The Divine Comedy, Count Grassi's Passage Ove

Below the Po rolls slow from Alps to Adriatic Sea Blow old bellows, blow Take us where you will Padua, Genoa, Corsica, Catalonia, O Segovia O unfathomable firmament.

That we should set a course between the two Clinging only to our orb of blue and red Like Romanovs to a Faberge egg Push Sisyphus, push Heave our sphere into the heavens.

If I'm to die then let it be in summertime
In a manner of my own choosing
To fall from a great height
On a warm July afternoon
Liverwurst, Battenburg, Emmenthall, Syllabub, Muscadet
Throw it all away
We need more height
O Newton, release this apple from its earthly shackles
And live to fight another day.

Go back from whence you came the swallows cry You've corrupted and befouled the ground you walk upon And now you come to poison the skies Please friends, forgive this brief intrusion.