

Upon a glossy milk-white horse,  
 The needless youth came on his course,  
 His mantle white and vest of red,  
 A wedding garland on his head,  
 Upon his lips a happy smile,  
 Within his heart no thought of guile,  
 Dame 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's bed  
 Slowly his way the false assassin 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.