

## VIII

Who goes amid the green wood  
With springtide all adorning her?  
Who goes amid the merry green wood  
To make it merrier?

Who passes in the sunlight  
By ways that know the light footfall?  
Who passes in the sweet sunlight  
With mien so virginal?

The ways of all the woodland  
Gleam with a soft and golden fire—  
For whom does all the sunny woodland  
Carry so brave attire?

O, it is for my true love  
The woods their rich apparel wear—  
O, it is for my own true love,  
That is so young and fair.