Pero Gonçalves de Portocarreiro

Rubrica
How my heart hurts,
for my lover's not here,
and now what will I do?
O ribbon for my hair,
you will never be used.

He's still in Castile,
either dead – God help me! –
or detained by the court.
O bonnets he gave me,
you will never be worn.

Though I may seem content,
I'm confused and upset,
so now what, dear sisters?
I'll gaze at myself
no more, O mirror.

These beautiful presents
are from him, dear friends,
I freely confess it.
O fine buckled belts,
you won't touch my waist.

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