

Linda Ronstadt, The Laurels

(Jose Lopez)

Ay, how green the laurels are!
What fiery roses!
If you're thinking of leaving me better
to take away my life;
Lift your eyes to look at me
If you are not engaged to be married.

You are a sprig of cotton
That lives in the bud;
Ay, what sadness I feel
When you fill yourself with haughtiness
Upon seeing my heart
Entangled with yours!

You are a rose from Castille
That can only be seen in May
I would like to invite you,
But in truth I don't know
If there is someone in the way
Better that I go away.

So goes the farewell
Chinito, to your affections
The Blessed women
Are the ruin of men;
And here ends the singing
Of the verses of the laurels