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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