

# The Little Mute Boy By Federico García Lorca

The little boy was looking for his voice.

(The King of the crickets had it.)

In a drop of water

the little boy was looking for his voice.

I do not want it for speaking with;

I will make a ring of it

so that he may wear my silence

on his little finger.

In a drop of water

the little boy was looking for his voice.

(The captive voice, far away.

Put on a cricket' clothes.)