João Garcia de Guilhade

Rubrica
You saw, my gentle ladies, when
my sweetheart came to talk with me,
how he insisted endlessly
until I offered him my belt.
Now he's demanding something else.

You also saw (I wish you hadn't!)
how, ladies, he kept insisting
until I removed my shirt's string
and handed it over. Now he's demanding
something absolutely damning.

Sir João de Guilhade will always obtain
presents from me, if that's his pleasure,
for he gives me good things as well,
and my loyalty will never wane,
but now he's demanding something insane.

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