Bernal de Bonaval

Rubrica

Though my lady makes me suffer, of her I'll never speak a bitter word – it's not right: I've chosen this pain. But I will curse Love, for building up a passion that she treats with scorn.

And I'll never cast my lady in harsh terms, despite the hurt she causes, and the sleep I lose, but I reserve scorn for Love, for building up a passion that she treats with scorn.

No matter how I suffer,
I have no reason to complain
about my lady – but in my heart,
I say: I loathe Love,
for building up a passion
that she treats with scorn.

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