

## XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold. 285  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 290  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

## XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose ; 295  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array ;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way ; 300

## XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum,<sup>47</sup>  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines ;  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's<sup>48</sup> mines ;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium 305  
 Vassal in peace and war,

<sup>47</sup> Tifernum. A town on the river Tiber.

<sup>48</sup> Ilva. Elba, an island in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Italy.