

# Romance de la luna, luna By Federico García Lorca

The moon came to the forge  
with its tuberose bustle.  
The boy looks at her.  
The boy is looking at her.  
in the shaken air  
the moon moves its arms  
and teaches, lubricious and pure,  
her breasts of hard tin.  
Run away moon, moon, moon.  
If the gypsies came  
they would do with your heart  
white necklaces and rings.  
Boy, let me dance.  
When the gypsies come  
they will find you on the anvil  
with eyes closed.

Run away moon, moon, moon,  
I already feel their horses.  
Boy, leave me, don't step  
my starched white.

the horseman approached  
playing the drum of the plain  
Inside the forge the child,  
his eyes are closed.

Through the olive grove they came,  
bronze and dream, the gypsies.  
heads up  
and narrowed eyes.

How the zumaya sings,  
oh how he sings in the tree!  
The moon goes through the sky  
with a child by the hand.

Inside the forge they cry,  
screaming, the gypsies.  
The air watches over her, watches over her.  
The air is veiling her.