

Arvoles (Phonetic)

Arvoles yoran por luvias
Y montanias por aires
Ansi yoran los mis ojos
Por ti kerida 'mante.

Torno Y digo
ke va ser de mi
En tierras ajenas
yo me vo morir

Blanca sos, blanca vistes,

Blanca la tu figura,
Blancas flores caen de ti
De la tu ermozura.

Trees

Trees cry for rain
And mountains for wind
So cry my eyes
For you, my dear beloved.

I cry and ask again -
What will happen with me?
In a foreign land
I will die.

You're fair-skinned, your dress
is white,
Fair is your face,
White flowers fall from you
From your beauty.