Fernando
By Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus-ABBA (1976)

Chorus:
I can hear the distant drums and sounds of bugle calls were coming from afar.

Can you hear the drums, Fer-nan-do?

I rem-em-ber long a-go a-nother starry night like this.

In the fire-light, Fer-nan-do, you were humming to your-self and softly strumming your gui-tar,

I could hear the distant drums and sounds of bugle calls were coming from afar.

They were closer now, Fer-nan-do, Every hour, every minute seemed to last e-ter-na-ly.

I was so a-fraid, Fer-nan-do, 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.

Chorus:
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-nan-do, since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.

Can you hear the drums, Fer-nan-do? 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 liberty, Fer-nan-do.

Though we never thought that we could lose, there's no regret.

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