

# Guantanamera

Julian Orbon/Pete Seeger/José Fernandez Dias

*Gm7* *C7sus C7* *F*  
 Guan - ta - na - mer - a, gua - ji - ra Guan - ta - na - mer - a.  
*Bb C7 F Bb C7 F Bb*  
 Guan - ta - na - mer - a, gua - ji - ra Guan - ta - na mer -  
*C7 F Gm7 C7*  
 a. I'm just a man who is try - ing. To do some  
*F Bb C7 F Bb*  
 good be - fore dy - ing, To ask each man and his brot - her.  
*C7sus C7 Gm7 C7*  
 To bear no ill \_\_\_\_\_ tow'rd each ot - her \_\_\_\_\_. This life will  
*F Bb C7sus C7 F Bb Gm7 C7*  
 nev - er be hol - low. To those who lis - ten and fol - low.

## 2. Guantanamera...

I write my rhymes with no learning,  
 And yet with truth they are burning,  
 But is the world waiting for them?  
 Or will they all just ignore them?  
 Have I a poet's illusion,  
 A dream to die in seclusion?

## 3. 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...

Yo soy un hombre sincero  
 De donde crece la palma,  
 Yo soy un hombre sincero  
 De donde crece la palma.  
 Y antes de morirme quiero,  
 Echarme versos del alma.

José Martí

*Cubansk frihedssang. Sunget af Pete Seeger, 1963*

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