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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