

Jos, 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 hear no ill t'ward each other.
this life will never be hollow.
To those who listen and folow.
Guantanamera
guajira Guantanamera.
I write my rhymes with no learning
And yet with truth they are burning
But is the world waitin for them?
or will they all just ignore them?
Have I a poet's illusion.
A dream to die in seclusion?
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.
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde creco la palma
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece le palma.
Yantes de morirme quiero
Echarmis versos del alma.
Guantanamera
guajira Guantanamera.