

## **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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