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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