

## **Vidal**

Rubrica

It's only right

I'll perish for a lady

from Elvas who numbs me

like physician's herbs.

Seeing her fair chest,

I whisper to her servants:

My pain's beyond all pain,

she wants me gone, I'm sure;

but since I'm bound to die,

I'm glad I'll die for her.

Amor hei [...]

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