Now we're old and grey,
Chorus: I can see it in your eyes, how proud you were to fight for
freedom in this land.

Can you hear the drums, Fer-nando?
I rem-em-ber long a-go a-nother starry night like this.

They were closer now, Fer-nando,
Every hour, every minute seemed to last e-ternal-ly.

I was so a-fraid, Fer-nando,
we were young and full of life and none of us pre-pared to die.

And I'm not a-shamed to say the roar of guns and cannons al-most made me cry.

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

Now we're old and grey, Fer-nando, since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.
Can you hear the drums, Fer-nando?
Do you still re-call the fateful night we crossed the Rio Grande?
I can see it in your eyes, how proud you were to fight for freedom in this land.

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

(--------tacet--------) |E7 . . . | . . . . . |A . . . | A\nThere 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.

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

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2 4/1/16)