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!

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