

The laws of Florence punished men  
Who faithless to their vows had been,  
But death for such cause was unheard;  
The whole community was stirred;  
The tidings of the murder spread  
And people's hearts were filled with dread;  
With reason, too, for well all knew  
A general blood feud would ensue.

Placed on a bier, that all might see,  
The head upon the young bride's knee,  
The corpse was borne the streets along,  
Through a wild and disordered throng.  
Lovely Donati, anguish wrung,  
O'er her dead love like a lily hung—  
Although no tears her eyelids shed,  
Her face was pallid as the dead.

That bloody moment cut the cord  
That bound the demon of discord;  
Not only Florence rued that day—  
Dissension spread through Italy:  
'Tis said 'twas thirty years or more  
Before the factious strife was o'er.  
The fair Donati died unwed—  
Long faithful to her murdered dead.