

## **D. Dinis**

Rubrica

The Provençal poets sing well,  
and they say they do it with love,  
but poets who do their singing  
only in the time of flowers  
don't know the pain my heart  
endures because of my lady.

I know they know how to praise  
the ladies they love in song,  
and how ardently they sing!  
But those who sing only in spring  
know not, may God forgive me,  
the pain I'm always feeling.

Those who rejoice and make poems  
when the flower is full with color  
and, once the season is over,  
forget their calling as poets,  
don't know the hell I am living,  
this love that keeps on killing.

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