D. Dinis

Rubrica
Flowers of the green pine, oh flowers,
do you have news of my lover?
Oh God, and where is he?

Oh flowers, flowers of the green branch,
do you have news of my friend?
Oh God, and where is he?

Do you have news of my lover,
who has proved himself a liar?
Oh God, and where is he?

Do you have news of my friend,
who did not come when he said?
Oh God, and where is he?

You ask me about your friend?
I tell you he's alive and well.
Oh God, and where is he?

You ask me about your lover?
I tell you he's well, he's alive.
Oh God, and where is he?

I tell you he's alive and well,
and he'll be with you in a while.
Oh God, and where is he?

I tell you he's well, he's alive,
and he'll come by the appointed time.
Oh God, and where is he?

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