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Engelsk&Svensk dikt - Ärlighet

Shall we gather our self's to dig back in time,
How happy story endings did have a sigh,
When inheritance was shared as a crime,
And who could believe that justice could die,

Let me tell you a story about a lass,
She lived by the land without glory,
And with people still living in the past,
And with humanity she sheared a beautiful story,

With her father and two brothers her life she sheared,
The father, who was rich and power was under his hands,
And the two brothers for his last breath they were prepared,
How they could get their hands on their fathers land,

The poor fair lady in this family she was oppressed,
Used and enslaved always well behaved,
In pain and sorrow she was dressed,
Pain during her days and sorrow during her nights,

Her father who treated her like a ghost,
And the brothers whom had his attention,
she was the one whom loved him the most,
And showed him love clear and bright,

The brothers which wished for their father's death,
So they can have his kingdom and power,
They fed him with fake emotions and lies,
And the fair lady that was like a faded flower,

The father who loved his lads more than his daughter,
And was willing to give his legacy to his lads,
And nothing goes to the forgotten lady,
And the legacy in their hands was very bad,

Fadern blir svårt sjuk och är nära att dö,
Medan dottern sitter sina nätter långa högt ber sina böner,
Hon vill inte att fadern än ska ta förval och säga adjö,
Medan dag för dag väntar dem på det sista hjärtslagen, hans söner,

Ondskan tränger sig in en natt,
Tar faderns själ med storm,
Sönerna får sin vinst dem får sin skatt,
Medan saknaden för flickan är väldigt enorm,

Tårarna som fälls ner på hennes kind ber,
Ber till gud att ta tillbaka det han tog,
Gud svarar tårarnas böner och det underliga sker,
Och det blåstes liv i honom i samma moment som han dog,

Då fadern inser vart hans söner står,
Sönerna som stal och deras far dem svek,
Och fadern insåg och det är nu han verkligen förstår,
Att det ända flickan gav honom var ren kärlek,

Ty skall dem lida så som flickan gjort,
Och deras straff ska vara hårdare än någonsin,
Om han söner kunde han aldrig detta trott,
Ärlighet varar längst och ger sin vinst,

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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