

## Fernando

hear you minute same  
guitar coming say drums  
old see night land friend  
liberty cry firelight can  
regret hand never life  
remember stars afraid friend  
still closer same

Can you hear the \_\_\_\_\_ Fernando?

I \_\_\_\_\_ long ago another starry night like this

In the \_\_\_\_\_ Fernando

You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your

\_\_\_\_\_

I could \_\_\_\_\_ the distant drums

And sounds of bugle calls were \_\_\_\_\_ from afar

They were \_\_\_\_\_ now Fernando

Every hour every \_\_\_\_\_ seemed to last eternally

I was so \_\_\_\_\_ Fernando

We were young and full of \_\_\_\_\_ and none of us prepared to  
die

And I'm not ashamed to \_\_\_\_\_

The roar of guns and cannons almost made me \_\_\_\_\_

There was something in the air that \_\_\_\_\_

The \_\_\_\_\_ were bright, Fernando

They were shining there for \_\_\_\_\_ and me

For \_\_\_\_\_, Fernando

Though I \_\_\_\_\_ thought that we could lose

There's no \_\_\_\_\_

If I had to do the \_\_\_\_\_ again  
I would, my \_\_\_\_\_, Fernando  
If I had to do the \_\_\_\_\_ again  
I would, my \_\_\_\_\_, Fernando

Now we're \_\_\_\_\_ and grey Fernando  
And since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ you hear the drums Fernando?  
Do you \_\_\_\_\_ recall the frightful night we crossed the Rio  
Grande?  
I can \_\_\_\_\_ it in your eyes  
How proud you were to fight for freedom in this \_\_\_\_\_

