

By Federico García Lorca

The sung verses for LORCA'S WOMEN

Legend of Time:

The dream goes over time.
Floating like a sailboat
No one can crack open the seeks
In the heart of the dream

Time goes over the dream
Sunk to the hair
Yesterday and tomorrow they eat
dark flowers of mourning

Rosita, The Spinster:

She opens in the mourning
Red as blood.
The evening turns her white
With the whiteness of spume and salt
And when the night arrives
Her petals begin to rain.

The Bride:

Awake, O Bride, awaken,
The morning you're to marry:
Sing round and dance round:
Balconies a wreath must carry.

Preciosa and the Wind:

Playing her parchment moon,
Preciosa comes along.
The wind, who never sleeps,
Sees her and starts to rise...

"Let me see you, child;
let me lift your dress.
Open in my old fingers
The blue rose of your womb."

Yerma:

From where do you come, my love, my baby?
"From the mountains of icy cold."
What do you lack, sweet love, my baby?
"The woven warmth in your dress"

Alas for the barren wife!
Alas for her whose breasts are sand!

The House of Bernarda Alba

I want to get away from here! Bernarda!
To get married by the shore of the sea-
By the shore of the sea!

Soledad Montoya:

"Soledad, who do you ask for
so late and so alone?"
"No matter who it is,
what is it to you?
I want whatever I want,
My person and my joy."

The Crime Was in Granada

They saw him walk down the row of rifles,
Down an endless street and
Out into a field, touched by the morning frost,
A glow with the starlight of wee hours.
They killed Federico
At the break of dawn.

It was in Granada, that's where the crime was-
Poor Granada – in *his* Granada.

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