

## Arvoles Lloran Por Lluvias

Arvoles lloran por lluvias  
y montañas por aires  
Así lloran los mis ojos  
por ti querido amante

The trees cry for the rain  
And the mountains for the wind  
That is how my eyes weep  
For you, dearest love.

Torno y digo qué va a ser de mí  
En tierras ajenas yo me vo morir

I say to myself time and again, what will  
become of me?  
Shall I die in a far away land?

Blanca sos, blanca vistas  
blanca la tu figura  
Blancas flores caen de ti  
De la tu hermosura

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

Torno y digo qué va a ser de mí  
En tierras ajenas yo me vo morir

I say to myself time and again, what will  
become of me?  
Shall I die in a far away land?

Deshojar quero una roza  
y hacerme un vestido  
Para irme a pasear con ti  
mi querido

I wish to pluck petals from the rose  
And make a garment for myself  
In order to go with you  
My dearest.

Torno y digo qué va a ser de mí  
En tierras ajenas yo me vo morir

I say to myself time and again, what will  
become of me?  
Shall I die in a far away land?

Enfrente de mi hay un angelo  
con tus ojos me mira.  
Hablar quero y no puedo  
mi corazón suspira

There is an angel in front of me  
With your eyes he looks at me  
I want to cry, but cannot  
My heart sighs

Torno y digo qué va a ser de mí  
En tierras ajenas yo me vo morir

Shall I die in a far away land?  
I say to myself time and again, what will  
become of me?