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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