

## **D. Dinis**

### Rubrica

In Provençal style I'd like  
to make a song of love  
and greatly praise my lady,  
whose looks and talents lack  
in nothing. God granted her  
so much that there's no other  
like her in any land.

Wanting her to surpass  
the rest, God made my lady  
highly skilled and worthy  
yet also humble, simple,  
full of common sense  
and every virtue, whence  
no lady could be her equal.

Placing in her no error,  
God made my lady pretty,  
clever, well-spoken and cheery  
like no one else, and very  
loyal. I cannot think  
of another lady worth talking  
about, since none can compare.

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