

Celia Cruz "Guantanamera"

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Chorus:

Guantanamera
Guajira Guantanamera
Guantanamera
Guajira Guantanamera

Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crecen las palmas
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crecen las palmas
Y antes de morirme quiero
Echar mis versos del alma

(I am a sincere man Of where they grow Las
Palmas(The Palms)I am a sinncere man Of where they
grow Las Palmas and before I die, I want to throw the
verses of my soul)

-Chorus-

Cultivo la rosa blanca
En junio como en enero (como enero)
Qultivo la rosa blanca
En junio como en enero (como enero)
Para el amigo sincero
Que me da su mano franca

(Culture the white rose In June as in January (as January)
Culture the white rose In June like in January (like
January) For the sincere friend That gives his frank
hand to me)

-Chorus- 2x

Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmin encendido
Mi verso es un ciervo herido
Que busca en el monte amparo

(My verse is of the greens, clear and with an ignited

carmine My verse is of the greens, clear and with an
ignited carmine My verse is about a wounded red deer
That looks for a shelter in the mountains)

-Chorus-

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