Frank A. Wallace

De la Muerte Oscura

for narrator and guitar, op. 65

With poetry by

Federico García Lorca

written for and commissioned by

Lynn McGrath

Gyre Publications

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for Lynn McGrath

De la Muerte Oscura

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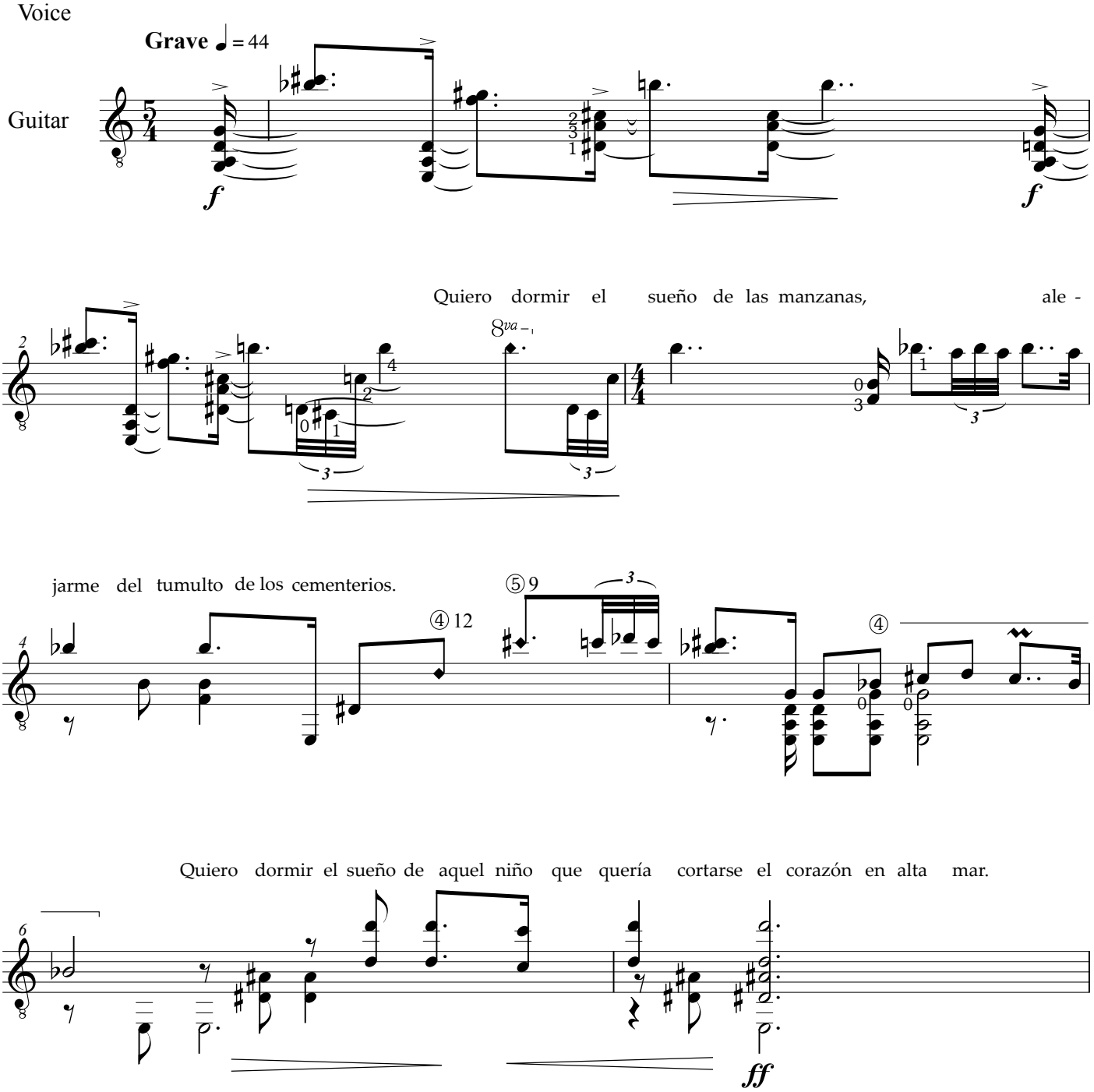
Frank A. Wallace, op. 65



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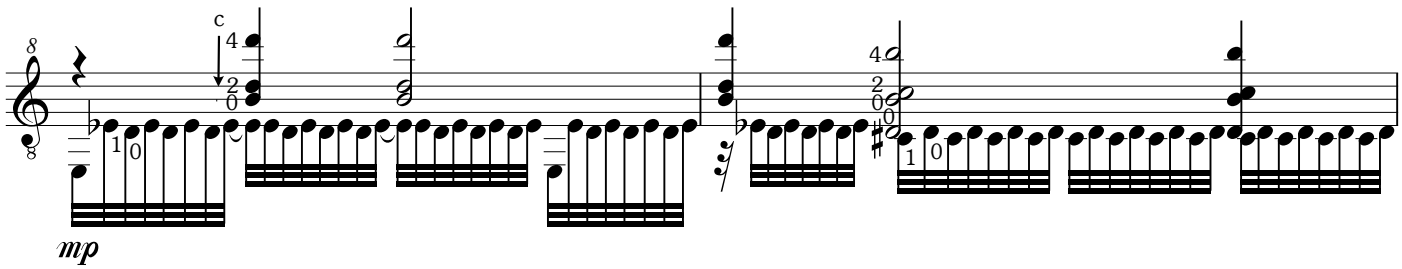
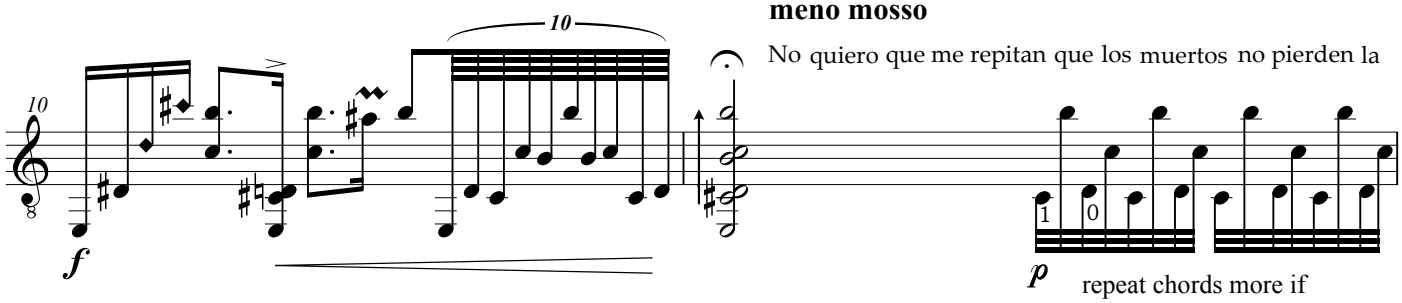
piu mosso



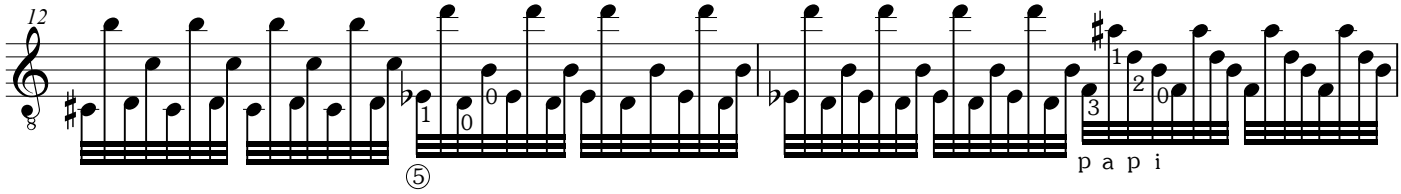


meno mosso

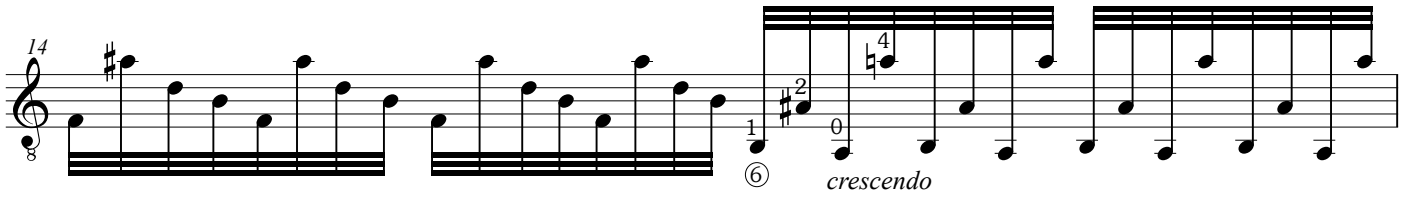
No quiero que me repitan que los muertos no pierden la

repeat chords more if
desired for text until m. 16

sangre; que la boca podrida sigue pidiendo agua. No quiero enterarme de los

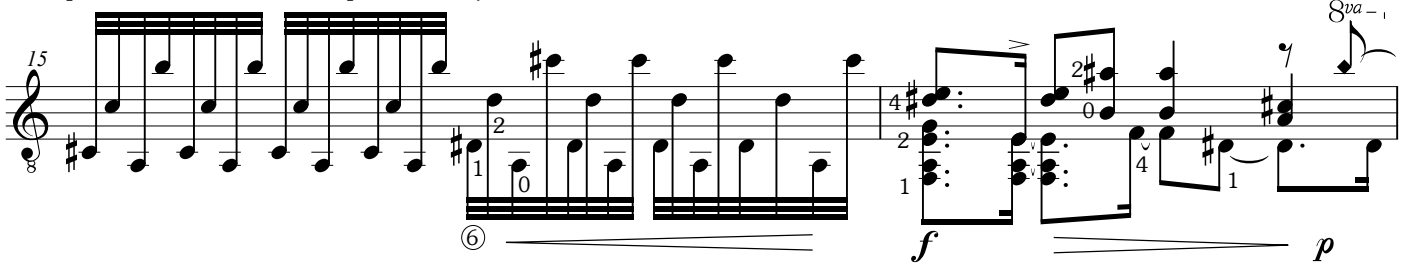


martirios que da la hierba, ni de la luna con boca de ser -



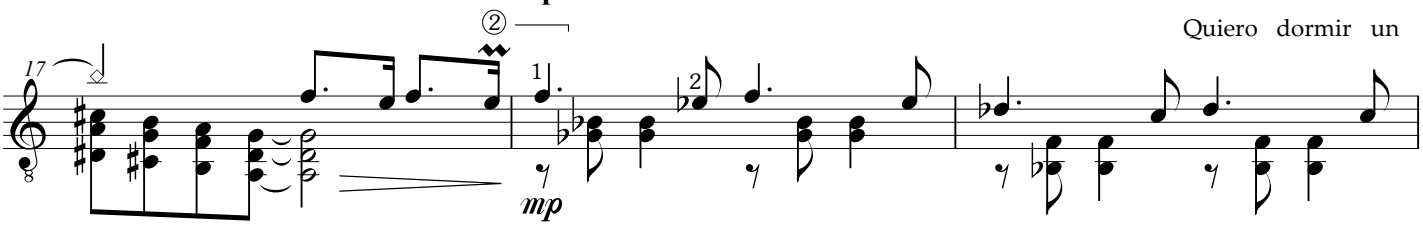
a tempo

piente que tra - baja antes del a - ma - ne - cer.

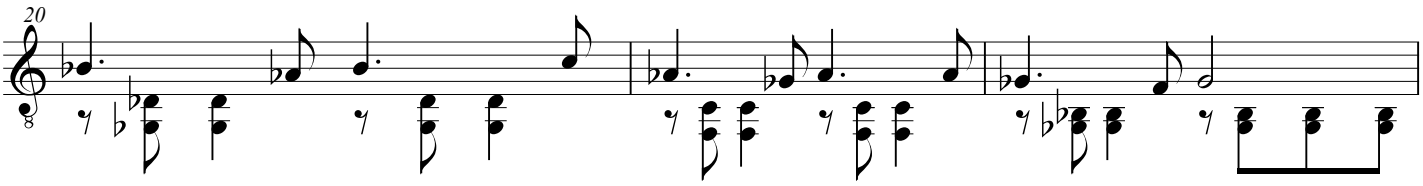


piu mosso

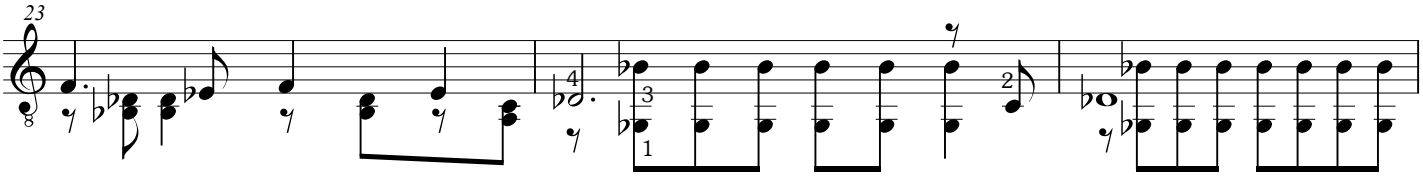
Quiero dormir un



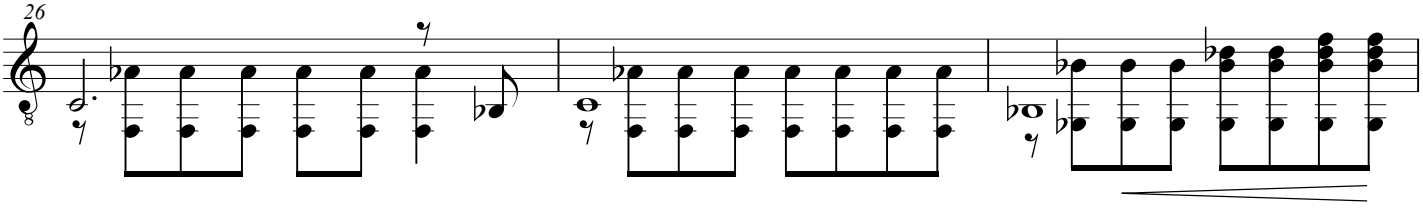
rato, un minuto, un siglo; pero que todos sepan que no he muerto; que

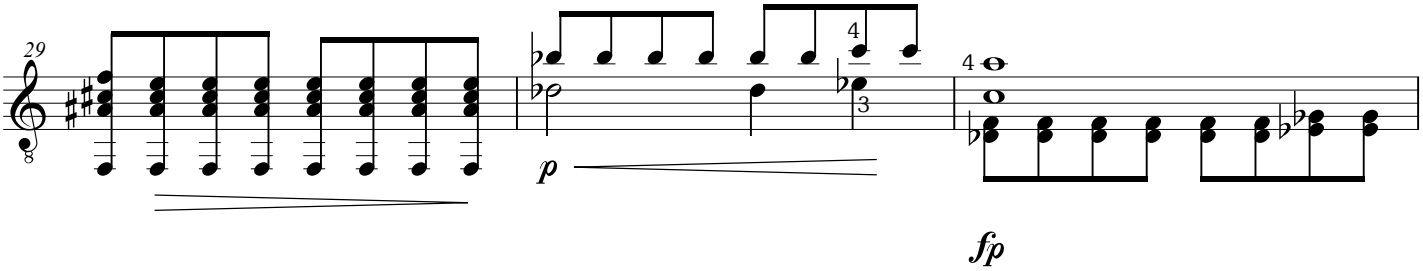


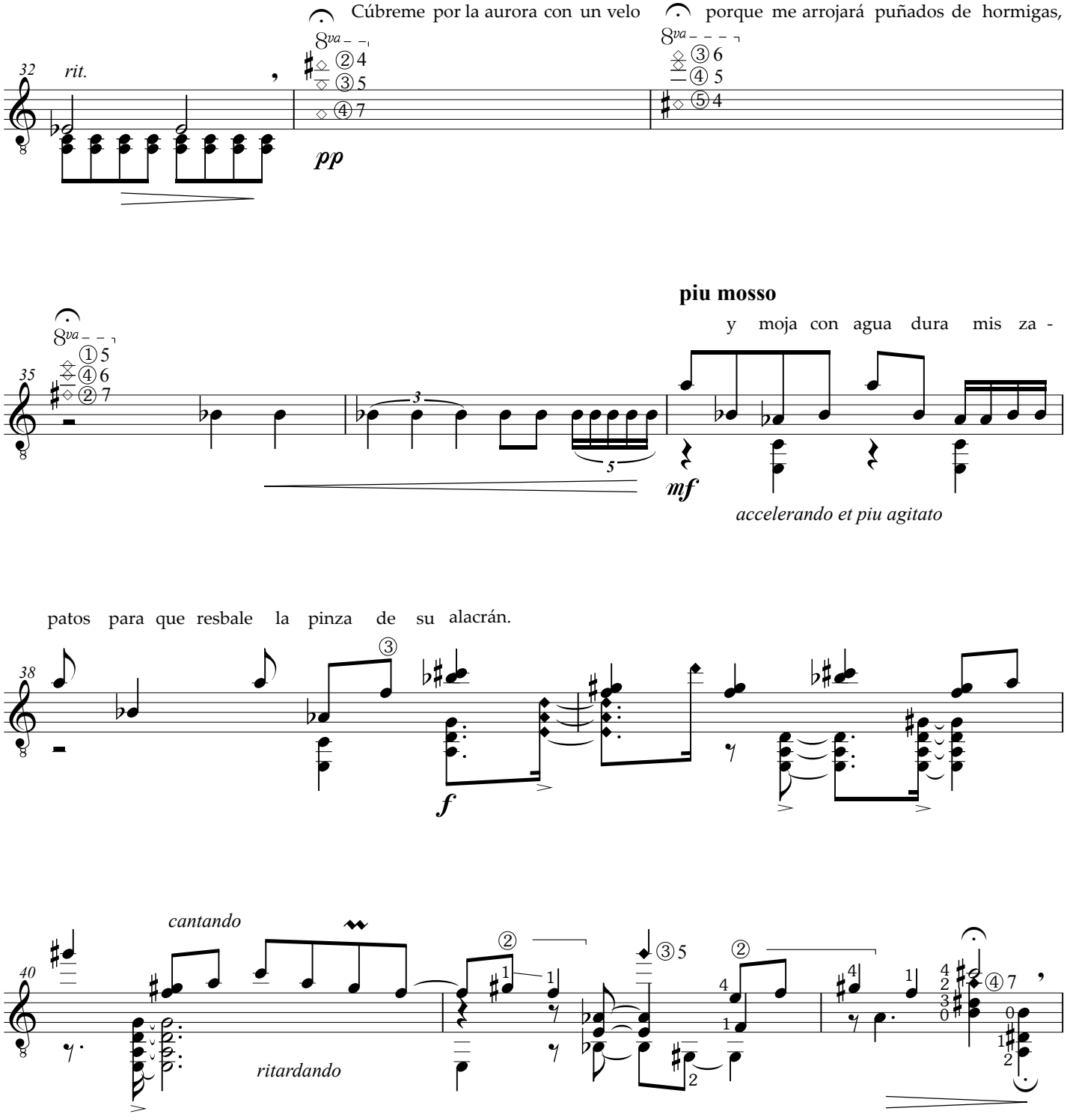
haya un establo de oro en mis labios; que soy un pequeño amigo del viento Oeste;

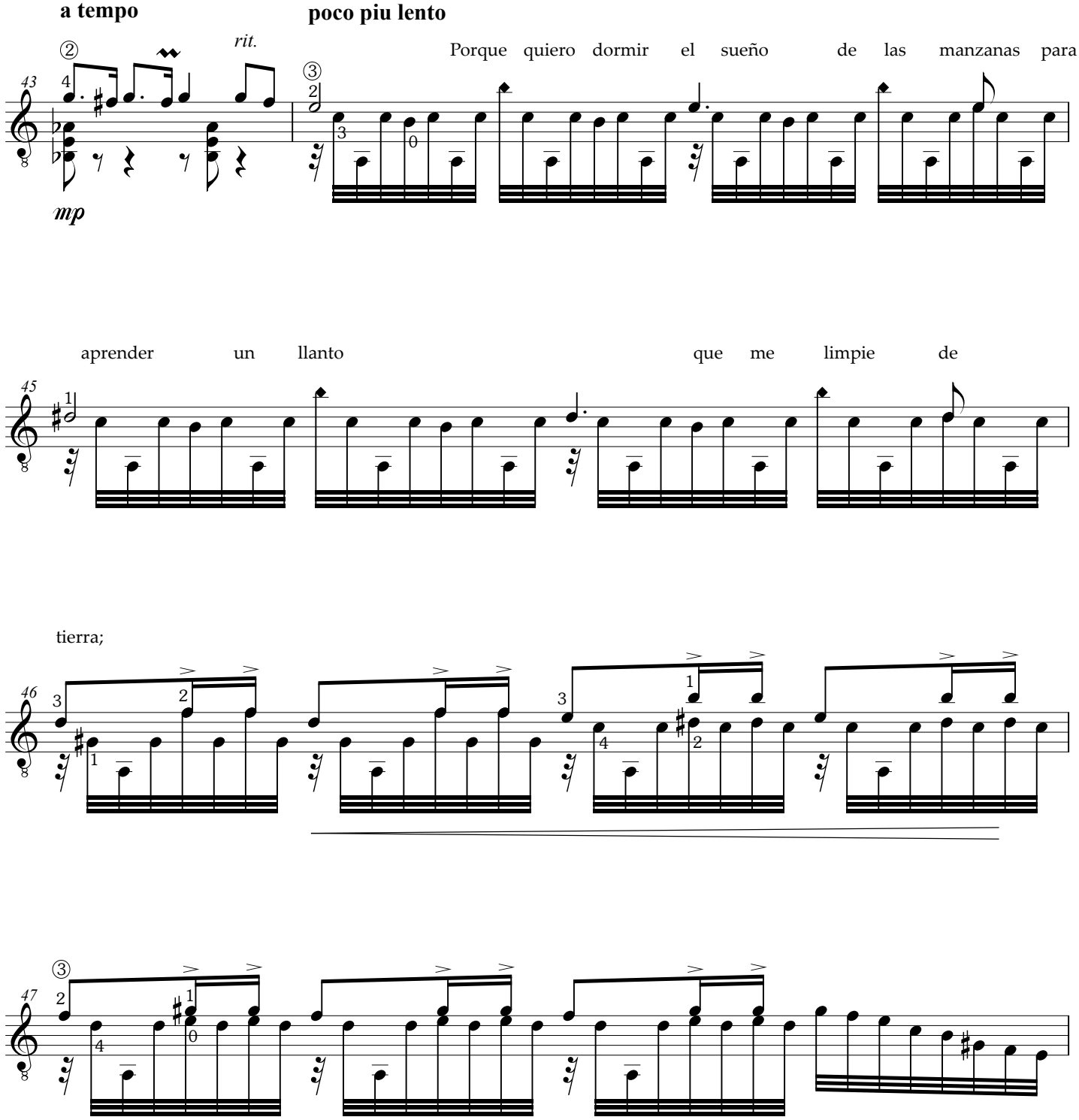


que soy la sombra inmensa de mis lágrimas.






Cúbreme por la aurora con un velo
porque me arrojará puñados de hormigas,
32
rit.
8va
pp
piu mosso
y moja con agua dura mis za -
35
mf
accelerando et piu agitato
patos para que resbale la pinza de su alacrán.
38
f
cantando
40
ritardando


a tempo
poco piu lento
rit.
mp
Porque quiero dormir el sueño de las manzanas para
aprender un llanto que me limpie de
tierra;

porque quiero vivir con aquel niño oscuro

allargando

48

f

que quería cortarse el corazón en alta mar.

50

rit.

ad llibitum

52

pp

duration: ~ 5:00
Friday, January 13, 2012
South Londonderry, VT

Ghazal of Dark Death

I wish to sleep the dreams of apples,
far from the bustle of the cemeteries.
I want to sleep the dreams of that child
who longed to cut his heart out on the high seas.

I don't want them to tell me again that the dead don't lose their blood;
that the rotting mouth goes on begging for water.
I don't want to know of the grass-given martyrdoms,
nor of the moon with a serpent's mouth
that works before dawn.

I want to sleep a moment,
a moment, a second, a minute, a century;
but I want everyone to know that I have not died;
that I have a stable of gold in my lips;
that I am the little friend of the West Wind;
that I am the immense shadow of my tears.

Wrap me at dawn with a veil
because she will toss fistfuls of ants at me,
and wet with hard water my shoes
so that the scorpion's sting will slide off.

Because I wish to sleep the dreams of apples,
so I can learn a mournful song that will clean the earth from me,
because I want to live with that dark child
who longed to cut his heart out on the high seas.

translation: Lynn McGrath