Lopo

Rubrica
I'm grief and girlish softnessmy lover left in anger,
but I swear on my honor,
I have no forgiveness:
if he hoped to gain by leaving,
he'll learn - I get even.

Mother, he never explained why he left with such malice in his heart – but I promise, upon my father's name: if he hoped to gain by leaving, he'll learn – I get even.

Though I've suffered for his sakeand though you beat me, dear mother, you who hate me for my lover, I swear on my maidenhood: if he hoped to gain by leaving, he'll learn - I get even.

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