

## The Battle of San Romano

The scent of the orange blossom swept through the air and lingered all around, mixing with the fragrance of the roses that stood on the ground and in the hedges far beyond. The air was hot and sticky and the fragrances merged together.

Then a sound, a cry, but not an ordinary cry, a cry of battle, a call to war!

The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses coming over the moor, the clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses coming over the moor.

The horses made their sounds and they galloped and they neighed, and the cry of the battle went on for days.

A glint of light that came from the oranges, that shone like lanterns floating up in the sky, their sweet smell, their fragrance, passing on by.

The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords.

But what was this war and who was it for? What were the reasons and where had they been? What was this war and what had they seen?

Who were these men who were calling to battle?

Up the hill, up the hill, and up the hill, and up the hill, the horses neighed and the horses brayed. Of course, this battle was all about land, what belongs to who, is it mine or is it not?

The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war.

These men on the battlefields they fought for hours, they fought for hours among the oranges and the pomegranates and the flowers.

A battle cry, a battle cry, calling out to war, calling, calling, calling out to war.

But wait, who is this man with the hat of red on his head, a hat of red and gold and if truth be told, he is the leader of the men. The man who wears the hat so wide, the hat that puffs from side to side. The man who wears the hat of red and gold and if truth be told, he is the leader of the men.

Who is just behind him? A Page, holding a sign, a banner that says, we are the leaders of the land, we are the men, the Florentines, who will fight the Sienese.

The Sienese, made up from men from all over to fight these men from Florence—these soldiers and these knights.

The man who wears the hat of red and gold and if truth be told is the leader of the men, he was not the first one to lead these men. That belonged to a man with the name of, Micheletto, Micheletto, Micheletto!

But Micheletto had lost one too many battles and he was called and told,

“This is the end of your reign Micheletto, you will not lead the men again! This is the end of your reign Micheletto, you will not lead the men again!”

Micheletto fell to his knees and begged,

“Oh, please, but please, I beg you, give me one more chance, one more chance for me to prove what I can do!”

“No, I have told you so, you will not lead the men again! You will fight from behind with all of the men in a line!”

Micheletto was not happy, not one bit, but Micheletto did as he was told, and to the back he went, with the knights and the soldiers just behind, the knights and the soldiers in a line.

The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war, the clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war.

Who could take over from Micheletto, who could it be? Of course, a man by the name of Niccolo, Niccolo Tolentino and Niccolo was the man who wears the hat of red and gold upon his head, the man who wears the hat of red and gold upon his head.

As soon as he was given orders to take charge of the men, he called them one and all.

"Listen to me!" He cried. "Listen to me!"

And the battle cry sounded from far and away, the battle cry sounded through the hills and the trees, these men wanted to beat the Sieneese, this battle cry sounded through the hills and the trees, these men wanted to beat the Sieneese. He told the men.

"Listen to me, listen to me, I will lead from the front and you stand from behind, and when I give orders come forward in a line, and you at the back stay at the top and when I tell you- you will advance down and we will win this battle for this town!"

The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war. The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war.

The battle raged on for days and days and the battle raged on for days and days. But Niccolo, where, where had he gone, he had lost his men, he had lost the horses and the horsemen on foot and he was practically alone trying to be strong. He looked around and he could barely see anyone for his side. Oh my goodness, this was not supposed to happen, where were they!? Were they hiding behind the hills and trees? Where were the men? He couldn't see, he needed to beat these Sieneese!

And on and on and on he fought, and lances and swords locked horns, and lances and swords locked horns, and just in the distance a battle with bows and arrows ensued, a battle of bows and arrows ensued.

Niccolo, he looked around to see if anyone was on their way and he called out to give the sign, he gave the battle cry!

"Now, now, now!" He cried. "Advance and down the hill, you need to come!" But still there was no one.

Then he looked to the other side and coming over from the trees, were the Sieneese, looking resplendent, as if they were winners of this war!

Charge, charge, charge! The lances and the swords locked horns, the lances and the swords locked horns and Niccolo had to give word for Micheletto... the man who had been leader before him... to come down, right now, to save his skin, but where was he when he needed him?

Then the Sieneſe led by Bernardino came forward through the trees and through the hills and the oranges ſhone by, floating like lanterns in the ſky.

Charge, charge, charge! The horſes grew weary and the horſes were weak and the men riding on them could barely ſpeak, the horſes grew weary and the horſes were weak and the men riding on them could barely ſpeak.

Niccolo was riding, riding, riding, going towards the other ſide and holding his baton of command in his hand to ſay, I am the leader of this land! But wait, in the diſtance juſt beyond, it's Micheletto coming down with the reſt of the men!

Charge, charge, charge! The Sieneſe are wiped off their knees!

Micheletto ſaved the day! He ſaved the day! He helped Niccolo to win this battle, and win this war, the war between the Florentines and the Sieneſe.

On the battlefield, there were cries and there were cheers!

"Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray, the battle has been won today!"

But who, who, who has won, tell us please, who is on the winning ſide? Is it the man who wears the hat of red and gold, the man who wears the hat of red and gold and if truth be told is leader of theſe men, the man who wears the hat ſo wide, the hat that puffs from ſide to ſide, he is the leader of theſe men, he is the leader of this land.

The battlefield cheered and the battlefield cried.

"Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray! The war is won, but by who?"

The man with the hat of red, the man with the hat of red and gold and if truth be told, the man with the hat ſo wide, the man who wears the hat that puffs from ſide to ſide, he has won, The Battle of San Romano.