

Joe Dassin "Guantanamera"

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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 des morir me 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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