

Upon a glossy milk-white horse,
The needless youth came on his course,
His mantle white, his vest of red,
A wedding garland on his head,
Upon his lips a happy smile,
Within his heart no thought of guile,
Dane Nature wore a gladsome air;
Who'd thought assassins lurking there!

Beneath the battlement he rode,
Where the Amidei faded blood,
Not thinking of his traitor bed,
Slowly his way the false man made
So full his mind of coming bliss
To all else quite oblivious:
Thus he under the casement came
Of the maiden and put to shame.

He jostled here two drunken tars,
Near the worn statue of Roman Mars,
He turned to look upon their case
And saw not the descending mace;
No time to draw or make a sound,
Ere he was stretched upon the ground;
The wedding wreath crushed o'er his face,
He lay at the grim idol's base.

The kinsmen of the maiden scorned,
About his prostrate body swarmed,
So eager was each man to slay,
They almost fought to reach their prey;
Soon deadly steel, with lightning speed,
Had finished the revengeful deed—
They met a gay attired groom,
And left him bloody for the tomb.