

Messer. Oddo de' Fifanti
Said the insult was but fancy—
Sharply rebuked Uberto's spleen,
No offence had intended been;
What the family jester had done,
All knew was but a bit of fun;
And he averred no man of sense
Would think the act of consequence.

Uberto gave to him the lie:
And Oddo snatched a trencher nigh,
Dashed contents in Uberto's face—
And then confusion filled the place—
Immediately steel was out,
And sides were taken in the bout:
In the wild tumult that arose,
Men friends before now fought as foes.

Noble young Buondelmonte,
The staunch friend of the Uberti,
Severely wounded in the knee
Messer. Oddo de' Fifanti.
This caused the fury to abate;
Each side agreed to separate,
To well consider the offence,
And to decide what action hence.

Oddo to his friends sent greeting,
Asked them to attend a meeting,
There to discuss what course to take—
To heal the breach or wider make:
He, himself, preferred the latter:
But of this he made no matter;
By friends' advice he'd be guided;
Upon this he'd quite decided.