

# Guantanamera

Celia Cruz

Chorus:

Guantanamera

Guajira Guantanamera

Guantanamera

Guajira Guantanamera Yo soy un hombre sincero

De donde crecen las palmas

Yo soy un hombre sincero

De donde crecen las palmas

Y antes de morirme quiero

Echar mis versos del alma

(I am a sincere man Of where they grow Las Palmas(The Palms)I am a sincere man Of where they grow Las Palmas and before I die, I want to throw the verses of my soul)-Chorus-Cultivo

la rosa blanca

En junio como en enero (como enero) Cultivo la rosa blanca

En junio como en enero (como enero)

Para el amigo sincero

Que me da su mano franca(Culture the white rose In June as in January (as January) Culture the white rose In June like in January (like January) For the sincere friend That gives his frank

hand to me)-Chorus- 2x

Mi verso es de un verde claro

Y de un carmin encendido

Mi verso es de un verde claro

Y de un carmin encendido

Mi verso es un ciervo herido

Que busca en el monte amparo(My verse is of the greens, clear and with an ignited carmine My verse is of the greens, clear and with an ignited carmine My verse is about a wounded red deer

That looks for a shelter in the mountains)-Chorus-

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