Lopo

Rubrica
Daughter, if you're able,
tell me what's your trouble.
My heart is all unrest.

Daughter, if you please,
tell me what this means.
My heart is all unrest.

Give a straight reply!
Why is it you're crying?
My heart is all unrest.

I swear by St. Eleutherius:
thinking about my lover,
my heart is all unrest.

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