

## LA CANÇION DE LA LUNA

Nicola LeFanu

### The Moon's Song

Round swan in the river,  
Cathedrals' eye,  
Feigned dawn upon the leaves  
Am I: and they shall not escape!  
Who ps hiding, who is sobbing,  
In the valley undergrowth?  
Abandoned to the breeze  
The moon shall leave a knife  
That waits in leaden ambush  
To become a pain of blood.  
Let me enter! I come frozen  
Over windows, over walls!  
Open roofs and breasts up  
And let me warm myself!  
I am cold! My dreaming metal  
Ashes seek a fiery crest  
O'er the hills and streets.  
The snow, though, bears me  
On its jasper shoulders,  
Cold and hard  
Pond-waters drown me.  
And so tonight my cheeks  
Shall get red blood,  
As shall the rushes  
Wreathed round air's broad ankles.  
I'll tolerate no woods or shadows,  
They must not escape!  
I need a breast to enter  
In which to warm myself!  
A heart! I want a heart,  
And hot, let it flow down  
The mountains of my breasts!  
Oh, let me in, Oh, let me in!

I'll have no shadows. And my beams  
Must get in everywhere,  
Dark trunks must rustle  
With the sound of moonlight,  
So that tonight my cheeks  
May get sweet blood,  
As shall the rushes  
Wreathed round air's broad ankles.  
Who is hiding? Show yourself!  
No! No! They shan't escape!  
The horse will shine  
With diamond fever, thanks to me.

from Federico Garcia Lorca, *Bodas de sangre*, Act III, translated by Eric Southworth.

In October 1992, my opera *Blood Wedding* (libretto by Deborah Levy, after Lorca) received its premier production by the Women's Playhouse Trust. The part of the Moon was created by Nicholas Clapton. This chamber work, newly-composed in regard to both text and medium, revisits the world of Lorca's moonlit forest, setting the whole of Lorca's original speech for the Moon. The Moon is one of the personifications of death, stalking the lovers as they hide in the forest.