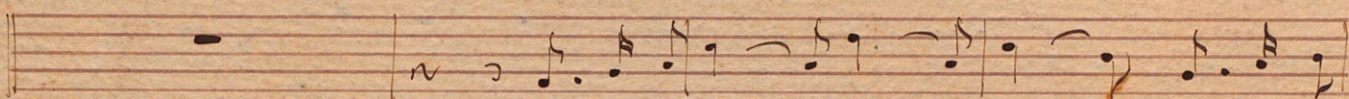


// Lo patró de Llevant //

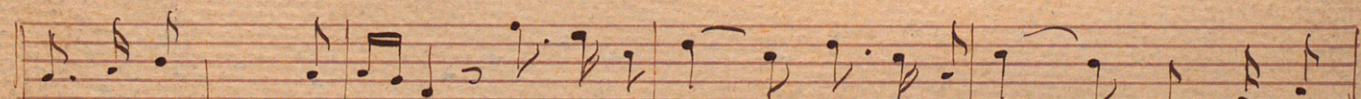
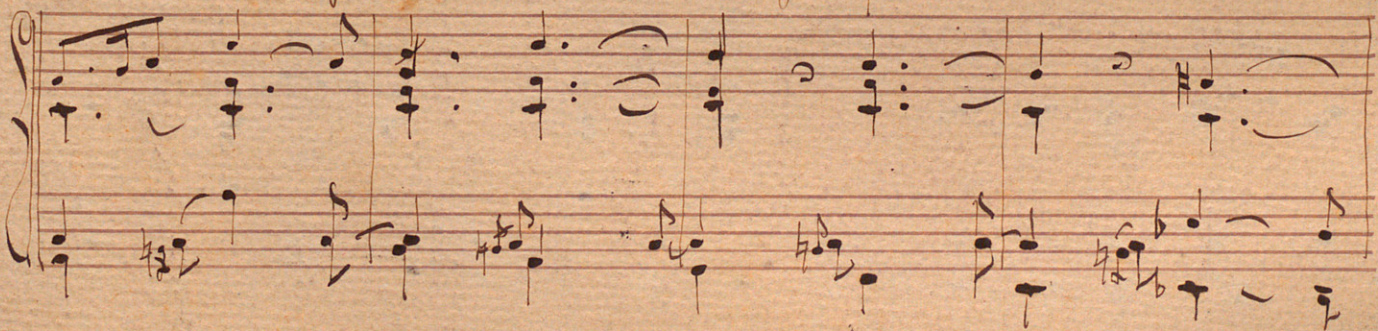
Piano.



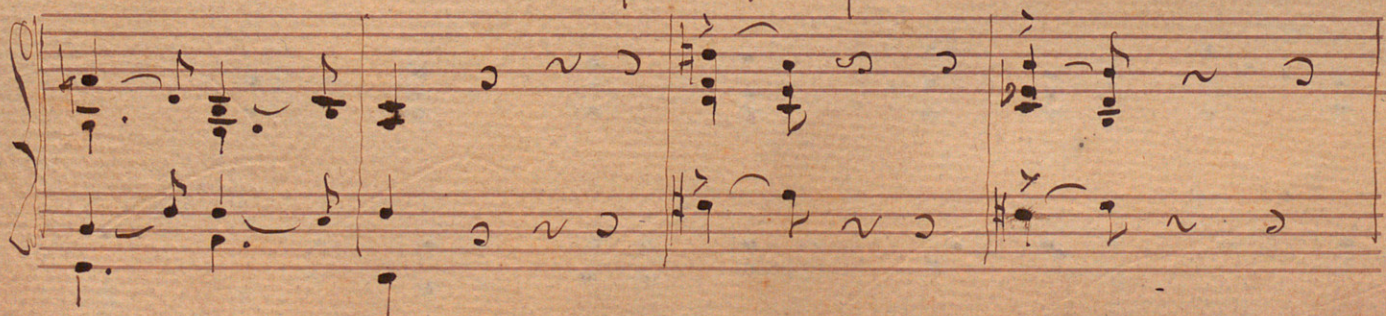
De la cos-ta ca-ta la-na so lo mes

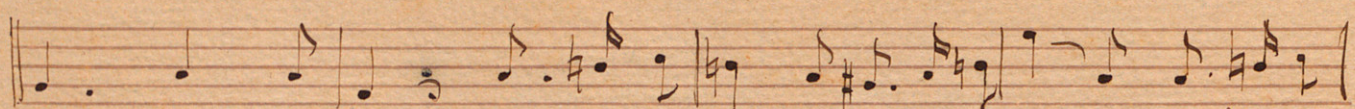


an-tics pa-tró fa cinquantany- que co-man-do la me-va

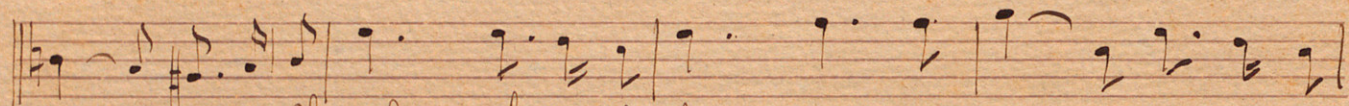
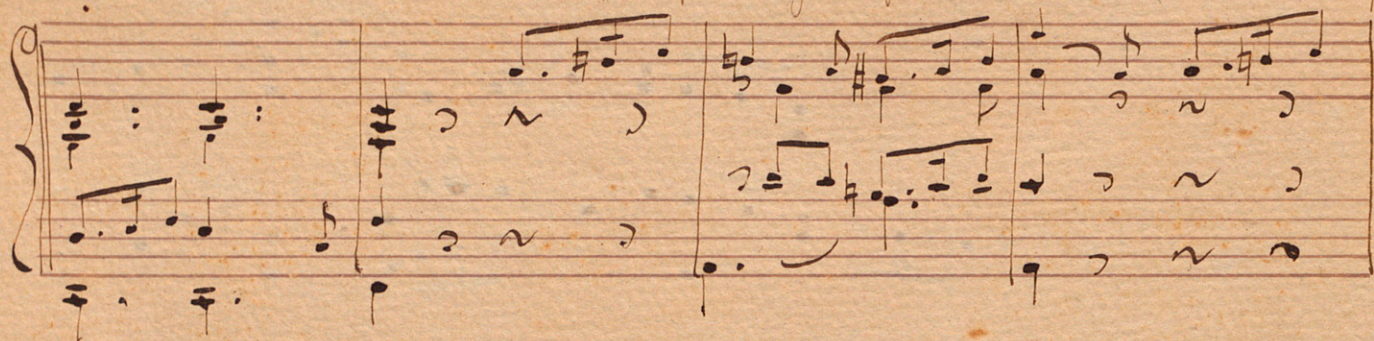


bar-ca del bon fa cinquantany- que co-man-do la me-va

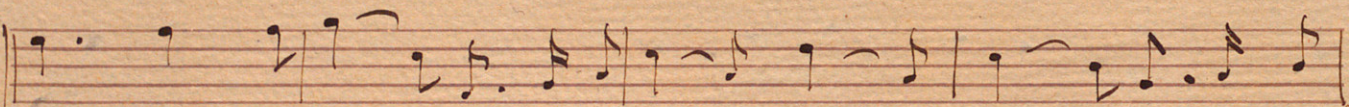
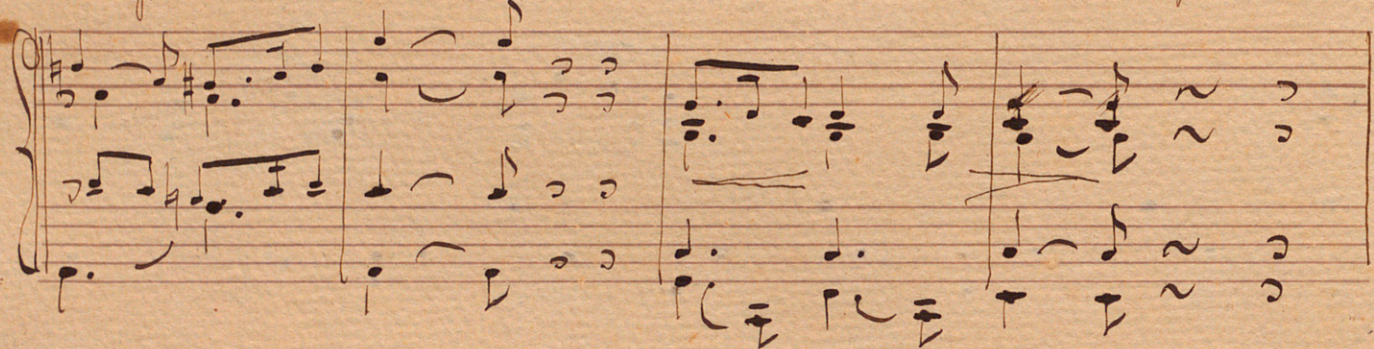




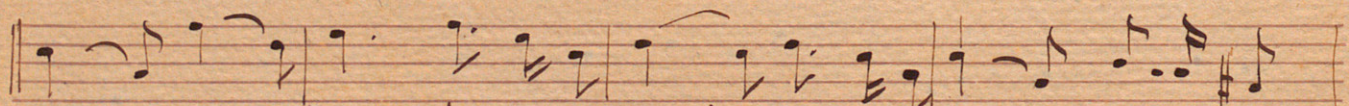
Molts cops veig pondresta llum a molts mes cops



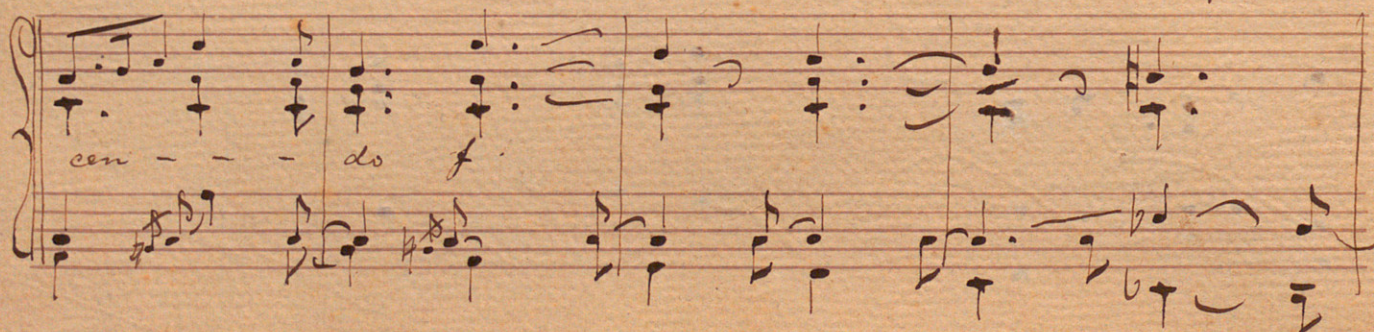
veig sortir el sol i la salabra de marina per çó m'ha

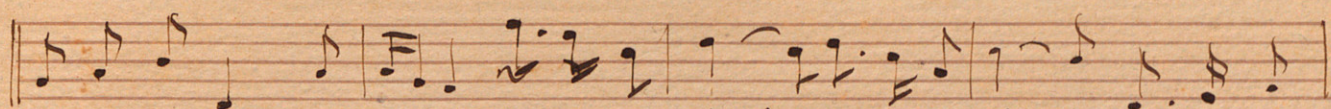


colrat lo front. et prop del mar jo veig veure a prop del

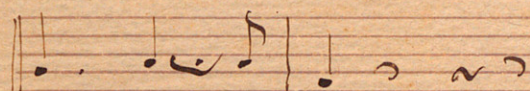
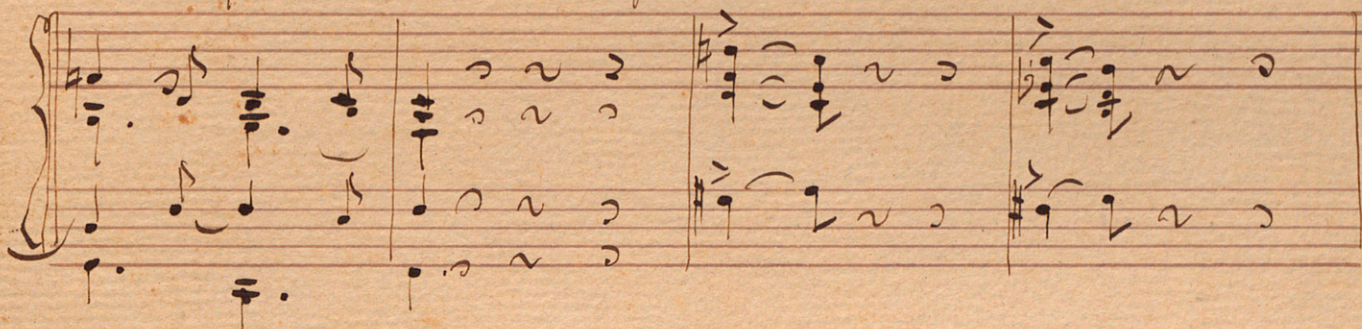


mar moriré, Val-gam! Deu! la mala-la-de si enfa de

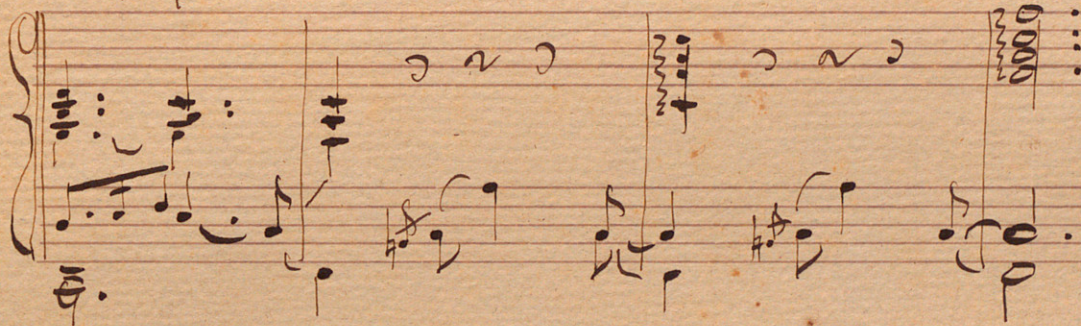




temps que'm co-nèix; Val-gam Deu! la mar-ba-da sien-pa de



temps que'm co-nèix.



17. de Septiembre del 1900. (Pensada lo dia 6)

Les breuetes

Oreuetas van y venen
Oreuetas venen, van ;
Enlocadas d'alegría
De son vol no paron may

Traspassan los oms fullors
Rodan per l'antich casal
Oreuen l'aygua qui brolla
Reboltan als campanars

Oreuetas mes amigues
Que l'estimada alegráu
!Ay, qui pogués com vosaltres
viure à pler en esta vall.

Joseph Caron