João Soares Coelho

Rubrica
– On a fateful day, dear lady, I heard
you speak and first laid eyes on you.
– Tell me, friend, since you are hurting,
what, by God's grace, I can do?
– Will you show me your favor, lady?
– I'll do what I can do, my friend.
– Ever since I heard you speak,

dear lady, I've only known despair.
– Friend, what is it you seek
from me that might relieve your cares?
– Will you show me your favor, lady?
– I'll do what I can do, my friend.
– To see and hear you speak, dear lady,
took pleasure, peace and sleep from me.

– So tell me, friend, God allowing,
what I can do, for I've no idea.
– Will you show me your favor, lady?
– I'll do what I can do, my friend.
que morrerei por vós, u nom jaz al.
Catade, senhor, nom vos éste mal,
ca polo meu nom vos venh'eu rogar.

E ar quero-vos ora conselhar,
per bõa fé, o melhor que eu sei
- metede mentes no que vos direi:
quem me vos assi vir desamparar
e morrer por vós, pois eu morto for,
tam bem vos dirá por mi "traedor"
come a mim por vós, se vos matar.

E de tal preço guarde-vos vós Deus,
senhor e lume destes olhos meus,
se vos vós en nom quiserdes guardar!

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