Mendinho

Rubrica
Sitting at St. Simon's chapel, alone,
soon I was surrounded by the rising ocean,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

Before the altar of the chapel, waiting,
soon I was surrounded by the ocean's waves,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

Soon I was surrounded by the rising ocean,
without a boatman and unused to rowing,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

Soon I was surrounded by the ocean's waves,
without a boatman to row me away,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

Without a boatman and unused to rowing,
I'll die, a fair girl, in the high-waving ocean,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

Alone, without a boatman to row me away,
I'll die, a fair girl, in the ocean's waves,
waiting for my lover, still waiting.

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