

Jean de La Fontaine,
The Cricket and the Ant

tradukita de Donald P. Webb

The cricket had sung her song
all summer long
but found her victuals too few
when the north wind blew.
Nowhere could she espy
a single morsel of worm or fly.
Her neighbor, the ant, might,
she thought, help her in her plight,
and she begged her for a little grain
till summer would come back again.
“By next August I’ll repay both
Interest and principal; animal’s oath.”
Now, the ant may have a fault or two
But lending is not something she will do.
She asked what the cricket did in summer.
“By night and day, to any comer
I sang whenever I had the chance.”
“You sang, did you? That’s nice. Now dance.”

*Traduko de la Franca poemo “La Cigale et la Fourmi” de JEAN DE LA FONTAINE (*1621-07.08 – †1695-04.12) en la Anglan de DONALD P. WEBB (*1939).*

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