Lopo

Rubrica
I'm grief and girlish softness–
my 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 sake–
and 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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