

THE
LUSIAD,
OR,
PORTUGALS
Historicall Poem:

WRITTEN

In the PORTINGALL Language

BY

LUIS DE CAMOENS;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.

*Dignitum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

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I

THE
L V S I A D
OF
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. 1.



Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the *Western Lusitanian* shore
Past ev'n beyond the *Trapobanian-Isle*,
Through *Seas* which never *Ship* had sayld before;
Who (brave in *action*, patient in long *Toyle*,
Beyond what strength of *humane* nature bore.)
'Mongst *Nations*, under *other Stars*, acquir'd
A *modern Scepter* which to *Heaven* aspir'd.

2.

Likewise those *Kings* of *glorious memory*,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the *new Empire* (making dry
The Breasts of *ASIA*, and laying waste
Black *AFRICK'S* vitious *Glebe*; And *Those* who by
Their deeds at *home* left not their names defac't,
My *Song* shall spread where ever there are *Men*,
If *Wit* and *Art* will so much guide my *Pen*.

B

Cease

3.
 Cease *man of TROY*, and cease thou *Sage of GREECE*,
 To boast the *Navigations* great ye made;
 Let the high Fame of *ALEXANDER* cease,
 And *TRAIAN'S* Banners in the *EAST* display'd:
 For to a *Man* recorded in this *Peece*
NEPTUNE his *Trident* yielded, *MARS* his *Blade*.
 Cease *All*, whose *Actions* *ancient Bards* exprest:
 A brighter *Valour* rises in the *West*.

4.
 And you (*my TAGUS'S Nymphs*) since ye did raise
 My *Wit* t'a more then ordinary flame;
 If I in *low*, yet *tuneful Verse*, the praise
 Of your sweet *River* always did proclame:
 Inspire me *now* with *high* and *thund'ring* lays;
 Give me them *cleer* and *flowing* like *his* stream:
 That to your *Waters* *PHEBUS* may ordaine
 They do not envy *those* of *HYPPOCRENE*.

5.
 Give me a *mighty Fury*, Nor rude *Reeds*
 Or rustick *Bag-Pipes* sound, But such as *War's*
 Lowd Instrument (the noble *Trumpet*) breeds,
 Which fires the *Breast*, and stirs the *blood* to *jars*.
 Give me a *Poem* equal to the *deeds*
 Of your brave *Servitors* (*Rivals of MARS*)
 That I may sing them through the *UNIVERSE*,
 If, whom *That* held not, can be held in *Verse*.

6.
 And you, a present *Pawn* to *PORTUGALE*
 Of the old *Lusitanian-Libertie*;
 Nor the less certain *Hope* t'extend the *Pale*
 One day, of narrow *CHRISTIANITIE*:
 New *Terrour* of the *moorish Arsenale*:
 The foretold *Wonder* of our *Centurie*:
 Giv'n to the *World* by *GOD*, the *World* to win,
 To give to *GOD* much of the *World* agin.

7.
 You, fair and tender *Blossom* of that *Tree*
 Belov'd by *Him*, who dy'd on *One* for *Man*,
 More then whatever *Western MAIESTIE*
 Is styl'd *MOST CHRISTIAN*, or *CÆSAREAN*.
 Behold it in your *Shield*! where you may see
ORIQUE'S Battaile, which *ALPHONSO* wan,
 In which *CHRIST* gave for *Arms*, for you t'embofs,
 The same which *He himself* bore on the *Cross*.

8.

You (pow'ful *King*), whose *Empire* vast the *Sun*
 Visits the *first* as soon as he is born,
 And eyes it when his Race is *half-way* run,
 And leaves it *loath* when his tyr'd Steeds *adjourn*.
 You, who we look should clap a yolk upon
 The bruitish *ISHMAELITE*, become your scorn;
 On th'*Eastern TURK*, and *GENTIL* who still lies
 Sucking the *stream* which water'd *PARADISE*.

9.

That *Majestie* which in this *Brow* appears
 (This *tender* one) suspend for a small time,
 Already such, as in your perfect years
 When *FAME'S* immortal *Temple* you shall climb
 Those *milder* eyes, with which you banish *Fears*,
 Bend to the *ground*: on *which*, by num'rous *Ryme*,
 You'll see in *me* a *Passion* overgrown,
 To make the *Portugal-Achievements* known.

10.

You'll see a strange love to my *Native-soyle*,
 Not mov'd with *Vile* but high *immortal Meed*:
 For, to be compted is a *Meed* not vile
 The *Trumpet* of the *Nest* where I was bred.
 By *That*, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl
 You'll see, of whom you are the *Sov'raign Head*:
 And judge, which is the greater *Honour* Then
 To be *King* of the *World*, or of *such Men*.

11.

Hear *me*, I say, for not for *Actions vaine*,
Fantastick, Fabulous, shall you behold
Tours prais'd, though *forraigne Muses* (to obtaine
Name to themselves) have ev'n *feign'd names* extold.
Your Subjects true Acts are so great, they *staine*
 And *credit* all the *Lyes* of *others* told.
 Stain *RHODOMONT*, that puffed *ROGERO* too,
 And *MAD ORLANDO*, grant their deeds were true.

12.

For *These*, I give you a fierce *NUNNIO*
 Who *King* and *Country* propt, almost alone.
 An *EGAS*, a *DON FUAS*, whose worths to show
 I wish my *Voice* could reach great *HOMER'S* tone.
 For the *twelve Peers*, I other *twelve* bestow
 That past to *ENGLAND*, and *MAGRIZZO* one.
 Th'*illustrious GANIA* in the Reare I name,
 Who rob'd the *wandering Trojan* of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with CHARLS THE GREAT of FRANCE,
 Or one you seek to rival CÆSAR'S name)
 The first ALPHONSO see, who with his Lance
 Eclipses whatso'ere outlandish Fame!
 And Him, who by successful Valiance
 Rescu'd and snatcht his Realm from civil Flame!
 The second JOHN, unconquer'd by the sword!
 The Fourth and Fift ALPHONSO, and the Third!

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave
 Those CHIEFS, who, in the Kingdoms of the Morn,
 Their name in Armes unto the starres did heave,
 By whom your ever-conqu'ring Flag was born:
 Matchless PACHECO: TWO ALMEYDA'S brave,
 Whom weeping TAGUS will for ever mourn:
 Terrible ALBURQUERQUE: CASTRO bold:
 And more, whom death had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I These do sing, and dare not you,
 Great King (for I aspire not to that height)
 Take you your Kingdomes reynes your Hand into,
 And furnish matter for a loftier flight,
 Whilst your new worth may meet a Vein as new.
 Your num'rous Fleets, and Armies pond'rous weight,
 Let the World groan with, and their terrour seize
 The AFFRICK-Land's, and ORIENTAL-Seas.

16.

On you with fixed eyes looks the cold MOORE,
 In whom he reads his ruine prophecy'de:
 The barb'rous GENTILE (viewing you) is sure
 You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
 The silver THETYS offers you in dow're
 All her blew Realm, and doth the same provide.
 Took with your Face (where love is mixt with Awe)
 She seeks to buy you for her Son-in-Law.

17.

In you, out of their Blissful Bow'rs Above
 Your Grandfires souls (both famous in their way,
 The one in golden peace, which Angels love,
 T'other in bloody War) themselves survey.
 In you they hope their glories shall improve,
 Their Vertues be recoynd with less Allay:
 And wide they sit, to keep for you a roome
 In Heav'n's eternal Temple gainst you come.

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly on
 To rule your People, who much wish it so;
 Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
 That up with *you* this Infant-*musse* may grow;
 And you shall spye ploughing the *Ocean*
 Your *ARGONAUTS*, that they may also know
You see them tost upon the angry *Brine*:
 And use your self to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the *OCEAN* vast,
 Parting the snarling Waves with crooked Bills:
 The whispring *Zephyre* breath'd a gentle Blast,
 Which stealingly the spreading *Canvas* fills:
 With a white foam the *Seas* were overcast,
 The dancing *Vessels* cutting with their *Keels*
 The Waters of the *Consecrated DEEP*,
 Where *PROTHEUS*'s Flocks their *Rendezvous*es keep.

20.

When in the *HEAV'N OF HEAV'NS* the *Deities*;
 That have of humane things the Government,
 Convene in glorious *Council*, to advise
 On future matters of the *ORIENT*.
 Treading in Clusters the *Diaphane* skyes
 Thorough the *Milky way* their course they bent,
 Assembled at the *THUNDERER*'s command
 By *Him* That bears the *Caduceian Wand*.

21.

They leave the *patronage* of the *Seav'n spheres*
 Which by the *HIGHEST POWR* to *them* was giv'n:
 The *HIGHEST POWR*, who with an eye-brow steers
 The *Earth*, the raging *Ocean*, and the *Heav'n*,
 There, in a moment, every one appears;
Those, where *BOOTES*'s *waine* is slowly driv'n,
Those, who inhabit *South*, and where the *Sun*
 Is born, and where his golden *Race* is don.

22.

With an austere and high *Majestick* grace
 Upon a *Christal Throne*, with *stars* imboist,
 Sublime *THE FATHER* fate (worthy that place)
 By whom the Bolts, dire *VULCAN* forg'd, are tost:
 An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
 Able to breathe new life in a pale *Ghost*:
 A Scepter in his *Hand*, and his *Head* crown'd
 With one stone, brighter than a *Diamond*.

23.

On glitt'ring *chairs* (imbroyd'ed richly o're
 With infinite of *Pearles* and finest *Gould*)
 The other *Deities* were placed low'r,
 As *Reason* and the Herald *Order* would:
 The *Seniours* first, to honor them the more,
 And after *them* those who were not so ould:
 When thus the most high *JOVE* the silence brake,
 With such a voice as made *OLYMPUS* shake.

24

Eternal dwellers of the *Tow'r divine*,
 And *Impirean-Hall* with *starred Vault*;
 If the much *Vertue* of the valiant *Line*,
 Of *LUTUS* be not worn out of your *Thought*;
 You needs must know what the *great FATES* design
 To crown the former *Wonders* *Those* have wrought,
 That they shall darken with their *evening-Glory*
 Th' *Assyrian*, *Persian*, *Greek*, and *Roman* story.

25.

Your selves were witnesses, with what a poor
 And naked *Army* it was giv'n to *Them*
 To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous *MOOR*
 All that sweet *TAGUS* waters with his stream.
 Then 'gainst the stout *Castilian-Warriour*
 Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
 And still in fine with glory and *Renown*
 The *hanging Trophies* did their *Churches* crown.

26.

I speak not (*Gods*) of that more ancient name
 Which with the *Queen of Nations* they did get
 When (led by *VIRIATUS*) so great fame
 They wan, whilst *They* and *hostile ROME* were met:
 I pass their other *Clash* with that proud *Dame*
 (Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
 When a *Bandito* did their *Truncheon* bear,
 Who feign'd himself *inspir'd* by a *tame Deare*:

27.

See now, how trusting to uncertain *Waves*
 In a fraile *Barke*, through ways untrod before
 (Fearless of horrid *Boreas*, and the *Braves*
 Of the fierce *Southern wind*) they throw at more!
 How (having yoak't before that *Sea* which laves
AFFRICK'S North-side, and yoakt her *Southern-shore*)
 They bend their purpose and their forces turn
 To win the *Cradle* of the budding *MORN*.

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28.

To *Them* is promis'd by eternal *FATE*
 (Whose high *decrees* no *Power* can ere revoke)
 To be perpetual *Porters* of that *Gate*
 Through which the *Sun* first guides his silver spoke.
 They've spent at *Sea* the bitter *Winter's* date;
 The men are haraft, and with *Travaile* broke.
 'Tis now high time (as it appears to *me*)
 To shew them that new *Land* where they would be.

29.

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
 So many *dangers* in this *Voyage* past;
 Toft through so many *Seas* and *Clymates* been;
 Of so sharp adverse *Winds* felt many a *Blast*;
 I purpose now they shall as friends be in
 The *AFFRICK-Land* refresh't with some *Repast*;
 And, having victual'd there their wearied *Fleet*,
 Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus *JOVE*: when in their course of *Parliament*
 The *Gods* reply'd in order as they *Sate*,
 And to and fro by way of *Argument*
 Upon the matter calmly did debate.
 Then *FATHER BACCHUS* stiffly did dissent
 From what great *JOVE* propos'd; As knowing, that
 His *Fame* ith' *EAST* must suffer an eclipse
 Should *there* arive the *Lusitanian-ships*.

31.

He of the *FATES* had understood, from *SPAIN*
 How that a *warlike People* was to come
 Thorough the middle of the *OCEAN*,
 Which all the *Indian-Coast* should overcome,
 And which, with *modern Victories*, should stain
 All *old ones*, whether *forraign*, or their *own*.
 It griev'd him sore, those *Actions* should be drown'd
 Which still in *NYSA* made his name resound.

32.

He looks on *INDIA* as his old *Acquest*,
 From whom nor *Time*, nor *deeds* by *others* don,
 Had rob'd the stile of *CONQ'ROUR OF THE EAST*,
 By All That taste the streams of *Helicon*.
 But now he fears that *Glorie's* neer it's *West*,
 In the black *Water* of *oblivion*
 To set, should their desired *Port* obtain
 The valiant *PORTINGALLS* That Plough the *Main*.

Faire