

XL

Herminius smote down Aruns :
 Lartius laid Ocnus low : 330
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark 335
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's⁵⁵ hinds⁵⁶ shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI

But now no sound of laughter 340
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamor
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array, 345
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

XLII

But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide ;
 And the great Lord of Luna 350
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the bran.
 Which none but he can wield. 355

⁵⁵ Campania. A district along the sea-coast.

⁵⁶ hinds. peasants.