

The Song of the flea

By Modest Mussorgsky

Once upon a time there lived a king.
With him lived a flea.

A flea! A flea!
This flea was dearer to him
Than his own brother.
A flea! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. A flea?
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! A flea!

The king called for a tailor.
'Listen here, you fool,
Sew a velvet kaftan
For my dear friend!'
A kaftan for a flea? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.
For a flea? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! A kaftan?
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.
A kaftan for a flea?

Wearing gold and a coat at court
the flea was totally free.
At court? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.
A flea? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha. A flea!

The king made it a minister and gave it a medal,
And all its relatives were promoted, a-ha.
And the lives of the queen and her ladies-in-waiting
Became impossible because of fleas, ha-ha.

And they were afraid to touch them, let alone hit them,
But we will squash them as soon as they start to bite!
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha,
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha,
Ha-ha-ha ha-ha.