

MEDIEVAL PEASANTS' SONG

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

(Translated from Faust, Scene 2.)

1.

The swains have left their fields and flocks,
And festively adorned their locks
And cuffs with boutonnières and bows.
Beneath the linden trees they dance,
Devoid of practiced elegance.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!
No!—This is how the measure goes!—
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!

2.

And as the dance begins to speed,
One goofy fellow, lumber-kneed,
Trips up his date, and knocks her down.
Right off she turns and says to him,
“What kind of moron are you, Jim?”
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!
“For God’s sake, don’t be such a fool!”
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!

3.

With hurried steps, the dancers whirl,
Their fears relax, their locks unfurl,
And soon they weary, out of breath.
The hot blood flushing each fair cheek,
Their hearts with appetite grown weak,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!
They all fall down, as if in death.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!

4.

“Hey, you! don’t fondle me that way!”—
“Shush, girl!—My wife’s not here today!—

Let's profit from this lucky chance!"
Aside he drew her for some fun,
(This deed alerting not a one),
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!
They all were dazzled by the dance!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Landerida!

Refrain:
Tra la la la la la la!
Ha! ha!

—*Translated by Eric Martin*

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