

Guantanamera The Weavers

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/uke.htm

Intro: [F] [Gm] [C] [C7] [F] [Gm] [C]

[C7] Yo soy un [F] hombre sin[Gm]cero [C]

[C7] De donde [F] crece la [Gm] palma [C]

[C7] Yo soy un [F] hombre sin[Gm]cero [C]

De donde [Bb] crece la [C] palma

Y antes de [F] morirme [Gm] quier[C]o

[C7] Echar mis [F] versos del [Gm] al[C]ma

[Bb] Guantanamera [C] [C7] guajira [F] Guantanamera [Gm] [C]

[F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a [C7] guajira [F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a

[C7] Con los [F] pobres de la ti[Gm]erra [C]

[C7] Quiero [F] yo mi suerte [Gm] echar [C]

[C7] Con los [F] pobres de la ti[Gm]erra [C]

Quiero [Bb] yo mi suerte e[C]char

[C7] El arroyo [F] de la si[Gm]erra [C]

[C7] Me complac[F]e mas que [Gm] el [C] mar

[Bb] Guantanamera [C] [C7] guajira [F] Guantanamera [Gm] [C]

[F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a [C7] guajira [F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a

(Spoken) Jose Marti of Cuba was born in 1853. At the age of 17 he was exiled and spent most of his life away from his home. When he was 42, he finally returned to Cuba and within a year was killed in an aborted uprising. And this is one of his last poems:

I am a truthful man, and before dying I want to share these poems of my soul

My verses are light green but also flaming crimson

My verses are like a wounded fawn seeking refuge

For the poor people of this earth I want to share my fate

[Bb] Guantanamera [C] [C7] guajira [F] Guantanamera [Gm] [C]

[F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a [C7] guajira [F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a

[Bb] Guantanamera [C] [C7] guajira [F] Guantanamera [Gm] [C]

[F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a [C7] guajira [F] Guantana[Gm]mer[C]a

