Guantanamera

Pete Seeger

The words mean, I am a truthful man
From the land of the palm trees
And before dying, I want to share the poems of my soul
My poems are soft green,
My poems are also flaming crimson
My poems are like a wounded fawn
Seeking refuge in the forest
The last verse says "con los pobres de la tierra"
With the poor people of this earth
I want to share my fate
The streams of the mountain
Pleases me more than the sea

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