

Brightman Sarah**"Hijo de la luna"**

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Tonto el que no entienda.

Cuenta una leyenda
Que una hembra gitana
Conjur a la luna
Hasta el amanecer.
Llorando peda
Al llegar el da
Desposar un cal.

"Tendr a tu hombre,
Piel morena,"
Desde el cielo
Habl la luna llena.
"Pero a cambio quiero
El hijo primero
Que le engendres a l.
Que quien su hijo inmola
Para no estar sola
Poco le iba a querer."

Estribillo:
Luna quieres ser madre
Y no encuentras querer
Que te haga mujer.
Dime, luna de plata,
Qu pretendes hacer
Con un nio de piel.
A-ha-ha, a-ha-ha,
Hijo de la luna.

De padre canela
Naci un nio
Blanco como el lomo
De un armio,
Con los ojos grises
En vez de aceituna --
Nio albino de luna.
"Maldita su estampa!
Este hijo es de un payo
Y yo no me lo callo."

Estribillo

Gitano al creerse deshonorado,
Se fue a su mujer,
Cuchillo en mano.
"De quien es el hijo?
Me has engaado fijo."
Y de muerte la hiri.
Luego se hizo al monte
Con el nio en brazos
Y all le abandono.

Estribillo

Y en las noches
Que haya luna llena
Ser porque el nio
Est de buenas.
Y si el nio llora
Menguar la luna
Para hacerle una cuna.
Y si el nio llora
Menguar la luna
Para hacerle una cuna.

Son of the moon
Foolish is he who doesn't understand.

A legend tells
Of a gipsy woman
Who pleaded with the moon
Until dawn.
Weeping, she begged
For a gipsy man
To marry the following day.

"You'll have your man,
Tawny skin,"
Said the full moon
From the sky.
"But in return I want
The first child
That you have with him.
Because she who sacrifices her child
So that she is not alone,
Isn't likely to love him very much."

Chorus:
Moon, you want to be mother,
But you cannot find a love

Who makes you a woman.
Tell me, silver moon,
What you intend to do
With a child of flesh.
A-ha-ha, a-ha-ha,
Son of the moon.

From a cinnamon-skinned father
A son was born,
White as the back
Of an ermine,
With grey eyes
Instead of olive --
Moon's albino child.
"Damn his appearance!
This is not a gipsy man's son
And I will not put up with that."

Chorus

Believing to be dishonoured,
The gipsy went to his wife,
A knife in his hand.
"Whose son is this?
You've certainly fooled me!"
And he wounded her mortally.
Then he went to the woodlands
With the child in his arms
And left it behind there.

Chorus

And the nights
The moon is full
It is because the child
Is in a good mood.
And if the child cries,
The moon wanes
To make him a cradle.
And if the child cries,
The moon wanes
To make him a cradle.

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