

## **D. Dinis**

Rubrica

I know a man, O beloved so fair,  
whose death is near at hand, your hand;  
open your eyes so as to remember  
me, dear lady.

I know a man whose fate is decided,  
whose death is doubtless close by;  
open your eyes and recall to mind  
me, dear lady.

I know a man – hear me yet! –  
whose death, from love, only you can prevent;  
open your eyes so as not to forget  
me, dear lady.

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