

# Guantanamera

## The Sandpipers

Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera Yo soy un hombre sincero  
De don de crece la palma  
Yo soy un hombre sincero  
De don de crece la palma  
Y antes de morirme guiero  
Echar mis versos del alma Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera I'm just a man who is trying  
To do some good before dying  
To ask each man and his brother  
To bear no ill toward each other  
This life will never be hollow  
To those who listen and follow Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera I write my rhymes with no learning  
And yet with truth they are burning  
But is the world waiting for them?  
Or will they all just ignore them?  
Have I a poet's illusion  
A dream to die in seclusion? Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira; guantanamera A little brook on a mountain  
The cooling spray of a fountain  
Arouse in me an emotion  
More than the vast boundless ocean  
For there's a wealth beyond measure  
In little things that we treasure Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera  
Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera

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