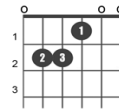
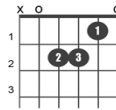
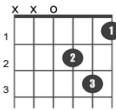
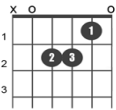
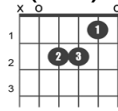
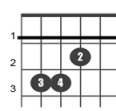
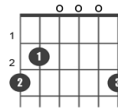
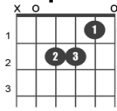


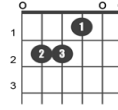
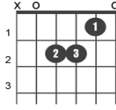
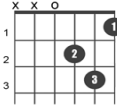
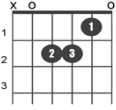
# La llorona



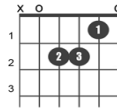
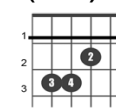
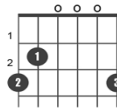
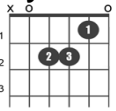
No sé qué tienen las flores, llorona, las flores del campo santo (bis)



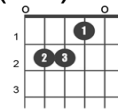
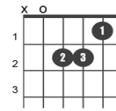
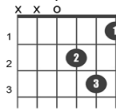
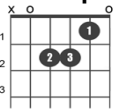
Que cuando las mueve el viento, llorona, parece que están llorando (bis)



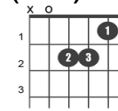
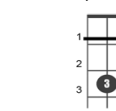
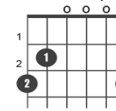
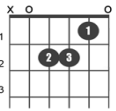
Ay de mí, llorona, llorona, tú eres mi yunta (bis)



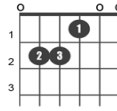
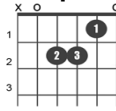
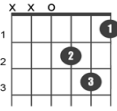
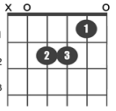
Me quitarán de quererte, llorona, pero de olvidarte, nunca (bis)



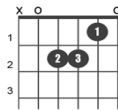
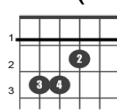
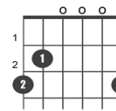
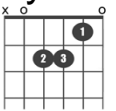
A un Santo Cristo de fierro, llorona, mis penas, le conté yo (bis)



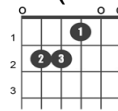
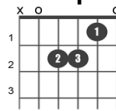
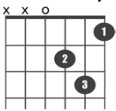
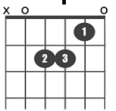
Cuáles no serían mis penas, llorona, que el Santo Cristo lloró (bis)



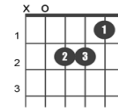
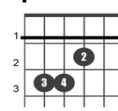
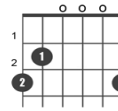
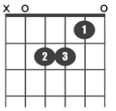
Ay de mí, llorona, llorona de un campo lirio (bis)



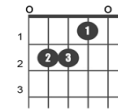
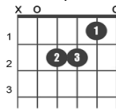
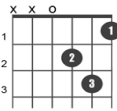
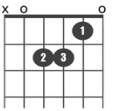
El que no sabe de amores, llorona, no sabe lo que es martirio (bis)



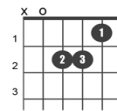
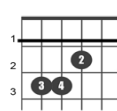
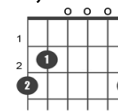
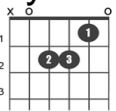
Dos besos llevo en el alma, llorona, que no se apartan de mí (bis)



El último de mi madre, llorona, y el primero que te di (bis)



Ay de mí, llorona, llorona, llévame al río (bis)



Tápame con tu rebozo, llorona, porque me muero de frío (bis)