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

Refrein: Qué será, será Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see Qué será, será 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 Her's what my sweetheart said

Refrein:

Now I have children of my own They ask their mother, what will it be Will I be handsome? Will I be rich? I tell them tenderly

Refrein: