João Garcia de Guilhade

Rubrica
Ugly lady, you've complained
that I never sing your praise,
so I've composed a new refrain
to sing your praise in my own way,
and this is what my song exclaims:
you're a crazy, old and ugly lady!

Ugly lady, since your desire
is that I praise you in my rhymes,
God forgive me, I will try
to sing your praise in my own way,
and this is what my song will cry:
you're a crazy, old and ugly lady!

Ugly lady, though I've sung
of all my loves, I never sang
a song for you, so now I'll sing,
singing your praise in my own way,
and this is what my song will say:
you're a crazy, old and ugly lady!

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