

Could an insult have been greater?  
Shown a more vindictive hater?  
Small wonder that the bride's friends raged  
Like lions wild when trapped and caged;  
Such insults were not to be borne;  
They'd make the youth regret his scorn;  
In conclave the Amidei sate,  
To decide the perjurer's fate.

Each man a moody aspect wore;  
Bitter resentment each heart bore;  
On full revenge each mind was set.  
What kind would be most adequate?  
Those most temperate at the meeting  
Advocated a sound beating;  
The insult others would efface  
By gashing Buondelmonte's face.

Forward Mosca Lamberti sprang,  
And brought his fist down with a bang,  
"Beat him, or wound him, as ye wilt,  
Be sure your own blood will be spilt;  
Wounds, or death, whate'er the sequel,  
You'll find consequences equal;  
No, mete him out full penalty,  
Up and be doing, no delay."

These words of Mosca turned the scale;  
They laid a plot to last detail;  
The time appointed was the day  
The bridegroom would be on his way  
To his expectant happy bride,  
On the first morn of Eastertide;  
The place appointed was the same  
He'd cast poor Monza off in shame.

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