IMÁGENES DE ESPAÑA

No. 1

Song of the Rider

by Garcia Lorca

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Córdoba. Far away, and lonely.

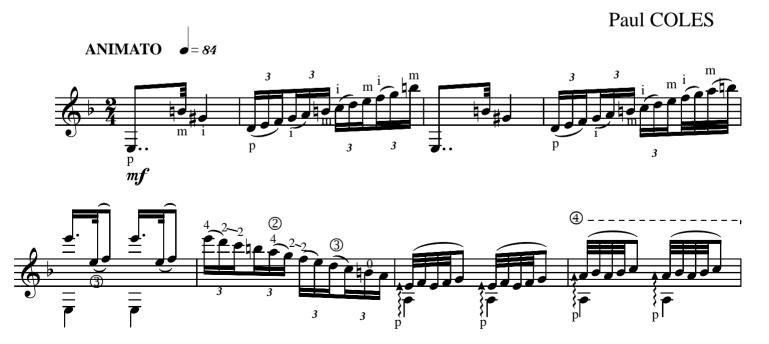
Full moon, black pony, olives against my saddle. Though I know all the roadways I'll never get to Córdoba.

Through the breezes, through the valley, red moon, black pony.

Death is looking at me from the towers of Córdoba.

Ay, how long the road is! Ay, my brave pony! Ay, death is waiting for me, before I get to Córdoba.

> Córdoba. Far away, and lonely.



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