

## **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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