

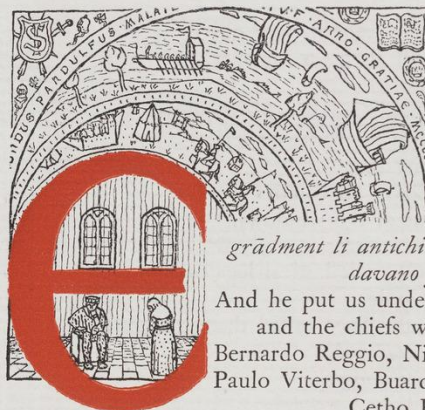


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## THE ELEVENTH CANTO

*grādment li antichi cavaler romanj  
davano fed a quisti annutii*

And he put us under the chiefs,  
and the chiefs went back to their squadrons:  
Bernardo Reggio, Nic Benzo, Giovan Nestorno,  
Paulo Viterbo, Buardino of Brescia,  
Cetho Brandolino,

And Simone Malespina, Petracco St Archangelo, Rioberto da Canossa,  
And for the tenth Agniolo da Roma

And that gay bird Piero della Bella,

And to the eleventh Roberto,

And the papishes were three thousand on horses, dilly cavalli tre milia,  
And a thousand on foot,

And the Lord Sigismundo had but mille tre cento cavalli

And hardly 500 fanti (and one spingard),

And we beat the papishes and fought them back through the tents

And he came up to the dyke again

And fought through the dyke-gate

And it went on from dawn to sunset

And we broke them and took their baggage

and mille cinquecento cavalli

E li homini di Messire Sigismundo non furono che mille trecento

And the Venetians sent in their compliments

And various and sundry sent in their compliments;

But we got it next August;

And Roberto got beaten at Fano,

And he went by ship to Tarentum,

I mean Sidg went to Tarentum

And he found 'em, the anti-Aragons,

busted and weeping into their beards.

And they, the papishes, came up to the walls,

And that nick-nosed s.o.b. Feddy Urbino

Said: "*Par che e fuor di questo . . . Sigis . . . mundo.*"

"They say he dodders about the streets

"And can put his hand to neither one thing nor the other,"

And he was in the sick wards, and on the high tower

And everywhere, keeping us at it.