

SA: Can you hear the drums, Fernando? I remember long ago another starry night like this. In the firelight, Fernando, You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your guitar. I could hear the distant drums and sounds of bugle calls were coming from afar.

SATB: They were closer now, Fernando. Every hour, every minute, seemed to last eternally. I was so afraid, Fernando, we were young and full of life and none of us prepared to die. And I'm not ashamed to say the roar of guns and cannons almost made me cry.

There was something in the air that night, the stars were bright, Fernando. They were shining there for you and me; For liberty, Fernando. Though I never thought that we could lose, there's no regret. ||: If I had to do the same again I would, my friend, Fernando. :||

SA: Now we're old and grey, Fernando, and since many years I haven't seen a rifle in your hand. Can you hear the drums, Fernando? Do you still recall 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. **SATB:** *There was something*