

Trini Lopez "Guantanamera"

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Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece la palma
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece la palma
Y antes de morir ma yo quiero
Et cantar mis versos del alma
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
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
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera

I'm a sincere man from the land of the palm trees
But before dying I wish to poor forth the poems of my
soul
My verses are soft, soft green but also a flaming red
My verses are like wounded fawns seeking refuge in
the forest
I want to share my faith with the worlds humble
A little mountain stream pleases me moRe, more than
the ocean

Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira guantanamea

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