

## Russell Watson "Granada"

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Granada, tierra sonada por mi,  
Mi cantar se vuelve gitano  
Cuando es para ti.  
Mi cantar, hecho de fantasia;  
Mi cantar, flor de melancolia,  
Que yo te vengo a dar.  
Granada, tierra ensangretada  
En tardes de toros,  
Mujer que conserva el embrujo  
De los ojos moros.  
De sueno, rebelde, gitana  
Cubierta de flores,  
Y beso tu boca de grana,  
Jugosa manzana  
Que me habla de amores.  
Granada, manola, cantada  
En coplas preciosas,  
No tengo otra cosa que darte  
Que un ramo de roas,  
De rosas de suave fragrancia  
Que le dieran marco a la Virgen morena.  
Granada, tu tierra esta llena  
De lindas mujere, de sangre y de sol.

Translation:

Granada, land of my dreams,  
Mine becomes a gypsy song  
When I sing to you.  
My song, born of fancy;  
My song, melancholy flower,  
That I've come to offer you.  
Granada, land covered in blood  
From the bullfighting afternoons,  
Woman who retains the spell  
Of Moorish eyes.  
A dream-land, a rebel, a gypsy,  
Covered with flowers,  
And I kiss your scarlet mouth,  
Juicy apple  
That tells me about love affairs.  
Granada, my beautiful, sung  
In precious coplas,

I have nothing else to give you  
But a bouquet of roses  
Worthy of adorning the brown-skinned Virgin.  
Granada, your soil is full  
Of beautiful woman, blood and sunshine.

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