

## **Fernão Rodrigues de Calheiros**

### Rubrica

Mother, it was here that I met a young lord  
who left me with love and a martyr's torment.

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!

If I'm in love it's  
because I sought it,  
but he also caught it.

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!

Mother, it was here I met a young noble,  
who left me in this state, all troubled.

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!

If I'm in love it's  
because I sought it,  
but he also caught it.

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!

Mother, it was here, on a day I deplore,  
that he left me troubled – I wish he'd left more!

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!

If I'm in love it's  
because I sought it,  
but he also caught it.

Ah, mother, how I'm in love!