

## **Nuno Fernandes Torneol**

Rubrica

Rise up, beloved, who on cold mornings sleeps;  
love is what all the world's birds were saying -  
I'm a happy soul.

Rise up, beloved, who sleeps on mornings cold;  
love is what all the world's birds were singing -  
I'm a happy soul.

Love is what all the world's birds were saying;  
they had my love and yours in mind -  
I'm a happy soul.

Love is what all the world's birds were singing;  
their songs proclaimed my love and yours -  
I'm a happy soul.

They had my love and yours in mind;  
you took away from them their branches -  
I'm a happy soul.

Their songs proclaimed my love and yours;  
you took the branches where they perched -  
I'm a happy soul.

You took away from them their branches;  
you dried the fountains where they drank -  
I'm a happy soul.

You took the branches where they perched;  
you dried the fountains where they bathed -  
I'm a happy soul.