**The Vine**

The wine of Love is music,

   And the feast of Love is song:

And when Love sits down to the banquet,

   Love sits long:

Sits long and ariseth drunken,

   But not with the feast and the wine;

He reeleth with his own heart,

   That great rich Vine.

**Inferno**

Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,
Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends
To rest in peace with all his retinue.