

Copralalia, la la la

God knows I should have had my fill of song –
the more I sing
the worse I fare in love,
and tears and cares
make me their home;
I've placed my heart and soul
in jeopardy,
and if I don't end this poem no
it will already be too long.

Oh handsome friend, just once before I die
of grief, show me
your handsome face;
the other lovers say
you are a beast –
but still, though no joy
comes to me from you,
I'm proud to love you always
in good faith, with an unfickle heart.

Poem by Castelloza (born c. 1200)

The lyrics are interspersed with profanities in the song.