Gil Sanches

Rubrica
You who from Montemaior have come,
you who from Montemaior have come,
give me a word from the lady I love,
give me a word from the lady I love,
for if she hasn't sent
me word, she will have rent
my heart, and great regret
I'll feel, and greatly slighted,
for I was born on a day
that doomed me to the bane
of loving her in vain –
alas! she's never requited.

You who've just now seen her eyes,
you who've just now seen her eyes,
give me a word, by God on high,
give me a word, by God on high,
for if she hasn't sent
me word, she will have rent
my heart, and great regret
I'll feel, and greatly slighted,
for I was born on a day
that doomed me to the bane
of loving her in vain –
alas! she's never requited.

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