

Que Sera, Sera (Whatever Will Be, Will Be)

Mary Hopkin

When I was just a little girl,
I asked my mother, What will I be?
Will I be pretty?
Will I be rich?'
Here's what she said to me

Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be.

When I was just a child in school,
I asked my teacher, What will I try?
Should I paint pictures
Should I sing songs?'
This was her wise reply

Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be;
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be.
When I grew up and fell in love.
I asked my sweetheart, What lies ahead?
Will we have rainbows
Day after day?
Here's what my sweetheart said

Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see.
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be.

Now I have Children of my own.
They ask their mother, What will I be?
Will I be handsome?
Will I be rich?
I tell them tenderly

Que sera, sera,
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Que sera, sera,
What will be, will be
Que Sera, Sera