

Granada

Katherine Jenkins

The dawn in the sky greets the day with a sigh for
granada.
For she can remember the splendor that once was
granada.
It still can be found in the hills all around as I
wander along,
Entranced by the beauty before me,
Entranced by a land full of sunshine and flowers and
song.

When day is done and the sun starts to set in granada,
I envy the blush of the snow-clad tierra novada,
So soon it will welcome the stars
While a thousand guitars play a soft carbinera.
Then moonlit Granada will live again,
The glory of yesterday, romantic and gay.

Granada, I'm falling under your spell,
And if you could speak, what a fascinating tale you
would tell.
Of an age the world has long forgotten,
Of an age that weaves a silent magic in granada today.

And when day is done and the sun starts to set in
granada,
I envy the blush of the snow-clad tierra novada,
So soon it will welcome the stars
While a thousand guitars play a soft carbinera.
Then moonlit Granada will live again,
The glory of yesterday, romantic and gay.
In granada today.