

## 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.