

**It's true**

Ay, the pain it costs me  
to love you as I love you!

For love of you, the air, it hurts,  
and my heart,  
and my hat, they hurt me.

Who would buy it from me,  
this ribbon I am holding,  
and this sadness of cotton,  
white, for making handkerchiefs with?

Ay, the pain it costs me  
to love you as I love you!

Federico García Lorca

