Lopo

Rubrica
My affliction is a lack
of pretext: I need to see
my lady where she lives.
I haven't been in ages –
but still I keep my distance:
none can know my lover's name.

I'm too afraid for a meeting,
they'll realize who I'm with.
Her absence is like death,
albeit longer-lived –
but still I keep my distance:
none can know my lover's name.

Lacking in excuses,
I don't know what comes next.
Dying would be better
than another day of this –
but still, I keep my distance:
none can know my lover's name.

nem saberám, mentr'eu aqueste sem
houver: que hei per mim quem quero bem.

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