

# A Homero

Tango

ARREGLO PARA GUITARRA:  
ANIBAL ARIAS

MUSICA: A. TROILO  
LETRA: C. CASTILLO

The first system of musical notation for guitar, measures 1-4. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff with various rhythmic values and fingerings. Chordal accompaniment is shown below the staff. A first ending bracket labeled 'BII' spans measures 3 and 4. Measure numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are indicated below the staff.

The second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. It continues the melody and accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled 'BIII' spans measures 7 and 8. Measure numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are indicated below the staff.

The third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. It continues the melody and accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled 'BII' spans measures 11 and 12. Measure numbers 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 are indicated below the staff.

The fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. It continues the melody and accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled 'BII' spans measures 15 and 16. Measure numbers 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 are indicated below the staff.

The fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. It continues the melody and accompaniment. A first ending bracket labeled 'BII' spans measures 19 and 20. Measure numbers 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20 are indicated below the staff.

The sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. It continues the melody and accompaniment. Measure numbers 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20 are indicated below the staff.

Fueron años  
de cercos y glicinas,  
de la vida en orsaí  
y el tiempo loco.  
Tu frente triste  
de pensar la vida  
tiraba madrugadas  
por los ojos.  
Y estaba el terraplén  
y todo el cielo,  
la esquina del zanjón,  
la casa azul...  
Todo se fue  
trepando su misterio  
por los repechos  
de tu barrio sur.

Vamos,  
vení de nuevo a las doce,  
vamos,  
que está esperando  
Barquina,  
vamos,  
no ves que Pepe esta noche,  
no ves que el Viejo esta  
noche  
no va a faltar a la cita.  
Vamos,  
total, al fin, nada es cierto  
y estás, hermano, despierto  
juntito a Discepolín.

Ya punteaba  
la muerte su milonga.  
Tu voz calló el adiós  
que nos dolía.  
De tanto andar  
sobrándole a las cosas  
prendido en el final  
falló la vida.  
Ya sé que no vendrás  
pero, aunque cursí,  
te esperará lo mismo  
el paredón  
y el tres y dos  
de la parada inútil,  
y el fraternal rincón  
de nuestro amor.