

# Loituma, Leva's Polka ang.

The sound of a polka drifted from my neighbor's  
and set my feet a-tapping oh!  
Leva's mother had her eye on her daughter but  
Leva she managed to fool her, you know.  
'Cause who's going to listen to mother saying no  
when we're all busy dancing to and fro!  
Leva was smiling, the fiddle it was wailing  
as people crowded round to wish her luck.  
Everyone was hot but it didn't seem to bother  
the handsome young man, the dashing buck.  
'Cause who's going to mind a drop of sweat  
when he's all busy dancing to and fro!  
Leva's mother she shut herself away  
in her own quiet room to hum a hymn.  
Leaving our hero to have a spot of fun  
in a neighbor's house when the lights are dim.  
'Cause what does it matter what the old folks say  
when you're all busy dancing to and fro!  
When the music stopped then the real fun began  
and that's when the laddie fooled around.  
When he took her home, when the dancing was over  
her mother angrily waiting they found.  
But I said to her, Leva, now don't you weep  
and we'll soon be dancing to and fro!  
I said to her mother now stop that noise  
or I won't be responsible for what I do.  
If you go quietly and stay in your room  
you won't get hurt while your daughter I woo.  
'Cause this fine laddie is a wild sort of guy  
when he's all busy dancing to and fro!  
One thing I tell you is you won't trap me,  
no, you won't find me an easy catch.  
Travel to the east and travel to the west but  
Leva and I are going to make a match.  
'Cause this fine laddie ain't the bashful sort  
when he's all busy dancing to and fro.