

Fernandez Shaw

Original de

"Caballero"

< à la memoria del maestro >

< en una fiesta de homenaje >



(8 cuartillas)

CARLOS MANUEL FERNANDEZ-SHAW

Cuballero.

A la memoria del maestro,
(En una fiesta de homenaje.)

No pudo la muerte,
que al cuerpo rindió era,
venir al espíritu
que en obras también
~~fuera el alma por galán maestro.~~
No pudo las nubes,
ni al calor ~~de los rayos~~ Carlóche,
mudar en los ámbitos
del cielo, ~~de los rayos~~ pacíficos,
la lumbre del Sol.

Gloria maestro:
su gloria perdura.

3
tu obra, que en grandes
momentos bastaron,
de una melódica,
San Jacinto, San Limpida,
cual nunca se vio;
más limpia, más clara
que vena del río
que baten sus límites
cristales en átomos
de chispas de Sol.

Gigantes defenden
tu fosa; fronteros,
si fueras ^{forros} ~~fronteros~~ irpánicos.
Tan nobles! tan célebres,
hoy poco, fueras.
Princesas ^{le} ~~le~~ brindan
sus altos auspicios.
Y a veces arrojante,

en voces ^{patéticas,} ~~angélicas,~~
su modo ~~de~~ ^{de} ~~la~~ ~~feliz~~.

- en
Y a veces, ~~en~~ noches
de espléndida luna,
solenes ~~de~~ ~~esp~~ ~~eritas~~ ~~y~~ ~~m~~ ~~aj~~ ~~icad~~,
~~con~~ ~~l~~ ~~u~~ ~~m~~ ~~o~~ ~~s~~ ~~de~~ ~~v~~ ~~o~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~,
~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~,
~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~,
en tono ~~a~~ ~~l~~ ~~o~~ ~~r~~ ~~o~~ ~~s~~

que ~~g~~ ~~a~~ ~~p~~ ~~u~~ ~~l~~ ~~p~~ ~~i~~ ~~t~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~l~~ ~~o~~ ~~s~~ ~~a~~ ~~i~~ ~~r~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~
en tonos de cánticos,
y
y entonces escuchare,
su ellas, tu voz.

de modo ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~
de modo ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~
de modo ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~
de modo ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~

Y a solas... En íntimo
misterio sutil.

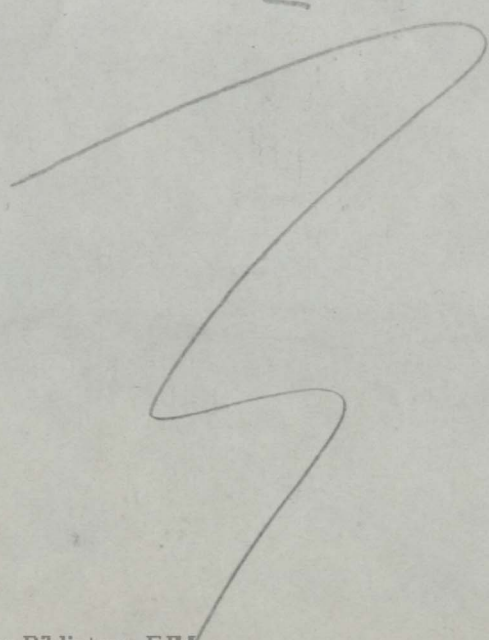

Y el aire ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~,
sintiendo las ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~
de músicas ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~ ~~l~~ ~~a~~ ~~n~~ ~~g~~ ~~u~~ ~~i~~ ~~d~~ ~~a~~ ~~d~~

que incitan al éxtasis ~~de~~ ~~o~~ ~~n~~ ~~o~~ ~~ch~~ ~~e~~ ~~s~~ ~~cl~~ ~~a~~ ~~r~~ ~~i~~ ~~f~~ ~~i~~ ~~c~~ ~~a~~ ~~s~~

5m)
; oh músicas ^{gratas,} ~~gratas,~~
si tujas san maestras!
; Oh, truenos de trájavos,
en truenos tan justos ~~gratas~~
de, ni ti de son!

~~Oh, silbos de voces
del ~~trueno~~ que surge.
del ~~trueno~~ del ábrego!
; Pungente ~~trueno~~
de bravo del mar~~

; Oh, grito a voces
de cadenas olad,
en mares colerios!
Oh, silbos del ábrego,
rugiente, feos!



En tanto, nos eclipsan
 su gloria los tiempos.
 E adoran los públicos,
~~te adoran con multi~~
~~te aplauden, mientras te adoran, mistandote~~
~~por fuerza singular.~~
 J en tanto, tus obras,
 que vienen al tiempo,
^{pregnan}
~~revelan~~ tan múltiples,
^{pregnan} ~~revelan~~ tan ~~diversas~~ rítmicas,
 tu gloria inmortal.

ojo

tan
 poples,
 tan

Por ella, la gloria
 del cielo te guarda. ||
~~ya ella~~ y allá, donde escuchante
 las músicas celestiales,
 diríjete ^{por} ~~por~~ fin. ||
 ; Allá, donde forman
 sus coros, en nubes
 doradas, los ángeles. ||
 ; Sean gozos angélicos!
~~Por siempre felix!~~
 ; Por siempre felix!

7/
I allais, tants gors
te speyan desquite
de aquelles tus aïjeras
dolres, ~~en la fira d'uns...~~
~~e...~~ Ah, ~~quanta~~ ~~dolre!~~

~~I ja l'han~~ ~~tan sola~~

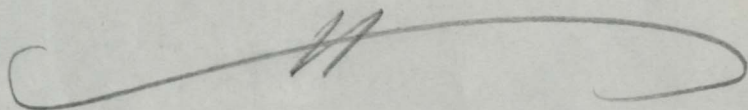
en vida tan plena
de ^{angustias} ~~tristors~~ i afanes...

~~Salud, gran espíritu!~~

Salud, noble músico!

Salud, gran espíritu!

¡ disfruta de Dios!



Lo. 2. 9/10