

A VENDETTA.

To dine at his villa, near Campi,
Messer. Mazzingo Tegrini
Did many Florentines invite:
And all accepted with delight;
No house in Florence that could boast
Such wines as this congenial host;
Besides, he was of noble birth,
And gold uncounted he was worth.

Laughter rang through the banquet hall;
Smiles faces wreathed of one and all;
The host's glance swept his guests with pride—
Noble Counts sat on either side;
The table groaned with best of viands;
Incomparable were the wines;
The garden sent her fragrance rare;
And sweetest music filled the air.

No ladies lent their presence there;
But not forgotten were the fair;
Each gallant youth and noble lord
Within his breast an image stored;
And when the good wine loosed the tongue,
Praises of maids and wives were sung—
A toast, drank with the utmost zest,
Was—"To the one each man loves best."

When revelry had reached its height,
The jester, a bold merry wight,
Snatched from Messer. Uberto meat,
And with sly winks began to eat:
Uberto sprang upon his feet;
Expressed displeasure with great heat—
With anger at his host he glared;
He'd been insulted, he declared.