

Guantanamera

Guantanamera, Guajira Guantanamera
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1.

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 tow 'rd each other.
This life will never be hollow.
To those who listen and folow.

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2.

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?

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3.

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.

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4.

Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde creco la palma
Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece le palma.
Yantes de morirne quiero
Echar mis versos del alma.

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