

Remanso, Canción Final

Federico García Lorca

Lyrics

Ya viene la noche.

Golpean rayos de luna
sobre el yunque de la tarde.

Ya viene la noche.

Un árbol grande se abriga
con palabras de cantares.

Ya viene la noche.

Si tú vinieras a verme
por los senderos del aire.

Ya viene la noche.

Me encontrarías llorando
bajo los álamos grandes.

Translation

The night is coming.

moonbeams hit us
on the anvil of the afternoon.

The night is coming.

A big tree shelters
with words of songs

IPA

[ˈja vj'ene l'a n'otʃe]

[golp'e:an rr'aɰios d'e l'una]
[s'oβre 'el ɰ'unke d'e l'a t'arðe]

[ˈja vj'ene l'a n'otʃe]

['un 'arβol gr'ande s'e aβr'iɣa]
[k'on pal'aβras d'e kant'ares]

[ˈja vj'ene l'a n'otʃe]

[s'i t'u vinj'e:ras 'a v'erme]
[p'or l'os send'e:ros d'el 'aĩre]

[ˈja vj'ene l'a n'otʃe]

[m'e ,enkɔntrar'i:as lo'r'ando]
[b'axo l'os 'alamos gr'andes]

The night is coming.

if you came to see me
through the paths of the air.

The night is coming.

you would find me crying
under the big poplars.