

Mary Hopkin

"Que Sera, Sera"

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When I was just a little girl,
I asked my mother, What will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?'
Here's what she said to me
Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be.
When I was just a child in school,
I asked my teacher, What will I try?
Should I paint pictures
Should I sing songs?'
This was her wise reply
Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be.
When I grew up and fell in love.

I asked my sweetheart, What lies ahead?

Will we have rainbows

Day after day?

Here's what my sweetheart said

Que sera, sera,

Whatever will be, will be

The future's not ours to see.

Que sera, sera,

What will be, will be.

Now I have Children of my own.

They ask their mother, What will I be?

Will I be handsome?

Will I be rich?

I tell them tenderly

Que sera, sera,

Whatever will be, will be

The future's not ours to see

Que sera, sera,

What will be, will be

Que Sera, Sera

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