

# GUANTANAMERA

(Lady Of Guantanamo)

Spanish Lyric by  
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English adaptation by  
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(For Organ: Registration No. 6)

Moderato

F Bb C7 F Bb C7

I'm just a *mf* man who is try - ing to do some good be - fore dy - ing, To ask each  
rhymes with no learn - ing, and yet with truth they are burn - ing. But is the  
brook on a moun - tain, the cool - ing spray of a foun - tain a - rouse in

F Bb C7 F Bb C7

man and his broth - er world wait - ing for them me an e - mo - tion,  
to bear no ill tow'rd each oth - er. This life will  
or will they all just ig - more them? Have I a  
more than the vast bound - less o - cean, for there's a

F Bb C7 F Bb C7

nev - er be hol - low to those who lis - ten and fol - low.  
po - et's il - lu - sion, a dream to die in seclu - sion?  
wealth be - yond mea - sure in lit - tle things that we trea - sure.

F Bb C7 F Bb C7

Guan - ta - na - mer - a, I care a lot for the la - dy!  
Guan - ta - na - mer - a, I write my rhymes to un - cov - er  
Guan - ta - na - mer - a, I care a lot for the la - dy!

F Bb C7 F Bb 1. C7 2. C7

My in - spi - ra - tion, Guan - ta - na - mo's fair - est la - dy. 2. I write my  
my se - cret feel - ings, the ramb - ling thoughts of your lov - er. 3. A lit - tle  
My in - spi - ra - tion, Guan - ta - na - mo's fair - est la - dy.