Osoiro Anes

Rubrica

I never thought that my heart would be able to force me back into the prison of passion I had only lately departed. It forced on me a new love and forced on me a new lady, I guess to make me a martyr!

Having once suffered great pain because of a lady I loved, I thought I could never be moved to fall in love yet again, but I've been forced by my eyes and the beauty in hers that shine, and her worthiness and a song

I heard her sing when her hair was uncovered. O fateful day! I wish I'd been given death instead of having to bear this pain in my heart, severe to the point I sincerely fear I must die or my love declare.

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