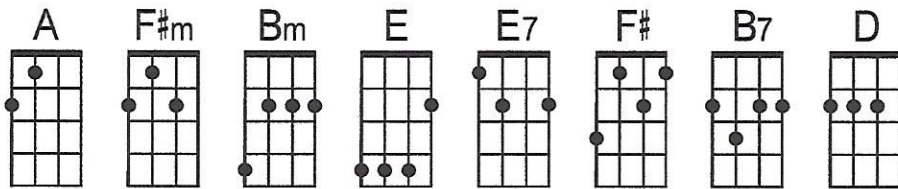


Fernando

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 -----1-----
 G -----2-----

(-----*tacet*-----) | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | F#m . . . | .
 Can you hear the drums, Fer-nando? 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-nando, Every hour, every minute seemed to last e-ternal-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-nando, since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand.
 | Bm . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | E
 Can you hear the drums, Fer-nando? 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)