João Garcia de Guilhade

Rubrica
I won't deny to you, my friends,
how badly love has hit me,
because I see how mad I act,
and madly I'll admit it:
the green eyes that I saw
have made me what you see.

Everyone knows to whom these eyes
belong, and although this who
resents the fact she's talked about,
I'm dying of love – what can I do?
The green eyes that I saw
have made me what you see.

If a man has lost his mind,
then he has to be excused
for all the mad things he may say,
and so I madly say to you:
the green eyes that I saw
have made me what you see.

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