Martim Soares

Rubrica
Dear lady, since you don't believe
in how Love makes me ache for you,
know it's my curse that you're so beautiful,
and it's my curse that I chose you,
and it's my curse that I heard of your fame,
and it's my curse that I saw your face,
for my curse consists in your every grace.

Since you ignore how much I ache
and how my heart for you is torn,
know that my curse is worse than you think,
and it's my curse to have been born,
and it's my curse that I didn't die
the day I saw you and a curse that I
still live, since to my curse you're blind.

This aching state in which I live
against my will is thanks to you.
What will I do, since you don't believe me?
What will I do, such a hapless fool?
What will I do, living life in this way?
What will I do, regretting each birthday?
What will I do against your disdain?

Since God himself makes you repel me,
and you won't believe my heart is aching,
what will I do? For God's sake, tell me!
What will I do if I keep on living?
What will I do if I don't die soon?
What will I do? There's no solution!
What will I do, denied by you?

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