

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 [...]

cantigas-stag.square-bit.com

© 03/08/2025