

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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