IMÁGENES DE ESPAÑA

N0.4 (Zapateado)

Lola

by Garcia Lorca

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Under the orange-tree she washes baby-clothes. Her eyes of green and voice of violet.

Ay, love, under the orange-tree in bloom!

The water in the ditch flowed, filled with light, a sparrow chirped in the little olive-tree.

Ay, love, under the orange-tree in bloom!

Later, when Lola has exhausted the soap, young bullfighters will come.

Ay, love, under the orange-tree in bloom!

Paul COLES



