

Whether the sea be calm or full of pride,
Never will I turn my feet away from these waves.
I wait for you here, and here, as a lover,
I lament and complain of your betrayal of faith.
Often, I climb these rocks
To see if your woods are still without laughter.
There, I sit and cry.
So that the sea believes I am a spring,
And the sailors think I am a cliff,
And I still often send you messages
To tell of my pain and torment
Through the wandering air and light breezes.
But you don't come back, Phyllida,
And the breeze disperses my lament.
And one cannot expect such mercy
If you trust a lady with your heart
Or the winds with your prayers.