Paio Soares de Taveirós

Rubrica
I don't know anyone whose plight
can match the plight that's my disgrace:
I'm dying for your sake, alas!
and you, dear lady, red and white,
want me to paint you well composed,
when I saw you in simple clothes.
I wish I'd stayed in bed that day
or found you less attractive!

Yes, dear lady, from that day since,
my life, alas! has been unhappy.
And you, daughter of Paio Moniz,
act as if you were convinced
that you bestowed on me a robe
when from you I've had no clothes
and never had, beloved lady,
so much as a leather strap.

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