

Carlos Lyra, Springtime (Primavera)

My love
Ardent and lonely
Is a garden
Where no flowers grow
If she only knew
How very much I miss her
And how sad
It is to feel saudade...
But its true I love her so much
That its possible
She might love me, too
For it seems
That Im so far away
Than ever
Further than the evening star
In heaven
Oh, star, please
Go and tell her
How I love her
How Ill suffer
Till a flower blooms
Nearby and brings
The feeling that in springtime
Poetry never dies

There is
No love so lonely
Its together
Only, that it grows
Ill give tenderness I know,
With all my feelings
And Im willing
To believe in happiness
It is true I want him so much
Such enchantment
Never has an end
And through love
I understand
That I will miss him
And to miss him
Is to fell saudade
Oh, love, please
Go and tell him
How I love him
How I cant win
Till a flower blooms
Nearby and brings
The promise that in springtime
Love will never die