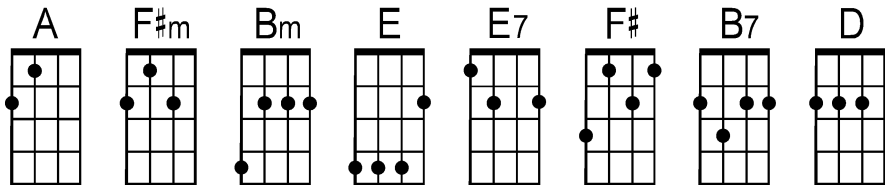


# Fernando

By Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus-ABBA (1976)



**Intro:** D . . . | . . . . | A . . . | . . . . | Bm . . . | . . . . | A . . . A\

A -9-----11--12--11--9--4--7-----7--9--7--7--5--4--2-----2--4--2--0-----  
 E -10----12--14--12--10--5--9-----9--10--9--9--7--5--4-----4--5--4--0-----  
 C -----  
 G -----2-----

(-----*tacet*-----) | A . . . | . . . . | . . . . | F#m . . . | .  
 Can you hear the drums, Fer-*n*ando? I rem-em-ber long a-go a-nother starry night like this.  
 . . . . | Bm . . . | . . . . | . . . . | E  
 In the fire-light, Fer-nan-do, you were humming to your-self and softly strumming your gui-tar,  
 . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | A\  
 I could hear the distant drums and sounds of bugle calls were coming from a-far.

(-----*tacet*-----) | A . . . | . . . . | . . . . | F#m . . . | .  
 They were closer now, Fer-*n*ando, Every hour, every minute seemed to last e-ter-nal-ly.  
 . . . . | Bm . . . | . . . . | . . . . | E  
 I was so a-fraid, Fer-nando, we were young and full of life and none of us pre-pared to die.  
 . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | A\  
 And I'm not a-shamed to say the roar of guns and cannons al-most made me cry.

(-----*tacet*-----) | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | .  
**Chorus:** There was something in the air that night, the stars were bright, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . .  
 They were shining there for you and me, for lib -er- ty, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | A7 . . . . | F# . . . . | B7 . . . | .  
 Though we never thought that we could lose, there's no re-gret.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | .  
 If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | D . . . | A\  
 If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.

(-----*tacet*-----) | A . . . | . . . . | . . . . | F#m . . . | .  
 Now we're old and grey, Fer-*n*ando, since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.  
 . . . . | Bm . . . | . . . . | . . . . | E  
 Can you hear the drums, Fer-*n*ando? Do you still re-call the fateful night we crossed the Rio Grande?  
 . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | A\  
 I can see it in your eyes, how proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.

(-----*tacet*-----) | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | .  
**Chorus:** There was something in the air that night, the stars were bright, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . .  
 They were shining there for you and me, for lib -er- ty, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | A7 . . . . | F# . . . . | B7 . . . | .  
 Though we never thought that we could lose, there's no re-gret.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | .  
 If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . | .  
 If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.

A . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . | .  
 There was something in the air that night, the stars were bright, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . .  
 They were shining there for you and me, for lib -er- ty, Fer-nan-do.  
 | A7 . . . . | F# . . . . | B7 . . . . |  
 Though we never thought that we could lose, there's no re- gret.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | A . . . . |  
 If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.  
 . . . . | E7 . . . . | . . . . | D . . . . | A\

If I had to do the same a-gain, I would my friend, Fer-nan-do.

**San Jose Ukulele Club**  
 (v3b 4/10/16)