**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.

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