

Pedro Amigo de Sevilha

Rubrica

- Sister, today I saw
your sweetheart speaking
with another. Whether
their aim was pure or ill,
Lord forgive me, I'm unsure.
- Sister, let him talk if he please:

I'm his, and so I'll be.
I've made him mine; no girl
in the world, however
devoted she may be,
can divide us - that's death's due.
- I fear what will be rended

is your heart: I know his kind,
and I know who you are -
a believer in his love,
which will leave you worse off,
I'm telling you.
- No, he loves me truly.

I'm of him, as he's of me, a part;
only death can split us up.
I know this, and so assured,
that he has my blessing,
should he speak with every girl.
- In your trust, I sense loss:

I swear to God, I've heard
other women's plots

to steal from you your love.
- Never - the power isn't his or hers.