Guantanamera

JosÃ© Feliciano

Guantanamera
Guajira Guantanamera

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I'm just a man who is trying

To do some good before dying.
To ask each man and his brother.
To hear no ill t'ward each other.
This life will never be hollow.
To those who listen and folow.

Guantanamera

I write my rhymes with no learning

And yet with truth they are burning

But is the world waitin for them?
Or will they all just ignore them?
Have I a poet's illusion.
A dream to die in seclusion?

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

Yo soy un hombre sincero

De donde creco la palma

Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece le palma.
Yantes de morirme quiero

Echar mis versos del alma.

Guantanamera

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