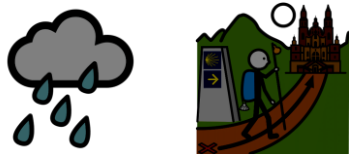


Madrigal á cibdá de Santiago

Chove en Santiago,



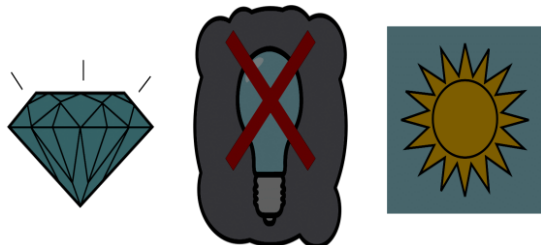
meu doce amor.



Camelia branca do ar



brilla entebrecida ó sol.



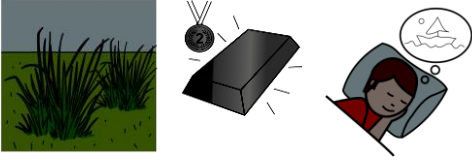
Chove en Santiago



na noite escura.



Herbas de prata e de sono



cobren a valeira lúa.



Olla a choiva pola rúa,



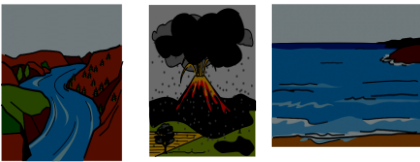
laio de pedra e cristal.



Olla no vento esvaído



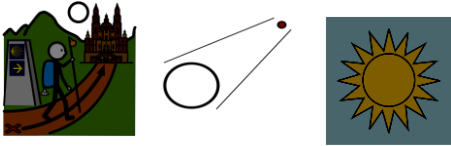
soma e cinza do teu mar.



Soma e cinza do teu mar



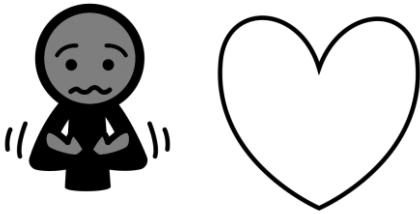
Santiago, lonxe do sol;



ágoa da mañán anterga



trema no meu corazón.



Federico García Lorca

Adaptación: Patricia, Jesús e Lola