Guantanamera

Bobby Darin

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera

I am a truthful man from the land of the palm trees
I am a truthful man from the land of the palm trees
And before I die, I should like to share my verses with you

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera

My verses are a clear green, and they are a flaming crimson
My verses are a clear green, and they are a flaming crimson
My verses are a dear sky which I look for in my beloved mountain

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera

With the poor people of this earth I will cast my fate
With the poor people of this earth I will cast my fate
The streams of the mountain are more pleasing to me than the sea

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera

I grow the white rose in June as in January
I grow the white rose in June as in January
For the sincere friend who gives me his outspoken hand

Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera
Guantanamera, guajira, Guantanamera

I am a truthful man from the land of the palm trees
Before dying I want to share these poems of my soul
My verses are a clear green, and they are a flaming crimson
I grow the white rose in June as in January
For the sincere friend who gives me his hand
And for the cruel one who would tear out my heart with which I live
I do not cultivate thistles nor nettles I cultivate a white rose

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And for the cruel one who would tear out my heart with which I live
And for the cruel one who would tear out my heart with which I live
I do not cultivate thistles nor nettles I cultivate a white rose

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