



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