

# Angélica

Zamba

Letra y música de Roberto Cambaré  
(Balcarce, Buenos Aires, 1925- )

Piano

The first system of the piano score for 'Angélica' is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note melody with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

4

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand's melody remains active with eighth notes, while the left hand's accompaniment includes some chordal textures.

8

The third system of the score. A large red watermark 'Prohibida la venta' is visible across the middle of the system. The musical notation continues with the established melodic and harmonic patterns.

12

The fourth system of the score. The piano accompaniment continues, with the right hand showing some melodic variation and the left hand maintaining a steady accompaniment.

16

The fifth system of the score. The piano accompaniment continues, with the right hand showing some melodic variation and the left hand maintaining a steady accompaniment.

20

The sixth system of the score, which includes a first and second ending. The first ending leads back to an earlier section, while the second ending concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment continues throughout.

24

28

31

Prohibida la venta

D.C.  
FIN

## **ANGELICA - Zamba**

### **Letra y música: Roberto Cambaré**

Angélica, cuando te nombro,  
me vuelven a la memoria  
un valle, pálida luna en la noche de abril,  
y aquel pueblito de Córdoba.

Si un águila fue tu cariño,  
paloma mi pobre alma;  
temblando, mi corazón en tus garras sangró  
y no le tuviste lástima.

No olvidaré cuando en tu Córdoba te vi  
y tu clavel bajo los árboles robé,  
Mis brazos, fueron tu nido; tu velo: la luz  
de la luna entre los álamos.

Tus párpados, si por instantes  
te vuelven los ojos mansos,  
recuerdan, cuando en el cielo de pronto se ve  
que nace y muere un relámpago.

La sábana, que sobre el suelo  
se tiende cuando la escarcha,  
no es blanca como la tímida flor de tu piel,  
ni fría como tus lágrimas.