

7. Floret silva nobilis

(Chorus)

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves.

(Small Chorus)

Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me? Ah!

(Chorus)

Floret silva undique,
nah min gesellen ist mir we.

The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover.

(Small Chorus)

Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wa ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
o wi, wer sol mich minnen?

The woods are turning green all over,
why is my lover away so long? Ah!
He has ridden off,
Oh woe, who will love me? Ah!