

## **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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