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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