**Spanish Lyrics to Guantanamera**

Yo soy un hombre sincero  
De donde crece la palma  
Y antes de morirme quiero  
Echar mis versos del alma  
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera  
  
Mi verso es de un verde claro  
Y de un carmín encendido  
Mi verso es un ciervo herido  
Que busca en el monte amparo  
Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera  
  
**Cultivo una rosa blanca  
En julio como en enero  
Para el amigo sincero  
Que me da su mano franca**

**Y para el cruel que me arranca  
El corazón con que vivo,  
Cardo ni oruga cultivo:  
Cultivo la rosa blanca.**

I am a truthful man  
From where the palm tree grows  
And before dying I want  
To let out the verses of my soul  
  
My verse is light green  
And it is flaming red  
My verse is a wounded stag  
Who seeks refuge on the mountain  
  
I grow a white rose  
In July just as in January  
For the honest friend  
Who gives me his open hand

And for the cruel one whose blows  
Break the heart by which I live,  
Thistle nor thorn do I give:  
For him, too, I have a white rose.