Canción del Jinete

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los caminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.

Por el llano, por el viento,
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde las torres de Córdoba.

¡Ay qué camino tan largo!
¡Ay mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay, que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

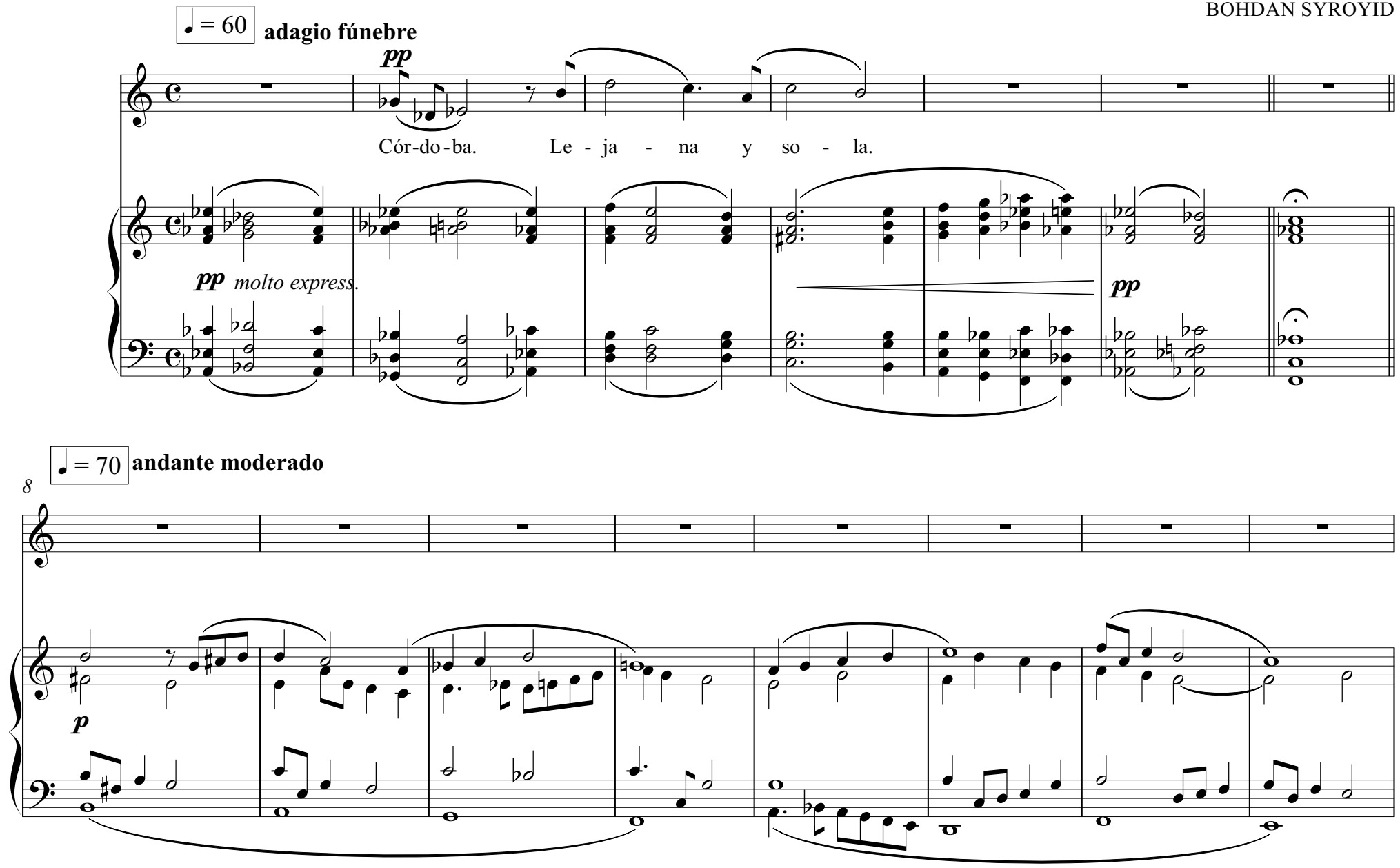
Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Federico García Lorca

Canción del Jinete

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

BOHDAN SYROYID



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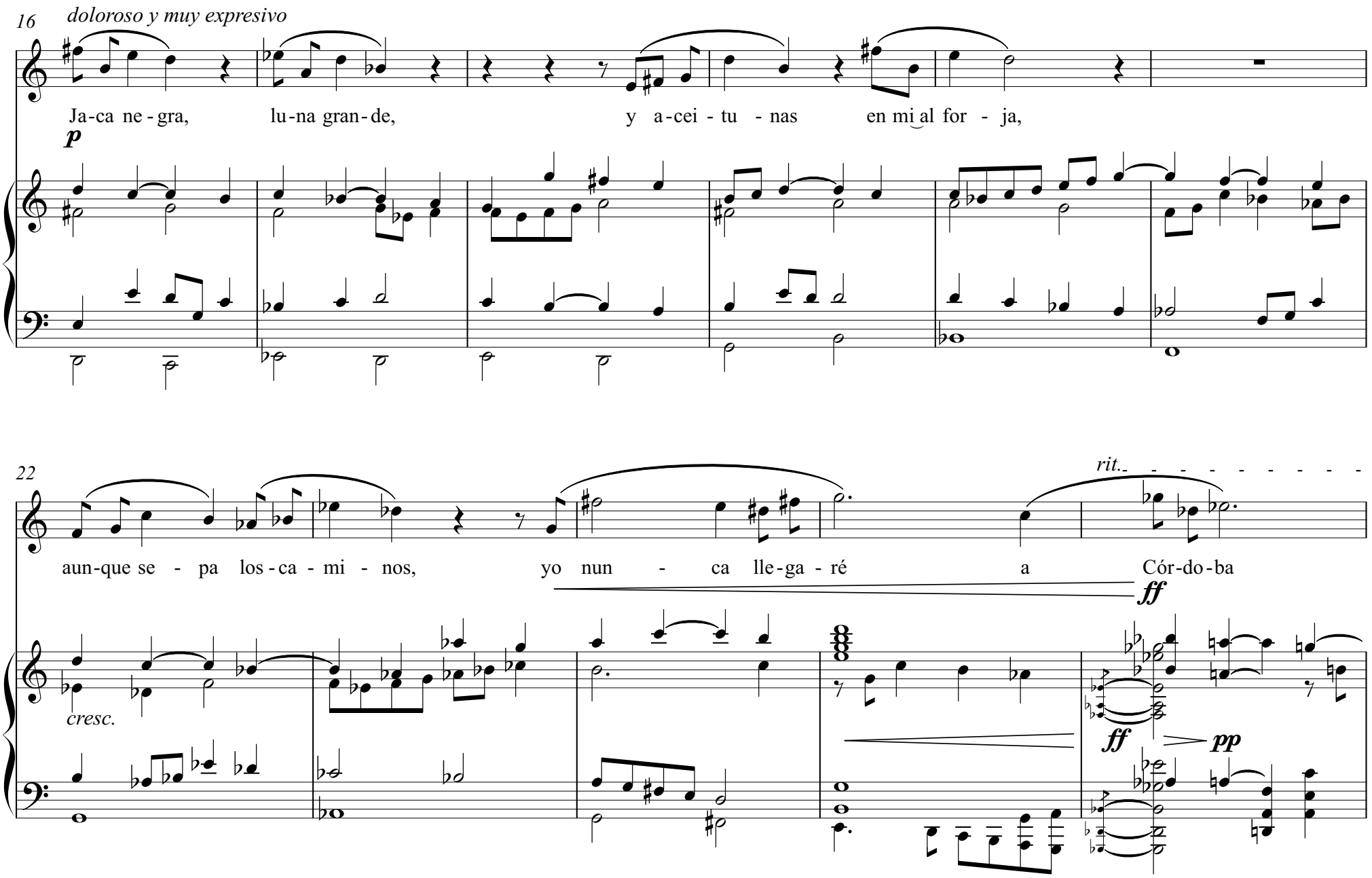

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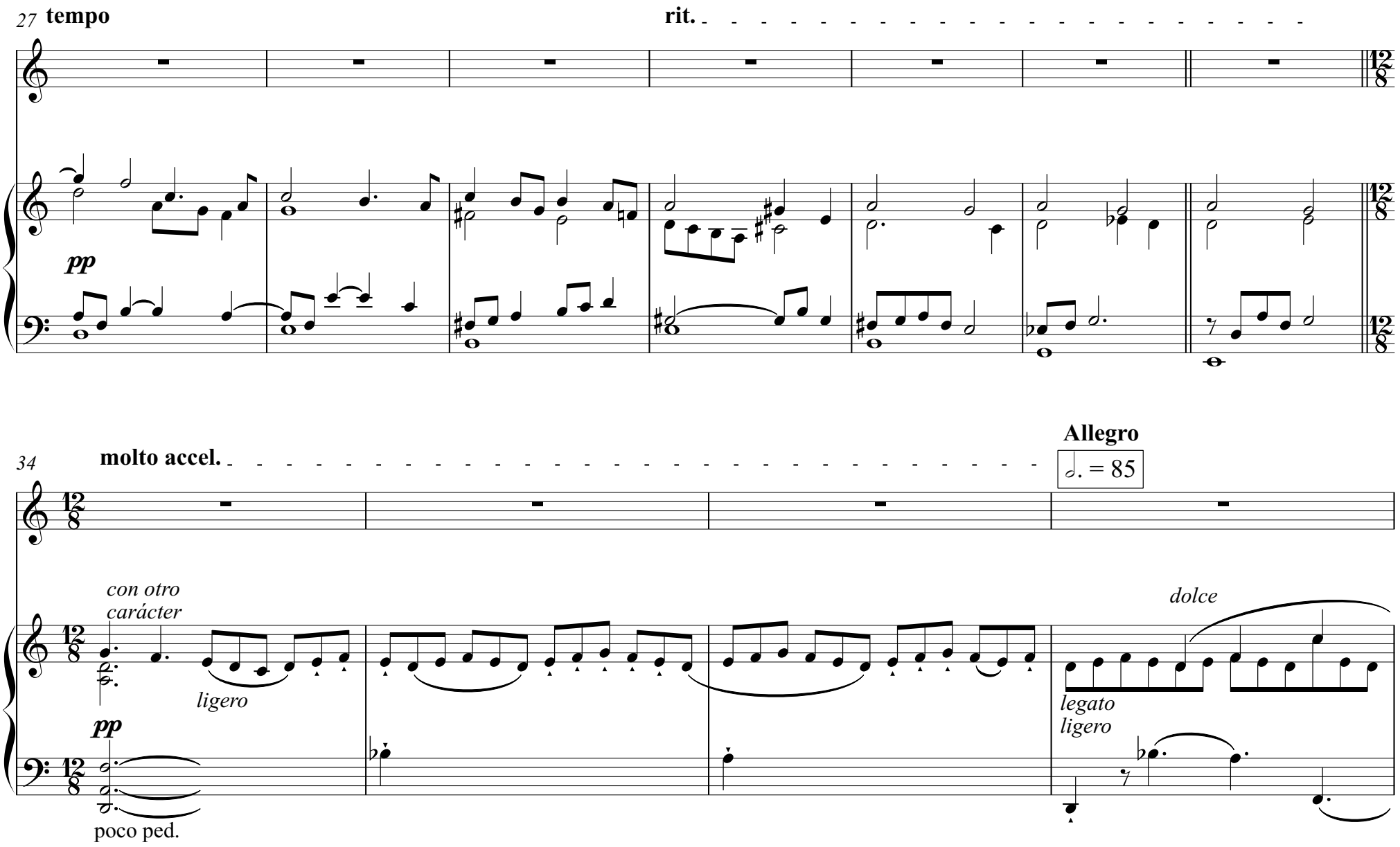

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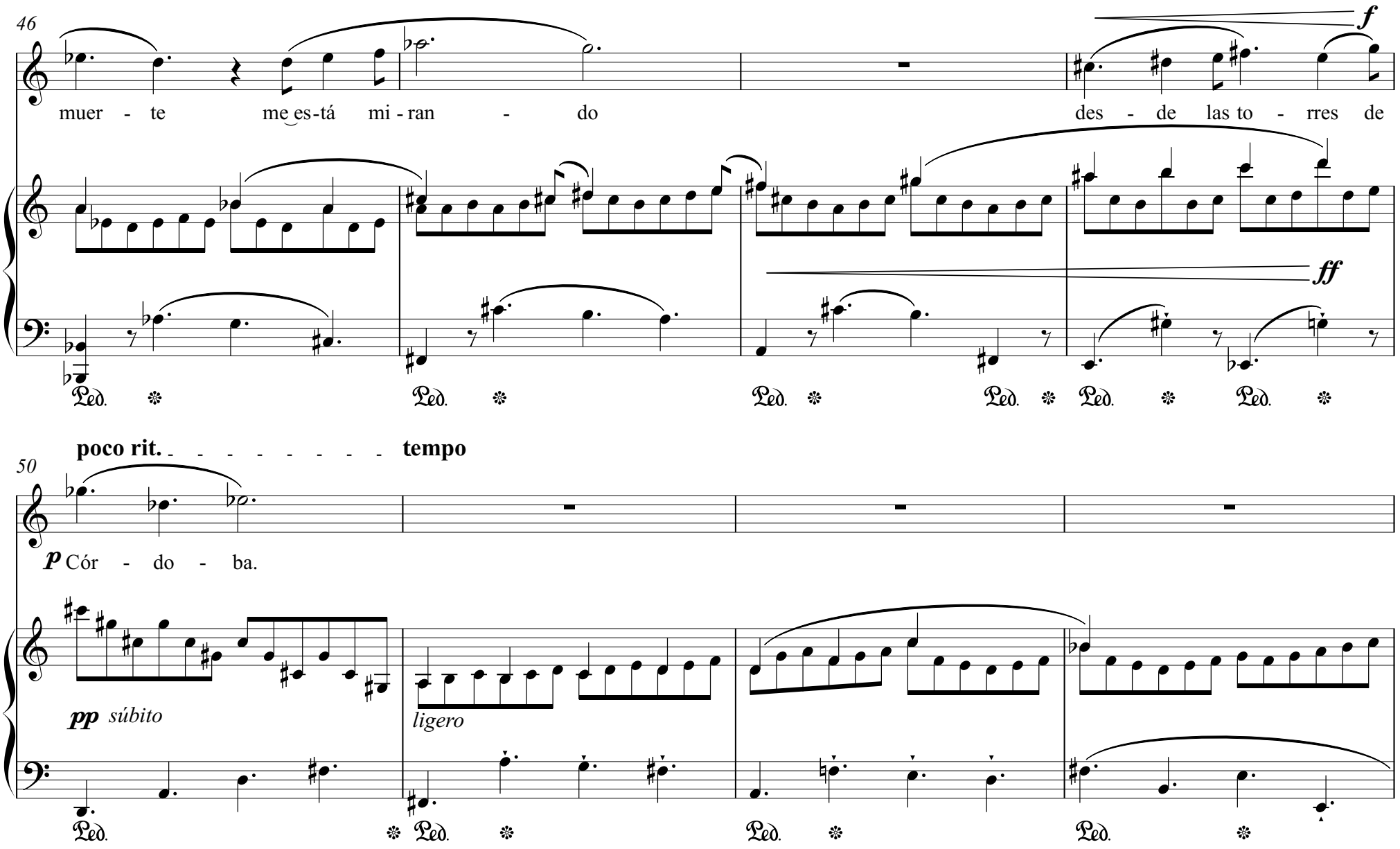

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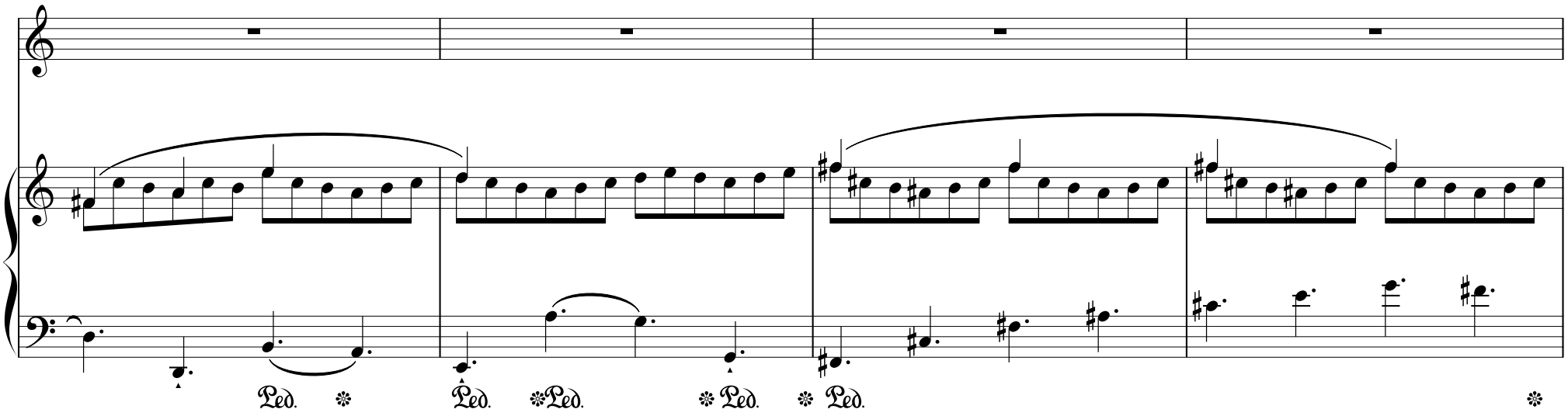
54

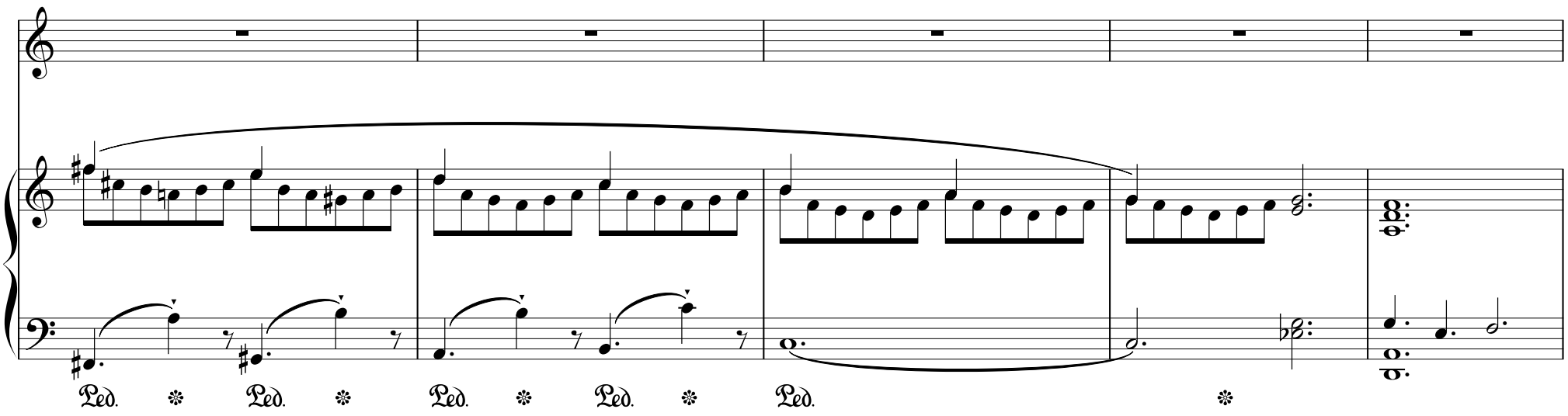
poco rit.



58

tempo

molto rit.



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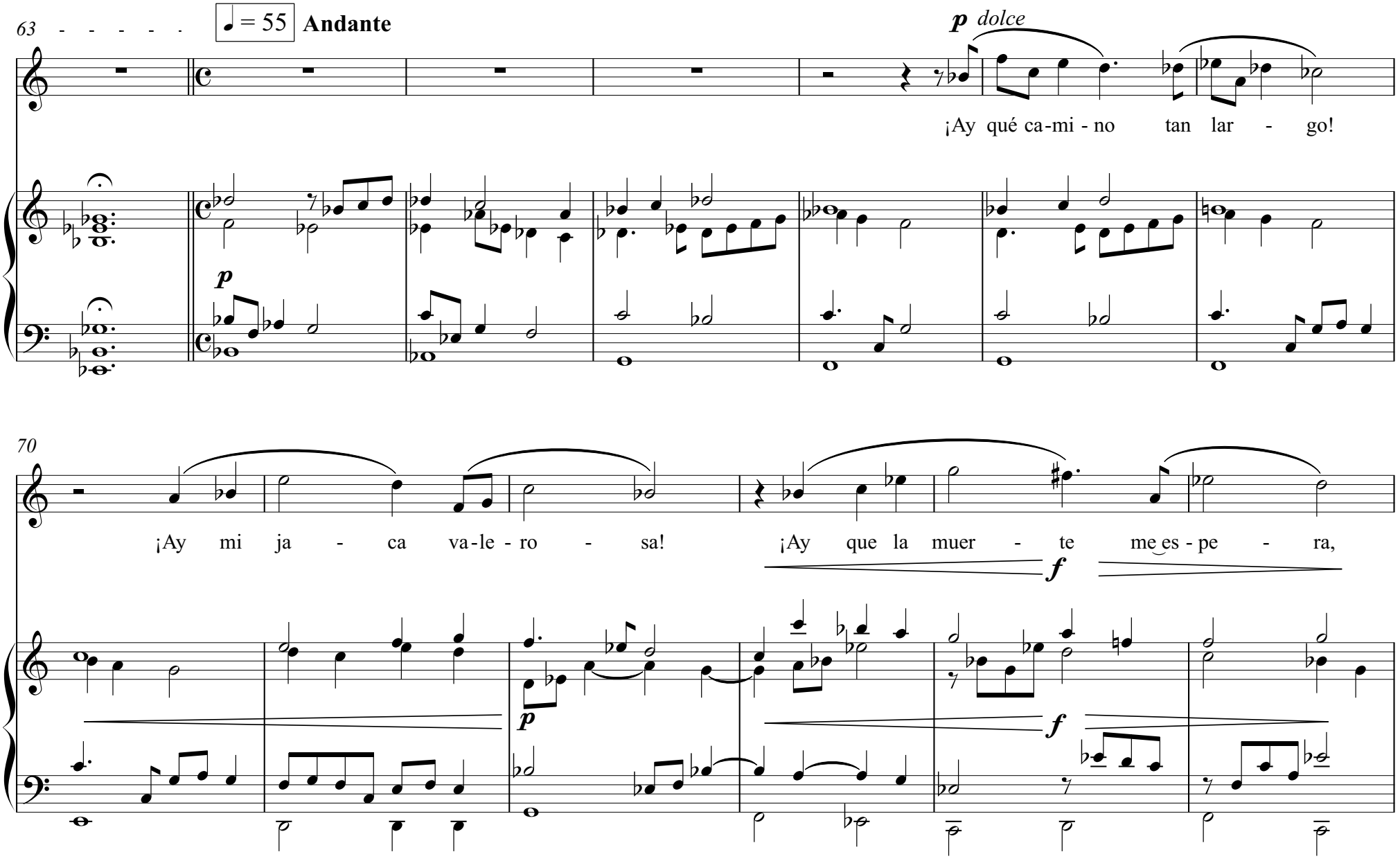

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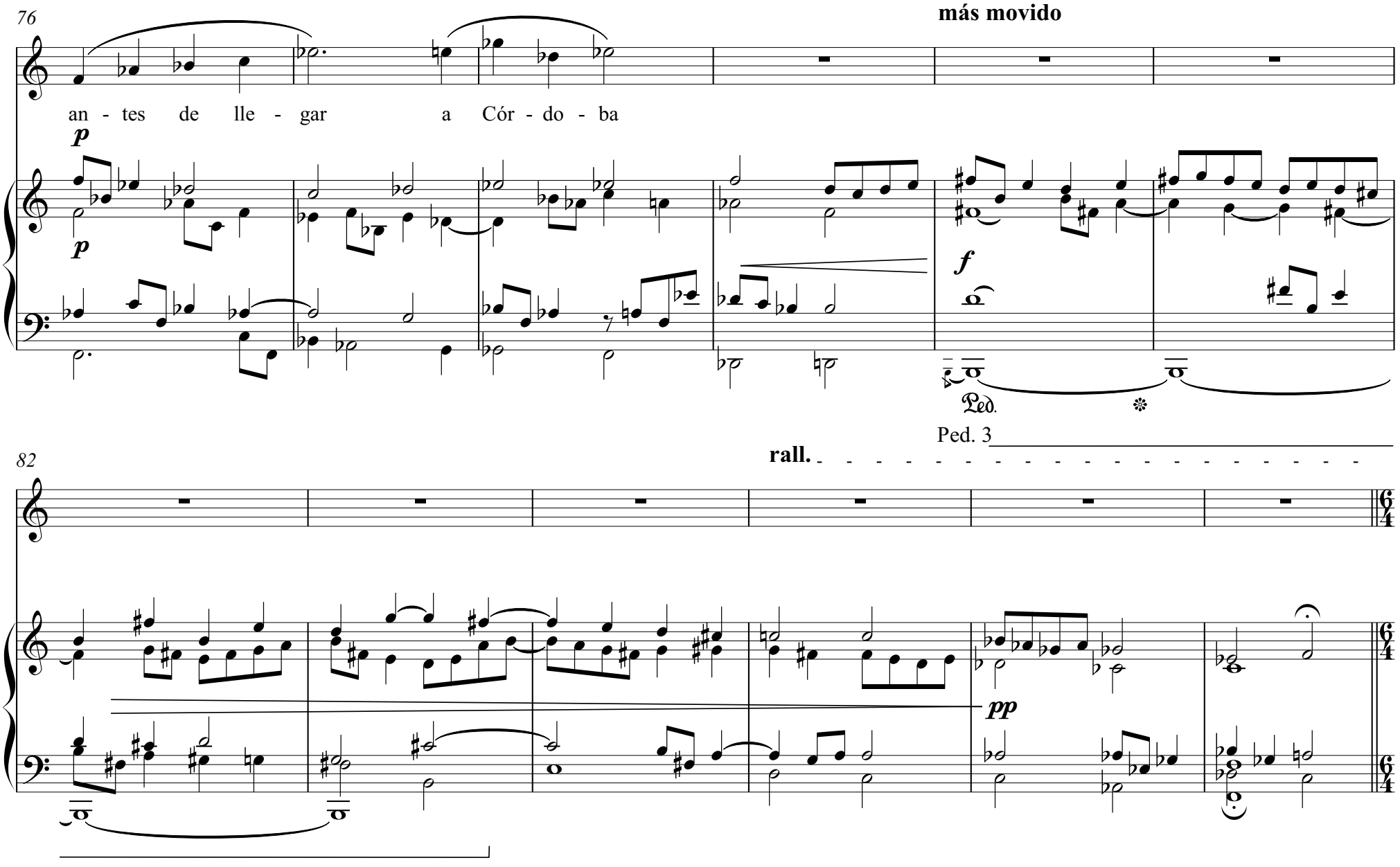

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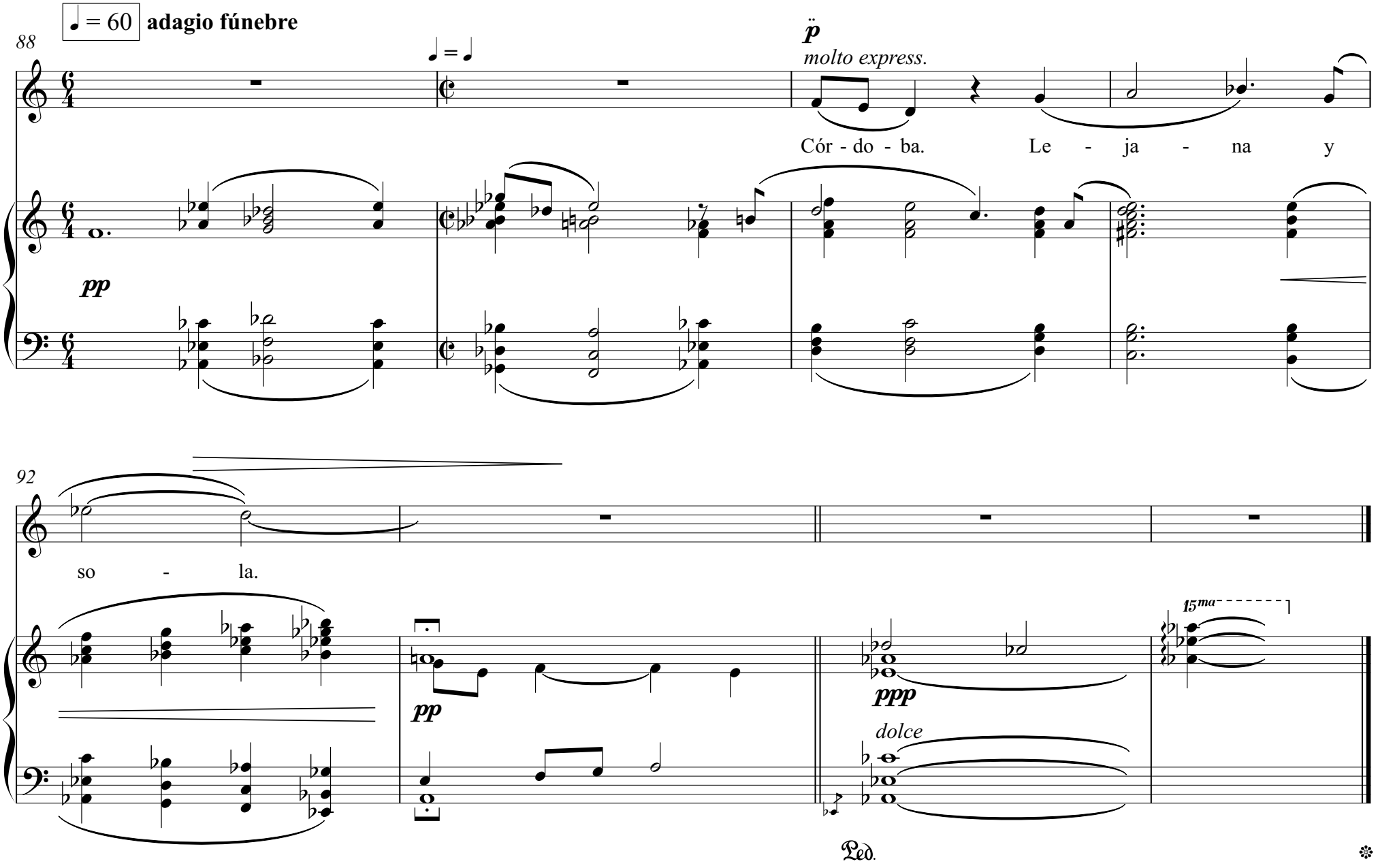

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