

# Granada

[Al Martino](#)

Granada, I'm falling under your spell  
And if you could speak what a fascinating tale you would tell  
Of an age the world has long forgotten  
Of an age that weaves the silent magic in Granada today

The dawn in the sky greets the day with a sigh for Granada  
For she can remember the splendour that once was Granada  
It still can be found in the hills all around as I wander along  
Entranced by the beauty before me  
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and flowers and song  
And when day is done and the sun starts to set in Granada  
I envy the blush of the snow clad Sierra Nevada  
For soon it will welcome the stars  
While a thousand guitars play a soft Habanera  
Then moonlit Granada will live again  
The glory of yesterday romantic and gay.

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