

## **The *Cantigas d'Amigo*: An English Translation**

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2010

## Introductory Note

The *cantigas d'amigo* are a body of five hundred lyric poems composed in Galician-Portuguese between about 1220 and 1300 by eighty-eight male authors which survive mainly in two early sixteenth century manuscripts.<sup>1</sup> They are characterized by relatively simple strophic forms (almost always with refrain), a rhetoric of repetition and variation, strictly regulated combinatory possibilities of speaker and addressee within a world of mainly feminine discourse, and a limited but generous set of situations and actions. They constitute the largest body of female-voiced love lyric in ancient or medieval Europe and probably contain the oldest organized sequences of love poems in any medieval (Indo-European) vernacular language. Rediscovered in the nineteenth century, their unique traits were at once recognized by Romance philologists, but to this day they are nearly unknown outside a small community of specialists and Hispanists. The social matrix of the *cantigas d'amigo* probably reflects the wooing customs of non-noble women in the Northwest quadrant of the Iberian peninsula, providing an important source for the history of female speech, sexuality, and mentality.

The text followed here (except where otherwise indicated) and the order of the poems are taken from Rip Cohen, *500 Cantigas d' Amigo: Edição Crítica / Critical Edition* (Porto: Campo das Letras, 2003). For information on the manuscript tradition and editions, bibliography, questions of textual criticism and meaning, please see the introduction, text, apparatus and notes of that edition. The notes provided here are sparse and selective. Some corrections which I made to the text since 2003, whether previously published or not, have been incorporated into the renderings and are mentioned in the notes. Significant additions to the text that affect sense are enclosed in angle brackets, where appropriate (e.g., <it is>). Square brackets are used on occasion to indicate that the word(s) in question should probably be deleted (e.g. [de Reça]). Some departures from the literal sense of the text are noted in passages that present special difficulties of translation. The meaning is at all times as close to the original as I could make it while still maintaining (I hope) the idiom of the English language and the rhythm of verse. The mixture of the colloquial and the archaic, the ironic and the pathetic, belongs to the genre, and the reflection of this mixture in varieties of English style and register is intentional.

This is the first complete translation of these five hundred poems into any language. The initial draft was prepared in 2002 for a seminar on Galician-Portuguese lyric at the Johns Hopkins University. The translation was then revised several times for sense and sound. These renderings necessarily depend on an interpretation of each text and also reflect my overview of the genre. I trust they will make the *cantigas d'amigo* more widely available to students and scholars in all related fields, as well as to general readers and lovers of poetry. I also hope that more Romance linguists and philologists will be drawn to this fascinating genre of medieval lyric.

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<sup>1</sup> Seven *pastorelas*, which are not—technically speaking—*cantigas d'amigo*, are nonetheless included here.

## **The *Cantigas d'Amigo*: An English Translation**

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 1

Mother, I think I've lost my boyfriend.  
Though he saw me, he wouldn't even talk with me.  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

Though he saw me, he wouldn't even talk with me,  
And I did it to myself, 'cause I didn't heed his warning.  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

I did it to myself, 'cause I didn't heed his warning,  
But what good does it do me to say it now?  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

I put so much trust in how much he loved me  
That I paid no heed to what I was doing.  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

I paid no heed to what I was doing,  
And hurt someone who would never hurt me.  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

I hurt someone who would never hurt me  
And now the folly has come back and hit me.  
And it was my pride that robbed me of him,  
Since I did what he forbade me to do.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 2

What will I do now, my friend,  
Since you don't want to stay  
With me?  
'Cause I can't love anyone else.

You will leave me very sad  
If you mean to go elsewhere  
To live,  
'Cause I can't love anyone else.

If you really leave  
I don't know how I

Can live,  
'Cause I can't love anyone else.

I'll kill myself if you tell me  
That you can live at all  
Without me,  
'Cause I can't love anyone else.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 3

My boyfriend came just now  
And wants to go right away. He won't stay  
With me,  
And now I'll always be longing for him.

Nothing I tell him is enough  
To be able to get him to stay  
With me,  
And now I'll always be longing for him.

Although I beg him, what's the use?  
And what will I do, since he won't stay  
With me?  
And now I'll always be longing for him.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 4

I'll tell you now, my friend, all this time that's passed,  
I couldn't see anything that I could take pleasure from  
Since you went away from me  
Until now when you saw me.

From now on I'll be happy, my friend, since I can see you,  
'Cause for so long I saw nothing to calm my desire  
Since you went away from me  
Until now when you saw me.

From now on don't go away, if you want my love,  
Because my heart was never happy again, my friend,  
Since you went away from me  
Until just now when you saw me.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 5

I got really angry with my friend  
Because he does whatever I tell him to.  
Since I know that he loves me so

I get angry with him for that.

And if someone else makes me upset,  
I get angry with him, and it's only right.  
Since I know that he loves me so  
I get angry with him for that.

And he already knows how I am,  
'Cause I dump all my anger on him.  
Since I know that he loves me so  
I get angry with him for that.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 6

I was waiting for my boyfriend, and my mother  
Arrived, and made me leave there, and upset me.  
I'll go back to that place  
And I'll wait for him there.

No mother ever gave her daughter good advice,  
And mine gives me none; but what can I do?  
I'll go back to that place  
And I'll wait for him there.

My mother would be upset if anyone  
Did this to her. But I'll tell you what I'll do:  
I'll go back to that place  
And I'll wait for him there.

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 7

Mother, a knight passed by here  
And left me in love and suffering.  
Oh, mother, I'm in love with him,  
And if I'm in love,  
I wanted to be,  
And so is he.  
Oh, mother, I'm in love with him.

Mother, a nobleman passed by here  
And left me sad, as I am now,  
Oh, mother, I'm in love with him,  
And if I'm in love,  
I wanted to be,  
And so is he.  
Oh, mother, I'm in love with him.

Mother, someone passed by here—who should not have!

And left me sad like this—I wish he hadn't!\*

Oh, mother, I'm in love with him,  
 And if I'm in love,  
 I wanted to be,  
 And so is he.  
 Oh, mother, I'm in love with him.

\* Correcting *mais* to *non* (the transmitted text makes no sense).

Fernan Rodriguez de Calheiros 8

My friend said to me, when he went on his way,  
 That I shouldn't be sad, and he'd be right back.  
 And I'm amazed  
 That he's so late.

My friend said to me, when he went away from here,  
 That I shouldn't be sad, yet he's late and doesn't come.  
 And I'm amazed  
 That he's so late.

That I shouldn't be sad, and he'd be right back—  
 And it upsets me that he's late, Santa Maria knows.  
 And I'm amazed  
 That he's so late.

That I shouldn't be sad—yet he's late and doesn't come,  
 But that can't be because he doesn't love me very much.  
 And I'm amazed  
 That he's so late.

Vaasco Praga de Sandin 1

You know, friend, all this time that I couldn't  
 See you—and it's been so long—I never saw pleasure,  
 And, friend, today I thank God  
 That my eyes can see you.

My heart was so sad because of you  
 That I thought I'd never see you again,  
 And, friend, today I thank God  
 That my eyes can see you.

And, my friend, I pray to God who made me  
 That I never again live so long without you,  
 And, friend, today I thank God  
 That my eyes can see you.

And my bad luck really made sure  
That without you I only took pleasure in tears,  
And, friend, today I thank God  
That my eyes can see you.

Vaasco Praga de Sandin 2

You think, my friend, that I don't love you very much,  
But may I never be lucky, if I see anything in the world  
That could calm my desire  
For you, when I don't see you.

And, although you think that, in my heart I feel for you  
Such great love, my friend, that I don't know anything in the world  
That could calm my desire  
For you, when I don't see you.

And may you never love me, which would be like death for me,  
If you learn, my friend, that I can find anything in the world  
That could calm my desire  
For you, when I don't see you.

Vaasco Praga de Sandin 3

My friend, since you're so upset  
That I get angry at you,  
By God, who should I get angry at,  
Friend, or how will I survive?

If, my boyfriend and my love,  
I can't get angry at you, tell me this:  
By God, who should I get angry at,  
Friend, or how will I survive?

If I can't get angry at you—who I love  
More than myself—when I feel like it,  
By God, who should I get angry at,  
Friend, or how will I survive?

If I'm not to get angry at you,  
Even without reason, whenever I like,  
By God, who should I get angry at,  
Friend, or how will I survive?

Vaasco Praga de Sandin 4

When, my light and my love, I can't

See you, look what happens to me:  
I have eyes and look and yet can't see,  
My friend, anything that could please me.

When I can't see you with these  
Eyes of mine, so help me God,  
I have eyes and look and yet can't see,  
My friend, anything that could please me.

And I don't sleep, there's no chance of that,  
When I don't see you, and, in good faith,  
I have eyes and look and yet can't see,  
My friend, anything that could please me.

Without you, what good are my eyes to me?  
Since they don't let me sleep, and certainly  
I have eyes and look and yet can't see,  
My friend, anything that could please me.

Pae Soarez de Taveirós 1

My boyfriend, who used to say  
That he'd never stay with me,  
By God, girls, he's already back.

How deeply he had sworn to me  
That he'd never see me again, "Thank God!"  
By God, girls, he's already back.

The one who swore he wouldn't see me,  
'Cause everything wasn't what he wanted,  
By God, girls, he's already back.

He did better than he said:  
By God, girls, he's already back.

Pae Soarez de Taveirós 2

Ladies, you'll see the good that it does him  
For them to know that he really loves me.

By God, ladies, you can really swear  
That my friend has caused me great pain,  
But God! What does he think to gain  
From them knowing that he really loves me.

I'll let him call me his lady  
In the songs of love he made



But he used my name, taking pleasure  
From them knowing that he really loves me.

In his songs he went and used my name—  
See if I have reason to complain:  
Because my friend couldn't avoid  
Them knowing that he really loves me.

Pae Soarez de Taveirós 3 (=Afonso's Eanes de Coton 3)

When my friend went away  
He swore he would come soon  
But since he hasn't come to talk with me,  
Because of that, by Santa Maria,  
Never ask me about him again,  
Oh ladies, by your faith!

When he left, he made a pact  
That he'd come back very soon,  
And he lied, and he's done me wrong,  
And since he's not afraid of me,\*  
Never ask me about him again  
Oh ladies, by your faith!

The one you saw who was saying  
That he was all in love with me,  
Since he didn't come on the day  
That I had told him to come,  
Never ask me about him again,  
Oh ladies, by your faith!

\* She means, "of my reaction".

Nuno Fernandez Torneol 1

"Wake up, friend, sleeping through the cold mornings",  
All of the birds of the world of love were singing,  
"I am so happy!"

"Wake up, friend, sleeping through the morning's cold",  
All of the birds of the world of love were chanting,  
"I am so happy!"

All of the birds of the world of love were singing  
(It was my love and yours that they had in mind),  
"I am so happy!"

All of the birds of the world of love were chanting

(It was my love and yours that they were naming),  
“I am so happy!”

It was my love and yours that they had in mind  
(You tore down the branches on which they were sitting),  
“I am so happy!”

It was my love and yours that they were naming  
(You tore down the branches on which they were resting),  
“I am so happy!”

You tore down the branches on which they were sitting  
And you dried up the fountains from which they were drinking.  
...“I am so happy!”

You tore down the branches on which they were resting  
And you dried up the fountains in which they were bathing.  
...“I am so happy!”

Nuno Fernandez Torneol 2

Daughter, I see your boyfriend here  
The one you argued about with me,  
My slender daughter.

Here I see, daughter, the boy you love,  
The one you argued with me about,  
My slender daughter.

The one you argued about with me—  
I like him now, since he's your boy,  
My slender daughter.

The one you argued with me about—  
I like him now, since you love him,  
My slender daughter.

Nuno Fernandez Torneol 3

Oh mother, my friend, whom I haven't seen  
For such a long time—they tell me he's here.  
Mother, in good faith, I'm so happy.

And I always tried to do him harm,  
But since it's to see me that he's come,  
Mother, in good faith, I'm so happy.

For all the pain he's suffered for me,

I can't do anything else, but since he's here,  
Mother, in good faith, I'm so happy.

Nuno Fernandez Torneol 4

What a great pain I must suffer:  
To love a boy and not be able to see him;  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

What a great pain I must endure:  
To love a boy and not be able to talk with him;  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

To love a boy and not be able to see him  
Nor dare to show him the pain I feel;  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

To love a boy and not be able to talk with him,  
Nor dare to tell him the pain I feel;  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

Nor dare to show him the pain I feel,  
And yet his love gives me no rest.  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

Nor dare to tell him the pain I feel,  
And yet his love gives me no repose.  
And I'll lie down under the hazelnut tree.

Nuno Fernandez Torneol 5

Mother, I saw sailing  
Boats on the sea,  
And I'm dying of love.

Mother, I went to see  
Boats on the bay,  
And I'm dying of love.

Boats on the sea,  
And I waited for them,  
And I'm dying of love.

Boats on the bay,  
And I went to wait,  
And I'm dying of love.

And I waited for them

But I didn't find *him*,  
And I'm dying of love.

And I went to wait,  
But I didn't see him there,  
And I'm dying of love.

I didn't find him there,  
Who sadly I first saw,\*  
And I'm dying of love.

\* She means, "whom I was unlucky enough to meet in the first place".

#### Nuno Fernandez Torneol 6

Mother, my boyfriend goes around sad,  
And I'm sad for him, I'm telling you,  
And if he dies on me I'll die on you.

He's so sad he'll die for me  
And you'll lose my company,  
And if he dies on me I'll die on you.

#### Nuno Fernandez Torneol 7

My boyfriend left here one day  
And didn't see me, and since I didn't see him,  
Mother, now I'll die.

When he saw me, it wasn't for the best,  
'Cause now he's dying for me, and so,  
Mother, now I'll die.

He left here and didn't dare speak with me,  
Nor I with him, and so, with the pain,  
Mother, now I'll die.

#### Nuno Fernandez Torneol 8

—Tell me now, daughter, by Santa Maria,  
Which is your boyfriend that was asking you for me?  
—Mother, I'll show him to you.

—Which is your boyfriend that was asking you for me?  
If you'd show him to me, I'd be grateful.  
—Mother, I'll show him to you.

—If you show him to me, I'll be thankful,  
and I'll tell you what made him so daring.  
—Mother, I'll show him to you.

Pero Garcia Buralês 1

Oh mother, I'm telling you,  
My boyfriend broke his word;  
I'm angry with him.

Since he meant to break his word  
About what he swore to me  
I'm angry with him.

He didn't go where he should have,  
And so ever since that day  
I'm angry with him.

I haven't broken up with him,  
But since he broke his word to me,  
I'm angry with him.

Pero Garcia Buralês 2

Don't you remember, my friend?  
The wrong you did to me?  
You promised to talk with me,  
I went, and you didn't come.  
And you want to talk with me?  
Well I don't want to, friend.

You swore that no matter what  
You would come willingly  
Before the day had ended;  
You broke your word, you liar!  
And you want to talk with me?  
Well I don't want to, friend.

And you're still asking me  
To talk with you somewhere?  
Because of what you did to me  
I'll say I don't even know you.  
And you want to talk with me?  
Well I don't want to, friend.

Johan Nunez Camanêz 1

—If, my daughter, I go to see your friend  
 Since he's dying of love and can't survive  
 Will you go there with me?  
 —By God, mother, I'll go!

—Since he loves you so much that he can't be well,  
 Tell me something, since I'm going to go there,  
 Will you go there with me?  
 —By God, mother, I'll go!

I've always seen him suffering for you and dying and, oh  
 Daughter, since I'm going there and nobody's going with me,  
 Will you go there with me?  
 —By God, mother, I'll go!

### Johan Nunez Camanêz 2

You saw, daughter, the other day  
 When I told you how happy  
 I was for you to go see  
 Your boyfriend, who was dying,  
 I didn't say it on his behalf,  
 But because someone who'd seen him  
 Told me he couldn't be healed.

I wouldn't send you to see him  
 For any other reason, but I heard  
 From someone who'd seen him lying there  
 That he was lying there so sad  
 That nothing could heal him now,  
 And that's why I sent you to see him,  
 Because of the risk to you.\*

And since he couldn't talk  
 With you or get to know you  
 Or have the pleasure of your company,  
 Even though he loved you,  
 I sent you to see him then,  
 For this reason, and no other,  
 Daughter, by Santa Maria!

\* Literally, "Lest ill should befall you because of him" (since the girl could be held guilty of his death—in the standard logic found in male-voiced wooing poems).

### Johan Nunez Camanêz 3

By God, friend, it's been a very long time  
 That I haven't seen you, and you see why not:  
 Because my mother didn't want to see you.

She forbade me, for any reason  
 Ever to see you, and so I didn't,  
 Because my mother didn't want to see you.

I would have seen you, that's what I would have done,  
 And I even asked her, but it would have been bad for me,  
 Because my mother didn't want to see you.

I asked her to let me see you, but God didn't want  
 These eyes of mine to see you,  
 Because my mother didn't want to see you.

It's not me that you should blame,  
 My friend, since I didn't dare see you.

#### Johan Nunez Camanêz 4

Go, mother, to see my boyfriend  
 Who's sad 'cause he can't talk with me,  
 And I'll go with you, if you like.

He's so sad he'll die if he doesn't see me;  
 Go see him, oh mother, to heal him,  
 And I'll go with you, if you like.

Because he's dying and loves me from the heart,  
 Go see him, oh mother, and then he'll be healed,  
 And I'll go with you, if you like.

#### Johan Nunez Camanêz 5

By God, ladies, when my boyfriend  
 Comes and talks with me,  
 There will never have been, in all the world,  
 A woman so happy, as far as I can tell,  
 As I'll be, once I see him;  
 But then I'll be sad...\*

\* The last two syllables are missing in the manuscripts.

#### Airas Carpancho 1

Oh my friend, you've come from where my boyfriend is  
 And you talked with him, but I'm telling you  
 I'll talk with you all day long today  
 Since you talked with the boy I wanted to talk with.

I know it's from where my boy is that you've come  
 And you talked with him, but you can believe me,  
 I'll talk with you all day long today  
 Since you talked with the boy I wanted to talk with.

I'm very glad for you, just let me tell you,  
 Since you talked with him, friend; you'd better believe  
 I'll talk with you all day long today  
 Since you talked with the boy I wanted to talk with.

### Airas Carpancho 2

I know as little of myself as of my heart,  
 For my mother holds me prisoner, and while I'm in her prison  
 I won't see my boyfriend.

And so I'd like to be far, in good faith,  
 From where my mother is, for while I am where she is,  
 I won't see my boyfriend.

Since I saw him that other time, against her will,  
 She guards me from him stubbornly, and from now on, as long as this lasts,  
 I won't see my boyfriend.

I can know nothing of myself or my affairs,  
 'Cause I know that as long as I'm in my mother's power  
 I won't see my boyfriend.

### Airas Carpancho 3

Lovely mother, I saw my friend:  
 I didn't talk with him and so I've lost him,  
 And now I am dying, loving him;  
 I didn't talk with him, 'cause I held him in disdain,  
 And now I'm dying, mother, loving him.

If I did him wrong, I'll suffer for it  
 And it's only right, 'cause I didn't talk with him,  
 And now I am dying, loving him;  
 I didn't talk with him, 'cause I held him in disdain,  
 And now I'm dying, mother, loving him.

Lovely mother, go and tell him  
 To do me a favor and come to see me,  
 And now I am dying, loving him;  
 I didn't talk with him, 'cause I held him in disdain,  
 And now I'm dying, mother, loving him.



## Airas Carpancho 4

The greatest sorrow I feel in the world  
 I don't dare to tell my boyfriend about:  
 It's a boy who never could desire  
 Anyone else except me, that I know,  
 And if I let him die for me  
 It would be wrong, and I won't do

Him the favors I'd like to, with all my heart—  
 Such as my boy would like, since he saw me,  
 And yet he never felt any love on my part,  
 And he's been sad because of me since then,  
 And if I let him die for me  
 It would be wrong, and I won't do

Him the favors I'd like to—which my boy  
 Wants, who for so long has desired  
 My favors, and it never did him any good,  
 And he'll die, if I don't help him out,  
 And if I let him die for me  
 It would be wrong, and I won't do

The greatest wrong that could ever be—  
 For a lady to let her boyfriend die.

## Airas Carpancho 5

—Mother, what do you bid me to do  
 For the boy who never knew  
 How to love anyone else?  
 —By God, daughter, I bid you go see him,  
 And all shall be well.

—What shall I <do, mother, if I see him,  
 and he wants to serve me as his lady  
 more than anyone else?  
 —Take pity,> daughter, to heal him  
 And all shall be well.\*

—What shall I do, if he comes to me  
 And wants to talk with me as his lady  
 And say something?  
 —Let him talk, daughter, of whatever he likes,  
 And all shall be well.

And he who suffers the sorrow of love

Shall then be healed.

\* This strophe is missing in one manuscript and fragmentary in the other; the reconstruction printed here depends largely on parallelistic expressions in the poem itself.

Airas Carpancho 6

Mother, since you feel hatred  
For my boyfriend, because you know  
That he loves me, I shall see him,  
And, mother, if you love me at all,  
You will praise me, that I know.

Because of the hatred you always felt for him,  
Lovely mother, since you found out  
That he loves me, I shall see him,  
And, mother, if you love me at all,  
You will praise me, that I know.

Because of the great sorrow he feels,  
Lovely mother, I'm telling you  
That, if I can, I shall see him,  
And, mother, if you love me at all,  
You will praise me, that I know.

Airas Carpancho 7

There is no healing my sorrow.  
My lovely mother treats me bad  
Because of you, my friend.

No woman alive is as sad as I.  
She treats me bad, and I'm guarded  
Because of you, my friend.

My lovely mother treats me bad  
And not long ago I was beaten  
Because of you, my friend.

She treats me bad, and I'm guarded  
And not long ago I was upbraided  
Because of you, my friend.

Airas Carpancho 8

I set my heart on going on a pilgrimage  
To Santiago one day, to offer a prayer,  
And also to see my boyfriend there.

If the weather's good, and my mother doesn't go,  
I'll be very happy and even lovelier,  
And also to see my boyfriend there.

I want to go quickly to see if I can  
Light candles, with the great sorrow I feel,  
And also to see my boyfriend there.

Vasco Gil 1

Sister, my boy who loves me from the heart  
And is sad for me, so help me God—  
Come with me, sister, to see my boy.

Sister, my boy who I know loves me more  
Than himself or his heart—do something for me:  
Come with me, sister, to see my boy.

Sister, my boy who loves me more than his own  
Eyes and who's dying for me—may God bring yours to you—  
Come with me, sister, to see my boy.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 1

When my boyfriend went away from here  
The other day, I asked him, by God,  
And these eyes of mine were crying a lot,  
That he not tarry, and this is what he said:  
That God never grant him a favor from me  
If he didn't come very soon, and he hasn't come.

When he left the other day, since I could not  
Do anything else, I told him that, if he meant  
To tarry long, he would never be able  
To talk with me, and then he told me this:  
That God never grant him a favor from me  
If he didn't come very soon, and he hasn't come.

I don't know what it is or what it could be,  
Why he hasn't come, since I asked him to,  
And he said to me what I'll say to you,  
(And he didn't mention it might not be possible)  
That God never grant him a favor from me  
If he didn't come very soon, and he hasn't come.

I don't know what to say, I'm so upset  
About my friend, that he's done me wrong,\*

Because he told me, when he left  
 (And made no exception for death or anything),  
 That God never grant him a favor from me  
 If he didn't come very soon, and he hasn't come.

\* *morreu*, meaning "He's died", neither rhymes nor makes sense; it is probably a corruption of *m' erro*, meaning "wronged me", "has been unfaithful to me".

#### Johan Perez d'Avoin 2

My friend, you think one thing:  
 That I can't get as angry, without cause,  
 With you, as you do with me. Why not?  
 What you think about me makes no sense.  
 I can get just as angry with you  
 As you can get angry with me.

And if you think that I can't  
 Get angry with you, my friend,  
 Just as you do with me, you think  
 Nonsense, 'cause I'll make you see  
 I can get just as angry with you  
 As you can get angry with me.

And if you think that I cannot  
 Get just as angry with you, if I want,  
 As you with me, if you please,  
 I'll get just as angry as that;  
 I can get just as angry with you  
 As you can get angry with me.

But since God made you my boy  
 And me your girl, so long back,  
 Stop right now thinking what  
 You think, because I'm telling you now  
 I can get just as angry with you  
 As you can get angry with me.

#### Johan Perez d'Avoin 3

You saw, mother, when my boy  
 Promised that he'd come talk with me?  
 Do you think that he'll come today?

You saw when he swore he should never  
 Get favors from me, if he didn't come.  
 Do you think that he'll come today?

You saw the oaths that he swore then,

That he'd come if he wasn't in prison or dead.  
Do you think that he'll come today?

You saw the oaths that he swore there,  
That he'd come, and it was by me he swore.  
Do you think that he'll come today?

Johan Perez d'Avoin 4

What good news my boyfriend  
Will hear today, when I tell him  
I love him more than he loves me,  
And then, with the happiness he'll feel,  
He won't know how to thank me  
Or what to say, he'll feel so much joy.

'Cause I'll tell him that I love him  
More than myself or my heart  
Or my eyes, may God forgive me,  
And once I've added on all that,  
He won't know how to thank me  
Or what to say, he'll feel so much joy.

And I'll tell you another, greater joy  
Than what I've told you, that I'll tell him:  
That he live with me, so I don't die;  
And once I've told him how great my love is,  
He won't know how to thank me  
Or what to say, he'll feel so much joy.

What he desires more than anything else  
I'll tell him today, as soon as I see him,  
'Cause I'll tell him that I can't survive,  
I love him so much, and, with such happiness,  
He won't know how to thank me  
Or what to say, he'll feel so much joy.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 5

By God, friend, I never thought  
That I'd lose you as I've lost you,  
To someone who isn't prettier than me,  
Nor more worthy,\* and I'm so upset  
That I'll tell, friend, in good faith,  
What she looks like, her name, and who she is.

If I'd lost you to a lady

Who surpassed me in good looks  
 Or anything else, I'd be glad  
 But what you've done is so tawdry,  
 That I'll tell, friend, in good faith,  
 What she looks like, her name, and who she is.

In every way I can do you ill  
 I'll do you ill, as long as I live,  
 'Cause you left me for such a woman  
 That, I'm telling you, with this pain,  
 That I'll tell, friend, in good faith,  
 What she looks like, her name, and who she is.

And once I've said it, in good faith,  
 You'll be upset, when they know who she is.

\* *nen ar val mais* means "of higher social extraction".

#### Johan Perez d'Avoin 6

Tell me, friend, what I did to deserve this—  
 That you don't want to live with me?  
 And you must know that I can't  
 Live, once you've gone away from here,  
 And since I can't live without you,  
 Live with me, friend, and then I'll live.

Live with me, and you'll be fine,  
 And I'll be grateful to you forever,  
 Since if you go, and I can't see you,  
 I won't live, there's no other way,  
 And since I can't live without you,  
 Live with me, friend, and then I'll live.

If you want me to do you a favor,  
 Oh my friend, at anytime,  
 Live with me, may God forgive you,  
 'Cause I can't live otherwise,  
 And since I can't live without you,  
 Live with me, friend, and then I'll live.

Since, my friend, you understand  
 How my life is, by Our Lord,  
 Live with me, 'cause if I don't have you  
 I won't be able to live, in good faith,  
 And since I can't live without you,  
 Live with me, friend, and then I'll live.

## Johan Perez d'Avoin 7

They told me a thing about you now,  
 Oh my friend, which upsets me very much,  
 But I'm thinking to better that thing,  
 If I can do it, and I can very well,  
 Because I have the power I always had,  
 And I made you and now I will unmake you.

They tell me you went and chose a lady  
 For whom you thought that you would leave me,  
 And that's just fine, if turns out well,  
 But I'll turn that 'well' of yours into ill,  
 Because I have the power I always had,  
 And I made you and now I will unmake you.

You chose a lady, I heard it said  
 To my distress, and you'll lose out there,  
 If I can do it, and do it I can,  
 As I always could, and I have the power,  
 Because I have the power I always had,  
 And I made you and now I will unmake you.

And once I turn you back into what you were,  
 That'll upset me, but I'll take revenge.

## Johan Perez d'Avoin 8

Although you're going, friend,  
 Against my will, to live elsewhere,  
 You're not going (and I'm glad of this)  
 Because you can't talk with me—  
 'Cause from here I can arrange it—  
 But to cause me sorrow.

And though you're going away from here  
 You're not going (and of this I'm glad)  
 Because I don't do everything  
 A woman does for the man she loves—  
 'Cause from here I can arrange it—  
 But to cause me sorrow.

You can go, but I know  
 That you cannot truly say  
 That I don't do, from the heart,  
 Everything I should do for you—  
 'Cause from here I can arrange it—  
 But to cause me sorrow.

And although you want to go  
 You can't rightly, in good faith,  
 Say that it's because of me,  
 Since I do all that you tell me to—  
 'Cause from here I can arrange it—  
 But to cause me sorrow.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 9

Friend, since you're leaving me  
 And going to live elsewhere,  
 I pray to God, if you return  
 Here to talk with me,  
 That you not be able  
 Friend, to talk with me.

And since you want to go  
 And won't believe me,  
 I pray to God, if you do it  
 And return to see me,  
 That you not be able,  
 Friend, to talk with me.

Since you've no regard for courtesy  
 Nor the favors I've done you,  
 I pray to God, if by chance  
 You return to tell me anything,  
 That you not be able,  
 Friend, to talk with me.

Since you're going against my will  
 And don't care at all about me,  
 I pray to God, if, poor thing,  
 You go and then come back here,  
 That you not be able,  
 Friend, to talk with me.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 10

I had a friend whom I loved  
 For a long time, but now I don't  
 Have anyone to love, and I won't,  
 As long as I live, and this is why:  
 'Cause the boy who'd always tell the truth  
 And never would lie has lied to me.

Not long ago I heard him swear  
 He didn't love another woman



But only me, and I know he loves one,  
 And so there's nobody I can trust,  
 'Cause the boy who'd always tell the truth  
 And never would lie has lied to me.

I trusted him more than I trusted myself  
 Or anything else I knew in the world,  
 And now he's lied so shamelessly  
 That from now I won't trust anyone,  
 'Cause the boy who'd always tell the truth  
 And never would lie has lied to me.

And if I had another, he'd lie to me,  
 'Cause the boy who would never lie has lied.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 11

What I always asked my mother for—  
 To see you, my friend—she doesn't want,  
 But she'll be very upset when she finds out  
 That I'm telling you what I'm about to say:  
 Whenever you want to talk with me,  
 Talk with me, and let her be upset.

Let her be upset, and kill herself, too,  
 'Cause I've decided what's going to be:  
 If I can see you, I *will* see you  
 And I can, because, my light and my love,  
 Whenever you want to talk with me,  
 Talk with me, and let her be upset.

Since I know she wants me to suffer and die,  
 Since she doesn't want anything I want,  
 Since this is why she does all that,  
 You do this, and something else will get done:  
 Whenever you want to talk with me,  
 Talk with me, and let her be upset.

I've always tried to obey my mother  
 More for this reason than for any other:  
 To see you, friend, and just for that,  
 But since she doesn't want to let me,  
 Whenever you want to talk with me,  
 Talk with me, and let her be upset.

Johan Perez d'Avoin 12 *pastorela*

I was riding the other day

Along the French road,  
 And a girl was sitting there  
 Singing with three other  
 Girls, and if you don't mind  
 I'll go ahead and tell you  
 What the girl was singing  
 To the others as a warning:  
 "No woman should ever trust her boy,  
 Since mine went away without talking with me".

"Girl, you're saying nothing",  
 Says one of them then,  
 "If he went away this time  
 He'll come back another day  
 And he'll tell you why he didn't  
 Talk with you, my pretty friend,  
 And it makes more sense  
 For you to sing what I am singing:  
 'God! I wish my boy would come now!  
 And he'd feel great joy with me!'"

#### Johan Soarez Coelho 1

In good faith, I'm a very angry beauty,  
 And sad—and all that brings me sorrow—  
 Because of my friend and my light and my love  
 Whom I've lost, and he's lost me,  
 'Cause he went away from here against my will.

He thought that he'd cause me great grief  
 By leaving—'cause I didn't talk with him,  
 But, God knows, I didn't dare—  
 But now he would be better off dead,  
 'Cause he went away from here against my will.

I'm thinking of rejecting him so roughly  
 He'll pray a thousand times in his heart  
 To God, that I forgive him,  
 Or else that he die, if I won't,  
 'Cause he went away from here against my will.

#### Johan Soarez Coelho 2

My friend went away from here the other day  
 Sad and angry, and I didn't know he was going,  
 But now that I know, by Santa Maria,  
 What will I do, lovely me?

He wanted to talk with me, but it couldn't be,  
 So he went away from here angry and very sad,  
 And I never saw him again or heard a message;  
 What will I do, lovely me?

I wish that someone would tell him how sad I am  
 And how much I, with all my beauty, desire  
 To talk with him and see him, and since I can't,  
 What will I do, lovely me?

Johan Soarez Coelho 3

Friend, you complain  
 That I don't talk with you,  
 And, from what I know  
 Of you, you don't know at all,  
 Friend, how much pain  
 I suffer if you talk with me,

Nor how I was threatened  
 One day—because of the journey  
 I made to see you—and beaten:  
 You do not know in the slightest,  
 Friend, how much pain  
 I suffer if you talk with me.

Once you get the message  
 Of the overwhelming harm  
 They do to me, if I see you,  
 Then you will appreciate,  
 Friend, how much pain  
 I suffer if you talk with me.

And so, if you want me  
 To talk with you and see you  
 Don't even think it can happen,  
 If you don't first understand,  
 Friend, how much pain  
 I suffer if you talk with me.

Johan Soarez Coelho 4

Oh, mother, the one I love—  
 I don't dare talk with him in front of you,  
 And so he feels such great pain  
 That they say he's dying because of it,  
 And if he dies for me like that,  
 Oh mother, it will be my loss.

He's served me for a long time now,  
 And you haven't let me see him,  
 And now they've come to me to say  
 He's dying 'cause he hasn't seen me,  
 And if he dies for me like that,  
 Oh mother, it will be my loss.

If he dies for me, the loss is mine,  
 And if I don't see him I'll be in pain  
 Since he has no other cure,  
 I swear to you, in good faith,  
 And if he dies for me like that,  
 Oh mother, it will be my loss.

Johan Soarez Coelho 5

Today I want to see my boy  
 'Cause my mother says that I won't dare  
 To see him, see him I shall,  
 And I'll put everything at risk,  
 And let it come out however God decides.

Because my mother makes me so sad  
 By not letting me see him, in my heart  
 I've decided, so help me God,  
 That I'll see him and do him a favor,  
 And let it come out however God decides.

Although she doesn't want to allow it,  
 I'll go see him where he told me to,  
 And for all the sadness he's suffered  
 I'll do this and whatever else he asks,  
 And let it come out however God decides.

Because, the saying goes, you'll sow no seeds  
 Of millet, if you're frightened off by birds.

Johan Soarez Coelho 6

I spoke one day—to cause a fight  
 With my boyfriend—with another, where he could see me,  
 And I'll tell you what I told him when he asked  
 Why I had caused him to suffer so much:  
 "If I, my friend, have caused you suffering,  
 There was no reason—I just wanted to".

To cause a fight with him, and just for that,

I spoke with another, so he could feel how it felt,  
 And it hurt him more than if I'd killed him,  
 And he asked me, and then I told him this:  
 "If I, my friend, have caused you suffering,  
 There was no reason—I just wanted to".

Right there where I spoke in front of him with another,  
 He asked me: And why I was causing him  
 Such great suffering? And did I understand?  
 And I'll tell you how I spoke in my defence:  
 "If I, my friend, have caused you suffering,  
 There was no reason—I just wanted to".

Johan Soares Coelho 7

Friend, since Our Lord has showed  
 You to me here, just now,  
 I'll tell you how long I couldn't feel  
 Pleasure from anything or from myself,  
 In good faith, my friend,  
 Since you talked with me.

And I'll tell you another thing:  
 I couldn't even tell  
 What pleasure was, or pain  
 Or what was bad or good,  
 In good faith, my friend,  
 Since you talked with me.

Nor did my heart  
 Or my eyes ever stop  
 Crying, and I cried so much  
 That I've lost my mind,  
 In good faith, my friend,  
 Since you talked with me.

Johan Soares Coelho 8

Friends, by Our Lord,  
 Be happy with me!  
 Since I made peace between my mother  
 And my friend.  
 And so I'm happy!  
 I have good reason to be happy!  
 And you be happy with me!

Although my mother didn't go there,  
 She bid me to go see him,

And I never heard a better bidding  
 Than when she told me that.  
 And so I'm happy!  
 I have good reason to be happy!  
 And you be happy with me!

And she bid him talk with me  
 (See how she's done me a favor!)  
 And so I've come to sing my praises,  
 Since I've worked out this deal.  
 And so I'm happy!  
 I have good reason to be happy!  
 And you be happy with me!

Johan Soarez Coelho 9

Look, friends, my friend is coming  
 And sent word to tell me and to ask  
 That I arrange for him to talk with me,  
 And I don't know a thing about such dealings.  
 And it upsets me that he sends me word  
 To do for him what I don't know how to do.

Since although I'd really like to,  
 And in my heart feel great anxiety  
 To arrange it for him, so help me God,  
 I can't arrange it, 'cause I don't know how.  
 And it upsets me that he sends me word  
 To do for him what I don't know how to do.

'Cause I've never talked with any man—  
 May Our Lord not help me, if I lie—  
 Since I was born, and I never knew  
 About such talk: never did it and don't understand;  
 And it upsets me that he sends me word  
 To do for him what I don't know how to do.

Johan Soarez Coelho 10

—Daughter, I'll tell you something  
 That I've learned about your friend,  
 So listen and take heed:  
 I'm telling you he doesn't love you.  
 —Mother, I'll believe anything else,

But not that, in good faith,  
 'Cause I know he loves me more  
 Than himself, or than I love me.

—I'll be damned, if that's the truth!  
 —Mother, I'll believe anything else

But not that, 'cause he likes so much  
 To see me that, since I was born,  
 I never saw a man feel such joy.  
 —Daughter, I know that he doesn't.  
 —Mother, I'll believe anything else,

But I simply won't believe  
 There's anyone in the world so much in love.

Johan Soarez Coelho 11

Oh my friend—so may you have  
 Joy in whatever in the world you love—  
 Take me with you, friend!

Don't leave me behind, pretty thing,  
 To live how I live, in suffering.  
 Take me with you, friend!

Take some pity on me, by God!  
 Your trip will be better if I come along:  
 Take me with you, friend!

Johan Soarez Coelho 12

Mother, I went to wash my hair  
 In the fountain, and I took pleasure there  
 And in myself, pretty girl.

Mother, I went to wash my tresses  
 In the fountain, and I took pleasure in them  
 And in myself, pretty girl.

—In the fountain, and they gave me pleasure;  
 There I found, mother, the master of my tresses  
 And of myself, pretty girl.

And before I went away from there  
 I took pleasure in what he said to me  
 And in myself, pretty girl.

Johan Soarez Coelho 13

Oh God, I'm telling you:

My boyfriend went away  
And will I see him, lovely me?

I wish that someone knew  
The truth and told me too.  
And will I see him, lovely me?

He went away against my will  
And I haven't heard a word.  
And will I see him, lovely me?

How beautiful I am,  
Dying with desire.  
And will I see him, lovely me?

Johan Soarez Coelho 14

Lovely girls, praised be God for the joy I feel today!  
And this makes me even happier: everything I desired  
I saw when I saw my friend.

Johan Soarez Coelho 15

Now my mother was better to me  
Than she's ever been since I was born  
(For my sake Our Lord thank her for this!)  
And now she *is* my mother and my lady  
Because she told me to tell my boy  
To talk with me as much as he likes.

I'll always call her mother and lady  
And I'll try to do whatever she wants,  
Since she didn't really want to let me die,  
And I would have died, but now I won't,  
Because she told me to tell my boy  
To talk with me as much as he likes.

Estevan Reimondo 1

Friend, so may you have pleasure,  
I'm asking you to tell me:  
Why will you not live with me,  
My friend and my only hope,  
Why will you not live with me?

If you love me as much,  
Friend, as you say you do,



Why will you not live with me,  
 My friend and my only hope,  
 Why will you not live with me?

Since I desire nothing  
 But you, when I can't see you,  
 Why will you not live with me,  
 My friend and my only hope,  
 Why will you not live with me?

Since there's nothing I desire  
 Except you, *this* time  
 Why will you not live with me,  
 My friend and my only hope,  
 Why will you not live with me?

Estevan Reimondo 2

My friend goes around sad,  
 Mother, and he's angry with me  
 'Cause he can't talk with me—  
 That's what it is, and it's only right  
 For my friend to go around sad  
 'Cause he can't talk with me.

My friend goes around sad,  
 Mother, and I think he'll die  
 'Cause he can't talk with me—  
 That's what it is, and it's not wrong  
 For my friend to go around sad  
 'Cause he can't talk with me.

My friend goes around sad,  
 Mother, and he lives in sorrow  
 'Cause he can't talk with me—  
 That's what it is, and it makes sense  
 For my friend to go around sad  
 'Cause he can't talk with me.

Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 1

I heard say that my boy  
 Is coming, and I have  
 And will have a big complaint  
 If he lies to me, for one reason:  
 Just how could he do this?—  
 Live without me so long  
 Where he couldn't talk with me.

I didn't think that there was  
 Any way he could live so long  
 Without me, and when I see him,  
 If he doesn't tell me then  
 Just how could he do this—  
 Live without me so long  
 Where he couldn't talk with me—

He'll lose me, if I don't find out  
 What land he went and found  
 Where he lived so long without me—  
 If he doesn't tell me the truth:  
 Just how could he do this?—  
 Live without me so long  
 Where he couldn't talk with me.

Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 2

Oh God, where's my friend, who doesn't send me a message?  
 Because he had a pact with me, unless he were tormented  
 By death, that he would come  
 Just as fast as he could.

When he went away from me crying, he made me this pact  
 And said when and on what day, unless he were racked  
 By death, that he would come  
 Just as fast as he could.

The deadline has passed when he told me that he'd come,  
 And he'd sworn to me, unless he were in the throes  
 Of death, that he would come  
 Just as fast as he could.

And if I find out anything else,  
 I wish that I'd never loved him.

Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 3

How sad I am today, and it's only right:  
 My boyfriend went away, and my heart,  
 Ladies, in good faith,  
 Is there where he is.

With such great sorrow I'll lose my mind;  
 My boyfriend went away, and all my joy,  
 Ladies, in good faith,  
 Is there where he is.

I'll lose my mind, ladies, or else I'll die;  
 My boyfriend went away, and all my joy,  
 Ladies, in good faith,  
 Is there where he is.

How hard it was for him to take his eyes from mine;  
 My boyfriend went away, and the light of my eyes,\*  
 Ladies, in good faith,  
 Is there where he is.

\* The reading is uncertain; perhaps just "the light of mine".

#### Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 4

I did the dumbest thing a woman has ever done—  
 Although I thought I was doing something smart—  
 To my boyfriend, who loves me so very much,  
 And since he loves me so much, it was really dumb,  
 'Cause I always treated him with disdain, and he  
 Couldn't know anything about my heart.

Because that was all he could understand from me,  
 And so he went away from here in sorrow  
 (And that was dumb, I never saw anything dumber),  
 Because of what I did, and so I come out the worse,  
 'Cause I always treated him with disdain, and he  
 Couldn't know anything about my heart.

To make him suffer, just to know truly  
 What was in his heart, which I already knew,  
 I always hid my feelings, and so it'll be  
 Bad for me, 'cause I really acted badly,  
 'Cause I always treated him with disdain, and he  
 Couldn't know anything about my heart.

#### Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 5

Now as long as I live I'll always live in great sorrow,  
 Because my boyfriend went away, and I was in the wrong there,  
 Because I was angry with him when he was going away;  
 By God, if he'd come now, I'd be very happy with him!

And I think I was wrong to get angry at him with no reason,  
 Since he didn't deserve it, and so he went away saddened,  
 Because I was angry with him when he was going away;  
 By God, if he'd come now, I'd be very happy with him!

This is surely what he's thinking—that he's really lost me,  
 Because, if not, he'd come right away, but this is why he's angry:  
 Because I was angry with him when he was going away;  
 By God, if he'd come now, I'd be very happy with him!

Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 6

I never sleep at all, thinking about my boyfriend—  
 The one who lingers so long—if he has another love  
 Other than mine, I'd like  
 To die this very day.

I always think about this—I don't know what'll happen to me—  
 The one who tarries so long—if he desires another joy  
 Other than mine, I'd like  
 To die this very day.

If he does, he does me wrong, and by God he's killing me—  
 The one who tarries so long, if he\* is looking at another's face  
 Other than mine, I'd like  
 To die this very day.

Because it would be pure pain for me  
 To live another day.

\* Literally, "(his) eye".

Johan Lopez d' Ulhoa 7

What do you want to do to me, oh mother and lady,  
 Since I have no other pleasure in the world  
 Except watching the place where he has to come—  
 My boyfriend, for whom I'm dying of love—  
 And I can't turn my eyes away from there.

You already beat me for that a hundred times  
 And yet, mother, I have no other joy  
 Except watching the place where he has to come—  
 My boyfriend, over whom I'm losing my mind—  
 And I can't turn my eyes away from there.

By that God that made you be born,  
 Leave me alone, for there's nothing else I can do  
 Except watching the place where he has to come—  
 My boyfriend, for whom I want to die—  
 And I can't turn my eyes away from there.

## Fernan Fernandez Cogominho 1

Friend, you don't think of me,  
 And you do me wrong,  
 But never believe me again  
 If you don't very quickly see  
 That you are ill advised  
 To disobey me.

Now you don't care at all  
 About me, and since you're going away  
 From here, I'll really get back  
 At you when you come again,  
 For you are ill advised  
 To disobey me.

You don't want to be with me  
 And I'm dying of yearning,  
 But you'll see, friend,  
 'Cause I'm telling you the truth,  
 That you are ill advised  
 To disobey me.

## Fernan Fernandez Cogominho 2

Today I want to go, mother, if you please,  
 To where my boyfriend is, and if I can  
 See him,  
 I'll see very great pleasure there.

It's been a long time, mother, since I've seen him,  
 But since God's arranging for me to go there to  
 See him,  
 I'll see very great pleasure there.

## Fernan Fernandez Cogominho 3

Friend, it's been a long time  
 That I haven't known, and you haven't come  
 To tell me news I wanted to know  
 About those who are with the king:  
 If they're coming or staying  
 Or when they're going to come.

While you're talking with me  
 Tell me, so may you have joy,  
 If someone told you news  
 Of those the king took with him,

If they're coming or staying  
Or when they're going to come.

I'd gladly give with all my heart  
Anything that I might have  
To whoever could tell me news  
Of the king and those with him,  
If they're coming or staying  
Or when they're going to come.

But I know well what they will say,  
Since it upsets me: "They'll be lingering".

Fernan Fernandez Cogominho 4

My friend, so may you feel  
Pleasure from what you love in the world,  
When you live a long time elsewhere  
And cannot hear,  
Friend, any message from me,  
Do you then feel sad?

Tell me, my friend,  
And by God don't hide it,  
When you're not with me  
And it's a long time that you can't hear,  
Friend, any message from me,  
Do you then feel sad?

'Cause if it's a long time,  
When you've gone away from me,  
That you don't come back,  
Then when you don't hear,  
Friend, any message from me,  
Do you then feel sad?

Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 1

How happy I am today  
For he's sent me word  
That he's not coming with great desire  
Eagerly from where he went to live,  
Oh ladies, —my boyfriend,  
Except to talk with me;  
My boy's not coming for anything else  
Except to talk with me.

He sent me a message

To say (what I can well believe)  
 That he's not coming eager for anything else  
 From so far away as he comes,  
 Oh ladies, —my boyfriend,  
 Except to talk with me;  
 My boy's not coming for anything else  
 Except to talk with me.

He wasn't eager for anything else  
 (You can believe me on this)  
 Nor was he coming  
 (But why else would he come here?),  
 Oh ladies, —my boyfriend,  
 Except to talk with me;  
 My boy's not coming for anything else  
 Except to talk with me.

Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 2

By God, friend, everything that I feared  
 From my boyfriend is happening to me now,  
 'Cause I feared he would fall in love with me  
 As he has, and so I'll tell you this:  
 Since I was born I never had any love  
 Or wanted to have a boyfriend in that sense,  
 And he chose me as his lady willfully—  
 To my sorrow—and he'll die from that.

And I know that he can't stay away  
 From those that talk with me, or disguise  
 That he talks of nothing else so he can hear  
 Them talk about me, and I've gotten angry  
 Because he's done that, and he's never heard  
 Anything harsher, but he couldn't do anything else,  
 But during the brief time he has left to live  
 I'll make him feel what he makes me feel.

And God knows the pain I feel from that,  
 But nobody can keep themselves from pain  
 Except someone who wants to be careful,  
 And I always kept myself from that kind of thing  
 As much as I could, and took no pleasure in that,  
 But he kills me because he wants to die  
 For me for sure, and—what's even worse—  
 No longer has the power to restrain his heart.

And he feels such eagerness to see me  
 That they are bound to understand this thing.

## Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 3

When I climbed up the towers over the sea  
 And I saw the place where my boyfriend  
 Used to hurl the lance on high,\* friends, I felt  
 Such sorrow for him then in my heart,  
 When I saw these others walking there,  
 That I was about to die for him then and there.

When I gazed down from the towers, all around,  
 And didn't see my boyfriend and my lord,  
 Who now is so listless because of me,  
 I felt such sorrow for him in my heart,  
 When I remembered him and his love,  
 That I was about to die for him then and there.

When I saw this belt that he left with me  
 Crying with great sorrow, and I remembered  
 The sash from my gown that he took from me,  
 I felt such sorrow for him in my heart,  
 Since I remember when he called me his,  
 That I was about to die for him then and there.

No woman ever suffered such great sorrow  
 As I do when I remember the great pleasure  
 I gave him when he came to tie my sash,  
 And such a sadness arose in my heart  
 When I climbed the towers to look for him  
 That I was about to die for him then and there.

\* *bafordar*: is to engage in training for war.

## Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 4

My boyfriend, who loves me very much,  
 Can't get anything from me but pain,  
 And he'll die, since there's no other way,  
 And, friend, I like the idea that he'll die  
 For the reason I'll tell you now:  
 He forgets to think of the pain it causes him  
 And always thinks about my lovely looks.

And friends, what can I do with such a man,  
 Who dies like that, and wants to die like that  
 For that joy that he can never have  
 Nor will he ever, 'cause it's forbidden him,  
 Since he was disobedient to me;  
 He forgets to think of the pain I've given him



And thinks about how beautiful he saw me!

And his love of me brings him such sorrows  
That death is now already very near,  
And this I know, that he'll die very soon,  
And if he dies, I won't be so upset,  
Since he couldn't keep himself from death:  
He forgets to think about his suffering  
And always thinks about my lovely form.

Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 5

Friends, by God, I've come to ask you now  
That you not try to get me to forgive  
My boyfriend, who caused me suffering,  
And don't ask me, 'cause I won't do it,  
Until he comes crying in front of me,  
Since he got angry, I will not forgive him.

And as to you knowing that he wants to serve me  
More than anyone else, I want to thank you,  
But I don't wish to consent to his doing that,  
And don't ask me, 'cause I won't do it,  
Until he comes to plead with me for mercy,  
Since he got angry, I will not forgive him.

I'll cause him great pain, the greatest you ever saw,  
Since he paid no heed to me or to my love  
And took great pleasure in getting angry;  
And don't ask me, 'cause I won't do it,  
Until he comes to feel the wrath of a lady,  
Since he got angry, I will not forgive him.

And since I know well that he can't live  
Where he won't be able to see my eyes,  
I'll make him see what my power is;  
And don't ask me, 'cause I will not do it.  
Until I see that he truly wants to die,  
Since he got angry, I will not forgive him.

But, if he really does all this,  
For your sake I'll do what I have to do,  
But before that I will not forgive him at all.

Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 6

My boyfriend is complaining about me,  
Friend, since I don't do him any favors,

And he says he's lost his mind for me  
 And that I can help him get it back,  
 And I don't know if he's telling the truth  
 But I won't do myself harm for his sake.

He complains a lot because I didn't do  
 Him any favors, friend, and he's afraid  
 That once he dies for me, it'll make me look bad,  
 Since only I can rescue him from death,  
 And I don't know if what he says is true,  
 But I won't do myself harm for his sake.

Gonçal' Eanes do Vinhal 7

My boy's gone away from here,  
 Friend, very much my boy.  
 They tell me, I'm telling you,  
 That he's already broken up with me.  
 But what a very clever ploy!

Though you saw that he was crying  
 When he took his leave of me,  
 They told me that he was dying—  
 For another girl he was going back to!  
 But what a very clever ploy!

The boy that I know is dying  
 For me, that could do no wrong,  
 They tell me that he's dead now—  
 Yes, if the other girl won't help him!  
 But what a very clever ploy!

Roi Queimado 1

My boy, who loves me very much,  
 Got angry with me one day  
 For no reason at all, but I know one thing  
 About this boy who gets angry with me like that:  
 If he knew how little I could care  
 About his anger, he wouldn't get angry at all.

And because I didn't want to talk with him  
 When he had wanted—since I couldn't work it out—  
 He got angry, and he certainly thought  
 That he was killing me, but to my mind,  
 If he knew how little I could care  
 About his anger, he wouldn't get angry at all.

Just 'cause he loves me with all his heart  
 He got angry, and thought he would cause me  
 Very great sorrow, but you can believe  
 About my angry boy, so help me God, that  
 If he knew how little I could care  
 About his anger, he wouldn't get angry at all.

### Roi Queimado 2

My boyfriend, oh friend,  
 Who you tried so much to help  
 When you asked me on his behalf—  
 Though he asks you again  
 That you ask me on his behalf,  
 Never ask me about him again!

He will come, you can be sure,  
 To tell you that he's sad,  
 But don't even consider,  
 Although you see him dying,  
 That you ask me on his behalf;  
 Never ask me about him again!

My boyfriend can stay as long  
 As he likes in another land  
 And be at war with me,  
 But though he begs you crying  
 That you ask me on his behalf,  
 Never ask me about him again!

### Roi Queimado 3

When my boyfriend finds out  
 That I got angry because he lingered  
 For so long, when he gets here,  
 And I don't want to talk with him,  
 He will see he bargained badly  
 By lingering so long.

Now he doesn't care at all  
 About the anger that I feel;  
 But when he comes, since I'll be  
 Angry and yet beautiful,  
 He will see he bargained badly  
 By lingering so long.

And when he sees these eyes of mine  
 And he sees my lovely looks

And I don't want to look at him  
 And he won't dare look me in the eyes,  
 He will see he bargained badly  
 By lingering so long.

When he sees my gorgeous form,  
 As I know he'll see me today,  
 And doesn't dare to speak a word  
 About the sorrow he feels for me,  
 He will see he bargained badly  
 By lingering so long.

#### Roi Queimado 4

Now they tell me that my friend  
 Won't be coming, since he loves  
 Another woman very much,  
 But this—who would believe it—  
 That he could ever love any other  
 Woman than me with all his heart?

My boyfriend can say  
 He loves another more than himself  
 Or anything else or even me,  
 But this is not to be believed,  
 That he could ever love any other  
 Woman than me with all his heart?

He's just boasting, I am sure,  
 That he's dying of love for another  
 And that I am not his lady,  
 But I won't believe this,  
 That he could ever love any other  
 Woman than me with all his heart.

#### Meen Rodriguez Tenoiro 1

Because I love you very much,  
 Friend, and want to do for you  
 All you ask me, there's one thing  
 I'd like to say and ask you for:  
 That you won't tell it  
 To any friend you have;  
 And I won't tell it either  
 To any friend of mine.

All that you want to tell me  
 To do for you, you know well  
 That I'll do it, and you do

For me what I want to ask you:  
 That you won't tell it  
 To any friend you have;  
 And I won't tell it either  
 To any friend of mine.

Since I do such favors for you  
 That I don't care about myself,  
 I really want to ask you first,  
 My friend, by Our Lord:  
 That you won't tell it  
 To any friend you have;  
 And I won't tell it either  
 To any friend of mine.

### Meen Rodriguez Tenoiro 2

—Friend, since you tell me  
 That you love me a lot,  
 When you leave here now,  
 Tell me what you'll do.  
 —Lovely lady, I'll tell you:  
 I'll come back soon or die.

—So may God forgive you,  
 Since you are sad here,  
 When you are far away,  
 By God, what will you do then?  
 —Lovely lady, I'll tell you:  
 I'll come back soon or die.

### Meen Rodriguez Tenoiro 3

Friend, you want to go away from here  
 And you tell me that I should arrange  
 For you to talk with me first, and, my  
 Friend, tell me something right now:  
 How can I give such great pleasure  
 To someone who gives me such great pain?

You ask me with all your heart  
 To talk with you, and do just that,  
 And yet you want, friend, to go from here,  
 But tell me now, so may God forgive you,  
 How can I give such great pleasure  
 To someone who gives me such great pain?

You want me to talk to you, if I can,  
 And yet you say that you're going to go,  
 But, so may God let you come back soon,  
 Tell me, friend, if I'm to do that,  
 How can I give such great pleasure  
 To someone who gives me such great pain?

Meen Rodriguez Tenoiro 4

Today a knight wanted to tell me,  
 Friends, that he was in love with me,  
 And I forbade him to, and I know  
 One thing, as far as I could tell from him:  
 He turned very sad, and I understood  
 That it upset him that I forbade him to.

He wanted to tell me, so help me God,  
 How much he loves me, full of fear,  
 And then he wanted to call me "Lady"  
 And I forbade him to do it, and then  
 He turned very sad, and I understood  
 That it upset him that I forbade him to.

He was talking with me, and wanted to talk  
 Of the great love he says he feels for me  
 And I told him that there was no need  
 To talk about that there, and he took it badly  
 And turned very sad, and I understood  
 That it upset him that I forbade him to.

And I think I showed a lack of courtesy,  
 Since I gave him nothing in return.

Estevan Coelho 1

The lovely girl was sitting twining her silk,  
 Her soft voice beautifully singing  
*Cantigas d'amigo.*

The love girl was sitting working her silk,  
 Her soft voice beautifully chanting  
*Cantigas d'amigo.*

By God of the cross, lady, I know that you feel  
 A great love-sorrow, since you sing so well  
*Cantigas d'amigo.*

By God of the cross, lady, I know that you go  
 Around with love-sorrow, since you chant so well  
*Cantigas d'amigo.*

—You must have eaten vulture, to divine so well!\*

\* An ironic reference to the popular belief that eating the meat of a vulture conferred powers of divination.

Estevan Coelho 2

If my boyfriend knew  
 Today, he'd go with me:  
 I'm going to the river to bathe,  
 To the sea.

If he knew today  
 He'd go with me:  
 I'm going to the river to bathe,  
 To the sea.

I wish someone would tell him  
 I've just put on my mantle:  
 I'm going to the river to bathe,  
 To the sea.

Estevan Travanca 1

By God, friend, please ask around  
 For my friend, who hasn't come back,  
 And I'll always love you for that,  
 By God, friend, if you do it,  
 'Cause I don't dare to ask about him now,  
 I'm so afraid they'll tell me some bad news.

Right now today, friend, for my love,  
 Ask around to those who have arrived here  
 How he was when they saw him last,  
 And then tell me, by Our Lord,  
 'Cause I don't dare to ask about him now,  
 I'm so afraid they'll tell me some bad news.

Why don't you ask your boyfriend,  
 'Cause I know well that he'll tell you  
 If he was dead or alive, or what he'll do,  
 And by God, tell me what he says,  
 'Cause I don't dare to ask about him now,  
 I'm so afraid they'll tell me some bad news.

## Estevan Travanca 2

Friends, when my boyfriend  
 Went away from here one day,  
 Though I saw that he was sad  
 And he begged me beforehand  
 To forgive him; I wouldn't,  
 And I did wrong, since I didn't.

And I'm afraid he'll go away  
 From here, so help me God,  
 And it would be only right,  
 Since he came beforehand to ask me  
 To forgive him; I wouldn't,  
 And I did wrong, since I didn't.

He was calling me the light  
 Of his eyes, his joy and his pain,  
 And he was only doing it for this:  
 So I'd be willing, by God,  
 To forgive him; I wouldn't,  
 And I did wrong, since I didn't.

And if I've lost him now  
 There was never anything more right,  
 Since he came crying before me  
 And told me what I'm telling you:  
 To forgive him; I would not,  
 And I did bad, since I did not.

And that will always bring me pain,  
 Because I didn't forgive him then,

'Cause if I had forgiven him there  
 He'd never have gone away from here.

## Estevan Travanca 3

If I were to tell my boyfriend  
 What I'd wanted to do for him  
 One time when he came to see me,  
 Once he knew the truth about that  
 He'd have no complaint about me,  
 Like he does now, or go away from here.

And if he knew how much against my will  
 I didn't do for him all I wanted to do  
 At that time, friend, so help me God,



As I think, and I think aright,  
 He'd have no complaint about me,  
 Like he does now, or go away from here.

Estevan Travanca 4

They tell me, friend, that if I don't do  
 A favor for my boyfriend that he will  
 Die because of me, and though he feels  
 Great sorrow for my sake and loves me too,  
 It would be better for him, so as not to die,  
 If I didn't do him favors, than if I did.

But, friend, one thing I know well  
 About my friend, that he'll die soon  
 If he doesn't get any favors from me,  
 And from what I know about his life,  
 It would be better for him, so as not to die,  
 If I didn't do him favors, than if I did.

Rodrig' Eanes de Vasconcelos 1

Your boyfriend, friend, some time ago  
 Desired another woman in his heart  
 But now he's locked up in your prison,  
 Freed by you from any other thing,  
 And since he desires nothing except you,  
 It would be good for you to do him a favor.

He used to be very much in love  
 With another lady, friend, and went and saw you  
 And now he can no longer have pleasure  
 In himself or anything, unless it comes from you,  
 And since he's so much in your power  
 It would be good for you to do him a favor.

He used to have another as his lady  
 And now God, to make him suffer  
 More sorrow, as long as he lives,  
 Showed you to him, and he's lost his mind,  
 And since your love forces him so much,  
 It would be good for you to do him a favor.

Rodrig' Eanes de Vasconcelos 2

If, friend, I want to do a favor  
 For my boy, who loves nothing else

But me, my friends say that this is bad  
 And that I'd do a thing that makes bad sense,  
 But I don't believe them, 'cause I know one thing:  
 Since my boy is dying just to die  
 For me, it would be good to do him a favor.

They don't know what desire I feel  
 In my heart to do him a favor  
 And I can do it for him with good reason,  
 But right away my friends say I'd be doing  
 Something bad, but this one thing I know:  
 Since my boy is dying just to die  
 For me, it would be good to do him a favor.

I'll do him a favor and they'll come  
 Asking me in front of you why I did it,  
 And I'll say, "Who's the one who says so?"  
 And once they hear me out, then they'll agree,  
 'Cause I'll say, "My friends, certainly,  
 Since my boy is dying just to die  
 For me, it would be good to do him a favor.

And I would rather do him some favor  
 Than let him die as he is dying;

To do him a favor,\* or just to see him—  
 I won't let him die for want of that".

\* Emending (with Nunes) *falar* to *fazer*.

Rodrig' Eanes de Vasconcelos 3

My boyfriend gets nothing from me  
 Except great sorrow, which he never lacks,  
 And, friend, his heart is bursting  
 To see me, and so tell me just one thing:  
 Since he loves me, though I treat him bad,  
 What would he do if I treated him well?

I never gave him pleasure since I was born  
 And all the harm I could cause him, I did  
 Cause him, friends, and I want to know  
 From you, since he doesn't think this harm is harm,  
 And I treat him bad and he wants to die for me,  
 What would he do if I treated him well?

Because of me he's left another lady  
 And I treat him worse with every day  
 And yet, friend, he still loves me more

Than himself or anything, and since this is true,  
That I can treat him bad and he loves me so,  
What would he do if I treated him well?

Rodrig' Eanes de Vasconcelos 4

These sorrows that I have to suffer,  
My friend, are many and great,  
And you've also suffered great sorrows  
For a very long time, and so I don't know—  
Between me, for my vassal, and you, for your lady,\*  
Which of us suffers more from love-sorrow.

We suffer sorrows, for us that's how it is:  
I for you, friend, and you for me,  
And God knows that in our case this is so,  
And of these sorrows I can't really tell,  
Between me, for my vassal, and you, for your lady,  
Which of us suffers more from love-sorrow.

My eyes and my heart think it's right  
Never to be free from the sorrows of love,  
And these sorrows, sir,\*\* are mine,  
And what I cannot understand is this:  
Between me, for my vassal, and you, for your lady,  
Which of us suffers more from love-sorrow.

\* *senhor* can mean "lord" or "lady" (which has caused confusion, along with the use of "vassal" and the syntax of another construction in the verse; here it means "lady", but the analogy with feudal relationships is the same.

\*\* *senhor* here refers to the boyfriend (cf. v. 2 *amigo*), adding to the confusion (see previous note).

Afonso Mendez de Beesteiros 1

False friend, in good faith,  
I know you are in love  
With another woman, and don't care  
About me at all, but since that's so,  
From now on make a fool  
Of another, not of me.

'Cause the other day I found you  
Talking surely of your desires  
With another, and that pained me,  
But since I know the truth,  
From now on make a fool  
Of another, not of me.

And when I saw you talking

With another, then I saw clearly  
 That you were not mine but hers,  
 But I want to straighten you out:  
 From now on make a fool  
 Of another, not of me.

\* The sense of the refrain is not entirely clear. Some think *fazedede ... / capa d' outra* (literally, “make a cape of another”) means to use another girl as a screen to conceal the true object of affection, but absent further context the phrase may mean simply “cheat on another girl”.

#### Afonso Mendez de Beesteiros 2

Mother, I've come to ask  
 As a daughter asks her lady:  
 The one who dies of love for me—  
 Let me go talk with him!  
 All the sorrow that he feels  
 All comes from me, I know.

And you are merciless  
 Since you won't take pity  
 On my friend, whom I see  
 Dying, and that makes me sad.  
 All the sorrow that he feels  
 All comes from me, I know.

I will see him, in good faith,  
 And will tell him something so good  
 That he'll have to be thankful to me,  
 Since I feel his pain as mine.\*  
 All the sorrow that he feels  
 All comes from me, I know.

\* Literally, “since his pain is quickly mine”.

#### Pero Gomez Barroso 1

Friend, I want to tell you now  
 What my boyfriend said to me:  
 That when he's not with me he dies,  
 Always thinking of my good looks;  
 But I don't think, if he thought about me,  
 That he'd tarry so long without me.

I'll never believe a thing he says again  
 Since he tarries so long, so help me God,  
 And he says he's dying of this and nothing else,  
 Thinking of how much goodness God gave me,  
 But I don't think, if he thought about me,

That he'd tarry so long without me.

Since this time he's tarrying so long  
 He's losing me little by little  
 And he says he lies there dying,  
 Thinking how lovely God made me,  
 But I don't think, if he thought about me,  
 That he'd tarry so long without me.

And I don't know any reason why he'd stay  
 And not come back, if I were in his thoughts

#### Pero Gomez Barroso 2

My boyfriend, who's with the king,  
 . . . . . I know\*  
 That he can never get favors in the world,  
 Since I'm so lovely and full of favors,  
 Except by living with me as long as I live.

Let the king try to do him favors  
 And give him as much as he wants to give,  
 For he can never get a favor in the world,  
 So help me God, that's worth anything,  
 Except by living with me as long as I live.

Let them do for him all they like, and let  
 Him not live here with me, so help me God,  
 Since he can never get a favor in the world  
 Or feel great pleasure in his heart  
 Except by living with me as long as I live.

All the people in the world cannot  
 Help or harm him, if I give him pleasure.

\* This verse might have read: "<let others do him favors, 'cause> I know".

#### Pero Gomez Barroso 3

I'll tell the truth, so help me God:  
 If my boyfriend loves me very much,  
 I don't thank him for that, but above all  
 I'm thankful to God with all my heart  
 That he made me so beautiful and gave  
 Me all the goodness that I asked him for.

If he loves me, as he says he does,  
 He's just doing the right thing, and I

Don't thank him for that, but do give thanks  
 To God forever, as much as I can,  
 That he made me so beautiful and gave  
 Me all the goodness that I asked him for.

If he loves me, I don't love or hate him,  
 And I haven't anything to be thankful for,  
 But for what I saw in my mirror today  
 I thank God deeply, and for something else:  
 That he made me so beautiful and gave  
 Me all the goodness that I asked him for.

Pero Viviaez 1

Since our mothers are going to San Simon  
 Of the Valley of Meadows to light candles,  
 We girls will do our best to go  
 With our mothers, and then they  
 Will light the candles for us and themselves,  
 And we, girls, will go dancing there.

All our boyfriends will be going there  
 To look at us, and we'll parade  
 Dancing before them, scantily clad,\*  
 And our mothers, since they're going there,  
 Will light the candles for us and themselves,  
 And we, girls, will go dancing there.

Our boyfriends will go to have a look  
 At how we dance, and they will see  
 Beautiful girls dancing there,  
 And our mothers, since they want to go there,  
 Will light the candles for us and themselves,  
 And we, girls, will go dancing there.

\* *en cos*: literally, "naked"; here it probably means they will be wearing only light undergarments.

Pero Viviaez 2

By God, friend, try to stop  
 My boyfriend from loving me  
 And don't tell me about it, it does no good,  
 And don't tell me to go to him there,  
 'Cause it does as much good for me to talk with him,  
 In good faith, as to say nothing at all.

Tell him now he can just forget  
 About loving me—it's only caused him pain;

Let's drop that and talk of something else;  
 And may God curse whoever tells him that,\*  
 'Cause it does as much good for me to talk with him,  
 In good faith, as to say nothing at all.

Tell him now that he can never have  
 Favors from me, and not to give it a thought;  
 And don't tell me about it, it does you no good;  
 And God curse the girl who tells that to him,\*  
 'Cause it does as much good for me to talk with him,  
 In good faith, as to say nothing at all.

\* *quen lho dirá* and *a que lho vai dizer* both mean, "whoever tells him it/that"—i.e., encourages the boy to try to talk with the girl.

Fernan Gonçalvez de Seavra 1

Even though I begged my boy  
 Not to go, he didn't give up  
 Going for my sake, and when he arrived,  
 Because he saw that I'd gotten angry,  
 He cried so much with all his heart  
 That I cried too, out of pity for him.

I begged him not to cry any more,  
 'Cause I'd forgive him and never would wish  
 Him ill for that or any other thing,  
 And before I could even ask him for this,  
 He cried so much with all his heart  
 That I cried too, out of pity for him.

He swore to me he wasn't thinking  
 That it would cause me such great suffering,  
 'Cause otherwise he would have killed himself,  
 And when he saw that I was getting angry  
 He cried so much with all his heart  
 That I cried too, out of pity for him.

Afonso Lopez de Baian 1

I went, lovely me, to make a prayer  
 Not for my soul, but to see there  
 My boyfriend, and since I didn't see him,  
 You can see, friends, so help me God:  
 Since he didn't come, it's only right  
 That he suffer and get no favors from me.

'Cause I went <there> to cry out my eyes,  
 My friends, and to light some candles,

Not for my soul, but to find him,  
 And he didn't come, and God didn't lead him there;  
 Since he didn't come, it's only right  
 That he suffer and get no favors from me.

I went really to beg Our Lord,  
 And to light candles, not for my soul,  
 But to see the boy I've always loved  
 So much, and the traitor didn't come;  
 Since he didn't come, it's only right  
 That he suffer and get no favors from me.

Afonso Lopez de Baian 2

Mother, since my boy went away  
 From here, I have felt no pleasure,  
 And you don't want to believe me,  
 And I'm dying, and if that's not so,  
 May I never bring you  
 The happiness you want to feel.\*

Since he left, in good faith,  
 Mother, I've cried out my eyes  
 With great sorrow, God knows,  
 And I'm dying, and if it's not true,  
 May I never bring you  
 The happiness you want to feel.

I'm really afraid I'll die,  
 Mother, if he doesn't come soon,  
 And have no doubt of that at all,  
 And, if it isn't so, lady,  
 May I never bring you  
 The happiness you want to feel.

\* Literally: "May you never see pleasure from me / That you desire to see".

Afonso Lopez de Baian 3

Pretty me, I want to go today with all my heart  
 To make a pilgrimage and say a prayer  
 To Santa Maria das Leiras,  
 Since my boy is coming there.

Since he left, I never again saw pleasure,  
 And today I want to go, pretty me, to see him  
 To Santa Maria das Leiras,



Since my boy is coming there.

I'll never be happy if I don't see him,  
 And so I want to go now, pretty me,  
 To Santa Maria das Leiras  
 Since my boy is coming there.

Afonso Lopez de Baian 4

They told me some news that makes me very glad,  
 For my boy has arrived, and if he comes there,  
 I'll go to Santa Maria das Leiras, pretty me,  
 If my boy comes there.

They told me some news that makes me very happy,  
 For my boy has arrived, and if he goes there,  
 I'll go to Santa Maria das Leiras, pretty me,  
 If my boy comes there.

They told me some news that makes me feel pleasure,  
 'Cause my boy has arrived, and in order to see him,  
 I'll go to Santa Maria das Leiras, pretty me,  
 If my boy comes there.

Never was a woman so happy with such news  
 As I am with this, and if he should come there,  
 I'll go to Santa Maria das Leiras, pretty me,  
 If my boy comes there.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 1

Come all of you, oh friends, with me  
 To see a man who's very much in love,  
 Who lies here near us badly wounded,  
 And though he now feels many sorrows  
 He won't die, so he won't upset someone  
 Who loves him, but he really loves someone.

He would already be dying from his wounds  
 If it weren't for the great true love he feels;  
 Always value the love of a knight,  
 'Cause he certainly insists on this:  
 He won't die, so he won't upset someone  
 Who loves him, but he really loves someone.

Johan de Guilhade loves loyally  
 And he should be praised by us all  
 And may God grant him grace from his girl,\*

For surely, thanks to his deep loyalty,  
 He won't die, so he won't upset someone  
 Who loves him, but he really loves someone.

\* Literally, "from her for whom he does it".

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 2

By God, ladies, what will be?  
 Since now this world is nothing  
 Nor does a boyfriend love his lady.  
 And this world—what is it now?  
 Since love has no power there,  
 What good are her good looks or figure  
 To a girl who has them both?

You see why I'm saying this:  
 'Cause there's not a king in the world  
 Who could see the figure I have  
 And then not just die for me;  
 Why, my eyes are even green!  
 And my boyfriend didn't even  
 See me, and he passed by here.

But the lady who has a friend  
 From now on (believe me, by God!)  
 Shouldn't rely on her pretty eyes,  
 'Cause from now on there is no point;  
 'Cause just now someone saw my eyes  
 And lovely figure and yet he comes  
 And goes as soon as he wants to go.

And since good looks and figure  
 Just are not worth anything,  
 It doesn't matter how we look!\*

\* Literally, "let's look (appear) any old way"; i.e. girls need no longer bother paying attention to their appearance.

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 3

Friends, I want to praise the world  
 For all the favors God did for me there:  
 He made me a beauty, gave me a good name,  
 And also made my boy love me a lot;  
 This world is the very best thing  
 That God made for those he favored there.\*

Paradise is wonderful, for sure,

'Cause God made it, and I'm not saying no,  
 But the boys that there are in the world  
 And the girls both have lots of fun;  
 This world is the very best thing  
 That God made for those he favored there.

I would like to get to paradise  
 After I die, just like anyone else,  
 But once a lady has her boy  
 And she can live with him in the world,  
 This world is the very best thing  
 That God made for those he favored there.

And whoever doesn't think that this is good—  
 May God never give them anything in this world!

\* "There" = "in this world" (as opposed to paradise).

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 4

You are angry, my friend,  
 'Cause I won't do what's bad for me  
 With you, but honestly  
 I'm telling you, I swear,  
 That that's a deal that I  
 Will never make, my friend.

Really I'm not so crazy  
 That I'd ever make that deal,  
 But I'm giving you this sash;  
 Keep the belt and the headscarf,  
 'Cause that's a deal that I  
 Will never make, my friend.

Oh Sir John de Guilhade,  
 I've always been your girl  
 And may I tell you something:  
 Offer another deal,  
 'Cause that's a deal that I  
 Will never make, my friend.

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 5

Friends, you say my boy  
 Is boasting with my belt  
 In the house of the king,  
 And see what I'm telling you:  
 I hereby bid him to boast

With my belt and belt himself.\*

Certainly all of you know  
That I've given him gifts,  
And he's given me fine ones,  
But as to this that you tell me,  
I hereby bid him to boast  
With my belt and belt himself.

If he's boasting ('cause he's brazen)  
I'll tell you what to do:  
Never tell me about it again;  
And I'll tell you something:  
I hereby bid him to boast  
With my belt and belt himself.

\* Literally: "and put it [the belt] on himself"; "belt himself" picks up the word-play of the original but not the connotations (that the boy should wear an article of feminine clothing).

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 6

You saw, my ladies, when the other day  
My boyfriend talked with me  
He complained a lot, and since he complained  
I gave him the belt that I was wearing,  
But now he asks for some other foolish thing!

And you saw what I wish you hadn't seen:  
Since, my ladies, he complained so recklessly  
He made me take the string out of my shirt  
And I gave him as much of it as he wanted,  
But now he asks for something else he shouldn't!

Sir Johan de Guilhade will always have  
Gifts from me, friends, as long as he likes,  
'Cause he's already given me many fine ones,  
And so I'll always be loyal to him,  
But now he demands some other naughty thing!

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 7

Friends, I haven't suffered such sorrow since I was born,  
And I'll tell you the great sorrow that's made me sad:  
Friends, my boyfriend has  
A girl with him where he is.\*

May you never feel sorrow, friends, such as I feel,  
And I'll tell you my sorrow, that's made me so sad:  
Friends, my boyfriend has

A girl with him where he is.

I'm dying with sorrow, such great sorrow grips me,  
 And I'll tell you my sorrow is sorrow I can't handle:  
 Friends, my boyfriend has  
 A girl with him where he is.

\* Literally: "with him in the land"—in the land where he is.

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 8

By God, friends, my boyfriend doesn't love  
 Me any longer, since just now he stayed  
 Where I've come from, and the *other* told him to,\*  
 And I'll tell you something, friends:  
 If he loved me like he used to do,  
 Friends, he'd already be with me now.

And his heart has now recovered from  
 . . . . .  
 Since he stayed there after I gave him my belt,  
 And, my friends, may God forgive me,  
 If he loved me like he used to do,  
 Friends, he'd already be with me now.

He made me cry out my eyes  
 With the pain he made me feel today;  
 What I told him then, the *other* will hear!\*\*  
 Oh my friends, so help me God,  
 If he loved me like he used to do  
 Friends, he'd already be with me now.

\* The "other" is another girl, a rival (see v. 15)

\*\* The text and meaning of this verse are uncertain. Reading *outra* (for *outro*), the girl is threatening to tell off the other girl in the same (harsh) terms she used with the boy. It seems from v. 9 that the girl went "there" where the unfaithful boy was and gave him her belt in an effort to recover his affections.

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 9

Today I saw some ladies looking lovely,  
 Ladies of good name and of good sense,  
 And they're friends of everything good,  
 But I want to tell you about one girl:  
 One girl, the girl who just arrived,  
 Beat them all at beauty there.

I had thought the ladies that I saw  
 Had no peer in beauty anywhere,  
 They seemed so lovely to me there,

But once that girl took up her place,  
 One girl, the girl who just arrived,  
 Beat them all at beauty there.

How thoroughly and all at once  
 That little girl beat them all;  
 In time all women are surpassed in beauty,  
 But as soon as that girl showed up there,  
 One girl, the girl who just arrived,  
 Beat them all at beauty there.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 10

Friends, so help you God, when my boyfriend gets here,  
 Talk to one another while he's talking with me,  
 Because we'll say many things  
 That we won't say in front of you.

I know that he'll get here eager to talk with me,  
 And so you all get going there down that hall,\*  
 Because we'll say many things  
 That we won't say in front of you.

\* The word *estrado* refers here to a raised platform in a house used for women's quarters.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 11

My boyfriend is dying of love  
 And I don't really believe him  
 And so then he tells me that he  
 Will come die here right where I am,  
 And it pleases my heart  
 To see if he dies or not.

He sent a message to me like this:  
 That I, out of my compassion,  
 Should let him die right here  
 And watch him while he's dying,  
 And it pleases my heart  
 To see if he dies or not.

No woman should ever believe  
 That they die for her that way,  
 'Cause I never saw him like that,  
 And let him die, if he likes,  
 And it pleases my heart  
 To see if he dies or not.

## Johan Garcia de Guilhade 12

Sir Jan Garcia says, oh friends,  
 That not to upset me he wouldn't die;  
 He bargained badly by saying this,  
 Because for that I'll make him die for me;  
 And you all saw how he would boast;  
 For him there's devilish little remedy.

He's said it was for me he was composing  
 And even called my name when he was fighting;  
 He did himself harm by not keeping quiet,  
 Because for that I'll make him die for me;  
 You all know how he was gloating;  
 For him there's devilish little remedy.

He kept on composing for me a lot,  
 And giving it all he had for my sake  
 He called out my name during the match;  
 And so for that I'll make him die for me;  
 And he still continued to gloat,  
 For him there's devilish little remedy.

## Johan Garcia de Guilhade 13

Friend, today at the wedding  
 You won the prize for battering boards,\*  
 Beat all the others, and that I like;  
 And I'll tell you something else to my liking:  
 In good faith, I walked away with  
 The prize for beauty at the wedding,

And since you beat them like that,  
 They should never have tried to hurl  
 Lances with you, friend, or exercise;\*  
 Now let's talk about me a bit:  
 In good faith, I walked away with  
 The prize for beauty at the wedding,

And I really like to know  
 That your fame proves to be  
 True, my friend, and in good faith  
 I'll tell you another thing I like:  
 In good faith, I walked away with  
 The prize for beauty at the wedding,

All the girls were upset  
 When they saw me with them there

And they tried to pretty themselves,  
 But you should be glad at how I fare:  
 In good faith, I walked away with  
 The prize for beauty at the wedding,

\* *bafordar* : see note on Vinhal 3, above.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 14

My boyfriend is tarrying, my ladies,  
 More than he'd promised  
 And a sorrow grows in me, so strong  
 That I lose heart,  
 And I swore that, until I saw him,  
 I wouldn't sleep at all.

When he had to make the pilgrimage  
 He set a day with me  
 That he'd come, and he hasn't—oh the shame!  
 Today was the day;  
 And I swore that, until I saw him,  
 I wouldn't sleep at all.

The day that he went away from me  
 He swore to me, crying,  
 That he'd come, and he set a day and time,  
 And now the time is up,  
 And I swore that, until I saw him,  
 I wouldn't sleep at all.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 15

Every time that my boy comes here  
 He tells me, oh friends, that he's gone crazy  
 For me, and says he's dying for my favors,  
 But I don't really think that this is so,  
 Because I never see him die  
 And I don't ever see him lose his mind.

He cries a lot and begins to swear  
 He's lost his mind, and he'd have me believe  
 That he's dying for me, and since he's not dead  
 I just think he's taking his sweet time,  
 Because I never see him die  
 And I don't ever see him lose his mind.

Now let's see what he'll say to us  
 When he shows up alive and hasn't lost his mind,



And I'll say to him, "Haven't you died of love?"  
 But he can forget about anything with me,  
 Because I never see him die  
 And I don't ever see him lose his mind.

And he will never make me believe  
 That he's dying for me, unless he dies.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 16

In good faith, my friend,  
 I know very well that you felt  
 Great love for me and you were  
 Happy with me for a very long time,  
 But look what I'm telling you:  
 Now it's gone.

We could never be done  
 With that great love of ours  
 That you and I always felt,  
 Like Brancafrol and Flores,\*  
 But the time for playing\*\*  
 Now is gone.

I have spoken with you  
 In folly and in wisdom  
 And with sense and madness  
 While the sunlight lasted,  
 But this, oh Sir Jan Garcia,  
 Now is gone.

And all that folly  
 Now is gone.

Gone is the wedding bread,  
 Now it's gone.

\* Heroine and hero of a popular twelfth century French romance.

\*\* Literally, "the time of gamesters" (that is, those who play games).

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 17

These ladies here, whose boys are asking  
 That they be willing to do them favors—  
 I would like, friends, to know one thing:  
 What exactly is it that they're asking?  
 'Cause a boy whom I've always loved  
 Asked for my belt, and I gave it to him,  
 But I think it's something else they're asking.

My boyfriend would lose me forever,  
 Friends, if he asked me for something else,  
 But there's nothing wrong with asking for a belt,  
 And that's why he hasn't lost me forever,  
 But if he made some other request,  
 God damn me, if I'd give him my belt,  
 And he would lose me forever and ever.

But the young lady who's been well served  
 By her boyfriend—this is what she should do:  
 Give him her belt, if she feels like giving it,  
 If she thinks he's really served her well;  
 But, if he wants another, bigger pact,  
 Damn whoever would be a friend to him,  
 And whoever thinks that she's well served by that.

And I know nothing about such a pact,  
 But even if she thinks that he's her friend,  
 He's not really being wholly loyal.

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 18

My boyfriend made me suffer very much  
 And though he caused me such great suffering  
 You made me forgive him, friends,  
 And he got here today and I told him this:  
 "Come here, 'cause I've already forgiven you,  
 But I'll never love you ever again".

I forgave him, but no longer with the pleasure  
 That I might have felt in doing him a favor,  
 And he wanted to raise his eyes to me,  
 And I told him, "You eyes of a traitor,  
 Come here, 'cause I've already forgiven you,  
 But I'll never love you ever again".

This forgiveness was clearly on the condition  
 That there would be no more love between us,  
 And he didn't dare come near me, out of fear,  
 And I told him, "You dog-head,  
 Come here, 'cause I've already forgiven you,  
 But I'll never love you ever again".

Johan Garcia de Guilhade 19

Friends, my boyfriend made his song  
 In good faith, on a very fine theme,

Without boasting, and with good melody,  
 And a lady wanted to steal it for herself,  
 But I know well for whom the song was made,  
 And the song should be worth something for a change.\*

As soon as I heard this song I knew  
 I was the one, at the end of the argument,\*\*  
 For whom it was made, and I know for whom it was not,  
 And a certain lady wants it for herself,  
 But I know well for whom the song was made,  
 And the song should be worth something for a change.

In the song itself I understood  
 How it was made, and also for whom,  
 And the song is very carefully composed,  
 And a certain lady thought that it was hers,  
 But I know well for whom the song was made,  
 And the song should be worth something for a change.

\* Literally, “for once”.

\*\* That is, “the argument (logic) of the poem”.

#### Johan Garcia de Guilhade 20

—Friend, your boyfriend  
 Left here now angry.  
 —Friend, he’s lost me,  
 And though he’s lost me  
 The well-known traitor  
 Will come back here,  
 ’Cause he’ll come  
 Back here, he’ll come.

—Friend, he felt abandoned  
 By you, and he was dying.  
 —You, friend, are crazy:  
 Now he ran off sad,  
 But he, willy-nilly,  
 Will come back here,  
 ’Cause he’ll come  
 Back here, he’ll come.

—Friend, they say that he  
 Is dying loyally.  
 —That’s what you say,  
 Friend, this is true,  
 But that bluffer, Guilhade,  
 Will come back here,  
 ’Cause he’ll come  
 Back here, he’ll come.

## Johan Garcia de Guilhade 21

Oh friends, all the *trobadores*  
 In the kingdom of Portugal  
 Have lost their skill, they don't want  
 To speak well of us, as they used to do,  
 And they don't even speak of love,  
 And they do something else that's even worse:  
 They no longer want to praise good looks.

They, friends, have lost the desire  
 To see you, and I'll tell you something else:  
 These *trobadores* just go from bad to worse,  
 There isn't one that can serve a lady,  
 Nor even one that composes for a woman;  
 Cursed be she who would ever say  
 Of someone who can't compose, he's a *trobador*.

But, friends, there must be some remedy  
 For a lady that loves her good name and looks:  
 Bide the time, and not complain,  
 And let this awful time just pass away,  
 'Cause I really think that someone will come soon  
 Who likes a girl that's beautiful,  
 And you'll see love will triumph then.

And those of them who've left off  
 Serving you, we know who they are:  
 May God let them die an awful death!

## Johan Garcia de Guilhade 22

You've come, friends, to ask  
 That I talk with my friend  
 And that I take him back,  
 But I want to be rid of him,  
 'Cause if I talk with him at all,  
 Whatever I say to dog-head  
 Right away all the girls will know.

He's a lost dog-head!  
 Since he has no loyalty  
 And talks with *another* in Guilhade,\*  
 He's a well-known traitor,  
 And, friends, since this is known,  
 Whatever I say to dog-head  
 Right away all the girls will know.

And if I gave him gifts,  
 Friends, as I used to do,  
 He would tell all the girls,  
 And whatever I said to him,  
 And if I talked with him at all,  
 Whatever I say to dog-head  
 Right away all the girls will know.

\* “Another” is another girl, a rival. *Guilhade*, here the poet’s home town in northern Portugal, also invokes his name, which is taken from the town.

Estevan de Guarda 1

—Friend, what good does it do your boy  
 Always to serve you with all his heart  
 And get no favor from you, but only pain?  
 —What? Friend, doesn’t he think it’s a favor  
 Just to know that I’m allowing him  
 To serve me and to be called mine?

—What good does it do him, what pleasure can it give  
 To serve you and love you more than anything else  
 And get no favor from you but only pain?  
 —Doesn’t he think, friend, that it’s a favor,  
 Just to know that I’m allowing him  
 To serve me and to be called mine?

—I wouldn’t serve God, friend, who is in heaven,  
 Although I know well that I’m in his power,  
 Except to get some favor in exchange.  
 —What, friend? Does my boy think it no favor  
 Just to know that I’m allowing him  
 To serve me and to be called mine?

Pero d’ Ornelas 1

You’ve arranged, friend, today  
 For my boyfriend to talk with you—  
 Who’s coming here, I’m telling you,  
 To talk with you, and brings a message,  
 A plea, friend, from your boyfriend  
 That you get me to talk with mine.

And he no longer lives where I live  
 ’Cause I forbid him from living there  
 And so he found someone to make the plea,  
 And I know that he’s bringing you a message,  
 A plea, friend, from your boyfriend

That you get me to talk with mine.

For a long time he's been asking for my favors  
 But he was never able to talk with me,  
 And he's coming, friend, to plead with you  
 And I know that he has a message with him,  
 A plea, friend, from your boyfriend  
 That you get me to talk with mine.

Afonso Sanches 1

Friend, when my boyfriend comes,  
 While I'm asking him where he tarried,  
 You speak about the ladies then,  
 And in his expression, friend,  
 We'll easily see if he's kept in his heart  
 The lady whom he always sang.

Afonso Sanchez 2

The pretty girl was saying:  
 "Oh help me God!  
 How wounded I am by love!  
 Oh help me God!"

The lovely girl was saying:  
 "Oh help me God!  
 How saddened I am by love!  
 Oh help me God!"

How wounded I am by love!  
 Oh help me God!  
 The one I loved doesn't come.  
 Oh help me God!"

How saddened I am by love!  
 Oh help me God!  
 The one I desired doesn't come.  
 Oh help me God!"

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 1

They told me that my boyfriend had  
 A complaint about me and was upset,  
 And it's so bad I can't find a remedy,  
 And, friend, if I've deserved this from him  
 I pray to God that the love he feels for me

He feel at once for another woman.

And if he wants to get over the complaint  
That he wrongly has about me, I'll be grateful,  
And, friend, I'll tell you the truth:  
If I've done anything to deserve this now,  
I pray to God that the love he feels for me  
He feel at once for another woman.

And my boyfriend would do much better  
To get over the complaint he has about me,  
And, by God, friend, it would be good for him,  
Because if I deserved this pain  
I pray to God that the love he feels for me  
He feel at once for another woman.

And if by chance he should feel that,  
I was born on a bad day, if I find out.

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 2

My boyfriend, whom I always loved  
Since the first day that I saw him,  
Had a complaint about me one day,  
I don't know why, but I worked it out  
So I made him get over his complaint,  
And I know how and I don't want to say.

Since he had a complaint <about me>, my eyes  
Were crying a lot because of the pain  
I felt from that, once I saw him get angry  
With me, but I worked it out, by God,  
So I made him get over his complaint,  
And I know how and I don't want to say.

He had a complaint about me and I'll tell  
You one thing that happened after that:  
I was so sorry in my heart  
That I didn't sleep, and I worked it out  
So I made him get over his complaint,  
And I know how and I don't want to say.

And whoever can't understand this  
Will never learn anything more from me.

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 3

When my boyfriend went away from here,

I'll tell you what I learned from him:  
 He was very sorry he had to leave me;  
 And now, friends, I'm dying to know  
 If he's dead or has gotten over the heavy  
 Sorrow he felt then when he had to leave me.

I know he was sorry in his heart  
 At having to go, although he couldn't do  
 Anything else, so help me God,  
 And I'm dying, friend, to find out from someone  
 If he's dead or has gotten over the heavy  
 Sorrow he felt then when he had to leave me.

I know well how sorry my boyfriend was  
 When he had to go away from here,  
 And it was all because he had to leave  
 Me, and I'm dying, friend, to hear  
 If he's dead or has gotten over the heavy  
 Sorrow he felt then when he had to leave me.

And, friend, whoever knows how to love someone,  
 Sadly, always gets the worst of it.

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 4

A certain girlfriend of mine advised me  
 That I should hate my boyfriend  
 And after I left her I said this:  
 "I pray to God that He curse me  
 If I ever consider a friend of mine  
 Anyone who gives me such advice

As she gave me—that girl who made  
 These eyes of mine begin crying then  
 Because of that advice that she gave me,  
 And I swear to you I hope God doesn't help me  
 If I ever consider a friend of mine  
 Anyone who gives me such advice

As she gave me—that girl who doesn't know  
 How to advise herself or anyone else,  
 And may God let her get the worst of this  
 And may He never show me happiness  
 If I ever consider a friend of mine  
 Anyone who gives me such advice

—May anyone who gives me such advice  
 Follow it herself if she likes".



## Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 5

About my friend, whom I forbid  
 To leave here, no matter what,  
 And live elsewhere, since it caused me pain,  
 Look, friend, what I've learned:  
 That he's here and wants to talk with me,  
 But he can wait here for a long time first.

About the one you saw was asking me  
 When he had to go away from here,  
 If it would be bad or good for me if he went,  
 Oh my friend, a message has reached me now  
 That he's here and wants to talk with me,  
 But he can wait here for a long time first.

About the one you saw go away from here  
 Against my will, when he went away,  
 And he didn't talk with me or see me then,  
 Oh friend, they've come to say  
 That he's here and wants to talk with me,  
 But he can wait here for a long time first

Before he talks with me; he'll share in the pain  
 That he caused me, 'cause I know how to take revenge.

## Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 6

Friend, you saw my boyfriend  
 Who was swearing that he'd always do  
 Everything for me that I told him to?  
 He left here and he didn't talk with me,  
 And though I told him when he was going  
 Not to go, he went his way.

And wherever he goes, he'll be a liar,  
 Friend, because of what he said to me,  
 Because he swore he wouldn't go away  
 From here, and he went without my telling him to,  
 And though I told him when he was going  
 Not to go, he went his way.

And I can't keep myself from telling  
 The very great wrong that he's done to me,  
 'Cause though he'd sworn a solemn pact  
 He went away, friend, against my will,  
 And though I told him when he was going  
 Not to go, he went his way.

And if he did me a very great wrong—  
Santa Maria judge between him and me!

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 7\*

My boyfriend, who loves me very much,  
Always tries, friend, to see me  
And I try to grant him favors,  
But look what bad luck for a woman:  
When I could really do him a favor  
He doesn't come, and when I can't he comes.

And he's not standing in the way, in good faith,  
Of having my favors and my working it out;  
I don't know if it's my fault or his,  
But that has been my bad luck and still is:  
When I could really do him a favor  
He doesn't come, and when I can't he comes.

And in good faith, I'm not the sticking point,  
As much as I can help, friend, to work it out,  
And he has no problem asking—he always does—  
But our bad luck simply won't allow it:  
When I could really do him a favor  
He doesn't come, and when I can't he comes.

And such bad luck was meant for someone who  
Doesn't want a boy or care about him at all.

\* Reading *per el* (for *per mi*) in v. 7 (based on v. 13 of the version of this same poem in Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 5 [where the order of the last two strophes is inverted]). The sense is: *Neither he* (vv. 6-7) *nor I* (vv. 13-14) is standing in the way.

Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 8

I'm going to give you very good advice,  
Oh my friend, so may I have pleasure,  
If you see that I'm going to get angry,  
Do not hold my anger in disdain,  
'Cause otherwise I know well what will happen:  
If I get angry, someone will be whining.

If I get angry, don't do anything else,  
But put up with the anger in your heart;  
Because I can do you favors or harm  
It's only right that you put up with it,  
'Cause otherwise I know well what will happen:  
If I get angry, someone will be whining.

And since I have such great power over you  
 And will have too, as long as I'm alive,  
 You can never have any happiness  
 If you cannot put up with my anger,  
 'Cause otherwise I know well what will happen:  
 If I get angry, someone will be whining.

Nuno Perez Sandeu 1

Mother, they told me just now that my boy  
 Is coming, and I hope it's all right with you,  
 And please don't react in any other way,                   ?  
 'Cause he's dying to see me now,  
 And you, mother, ought to be glad  
 That a man like that won't have to die for me.

I'm happy with this message that I heard  
 About my boy, and I won't try to hide it—  
 Since he's coming, and since I now know  
 That he's dying to see me now,  
 And you, mother, ought to be glad  
 That a man like that won't have to die for me.

I feel very happy at heart  
 With my boy, and it's only right,  
 Since he's coming, so help me God,  
 'Cause he's dying to see me now,  
 And you, mother, ought to be glad  
 That a man like that won't have to die for me.

Nuno Perez Sandeu 2

Oh mother, I always asked you  
 About my boy, and yet it doesn't help  
 At all with you, and you hate him,  
 And I'll tell you what I'll do for you in return:  
 Since you hate my love and my light,  
 I'll hate you, mother, for that.

You take care how it will turn out,  
 'Cause I won't live with you any more  
 Since you go and hate my boy,  
 And I'll tell you what'll happen to you in turn:  
 Since you hate my love and my light,  
 I'll hate you, mother, for that.

## Nuno Perez Sandeu 3

Because I love you a lot,  
 Friend, my mother is angry  
 At me, and I'm lost  
 Now to her for that,  
 But I'll work it out, friend,  
 For you to talk with me.

For the yearning you left me with  
 I was beaten and mistreated,  
 And my mother should know well  
 That this is going to get done,  
 But I'll work it out, friend,  
 For you to talk with me.

## Nuno Perez Sandeu 4

God, why does my friend do anything else  
 But what he knows I want?  
 In good faith, he's ill advised,  
 Because in me lies all his happiness:  
 In me he has yearning and repose  
 And pain and all the pleasure he has.

And since God gave him this good luck,  
 He's bargaining very badly with me  
 If he ever steps out of line,  
 'Cause in me lies all the joy he has in the world:  
 In me he has yearning and repose.  
 And pain and all the pleasure he has.

## Nuno Perez Sandeu 5

—Oh daughter, the one who loved you  
 Swore an oath here the other day  
 And yet he didn't come to see you.  
 —Oh mother, it was you he was afraid of,  
 Since because of him you treat me badly.

—The one who was sad because of you  
 Was right here in the town  
 And yet he didn't come to see you.  
 —Oh mother, it was of you that he was wary,  
 Since because of him you treat me badly.

—The one who because of you was sad  
 Was right here today, the liar,

And yet he didn't come to see you.  
 —Mother, because of you he didn't dare to,  
 Since because of him you treat me badly.

Nuno Perez Sandeu 6

Mother, since I can't see  
 My friend, this I know:  
 That I'll die soon,  
 And I'd like to know from you:  
 If I die on you, what will become  
 Of my boy, or what will he do?

And since these eyes of mine  
 Have not been able to sleep—  
 And I can't keep my heart  
 From that—mother, by God,  
 If I die on you, what will become  
 Of my boy, or what will he do?

And I was really in need  
 Of this death that I will die  
 Rather than suffer such sorrow,  
 And it will hurt me, if I don't find out:  
 If I die on you, what will become  
 Of my boy, or what will he do?

Meen Vasquiz de Folhente 1

Oh, friend, in good faith,  
 I never thought, since I was born,  
 To live as I have lived  
 Here where my boyfriend is  
 And not see him or talk with him,  
 And I'll be longing for him,

And, if not, may God not forgive me  
 If I could stop doing that,  
 He tries so hard to serve me—  
 The lord of my own heart,  
 My boyfriend, who is here,  
 Whom I've always loved since I saw him,

And will love too, while I live,  
 That little of life that I have left,  
 And I know that my boy  
 Can't love anyone else  
 Except me, and I'll tell you more:

For that I'll always love him more  
Than I love him, and may God give  
Me the power to live with him.

Fernan Froiaz 1

You were swearing to me, friend,  
That you really loved me a lot,  
But I don't believe it at all,  
Since you stayed, I'm telling you,  
So far from me, so much against my will.

Many times you swore  
And I know that you lied  
But since you swear so much  
Tell me why you stayed  
So far from me, so much against my will.

You can swear many oaths,  
Because, as long as I live,  
You will never have  
Love from me, since you stayed  
So far from me, so much against my will.

This you can really believe  
That as long as I live  
You won't have my love  
Since you went and stayed  
So far from me, so much against my will.

Fernan Froiaz 2

How sad my boyfriend is  
Because they're going to take  
Me away from here, and if he can't  
Talk with me beforehand,  
He will never be happy,  
And if he doesn't see me, he'll die.

How sad I am today  
And, by God, who has the power,  
He will die, there's no other way,  
If I go without seeing him,  
He will never be happy,  
And if he doesn't see me, he'll die.

And yet I am not guarded.

If he knew, he'd die.  
 I'll go see him beforehand,  
 'Cause I know that this time  
 He will never be happy,  
 And if he doesn't see me, he'll die.

If he saw me, he would  
 Get well at once,  
 But he'll be bereft of joy  
 Once he is without me:  
 He will never be happy;  
 And if he doesn't see me, he'll die.

#### Fernan Froiaz 3

—Friend, I'm going to ask you:  
 What do you go around thinking  
 Since you go around crying?  
 —My lady, I'll tell you that:  
 I'm in love, and whoever's in love,  
 Must think of love, although it hurts.

#### Fernan Froiaz 4

Since my boyfriend went away from here  
 Without my orders and didn't let me know,  
 When he comes back to talk with me  
 I'll get angry and make him understand  
 That next time he not go away from here,  
 No matter what, without orders from me.

When he comes back and sees me angry  
 I know that he'll be very sad at that  
 And he'll swear an oath and want to lie,  
 And then and there I'll tell him with disdain  
 That next time he not go away from here,  
 No matter what, without orders from me.

My boyfriend will never disobey  
 My orders or ignore my power,  
 And if he leaves, he'll swear in front of me,  
 As much as I like, at my pleasure,  
 That next time he not go away from here,  
 No matter what, without orders from me.

#### Fernan Velho 1

Listen, friend, to what I heard today  
 Said about you, so help me God:  
 That you love another and not me;  
 And if it's true, I'll get revenge this way:  
 I'll try not to love you, beginning now,  
 And it'll hurt me more than anything.

I heard it said that, just to cause me pain,  
 You love another, my treacherous friend,  
 And if it's true, by Our Lord,  
 I'll tell you how I think to take revenge:  
 I'll try not to love you, beginning now,  
 And it'll hurt me more than anything.

And if I find out that this is true  
 What they're telling me, my friend, by God,  
 I'll cry out these eyes of mine,  
 And I'll tell you how I'll take my revenge:  
 I'll try not to love you, beginning now,  
 And it'll hurt me more than anything.

Vasco Perez Pardal 1

—Friend, what are you thinking to do  
 When you go away from here now  
 And remember me some time?  
 —By God, lady, I'll tell you:  
 Cry a lot and do nothing else  
 But think how God has done me harm

In keeping me from ever finding out  
 Your message at any time at all,  
 And from talking with you, unless by chance,  
 But this is the solace I hope to find:  
 Cry a lot and do nothing else  
 But think how God has done me harm

In keeping me from your beauty  
 And from where I used to talk with you,  
 'Cause I might as well just kill myself,  
 But I think there's just one remedy:  
 Cry a lot and do nothing else  
 But think how God has done me harm.

Vasco Perez Pardal 2

I am sad at heart  
 For my friend says he wants



To leave here, and if he does it now,  
It will pain me a lot, so help me God,  
Because I know what people will say,  
That if he dies he surely dies for me.

And if it didn't pain me for another reason,  
It would pain me a lot for this one:  
Because he says he loves me very much;  
But look now what's really painful:  
Because I know what people will say,  
That if he dies he surely dies for me.

Because I don't care at all about  
The great suffering I'll feel, 'cause if I suffer  
After he leaves, I won't survive,  
But I already fear the pain I'd feel:  
Because I know what people will say,  
That if he dies he surely dies for me.

Vasco Perez Pardal 3

—By God, friend, try one day  
Getting angry at your boy,  
And you'll see a man go around sad.  
—Oh friend, what bad advice that is,  
'Cause, in good faith I know  
For sure that he'd die on the spot.

—Friend, I'll give you some good advice:  
Say you don't care about him at all  
And you'll see the sorrow of love he feels.  
—Don't tell me that, so help you God,  
For, judging by his heart, I know  
For sure that he'd die on the spot.

—Friend, nothing bad would happen to you  
If you tell him, for my sake,  
That he means nothing to you any more.  
—By God, friend, I don't believe you  
And don't ever tell me that, 'cause I know  
For sure that he'd die on the spot.

Vasco Perez Pardal 4

Friend, you keep on saying  
That I don't want to do you a favor  
But I know something about that:  
You're just saying what you like;

'Cause it's a favor for me to let you  
Say that you are mine.

No man knows how to recognize  
The favor that God gives him,  
Or thinks that what he has is good,  
But I will make you understand  
That it's a favor for me to let you  
Say that you are mine.

But once I make you understand  
That you won't be coming where I am  
Or calling me your lady,  
Then you'll be able to see  
That it's a favor for me to let you  
Say that you are mine.

Vasco Perez Pardal 5

Friend, I think that my boyfriend  
Is dead, 'cause for a long time  
My heart has been sad,  
And I'll tell you why I say it:  
'Cause it's a long time that I haven't heard  
Any song that he made for me  
And haven't heard a message either.

I know very well that he's sad  
If he's alive today in the power of love,  
But to my harm he chose me as his lady  
And because of that I feel greater sorrow,  
'Cause it's a long time that I haven't heard  
Any song that he made for me  
And haven't heard a message either.

And I really think he would not have stopped singing  
For me, if it weren't for death or something else,  
But it's not something else, that I know,  
Even though nobody has told me that,  
'Cause it's a long time that I haven't heard  
Any song that he made for me  
And haven't heard a message either.

Afons' Eanes de Coton 1

—Oh my friend and my light and my love,  
Now I see you very sad and so  
I'd like to find out from you or from someone

What is this, or why are you doing this?  
 —By God, lady, I'll tell you something:  
 I'm in bad shape, if you don't know.

—You've been very sad for a long time  
 And I don't know why, or why not;  
 Tell me now, so help you God,  
 What is this, or why are you doing this?  
 —By God, oh sorrow of my heart,  
 I'm in bad shape, if you don't know.

—You go around sad and I go around  
 Listless, because I don't know  
 If love-sorrow makes you do it;  
 What is this, or why are you doing this?  
 —By God, oh my very lovely lady,  
 I'm in bad shape, if you don't know.

—<You> go around very sad, and I don't know  
 Why <it is>, and since <it's no slight matter>,  
 Tell me, if it isn't any bother,  
 What is this, or why are you doing this?  
 —By God, lady, source of my sorrow and <pain >,  
 I'm in bad shape, if you don't know.

#### Afons' Eanes de Coton 2

So may you have pleasure, friend,  
 With me, whom you love so much,  
 Speak with me now,  
 By God, and don't try to hide it:  
 Friend, why do you go around  
 So sad, or why are you crying?

Since I can't understand  
 Why you go around saddened,  
 So may God protect me from evil,  
 I'd really like to know,  
 Friend, why do you go around  
 So sad, or why are you crying?

All the boys are playing—  
 These with whom you usually  
 Play—and you, you're crying,  
 By God, and what the devil is wrong?  
 Friend, why do you go around  
 So sad, or why are you crying?

(Afons' Eanes de Coton 3 = Pae Soarez de Taveirós 3)

Pedr' Eanes Solaz 1

So sang the lovely girl:  
"Now may I see her tormented  
Whence I feel love!"

The lovely girl was singing:  
"May I see her tormented one day  
Whence I feel love!"

'Cause if I saw her tormented  
I wouldn't be so saddened  
Whence I feel love.

If I saw her tormented  
There's no pain that I could feel  
Whence I feel love.

I wish someone would tell him for me  
Not to tarry but to come  
Whence I feel love.

I wish someone would beg him for me  
Not to tarry but to appear  
Whence I feel love".

Pedr' Eanes Solaz 2\*

I, lovely girl, wasn't sleeping  
(It's my turn)  
And my boyfriend was coming  
(And today it's my turn).

I wasn't sleeping and was longing  
(It's my turn)  
And my boyfriend was arriving  
(And today it's my turn).

My boyfriend was coming  
(It's my turn)  
And singing so well of love  
(And today it's my turn).

My boyfriend was arriving  
(It's my turn)  
And chanting so well of love

(And today it's my turn).

I really wanted, friend,  
(It's my turn)  
To have you here with me  
(And today it's my turn).

I really wanted, beloved,  
(It's my turn)  
To have you at my side  
(And today it's my turn).

My night! My night! By God, my night!  
(It's my turn)  
I know well who won't say "my night!"  
(And today it's my turn).

I know well who won't say "my night!"  
(It's my turn)  
She's the devil who won't say "my night!"  
(And today it's my turn).

\* *ed oi lelia doura* appears to be a bilingual verse with a code shift: *ed oi* /CODE SHIFT/ *líya ddáwra* = "And today /CODE SHIFT/ it's my turn". *ed oi* < *et hodie* is archaic Iberian Romance. *lelia doura* can be read in Andalusi Arabic as *líya ddáwra* = "to me (belongs) the turn". *leli* = *layli* in Andalusi Arabic, "what kind of night I had!". The person who won't (and can't) exclaim "My night!" (vv. 27 and 31) is a rival girl referred to also in the previous poem (Cohen & Corriente 2002).

### Pedr' Eanes Solaz 3

My friend was swearing oaths to me today,  
Mother—so that I'd forgive him—  
Saying he'd never get angry at me again,  
But that's a deal that won't work with me anymore,  
You see why: he's already broken his word  
Every time he's sworn this oath to me.

He was thinking to make a deal with me  
With all those oaths, so I would pardon him,  
And once I saw he was going to break his word,  
I didn't forgive him, and wouldn't even listen,  
You see why: he's already broken his word  
Every time he's sworn this oath to me.

I've already forgiven him more than a hundred times  
Because of his oaths and it turned out badly for me,  
And so it no longer does him any good  
To swear oaths to me, since it's me who's angry now,  
You see why: he's already broken his word  
Every time he's sworn this oath to me.

## Pero da Ponte 1

—Mother, you saw the squire who was going to take me with him?  
 I broke my word and he's angry at me, mother, I'm telling you.  
 Mother, he's left me in love,  
 Mother, he has left me in love,  
 Mother, he's left me in love.

Mother, since you told me to break my word to my boyfriend,  
 What advice will you give me now that he's no longer with me?  
 Mother, he's left me in love,  
 Mother, he has left me in love,  
 Mother, he's left me in love.

—Daughter, the advice I give you is, as soon as he sees you,  
 That you do every thing to make him pleased with you.  
 —Mother, he's left me in love,  
 Mother, he has left me in love,  
 Mother, he's left me in love.

—Daughter, since you can't do without his company,  
 From now on I advise you to obey him.  
 —Mother, he's left me in love,  
 Mother, he has left me in love,  
 Mother, he's left me in love.

## Pero da Ponte 2

Mother, you saw the boy  
 Who was sad because of me?  
 Since he doesn't send me a message,  
 I understand that the liar  
 Is not afraid of my anger,  
 For, if not, he wouldn't leave here  
 Unless I told him to,  
 Not by night or day.

And you saw when he was leaving  
 Me, much against my will,  
 And swearing that he felt  
 Pain and sadness because of me?  
 Well, all that was just a lie,  
 For, if not, he wouldn't leave here  
 Unless I told him to,  
 Not by night or day.

And now what woman should  
 Ever believe in any man?  
 Since the boy who was dying  
 For my sweet company  
 Now is sighing for another!  
 For, if not, he wouldn't leave here  
 Unless I told him to,  
 Not by night or day.

But God, who would have thought  
 That he could live so far  
 From where he can see my eyes?

Pero da Ponte 3

Mother, since my boy went away  
 From here and I didn't see him,  
 I was never happy, and since then,  
 I swear to you, I never slept,  
 Mother, and it's the same with him,  
 His heart is so sad.

Mother, how will I survive?  
 'Cause I don't and cannot sleep,  
 Since my boy tarries so long  
 In the house of the king,  
 Mother, and it's the same with him,  
 His heart is so sad.

Because he knows that I love him  
 More than me or anything else,  
 Since he tarries and doesn't come,  
 He's committing high treason against me,  
 \*Mother, and it's the same with him,  
 His heart is so sad.

And I'll tell you what happens to us:  
 I lose my mind over him,  
 And he loses his heart over me.

\* There is no syntactic or semantic connection between strophe and refrain here. This may be intentional irony on the poet's part but could be due to a corrupt text.

Pero da Ponte 4

My boy went away from here  
 In the army, to serve the king,  
 And I could never sleep after that,  
 But I really think that it's like this:

That, since he tarries and doesn't come,  
The king's doing this, by stopping him.

I won't get over this great sorrow  
Any other way than by seeing him,  
Because my heart has no rest,  
Although I have this solace:  
That, since he tarries and doesn't come,  
The king's doing this, by stopping him.

And he should really remember  
The oaths he swore to me then  
When he left me, pretty me,  
But, ladies, you can swear  
That, since he tarries and doesn't come,  
The king's doing this, by stopping him.

#### Pero da Ponte 5

Since you're leaving here, oh my friend,  
If you'll believe me, I'll give you some good advice:  
Come right back as soon as you can,  
And I'll arrange it so you can talk with me,  
And, friend, after you talk with me, I hope  
That whatever you pray for comes my way.

Do not tarry like you did  
That other time, 'cause I'm really afraid,  
But try to make sure you come back soon  
Because our talking is going fine,  
And, friend, after you talk with me, I hope  
That whatever you pray for comes my way.

And if you want my company  
Remember what I'm asking you:  
Since you're going, to come back soon,  
And then I'll talk with you happily,  
And, friend, after you talk with me, I hope  
That whatever you pray for comes my way.

#### Pero da Ponte 6

By God, friend, and what will become of me  
Since you're going to live with the king?  
With the way you usually tarry,  
I don't know, friend, any remedy  
Except to die, and then I won't feel  
The great yearning I feel for you now.



You go now and leave with me  
 Such great suffering in my heart  
 That there's no way out except death,  
 'Cause surely there's no remedy I know  
 Except to die, and then I won't feel  
 The great yearning I feel for you now.

Since you're going, look what will happen,  
 My friend, once I can't see you:  
 My eyes won't be able to sleep,  
 And no joy in the world will be any help  
 Except to die, and then I won't feel  
 The great yearning I feel for you now.

This departure of yours, which I don't want,  
 By God, friend, will happen when it does,  
 But since you're going, friend and lord,  
 I can't take any other revenge on you  
 Except to die, and then I won't feel  
 The great yearning I feel for you now.

Pero da Ponte 7

—Oh mother, the boy who wooed me  
 Went away from here the other day  
 And, by God, what'll we do about that?  
 —Daughter, do the best thing:  
 Since his love tricked you,  
 Trick him with your love.

—'Cause I don't know any remedy,  
 Mother, so help me God,  
 —Tell me, daughter, why not?  
 I'm going to show you what:  
 Daughter, do the best thing:  
 Since his love tricked you,  
 Trick him with your love.

You should receive him very well,  
 Daughter, when he comes to you,  
 And everything he tells you to do  
 You grant to him, and so,  
 Daughter, do the best thing:  
 Since his love tricked you,  
 Trick him with your love.

Pai Gomez Charinho 1

The flowers of my friend  
Go fluttering on the ship.  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

The flowers of my boy  
Go fluttering on the boat.  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

Go fluttering on the ship  
To arrive at the front.\*  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

Go fluttering on the boat,  
To arrive at the battle.  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

To arrive at the front  
And serve me, lovely girl.  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

To arrive at the battle,  
And serve me, a girl so lovely.  
The flowers are gone  
Away with my love  
The flowers are gone.

\* "Front" in the military sense.

#### Pai Gomez Charinho 2

They told me today, oh friend, that my boy  
Is no longer an admiral of the sea  
And now my heart can finally be calm  
And finally sleep, for this reason;  
The one who plucked my boy from the sea—  
May God pluck him from sorrows, since he played

Very fairly by me, since I'll no longer be

Sad because of the winds I see  
 And now I won't have to lose sleep  
 Over storms, friend, but if it was the king—  
 The one who plucked my boy from the sea—  
 May God pluck him from sorrows, since he played

Very fairly by me, since now each time I see  
 Someone arrive from the border  
 I won't be afraid he'll tell me bad news,  
 But since he did me a favor without my asking—  
 The one who plucked my boy from the sea—  
 May God pluck him from sorrows, since he played

<very fairly by me> .....  
 .....\*

\* A *finda* is missing, which would have begun just like the second and third strophes, though we have no idea how it would have ended. The whole poem would seem to be ironic, since the poet was relieved of his position as admiral by Alfonso X.

#### Pai Gomez Charinho 3

How often I think about the love  
 My boy feels for me, and about the pain  
 That comes to him in so many ways!  
 But when I think this, I think something else:  
 If he loves me, I love him more,  
 And if he feels pain, it's because of his lady.

And since this is so, what reason could I give  
 What he shouldn't suffer pain? There is none!  
 And when I think that he couldn't take it,  
 He loves me so much, then I think:  
 If he loves me, I love him more,  
 And if he feels pain, it's because of his lady.

And for these reasons he should suffer  
 All the pain he now feels because of me,  
 But I think that he can't survive,  
 He loves me so much, but I think then:  
 If he loves me, I love him more,  
 And if he feels pain, it's because of his lady.

#### Pai Gomez Charinho 4

My daughter, I am not pleased  
 That you look so good,  
 'Cause your friend is coming to talk  
 With you, and I've come to tell you

That you shouldn't believe a thing  
That he tells you, just so you know,

Daughter, that you'll lose out there  
And it will pain my heart,  
And may God never forgive me  
If I'm lying, and I'm telling you this:  
That you shouldn't believe a thing  
That he tells you, just so you know,

Daughter, that you'll lose out there,  
And look what will happen to you:  
Since I don't want it, it won't be.  
And here and now I forbid you:  
That you shouldn't believe a thing  
That he tells you, just so you know,

Daughter, that you'll lose out there  
On your part, and also anger me.

#### Pai Gomez Charinho 5

—Your boyfriend, who always served you,  
Tell me, friend, what he did to deserve  
Losing you as he's lost you now?  
If it was your fault, that wasn't good.  
—I don't know, friend, they say that he  
Heard I don't know what and so he's dying.

—I don't know, friend what it was or is  
Or what it could be, 'cause we know you boy  
Never wronged you, and everyone  
Around here is amazed because of this.  
—I don't know, friend. Wherever he is  
He hears some news that makes him want to die.

—Friend, you can't keep everyone  
From thinking that it's just not fair  
For him to serve you always and you do him harm,  
And what will you say about losing him like that?  
—I don't know, friend. He always wants to hear  
Some silly bit of news so he can die.

#### Pai Gomez Charinho 6

Oh Santiago, my famous patron,  
Lead my boyfriend here to me.  
Someone's bearing flowers across the sea

And I'll gaze, mother, at the towers of Jaen.

Oh Santiago, patron I trust in,  
Lead my darling to me here.  
Someone's bearing flowers across the sea  
And I'll gaze, mother, at the towers of Jaen.

#### Johan Garcia 1

Ladies, they made my boy  
Leave here, to my sorrow,  
And whoever did me this bad turn—  
May God work it out for them  
That, as with me, what they thought  
Would give them pleasure brings them pain.\*

And may they be in the power of love  
So that nothing at all can help them  
And whoever did this bad turn to me—  
May God work it out like this:  
That, as with me, what they thought  
Would give them pleasure brings them pain.

'Cause they made him go, and that hurt  
Me and these eyes of mine,  
And whoever caused me this pain—may God  
Quickly show them pain so great  
That, as with me, what they thought  
Would give them pleasure brings them pain.

\* Literally, "...that there come to them (indefinite singular pronoun), as to me, pain whence (from the person from whom) they desired happiness (joy, pleasure)".

#### Johan Garcia 2

My boyfriend, whom I always loved,  
Since I saw him, more than myself or anything else,  
Went to see another lady, to my sorrow,  
But I, crazed, when I found out,  
I didn't know how else to take revenge  
Except by crying as much as I could cry.

I loved him more than myself or anything  
Since I saw him, and now he went and caused  
Me such great pain I was about to die;  
But what, crazed, did I do because of that?  
I didn't know how else to take revenge  
Except by crying as much as I could cry.

Now God knows that in my heart  
 I never had anyone in his place,  
 And now he's caused me such great pain,  
 But what, crazed, did I do to him then?  
 I didn't know how else to take revenge  
 Except by crying as much as I could cry.

Reimon Gonçalvez 1

You went away from here, my friend,  
 The other day without my telling you to,  
 And am I now to forgive you  
 Because you've come back crying before me?  
 Well, as to this, let it pass for now, yes,  
 But don't you try to trick me like that again.

My intention was not to forgive you  
 Since you left that time against my will,  
 And now you're taken back and forgiven  
 Because you came to me crying for mercy,  
 And I don't want to go into this any further,  
 But don't you try to trick me like that again.

Because if I was forgiving to you now  
 It was compassion that made me do it  
 Since you came to me crying and said,  
 "By God, mercy, mercy, lady!"  
 And as to that I'll put up with it for now,  
 But don't you try to trick me like that again.

Garcia Soares 1

—Daughter, I'm very happy about your boyfriend  
 Who didn't see you when he went away from here.  
 —I did it, mother, because I forbade him to,  
 If he didn't see me when he went away from here,  
 I did it, mother, because I forbade him to.

—You shouldn't love him any more,  
 'Cause he went away and didn't want to see you.  
 —I did it, mother, because I forbade him to,  
 If he didn't see me when he went away from here,  
 I did it, mother, because I forbade him to.

—I feel great pleasure in my heart  
 'Cause he went away and didn't see you then.  
 —I did it, mother, because I forbade him to,  
 If he didn't see me when he went away from here

I did it, mother, because I forbade him to.

Garcia Soares 2

Mother, if my friend should come  
I would ask him, if you please,  
That he come to see me,  
If my boyfriend comes, mother,  
I'll ask him to come see me.

If you please, my lovely mother,  
When the one who has served me comes  
I'll ask him to come see me,  
If my boyfriend comes, mother,  
I'll ask him to come see me.

So long as he comes, so help me God,  
So may God bring him to me healthy,  
I'll ask him to come see me,  
If my boyfriend comes, mother,  
I'll ask him to come see me.

Because this year you reproached me  
That he didn't see me, honestly,  
I'll ask him to come see me,  
If my boyfriend comes, mother,  
I'll ask him to come see me.

Make no mistake about this,  
If the one who wooed me comes,  
I'll ask him to come see me,  
If my boyfriend comes, mother,  
I'll ask him to come see me.

Vasco Rodrigues de Calvelo 1

As long as the day lasted today,  
Mother, you treated me badly,  
And you did me great harm,  
But on this score I insist,  
Today I'll have here with me  
A message from my boy.

You treated me badly, no doubt,  
And there's nothing that can keep  
My friend from coming,  
Mother, so help me God,  
Today I'll have here with me

A message from my boy.

His message will be here with me  
 And I'm glad that you'll see,  
 Because of the harm you do me,  
 Mother, though you don't like it,  
 Today I'll have here with me  
 A message from my boy.

Vasco Rodrigues de Calvelo 2

I asked you, mother, a long time ago  
 About my boy, whom I love,  
 To see him, and you wouldn't let me,  
 But since I've already seen him, from the heart  
 I thank God who made me see him  
 And I have nothing to thank you for.

It was some time ago, mother, that I asked you  
 That you let him talk with me,  
 And you didn't allow me that,  
 But since I've already seen <and talked with him>,\*  
 I thank God who made me see him  
 And I have nothing to thank you for.

You didn't want my boyfriend to come  
 Here, though I really wanted  
 To see him, and Our Lord wanted  
 Me to see him, and since I've seen him,  
 I thank God who made me see him  
 And I have nothing to thank you for.

\* The missing four syllables must have contained some such phrase.

Meendinho 1

I was sitting at the shrine of San Simeon  
 And the high waves surrounded me,  
 Me waiting for my boy.\*

I was sitting at the shrine, before the altar  
 And the high waves of the sea surrounded me,  
 Me waiting for my boy.

And the high waves surrounded me;  
 I have no boatman or anyone to row,  
 Me waiting for my boy.



And the waves of the high sea surrounded me;  
I have no boatman and I don't know how to row,  
Me waiting for my boy.

I have no boatman or anyone to row,  
And I'll die, lovely me, in the deep sea,  
Me waiting for my boy.

I have no boatman and I don't know how to row,  
And I'll die, lovely me, in the depths of the sea,  
Me waiting for my boy.

\* The text of the refrain is much disputed. It certainly contains what is translated here, but may be longer.

#### Johan Mendiz de Briteiros 1

Friend, I really think  
That your boyfriend can't  
Talk to you or see you,  
And look why I know:  
'Cause I see you both go around  
Very sad and always crying.

You both do your best to hide  
It from me, but I'm on to you,  
And I'll keep the secret,  
But look why I can see it:  
'Cause I see you both go around  
Very sad and always crying.

As if it were my own affair  
I'll protect you the best I can,  
And there's no need to deny it,  
Because look how it is I know:  
'Cause I see you both go around  
Very sad and always crying.

And don't cry, 'cause God often  
Turns pain quickly into pleasure.

#### Johan Mendiz de Briteiros 2

God, how happy I saw myself tonight,  
Friend, in a dream that I dreamt!  
'Cause I was dreaming what I'll tell you now:  
That my boyfriend was telling me:  
"Talk with me, oh my light and my love!"

No woman in the world was so happy  
 In their dreams, nor could she be,  
 'Cause I dreamt that he came to say—  
 The one who loves me more than himself—  
 “Talk with me, oh my light and my love!”

After I woke up, I felt great pain,  
 'Cause I had felt great pleasure in that dream,  
 Like hearing a plea, by Our Lord,  
 From the one who loves me more than himself:  
 “Talk with me, oh my light and my love!”

And after I woke up, I prayed to God  
 That He make *this* dream turn out well for me.

Johan Mendiz de Briteiros 3

Now I see that there's no truth  
 In dreams, friend, so help me God,  
 And I'll show you the reason now:  
 You see why, for goodness' sake,  
 I dreamt sometime ago my joy would come—  
 And my boy— and he didn't come and won't.

There is not a crumb of truth  
 In dreams, and they're not good or bad,  
 And I'll never believe in them again,  
 Because, friend, so help me God,  
 I dreamt sometime ago my joy would come—  
 And my boy— and he didn't come and won't.

And now, my friend, I understand  
 That a dream can't be the truth  
 And cannot bring me joy or harm,  
 Because, friend, may God give me joy,  
 I dreamt sometime ago my joy would come—  
 And my boy— and he didn't come and won't.

And since my boyfriend left and hasn't come,  
 My dream, friend, isn't bad or good.

Airas Nunes 1

Mother, the king is coming to Santiago  
 In pilgrimage, and that pleases my heart  
 For two reasons, so help me God,  
 Which make me think God's doing me a favor:  
 'Cause I'll see the king, whom I never saw,

And my boy, who's coming with him there.

Airas Nunes 2

Let's dance now all three, oh friends,  
 Beneath these flowering hazelnut trees  
 And whoever is lovely, like we are lovely,  
 If she loves a boy,  
 Under the flowering hazelnut trees  
 Will come to dance.

Let's dance now all three of us, oh sisters,  
 Beneath the bough of these hazelnuts,  
 And whoever is pretty, like we are pretty,  
 If she loves a boy,  
 Beneath the bough of these hazelnuts  
 Will come to dance.

By God, oh friends, while we've nothing else to do,  
 Let's dance beneath this flowering bough,  
 And whoever looks good, like we look good,  
 If she loves a boy  
 So long as we dance beneath this bough,  
 Will come to dance.

Airas Nunes 3

—Dance today, oh daughter, so may you see joy,  
 In front of your boyfriend, whom you really love.  
 —I'll dance, mother, since you bid me to,  
 But I understand one thing about you,  
 You'd like him not to live much longer,  
 Since you bid me to dance in front of him.

—I'm asking you, daughter, by God, that you dance  
 In front of your boyfriend, since you look so lovely.  
 —I'll dance, mother, since you tell me to,  
 But I understand one thing about you,  
 You really don't want him to live much longer,  
 Since you bid me to dance in front of him.

—By God, oh my daughter, go to the dance  
 In front of your boyfriend, beneath the *milgranada*.  
 —I'll dance, mother, just this time,  
 But I understand one thing about you,  
 You fancy him not living much longer,  
 Since you bid me to dance in front of him.

—Dance today, oh daughter, by Santa Maria,  
 In front of your boyfriend, who loved you so much.  
 —I'll dance, mother, for your sake,  
 But I understand one thing about you,  
 You just don't want him to live much longer,  
 Since you bid me to dance in front of him.

Airas Nunes 4 *pastorela*

Today I heard a shepherdess sing  
 Where I was riding by the riverside  
 And the shepherdess was there alone  
 And I hid myself to listen  
 And she was singing this song very well:  
 "Beneath the green and blossoming bough  
 They're feasting the wedding of my boy,  
 And my eyes are crying with love".

And the shepherdess was very pretty  
 And she was crying while she sang,  
 And I approached her slowly  
 To hear, and didn't say a thing,  
 And she was singing this song very well:  
 "Oh starling of the hazelnut grove,  
 You sing and I die and suffer  
 And am sick with love-sorrow".

And then I heard her sigh  
 And she was moaning, being in love,  
 And she was making a wreath of flowers  
 And crying with all her heart  
 And then began singing this song:  
 "What great sorrow I must suffer:  
 To love a boy and not dare to see him,  
 And I'll lie down beneath the hazelnut tree"

Once the shepherdess had made the wreath  
 She went away from there singing softly,  
 And then I went back on my way  
 'Cause I didn't want to bother her,  
 And the shepherdess sang this song very well:  
 "Along the side of the river  
 The girl went singing  
 Of love:  
 'Whoever has a lover,\*  
 How can she sleep,  
 Oh lovely flower?' "

\* *amores*: literally "a love"; in this case, a boy.

## Pero Gonçalvez de Porto Carreiro 1

By God, I'm sad  
 'Cause my boy won't come,  
 And since he won't, what will I do?  
 My tresses, with silken ribbons  
 I'll no longer bind you.

Since he won't come from Castile  
 He's not alive, oh poor me,  
 Or the king is keeping him back.  
 My head-scarves from Estela,  
 I'll no longer wear you.

Though I may seem happy  
 I don't know where to turn,\*  
 Friends, what will I do?  
 In you, oh my mirror,  
 I'll no longer see me.

These gifts so lovely—  
 He gave me them, oh ladies,  
 I won't hide them from you;  
 Oh my belts with buckles,  
 I'll no longer fasten you.

## Pero Gonçalvez de Porto Carreiro 2

I asked my boy, when he was going,  
 If he would be coming back.  
 He told me, "I'll come very soon".  
 And, mother, I am really afraid  
 That he'll tarry more than he usually does.

## Pero Gonçalvez de Porto Carreiro 3

The ring from my friend—  
 I lost it under the green pine,  
 And so I'm crying, pretty me.

The ring from my boy—  
 I lost it under the green bough,  
 And so I'm crying, pretty me.

I lost it under the green pine,  
 And so I cry, a noble girl,

And so I'm crying, pretty me.

I lost it under the green bough  
And so I cry, a young girl,  
And so I'm crying, pretty me.

Pero Gonçalvez de Porto Carreiro 4

Oh my friend and my lord  
And light of these eyes of mine,  
Why does God not will it so  
That you have the same desire  
To live with me  
That I've had,  
Since I saw you,  
To live with you, friend?

And I would think it very right  
Since I feel such love for you  
For you to have, such as I do,  
Yearning in your heart  
To live with me  
That I've had,  
Since I saw you,  
To live with you, friend.

And may He who gave me this yearning  
For you, if it was God that did it—  
Work it out just one time  
That I see you with the same yearning  
To live with me  
That I've had,  
Since I saw you,  
To live with you, friend.

Gomez Garcia 1

My boy says that he serves me well  
And that he thinks of nothing but me,  
Yet the other day he went away from here  
Against my will, but I'll do this to him:  
Since he was there so long against my will,  
He can be here for a while without my favors.

Now he thinks that right away he'll make up  
With me, as soon as he comes back and sees me,  
And he'll want to serve me as he used to,  
If I like, but this is what I'll do:

Since he was there so long against my will,  
He can be here for a while without my favors.

Because he left—and I didn't see him first—  
Without telling me, to live at the house of the king,  
When he comes back and wants to talk to me,  
Since he did that, I will just do this:  
Since he was there so long against my will,  
He can be here for a while without my favors.

Roi Fernandiz 1

I know, my friend,  
That I always caused you pain,  
But if now you would like  
To be friendly with me,  
I would never do or say  
Anything to cause you pain.

Whoever tells you anything else,  
Don't believe them please,  
'Cause if I could be,  
Friend, your girlfriend,  
I would never do or say  
Anything to cause you pain.

If I had you as a boy-  
Friend, whom I, to my harm,  
Caused pain to, since there's no other way,  
Even if I feel it from you,\*  
I would never do or say  
Anything to cause you pain.

\* *pero me de vós veese*: Literally, “even if it (pain) came to me from you”.

Roi Fernandiz 2

If it doesn't upset you,  
Mother, I'll go where's he's waiting—  
My boyfriend on the hillside.

I'll go, so help you God,  
So I don't let down  
My boyfriend on the hillside.

Have some mercy on him,  
Since he's waiting alone—  
My boyfriend on the hillside.

## Roi Fernandiz 3

My boyfriend has gone away from here  
 And didn't want to see me first,  
 And may God take away my good looks  
 And all the joy there is in me  
 If he comes and I don't take revenge  
 When he wants to talk with me.

And he thinks I'll love him more  
 For this thing he did to me,  
 But may he be at once the lord  
 And I his girl, which I will not be,  
 If he comes and I don't take revenge  
 When he wants to talk with me.

So that I'd see he didn't care  
 At all about me, he didn't say goodbye  
 When he went away from this land,  
 But may I love him at once  
 If he comes and I don't take revenge  
 When he wants to talk with me.

And my boyfriend will see  
 Very well what he did right now,  
 How it will turn out for him,  
 For may I be in his power  
 If he comes and I don't take revenge  
 When he wants to talk with me.

'Cause I won't want to listen to  
 A single thing he wants to ask.

## Roi Fernandiz 4

—Oh mother, what I mistake a made  
 By not seeing my boy  
 Where he could talk with me,  
 And, though I talk to him, I know  
 That I have no power at all  
 To keep him as my boy.

—Don't fail to talk to him,  
 Daughter, for my sake,  
 If that's what you want.  
 —Oh mother, there's no use,  
 Since I have no power at all



To keep him as my boy.

—Daughter, to calm his anger  
 You can talk to him with my blessing.  
 —Since I disobeyed him, mother,  
 What's the use in talking to him?  
 'Cause I have no power at all  
 To keep him as my boy.

Roi Fernandiz 5

Mother, since I'm so much in love  
 That I can't bear it  
 Not to see my friend,  
 Bid me to go see him;  
 Otherwise without your bidding I'll go  
 To see him, though you don't want me to.

Great sadness makes me so daring  
 As to say it to you like that,  
 And since I'm so sad  
 Bid me to go see him;  
 Otherwise without your bidding I'll go  
 To see him, though you don't want me to.

And since you already know from me  
 How much I'm in love with him,  
 By the love you feel for me,  
 Bid me to go see him;  
 Otherwise without your bidding I'll go  
 To see him, though you don't want me to.

Roi Fernandiz 6

Now I shouldn't prize beauty,  
 Or what I can say, or my mind,  
 Or anything good that I might have,  
 Since I can't say enough to you  
 To keep you, friend, from going away.\*

You should go look for another lady,  
 'Cause I'll never think of you as mine again,  
 Since you're doing more for the king  
 Than for me, and I can't say enough  
 To keep you, friend, from going away.

Never again appear in front of me,  
 If you come back sometime from there

With desire to see me here,  
 Since I can't insist enough  
 To keep you, friend, from going away.

\* There is a strophe missing between the first two.

#### Roi Fernandiz 7

—Mother, today I want to go see  
 My boy, because he wants to go  
 To Seville, to serve the king.  
 Oh mother, I'll go see him!  
 —Daughter, go and I'll go with you!  
 —You're giving me such pleasure,  
 'Cause I don't know when I'll see him again.

—Our Lord knows well  
 That it upsets me that he's going  
 And I'll see him, if you please,  
 By God, my mother and my lady!  
 —Daughter, go and I'll go with you!  
 —Mother, that shows you love me,  
 'Cause I don't know when I'll see him again.

—My boyfriend's leaving here  
 To go to Seville to do some good,  
 And so I'll go to see him,  
 Mother, if you'd like to go there.  
 —Daughter, go and I'll go with you!  
 —Mother, that would be a favor,  
 'Cause I don't know when I'll see him again.

#### Pae de Cana 1

Look, what a lack of courtesy,  
 Friend, in my boyfriend:  
 He didn't come to talk with me,  
 Nor did God or my fortune want  
 Him to come here on that day  
 That he told me when he went away.

Since I had arranged it  
 To do all that he wanted,  
 Friend, so long as he came,  
 Neither God nor my sins allowed  
 Him to come here on that day  
 That he told me when he went away.

And so I'm very sad,  
 No matter what I tell you,  
 Because God didn't want, friend,  
 Nor did my wretched fortune allow  
 Him to come here on that day  
 That he told me when he went away.

Pae de Cana 2

Friend, I knew your boy  
 Wouldn't break his word,  
 Since he had sworn that he  
 Would come, but I'm telling you  
 That he's really afraid of you  
 Because he didn't come sooner.

He asked me that I see you  
 And give you the message  
 That he was not a liar,  
 And look what else he told me:  
 That he's really afraid of you  
 Because he didn't come sooner.

And I ask you, oh friend—  
 So may you have good fortune—  
 That you really thank him,  
 Since he asks me to tell you  
 That he's really afraid of you  
 Because he didn't come sooner.

Sancho Sanchez 1

Friend, I know well about my boyfriend  
 That he's dead or in love with another lady,  
 Since he doesn't send a message or come,  
 And when he left he promised me  
 That he'd come quickly and willingly,  
 Or, if not, that he'd send me a message.

It really pained me, when he was going  
 And then I began to ask him:  
 "Are you thinking, friend, to stay there long?"  
 And he swore to me, by Santa Maria,  
 That he'd come quickly and willingly,  
 Or, if not, that he'd send me a message.

When he was standing talking with me  
 I said to him, "What will I do, if I don't see you

Or if I don't hear any message from you  
 Quickly?" And then he swore to me crying  
 That he would come quickly and willingly,  
 Or, if not, that he'd send me a message.

Sancho Sanchez 2

Friend, today I heard  
 A message from my boy:  
 That he's alive and in love  
 With another lady, I'm telling you,  
 But I swear to God I would  
 Rather hear that he was dead.

I was just amazed  
 Why he was taking so long  
 But I kept thinking this—  
 So may I get back at him!—  
 But I swear to God I would  
 Rather hear that he was dead.

I was already really sad  
 But now I don't know what'll happen  
 To me, since he desires another  
 And has left me, whom he was serving,  
 But I swear to God I would  
 Rather hear that he was dead.

Sancho Sanchez 3

You want to go, oh my friend, away from here,  
 And that pains me, so help me God,  
 And it pains me for these eyes of mine  
 And 'cause I know that I will live  
 Like someone who feels the sorrows of love  
 And feels no joy in herself or anything.

Once you go, since there's no other way,  
 By God, friend, what will I do?  
 'Cause I see no other future for me\*  
 Except to live, as long as I'm alive,  
 Like someone who feels the sorrows of love  
 And feels no joy in herself or anything.

This departure, friend, is so painful for me  
 That I wouldn't even like to tell you this,  
 But since it can't be any other way,  
 If I live, I'll live, in good faith,

Like someone who feels the sorrows of love  
And feels no joy in herself or anything.

Sancho Sanchez 4

Friend, what a very great wrong my boy  
Did to me when he went away from here,  
Which upset me, since I forbade him to,  
But still—you want me to tell you?  
If he came back from there now I'd forgive him.

He caused me such an enormous sorrow  
By leaving here, that I had to swear,  
As long as I lived, not to talk to him,  
But because I desire him so much,  
If he came back from there now I'd forgive him.

Friend, I'm really telling you truthfully  
That I swore never to do him a favor—  
In front of him, and he didn't give up going,  
But because I feel so great a yearning,  
If he came back from there now I'd forgive him.

Sancho Sanchez 5

The other day in San Salvador  
I saw my boyfriend, who loves me a lot,  
And never was any woman sadder  
Than I was there, to my mind,  
Thinking, friend, which was better,  
To kill him, or to do him a favor.

He's so sad because of his love of me  
That he'll die, if he gets no favor,  
And I saw him there, and whatever  
I tell you, I was about to die,  
Thinking, friend, which was better,  
To kill him, or to do him a favor.

Mine is the power, since I am the lady,  
To do with him whatever I like,  
But he was so sad there that I had  
No need of that at all, once I saw him,  
Thinking, friend, which was better,  
To kill him, or to do him a favor.

## Rodrig' Eanes d' Alvares 1

Oh friend, I think it makes sense  
 That every man that loves his lady—  
 That people not find out from him in any way,  
 Unless someone he wants to tell it to;  
 Rodrig' Eanes d' Alvares is such a man,  
 He loves me more than man ever loved woman,  
 But they don't know if he likes me or not.

I'm amazed that he hasn't lost  
 His life in all the lands he traveled through  
 For me, and that he hasn't gone mad  
 And so I'm telling you the news I've heard:  
 Rodrig' Eanes d' Alvares is such a man,  
 Since he saw me, he's never loved anything so much,  
 But they don't know if he likes me or not.

You never saw a man feel such great sorrow  
 As he feels for me, so help me God,  
 Nor anyone suffer such sorrow for a lady  
 As he's been suffering for a long time now;  
 Rodrig' Eanes d' Alvares is such a man,  
 He can't keep his heart from loving me,  
 But they don't know if he likes me or not.

## Roi Martinz d' Ulveira 1

From now on, friend, I want to talk  
 With my boyfriend as much as he likes,  
 You see why, 'cause he loves me so much  
 That—I'm telling you—it seems,  
 As far as I know, that I don't have to worry:  
 He wouldn't want what harms me, though he knows  
 That he could get favors from me that way.

I'll talk with him, which won't be bad  
 At all for me, and it'll make sense  
 To talk to him, for, as far as I know,  
 He loves me and he'll love me always,  
 And just so you see the great love he feels:  
 He wouldn't want what harms me, though he knows  
 That he could get favors from me that way.

I'll talk with him, since that's the way it is,  
 By God, friend, for he's always tried  
 To serve me, and he never did me wrong  
 Since he was mine, from what I've learned,  
 And I'll tell you what else I've understood:

He wouldn't want what harms me, though he knows  
That he could get favors from me that way.

And since he loves me as you've heard me tell  
I have nothing to fear from his talk at all.

Roi Martinz d' Ulveira 2

—For a long time your boyfriend has said  
That he'll die of love, if I don't let you  
See him, daughter, but I want to know  
What I lose there, if he should die for you.  
—I'll tell you mother, what the losses are:  
He'll be lost and I can also lose  
My life, and you, mother, could lose yours for me.

—Oh my daughter, anyone at all  
Can see you're saying what he says,  
But tell me now, so help you God,  
What I lose there, if he should want to die?  
—I'll tell you, mother, all I've understood:  
He'll be lost and then I'll lose  
My life, and you, mother, could lose yours for me.

Roi Martinz d' Ulveira 3

Oh mother, my boyfriend is dying  
As someone dies from great sorrows of love  
That he feels, and still you don't want  
Me to see him, and he's dying, I know,  
Of love for me, but I'll be dead—  
Once he dies for me—at once for him.

And love makes him suffer such sorrows  
For me, mother, that he can't be healed,  
Although I know he'd be healed if he saw me,  
And so he lies there dying of love,  
But I'll die, mother and my lady  
—Once he dies for me—for him for sure.

Estevan Fernandez d' Elvas 1

These, mother, who are here now  
Say that my boyfriend is crazy;  
Don't think that I say it for any other reason,  
But because I believe, if they saw me, they would not  
Consider that my boyfriend is crazy,

Mother, since he went crazy for me.

And those that say that he's lost his mind  
 For me, mother, would not speak ill of me  
 If they knew how it is, and I know another thing:  
 Once they saw me, they would never again  
 Consider that my boyfriend is crazy,  
 Mother, since he went crazy for me.

And those that are already saying that he is  
 Crazy for me, so help me God,  
 Each one of them, in his heart,  
 If they saw me, would never, in good faith,  
 Consider that my boyfriend is crazy,  
 Mother, since he went crazy for me.

Estevan Fernandez d' Elvas 2

My boyfriend, who loses his mind  
 Over me, oh mother, has gone crazy,  
 And since God didn't want him to die yet,  
 And you're upset that I'm in love with him,  
 So that he'll hate me, I will make myself  
 Ugly, and I'll make him uncrazy again.

By God, I beg you, mother, for forgiveness,  
 But let me go to see him just one time  
 Because I want to tell him just one thing,  
 Which will heal him if he sees me, and if not,  
 So that he'll hate me, I will make myself  
 Ugly, and I'll make him uncrazy again.

He has gone and lost his mind for me,  
 Who gave him this sorrow, mother and lady,  
 And he would heal—'cause he feels great love for me—  
 If he saw me, and if not, from now on,  
 So that he'll hate me, I will make myself  
 Ugly, and I'll make him uncrazy again.

Estevan Fernandez d' Elvas 3

—I'll make sure, daughter, that your boy  
 Doesn't see you. —Why, mother and lady?  
 —Because they tell me that he's your  
 Secret lover. —Oh mother, may it not be, by God!  
 I should suffer for it, 'cause I made  
 Him crazy and he says it 'cause he's crazed.



—I have a complaint, daughter, about you and him.  
 —Why, mother? —Because it's not right;  
 That liar will make me suffer.  
 —Why, mother? He's my love and my light and  
 I should suffer for it, 'cause I made  
 Him crazy and he says it 'cause he's crazed.

—I'll kill myself, daughter, if you tell me that.  
 —Why, mother, would you have to kill yourself?  
 —Rather than not take revenge against that liar!  
 —Mother, if you want to take revenge,  
 I should suffer for it, 'cause I made  
 Him crazy and he says it 'cause he's crazed.

Estevan Fernandez d' Elvas 4

—Mother, my boyfriend arrived here today.  
 —This is news, daughter, that I don't like.  
 —By God, my mother's doing a great wrong.  
 —She is not, my daughter, since you lose out there.  
 —But I will lose out, mother, if I lose him.  
 —You really know, my daughter, how to love him.

Pero de Berdia 1

My boyfriend's angry with me and I don't know,  
 God knows, why he got angry with me,  
 'Cause every thing he told me  
 To do I did, and never wronged him,  
 And so I don't care at all about his anger,  
 'Cause I know where my joy will come from.

He's not so angry at me that, if I mind,  
 He can live elsewhere without me very long,  
 And out of pride I'll put it in his head  
 To do it, if do it he can,  
 And so I don't care at all about his anger,  
 'Cause I know where my joy will come from.

And once I stop doing what he says  
 My boyfriend will not be able to resist  
 Pleading with me later very much  
 For what he is now unthankful for,  
 And so I don't care at all about his anger,  
 'Cause I know where my joy will come from.

When he sees me standing in Santa Marta  
 Gorgeous, my boy will certainly

Want to talk with me, and I will not,  
 And then I plan to really get back at him,  
 And so I don't care at all about his anger,  
 'Cause I know where my joy will come from.

Pero de Berdia 2

My friend used to swear to me  
 When he was talking with me  
 That he'd never live elsewhere  
 Without me, and he didn't love  
 Me as much as he said.

I went one day to see him  
 At Santa Marta and spend the night  
 Where he swore he was dying  
 For me, but he didn't love  
 Me as much as he said.

If he desired me as much  
 As he said, then he'd come  
 Before the time he said,  
 But I know that he didn't love  
 Me as much as he said.

He can linger there all he likes  
 But though he swear when he comes back  
 I won't believe him any more,  
 'Cause I know that he didn't love  
 Me as much as he said.

Liar! And why did he lie  
 When he didn't love me?

Pero de Berdia 3

God knows I'm sadder than I used to be  
 Because my boyfriend went away, and I saw, when he was going  
 That he would lose me.

And I'd said to him, before he took his leave of me,  
 That he come right away, and if he lingered there,  
 That he would lose me.

And I had said to him, before he parted from me,  
 That if he was going to live where he couldn't see me  
 That he would lose me.

## Pero de Berdia 4

My boyfriend got angry  
 With me, because I couldn't arrange  
 For him to talk with me—  
 God knows, I didn't dare—  
 And so, if he likes he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it;  
 All he likes he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it.

Lovely me, I want to tell  
 My boyfriend to be  
 In Santa Marta in the chapel  
 Happy with me, and see me there,  
 If he likes; and if not, he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it;  
 All he likes he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it.

I was able to arrange it  
 After he went away angry,  
 And I waited for his message  
 And none came, and he's lost  
 Me, and let him wander around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it;  
 All he likes he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it.

I know he doesn't know how I am  
 Since he doesn't want to send  
 A messenger and gets angry with me,  
 'Cause he'll come, if I like,  
 But I don't like, and he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it;  
 All he likes he can go around  
 Angry, and not ask me for it.

## Pero de Berdia 5

My boyfriend went away from here  
 Angry, and since I didn't see him  
 It would upset me, but I've heard  
 An old saying, and about me  
 It's true, and it goes like this:  
 "Easy go, easy come".

[For one single <vile> joy

I've had more than a thousand sorrows.]\*

\* Reading unclear. The *fiinda* is probably not part of the same poem; if it is, it would be a unique example of a one strophe *cantiga d'amigo* with *fiinda*.

Nuno Porco 1

I'll go to the sea to see my boy  
And I'll ask him why he won't live with me,  
And I'm in love.

I'll go to the sea to see my darling,  
And I'll ask him if he'll do what I tell him,  
And I'm in love.

And I'll ask him why he doesn't live with me,  
And I'll tell him the sorrow I suffer for him,  
And I'm in love.

I'll ask him why he's made me upset  
By getting angry with me wrongly for no reason,  
And I'm in love.

Pero de Veer 1

Oh God, how sorry I am for myself,  
'Cause my boyfriend's gone and I am left  
Young and in love.

When he had to go away from San Julian  
I was left, lovely and, to tell the truth,  
Young and in love.

There I was afraid to die,  
Where I stayed, a very sad girl,  
Young and in love.

Pero de Veer 2

I got angry with you, friend, the other day,  
But Santa Maria knows very well  
That it wasn't anything you did wrong,  
In good faith, my friend, but something else.

Pero de Veer 3

I made my boy go to Santa Maria

And didn't do what was agreed,  
 And now I've lost him  
 Because I broke my word.

To Santa Maria I made my boy go,  
 But I didn't go with him that day,  
 And now I've lost him  
 Because I broke my word.

Pero de Veer 4

Now they're guarding me from my boy,  
 Whom I love, so I don't even dare  
 Go to Santa Maria

Since they guard me from him, so I can't see him,  
 And don't let me, not matter what,  
 Go to Santa Maria,

I wish I'd never seen or loved him!  
 Since they've worked it so I can't  
 Go to Santa Maria;

Neither seen him, nor loved him so!  
 Since God gave me someone\* who won't let me  
 Go to Santa Maria.

Since I saw him in Julian one day,  
 They'll no longer let me, as I used to,  
 Go to Santa Maria.

\* Presumably, "someone" = her parents or other kin who keep a watch on her.

Pero de Veer 5

I got angry with you, my friend, in good faith, and went berzerk,  
 As a woman gets angry with someone who doesn't deserve it;  
 But if I got angry with you  
 I can get unangry, too.

Pero de Veer 6

—I see you, daughter, crying so much,  
 And from the heart, that it upsets me,  
 And so I've come to ask you  
 To tell me, so help you God:  
 Why do you go around sad and crying?

—Mother, I can't always be singing.

—Daughter, I don't see you always singing,  
But crying a lot, and so I believe  
That you are in love with a boy,  
And tell me now, may God save you,  
Why do you go around sad and crying?  
—Mother, I can't always be singing.

#### Bernal de Bonaval 1

Lovely girls, thanks to God, it's such a good day for me,  
Because they told me the news, that my boyfriend is coming;  
Since my boyfriend is coming it's such a good day for me.

It's such a good day for me, lovely girls, thanks to God,  
Because they told me the news, that my darling is coming;  
Lovely girls, thanks to God, since my darling is coming.

Because they told me the news, that my boyfriend is coming,  
And so I go around happy, since I have that message,  
Since I have that message, that my boyfriend is coming.

Because they told me the news, that my darling is coming,  
And so I go around happy, since I have that message,  
Since I have that message, that my darling is coming.

#### Bernal de Bonaval 2

Sister, I want to ask you  
About my boy, and I want to tell you  
Not to be upset that he's coming to see me,  
And I'll clear up another thing too:  
If you like him I'll be grateful to you,  
But if you don't, I still won't let him go.

If my boyfriend comes and you get along  
With him, I'll trust our friendship even more,  
And so I'll always be kind to you,  
And there's another thing I want to say:  
If you like him, I'll be grateful to you,  
But if you don't, I still won't let him go.

When my boyfriend comes, I will  
See if you wish me well or ill,  
And, my sister, I'll tell you something else,  
'Cause I don't want to hide my heart from you:  
If you like him, I'll be grateful to you,

But if you don't, I still won't let him go.

Bernal de Bonaval 3

—Oh lovely girl, so may you have pleasure!  
Whom are you expecting, far from the town?  
—I came to wait for my boy.

—Oh lovely girl, so may you be happy!  
Whom are you waiting for, far from the town?  
—I came to wait for my boy.

—Whom are you expecting, far from the town?  
—I will tell you, since you ask me:  
I came to wait for my boy.

—Whom are you waiting for, far from the town?  
—I will tell you, since you don't know:  
I came to wait for my boy.

Bernal de Bonaval 4

Since you tell me, friend, that you love me more  
Than all the girls in the world, tell me, by Our Lord,  
If you love me so much, how can you go away from here?

And since you say you can't love anyone else so much  
As me, oh my friend, tell me, so help you God,  
If you love me so much, how can you go away from here?

And since I hear you say that you don't love anything else as much  
As me, tell me, friend, so may God lead you to Bonaval,  
If you love me so much, how can you go away from here?

Because I always heard it said that when a man loved a woman so much  
He couldn't go away from her, it will upset me if I can't find out:  
If you love me so much, how can you go away from here?

Bernal de Bonaval 5

If my boyfriend came to Bonaval and saw me,  
Look what I'd tell him before he went away from me:  
“If you go, do not tarry as much as you usually do”;  
I would tell him, “Do not tarry, friend, as you usually do”.

I would say: “My friend, if you love me a lot,  
Do this for me, so may you meet with good luck:

“If you go, do not tarry as much as you usually do”;  
I would tell him, “Do not tarry, friend, as you usually do”.

How happy I would be, if he came to talk with me,  
And at the end of the talking, I'd say to him: “My friend,  
If you go, do not tarry as much as you usually do”;  
I would tell him, “Do not tarry, friend, as you usually do”.

Bernal de Bonaval 6

In Bonaval the lovely girl said this:  
“Oh God, where is my friend from here,  
From Bonaval?”

I think he must be sad at heart  
'Cause he didn't go with me to the church  
Of Bonaval.

Since I have no message from him,  
I can't go away happy from here,  
From Bonaval.

Since his message hasn't arrived  
I came much happier than I go  
From Bonaval.

Bernal de Bonaval 7

I want to ask you, my mother and my lady,  
That you not speak ill of me today, if I go  
To Bonaval, since my boy is coming there.

If it doesn't upset you, my mother, I will ask,  
By God, that you not speak ill of me, and I'll go  
To Bonaval, since my boy is coming there.

Bernal de Bonaval 8

Lovely daughter, look what I'm telling you:  
Do not talk with your boyfriend  
Without me, oh lovely daughter.

And, daughter, if you want my love,  
I ask you that you never talk with him  
Without me, oh lovely daughter.

And there's something else you're careless about:



You lose all the talk you have with him  
Without me, oh lovely daughter.

Johan Servando 1

When I went to San Servando one day  
On a pilgrimage, and saw my boyfriend there,  
I'll tell you truthfully what I got from him:  
I come back very happy  
For all I said to him;  
And he wooed me so well  
That I will never recover.

What a fine pilgrimage I went on with my boy  
'Cause I told him, thank God, all I wanted to say  
And I told him the great wrong he's always done to me.  
I come back very happy  
For all I said to him;  
And he wooed me so well  
That I will never recover.

When he spoke with me, he put it to me this way:  
By God, what would I do to him? And I told him then:  
"I'll have mercy on you with all my heart".  
I come back very happy  
For all I said to him;  
And he wooed me so well  
That I will never recover.

I'll never feel anything but joy about this trip  
'Cause I told my boy the love-sorrow he makes me feel  
By loving me, and I think he's happy for that.  
I come back very happy  
For all I said to him;  
And he wooed me so well  
That I will never recover.

Johan Servando 2

My boyfriend wants to go away  
And I can't get back at him,  
But, though things are bad for me,  
If I get angry with him beforehand,  
When he sees me angry  
He won't dare leave here.

He just wants to leave here soon  
So he won't have to keep me company

But, although he's not afraid  
 That my anger can do him harm,  
 When he sees me angry  
 He won't dare leave here.

He went the other day to make  
 A prayer to San Servando  
 So he could go right on his way,  
 But if I get good and angry,  
 When he sees me angry  
 He won't dare leave here.

### Johan Servando 3

My boyfriend went to San Servando  
 To pray, and since I did not  
 Go, since then these eyes of mine  
 Began crying with sorrow,  
 And I cannot keep  
 These eyes of mine from crying.

Since my boyfriend went away  
 From here and I didn't see him,  
 Since that time these eyes of mine  
 Began crying with sorrow,  
 And I cannot keep  
 These eyes of mine from crying.

### Johan Servando 4

My boyfriend went to San Servando  
 And since he didn't come to talk with me  
 I'll tell it to God  
 And cry out my eyes.

If I see him, mother, I'll recover,  
 But since you're keeping me guarded  
 I'll tell it to God  
 And cry out my eyes.

If he doesn't see me, he'll die for me,  
 But since he did me so great a wrong  
 I'll tell it to God  
 And cry out my eyes.

### Johan Servando 5

Now the girls are going on a pilgrimage to San Servando  
 And they won't let me go with them, 'cause right away I'd go there,  
 Because my boyfriend is going there.

If I went in the company of those girls, I'd recover,  
 But today my mother didn't want me to make the journey,  
 Because my boyfriend is going there.

A group of girls without compare is going there  
 And I'd go with them today, but I'm not allowed to go,  
 Because my boyfriend is going there.

May my mother never see me, if I don't get back at her,  
 'Cause today I won't go to San Servando, and she keeps me guarded,  
 Because my boyfriend is going there.

#### Johan Servando 6

All the girls are going to San Servando to pray,  
 So, lovely mother, by God, I've come to ask  
 That you let me go there  
 To San Servando, and if I see my friend  
 I'll be happy, to tell the truth.

Since they tell me that my boyfriend is coming there  
 Lovely mother, it would be a favor to me  
 That you let me go there  
 To San Servando, and if I see my friend  
 I'll be happy, to tell the truth.

Since all the girls are going there gladly to pray,  
 Lovely mother, by God, I've come to say  
 That you let me go there  
 To San Servando, and if I see my friend  
 I'll be happy, to tell the truth.

#### Johan Servando 7

If my boyfriend goes to San Servando  
 And God arranges it, out of His love,  
 I want to go, mother, to see him there.

If he goes, as he asked me to do,  
 To San Servando, where he looked for me last time,  
 I want to go, mother, to see him there.

My boyfriend, whom you are keeping me from,  
 Even though you upbraid me because of him—

I want to go, mother, to see him there.

Johan Servando 8

My lovely mother, don't keep me  
From going to San Servando, 'cause if you do it  
I'll die of love.

And don't keep me—and may it make you lucky!—  
From going to San Servando, 'cause if you stop me  
I'll die of love.

And if you keep me from this plan of mine—  
From going to San Servando in pilgrimage—  
I'll die of love.

And if you keep me—I'm really telling you—  
From going to San Servando to see my boy  
I'll die of love.

Johan Servando 9

Lovely me, I'm sad, I'm really telling you,  
Because they won't let me go see my boy.  
They can guard me now  
But they can't keep me from loving him.

Although because of him they beat me the other day  
I went to San Servando, in case I could see him.  
They can guard me now  
But they can't keep me from loving him.

And though they guard me so I can't see him  
This cannot be, no matter what happens.  
They can guard me now  
But they can't keep me from loving him.

They can guard me very well now,  
And they still won't keep me from loving him.

Johan Servando 10

Just now my boy left here, and still  
He swore to me that to my benefit  
He's loved and loves me more than anything else,  
But I don't believe that it's like that,

Rather I think he's dying for me  
And I for him, such is my bad luck.\*

When he left, he saw me sadly yearning  
And said at once, so I wouldn't be upset,  
That to my benefit he's loved me so much,  
But I don't believe that it's like that,  
Rather I think he's dying for me  
And I for him, such is my bad luck.

That day he left he swore to me  
That to my benefit he's always loved me so  
And will love me, since he took up with me,  
But I don't believe that it's like that,  
Rather I think he's dying for me  
And I for him, such is my bad luck.

By San Servando, I know that's how it'll be,  
That I will die for him and he for me.

\* Literally: "In such an (unlucky) hour I (first) saw him".

#### Johan Servando 11

I went to San Servando to see my boy  
And didn't see him in the chapel nor did he talk with me.  
I'm hopelessly in love.\*

They told me a message from the one that I desire  
That he'd come to San Servando, and since I don't see him,  
I'm hopelessly in love.

\* *Namorada*, "in love", stands alone in v. 3 without a verb. In the text, the syntax of the second strophe is incomplete, suggesting that something be missing, e.g., "<I am sad and> in love" or "<I am angry and> in love".

#### Johan Servando 12

My friend says that I should do him "good",  
But doesn't tell me the "good" he wants from me,  
I think "good" the fact that I've come here  
To see him, but he doesn't think the same,  
But if I knew what "good" he wanted  
From me, I'd arrange it for him.

He asks me for "good", every time I've seen him,  
And doesn't tell me the "good" he wants to have  
From me, and I think that for me to go see him

Is very “good”, but he doesn’t see it that way,  
 But if I knew what “good” he wanted  
 From me, I’d arrange it for him.

He asks me for ‘good,’ I don’t know in what sense,  
 Yet he doesn’t tell me what “good” he’d like  
 From me; and I think the fact I’ve seen him now  
 Is a very great “good”, and he thinks that it’s not,  
 But if I knew what “good” he wanted  
 From me, I’d arrange it for him.

And, by Servando, I’ll get angry one day  
 If he doesn’t say what “good” he’d like from me.

### Johan Servando 13

Daughter, the one you love  
 Went away from here now  
 And didn’t want to see you,  
 And you go on loving  
 Someone who won’t see you?

Daughter, you’ve bargained badly  
 By loving him against my will  
 Since he doesn’t want to see you,  
 And you go on loving  
 Someone who won’t see you?

And so for this I wish him ill,  
 Daughter, and for no other reason,  
 Because he wouldn’t see you,  
 And you go on loving  
 Someone who won’t see you?

You go around crying for him  
 And he’s just gone to San Servando  
 And didn’t want to see you,  
 And you go on loving  
 Someone who won’t see you?

### Johan Servando 14

They told me that my boyfriend  
 Wanted to leave, because my mother  
 Wanted to beat me, and if I don’t see him first,  
 He’ll be sorry, if I have any power,  
 If now he goes where he likes against my will,  
 He’ll be sorry, if I have any power.

He did me wrong now when he broke his word,  
 He should have seen me and he didn't see me,  
 And since he doesn't do just what I say,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power,  
 If now he goes where he likes against my will,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power.

He asked me to love him  
 And so I ask God to give him in return  
 The sorrows of love, and since he's leaving here,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power,  
 If now he goes where he likes against my will,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power.

I went to San Servando to pray  
 So I could see him, and then he didn't go,  
 And so, for this, so help me God,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power,  
 If now he goes where he likes against my will,  
 He'll be sorry, if I have any power.

#### Johan Servando 15

About my friend, who makes me live  
 Sad and sorrowing since I haven't seen him,  
 This I know well, that he'll die for me,  
 And then after I die for him in turn  
 All will be amazed by such an end,  
 When I die for him and he for me.

I am sad, by Our Lord,  
 Because of my friend, who doesn't want  
 To help me, and I know he'll die <for me>,  
 But once I've died afterwards for him,  
 All will be amazed by such an end,  
 When I die for him and he for me.

My boyfriend, who upset me, knows quite well  
 That he can't recover any more,  
 'Cause he will die, I have no doubt at all,  
 For me, and after I have died for him,  
 All will be amazed by such an end,  
 When I die for him and he for me.

By San Servando, to whom I came to pray,  
 My boyfriend should not have to die for me!

## Johan Servando 16

Friend, you want to go away  
 And that upsets me very much  
 'Cause you make me go around sad  
 Because of you, I'm telling you,  
 Because without you I can't see  
 Anything that could please me;  
 And without you how should I see  
 Anything that could please me?

And I'll tell you another thing:  
 Since you want to go away,  
 My friend, and take your leave of me,  
 I've lost all my happiness,  
 Because without you I can't see  
 Anything that could please me;  
 And without you how should I see  
 Anything that could please me?

These eyes of mine will be crying  
 Since you're leaving against my will.  
 And why are you angry with me?  
 Oh stay here with me, by God!  
 Because without you I can't see  
 Anything that could please me;  
 And without you how should I see  
 Anything that could please me?

I'll go to San Servando to plead  
 That he give me pleasure from you.

## Johan Zorro 1

If only someone had seen that lovely girl  
 As I saw her, saddened by love  
 And in love so much  
 That she'd cry and sing like this:  
 "Oh Love, let me rest today under the bough,  
 And then come with me to look for my boy".

If only someone had seen the lovely girl  
 As I saw her, crying with love  
 And singing and pleading  
 With love of the glorious one:\*\n"
 Oh Love, let me rest today under the bough,  
 And then come with me to look for my boy".

If only someone had seen her make



Lament for the love of her boy  
 That she always felt inside,  
 And crying, singing like this:  
 “Oh Love, let me rest today under the bough,  
 And then come with me to look for my boy”.

\* *a gloriosa* = Santa Maria

### Johan Zorro 2

—My eyes and my heart  
 And my light left with the king  
 —Who is it, oh daughter?—may God forgive you!  
 Tell me that, and I'll be thankful.  
 —I'll tell you that, and after I've told,  
 Don't be upset, mother, when he comes here.

—Why did the king have to go and take  
 All the joy I have or am to have?  
 —It does you no good, daughter, to hide it from me;  
 Rather, it'll do you good if you tell me that.  
 —I'll tell you that, and after I've told,  
 Don't be upset, mother, when he comes here.

### Johan Zorro 3

From the side of the river  
 I saw them rowing the ship.  
 How I like the riverside!

From the side of the stream  
 I saw them rowing the boat.  
 How I like the riverside!

I saw them rowing the ship  
 And there goes my boyfriend.  
 How I like the riverside!

I saw them rowing the boat  
 And there goes my darling.  
 How I like the riverside!

And there goes my boyfriend,  
 Who wants to take me with him.  
 How I like the riverside!

And there goes my darling,  
 Who will be glad to take me along.

How I like the riverside!

Johan Zorro 4

The king of Portugal  
Told them to build boats;  
And, my daughter, your boyfriend  
Will go there in the boats with him.

The Portuguese king  
Told them to make boats;  
And, my daughter, your boyfriend  
Will go there in the boats with him.

He told them to build boats  
And put them in the sea;  
And, my daughter, your boyfriend  
Will go there in the boats with him.

He told them to make boats  
And set them in the sea;  
And, my daughter, your boyfriend  
Will go there in the boats with him.

Johan Zorro 5

—My tresses, my lovely tresses—  
The king has sent for them!  
Oh mother, what will I do about this?  
—Daughter, give them to the king.

—My locks, my lovely locks—  
The king has sent for them!  
Oh mother, what will I do about this?  
—Daughter, give them to the king.

Johan Zorro 6

Along the side of the river  
The young girl went singing  
Of love:  
Let the boats come along the river—  
Just as I like.

Along the side of the stream  
The noble girl went singing  
Of love:

Let the boats come along the stream—\*  
Just as I like.

\* We should read *alto* instead of *rio* here. The manuscripts do not have the last three verses of the second strophe, so editors have assumed they must have been identical to those in the first three. But the form should be aaBaB with a *dobre* (repetition of the same word in rhyme in symmetrical positions) in vv. 1 and 4 of each strophe.

#### Johan Zorro 7

The king sets boats in the mighty river;  
Whoever has a boyfriend, may God show her her lover!  
Mother, there goes the one I'm yearning for.

The king sets boats in Extremadura\*  
Whoever has a boyfriend, may God lead him to her!  
Mother, there goes the one I'm yearning for.

\* Here *Extremadura* refers to the Atlantic coast near Lisbon, including the estuary of the Tagus.

#### Johan Zorro 8

Down by the sea and the river  
I shall go, in love,  
Where the king is building the ship,\*  
Love, I'll go with you.

Down by the sea and the stream  
I shall go, in love,  
Where the king is building the boat,  
Love, I'll go with you.

Where the king is building the ship  
I shall go, in love,  
To take the young girl,\*\*  
Love, I'll go with you.

Where the king is building the boat  
I shall go, in love,  
To take the noble girl,\*  
Love, I'll go with you.

\* That is, the king is having a ship built.

\*\* The reference is not clear.

#### Johan Zorro 9

By the side of the swollen river  
I played, mother, with my friend.

I feel a love I wish I didn't feel,  
I did for my friend what I wish I hadn't done.

By the side of the rushing river,  
I played, mother, with my darling.  
I feel a love I wish I didn't feel,  
I did for my friend what I wish I hadn't done.

Johan Zorro 10

Let's dance now, by God, O lovely girls  
Beneath these flowering hazelnut trees,  
And whoever is lovely, like we are lovely,  
If she loves a boy,  
Beneath these flowering hazelnut trees  
Will come to dance.

Let's dance now, by God, O worthy girls  
Beneath these laden hazelnut trees  
And whoever is worthy, like we are worthy,  
If she loves a boy,  
Beneath these laden hazelnut trees  
Will come to dance.

Roi Martinz do Casal 1

—Tell me, friend, so may you have pleasure,  
If you desire your death,  
Since you can't talk with me.  
—I desire it, lady, you can believe it.  
—You desire it? What a lucky day for me  
Since you desire what I desire.

—Tell me, friend, if you still  
Would take pleasure in your death  
Since you live so far from me.  
—I would, oh lady, by Santa Maria.  
—You would? God be thanked for that  
Since you'd like what I would like.

—Tell me, friend, if you please,  
If your own death is what you want  
Since you live so far away from me?  
—I want it, my lady, have no doubt.  
—You want it? Then what a lucky day this is,  
Since what I want is what you want.

## Roi Martinz do Casal 2

I beg you, Love, to stay with me  
 All this time while he's away—  
 My friend, who's going to Granada.

I beg you, Love, to be with me here,  
 All this time while he lives there—  
 My friend, who's going to Granada.

All this time while he's gone  
 To fight with Moors and kill many of them—  
 My friend, who's going to Granada.

All this time while he lives there  
 To fight with Moors and take them prisoner—  
 My friend, who's going to Granada.

## Roi Martinz do Casal 3

Love, I have to thank you very much  
 Because you wanted to stay with me  
 And didn't leave me alone and go away  
 Until my light and my pleasure came—  
 My boy, who went away to go  
 To Granada, to fight for my love.

Love, I thank you more than anything else,  
 'Cause since my boyfriend went away from here,  
 You didn't ever abandon me  
 Until my light and my happiness came—  
 My boy, who went away to go  
 To Granada, to fight for my love.

I will never complain about you  
 'Cause you never abandoned me and left  
 Since my boyfriend went away from here  
 Until my happiness came, and my light—  
 My boy, who went away to go  
 To Granada, to fight for my love.

Since you've taken such good care of me,  
 By God, don't let me live without you now!

## Juião Bolseiro 1

Without my boy I spend the night alone  
 And these eyes of mine can't even sleep

And I pray to God for light, as much as I can,  
 And He doesn't give it to me in any way,  
 But if I were spending the night with my boy  
 The light would be with me right now.

When I used to sleep with my boy  
 The night just didn't last at all,  
 And now night lasts, always coming on,  
 The light doesn't come or the day appear,  
 But if I were spending the night with my boy  
 The light would be with me right now.

And as it appears to me  
 When my light and lord spends the night with me  
 The light comes at once, that I don't want to see,  
 And now night lingers, it comes and grows,  
 But if I were spending the night with my boy  
 The light would be with me right now.

More than a hundred times I pray, "Pater Noster..."  
 To the one who died on the true cross  
 So he'll quickly show me the light  
 But he just shows me the nights of December,  
 But if I were spending the night with my boy  
 The light would be with me right now.

#### Juião Bolseiro 2

Out of yesterday night they could make  
 Three nights easily, it seems to me,  
 But this last night turned out quite well  
 Because my friend came,  
 And before I could say a word to him  
 The light came and was with me.

And yesterday, after I lay down,  
 The night came and appeared and lasted  
 But this last night wasn't at all like that  
 Because my friend came,  
 And as soon as he began to talk with me  
 The light came and was with me.

And yesterday night I began to yearn  
 And the night began to grow  
 But that's what this last night didn't do  
 Because my friend came,  
 And while I was talking with him at ease  
 The light came and was with me.

## Juião Bolseiro 3

Mother, I went to see my boy  
 Who sent word begging me to;  
 Because I know he loves me a lot,  
 But look, mother, once he was with me  
 He was so happy that, since I was born,  
 I never saw a man so happy over a woman.

When I got there he was crying  
 And his heart could not keep still  
 Thinking of me, if I'd come or not,  
 But once he saw me there where he was waiting  
 He was so happy that, since I was born,  
 I never saw a man so happy over a woman.

And since God wanted me to go where I'd see him  
 He said, mother, just what I'll tell you now:  
 "I see all the joy I have in the world!";  
 And look, mother, when he said this to me  
 He was so happy that, since I was born,  
 I never saw a man so happy over a woman.

## Juião Bolseiro 4

In the new boats my boyfriend went away from here  
 And now I see boats coming, and I think he's coming there,  
 Mother, —my boyfriend!

Let's go wait, oh mother, and I'll always love you,  
 'Cause I see boats coming, and I think he's coming in them,  
 Mother, —my boyfriend!

There is nothing silly, mother, in what I'm thinking,  
 'Cause he couldn't stay long somewhere else without me,  
 Mother, —my boyfriend!

## Juião Bolseiro-5

—Daughter, I see, as far as I can tell,  
 The new boats coming along the sea  
 In which your boyfriend went away from here  
 —Don't be upset, mother, so help you God,  
 I'll go to see if my boyfriend's coming there.

—Daughter, I think with all my heart  
 That those are really the new boats

In which your boyfriend went away from here  
 —Don't be upset, mother, and may God forgive you,  
 I'll go to see if my boyfriend's coming there.

—Beautiful daughter, to tell the truth,  
 I see the boats coming in from the sea  
 In which your boyfriend went away from here.  
 —Don't be upset, mother: as fast as I can go  
 I'll go to see if my boyfriend's coming there.

#### Juião Bolseiro 6

What eyes are those that have no shame?  
 Tell me, friend of another girl, not mine!  
 And tell me now, so help you God,  
 Since they say that now you are another's,  
 How do you dare to come before  
 My eyes, friend, for the love of God?

Because you really should have remembered  
 How sad I saw you for my sake,  
 Liar, and how I went to you then,  
 But since you've taken up now with another,  
 How do you dare to come before  
 My eyes, friend, for the love of God?

By God, liar, what little thanks I got  
 When you were about to die  
 If I hadn't gone, and I went to see you,  
 But since another has won you from me now,  
 How do you dare to come before  
 My eyes, friend, for the love of God?

I don't want your pledges any more.  
 Just go away right now, by Our Lord!  
 And wherever I am, never come there again!  
 Since you've taken up with another woman,  
 How do you dare to come before  
 My eyes, friend, for the love of God?

#### Juião Bolseiro 7

You treat me badly, oh daughter, because I want to have a friend,  
 And since, for fear of you, I can't have him and he's not with me,  
 May you not have my blessing!  
 And may God give you, oh my daughter, a daughter who does this to you,  
 Daughter, who does this to you!



You know that no woman could ever thrive without a friend,  
 And since you won't let me have one, oh my lovely daughter,  
 May you not have my blessing!  
 And may God give you, oh my daughter, a daughter who does this to you,  
 Daughter, who does this to you!

Since I can't have my friend, there's nothing I desire,  
 But since it's because of you, my daughter, that I don't see him,  
 May you not have my blessing!  
 And may God give you, oh my daughter, a daughter who does this to you,  
 Daughter, who does this to you!

Because of you I lost my friend, and so I suffer great sorrow,  
 And since you took him away from me, and I'm prettier than you are,  
 May you not have my blessing!  
 And may God give you, oh my daughter, a daughter who does this to you,  
 Daughter, who does this to you!

#### Juião Bolseiro 8

Oh friend, you really tried to do me harm  
 There where you boasted about me,  
 And I pray to God that you lose me for that,  
 And tell me now, you faithless liar:  
 If I gave you any pleasure in the world,  
 What need did you have to talk about it?

There's no point in denying it, you liar,  
 So don't deny it, it does you no good,  
 And don't swear an oath, since liars often  
 Swear many oaths; just tell me and don't swear:  
 If I gave you any pleasure in the world,  
 What need did you have to talk about it?

If I see you lovesick again for me  
 As I saw you before, you will see  
 That what you said will punish you, you liar,  
 But tell me now, without any lying:  
 If I gave you any pleasure in the world,  
 What need did you have to talk about it?

#### Juião Bolseiro 9

Just now my friend made  
 A love song for me,  
 The best made I've ever seen,  
 And since he's really a bard\*  
 He made some lilies in the tune

That take my heart away.

There, when he made it, he knew how  
To find favor with me for himself,  
Praising me a lot, and my worth,  
But, surely just to kill me,  
He made some lilies in the tune  
That take my heart away.

In good faith, he struck a good deal  
By making it so good for me,  
And I know how to thank him well,  
But look what it is that killed me:  
He made some lilies in the tune  
That take my heart away.

\* "Bard" is a free rendering; *trobador* = singer/composer of noble (or relatively high) extraction.

#### Juião Bolseiro 10

Oh mother, a girl has never felt pain  
Or known what sadness really is  
Who hasn't seen her boyfriend,  
As I saw mine, talking  
With another girl, but when I saw  
I could have died of pain then and there.

And if a woman was to have  
Pleasure with a boy, since God gave him to her,  
I know that He didn't make her see him,  
As He has made me see mine,  
With another girl, but when I saw  
I could have died of pain then and there.

#### Juião Bolseiro 11

Oh my friend, mine, in good faith,  
And not another's, in good faith, but mine!  
I pray to God, who gave you to me today,  
That he make you be as happy with me  
As I was happy today when I saw you  
'Cause I've never been so happy since I was born.

It's a happy day for me since I see you here,  
My friend, mine, in faith, and nobody else's;  
May God, who has the power and might, make you  
Be as happy with me, my love and my desire,  
As I was happy today when I saw you

'Cause I've never been so happy since I was born.

My comfort, so help me God,  
 And my friend and my sweetheart,  
 May God some day make you  
 Be as pleased and happy with me  
 As I was happy today when I saw you  
 'Cause I've never been so happy since I was born.

Juíão Bolseiro 12

These nights so long, which God made on an unlucky day  
 For me, since I can't sleep through them, why didn't He make them  
 In the time when my boy  
 Used to talk with me?

Since God made them so huge, I can't sleep, poor thing,  
 And they're so enormous, that I'd like to be there again  
 In the time when my boy  
 Used to talk with me.

Since God made them so huge, so immeasurably long,  
 And I can't sleep through them, why didn't He make them like these  
 In the time when my boy  
 Used to talk with me?

Juíão Bolseiro 13

Oh my friend, because of me you feel  
 Suffering and sadness and desire, that's all,  
 And all my "good" is wholly bad for you,  
 But since I can't help you out there,  
 It upsets me that I look good,  
 Since, my friend, that causes you harm.

And I know, friend, that these eyes  
 Of mine, and my lovely looks  
 Make you live in great sorrow,  
 But, my friend, so help me God,  
 It upsets me that I look good,  
 Since, my friend, that causes you harm.

Juíão Bolseiro 14

Here and now my mother wants to divide  
 Everything in the world, there's no other way,  
 One part she says is you, my friend,

And the other is all the rest and she herself,  
 And after she does this, she tells me to choose.  
 What do you advise me, friend, to do?

The division she wants to make with me is this:  
 One part is you, just by yourself,  
 The other is she herself and all the rest  
 And all the other family I have,\*  
 And after she does this, she tells me to choose.  
 What do you advise me, friend, to do?

And this is how she wants to make  
 The division with me, oh my friend:  
 One part, my lord, is you alone,  
 The other is herself and everything else,  
 And after she does this, she tells me to choose.  
 What do you advise me, friend, to do?

You are one part, oh my lord  
 And my friend and my light and my love,  
 And the other is the great wealth that she has  
 And furthermore she places her love there,  
 And after she does this, she tells me to choose.  
 What do you advise me, friend, to do?

And since she divides the world just as I like,  
 My choice falls on you, my friend.

\* *e de quantos outros parentes ei* = “and all the other relatives I have”; the sense “on either side” (maternal and paternal) is understood. This appears to imply a threat, since according to archaic customs relatives on both sides would be obliged to pursue and kill a man if he tried to marry or run away with a girl without her family’s consent.

#### Juião Bolseiro 15

Since we parted, my friend, I haven’t lost  
 The yearning and grief in my heart; but I did lose  
 All the time, my friend,  
 That you haven’t been with me.

My eyes never lost their tears, and I lost no pain,  
 Since you went away, but see what I did lose:  
 All the time, my friend,  
 That you haven’t been with me.

#### Martin Campina 1

Friend, I saw my boyfriend go around

Sad and yearning, and I can't understand  
 Why he's so sad—so may I have pleasure!  
 But I'll tell you what it is I think:  
 He goes around thinking of leaving here,  
 But yet he won't dare to live without me.

He's so sad that I've never seen  
 A man so sad, so I tried to find out  
 Why it was, and still I don't know,  
 But I'll tell you all that I've learned:  
 He goes around thinking of leaving here,  
 But yet he won't dare to live without me.

He's so sad that I've never seen anyone  
 Who went around so saddened in his heart,  
 And yet I don't know why or for what reason,  
 But I'll tell you what I've learned of it:  
 He goes around thinking of leaving here,  
 But yet he won't dare to live without me.

#### Martin Campina 2

My boyfriend says that it was I who told  
 Him to go, friend, when he went away from here,  
 And if I said that to him or even saw him,  
 May I not trade pleasure for the pain I feel,  
 And if he wrongs me by saying I told him that,  
 May he appear here quickly in my power.

And you see, friend, what really bothers me:  
 Those who've seen him are saying that he says  
 That I told him to go, and if I did,  
 May I never get back at him or anyone else,  
 And if he wrongs me by saying I told him that,  
 May he appear here quickly in my power.

And what a wrong he's doing to me now  
 By saying, friend, in good faith,  
 That I told him to go, and if that's so,  
 As he seeks my harm, may I seek his joy,\*  
 And if he wrongs me by saying I told him that,  
 May he appear here quickly in my power.

And if he appears here in my power,  
 I'll ask him who told him to say that.

\* *ben*: here, roughly, “happiness”. The archaic phrases *buscar ben*/*buscar mal* (“seek well” / “seek ill”) are set in opposition, but a literal translation would be awkward in English.

## Pero Meogo 1

To my friend, with whom I made a pact,  
 For fear of you, mother, I'll break my word,  
 And if I don't go, he'll get angry.

I made a pact to go to see him  
 At the fountain where the stags go to drink,  
 And if I don't go, he'll get angry.

And I have no desire to break my word,  
 But break it I will, for fear of you,  
 And if I don't go, he'll get angry.

To break my word is not what I desire,  
 But, for fear of you, I'll have to break it,  
 And if I don't go, he'll get angry.

## Pero Meogo 2

I may be pretty, but I'm really angry  
 With my friend, who demanded that I  
 Go to see him  
 At the fountain where the stags go to drink.

I do no wrong to get angry with him  
 For daring to demand that I  
 Go to see him  
 At the fountain where the stags go to drink.

He must surely think me insane  
 Since he doesn't come but sends word that I  
 Go to see him  
 At the fountain where the stags go to drink.

## Pero Meogo 3

—My boyfriend goes fleeing, for love of me,  
 Like a wounded stag from the king's mountaineer.

Mother, my friend goes fleeing, for my love,  
 Like a wounded stag from the mountaineer of the king.

And if he wanders wounded, he'll go to the sea to die,  
 And so will my boyfriend do, if I don't think of him.

—Be careful, daughter, 'cause I've seen a boy like that,  
 Who made out that he was sad, when he was wooing me.

Be careful, daughter, 'cause I've seen such a boy,  
Who made out that he was sad, when he was out to woo.

Pero Meogo 4

Oh does of the hills, I've come to ask you:  
My boyfriend went away, and if he tarries there,  
What will I do, pretty me?

Oh does of the hills, I've come to tell you this:  
My boyfriend went away, and I wanted to ask  
What will I do, pretty me?

Pero Meogo 5

<She arose at dawn>, the lovely girl arose  
and goes to wash her hair in the cool fountain,  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

<She arose at dawn>, the beautiful girl arose  
and goes to wash her hair in the fountain's cool  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

She goes to wash her hair in the cool fountain  
And along came her boy, who really loved her  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

She goes to wash her hair in the fountain's cool  
And along comes her boy, who truly desired her  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

And along comes her boy, who really loved her  
The stag of the hills was stirring the water  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

And along comes her boy, who truly desired her  
The stag of the hills set the water astir  
Happy in love, in love and happy.

Pero Meogo 6

In the green grasses  
I saw the deer running,  
My friend.

In the green meadows

I saw the wild stags,  
My friend.

And with pleasure  
I washed my hair,  
My friend.

And with pleasure  
I washed my tresses,  
My friend.

After I washed it  
I bound it with gold,  
My friend.

After I'd washed them  
I'd bound them with gold,  
My friend.

I bound it with gold  
And waited for you,  
My friend.

I'd bound them with gold  
And was waiting for you,  
My friend.

Pero Meogo 7

I want to ask you, mother,  
To tell me the truth:  
If my boyfriend will dare  
To speak with me in front of you?

Since I have his message  
I'd really like to know:  
If my boyfriend will dare  
To speak with me in front of you?

I'll go, mother, to the fountain  
Where the stags of the hills go, to see  
If my boyfriend will dare  
To speak with me in front of you?

Pero Meogo 8

Daughter, you went to the dance  
And there you tore your dress.



Since the stag goes there  
 Beware of this fountain  
 Since the stag goes there.

Daughter, you went to the ball  
 And there you tore your clothes.  
 Since the stag goes there  
 Beware of this fountain  
 Since the stag goes there.

And there you tore your dress—  
 Much to my distress!  
 Since the stag goes there  
 Beware of this fountain  
 Since the stag goes there.

And there you tore your clothes—  
 Much to my regret!  
 Since the stag goes there  
 Beware of this fountain  
 Since the stag goes there.

Pero Meogo 9

—Tell me, daughter, my pretty daughter,  
 Why did you tarry at the cool fountain?  
 —(I'm in love!)

—Tell me daughter, my lovely daughter,  
 Why did you tarry at the fountain's cool?  
 —(I'm in love!)

I tarried, mother, at the cool fountain,  
 Stags of the hills were stirring the waters.  
 (I'm in love!)

I tarried, mother, at the fountain's cool,  
 Stags of the hills were stirring the waters up.  
 (I'm in love!)

—You're lying, my daughter, lying for your friend,  
 I never saw a stag that stirred the water.  
 —(I'm in love!)

—You're lying, my daughter, lying for your lover,  
 I never saw a stag that stirred the stream.  
 —(I'm in love!)

## Martin de Caldas 1

From all the news I learned today  
 Tomorrow my boy will come to see me  
 And today he's thinking what he's going to say  
 But it won't come out at all like he's thinking  
 'Cause I'm planning to be so pretty there  
 That he won't remember a thing of what he's thought.

## Martin de Caldas 2

Mother and lady, let me go see  
 The one I saw on a bad day for me,  
 And he saw me on a bad day for him,  
 'Cause he is dying, mother, and I'll die  
 If I don't see him, but if I do, I'll heal,  
 And he will heal if he sees me, I know.

The one that God should not have showed to me—  
 I'll see him, mother, if it's all right with you,  
 And He didn't show me to him for his good,  
 'Cause he's dying and I'll die, so help me God,  
 If I don't see him, but if I do, I'll heal,  
 And he will heal if he sees me, I know.

The one that God created to my harm—  
 Mother, let me see him, by God,  
 And I was born to harm his eyes,  
 'Cause he's dying and I will die, no doubt,  
 If I don't see him, but if I do, I'll heal,  
 And he will heal if he sees me, I know.

## Martin de Caldas 3

I have with me the message I desired  
 For a long time, mother, in good faith,  
 And I'll tell you the message, what it says,  
 'Cause there's nothing I would hide from you:  
 My boyfriend will be with me here today!  
 And I've never heard a message as good as that.

And since God has made me hear  
 The message that my heart desired,  
 Mother and lady, so help me God,  
 I'm going to tell you the message now:  
 My boyfriend will be with me here today!  
 And I've never heard a message as good as that.

And so I know Our Lord, to whom I prayed  
 For a good message, wants to do me a favor,  
 And has made the message come to me  
 Which you, my lady, can now hear about:  
 My boyfriend will be with me here today!  
 And I've never heard a message as good as that.

Mother, there's no way that I can hear  
 A message better than this one,  
 And so I don't want to hide it from you,  
 Since I know you want me to be happy;  
 My boyfriend will be with me here today!  
 And I've never heard a message as good as that.

#### Martin de Caldas 4

My boyfriend went away from here one day  
 Sad and yearning, much to his distress,  
 'Cause my mother kept him away from me,  
 But I, lovely girl, since I haven't seen him,  
 Never again saw pleasure in anything,  
 And won't see, if he doesn't come to me.

When he had to take his leave of me  
 Then he was crying out his eyes,  
 And felt yearning in his heart,  
 But I, lovely girl, to tell the truth,  
 Never again saw pleasure in anything,  
 And won't see, if he doesn't come to me.

#### Martin de Caldas 5

O my friend and the light of these eyes  
 Of mine, and the sorrow of my heart,  
 Why did you tarry for so long?  
 Don't hide it from me, so help you God,  
 Because I want to know the truth about that,  
 Although you don't dare tell it to me.

Tell me who it was that made you tarry,  
 Oh my friend, and I'll be grateful to you,  
 Because I already know most of the story  
 And you don't need to hide it from me,  
 Because I want to know the truth about that,  
 Although you don't dare tell it to me.

In good faith, they gave you bad advice—  
 Whoever was behind this tarrying,

And if you try to hide it from me this time  
 You'll lose me and it will be your loss,  
 Because I want to know the truth about that,  
 Although you don't dare tell it to me.

Martin de Caldas 6

Our Lord, oh how will I be able  
 To keep my boyfriend and me from dying  
 'Cause they say he wants to go away from here,  
 And if he goes, I'll be dead soon after  
 And he'll be dead, if he doesn't see me,  
 But these are deaths that I'd like to avoid.

I'll go with him, and they'll always talk  
 About this death, how sad it was,  
 Because my light and my lord wants to go,  
 And if he goes I'll be dead, that's for sure,  
 And he'll be dead, if he doesn't see me,  
 But these are deaths that I'd like to avoid.

I'll go with him willingly, 'cause I don't  
 Know what to do if God doesn't give him to me,  
 Because the one who loves me wants to go,  
 And if he goes I'll be dead then and there  
 And he'll be dead, if he doesn't see me,  
 But these are deaths that I'd like to avoid.

Martin de Caldas 7

You see the deal I'd like to make,  
 Sister, if only I could work it out:  
 That I could give pleasure to my friend,  
 And yet not cause my mother grief,  
 And if God works this out for me, I know  
 That I'll be very happy then.

And that would be the deal I really need,  
 If God can work it out for me to have it,  
 And what my boyfriend wants from me—  
 I'd like my mother to ask me to do it,  
 And if God works this out for me, I know  
 That I'll be very happy then.

And if Our Lord can work this out for me,  
 This deal will prove my greatest joy,  
 If I can give pleasure to my boy  
 With my mother asking me to,

And if God works this out for me, I know  
That I'll be very happy then.

Nuno Treez 1

Since you went away from here, my friend, against my will,  
I felt so great a yearning as I'll tell you now:  
Because my eyes haven't done anything since then but cry,  
Nor did my heart want them to do anything but cry.

And since I found myself without you, I didn't know what to do,  
And so I got very sad then with great yearning and sorrow,  
Because my eyes haven't done anything since then but cry,  
Nor did my heart want them to do anything but cry.

And I went to pray to San Clemenço and I didn't see you,  
And since that time, my friend, this is what's happened to me:  
Because my eyes haven't done anything since then but cry,  
Nor did my heart want them to do anything but cry.

Nuno Treez 2

San Clemenço of the Sea,  
If I don't get back at him  
I will not sleep.

San Clemenço, lord,  
If I don't take revenge  
I will not sleep.

If I don't take revenge  
Against that lying traitor  
I will not sleep.

Nuno Treez 3

I'm not going to San Clemenço to pray, and it's only right,  
Since he doesn't take away the yearning that I feel in my heart,  
Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

I'm not going to San Clemenço, nor does he remember me,  
Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, whom I've always loved, since first sight,  
Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

'Cause if he brought me the one who makes me go around yearning  
Never would so many candles have burned before his altar;  
Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

'Cause if he brought me the one for whom I'm dying of love  
 Never would so many candles have burned before my lord;  
 Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

Since I've decided not to go see him, and will stand firm,  
 Why should I put Parisian candles before him, for goodness' sake?  
 Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

By taking my boyfriend away from me, he really picked a fight,  
 And so what will burn before him, I'm telling you, will be cheap wax,\*  
 Nor does he bring me my boyfriend, though I ask him, though I plead.

\* She will burn "cheap candles"—as opposed to expensive ones from Paris (v. 14).

#### Nuno Treez 4

I was in San Clemenço, where I had to gone to pray,  
 And the messenger told me something that warmed my heart:  
 "Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

I was in San Clemenço, where I'd gone to light candles,  
 And the messenger told me, "Lovely girl with your lovely looks,  
 Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

I was in San Clemenço, where I had gone in prayer,  
 And the messenger told me, "Lovely girl with your lovely air,  
 "Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

And the messenger told me, "Lovely girl with your lovely looks"—  
 Because he saw that I liked it, he began again to speak:  
 "Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

And the messenger told me, "Lovely girl with your lovely air"—  
 Because he saw that I liked it, he began to tell me again:  
 "Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

And the messenger told me something that warmed my heart,  
 Because he saw that I liked it, then he told me another time:  
 "Now your boyfriend will be coming here!"

#### Pero d' Armea 1

I am lovely much to my distress  
 And I am very sad at heart  
 And I cry a lot, and it's only right,  
 By God, mother, to cry a lot  
 Because of my friend and my light and my love

Who left here, oh mother, and hasn't come.

And I surely know well that to my harm  
 God made be born so beautiful  
 Since now he makes me die as I am dying,  
 'Cause I'll die, mother, if God doesn't help,  
 Because of my friend and my light and my love  
 Who left here, oh mother, and hasn't come.

And God made me be born, in good faith,  
 To my harm; and then he went and made  
 Me lovelier than all the girls I've seen,  
 And I'm dying, mother, and you see why:  
 Because of my friend and my light and my love  
 Who left here, oh mother, and hasn't come.

And since God wants me to die because of this,  
 Let my friend know that I die in love with him.

Pero d' Armea 2

Friend, how deeply I've been deceived  
 By the one that made me believe for so long  
 That he loved me with all his heart,  
 So much that he couldn't recover,  
 And all this was to cover up  
 Another girl that he loved then.

And he used to say he was losing his mind  
 Over me, and he also called me "Lady"  
 And used to say he was dying of love  
 For me, and that he couldn't recover,  
 And all this was to cover up  
 Another girl that he loved then,

And when he wanted to talk with me  
 He'd cry a lot and then he'd swear  
 That he didn't know what to do with himself  
 'Cause of me, and that he couldn't recover,  
 And all this was to cover up  
 Another girl that he loved then.

Pero d' Armea 3

My friend, from now on I shall  
 Love my boyfriend very much,  
 Because the day he went away from here  
 He saw me cry, and, moved by me,  
 While I was crying he began to look,

He saw me crying and began to cry.

And, in good faith, I'll always love him  
As much as ever I can, certainly,  
'Cause I'll tell you what he did for me,  
My friends, and I won't lie to you:  
While I was crying he began to look,  
He saw me crying and began to cry.

He felt great sorrow in his heart,  
My friends, when he took his leave of me,  
He saw me crying, and after he saw  
Me cry, I'll tell you what he did then:  
While I was crying he began to look,  
He saw me crying and began to cry.

Pero d' Armea 4

—Friend, I bid you talk with me  
Whenever you feel like doing it.  
—May Our Lord, my lovely lady,  
Give you thanks, which he knows how to give,  
For all these wonderful things you tell me  
And for whatever other favors you'll do me.

—Since you yearn for me so much,  
Whenever you like, talk with me.  
—Oh my lady, look what I'm telling you:  
May Our Lord thank you very much  
For all these wonderful things you tell me  
And for whatever other favors you'll do me.

—Because I know that you love me,  
Talk with me, 'cause that's good and fair.\*  
—May our Lord, who made you lovely,  
Always thank you very much for that,  
For all these wonderful things you tell me  
And for whatever other favors you'll do me.

\* Literally, "good and praiseworthy".

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 1

They told you, my friend,  
That, to cause you pain,  
I talked with another boy,  
But never talk with me



If you can hear that  
From someone who knows.

And you can take full revenge  
On me, if I talked with anyone  
In order to cause you pain,  
But never talk with me again,  
If you can hear that  
From someone who knows.

And if you think it's true,  
My friend, that that is so,  
Then I pray that God curse me  
A lot, and you, if you talk with me,  
If you can hear that  
From someone who knows.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 2

Friend, there are a lot of boys  
In the world ready to choose  
Girls, so they can love them a lot,  
But may God never forgive me  
If I ever saw a friend  
Of a girl like my boyfriend.

Your boyfriend can say,  
Friend, that he loves you a lot,  
And he loves you, but may I not  
Ever have pleasure with my boy  
If I ever saw a friend  
Of a girl like my boyfriend.

I have seen with these eyes of mine  
A friend of a girl who really is  
A great boyfriend, in good faith,  
But may God never come to my aid,  
If I ever saw a friend  
Of a girl like my boyfriend.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 3

—Friend, have you seen a friend  
Of a girl who loved so much,  
Who suffered so much sorrow  
As my boyfriend suffers?  
—I haven't seen one, nor ever seen  
Someone who has, since I was born,

But I see you sadder.

—Friend, have you seen a boy  
 Who would die for a girl,  
 Who suffered such great pain  
 <As my boyfriend suffers>?  
 —I haven't seen one, nor ever seen  
 Someone who has, since I was born,  
 But I see you sadder.

—Friend, have you seen a boy  
 Who felt such great pain  
 Because of a girl he loved  
 As my boyfriend feels?  
 —I haven't seen one, nor ever seen  
 Someone who has, since I was born,  
 But I see you sadder

Because you feel much greater pain  
 Than him who you see dying.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 4

I am dying, friend, desiring  
 My boyfriend, and you talk  
 With me about yours, but I can't  
 Always be talking about that;  
 But you want to talk with me?  
 Then let's talk about my boy.

You want me all the time  
 To talk about your friend  
 With you, and if not, shut up;  
 But I can't, not every day!  
 But you want to talk with me?  
 Then let's talk about my boy.

Friend, you always want  
 Me to talk with you, and you talk  
 About your friend, and you think  
 That I can; well, don't think that.  
 But you want to talk with me?  
 Then let's talk about my boy.

You don't care about anything else,  
 Just as long as I speak well  
 Of your boyfriend, friend,  
 But I can't, nor is it fitting.  
 But you want to talk with me?

Then let's talk about my boy.

(Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 5 = Johan Vaasquiz de Talaveira 7)

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 6

Friend, now I want to ask you about  
My boyfriend who went away from here  
Very angry, and I never saw him again;  
If he already knows that another loves me,  
By God, friend, you know the sorrow  
That he feels today is due to that alone.

Friend, it pains me in my heart  
Because he knows, 'cause I'm really afraid  
To lose him; and go tell him  
That he not be upset, 'cause that won't ever bring  
Him harm, and as soon as he knows this,  
I know he'll be here with me right away.

And tell him that I have no power,  
If he\* loves me a lot, to stop  
Him from loving me, 'cause I know no girl  
Who can stop that by another means  
Except for this, which is just what I'll do:  
Not do anything that anyone could blame.

And once I see my friend I know  
That he'll never hear anything else from me.

\* "He" here and "him" in the next verse refer to the other boy mentioned in v. 4.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 7

Now I'd like to learn  
A new *cantar d'amigo*  
My boyfriend made just now  
And I think I'll understand  
In the song he says he made  
For me, if it's made for me.

He's made a new *cantar d'amigo*  
And if someone will sing if for me  
Correctly, just like he made it,  
I think I'll understand quite well  
In the song he says he made  
For me, if it's made for me.

The song is being sung a lot  
 Though I don't know the words\*  
 But when they've sung it for me  
 I think that I'll understand  
 In the song he says he made  
 For me, if it's made for me.

\* Literally, "know it", that is, "know how it goes".

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 8

—Friend, I saw your boyfriend talk  
 Today with another girl, though I don't know  
 What they talked about, so help me God,  
 Nor if they talked with good intent or ill.  
 —Friend, let him talk with whomever he likes  
 As long as I mean what I mean to him now,

Because I have him so within my power  
 That all the girls there are in the world  
 Can try to give him pleasure now  
 For nothing but death will take him from me.  
 —Friend, I am afraid you'll end up feeling  
 Pain from that, 'cause I've seen girls act that way,

And so you'll act, since with the love you feel  
 You are so confident in his affairs  
 That you may just wind up getting worse  
 Than you are thinking, and I'm telling you.  
 —No, friend, 'cause he loves me very much  
 And I know what I have in him and he

In me, 'cause they will never split us up  
 Unless by death they can tear us apart,  
 And since I know this, without a doubt,  
 I bid him talk with every girl he sees.  
 —With all this confidence, my friend, I fear  
 You'll end up losing your boyfriend, 'cause I know

In good faith, other ladies who have  
 Talked of how they'll take him away from you.

—No, friend, for the power is not  
 His or theirs but mine, in good faith.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 9

—By God, friend, can you find out  
 How I can send a message  
 To my boy, because he cannot  
 Talk with me, and is dying of pain;  
 And I tell you, if he dies like that,  
 That I won't live a moment longer

—Friend, I know well that my boy  
 Couldn't find a trick to talk with me,  
 So I found a trick and made him make  
 A very fine song for another lady  
 And once he sang that lady a song  
 Whenever he liked, he always talked with me.

—My boyfriend is not a *trobador*  
 But so great is the love he feels for me  
 That he will choose another girl to woo  
 And will sing for her, once I tell him to;  
 But, friend, through whom will he find out  
 That I tell him to do it? Who will tell him?

—I will let him know, friend,  
 That as soon as he makes a song  
 For another lady, and is known as hers,  
 That he'll talk with you whenever he likes,  
 But he will have to make it truly  
 Believable, and you cannot get jealous.

—Friend, jealousy is the cause of all  
 My pain, but I won't ever get jealous.

—You'd better not, 'cause they'll understand  
 If you get jealous, and place you under guard.

#### Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 10

I know, ladies, that no other man  
 Loves a lady as much as my boyfriend  
 Loves me, for because I told him  
 "You will never see me ever again"  
 He fainted right away because of that  
 And was about to die for me on the spot.

Because I told him that he could not  
 See me, he wanted to die because of that  
 And I went there and found him lying  
 Without the power of speech, and I was sorry,  
 And talked to him, and then he recognized me  
 And said, "Did I hear a lady speaking?"

I said, "You heard", to heal him quickly,  
 And he was healed, but any girl who says  
 That any man loves another woman so much  
 Will be lying, 'cause he's already tried  
 All the girls he saw, and found them all  
 Lacking in love, and so he let them go.

And I can certainly swear to you  
 That no man alive knows how to love  
 Correctly, for just to put me to the test,  
 Others came and tried to woo me too,  
 To see if they just might win out,  
 But they could not get anything from me.

But the one who loves me so deeply  
 From the heart— by God, it would be bad if I  
 Didn't heal him, since he wished to die for me.

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 11

—Tell me, mother, why did you put me  
 In such a prison, and what did you deprive me  
 Of being able to see my boyfriend?  
 —Because, daughter, since you met him  
 He's done nothing but try to steal you from me,

And I know, daughter, that he's tricking you  
 With his songs, that aren't worth anything,  
 Which anyone at all could take apart.  
 —That's not what they say, mother, in every place—  
 Those who really can understand song.

Take me, mother, out of these walls  
 And I'll see my friend and you will see  
 That then I'll put myself in your power  
 —<By God, daughter, don't ask me that> \*  
 Or even bring the question up with me,

'Cause I know well what deal he wants to strike,  
 And you, daughter, are of such a lineage  
 That he might just as well have been your slave!  
 —Do you think, mother, that he's so smart  
 That he could pull that off with me?

Take me, mother, out of this prison  
 'Cause you have nothing at all to fear.

—Daughter, I know your hearts too well,

And I won't wait for problems to arise.

\* The verse is missing, but the sense it must have had is clear (it might also have read, "I order you, daughter, not to ask me that").

Pedr' Amigo de Sevilha 12 *pastorela*

When I went one day to Compostela  
 In pilgrimage, I saw a shepherdess,  
 And since I was born I've never seen lovelier,  
 Nor seen one who could talk any better,  
 And I asked her right away for her love  
 And I made for her this *pastorela*.

I said at once, "Oh lovely lass,  
 Do you want me for your paramour?  
 'Cause I'll give you fine headscarves from Estela  
 And fine belts from Rocamador  
 And other gifts that you will like,  
 And beautiful cloth for a gown".

And she said, "I wouldn't want you  
 For my paramour, since I've never seen you  
 Except for now, nor would I take from you  
 Gifts that I know are not for me;  
 Because I think, if I took them like that,  
 That there's someone in the world who would be hurt,

And if the other came, what would I tell her  
 If she said that, «Because of you I lost  
 My boyfriend and the gifts that he was bringing!»?  
 I don't know what I could say to her then;  
 If it weren't for this, which makes me afraid,  
 I'm not saying that I wouldn't do it".

I said, "Shepherdess, you reason well,  
 Yet believe, and please don't be upset,  
 That there's no woman in the world today,  
 If not you, that I could really love,  
 And so I've come to you to ask  
 That I be your man from now on".

And she said, being well-bred,  
 "I want to take you as my paramour,  
 And once the pilgrimage is over,  
 Here, where I am from, in Sar,  
 I think, if you want to take me along,  
 I'll go with you, and with you I'll be happy.

## Johan Baveca 1

Friend, they say my boyfriend feels  
 Such sorrow for me that he can't  
 Possibly live for one more day  
 If I don't help, and you see how it is:  
 If he dies for me, I come out badly;  
 If I do him any favor, just as badly.

He's so sad, as I have learned,  
 That now nothing can save him  
 From death, if I don't do him a favor,  
 But now look how it stands with me:  
 If he dies for me, I come out badly;  
 If I do him any favor, just as badly.

They say he's so sad because of me  
 That all the things there are in the world  
 Cannot give him life, if I do not;  
 And now this business stands likes this:  
 If he dies for me, I come out badly;  
 If I do him any favor, just as badly.

## Johan Baveca 2

—By God, friend, I must ask you  
 About your friend who loves you so much  
 If he ever earned a favor from you;  
 Tell me and I'll be very grateful.  
 —By God, friend, I will tell you:  
 He served me a lot, and since I wouldn't do him  
 A favor, he went and wooed another woman.

—Friend, you didn't do right  
 To lose your friend like that;  
 When he loved you more than himself  
 Why didn't you do him a favor then?  
 —I will tell you, friend, why not:  
 He served me a lot, and since I wouldn't do him  
 A favor, he went and wooed another woman.

—You see, friend, what I think is this:  
 That, since God wants to give you a boyfriend  
 Who loves you and desires you a lot  
 You should do him favors, not disfavor.  
 —Friend, I couldn't do anything else:  
 He served me a lot, and since I wouldn't do him  
 A favor, he went and wooed another woman.



## Johan Baveca 3

—Oh friend, today your boy friend talked  
 With me and I saw him so sad  
 Because of you that I've never seen another  
 So sad, 'cause he'll die if you don't help.  
 —Friend, when I think it makes good sense  
 I'll help him, but don't be amazed  
 That my boy is sad because of me.

—In good faith, friend, I'm telling you  
 That while he was talking about you with me  
 He fainted, and surely if this goes on  
 He'll die, if you don't have mercy on him.  
 —Yes, I will, oh friend, some time,  
 But you shouldn't think it amazing  
 That my boy is sad because of me.

—Friend, he feels such great love-sorrow  
 That he no longer sleeps by night or day  
 Thinking about you, and by Santa Maria  
 Nothing but your favors can heal him now.  
 —Friend, I'll heal him as best I can,  
 But it really shouldn't amaze you  
 That my boy is sad because of me.

## Johan Baveca 4

Friend, I know that for a long time  
 You always composed love songs for me  
 And now I see that they fault you for that,  
 But may God never take my side  
 If from now on I don't give you  
 Reason to make *cantigas d'amigo*!

And since they think it's better for you  
 To boast about someone who never did  
 You a favor, not once since she was born,  
 So from now on I'm telling you, <I swear>,  
 That I mean to give you a passionate  
 Reason to make *cantigas d'amigo*!\*

And God knows that I wasn't thinking  
 To do any of this to you at all,  
 But since they think to keep you from singing,  
 Now I'll see what power they have,  
 'Cause I'll do you such favors that you'll find  
 Reason to make *cantigas d'amigo*!

\* *razon d'amor*, translated as “passionate reason”, seems here to mean both “an amorous argument” (in the sense of the “argument” of a poem) and “an amorous reason”, i.e. a reason based on love.

### Johan Baveca 5

I am upset, friend, to tell the truth,  
By the news I've heard about myself  
And my boy, and I'll tell you what it is:  
It is said they've figured out the great love  
That he feels for me, and if it's true  
It'll be amazing if it turns out well.

And I'm telling you that since I heard  
This news I've been sad all the time  
'Cause I understand and see and know  
The harm that will come to us from this  
Once they figure it out, 'cause it's certain  
That I will die for him and he for me.

'Cause once they know, he'll be forbidden  
Forever to come to a place where he can  
See me, so well guarded will I be;  
You see he'll die because of this,  
Since you know that I cannot  
Live without him, in good faith.

But may God, who knows the great love he feels  
For me, and I for him, since there is need,  
Guard us from ill, if He sees that it's right.

### Johan Baveca 6

—Daughter, I'd really like to know  
Something about your friend and you:  
How it's going, or how it's turning out.  
—Mother, I want to tell you that:  
I love him and he loves me  
And there's nothing else, I'm telling you.

—Daughter, I don't know if there's nothing else  
Or not, but I see you always talking with him  
And I see you crying and I see him cry.  
—Mother, that is all I can say:  
I love him and he loves me  
And there's nothing else, I'm telling you.

—If you hide it from me, daughter, I'll be upset,  
'Cause if there's anything else, no matter what,

We'll need another plan for that.  
 —I've already told you, mother, what's up:  
 I love him and he loves me  
 And there's nothing else, I'm telling you.

Johan Baveca 7

Your pledge, friend, means nothing,  
 'Cause you always ought to do  
 Whatever I want and nothing else,  
 And yet, though I beg, or treat you well or ill,  
 I can't keep you from leaving this time.

I'll never believe you ever again  
 Because you had to do for me  
 Whatever I bid you, and yet you break your word,  
 And though I do everything I can,  
 I can't keep you from leaving this time.

Even if we didn't have the pact we have,  
 In return for <the favors> you needed so much  
 You should have done anything for me,  
 And yet though I've asked you a thousand times  
 I can't keep you from leaving this time.

Johan Baveca 8

Friend, I understand that you could not  
 Live somewhere else and you have come  
 To my mercy, and it does you no good,  
 Because you made me so angry  
 That I swore I would never grant you a favor.

Now I wish that I hadn't sworn,  
 I see you come back so sadly  
 To my mercy, but what good does it do?  
 Because when you left without my bidding  
 I swore I'd never grant you any favor.

You are forever banished from my sight  
 And it does you no good to have come  
 To my mercy, and that causes me great pain,  
 Because I swore, as soon as you were gone,  
 That I would never again grant you a favor.

Johan Baveca 9

—Friend, what are you thinking to do  
 About the mighty oaths I heard you swear  
 That you'd never forgive your boy  
 'Cause I'll tell you how he looked to me:  
 Without your favors, believe me,  
 Nothing can save him from death.

—All that, friend, just may be,  
 But I will try to get back at him  
 For what he did to me, and if you're upset,  
 Then don't do the same thing to your boy,  
 'Cause you saw how much I forbade him  
 To leave, and he wouldn't believe me.

—By God, friend, such senseless revenge  
 Is something, God willing, that you won't do,  
 If I can help it, nor do you need  
 To do it, 'cause you see how it stands:  
 If your boyfriend dies, he'll die  
 Because of the good he did you, nothing else.

—Friend, I can't think that what he did  
 Is good, and whoever thinks it is  
 Good, may she get that from the boy she loves,  
 But, except for death, no harm can come to him,  
 In good faith, that I wouldn't like,  
 Although I wouldn't like for him to die.

Johan Baveca 10

Friend, you don't want to pay heed  
 To anything, except what you want,  
 And you don't heed the time or place  
 That you come to talk with me,  
 But please, friend, do not make  
 Me and you die from your mistake.

'Cause the other day you arrived here  
 At such a time that I was so afraid  
 That, not even to be lord of the world  
 Would I have wanted for you to come,  
 But please, friend, do not make  
 Me and you die from your mistake.

And whoever loves a woman with all his heart,  
 To my thinking, tries to hide it  
 And heeds the time and place for going  
 Where she is, but this doesn't happen with you,  
 But please, friend, do not make

Me and you die from your mistake.

You don't heed what's well or ill  
 Nor what will happen to us for this,  
 Just that you get what you want and *now*,  
 But in this case there's need of something else,  
 But please, friend, do not make  
 Me and you die from your mistake.

Johan Baveca 11

Mother, the one I know loves me a lot  
 And who always did what I told him to do  
 And I never gave him a reward for that—  
 Mother, he's coming, and he's going to die  
 Of love for me and, if you please,  
 You tell me what to do about this.

Because he can't be well unless I help,  
 'Cause I love him and he, since he saw me,  
 Has served me as well as he knew how,  
 But since I can help him in this suffering,  
 Awful as death, so help you God,  
 You tell me what to do about this.

Because if he dies, mother, in good faith,  
 It will cause me as great a pain  
 As can be, 'cause he's served me well  
 Everywhere with all his power,  
 And since you see how this is,  
 You tell me what to do about this.

Johan Baveca 12

Now, friend, I'll see what my boy  
 Will do, who didn't want to believe  
 What I told him, and went and lost me,  
 'Cause they already guard me from him so much,  
 That I have no power to do a favor  
 For him, but this he brought upon himself.

He always wanted to fulfill his heart's desire  
 And handled himself in such a way  
 That everyone could find us out,  
 And so there are so many guards  
 That I have no power to do a favor  
 For him, but this he brought upon himself.

And even though I wanted from now on  
 To love him as much as I can love,  
 Since I can't, I won't give him pleasure,  
 And I'm telling you that they guard me so  
 That I have no power to do a favor  
 For him, but this he brought upon himself.

And you see: this is what happens to a boy  
 Who cannot handle such a thing with care.

Johan Baveca 13

Friend, you didn't know how to conceal  
 What we did, and so you've lost  
 Me, and I've lost you, and whoever sees us  
 Should guard against that, if he loves a woman,  
 And take the happiness God wants to give him  
 And forget the rest, and spend his time that way.

Because you wanted to have that favor  
 From me that I couldn't do for you  
 Without hurting myself, and so you lost  
 All the love I used to make to you,  
 And that's how a person acts who doesn't know  
 How to take the happiness God gives him.

And you know well for how long  
 I've been afraid, friend, because of this  
 Problem we're in, and since you could not  
 Put up with the good, now put up with the bad,  
 'Cause though I wanted to do something else,  
 I have devilish little power to do it.\*

\* *O demo lev' o poder que end' ei*: Literally, this means: "the devil take the power I have to do it"—roughly equivalent to "I have precious little ability to do it".

Pero d' Ambroa 1

Oh my friend, although you go around  
 Always swearing that you don't love me,  
 In front of the ladies, when you see them,  
 They understand that you're forsworn  
 And that you love me as much  
 As they love those whom they love well.

And though you go swearing in front of them  
 That you don't do all that I tell you,  
 The more you go on talking about me  
 The better they understand that you are lying

And that you love me as much  
As they love those whom they love well.

So keep on being as quarrelsome  
As you want to, all the time,  
'Cause they understand your song of mastery\*  
Was really made for me  
And that you love me as much  
As they love those whom they love well.

\* *A cantiga de maestría* is a “song of mastery”—one without refrain and usually with a more complex strophic design than the average *cantiga de refrán* (song with a refrain). This text is an example, on a modest scale.

#### Pae Calvo 1

My boyfriend left, mother, and I don't see him,  
And he lives in sorrow, I die with desire.  
My boyfriend is doing me wrong right now  
By living elsewhere so long when I don't want him to.

He went away stubbornly, to take revenge on me;  
He should remember how much he wrongs me.  
My boyfriend is doing me wrong right now  
By living elsewhere so long when I don't want him to.

Without doubt, he was certainly lying to me,  
'Cause he went in anger, but, so help me God,  
My boyfriend is doing me wrong right now  
By living elsewhere so long when I don't want him to.

He wouldn't pay heed to what would become of me  
'Cause all the time he tarries there will be too bad for him!\*

My boyfriend is doing me wrong right now  
By living elsewhere so long when I don't want him to.

\* *é por seu mal dia* = “is to his harm”, that is, “will add to his unluckiness”. The girl is threatening to take revenge.

#### Pae Calvo 2

Oh mother, the one I loved  
Went away from here now;  
I'll be longing for him.

My liar left here now  
And won't sent a message;  
I'll be longing for him.

He hasn't sent a message—  
 Let God try to find him!  
 I'll be longing for him.

Since he sends me no message  
 Let Santa Maria find him out!  
 I'll be longing for him.

#### Martin Padrozelos 1

Pretty me, as long as I live  
 I'll never again believe in love,  
 Since the one that I loved lied  
 I'll never again believe in love  
 Since the one that I loved lied.

And since he went and lied to me at will  
 From now on I want to leave love,  
 Since the one that I loved lied  
 I'll never again believe in love  
 Since the one that I loved lied.

And so I'll tell you what I'll do to him:  
 I don't ever want love's joy or its pain,  
 Since the one that I loved lied  
 I'll never again believe in love  
 Since the one that I loved lied.

#### Martin Padrozelos 2

It's been a long time, my friend,  
 Since you went away from me  
 In Valongo, and didn't see me again  
 Nor did I ever again have  
 Pleasure in anything,  
 But never was a boy  
 So desired by a friend.

Nor will any woman  
 who speaks true ever tell you,  
 Nor can you ever find out  
 From somebody else, if it please God,  
 Or if I have any truth in me,  
 That you ever saw a friend  
 So desired by a woman.

Although you had a girl  
 Whom you really loved,



Still, come back to me,  
 If you find anyone who says  
 Anything other than I say  
 That they never saw a boy  
 So desired by a girl.

Martin Padrozelos 3

—Friend I had a complaint  
 About you, and I want to end it,  
 Since you've come into my power.  
 —Oh my lady and my light,  
 If you have a complaint about me,  
 By God, may you resolve it!

—I had such a complaint about you  
 That I swore in San Salvador  
 That I'd never grant you love.  
 —Oh my very lovely lady,  
 If you have a complaint about me,  
 By God, may you resolve it!

—Friend, you are in my power  
 If I want to get back at you,  
 But I want to forgive you.  
 —Oh lady, I ask you something else:  
 If you have a complaint about me,  
 By God, may you resolve it!

Poor me, what a bad day I was born,  
 Lady, if I deserved that of you!

Martin Padrozelos 4

Mother, my friend sent you word  
 Today, to say he'd like to see you  
 If he dared, and by Santa Maria,  
 If you talk with me about it beforehand,  
 If he sees you or me with my consent  
 May I suffer the wrath of San Salvador

Of Valongo, although you suspect  
 That I'm very much in love with him,  
 I never loved him, since I was born,  
 And so if you believe it, worthy mother,  
 If he sees you or me with my consent,  
 May I suffer the wrath of San Salvador

Of Valongo, 'cause he went away from here  
 Without my bidding, and didn't want to see me,  
 And now he sends you the offer of a deal:  
 That he see you, so that he can see me;  
 If he sees you or me with my consent,  
 May I suffer the wrath of San Salvador

And I know well that he's not so brash  
 That he'd try to see you against your will.

Martin Padrozelos 5

Oh my friend, I am  
 Sad because I don't see you,  
 And since I desire you so much  
 I was born on a grave day  
 If, my friend, I don't soon bring  
 Pleasure to you in word and deed.

Since I won the prize  
 For beauty in Valongo,  
 If now I stay away from you  
 On a grave day I was born  
 If, my friend, I don't soon bring  
 Pleasure to you in word and deed.

For all the times that I have  
 Brought you pain since I loved you,  
 I will bring you pleasure  
 One time, and may God not protect me  
 If, my friend, I don't soon bring  
 Pleasure to you in word and deed.

Martin Padrozelos 6

By God, don't be upset,  
 My mother and my lady,  
 If I go to San Salvador  
 'Cause if today three pretty  
 Girls go there, I will be  
 The winner, well I know.

Today I want to go there  
 To make a prayer  
 And, to tell the truth,  
 If today two pretty  
 Girls go there, I will be  
 The winner, well I know.

My friend is there, oh  
 Mother, and I'll go to see him  
 To bring him pleasure;  
 If today one pretty  
 Girl goes there, I will be  
 The winner, well I know.

Martin Padrozelos 7

Friend, I am thinking  
 About my boy, why he doesn't  
 Come, and this heart of mine  
 Is bursting, and my eyes are crying,  
 Because nothing can save me  
 From death, if he doesn't come soon.

And I am amazed  
 That he's tarrying so long—  
 If he's alive and knows, in good faith,  
 That I am now so sad,  
 Because nothing can save me  
 From death, if he doesn't come soon.

Martin Padrozelos 8

You went away from here, my friend,  
 Without my bidding, and didn't want to talk  
 With me at all, but today when I arrived,  
 If it were not for the pity I felt  
 That I saw you, may I never have joy  
 From God nor from the place my joy comes from.

'Cause you went without my bidding and I know  
 That it grieved me deeply in my heart,  
 And, my friend, may God not forgive me,  
 If it were not for the pity I feel  
 That I saw you, may I never have joy  
 From God nor from the place my joy comes from.

San Salvador knows that's how it is,  
 Because you left here much against my will,  
 And when you came to see me today  
 If it weren't for pity, in good faith,  
 That I saw you, may I never have joy  
 From God nor from the place my joy comes from.

## Martin Padrozelos 9

Today, oh my friend, go happy to San Salvador  
 And I'll go happy with you, and once I go with you,  
 I'll go happily, friend, and you'll go happy with me.

Although I am guarded, still I mean to go  
 With you, oh my friend, if the guard doesn't see me  
 I'll go happily, friend, and you'll go happy with me.

Although I am guarded, I'll still go  
 With you, oh my friend, if I can slip the guard  
 I'll go happily, friend, and you'll go happy with me.

## Lopo 1

Since, my friend, you want  
 To live in the house of the king,  
 Do what I tell you to,  
 So may Our Lord help you!  
 Take pity on the pain  
 That I feel for you alone.

## Lopo 2

To my harm the king has gone  
 From sea to sea, so help me God,  
 'Cause he took my heart with him  
 And all the joy I have in the world;  
 If the king hadn't taken him along  
 I believe he would have stayed with me.

My friend and my light and my joy  
 Shouldn't have gone away from me like that  
 But should have come to take his leave of me,  
 And look now what I think:  
 If the king hadn't taken him along  
 I believe he would have stayed with me.

Since my boyfriend is with the king  
 My sorrow is as great as it can be—  
 It already seems to me equal to death,  
 I'm telling you this now, in good faith,  
 If the king hadn't taken him along  
 I believe he would have stayed with me.

## Lopo 3

Now I am a sad lovely girl  
 Because my boyfriend left  
 In anger, I'm telling you,  
 But I am a traitor  
 If he left to his benefit  
 'Cause I know it will bring him harm.

And I'm really swearing, mother,  
 Since he left the other day  
 Angry and didn't tell me,  
 I was not the daughter of my father  
 If he left to his benefit  
 'Cause I know it will bring him harm.

Since I have a complaint about him  
 And I was beaten by you  
 Because of him, my lovely mother,  
 May I not finish this scarf\*  
 If he left to his benefit  
 'Cause I know it will bring him harm.

\* *soqueixo*: apparently a scarf that covered part of the lower face.

#### Lopo 4

Because my boy went away  
 Against my will to live elsewhere  
 And left though I didn't like it,  
 He will no longer talk with me  
 About anything that he sees  
 Of all that he desires of me.

Because it hurt me that he left  
 And he left though I didn't like it,  
 This is what I think to do to him,  
 'Cause I know he won't get out a word\*  
 About anything that he sees  
 Of all that he desires of me.

\* *que non pod' acabar* appears to mean "that he won't be able to complete a phrase" (see v. 4); but it could also refer to not being able to succeed in getting any kind of favor from the girl.

#### Lopo 5

—Daughter, bless you, please  
 Tell me what is wrong.  
 —Love gives me no rest.

—Daughter, so may you have joy,  
Tell me, and don't lie.  
—Love gives me no rest.

—Tell me, since I bid you,  
Why you go around crying.  
—Love gives me no rest.

By San Leuter I'll tell you:  
Thinking about my boyfriend.  
Love gives me no rest.

#### Lopo 6

By God, I beg you, mother, to tell me  
Why I did to you, that you should guard me  
From going to San Leuter to talk with my boy.

Do the worst that you can to me now,  
'Cause you won't guard me, even though you'd like,  
From going to San Leuter to talk with my boy.

I never did anything that I shouldn't have done,  
And you guard me so much that I am prevented\*  
From going to San Leuter to talk with my boy.

\* Literally, "am unable / to go".

#### Lopo 7

They told me just now about my boy  
That he went away angry and against my will.  
And why did my boy get angry now?

San Leuter knows—I've prayed to him—  
That I didn't deserve it, though he's angry with me.  
And why did my boy get angry now?

I never deserved it of him, since I was born,  
Mother, and one day I was beaten\* because of him.  
And why did my boy get angry now?

\* *mal julgada* is here equivalent to *maltreita* or *ferida* ("beaten").

#### Lopo 8

The one who loves me, mother, got angry  
With me for no reason and went away from here,

And if I knew, mother, that he was angry with me  
And I would make him unangry.

San Leuter knows—I prayed to him—  
That I didn't deserve it, though he's angry with me,  
And if I knew, mother, that he was angry with me  
And I would make him unangry.

He got angry and went away against my will,  
And when they told me that, I couldn't believe it,  
And if I knew, mother, that he was angry with me  
And I would make him unangry.

#### Galisteu Fernandiz 1

Your boyfriend went away from here today  
Very sad, friend, so may joy come to me,  
'Cause he didn't dare to talk with you at all,  
And he's sending me to ask you this:  
To help him overcome the fear and trembling,  
Friend, and then he can talk with you better.

Your boyfriend cannot overcome  
The fear, friend, except like that—  
If you forgive him from the heart—  
And so he's sent me to ask you and say:  
To help him overcome the fear and trembling,  
Friend, and then he can talk with you better.

When he left he was really crying  
His eyes out, friend, so may joy come to me,  
'Cause he didn't dare to talk with you at all,  
And he's sent me to ask you this, by God:  
To help him overcome the fear and trembling,  
Friend, and then he can talk with you better.

#### Galisteu Fernandiz 2

I know my boyfriend went away from here  
Sad, friends, 'cause he didn't see me first,  
And never again after that did he sleep at all  
Nor did I, friends, since I haven't seen him:  
I couldn't ever sleep, in good faith,  
Since he left, 'cause I don't know

What's with him, friends, and now I'll be  
Dead because I can't find out  
Nor can anyone tell me today  
What's become of him, and I'll tell you more:

I couldn't ever sleep, in good faith,  
 Since he left, 'cause I don't know

What's with him, friends, and so I go around  
 So sad that I don't know what to do,  
 Nor can anyone give me a message—  
 If he'll come soon—and I'll tell you this:  
 I couldn't ever sleep, in good faith,  
 Since he left, 'cause I don't know

What's with him friends, and if he's sad  
 For me, as I for him, in good faith.

### Galisteu Fernandiz 3

—By God, friend, what can have happened  
 To your friend, who's dying of love  
 And takes so great a pleasure in dying  
 Since he can't find happiness in you?  
 —And will not find, as long as I live,  
 'Cause I already told him to leave off that,  
 And if he feels sorrow, to suffer it well.

—I don't think, friend, that it does you any good  
 For your boyfriend to die like that right now,  
 Rather I think that you'll lose him like that  
 If perchance he can't have joy with you.  
 —By God, friend, he will never have,  
 'Cause I already told him to leave off that,  
 And if he feels sorrow, to suffer it well.

—You're really an unreasonable woman  
 If he truly cannot have your love  
 And I know well that they'll hold it against you,  
 Friend, if he can't earn your favors.  
 —Never, God willing, can he earn them,  
 'Cause I already told him to leave off that,  
 And if he feels sorrow, to suffer it well.

—By God, friend, he thinks it's all right  
 To suffer sorrow, and he wants to die.

—If he dies let him die, I don't care  
 If he dies like that—it's fine by me.

—If that is so, friend, then may whoever  
 Loves you be damned, since that's the deal you offer.



## Galisteu Fernandiz 4

They say about my friend that he caused me pain,  
 But now he has come, friends, to plead:  
 That he wanted to cause me as much pain  
 As he'd like to get from me in turn.

They told me, oh friends, that he tried to do me harm,  
 But now he has come to swear a mighty oath:  
 That he wanted to cause me as much pain  
 As he'd like to get from me in turn.

He heard the news and came back here to me,  
 Crying, oh friends, and swore an oath like this:  
 That he wanted to cause me as much pain  
 As he'd like to get from me in turn.

## Lourenço 1

—You want to go, friend,  
 But come back very soon.  
 —Oh my lady, I'm very afraid  
 Of tarrying, I'm telling you,  
 Because I'll never come back so soon  
 That it doesn't seem I've tarried a lot.

—Friend, I'm asking you right here  
 To come back very soon.  
 —Lady, why do you ask me?  
 Since I know it will be like that:  
 Because I'll never come back so soon  
 That it doesn't seem I've tarried a lot.

—Friend, it would be good for you  
 Nor to tarry, since you have to go.  
 —Lady, what good does it do to swear?  
 Because I'll never come back so soon  
 That it doesn't seem I've tarried a lot.

And lady, I will always think  
 I've tarried a lot, and what will I do?

—My friend, that I will tell you:  
 If that's how it is, I'll thank you.

## Lourenço 2

A girl helplessly in love

Was singing a love song  
 And she said, "Our Lord,  
 I wish I were so lucky  
 That my boy could hear  
 How I sing this song".

The girl was very pretty  
 And in her lovely voice  
 She chanted and sang:  
 "I wish Santa Maria granted  
 That my boy could hear  
 How I sing this song".

She sang right from the heart,  
 And very lovely was she,  
 And said, when she was singing:  
 "I beg God in prayer  
 That my boy could hear  
 How I sing this song".

### Lourenço 3

Three girls were singing of love,  
 Very pretty young lasses  
 Saddened by love-sorrow,  
 And one, who is my lady, sang:  
 "Friends, sing with me  
 the song of my boyfriend".

All three sang quite well,  
 Like girls in love,  
 Full of love-sorrow,  
 And the one who drives me crazy sang:  
 "Friends, sing with me  
 the song of my boyfriend".

What great pleasure I felt  
 To hear them singing then,  
 And it warmed my heart  
 When my lady sang:  
 "Friends, sing with me  
 the song of my boyfriend".

And if I could listen some more  
 How happy I would have been,  
 And how much it pleased me—  
 What my lady sang:  
 "Friends, sing with me  
 the song of my boyfriend".

## Lourenço 4

My friend is such a *trobador*  
 That no man has ever defended himself as well  
 When he's turned to song  
 As when he defends himself for my love  
 Against those who debate with him.

Although many come to take him on  
 He defends himself so well against them all  
 In his singing, in good faith,  
 That the *trobadores* never could  
 Beat him, he's such a *trobador*.

He's made many songs for me,  
 But what I thank him for most  
 Is how he defended himself  
 In the debates I heard of his:  
 He always won, for my love.

And this isn't just something *I* know  
 But something anybody says  
 Who has taken him on in song.

## Lourenço 5

Friend, since I saw my boy  
 He's dying for me and I go around  
 In love.

Since I first saw him and talked with him  
 He's dying for me and I have fallen  
 In love.

Since we saw each other, this is what happens:  
 He's dying for me and so I go around  
 In love.

Since we saw each other, look what he's doing:  
 He's dying for me, and I go around really  
 In love.

## Lourenço 6

So now my boyfriend would accept  
 From me what he thought so little of:

To talk with me; 'cause he was so mad  
 Over me that he wanted still more,  
 And now he'd accept, if I wanted,  
 Just to talk with me, and nothing else.

They tell me that he's so sad  
 Over me, since he hasn't talked with me,  
 That he can't sleep and he's lost his mind  
 And doesn't know if he's coming or going,  
 And now he would accept, if I wanted,  
 Just to talk with me, and nothing else.

For this is the man who kept on demanding more,  
 And so I didn't want him to talk with me ever,  
 And now he swears that he's gotten over  
 The madness with which he talked to me before,  
 And now he would accept, if I wanted,  
 Just to talk with me, and nothing else.

And now he swears that he'll never ask me  
 To do anything for him that would be bad for me.

So long as he can talk with me  
 There's no deal that he won't make.

\* *e nunca lh' al fezesse* literally means: "even though I would never do anything else for him".

#### Lourenço 7

Friend, now I want to consider  
 If I seem happier, for one reason:  
 Because they say my boy is coming  
 But to whoever sees me I want to appear  
 Sad, when I learn he's coming,  
 But my heart will be happy.

I'll want to go around sad to show him  
 That I don't like him, so help me God,  
 But what I feel in my heart is something else,  
 But to whoever sees me I want to seem  
 Sad, when I learn he's coming,  
 But my heart will be happy.

Although, friend, I've always been afraid  
 To go around sad when I feel great joy,  
 I'll have to do it to cover up,  
 And, despite myself, I must appear  
 Sad, when I learn he's coming,  
 But my heart will be happy.

## Golparro 1

Pretty me, I'm doing wrong not to go  
 To see my boyfriend, since he bid me to  
 Go with him to the little church  
 And say a prayer to San Treeçon.  
 I have a mind to go to San Treeçon.

And you shouldn't be guarding me, mother,  
 'Cause if I don't go I'll die of sorrow

...

'Cause when he was going, he told me this:  
 "I have a mind to go to San Treeçon".

## Johan de Cargas 1

In San Momedede, where you know  
 That you saw my boy,  
 | Today he was ~~He was supposed~~ to be with me,  
 Mother, by your faith,  
 Let me go to see him.

The one you saw that day  
 Going around sad for me—  
 Now his message has come,  
 Mother, by Santa Maria,  
 Let me go to see him.

Since he's been so unlucky  
 That he's felt such great pain  
 For me, and it does him no good,  
 Mother, for pity's sake,  
 Let me go to see him.

I'll be sad for him  
 Since he's sad for me;  
 So may God bless you,  
 My lucky mother,  
 Let me go to see him.

## Johan de Cargas 2

I went, mother, to San Momedede, where I thought  
 My boyfriend would come, and he didn't go there  
 And so I left there a sad and pretty girl  
 And I said just what I'll say to you now:

“Since he doesn’t come, I know something:  
I’ve lost him, ’cause I never did him a favor”.

When I went to San Momedo and didn’t see  
My boyfriend, with whom I’d wanted to talk  
At my ease on the shore of the sea,  
I sighed deep in my heart and then said this:  
“Since he doesn’t come, I know something:  
I’ve lost him, ’cause I never did him a favor”.

After I’d gone to the chapel and said a prayer  
And didn’t see the one who loved me so much,  
A great sorrow overtook me with great pain  
And then I spoke like this at once:  
Since he doesn’t come, I know something:  
I’ve lost him, ’cause I never did him a favor.

### Johan de Cangas 3

Friend, if you really love me a lot,  
Go to San Momedo and you can see me.  
Friend, don’t break your word to me today.

Since you can’t say anything to me here,  
Go where you can have pleasure with me.  
Friend, don’t break your word to me today.

I’ll be with you in San Momedo of the Sea  
In the chapel, if God guides me there.  
Friend, don’t break your word to me today.

### Martin de Giinzo 1

How sad I am, mother, for my friend  
’Cause he sent a message that he’s going to war  
And I am sad for him.

How sad I am, mother, for my boy  
Who sent me a message that he’s going to fight.  
And I am sad for him.

’Cause he sent me a message that he’s going to war,  
And with all my heart I say it to Santa Cecilia,  
And I am sad for him.

’Cause he sent me a message that he’s going to fight,  
And with all my heart I tell it to Santa Cecilia,

And I am sad for him.

Martin de Giinzo 2

Mother, if you please, this very day  
 I'll go now to make a prayer  
 And cry a lot in Santa Cecilia—  
 From the heart—with these eyes of mine,  
 'Cause I'm dying, mother, for my boy  
 And he's dying just to talk with me.

Mother, if you please, this way  
 I'll go there to light my candles—  
 Wearing my mantle and my skirt\*—  
 For Santa Cecilia, before her altar,  
 'Cause I'm dying, mother, for my boy  
 And he's dying just to talk with me.

Mother, if you let me go there  
 I'll tell you now what I'll do:  
 I'll always do my best to serve you,  
 And I'll come back happy from this trip,  
 'Cause I'm dying, mother, for my boy  
 And he's dying just to talk with me.

\* *camisa* was not really a skirt but a light shirt covering both the trunk and part of the legs.

Martin de Giinzo 3

Come, oh my mother, in pilgrimage  
 To pray where they call on Santa Cecilia,  
 And I will go lovely,  
 Because the one I love is already there,  
 And I will go lovely.

And come with me, mother, willingly,  
 Since my boy's sad because of me,  
 And I will go lovely,  
 Because the one I love is already there,  
 And I will go lovely.

To pray where they call on Santa Cecilia  
 Since he's brought me the one I desire,  
 And I will go lovely,  
 Because the one I love is already there,  
 And I will go lovely.

'Cause my boyfriend is sad for me,

And, since I won't do what he tells me to do...  
 And I will go lovely,  
 Because the one I love is already there,  
 And I will go lovely.

Martin de Giinzo 4

Mother, I cannot go to San Cecilia  
 Since you guard me night and day  
 From my friend.

Mother, I cannot have any pleasure  
 Since you won't let me follow the orders  
 From my friend.

Since you guard me night and day,  
 I'll die of this stubbornness—  
 For my friend.

Since you won't let me follow his orders  
 I will die of this suffering  
 For my friend.

I will die of this stubbornness,  
 And, if you let me go, I'd recover  
 With my friend.

I will die of this suffering  
 And if you let me, I'll go gladly  
 With my friend.

Martin de Giinzo 5

Oh powers of Santa Cecilia  
 How angry he left one day—  
 My boyfriend, and he feels like he's dead  
 And if he get's angry, he's hardly wrong—  
 My boyfriend, and he feels like he's dead.

Oh powers of the holy chapel,  
 With what sorrow he made this trip—  
 My boyfriend, and he feels like he's dead  
 And if he get's angry, he's hardly wrong—  
 My boyfriend, and he feels like he's dead.

Martin de Giinzo 6



Don't speak ill of me, mother, and I'll go  
 To see the faithless boy with whom I fell in love  
 In the chapel of Soveral  
 Where he so often made me sad  
 In the chapel of Soveral.

Don't speak ill of me, mother, if I go  
 To see the faithless boy who lied to me  
 In the chapel of Soveral  
 Where he so often made me sad  
 In the chapel of Soveral.

If he doesn't come, mother, I know what I'll do:  
 He'll prove faithless, and I'll just die  
 In the chapel of Soveral  
 Where he so often made me sad  
 In the chapel of Soveral.

I pray to Santa Cecilia and to Our Lord  
 That I find there, mother, my traitor-boy  
 In the chapel of Soveral  
 Where he so often made me sad  
 In the chapel of Soveral.

Martin de Giinzo 7

I never saw a better or a holier shrine,  
 Because the boy who boasts and sings about me—  
 They say his suffering is always growing  
 Because of me. Thanks to you, God!  
 And they say the liar  
 Is sad for me!

Martin de Giinzo 8

The very pretty girl  
 Said to play the tamborine.\*  
 "Lovely girl, I'm dying of love"

The very lovely girl  
 Said to beat the tamborine.  
 "Lovely girl, I'm dying of love"

Said to play the tamborine.  
 Love gives her no rest.  
 "Lovely girl, I'm dying of love"

Said to beat the tamborine.  
 Love gives her no repose.  
 "Lovely girl, I'm dying of love"

\* *aduffe*: a small hand held "frame-drum". "Tambourine" is not far off.

Martin Codax 1

Waves of the sea of Vigo  
Have you seen my boyfriend?  
Oh God, will he come soon?

Waves of the swollen sea,  
Have you seen my darling?  
Oh God, will he come soon?

Have you seen my boyfriend,  
Whom I am sighing for?  
Oh God, will he come soon?

Have you seen my darling,  
For whom I feel great sorrow?  
Oh God, will he come soon?

Martin Codax 2

Here I have a message  
That my boyfriend is coming,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

I have a message here  
That my darling is coming,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

...That my boyfriend is coming,  
and he's safe and sound,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

...That my darling is coming  
and he's sound and safe,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

'Cause he's safe and sound,  
And a friend of the king,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

That he's sound and safe  
And privy to the king,  
And I'll go, mother, to Vigo.

Martin Codax 3

Lovely sister, come with me  
To the church in Vigo where the sea is rough,  
And we will gaze at the waves.

Lovely sister, come willingly  
To the church in Vigo, where the sea is up,  
And we will gaze at the waves.

To the church in Vigo where the sea is rough,  
And my mother and my darling will come,  
And we will gaze at the waves.

To the church in Vigo, where the sea is up,  
And my mother and my boyfriend will come,  
And we will gaze at the waves.

Martin Codax 4

Oh God, if my friend knew now  
That I am all alone in Vigo!  
And I'm in love.

Oh Go, if my darling now knew  
How I'm in Vigo all alone,  
And I'm in love.

That I am all alone in Vigo,  
And don't have any guards with me,  
And I'm in love.

How I'm staying in Vigo all alone  
And haven't brought any guards along,  
And I'm in love.

And I don't have any guards with me,  
Except my eyes, which cry for me,  
And I'm in love.

And haven't brought any guards along,  
Except my eyes, which are both crying,  
And I'm in love.

Martin Codax 5

Whoever knows how to love a friend  
Come with me to the sea at Vigo

And we'll bathe in the waves.

Whoever knows how to love a boy  
Come with me to the swollen sea,  
And we'll bathe in the waves.

Come with me to the sea at Vigo  
And we will see my friend,  
And we'll bathe in the waves.

Come with me to the swollen sea,  
And we will see my boy,  
And we'll bathe in the waves.

Martin Codax 6

In the church in Vigo  
The lovely body was dancing.  
I'm in love.

In Vigo in the church  
The slender body was dancing.  
I'm in love.

The lovely body was dancing  
That had never had a boy.  
I'm in love.

The slender body was dancing  
That had never had a friend.  
I'm in love.

That had never had a boy  
Except in the church\* in Vigo.  
I'm in love.

That had never had a friend  
Except in Vigo, in the church.  
I'm in love.

\* Probably dancing would have taken place in the churchyard, not inside the church.

Martin Codax 7

Oh waves that I came to see,  
Can you possibly tell me  
Why my boyfriend tarries without me?

Oh waves I came to gaze at,  
 Can you possibly explain  
 Why my boyfriend tarries without me?

Airas Paez 1

I want to go to Santa Maria [de Reça], sister, so come with me  
 And my boyfriend will come gladly so that he can talk with me  
 I want to go to Santa Maria de Reça  
 Where I haven't been for a good long spell.

If I went there, sister, I know well that my boy would come there,  
 To see and talk with me, 'cause I didn't see him the other day.  
 I want to go to Santa Maria de Reça  
 Where I haven't been for a good long spell.

Airas Paez 2

To see my boy, who I haven't seen for so long a time,  
 Sister, come with me, 'cause they tell me that he's coming there  
 To Santa Maria de Reça.

Since I know he loves me and is coming there very sad,  
 Sister, come with me, 'cause I know he'll come there willingly  
 To Santa Maria de Reça.

To see my boy, who has felt great sorrow because of me,  
 Come with me, oh sister—'cause they tell me that he's arrived—  
 To Santa Maria de Reça.

Fernan de Lago 1

I'd really like to go to Santa Maria of the Lake  
 And yet I won't go there, if he doesn't go first—  
 Sister—my boy.

I'd be overjoyed to go to Santa Maria of the Lake  
 And yet I won't go there, if he doesn't come first—  
 Sister—my boy.

I would feel great pleasure in my heart  
 To go to Santa Maria, if I could find there—  
 Sister—my boy.

I swore the other day, when I went away from him,  
 That I wouldn't go to the chapel, if he didn't go there first—  
 Sister—my boy.

## Johan de Requeixo 1

Mother, I went on a pilgrimage to Faro with my boy  
 And I've come back in love with him, for what he said to me,  
 'Cause he swore that he was dying  
 For me, so much does he love me.

I've come back happy from the chapel and this time I'll be happy  
 Since I talked with my boy, whom I've always loved so much,  
 'Cause he swore that he was dying  
 For me, so much does he love me.

I've come back happy from where I was with him, so help me God,  
 And I won't ever break my word, because of what he told me then,  
 'Cause he swore that he was dying  
 For me, so much does he love me.

## Johan de Requeixo 2

I'll go to Faro one day, mother, if you please,  
 To ask if my boyfriend who loves me will come there,  
 And I'll tell him then  
 The sorrow in my heart.

Boy did I desire that my boyfriend come—  
 who gave me these sorrows—and that he talk with me,  
 And I'll tell him then  
 The sorrow in my heart.

If he just remembers how I fell in love  
 And comes quickly and I see him, lovely me,  
 I will tell him then  
 The sorrow in my heart.

## Johan de Requeixo 3

Daughter, since you really love  
 Your boy, I bid you to go see him,  
 But just do something for me  
 That I'll always be thankful for:  
 Don't let anyone know, no matter what,  
 That I bid you go where you can see him.

I bid you to go to Faro one day,  
 Lovely daughter, to say a prayer  
 Where your boy can talk with you

Like he used to; and so help you God,  
 Don't let anyone know, no matter what,  
 That I bid you go where you can see him.

And since you love him very much,  
 I'll tell you, daughter, what to do:  
 Go to Faro and you'll see him!  
 But, for the love you feel for me,  
 Don't let anyone know, no matter what,  
 That I bid you go where you can see him.

#### Johan de Requeixo 4

I want to wait for a message that my boyfriend sent  
 That he'll come in pilgrimage to Faro and be with me,  
 And so I think that he will come,  
 Not matter what another thinks,  
 I don't doubt that he will come.

I want to wait for him, mother, since he's sent me a message,  
 'Cause the messenger told me he's very sad because of me,  
 And so I think that he will come,  
 Not matter what another thinks,  
 I don't doubt that he will come.

I want to wait for him, mother, since he sends me a message,  
 That he'll come to see me in Faro, in Santa Maria,  
 And so I think that he will come,  
 Not matter what another thinks,  
 I don't doubt that he will come.

I don't think it possible that he won't come to me soon,  
 Nor that he can live very long where he can't see me,  
 And so I think that he will come,  
 Not matter what another thinks,  
 I don't doubt that he will come.

#### Johan de Requeixo 5

Friend, I wish someone could give me a message from my boyfriend,  
 And could really tell him to come to talk with me  
 There where he always wanted  
 To talk with me and couldn't.

If he heard my message, I know nothing that could keep him,  
 Friend, from coming willingly and very quickly,  
 There where he always wanted  
 To talk with me and couldn't.

I'll wait for him where he went with me the other time, pretty me,  
 Lovely and shapely in Faro, in the chapel,  
 There where he always wanted  
 To talk with me and couldn't.

Fernad' Esquio

So help me God, I saw your boyfriend,  
 Friend, complaining about you a lot,  
 About the great sorrows that you gave him  
 Since he saw you

To his harm, and chose you as his lady,  
 And, friend, you're sinning against him,  
 And he says that for him your love was death  
 Since he saw you

To his harm, and he complained about that,  
 'Cause he's dying and expects nothing from you  
 Except the sorrows that he suffers  
 Since he saw you.

Fernand' Esquio 2

Friend, I saw your boyfriend sad  
 And senseless, and I stopped him a moment  
 And asked him why, and I don't know  
 Anything more than what he told me then:  
 Since he saw a certain one, his lady,  
 Go away from where he was, he's felt  
 Great sorrows in his heart.

He was so sad that anyone that sees him  
 Can easily understand that he is sad,  
 And I asked him, but in good faith  
 I couldn't find out anything but this:  
 Since he saw the one that he loves  
 Go away from where he was, he thinks it right,  
 Until he sees her, never to feel joy.

I felt such pain at his sadness  
 That I went to him and asked him  
 What he was thinking of, but I didn't learn  
 A thing from him but what I heard him say:  
 Since he saw the one who gave him sorrow  
 Go away from where he was, he can't  
 Be happy in his heart, until he sees her.



And then he can get rid of his pain,  
When he sees who he saw leave come back again.

Fernand' Esquio 3

Let's go, sister, let's go sleep  
On the side of the lake where I saw  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

Let's go sister, let's go rest  
On the side of the lake where I saw  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

On the side of the lake where I saw,  
Shooting at birds, bow in hand,  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

On the side of the lake where I saw,  
Aiming at birds, bow in hand,  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

Shooting at birds, bow in hand,  
And those that were singing he let live—  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

Aiming at birds, bow in hand—  
And those that were singing he wouldn't kill—  
My boyfriend hunting birds.

Fernand' Esquio 4

—What did you get done, friend, there in Lugo where you wandered,  
Or who's that gorgeous girl that you fell in love with?  
—I'll tell you, lady, since you've asked me so kindly:  
The love that I took from Santiago to Lugo,  
It's that love that I brought and that I bring.

—What did you get done, friend, the other day when you tarried,  
Or who's that gorgeous girl that seemed to you so pretty?  
—I'll tell you, lady, since you're insisting:  
The love that I took from Santiago to Lugo,  
It's that love that I brought and that I bring.

—What did you get done, friend, there where you tarried,  
Or who's that gorgeous girl for whom you've fallen?  
—I'll tell you, lady, since you've asked me:  
The love that I took from Santiago to Lugo,

It's that love that I brought and that I bring.

Fernan Figueira de Lemos 1

My boyfriend says I should do him a favor  
 And I always tell him that I will,  
 That he should wait, and I'll arrange it for him,  
 And friend, I'll tell you what's happened to me:  
 I've already told him so many times to wait  
 That I can't tell him to wait anymore.

Rodrig' Eanes Redondo 1

Since the day, oh friend, that we took our leave of you,  
 Your boyfriend has come with us, and from what we've heard,  
 Friend, and from what we've seen—  
 Do you want me to tell you?  
 You've never seen such a loyal friend of a girl, friend.

When we left you were crying and we were crying with you  
 And he, much against his will, had to go with us then,  
 But from what I know of him  
 I'll always be on his side  
 Because while you were crying he never left off crying,

Just like you, and he cried 'cause he was sad to have to leave alone\*  
 And he looked down at the robes that I was trailing with sorrow,  
 But although they asked him why he was crying, he tried to hide it,  
 But he didn't hide it from me  
 And so I'm certain, friend, that it was for you he was crying.

\* The end of the verse, which reads *Grassa partar soo*, is unintelligible except for the word *soo*, "alone".  
 The translation here is based on a conjecture.

Pero Mafaldo 1

Oh friend, you always seem to like  
 To ask me on behalf of my boy  
 That I do him a favor, and I'll tell you  
 That it upsets me, but for your love  
 I'll do him a favor, but I won't do  
 As much as he wants, though favors I'll do.

You ask me with all your heart  
 That I do him a favor sometime  
 Since it would be fair and right,  
 And only because you're asking me  
 I'll do him a favor, but I won't do

As much as he wants, though favors I'll do.

You asked me, friend, in good faith,  
That I keep on doing him favors  
For your sake, and if you want it, it's right  
That I do it, but since that's how it is,  
I'll do him a favor, but I won't do  
As much as he wants, though favors I'll do.

Pero Mafaldo 2

My boyfriend, friend, who used to do me such favors,  
Swore and promised me that he'd come to see me  
Before he left, and now he's gone his way,  
And he always lies to me like that, and has no shame;  
He didn't see me more than a day and he's off to Catalonia.

Friend, you never saw anyone who'd seen such a boy,  
'Cause he swore he'd never go away from me any more  
And more than a hundred are the lies he's told me,  
And he always lies to me like that, and has no shame;  
He didn't see me more than a day and he's off to Catalonia.

You don't know, friend, how he was swearing to me  
That he'd never leave me if I didn't tell him to,  
And the liar broke his word to me a hundred times and more,  
And he always lies to me like that, and has no shame;  
He didn't see me more than a day and he's off to Catalonia.

El rei don Affonso de Leon

Oh poor me, how I'm living in great sorrow  
For my friend, who's far away from me.  
My friend is tarrying  
Very long in Guarda.

Oh poor me, how I live with great yearning  
For my friend who's tarrying and I can't see.  
My friend is tarrying  
Very long in Guarda.

Johan Airas 0

I see all the things of this world  
Stop being what they used to be,  
And I see the people stop doing  
Well, like they used to, that's how times are,

But it's not possible to stop the heart  
Of my boyfriend from loving me.

Although a man can tear his heart away  
From the things he loves, in good faith,  
And tear himself from the land where he is  
And tear himself from the riches he has,  
It's impossible to tear the heart  
Of my boyfriend from loving me.

I see all things change,  
Times change, and the rest changes too,  
People change in doing well or ill,  
The winds change, and every other thing,  
But it's impossible to change the heart  
Of my boyfriend from loving me.

#### Johan Airas 1

They say, friend, that you want to choose  
Another woman, to my displeasure,  
So, with her, you can cause me pain,  
But, in faith, I'm not afraid of that,  
'Cause all the girls already know you're mine  
And none of them will ever want you for hers.

With all your heart you'd gladly cause  
Me this pain, but I don't know any girl now  
Who'd take you from me, so it's no use,  
Oh my friend, you see why not:  
'Cause all the girls already know you're mine  
And none of them will ever want you for hers.

And whoever gave you this advice—  
I know well that they advised you badly,  
And anyway it's useless to you now,  
Oh my friend, you remembered too late,\*  
'Cause all the girls already know you're mine  
And none of them will ever want you for hers.

And God damn the girl who takes my  
Boyfriend, and me, if I take hers.

\* Or "remembered too late / that..."—with a variation in the syntactic connection with the refrain.

#### Johan Airas 2

The one who was dying, daughter, of love

For you—they say he's no longer dying like that,  
 And I am dying, daughter, because I heard,  
 But if you want to see him die for your love,  
 Say someone's dying of love for you,  
 And then you'll see him die over that.

The one who was dying, my daughter, for you,  
 As I never saw a man in the world  
 Die for a woman, no longer wants to die,  
 But if you want him to die for you,  
 Say someone's dying of love for you,  
 And then you'll see him die over that.

The one who was dying, my daughter, of love  
 For you, isn't dying and won't even think of that,  
 And I am dying, daughter, with the pain,  
 But if you want him to die of love,  
 Say someone's dying of love for you,  
 And then you'll see him die over that.

'Cause if he hears that someone's dying for you,  
 He will die, daughter, for your love.

### Johan Airas 3

By God, mother, the one who loves me deeply  
 Says that he desires to talk with me  
 More than anything anyone can imagine,  
 And just one time, if you please,  
 Let him talk with me, if that gives him such joy,  
 And we'll find out what he wants to say.

If he talks with me I won't lose my good name  
 'Cause I won't say a word about what he wants,  
 And he will speak and I will merely listen,  
 And please, before he dies, just one time,  
 Let him talk with me, if that gives him such joy,  
 And we'll find out what he wants to say.

If you please, let him come here to talk  
 With me, oh mother, since he feels joy from that,  
 And afterwards I'll tell you what he tells me,  
 And just one time, before he dies this way,  
 Let him talk with me, if that gives him such joy,  
 And we'll find out what he wants to say.

Maybe he wants to say something to me now  
 That I can do for him without doing harm to me.

## Johan Airas 4

My boyfriend already has gotten news  
 Of these courts that they'll be holding now—  
 They say that they'll be rich and noble—  
 And I know that my boyfriend will make  
 A song in which he'll sing well of me:  
 He'll either make one or it's already made.

He'll praise me a lot and call me his lady,  
 'Cause he takes great pleasure in praising me;  
 To many ladies this will be most upsetting,  
 But since he's really a *trobador*, he'll make  
 A song in which he'll sing well of me:  
 He'll either make one or it's already made.

In these courts the king is going to hold  
 He'll praise me and my good looks  
 And will sing as well as he can sing  
 Of me, friends, and he'll make, I know,  
 A song in which he'll sing well of me:  
 He'll either make one or it's already made.

'Cause they've seen him thinking, and I know well  
 That he couldn't have been thinking of anything else.

## Johan Airas 5

Friend, when my mother  
 Took me from here, to my distress,  
 You didn't hear any news of me,  
 And I think it's amazing  
 That you don't know when I go  
 And don't know when I come back.

Although you call yourself my  
 Friend, you didn't know anything  
 When they took me away from here  
 And I am amazed at that,  
 That you don't know when I  
 Come back, or if I go sometime.

I looked for you when I had  
 To leave here, but I did not  
 See you, and you didn't come then,  
 And I really have a complaint:  
 That you don't know when I must  
 Go, or if I'll ever come back.

And I don't consider a friend  
 Someone who doesn't know when  
 I go, or when I come back again.

Johan Airas 6

Oh my daughter, by God, work out a way  
 For your friend to see you wearing that  
 Skirt,\* and do everything you can  
 So he'll see you close to him, thinly clad,  
 'Cause if he sees you, I know he'll die  
 For you, daughter, it fits you so well.

If that skirt fit you badly,  
 I wouldn't tell you to go before  
 His eyes, but for God's sake work it out quickly  
 For him to see you, just do that,  
 'Cause if he sees you, I know he'll die  
 For you, daughter, it fits you so well.

And though he may be angry with you now,  
 Once he sees you with that skirt on,  
 He'll be very glad to look you over,  
 And work it out that he can see you,  
 'Cause if he sees you, I know he'll die  
 For you, daughter, it fits you so well.

\* skirt: the text has *fustan*, literally “fustian”, meaning a garment of cotton or flax.

Johan Airas 7

My boyfriend can't have any favors  
 From me, friend, you see why not:  
 He doesn't tell me, so help me God,  
 And I don't tell him, this is what happens:  
 He, out of fear, doesn't dare mention it;  
 And I, friend, can't be the one to ask.

And it's already been a long time, in good faith,  
 That he could have had my favors,  
 Yet he never dared to say it to me  
 And I'll tell you how the matter stands:  
 He, out of fear, doesn't dare mention it;  
 And I, friend, can't be the one to ask.

And for a long time I've understood—  
 Because they told me—but he was afraid

To upset me, and by Our Lord,  
 I would like to, and we stay like this:  
 He, out of fear, doesn't dare mention it;  
 And I, friend, can't be the one to ask.

And it would make sense for this to reach the goal,  
 But there's nobody willing to take the lead.\*

\* A compact expression. Literally, "it would be reasonable for this matter [or "relationship"] to reach a conclusion [or "climax"], but there is nobody to begin it". Neither one is willing to take the initiative.

#### Johan Airas 8

My friend, you're dying  
 'Cause they won't let me talk  
 With you, and I'm dying, friend,  
 For you, and—by what you believe—  
 Let's find some remedy  
 Before we both die.

We're both dying, that's for sure,  
 Just because we can't  
 Talk, and since we're dying,  
 Friend, so help you God,  
 Let's find some remedy  
 Before we both die.

I blame my mother for this,  
 And since she's guarding us  
 And we die thinking of it,  
 Oh my friend and my light,  
 Let's find some remedy  
 Before we both die.

And why don't we find a way,  
 Since we both want it so much?

#### Johan Airas 9

I understand, friend, in good faith,  
 That you have a complaint—that's what it is—  
 About your boyfriend, who's now here,  
 And he about you, I don't know why:  
 But now I want to give you some advice:  
 Both of you do what I tell you to do.

And surely, friend, since there's no other way,  
 You should both agree to this,  
 'Cause I see you have a big complaint about him



And he about you, and I think that's bad,  
 But now I want to give you some advice:  
 Both of you do what I tell you to do.

It's anger between friends—and that can't be good—  
 And I know that you'll do what's best,  
 Although I see that you're out of love  
 With him, friend, and this shouldn't be,  
 But now I want to give you some advice:  
 Both of you do what I tell you to do.

And may ill befall whoever doesn't do—  
 Either of you—what I tell you to.

#### Johan Airas 10

My boyfriend, who got angry with me  
 And doesn't want to talk with me any more,  
 If he thought that *I* would go ask *him*,\*  
 If I find out that he thought that,  
 I'll make sure that love keeps him  
 In such sorrow that he comes to ask me.

And once my boyfriend finds out  
 That I'll do this, he won't wait  
 For me to ask him, but will come right away  
 To ask me, and if he does anything else,  
 I'll make sure that love keeps him  
 In such sorrow that he comes to ask me.

My boy will never have the power  
 To get angry at all with me—  
 More than I might want him to be—  
 And if he acts in any other way,  
 I'll make sure that love keeps him  
 In such sorrow that he comes to ask me.

\* Throughout this text (vv. 6, 9-10, 12, 18) “ask” means to ask for a reconciliation.

#### Johan Airas 11

Your boy is very frightened of you  
 Because he knows that you've been told  
 That he went, friend, and spoke of you ill,  
 But about this your boy says what's best:  
 That, about what he said of you and says,  
 You judge him just like a lord,  
 Because he says he wants no other judge.

You complain about him, but, God willing,  
 You'll know in no time at all  
 That he never spoke of you if not well,  
 Nor will speak, but he says what's to the point:  
 That, about what he said of you and says,  
 You judge him just as it pleases you,  
 Because he says he wants no other judge.

He pleaded with me that I swear to you  
 That he never spoke about you if not well  
 Nor will speak, and he says another thing,  
 That, about what he said of you and says,  
 You be the judge of your case and his,  
 Because he says he wants no other judge.

Accept his plea, as he says,  
 About you, and I advise you to,  
 And don't give the case to another judge.\*

\* Literally, "Don't put another judge there", that is, 'Don't hand over jurisdiction to any other judge'. This can be taken figuratively: "You, and nobody else, should decide"; but there might be another sense: *maldizer* or slander (which the boy stands accused of) was a violation of law and custom.

#### Johan Airas 12

—My friend, I want to ask you...  
 —Ask, lady, because I'd like you to.  
 —You must not hide anything from me.  
 —Never, lady, will I hide anything.  
 —Why do you make so many songs?  
 —Lady, because I never forget you.

—I want to ask you, in good faith...  
 —Ask, because I'd be delighted.  
 —If that's so, don't hide anything from me.  
 —I'll never hide anything, my lady.  
 —Why do you make so many songs?  
 —Lady, because I never forget you.

—Don't be upset at what I'm going to ask.  
 —No, lady, rather I'll be grateful.  
 —And don't hide from me what I want to know.  
 —Never, lady, will I hide anything from you.  
 —Why do you make so many songs?  
 —Lady, because I never forget you.

—And this favor—it's for me that you do it?  
 —For you, my lady, because you deserve it.

## Johan Airas 13

By God, friend, I don't know what it is,  
 But it's been a long time since you stopped  
 Composing for me and serving me,  
 And it must be one of these two things:  
 Either it's 'cause of me—that I don't do you favors—  
 Or it's a sign of death, which is approaching.

It's been a long time, and I think it's bad,  
 That I haven't heard you make a song  
 Or praise me or my good looks,  
 But it must be one of these two things, no doubt:  
 Either it's 'cause of me—that I don't do you favors—  
 Or it's a sign of death, which is approaching.

I can no longer even remember  
 When I heard you make a song,  
 As you used to, in praise of me,  
 But it's one of these two things I'm saying:  
 Either it's 'cause of me—that I don't do you favors—  
 Or it's a sign of death, which is approaching.

If it's because of me—that I don't do you favors—  
 Just tell me so, and I'll do something or other.

## Johan Airas 14

By God, mother, you felt great pleasure  
 When my boyfriend went away from here,  
 And now he's coming, and that really pleases me,  
 But there's some news I'm going to tell you:  
 If it pains you, you'll just have to suffer,  
 Since that's what I did, when he went away.

Since then you were so happy at my pain  
 When he left (and I'll always wish  
 You ill for that), and now they tell me he'll come  
 Very soon, I'll tell you something else:  
 If it pains you, you'll just have to suffer,  
 Since that's what I did when he left here.

## Johan Airas 15

How very happy I saw my mother  
 When my boyfriend went away from here  
 And I was never happy and couldn't sleep,  
 Friend, after he left here and went,

And now they tell me he's coming back,  
And that will serve my mother right!

She was very happy, after she saw him leave,  
And I was very sad, after I saw him go  
Away from me, 'cause I couldn't sleep any more,  
Friend, after he left here and went,  
And now they tell me he's coming back,  
And that will serve my mother right!

Since he left here and went to the king  
My mother's been very happy, I know,  
And I was sad all the time, and cried,  
Friend, after he left here and went,  
And now they tell me he's coming back,  
And that will serve my mother right!

#### Johan Airas 16

Friend, my boy is going away from here  
Sad, 'cause he says I never did him a favor,  
But if you see him or he comes to you,  
Tell him that I'm telling him this:  
That he should come very soon, and if he comes  
Soon, it will be just as God wants.

In good faith, I can't do him favors now  
And he's going away sad at heart,  
But if you see him, so help you God,  
Tell him I'm bidding you to tell him  
That he should come very soon, and if he comes  
Soon, it will be just as God wants.

He complains and says he's always been mine,  
And what he says is right, in good faith:  
I haven't done him a favor, and he thinks that's bad,  
But you tell him that I'm telling him  
That he should come very soon, and if he comes  
Soon, it will be just as God wants.

And he shouldn't complain, since there's no need,  
And he should take my favors when God grants them.

#### Johan Airas 17

You are complaining, friend, about love  
And me, because I can't do you any  
Favors, since I can't (without harming myself),

And so may Our Lord work it out for me  
 That I can do you a favor in such a way  
 That it's good for you, and not bad for me.

You complain that you were always mine,  
 Friend, and yet I let you die for me,  
 But tell me how I can help you  
 (Without harming myself) and work it out  
 That I can do you a favor in such a way  
 That it's good for you, and not bad for me.

I am guarded like no other woman  
 Ever was, friend, or will be,  
 Since I don't dare to see or talk to you,  
 And so may God work it out, if he's willing,  
 That I can do you a favor in such a way  
 That it's good for you, and not bad for me.

#### Johan Airas 18

I sent a message to my boy,  
 To Toledo, friend, in good faith,  
 And I believe he already has it;  
 Ask around (and I'll be grateful):  
 In how many days a man can get  
 Here from Toledo, if he moves fast.\*

'Cause I know well about the messenger  
 That as soon as he's told him the message  
 He'll come back as quickly as he can,  
 And, friend, find out from someone  
 In how many days a man can get  
 Here from Toledo, if he moves fast.

And these eyes of mine are always watching  
 Where I think that he's going to come—  
 The messenger, and I'm dying to hear  
 News of him, and ask around, by God,  
 In how many days a man can get  
 Here from Toledo, if he moves fast

\* *quen ben andar*: "someone who walks well", i.e. can walk quickly.

#### Johan Airas 19

You want to go, my friend, I know,  
 To seek another's counsel, and not mine;  
 Because you know it's you I desire

You want to go to stay with the king,  
 But go now as far as you want to go,  
 'Cause later you'll have to come back to me.

You are going, and I am staying here  
 And I'll always be yearning for you,  
 And you want to go to stay with the king  
 'Cause you think that will raise your worth,                   ?  
 But go now as far as you want to go,  
 'Cause later you'll have to come back to me.

You feel pleasure, that's what you say,  
 In serving me, friend, and yet you won't  
 Give up going to the king because of that;  
 You can't have the king and have me too,  
 But go now as far as you want to go,  
 'Cause later you'll have to come back to me.

And friend, do you want to hear the truth?  
 You can't serve two masters\* in such a way  
 That both will have reason to give you thanks.

\* *senhor* (found here in the plural *senhores*) can be either masculine or feminine, meaning either "lord" and "lady".

Johan Airas 20

My friend speaks as well of me  
 As he can, and of my good looks,  
 And those who know that he speaks like that  
 Think I have something to thank him for;  
 For what he says, I don't thank him at all,  
 Because I know that I am beautiful.

He calls me "lovely" and he calls me "lady",  
 But anyone who saw me would say "lovely",  
 And yet they think he's doing me quite a favor,  
 And that I have a lot for which to thank him;  
 For what he says, I don't thank him at all,  
 Because I know that I am beautiful.

He speaks very well of me in his songs  
 And rightly so, and I'll tell you something else:  
 Those who hear him praise me think  
 That I have a lot to thank him for;  
 For what he says, I don't thank him at all,  
 Because I know that I am beautiful.

Because, if I were *not* so beautiful—  
 What he says, he wouldn't say at all.

## Johan Airas 21

—Oh my daughter, I'd like to know from you  
Why you did all that your friend told you to,  
Since he didn't talk to you again?

—By God, mother, I can tell that to you:  
I thought that I'd be better off that way,  
And now it seems to me that it's not so.

—Why did you do, so may God give you joy,  
Daughter, all that he came and asked you to do?  
'Cause after that he didn't talk to you.

—I'll tell you, so may God give me joy:  
I thought that I'd be better off that way,  
And now it seems to me that it's not so.

—Why did you do, so help you God,  
Daughter, all that he came to tell you to?  
'Cause after that he hasn't looked at you.

—I'll tell you that, so help me God:  
I thought that I'd be better off that way,  
And now it seems to me that it's not so.

—She was born on a lucky day, so I've heard say,  
That learns from another's errors, not her own.

## Johan Airas 22

When I went one day to talk,  
With you, my friend, I did it as a favor,  
And for that you boasted about me,  
But if I ever talk with you again  
Go right away and say that you did  
With me all that you wanted to do.

Because, my friend, I talked one time  
With you, to save you from death,  
And you went and boasted over me,  
But if I talk with you another time,  
Go right away and say that you did  
With me all that you wanted to do.

'Cause I know very well that you didn't do  
Half of what you said you did.

## Johan Airas 23

Friend, you came here one day to ask  
 Me for a thing and I didn't do anything  
 Because I thought that it wasn't good,  
 But since you now insist so much on that  
 I want to do it, and that's just what I'll do,  
 But you keep from harming me and you.

You say that what is bad for me  
 You don't want, and that may well be,  
 Yet still I didn't want to do what you asked,  
 But since you feel such great desire for that,  
 I want to do it, and that's just what I'll do,  
 But you keep from harming me and you.

You know well how we talked  
 And you asked me that thing that I know,  
 And I didn't do it, but what with the fear  
 That I feel, friend, of losing you,  
 I want to do it, and that's just what I'll do,  
 But you keep from harming me and you.

And if you are a loyal friend  
 You will keep your lady from harm.

## Johan Airas 24

You don't know, friend, how to keep  
 Them from knowing (such your lack of wit)  
 That you know how to love me well,  
 And of the great yearning you feel for me,  
 And I want to make this very clear:  
 If they find out that you love me  
 You'll be forbidden from talking with me again.

There is no way that I can stop  
 Talking with you, and I always feared  
 That they'd know, 'cause they'll take me away  
 From you—if they know—on the spot,  
 And I want to make this very clear:  
 If they find out that you love me  
 You'll be forbidden from talking with me again.

This is what the ones who guard me think:  
 That you, friend, are in love with another lady,  
 Because if they could imagine the truth  
 You'll never again come to where I am,  
 And I want to make this very clear:



If they find out that you love me  
You'll be forbidden from talking with me again.

And if you feel the great yearning of love,  
You'll feel it much more for me then,  
When all you can do is gaze at me from far off.

Johan Airas 25

I have no power to stop my boy-  
Friend, friends, from loving me,  
And though I complain, it's no use,  
And when I really ask him and say  
That he stop loving me so much,  
I might as well just keep quiet.

If he wants to talk with me, I say at once  
That he not talk to me, because great harm  
Comes to me from his talk, but it doesn't work,  
And when I really tell him and ask  
That he stop loving me so much,  
I might as well just keep quiet.

I'm always upset by his company,  
'Cause I'm afraid of losing my good name  
Because of him, like the other time,  
And though I tell him really in anger  
That he stop loving me so much,  
I might as well just keep quiet.

Johan Airas 26\*

Mother, since this is what you want,  
That I wish ill one who wishes me well  
And you really ask me to do that,  
Tell me now, by God, who has the power,  
If I wish ill someone who wishes me well,  
If I should wish well someone who wishes me ill.

You tell me that, if I wish my boy ill—  
My boyfriend, who wishes me well—  
That you will always do what I say,  
But I've come for you to tell me something else:  
Once I wish ill someone who wishes me well,  
If I should wish well someone who wishes me ill.

It would be very hard for me to bear—  
To have to wish ill one who wishes me well—

And you, mother, tell me to do it,  
 But I have this question for you:  
 If I wish ill someone who wishes me well,  
 If I should wish well someone who wishes me ill.

If that should be, they can say of me  
 That I was the one who sowed the salt.

\* Throughout this *cantiga* the poet plays on the opposition between *querer ben* and *querer mal*, which I have rendered here as “wish well” and “wish ill”. These expressions usually mean “love” and “hate”, respectively. But the word-play the poem hinges on would be lost by translating them that way here.

#### Johan Airas 27

My boyfriend says, since there's no other way,  
 That he's dying 'cause he can't have my favors,  
 And he complains a lot, and he says this:  
 That I'm killing him and doing him a disfavor,  
 But why does he think that I am killing him,  
 If he's dying 'cause I won't give him what's mine?\*

He must think it makes sense to die many times,  
 If he's going to die every time that I won't give  
 Him what's mine, except when I feel like it,  
 And he says that I'm killing him and doing bad,  
 But why does he think that I am killing him,  
 If he's dying 'cause I won't give him what's mine?

He says that he's so saddened by love  
 That nothing will bring him back from death  
 Because he never got favors from me, or gets,  
 And he says, “You're killing me, lady!”  
 But why does he think that I am killing him,  
 If he's dying 'cause I won't give him what's mine?

And he gets angry with me, but I know well  
 That this anger is all about what's mine.

\* “What's mine”—literally just “mine” (*o meu*)—is here a euphemism for sexual favors, or perhaps for the female sexual organ.

#### Johan Airas 28

Your boyfriend is going to give you gifts,  
 Friend, and I'll tell you something else:  
 They tell me that you're going to take them,  
 And tell me one thing now, by God:  
 If you take his gifts or anything else  
 What will you tell him not to do him a favor?

Surely you won't be so foolish,  
 If you take anything of his,  
 That you wouldn't do him a favor,  
 And so I've come to ask you now:  
 If you take anything of his  
 What will you tell him not to do him a favor?

He'll try hard to make the case  
 For you to take them, when he gives them to you,  
 And you will either take them or you won't  
 And tell me now what you think of this:  
 If you take everything he gives you  
 What will you tell him not to do him a favor?

Either you take everything he gives you  
 And do him all the favors that he wants,

Or—with some thought—you don't take anything,  
 And you'll never have to do him any favor.

Johan Airas 29

My friend, driven by love,  
 Since now he wants to stay with me  
 For a while, if he can do it,  
 Had better not sleep when he's with me,  
 'Cause during the time he stays with me  
 He'll squander the time he spends asleep.

And whoever wants to spend his time well  
 When he's with his lady, doesn't sleep at all,  
 And my friend, since he's coming to me,  
 Shouldn't sleep at all while he's here,  
 'Cause during the time he stays with me  
 He'll squander the time he spends asleep.

And if he'd like to get some sleep out there  
 Where he is, that's fine by me, in good faith,  
 Although sleeping is just a waste of time,  
 But here, if it's up to me, he won't sleep at all!  
 'Cause during the time he stays with me  
 He'll squander the time he spends asleep.

And once he's gone away from me,  
 He can sleep all that he wants to sleep.

Johan Airas 30

My boyfriend wants something from me  
 That he's already wanted often:  
 That I do him a favor; and it's high time,  
 But no matter what happens to me,  
 I'll do him a favor, by Santa Maria,  
 But not as quickly as he'd like.

And tell him for me that he not think  
 That I'm delaying in bad faith—  
 Because he complains about me—  
 But no matter what happens to me after,  
 I'll do him a favor, by Santa Maria,  
 But not as quickly as he'd like.

He's so much in love with me  
 And his love of me has made him so crazy  
 That he can't wait even a little,  
 But, as soon as I have arranged it,  
 I'll do him a favor, by Santa Maria,  
 But not as quickly as he'd like.

And no matter what happens, he'd like  
 To win my favors all the time,

And I know well that he wouldn't care  
 What might happen to me after that.

Johan Airas 31\*

O friend, the one who really loves me says  
 That he will never ask me for anything  
 So long as I listen to what he wants to say,  
 And that he'll serve me as long as he lives,  
 And look how clever he's acting now:  
 'Cause once I do this big favor for him  
 Right away he'll want a bigger one.

I really think that this is just a lie,  
 Although he swears that he won't lie to me,  
 But says he must talk with me, and if he can,  
 As long as he lives, he won't ask anything more,  
 And look how clever he's acting now:  
 For once I do him a favor so big,  
 Right away he'll want a bigger one.

I'm really afraid he wants to play a trick,  
 Although he says he wants no more from me  
 Than to talk with me, and will not want

Anything after that, as long as he lives,  
 And look how clever he's acting now:  
 For once I do him a favor that huge,  
 Right away he'll want a bigger one.

And this will happen as long as the world lasts:  
 The more a man has got, or can get done,  
 The more he wants to have a little more.

But friend, for love of me, won't you please go  
 With me to where he wants to talk with me,  
 'Cause I'll be damned if I go there alone.

\* The translation of the sixth verse of strophes II and III follows my own new proposals (in an as yet unpublished paper): *fezer tod' este ben* (II.6) and *tod' est' amor mostrar* (III.6). The strophic form would be ababCaC.

#### Johan Airas 32

How gladly I would give  
 Pleasure to my boy,  
 Friend, I'm telling you,  
 But on that very day  
 There wouldn't be a man,  
 Friend, whom he wouldn't tell.

I'd do it very gladly  
 'Cause I know he desires me,  
 But if I arrange for him to see me  
 And do everything he tells me,  
 There wouldn't be a man,  
 Friend, whom he wouldn't tell.

He's so sad because of me  
 He has no rest or any sense,  
 But if I by any chance  
 Did all that he bids me to do,  
 There wouldn't be a man,  
 Friend, whom he wouldn't tell.

He's a talker who says no good,  
 And he'll say it right away.

#### Johan Airas 33

You see, friend, what upsets me very much:  
 I know many ladies who know how to love  
 Their boyfriends, and they can talk with them  
 And no-one finds out—that's their luck—

And as soon as we want to give it a try  
It's known at once and I don't know how.

I know a lady who, when she wants to see  
Her boyfriend whom she knows how to love—  
Those who think they're guarding her quite well  
Can't find out about it at all,  
And as soon as we want to do the same  
It's known at once and I don't know how.

It doesn't work out as I would like:  
To talk with you, who are dying for me,  
As other ladies talk and afterwards  
Folks can't find out anything at all;  
And even before we can get there,  
It's known at once and I don't know how.

May the one who brings us all this pain  
Suffer sorrow just the way we do.

Johan Airas 34

You'll die for me, if I don't do you  
A favor, friend, and about that  
I don't know what to do, I often think about that,  
And look what happens to me with this:  
It's a serious thing for me to do you a favor  
And a serious thing for me to let you die.

Nothing at all can keep you from death  
And I know well that you'll die for me,  
If you don't win some favor from me,  
And as to what I think of all this:  
It's a serious thing for me to do you a favor  
And a serious thing for me to let you die.

If I don't do you a favor, your love of me  
Will kill you—I know well it'll be like this—  
But I really swear and I'm telling you this,  
And may God let me do whatever's best:  
It's a serious thing for me to do you a favor  
And a serious thing for me to let you die.

And I pray to God, who has the power,  
That he let me do whatever's best.

Johan Airas 35

Someone told you, friend, and I know it,  
 To get me in trouble with you, that I talked  
 With another man, but I never had the thought,  
 And, my friend, I'll tell you this about it:  
 I can't guard myself against a lie,  
 But I can keep from causing you pain.

Someone knows how great your love  
 For me is, feels upset, and there's nothing to do  
 Except to go and tell a lie about me,  
 And, my friend and my light and my love,  
 I can't guard myself against a lie,  
 But I can keep from causing you pain.

And I know what that person is about,  
 Who lies, without fear of God or anything,  
 And slanders me like that, and more,  
 And, my friend, look what this is about:  
 I can't guard myself against a lie,  
 But I can keep from causing you pain.

I can guard myself against failing you,  
 But not against whoever slanders me.

#### Johan Airas 36

Friends, the one that loves me—  
 Many tell me now that he's coming,  
 But I can't believe it,  
 I have such a desire to see him  
 That I can't believe it.

The one that I love more than me—  
 They say that he'll soon be here,  
 But I can't believe it,  
 I have such a desire to see him  
 That I can't believe it.

The one that left so long ago—  
 That say that he'll come to me soon,  
 But I can't believe it,  
 I have such a desire to see him  
 That I can't believe it.

And they'll never make be believe it  
 If they don't let me see him.

#### Johan Airas 37

—Your boyfriend, who went to the house of the king,  
 Friend, will be coming to you very soon,  
 And divide the gifts well that he'll give to you.  
 —Friend, I'll really tell you the truth:  
 God will do me a favor if He leads him here,  
 And he can give his gifts to whomever he likes.

—They told me now, friend, so help me God,  
 That he's bringing you gifts from Portugal,  
 And, friend, don't divide them unfairly.  
 —I'll tell you, friend, what's in my heart:  
 God will do me a favor if He leads him here,  
 And he can give his gifts to whomever he likes.

—They say, friend, that my boyfriend will not  
 Be coming, but that yours is coming soon,  
 So divide the gifts he gives you well.  
 —I'll tell you, friend, what I have to say:  
 God will do me a favor if He leads him here,  
 And he can give his gifts to whomever he likes.

And I know well that once I see him,  
 I'll have gifts and whatever else I want.

#### Johan Airas 38

My boyfriend is going to stay with the king,  
 And he didn't tell me nor did I say he could,  
 And he's acting foolishly by causing me pain,  
 But may I lose the good looks that I have  
 If the king could ever do him such a favor  
 As I can do for him, whenever I like!

And he wants very much to live with the king  
 And doesn't care about my anger at all,  
 And the king may be very powerful,  
 But may what gives me joy bring me pain,  
 If the king could ever do him such a favor  
 As I will do for him, whenever I like!

And he tried very hard to serve me  
 And never did any service for the king,  
 And so the king has no reason to thank him,  
 But may I lose my looks and my good name,  
 If the king could ever do him such a favor  
 As I will do for him, whenever I like!

'Cause it'll be better for him, if I love him,



Than all the favors that the king can do.

Johan Airas 39

Friend, you want to go away  
 And I know what will happen to me:  
 As long as you're there staying there,  
 Everyone I see come from that place—  
 I'll ask everyone how you  
 Are doing in the house of the king.

I couldn't even tell you  
 How much your going pains me,  
 But whoever I see arrive  
 From where you're going to stay with the king—  
 I'll ask everyone how you  
 Are doing in the house of the king.

I'll be very lovesick  
 Until God brings you back to me,  
 But whoever I find out  
 Has come from where the king is,  
 I'll ask everyone how you  
 Are doing in the house of the king.

And if they tell me "well", I'll praise  
 God, and be grateful to the king.

Johan Airas 40

My boyfriend went away to the house of the king  
 And, friends, with the great love that I feel,  
 When he comes back, I'll already be dead,  
 But don't tell him that I've died like this,  
 'Cause if he knows how I died for him  
 The rest of his life will be very brief.

And I can't keep my self from death,  
 From dying soon and with great sorrow,  
 And, friends, when he gets here,  
 Don't let him know from you what death I died,  
 'Cause if he knows how I died for him,  
 The rest of his life will be very brief.

I'll die soon, if God's willing,  
 And, friends, when he comes back here,  
 Anyone would be pitiless to tell him  
 What death I died since I haven't seen him,

'Cause if he knows how I died for him,  
The rest of his life will be very brief.

I can no longer escape from death,  
But when he returns to see me,  
Don't tell him how he made me die  
Before my time, because he went away,  
'Cause if he knows how I died for him,  
The rest of his life will be very brief.

Johan Airas 41\*

I always loved you, friend, and I was true to you,  
And if you want to ask in utmost secrecy  
You'll find out, friend, that I'm telling you the truth,

Or if you should have to talk with some slanderer  
And he should try to make you, friend, believe something else,  
Tell him that he lies, oh tell him that he lies.

\* In 2003 I printed this as a single strophe with the rhyme scheme aaabbb, but it is probably better analyzed as two strophes of aaa (see Bernal de Bonaval 1).

Johan Airas 42

My friend and my joy and my love,  
They told you that they saw me talk  
With another man, to cause you pain,  
And so I pray to Our Lord  
That He confound whoever told you that,  
And you, if you believed it,  
And me, if I deserved it.

And they've already told you that I spoke  
With another man and didn't care about you,  
And if I did it may I never feel joy,  
But I pray to God always and will pray  
That He confound whoever told you that,  
And you, if you believed so big a lie  
About me, and me, if I thought of doing it.

I know that they told you, in good faith,  
That I talked with another man, but this is just  
What they said to do me harm,  
But I pray to God who is in heaven  
That He confound whoever told you that  
Tale, and you, if you believed it then,  
And that He confound me, if it's true.

And confound whoever takes such pleasure  
 In trying to break up the love between us!—  
 'Cause it's the greatest love in the world.

Johan Airas 43

The one who took my boy away from me  
 Much to my displeasure, and didn't care about me,  
 —My boy who served me and loved me very much—  
 And didn't tell me or ask me how I felt,  
 It'll be too bad for her when I take him back  
 Much to her displeasure, without asking her.

And if she did me a great wrong in that,  
 May God let me take vengeance on her,  
 'Cause she took him from me against my will  
 And now she thinks she'll take him just like that;  
 It'll be too bad for her when I take him back  
 Much to her displeasure, without asking her.

I know well that she'll say to you  
 That I didn't do for him all that she did,  
 But maybe I would have done it another time,  
 And though she thinks she can hold on to him,  
 It'll be too bad for her when I take him back  
 Much to her displeasure, without asking her.

Then you'll see a woman come crying after me,  
 And I will not be giving him back to her!

Johan Airas 44

You want to go away and I cannot,  
 By God, friend, talk you out of that,  
 And if you should stay I want to tell you,  
 My friend, what I'll do for you then:  
 All the days that you didn't spend  
 At your ease, I'll make them up to you!

If you should go, I'll suffer the greatest  
 Sorrow a woman ever suffered for her lord,  
 And if you should stay, for love of me,  
 I'll tell you what I'll do for you:  
 All the days that you didn't spend  
 At your pleasure, I'll make them up to you!

You're going, and you hold me in disdain,  
 And I'm staying, very sad because of that,

So stay for my sake, since you really should,  
 And I'll tell you what I'll do for you:  
 All the days you didn't spend well,  
 Oh my friend, I'll make them up to you.

Johan Airas 45

You want to go, friend,  
 Away from here, to hurt me,  
 And since you want to go  
 Away from here, look what I say:  
 Just take your heart away  
 From me and go then!

And since you're going you should know  
 That I've never felt such pain,  
 And since you want to go away  
 From here, look what you should do:  
 Just take your heart away  
 From me and go then!

Johan Airas 46 (pastorela)

In the glade of Crexente  
 I saw a shepherdess go  
 Very far from everyone,  
 Lifting her voice in song,  
 Tightening her skirt  
 Just as the rays of the sun  
 Rose shining on the banks of the Sar.

And the birds that were flying  
 When the dawn arose  
 Were all singing of love  
 On the boughs all around,  
 And I don't know who could have been  
 There and thought of anything else  
 Except of love alone.

I stood there very quiet,  
 Wanted to speak and didn't dare,  
 Though I said, full of fear,  
 "My lady, I would talk to you  
 A little, if you'll listen,  
 And I'll go when you tell me,  
 And won't stay around".

“Sir, by Santa Maria,  
 Don't stay here any longer,  
 But go right on your way;  
 That's what you should do,  
 For those who come by here  
 If they find you around,  
 Will surely think there was more”.

## Dinis 1

I really understood, my friend,  
 That you felt great pain  
 When you couldn't talk  
 With me the other day,  
 But be certain, friend,  
 That your pain  
 Couldn't equal mine.

I really knew it was true  
 That you were so sad  
 That there was no remedy,  
 But, friend, come back here,  
 And know that it's true  
 That your pain  
 Couldn't equal mine.

I really knew, friend, for sure,  
 That on that day your  
 Sorrow had no peer,  
 But it was hidden,  
 And so you can be sure  
 That your pain  
 Couldn't equal mine.

'Cause mine couldn't be imagined  
 And I couldn't hide it.

## Dinis 2

Friend, it's been a long time  
 That my boyfriend went away  
 From here with the king, but I've thought  
 A thousand times in my heart  
 That he's died of sorrow somewhere else,  
 Since he didn't come back to talk with me.

Since he tarries so long there

And never returned to see me,  
 Friend, so may I see joy,  
 More than a thousand times I've thought  
 That he's died of sorrow somewhere else,  
 Since he didn't come back to talk with me.

Friend, his heart was set  
 On returning here soon  
 Where he could see my eyes,  
 And so I've thought a thousand times  
 That he's died of sorrow somewhere else,  
 Since he didn't come back to talk with me.

### Dinis 3

How sad my boy is today,  
 Friend, in his heart,  
 'Cause he can't talk with me  
 Or see me, and it's only right  
 For my boy to go around sad  
 Since he can't see me and I'm on his mind.

He goes around sad, so help me God,  
 'Cause he didn't see me, and it's only right,  
 And so no doubt he's only doing  
 The right thing, in good faith:  
 For my boy to go around sad  
 Since he can't see me and I'm on his mind.

He is right to go around sad  
 Since I haven't seen him nor he seen me  
 Nor even heard my message,  
 And so it's certainly right  
 For my boy to go around sad  
 Since he can't see me and I'm on his mind.

But God, how has he lasted  
 Without already dying of sorrow?

### Dinis 4

Of those that are in the army now,  
 Friend, I'd like to know  
 If they'll come late or soon,  
 For the reason I'll tell you:  
 Because my boy is there.

I'd like to hear a message

Of those that are there—'cause I don't know,  
 Friend, by God—and gladly,  
 For the reason I'll tell you now:  
 Because my boy is there.

And do you want me to tell you?  
 So may God give me a good message,  
 I'd like to know, friend,  
 News of them, you see why:  
 Because my boy is there.

And that's why I'm telling you.

#### Dinis 5

How long it's been that I haven't seen  
 A message from my boyfriend,  
 But, friend, he promised me  
 Right here, where I am now,  
 That right away he'd send  
 A message or return.

It's been a long time, no doubt,  
 That I haven't seen his message,  
 Yet he was swearing to me  
 Right here, so help me God,  
 That right away he'd send  
 A message or return.

And to tell you the truth,  
 He was crying a lot  
 And swearing oaths by me  
 Right where I am now, friend,  
 That right away he'd send  
 A message or return.

But since he doesn't come or send  
 A message, he's dead or he was lying.

#### Dinis 6

A message got here now,  
 Friend, from your boyfriend,  
 And the one that talked with me  
 Tells me he's so sad  
 That no matter what your power  
 You can no longer heal him.

He says that three days ago,  
 You could have saved him from death,  
 But he felt such a great sorrow  
 And was lying there so sad  
 That no matter what your power  
 You can no longer heal him.

With the pain that you caused him  
 He swore to me, lovely friend,  
 That although you were as powerful  
 Over him as you like,  
 That no matter what your power  
 You can no longer heal him.

And your loss is truly great  
 When you lose such a friend.

#### Dinis 7

Friend, I do not want my boy  
 To feel great pain or great pleasure,  
 And I want to handle it this way  
 'Cause I feel bold when it comes to him:  
 I don't want either to heal or kill him,  
 Or for him to lose hope of winning me.

'Cause if I showed him any love, I know  
 That he'd be so happy over that  
 That everyone could understand  
 The love he feels for me, so I'll do this:  
 I don't want either to heal or kill him,  
 Or for him to lose hope of winning me.

And if I showed him any lack of love  
 He couldn't keep himself from death,  
 He'd feel such great sorrow from that,  
 But so as not to lose sight of what's best  
 I don't want either to heal or kill him,  
 Or for him to lose hope of winning me.

And so that way he can spend his time  
 Sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with pain.

#### Dinis 8

Friend, thanks to God  
 For my boy, who's coming to me,  
 And you can really believe



When I see him with my eyes  
 That on that day I'll be able to see  
 Pleasure greater than I ever saw.

God be thanked for that,  
 Because he made him come here,  
 But you can believe me,  
 When I see my sweetheart,  
 That on that day I'll be able to see  
 Pleasure greater than I ever saw.

## Dinis 9

You, who in your songs call yourself  
 My friend, you had better believe  
 That I don't care at all about such a boast,  
 And therefore, sir, I order you  
 From now on, just as much as you want  
 To boast about me, go ahead and boast.

'Cause I just simply don't give a damn  
 If a liar goes and makes a boast  
 About me—it doesn't touch me in the least,  
 And therefore I order you, *monsieur*,\*  
 From now on, just as much as you want  
 To boast about me, go ahead and boast.

It does nothing for me one way or the other  
 That someone whom I have only disliked  
 Should boast about me with so little reason,  
 And therefore, sir, I order you right now:  
 From now on, just as much as you want  
 To boast about me, go ahead and boast.

Keep on being just what you are to me,  
 And from now on boast as well as you can.

\* *senher*, here used despectively, is the Provençal form for "sir".

## Dinis 10

Daughter, your boyfriend asked me today,  
 Very insistently, that I ask you  
 That you not be upset that he loves you,  
 And so I ask you and advise you  
 That his love for you not make you upset,  
 But, daughter, I don't bid you do anything else.

And when he was talking about you to me  
 And asking for this that I'm telling you,  
 I took pity on him, he was crying so much,  
 And so, daughter, I ask and order you  
 That his love for you not make you upset,  
 But, daughter, I don't bid you do anything else.

'Cause I can't see anything you'd lose  
 Just because he loves you from the heart—  
 If there's nothing else there; rather you'd gain,  
 And so I urge you, with my blessing,  
 That his love for you not make you upset,  
 But, daughter, I don't bid you do anything else.

## Dinis 11

My boyfriend caused me pain,  
 Friend, but I know he did not  
 Think in his heart that he'd cause  
 Me pain, because I'm telling you  
 That he would rather die  
 Than cause me any pain at all.

He didn't think I'd be pained  
 By what he did, 'cause I know very well  
 That it wouldn't have happened at all,  
 And so I know, if I think about it,  
 That he would rather die  
 Than cause me any pain at all.

He did it out of cunning,  
 'Cause I know he'd kill himself  
 Rather than cause me pain,  
 And so I am certain  
 That he would rather die  
 Than cause me any pain at all.

Because if he dies or if he lives—  
 He knows that *that* is in my power.

## Dinis 12

Friend, I know about a woman  
 Who's trying her best to cause you trouble  
 With your boyfriend—enough to kill him—  
 But, friend, she wants all this  
 Because she could never arrange with him  
 A way to have him as her boy.

And she tries to cause him as much trouble  
 With you as she can—this I know well—  
 And all this she does for her own ends,  
 For this reason, not for anything else:  
 Because she could never arrange with him  
 A way to have him as her boy.

She's been trying hard for a long time  
 To get him into a love-quarrel  
 With you, and she really enjoys this,  
 And all this, friend, is quite simply  
 Because she could never arrange with him  
 A way to have him as her boy.

And so she does whatever she can  
 To get him to break up with you.

Dinis 13

On a fine day I saw my boy  
 Since I have his message with me,  
 Lovely me.

On a fine day I saw my friend  
 Since I have his message here,  
 Lovely me.

Since I have his message with me  
 I pray to God and I say,  
 Lovely me,

Since I have his message here  
 I pray to God happily,  
 Lovely me,

I pray to God and I say:  
 That boyfriend of mine...  
 Lovely me.

I pray to God happily  
 For that sweetheart of mine,  
 Lovely me.

That boyfriend of mine—  
 That he appear before me,  
 Lovely me.

That sweetheart of mine—

That he'd already arrived,  
Lovely me.

## Dinis 14

Mother, my boyfriend hasn't arrived  
And today the time is up.  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

Mother, my sweetheart hasn't arrived  
And today the time is past.  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

And today the time is up;  
Why did he lie, the liar?  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

And today the deadline is past,  
Why did he lie, the cheater?  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

Why did he lie, the liar?  
It pains me, since he wronged me.  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

Why did he lie, the cheater?  
It pains me, since he lied gladly.  
Oh mother, I'm dying of love.

## Dinis 15

—What are you dying of, daughter, so lovely to look at?  
—Mother, I'm dying of love that my boyfriend gave me.  
("It's dawn: go quickly!")

—What are you dying of, daughter, so lovely to see?  
—Mother, I'm dying of love that my sweetheart gave me.  
("It's dawn: go quickly!")

—Mother, I'm dying of love that my boyfriend gave me,  
When I see this belt that I put on for his love.  
("It's dawn: go quickly!")

Mother, I'm dying of love that my sweetheart gave me,  
When I see this belt that I wear for his love.  
("It's dawn: go quickly!")

When I see this belt that I put on for his love

And remember, lovely girl, how he talked with me.  
 ("It's dawn: go quickly!")

When I see this belt that I wear for his love  
 And remember, lovely girl, how we talked together.  
 ("It's dawn: go quickly!")

Dinis 16

—Oh flowers, oh flowers of the green pine,  
 Do you have any news of my boyfriend?  
 Oh God, and where is he?

Oh flowers, oh flowers of the green bough,  
 Do you have any news of my sweetheart?  
 Oh God, and where is he?

Do you have any news of my boyfriend—  
 The one who lied about what he promised?  
 Oh God, and where is he?

Do you have any news of my sweetheart—  
 The one who lied about what he swore to me?  
 Oh God, and where is he?

—You ask me about your boyfriend?  
 And I'm telling you that he's well and alive.  
 —Oh God, and where is he?

—You ask me about your sweetheart?  
 And I'm telling you that he's alive and well.  
 —Oh God, and where is he?

—And I'm telling you that he's well and alive  
 And will be with you before the time is up.  
 —Oh God, and where is he?

—And I'm telling you that he's alive and well  
 And will be with you before the deadline is past.  
 —Oh God, and where is he?

Dinis 17

The lovely girl arose  
 She arose at dawn  
 And goes to wash her clothes  
 In the stream,  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

The beautiful girl arose  
 She arose at dawn  
 And goes to wash her garments  
 In the stream,  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

And goes to wash her clothes—  
 She arose at dawn—  
 The wind takes them from her  
 In the stream—  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

And goes to wash her garments—  
 She arose at dawn—  
 The wind lifted them from her  
 In the stream—  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

The wind takes them from her—  
 She arose at dawn—  
 The radiant girl grew angry  
 In the stream—  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

The wind lifted them from her—  
 She arose at dawn—  
 The radiant girl grew grim  
 In the stream—  
 Goes to wash them, white as dawn.

#### Dinis 18

Friend, my friend,  
 So help us God,  
 Look at the flower of the pine  
 And get ready to ride.

Friend and my sweetheart,  
 So help us God,  
 Look at the flower on the branch  
 And get ready to ride.

Look at the flower of the pine,  
 So help us God,  
 Saddle the bay  
 And get ready to ride.

Look at the flower on the branch,

So help us God,  
Saddle the fine horse  
And get ready to ride.

Saddle the bay,  
So help us God,  
And hurry, oh friend,  
And get ready to ride.

Saddle the fine horse,  
So help us God,  
And hurry, oh sweetheart,  
And get ready to ride.

Dinis 19

Your boyfriend sets his eyes on you  
With such heart-felt looks, and so well,  
By God, friend that I don't know  
Anybody who could see him and not tell  
That he just can't take pleasure  
In anything but seeing you.

And whoever sees how he sets his eyes  
On you, friend, when he comes before you,  
If not completely lacking in sense,  
Can understand about him very well  
That he just can't take pleasure  
In anything but seeing you.

And when he comes where you are, he wants  
To find a way to cover up, and he thinks  
He's covering up, but it does him no good,  
For in his eyes they understand  
That he just can't take pleasure  
In anything but seeing you.

Dinis 20

How will my boyfriend dare, by God,  
Friend, to appear in front of me?  
And how will he dare to look me in these  
Eyes, if God brings him back this way?  
'Cause it's been so long that he hasn't been to see  
Me and my eyes and my beauty.

Friend, or how will he have the nerve  
Even to dare cast a look from his eyes

If he sees me raise my eyes at all?  
 Or how can it even cross his mind?  
 'Cause it's been so long that he hasn't been to see  
 Me and my eyes and my beauty.

'Cause I know that he won't think it right  
 No matter how great the love he feels for me,  
 To dare to look at me or call me his lady,  
 And he won't even entertain the thought,  
 'Cause it's been so long that he hasn't been to see  
 Me and my eyes and my beauty.

## Dinis 21

—On a grave day, lady, I heard you  
 Talk and these eyes of mine saw you.  
 —Say, friend, what I can do  
 In this matter, so help you God!  
 —Have compassion on me, lady.  
 —I will, friend, by doing what's best.

—Since that moment when I heard you talk,  
 Lady, afterwards I could feel no joy.  
 —Friend, I want to ask you now  
 That you tell me what I can do about that.  
 —Have compassion on me, lady.  
 —I will, friend, by doing what's best.

—Since I saw you and heard you speak, I've not  
 Felt pleasure, lady, or slept or found repose.  
 —Friend, say, so help you God,  
 What I can do there, 'cause I don't know.  
 —Have compassion on me, lady.  
 —I will, friend, by doing what's best.

## Dinis 22

—Friend, I am amazed  
 How my boyfriend can live  
 Where he can't see my eyes  
 And how he can linger there,  
 'Cause I've never seen such an amazing thing:  
 That my boyfriend should live without me,  
 And by God, it doesn't make any sense.

—Friend, now you be quiet  
 A while, and let me speak.  
 As far as I know and understand,



Never in the world was a woman loved  
 As you are by your boyfriend, and so  
 If he tarries, he's not to blame at all;  
 Otherwise just put the blame on me.

—Oh friend, I'm so sad  
 I can't feel any pleasure,  
 Thinking how he can do it—  
 Not come back to be with me already,  
 And, by God, since I don't see him here  
 I really suspect that he is dead,  
 And if he's dead, I was born on a bad day.

—Lovely and reasonable friend,  
 I'm not saying that it can't be  
 That your boy could die, since he's a man,  
 But, by God, don't you go suspecting  
 Anything ill of him, for since I was born  
 I never saw another man so loyal,  
 And whoever says anything else is saying nothing.

#### Dinis 23

Friend, I saw your boyfriend go around  
 So sad that I've never seen the like,  
 'Cause he was barely able even to speak,  
 But when he saw me he told me this:  
 "Oh lady, go to my lady to ask her,  
 By God, that she have mercy on me".

He was going around listless and sad,  
 Like someone who's deeply saddened by love,  
 And he's lost his color and his mind,  
 But when he saw me he told me this:  
 "Oh lady, go and ask my lady,  
 By God, that she have mercy on me".

Friend, I found him going around  
 Like a dead man, for the sorrow he endures  
 Is extraordinary, and the mortal pain,  
 But when he saw me he told me this:  
 "Lady, ask the lady of my sorrows,  
 By God, that she have mercy on me".

#### Dinis 24

—Friend, you want to go?  
 —Yes, my lady, 'cause I can't do

Anything else, for it would harm me  
 And you, and so I must  
 Go away from this place,  
 But what a great sorrow I'll have  
 To bear, when I'm without you.

—Friend, and what will become of me?  
 —You'll be fine, fine and worthy lady,  
 And once I leave this time  
 Things will be fine for you,  
 But for me it will be death to go  
 Far from you and live elsewhere,  
 But what matters is what's good for *you*.

—Friend, without you I'll die.  
 —May God not want that, lady,  
 But once I'm not where you are  
 The one who will die will be me,  
 But I prefer to risk my life  
 Than to risk anything of yours,  
 For without you I will die.

—You want to kill me, friend?  
 —No, my lady, but to protect you  
 It's me I kill, 'cause I've brought it on myself.

#### Dinis 25

—Tell me, by God, friend:  
 Do you love me as much  
 As you say to me?  
 —Yes, lady, and I'm telling you:  
 I don't think that these days any man  
 In the world loves a woman so much.

—I don't believe that you could  
 Love me as much  
 As you tell me you do.  
 —Yes, lady, and I'll tell you this too:  
 I don't think that these days any man  
 In the world loves a woman so much.

—Friend, I'm not about to believe,  
 By the faith I owe to Our Lord,  
 That you feel such great love for me.  
 —Yes, lady, and I'll tell you more:  
 I don't think that these days any man  
 In the world loves a woman so much.

## Dinis 26

—Friend, I cannot live  
 With this yearning  
 For you, I'm telling you,  
 And so stay,  
 Friend, where you can  
 Talk to me and see me.

I can't live when I don't  
 See you, you can believe it,  
 So much do I desire you,  
 And so live,  
 Friend, where you can  
 Talk to me and see me.

I was born at a bad hour  
 But, friend, take away  
 My countless sorrows,  
 And so thrive,  
 Friend, where you can  
 Talk to me and see me.

—I will live, you'd better believe,  
 Lady, where you tell me to.

## Dinis 27

By God, friend, who would have thought  
 That you would ever be able  
 To live such a long time without me,  
 And from now on, by Santa Maria,  
 A woman should never, I'm telling you,  
 Trust very much in the oaths of a boy.

You told me when you went away from me,  
 "Lady, I'll be back here with you soon",  
 And you swore an oath by my love,  
 And from now on, since you lied,  
 A woman should never, I'm telling you,  
 Trust very much in the oaths of a boy.

You swore to me then insistently  
 That soon, very soon, without tarrying,  
 You wanted to return to me,  
 And from now on, oh my liar,  
 A woman should never, I'm telling you,  
 Trust very much in the oaths of a boy.

And so I shall do, I'm telling you,  
Because of the wrong you've done to me.

## Dinis 28

My boyfriend has a lot of pain,  
So much, friend, that it's really painful,  
'Cause there's nothing else in pain, in good faith,  
And look what causes him all this:  
'Cause he thinks he won't get favors from me,  
He lives in sorrow, sad enough to die.

He suffers such great pain, so help me God,  
That I already feel pity for him, friend,  
And from what I know about his affairs,  
All this pain is for this reason:  
'Cause he thinks he won't get favors from me,  
He lives in sorrow, sad enough to die.

He'll die from this, since there's no other way,  
Because he feels such great sorrow inside  
That he can't keep himself from death,  
And, friend, all this pain comes to him  
'Cause he thinks he won't get favors from me,  
He lives in sorrow, sad enough to die.

'Cause if he thought he could have have my favors,  
He would rather live than die.

## Dinis 29

My friend, I cannot survive without you,  
Nor you without me, and what will become  
Of us? But I pray to God, who has  
The power, that He be willing to choose  
For you, friend, and so for me,  
That you not die nor I

As we are dying, for there's no need  
For us to have to live that kind of life,  
'Cause it would make more sense to kill yourself  
But may God choose, if He please,  
For you, friend, and so for me,  
That you not die nor I

As we are dying, because we live  
In the greatest sorrow in the world,

The most deadly, friend, and in the greatest pain,  
 But may God choose, like a good lord,  
 For you, friend, and so for me,  
 That you not die nor I

As we are dying, for in good faith  
 It's a long time that this pain's been going on  
 For us, and still goes on, and it's lasted long,  
 But may God choose, being who He is,  
 For you, friend, and so for me,  
 That you not die nor I

As we are dying, and may God come  
 Up with a plan, friend, for you and me.

Dinis 30

What trouble you took, mother and lady,  
 To keep me from being able to see  
 My boy and my love and my pleasure,  
 But if I'm able, by our Lord,  
 To see him and to talk with him,  
 I'll work it out, pain whom it may.

You've done everything you can,  
 Mother and lady, to keep me  
 From seeing my boy and my sweetheart,  
 But if I'm able, in any way I can,  
 To see him and to talk with him,  
 I'll work it out, pain whom it may.

You wanted me dead, mother, that's all,  
 When you made sure that I could not  
 See my boy and my love, no matter what,  
 But, if I'm able, since there's no other way,  
 To see him and to talk with him,  
 I'll work it out, pain whom it may.

And mother, if I can get this done,  
 Let the rest happen as it may.

Dinis 31

False and disloyal friend,  
 What's the point of trying  
 To win back my mercy,  
 'Cause you handled this so badly  
 That I won't be able to do you a favor  
 Even if I wanted to.

You handled the matter  
 Like someone who doesn't know  
 About good or worth or love,  
 And so you can believe me  
 That I won't be able to do you a favor  
 Even if I wanted to.

You have fallen in such a disgrace  
 That I don't see what you can do,  
 Because I will abandon you  
 In such a way, so help me God,  
 That I won't be able to do you a favor  
 Even if I wanted to.

## Dinis 32

My boyfriend comes here today,  
 And says he wants to talk with me  
 And he knows it causes me pain,  
 Mother, since I forbade him  
 To come, no matter what,  
 Where I was, and now he comes

Here, and it was his sin  
 Even to entertain the thought,  
 Mother, of disobeying my ban,  
 'Cause he knows that I told him not  
 To come, no matter what,  
 Where I was, and now he comes

Here, where I spoke with him  
 In front of you, mother and lady,  
 And from now on he's lost my love,  
 Since I forbade him and told him not  
 To come, no matter what,  
 Where I was, and now he comes

Here, and since he acted recklessly,  
 It's only right that he lose my love.

## Dinis 33

I would gladly talk with you,  
 Oh my friend and my sweetheart,  
 But today I don't dare to talk with you,  
 'Cause I'm really afraid of the furious one;  
 My God be furious at who gave him to me!

I'm stuck in thoughts of a thousand kinds—  
 To tell you what it is that weighs me down—  
 But today I don't dare to talk with you,  
 'Cause I'm really afraid of the nasty one;  
 My God be nasty to who gave him to me!

Friend, I have suffered great sorrow  
 To tell you my hidden pain,  
 But today I don't dare to talk with you,  
 'Cause I'm really afraid of the angry one;  
 My God be angry at who gave him to me!

Lord of my heart, you are wretched  
 Because I live with the one I live with,  
 But today I don't dare to talk with you,  
 'Cause I'm really afraid of the rough one;  
 My God be rough with who gave him to me!

Dinis 34

Today I saw you, mother, talking here  
 With my boyfriend, and I felt such great joy  
 Because I saw him standing next to you  
 Happy, and I think God's doing me a favor,  
 'Cause since he went away happy from here  
 That can only be good for me.

He stood there happy and even laughed a bit,  
 Which he hasn't done for a very long time,  
 But, since it happened this time now,  
 I feel happy, so may God grant me favors,  
 'Cause since he went away happy from here  
 That can only be good for me.

Then he cast his eyes on mine  
 When you saw he was taking leave of you,  
 And he turned towards you happy and laughed,  
 And so I feel pleasure in my heart,  
 'Cause since he went away happy from here  
 That can only be good for me.

And though I know nothing of the talk,  
 From what I saw, mother, I feel great joy.

Dinis 35

It's been a long time, my friend, that God didn't want

Me to be able to see you with my eyes,  
 And yet, for all that, my mother doesn't set  
 Hers on mine, friend, and since this is so,  
 Arrange for us to leave here, by God,  
 And then let my mother do whatever she can!

I haven't seen you for so long, nor could it be,  
 'Cause my mother prevented it, since she was upset  
 By this whole thing, and still is, and has kept me  
 From seeing you, friend, and since this is so,  
 Arrange for us to leave here, by God,  
 And then let my mother do whatever she can!

'Cause I haven't seen you for so long a time  
 And haven't seen any kind of joy since then,  
 'Cause my mother prevented it, and so made sure  
 I wouldn't see you, friend, and since this is so,  
 Arrange for us to leave here, by God,  
 And then let my mother do whatever she can!

And if you don't arrange it very soon,  
 You'll be killing yourself, friend, and killing me.

#### Dinis 36

I would help you, friend, my joy,  
 If I dared, but look who  
 Keeps me from doing so:  
 My mother, who feels a mortal  
 Loathing for you, and with this pain  
 It wouldn't pain me to die.

I would help you, by God, my joy,  
 If I dared, but look who  
 Keeps me from helping you:  
 My mother, who has the power,  
 And knows how to wish you ill,  
 And so I long for death.

#### Dinis 37

To see my boyfriend,  
 Who made a pact with me,  
 I'm going there, mother.

To see my sweetheart,  
 Who's made me a pact,  
 I'm going there, mother.



Who made a pact with me—  
That's why I'm telling you:  
I'm going there, mother.

Who's made me a pact—  
That's why I'm saying this:  
I'm going there, mother.

## Dinis 38

A message has reached me, friend,  
From the one that I love,  
'Cause, since he saw my message,  
He comes as much as he can  
And I'm happy with that  
And it's only right.

He comes eager to arrive,  
'Cause he suffers a great love-sorrow  
And he's far away  
From having joy or pleasure  
If not there where I am—  
Where all his thought is.

For all the pain he's felt,  
Friend, I'll only be right  
To do him some favor for that,  
Since he's coming just as I told him,  
And soon he'll be—I know—  
All healed and recovered from pain,

And from the sorrows I've given him  
Since he was my boyfriend.

## Dinis 39

It's only right for you to die for me,  
Friend, since I look so good  
That you deserve no thanks at all,  
And thanks to God, 'cause in good faith,  
It's not senseless to die for me—  
For whoever takes a good look at my looks.

Just 'cause you die for me, I don't owe you  
Any thanks, for anyone would do that  
Who knows how to see a woman's beauty,

And since God gave me these good looks,  
 It's not senseless to die for me—  
 For whoever takes a good look at my looks.

Just 'cause love kills you for loving me  
 I will never be grateful to you,  
 And, my friend, I'll tell you something else:  
 Since God gave me these good looks,  
 It's not senseless to die for me—  
 For whoever takes a good look at the looks

That God gave me, and you can believe  
 I have no reason at all to thank you for that.

Dinis 40

My lovely mother,  
 I'm going to the dance  
 Of love.

My worthy mother,  
 I'm going to the ball  
 Of love.

I'm going to the dance  
 They're having in the town  
 Of love.

I'm going to the ball  
 That they're having in the house  
 Of love.

That they're having in the town  
 Of the one I so desired,  
 Of love.

That they're having in the house  
 Of the one I so loved,  
 Of love.

Of the one I so desired;  
 They'll call me a flirt  
 Of love.

Of the one I so loved;  
 They'll call me a liar  
 Of love.

## Dinis 41

I live in sorrow, friend, 'cause I don't see you,  
 And you live in sadness, with great desire  
 To see me and talk with me, and so I am  
 Always in such heavy sorrow  
 That it's nothing but death for me—  
 This life I live, friend, in such great desire

I feel such anxiety to see you,  
 And you to see me, that from now on  
 This life we live is nothing, and I am  
 Amazed at how I live  
 Suffering such wild  
 Pain, 'cause I might as well not have been born.

To see you, friend, I don't know who has suffered  
 Such sorrow as I suffer—and you!—who didn't die,  
 And with these sorrows I'd rather not have been born,  
 And I don't know what will become of me,  
 And I long for death  
 And envy every man or woman who has died.

## Dinis 42

Your boyfriend, oh friend,  
 Whom you trust so much—  
 I want you to know this:  
 That someone, whom God should curse,  
 Has got him crazy and bewitched  
 And I'm dying of anger.

There's nothing I'll hide  
 And I won't be secretive,  
 But you should know for sure  
 That someone, whom God should confound,  
 Has got him crazy and bewitched  
 And I'm dying of anger.

I don't know any woman who likes  
 To take their boyfriends away  
 From other girls, and so I say  
 That someone, whom God should destroy,  
 Has got him crazy and bewitched  
 And I'm dying of anger.

And I'm only doing what's right,  
 Since I want what's good for you.

## Dinis 43

Oh false friend, with no loyalty,  
 Now I see the great falsity  
 With which you've treated me for so long  
 'Cause I know for sure of another girl  
 To whom you tossed that rock.\*

False and deceptive friend,  
 Now I see the great ingratitude  
 With which you've treated me for so long,  
 For now I know for certain of another girl  
 To whom you tossed that rock.

Oh false friend, I had no fear  
 Of the great evil and treachery  
 With which you've treated me for so long,  
 'Cause I know of another girl who knew well—  
 To whom you tossed that rock.

And it would be only right for you to gather  
 The harvest of falsity that you've sowed.

\* The sense, though not entirely clear, seems to be "on whom you've made your move".

## Dinis 44

My friend, wherever I am  
 I never lose desire  
 Except when I see you,  
 And so I live in sadness  
 With this huge pain  
 That I suffer, pretty me.

Wherever I'm without you  
 My heart always desires  
 You, until I see you,  
 And so I live in sadness  
 With an enormous sorrow  
 That I suffer, pretty me.

It's nothing less than frightening  
 When I don't see you as much  
 As I desire, and shattering,  
 And so I live in sadness  
 With this pain so deep  
 That I suffer, pretty me.

## Dinis 45

By God, make an effort to see my  
 Boyfriend, friend, who arrived here,  
 And tell him, though I didn't like  
 What he's already asked me for many times,  
 That I would do him that pleasure,  
 But my mother takes away the power.

I'd be very thankful if you could see him,  
 'Cause you know how long he's served me,  
 And tell him: though I reproached him  
 For what he asked of me each time he saw me,  
 That I would do him that pleasure,  
 But my mother takes away the power.

I take great comfort from your seeing him,  
 Although he despairs of having my favors,  
 And so, friend, tell him this:  
 That what he's asked me for so many times—  
 That I would do him that pleasure,  
 But my mother takes away the power.

And so I have no power  
 To do me or him any pleasure.

## Dinis 46

Friend, the one who loves you  
 And is sad over you  
 And calls himself yours,  
 Since he fell in love  
 Hasn't felt pleasure, that I know;  
 And so he'll die,  
 And this to me is grave.

That one that has felt  
 Great sorrow since the day  
 He saw you—equal, for him,  
 To death—by Santa Maria,  
 Has never felt pleasure or joy,  
 And so he'll die,  
 And this pains me greatly.

## Dinis 47

Friend, since I haven't seen you,

I haven't rested or slept,  
 But from now on  
 When I see you, I will rest  
 And see pleasure  
 Since I see all the joy I have.

Since I couldn't see you,  
 I never felt at ease,  
 And since God wanted to bring you here  
 When I see you, I will rest  
 And see pleasure  
 Since I see all the joy I have.

Since I haven't seen you,  
 I've seen no pleasure, and my mind  
 Is gone, but since it happens  
 That I see you, I will rest  
 And see all my joy  
 Since I see all the joy I have.

It pleases me to see you  
 So much that it's very much,  
 But since God did me this favor  
 That I see you, I will rest  
 And have great solace  
 Since I see all the joy I have.

Dinis 48

Since my boyfriend says  
 That he wants to go with me  
 Since it pleases him  
 It pleases me, I'm telling you,  
 It's my comfort.

Since he says that we're still  
 Going on our way  
 Since it pleases him,  
 It pleases me, and it's a lucky day,  
 It's my comfort.

Since I see that his desire  
 Is to take me away,  
 Since it pleases him,  
 It pleases me a lot:  
 It's my comfort.

Dinis 49

By God, friend, you should be upset at the great ill  
 That lying boyfriend of mine goes around saying,  
 'Cause he says of me, and of you, too—  
 Going around to lots of folks—that I did him a favor  
 And that you knew all this ill—  
 When you and I knew nothing about it at all.

It's only right that you be really upset,  
 For he goes around speaking pure treachery  
 About me and you, so help me God,  
 When he praises me for having done him a favor  
 And says that you knew the whole story—  
 When you and I knew nothing about it at all.

You have every right to be upset,  
 'Cause he says a great slander about me, in good faith,  
 And about you, friend, wherever he may be  
 Talking, 'cause he says I did him a favor  
 And that you knew everything—  
 When you and I knew nothing about it at all.

Dinis 50

My boyfriend talked to me today  
 Very humbly and politely—  
 About the pretty looks,  
 Friend, that I have,  
 But I'll tell you this:  
 I didn't give him an answer  
 To make him very happy.

He told me, friend, what  
 I knew better than he,  
 That my good looks  
 Were all his undoing,  
 But you can be sure of this:  
 I didn't give him an answer  
 To make him very happy.

He said to me, "Lady, believe  
 That your great beauty  
 Causes me immeasurable pain;  
 And so take pity on me!"  
 But, friend, you can be certain  
 I didn't give him an answer  
 To make him very happy.

And he went away from there so sad,

That I already feel sorry for him.

Dinis 51

My boy's going to live elsewhere without me  
 And, by God, friend, I feel pain from that  
 In my heart, 'cause he's going now—  
 So great it can't even be talked about,  
 'Cause I forbade him, and it's only right.

I forbade him to go away from here,  
 'Cause he'd lose all my favors that way,  
 And now he's going, and he's betraying me,  
 And from now on I don't know what I'll do,  
 And I can't see anything out there except death.

Dinis 52

I don't know, friend, who could suffer  
 The sorrow I suffer, without dying,  
 Except poor me, who never should've been born,  
 'Cause I don't see you as much as I'd like,  
 And I wish to God that I could forget  
 You, whom I saw, friend, on a bad day.

I don't know, friend, a woman who has felt  
 The sorrow I feel, who could still last,  
 Without dying or becoming desperate,  
 'Cause I don't see you as much as I'd like,  
 And I wish to God that I didn't remember  
 You, whom I saw, friend, on a bad day.

I don't know friend, who could feel the pain  
 I feel, who could even keep it hidden,  
 Except me, poor thing, whom God cursed,  
 'Cause I don't see you as much as I'd like,  
 And I wish to God that I'd never seen  
 You, whom I saw, friend, on a bad day.

Dinis 53 (*pastorela* 1)

A shepherd girl was lamenting,  
 Standing for a long time the other day,  
 And was talking to herself  
 And she was crying and saying—  
 With the love that was driving her—  
 "By God, I saw you on a bad day,



Oh Love!”

She was standing, lamenting  
 Like a woman with great sorrow  
 Who was not used to pain  
 Since the day she was born,  
 And so she said, crying,  
 “You are nothing but my sorrow,  
 Oh Love!”

Love gave her sorrows  
 Which were like death to her  
 And she lay down among some flowers  
 And said with great sorrow,  
 “Cursed be you wherever you go,  
 ’Cause you are nothing but death to me,  
 Oh Love!”

Dinis 54 (*pastorela* 2)

A shapely shepherd girl  
 Was thinking about her boy  
 And she was, I’m telling you,  
 From what I saw, very sad,  
 And she said, “From now on  
 No woman in love  
 Should ever trust her boy,  
 Since mine has wronged me”.

She was carrying in her hand  
 A very lovely parrot,  
 Singing very lushly,  
 For the Spring was coming in,  
 And she said, “Handsome friend,  
 What should I do about love,  
 Since you wronged me so senselessly?”  
 And she fell among some flowers.

A good part of the day  
 She lay there, and didn’t speak,  
 And sometimes she’d awake,  
 Sometimes she’d swoon,  
 And she said, “Oh Santa Maria,  
 What will become of me now?”  
 And the parrot said:  
 “Far as I know, lady, you’ll be fine!”

“If you want to heal me”,  
 Said the shepherd girl, “Tell the truth,

Parrot, for goodness' sake,  
 For this life of mine is death".  
 And he said, "Lady, full  
 Of goodness, don't complain,  
 'Cause the one that's served you—  
 Raise your eyes and you'll see him now!"

Dinis 55 (*pastorela* 3)

Today in a lovely garden  
 I saw a lovely shepherd girl  
 Singing about love  
 And judging from her looks  
 I never saw the like  
 And so I told her this:  
 "Lady, I am yours".

She got angry then  
 When she heard me say that  
 And she said, "Go away, man!  
 Who brought you here  
 To come and bother me  
 Where I'm singing this song  
 Made by the one I love?"

"Since you order me to go",  
 I said to her, "Lady, I'll leave,  
 But now I must serve you  
 Always and be your man,  
 For your love has forced me  
 So that I am yours,  
 And shall always be".

She said, "It's no use—  
 What you're saying, nor  
 Do I even like to hear it,  
 It just pains and annoys me,  
 'Cause my heart is not,  
 Nor will it be, in good faith,  
 Anyone's except my love's".

"Nor will mine", I told her, "ever,  
 Lady, go away from  
 You, whose heart it is".

"Mine", she said, "will be  
 Whose it always was and is,  
 And I don't care about you at all".