

## **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.