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.

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