Sandpipers "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, Yantes des morirme 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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