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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