The Bear Sits on the Log

A Byelorussian Folk Song
THE BEAR SITS ON THE LOG

A BYELORUSSIAN FOLK SONG

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The bear sits on the log and sews
A hat, with embroidery twining,
His little sons, the baby bears,
Prepare the silken lining.
And here the grey-head workman hare
Begins to play on his fiddle,
And trickster-vixen, behind a bush,
Is peeping out from the middle.
Merrily they begin the dancing.
Magpies, black and white, start prancing,
And the crows, the old wives, fly
Off to reap a sheaf of rye.
And the cuckoo, darling cuckoo,

Rye begins a-threshing.
The milking-cow, the milking-cow
Carries the corn for crushing.
The belly-goat grinds,
The belly-goat grinds,
The nanny-goat pours in the grain.
The baby goats, the little kids,
Collect the flour again.
The fly mixes the flour,
The gnat brings water, hasty.
And now the little baby gnats
All beg for a piece of pastry.