



L'intertexte du poème The Cutty Wren

W. H. Auden

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[See table of contents](#)

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L' INTERTEXTE DU POÈME

The Cutty Wren

O, where are you going, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose

O, what will you do there, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose,
We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose,

O, how will you shoot her, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With arrows and bows, says John the Red Nose,
With arrows and bows, says John the Red Nose,

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Fester to Fose
Big guns and cannons, says John the Red Nose,
Big guns and cannons, says John the Red Nose.

O, how will you bring her home, says Milder to Malder,
On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose
On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Fester to Fose
Big carts and waggons, says John the Red Nose
Big carts and waggons, says John the Red Nose

O, what will you cut her up with, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With knives and forks, says John the Red Nose
With knives and forks, says John the Red Nose

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O, what will do then, says Fester to Fose
Hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose,
Hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose.

O, how will you boil her, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
In pots and kettles, says John the Red Nose,
In pots and kettles, says John the Red Nose.

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Brass pans and caldrons, says John the Red Nose,
Brass pans and caldrons, says John the Red Nose.

O, who'll the spare ribs, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose,
We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose.

W. H. Auden, *The Oxford Book of Light Verse* (1938)