

The Kingston Trio, El Matador

Jane Bowers/Irving Burgess

Aye, Torero, she is here. Aye, matador. I feel her eyes. They are wide with excitement and fear.
I feel her heart for it cries when the horns are too near.
I will bold, brave, and swift will I be and I will be numero uno, torero fino. She'll dream tonight of me

Chorus:

Ole, ole, ole! (Husted!) Viva el matador! Ole, ole, ole! (Venga!) Viva el matador!

Aye, Torero, she is here. Aye, matador. I see her smile and I see there the reason she came.
Toro, come closer. Come here and I'll whisper her name.
You may be brave and as bold as you're black, but I will be numero uno, torero fino, toro come back

Chorus)

Toro, aqui. Closer, closer, closer.