THE LUSIAD,
OR,
PORTUGALS
Historicall Poem:
WRITTEN
In the Portingall Language
BY
LUI S DE CAMOENS;
AND
Now newly put into English
BY
RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.

LONDON,
Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at the Prince's-
Arms in St Paul's Church-yard, M. DC. LV.
THE

LVSIAD

OF

Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA 1.

Rome, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore
Past even beyond the Trajanian-Ille,
Through seas which never Ship had fayld 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 aspires.

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 Africa's virtuous Glebe; And those who by
Their deeds at home left not their names deface,
My Song shall spread where ever there are Men,
If Wit and Art will so much guide my Pen.

B.

Caele
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 Trajan's Banners in the East display'd:
For to a Man recorded in this Verse
Neptune his Trident yielded, Mars his Blade.
Cease All, whose Actions ancient Bards express'd,
A brighter Valour rules in the West.

And you (my Tagus's Nymphs) since ye did raise
My Wit a more than ordinarie flame;
If I in low, yet sweet Verse, the praise
Of your sweet River always did proclaim:
Inspire me now with high and thundering lays;
Give me them clear and flowing like his stream:
That to your Waters Phebus may ordaine
They do not envy those of Hesperide.

Give me a mighty Fury, Nor rude Reed's
Or rustick Bag-Pipes found, 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.

And you, a present Pawn to Portugal's
Of the old Lustianian-Libertie,
Nor the less certain Hope extends the Pale
One day, of narrow Christianitie:
New Terrors of the moorish Emperors;
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 again.

 thou, fair and tender Blossom of that Tree
Below'd by Him, who dy'd on one for Man,
More then whatever Western Majesty
Is stil'd Most Christian, or Cæsarish.
Behold it in your Shield! where you may see
Oriques Battle, which Alphonso won,
In which Christ gave for Arms, for you Tymbors,
The same which he himself bore on the Cross.
8.
You (powerful King), whose vast Empire va$t the Sun
Vists 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 Secrecies adjourn.
Tom, who we look should clap a yok upon
The brount i Shmaelit, become your isorn:
On th’Eastern Turk, and Gentle who still lies
Sucking the stream which water’d Paradise.

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 Ryms,
You’ll see in mea Passion overgrown,
To make the Fingal-Atticorumes known.

9.
You’ll see a strange love to my Native-soyle,
Not mov’d with Vile but high immortal Need.
For, to be compted is a Need: not vile
The Trumpet of the Nef where I was bred.
By That, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl,
You’ll see, of whom you are the Sovrain Head:
And judge, which is the greater Honour Then
To be King of the World, or of such Men.

10.
Hear me, I say, for not for Actions wains,
Fanta$tick, Fabulous, shall you behold
Turk prais’d, though soigne Muses (to obtaine
Name to themselves) have ev’n seign’d names extold.
Your Subjects true Acts are so great, they blaine
And credit all the Eyes of others told.
Stain Rhodomont, that puffe Rogerio too,
And Mad Orlando, grant their deeds were true.

11.
For These, I give you a fierce Nunno
Who King and Country propt, almost alone.
An Eneas, a Don Fuas, whose worths to show,
I wish my Voice could reach great Homer’s tone.
For the twelve Peers, I other twelve below,
That past to England, and Magrizzone.
Th’illustrious Gania in the Reare I name,
Who rob’d the wandering Trojan of his Fame.

Then
Then (if to Match with Charles the Great of France)
Or one you seek to rival Cæsar’s name.
The first Alphonso fees, who with his Lance
Eclipiseth whatso’er outlandish Fame!
And Him, who by successul Valiance
Refu’d and snatched his Realm from civil Flame!
The second John, unconqu’r’d by the sword!
The Fourth and Fift Alphonso, and the Third!

Nor shall my Verfes in Oblivion leave
Thofe Chiefs, who, in the Kingdoms of the Morn,
Their name in Arms unto the Flares did heave,
By whom your ever-conquering Flag was born:
Matchles Pacheco: Two Almeyda’s brave,
Whom weeping Tagus will for ever mourn:
Terrible Alburquerque: Castro bold:
And more, whom death had not the power to hold.

And whilst I Those doing, and dare not you,
Great King (for I aspire not to that height),
Take you your Kingdoms reynes your Hand into,
And furnace matter for a loftier flight,
Whilft your new worth may meet a Vein as new.
Your num’rous Fleets, and Armies ponderous weight,
Let the World groan with, and their terror seize
The Affrick-Land’s, and Oriental-Sea’s, and of

On you with fixed eyes looks the cold Moore,
In whom he reads his ruin prophecy’d:
The barbourous Gentle (viewing you) is sure
You’l yoak his neck, and bow’s it to thy’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) mine?
She seeks to buy you for her Son-in-Law, the Garambl.

In you, out of their Blissful Bow’s Above
Your Grandfires souls (both famous in their way)
The one in golden peace, which Angels love,
Tother in bloody War, themselves survey.
In you they hope their glories shall improve,
Their Fortunes be recondynd with less Allay:
And wide they fit, to keep for you a room.
In Heaven’s eternal Temple, gainst you come,
but
18.
But now, because your time creeps slowly and
To rule your People, who much with it for a new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with you this Infant-muse may grow;
And you shall see ploughing the Ocean
Your A R C H A I N S , that they may also know what
To see them toss upon the angry Brine and wind and
And use your self to be invok'd betime. Amen Amen Amen

19.
They now went sailing in the O C E A N vast,
Parting the braving Waves with crooked Bills e and bowing back
The whispering Z e p h y r e breath'd a gentle Blast;
Which steallingly the spreading Canoes fills:
With a white foam the Sea were overcast,
The dancing Vessels cutting with their Keels
The Waters of the C o n f e d e r a t e d D e e p,
Where P R O T H E U S 's Flocks their R e d e r s s e s keep:

20.
When in the H E A V N O F H E A V N S the D e i t i e s,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious C o n s e l to advise
On future matters of the O r i e n t,
Treading in Clusters the D i a p h a n e s skies
Thorough the M i l k y way their course they bent;
Affembled at the T h u n d e r e r 's command
By H i m That bears the C a d u c e a n W a n d .

21.
They leave the p a t r o n a g e of the S e a w n s p h e r i s: (for) which I,
Which by the H I G H E S T P o w e r to them was giv'n in the W
The H I G H E S T P o w e r, who with an eye brow steers
The Earth, the raging Ocean, and the Heav'n, 
There, in a moment, every one appears;
Thence, where B o o t e s 's maine is slowly driv'n
Those, who inhabit South, and where the Sun
Is born, and where his golden R a c e is don. "Begins" be g a i n i n g i n W

22.
With an austere and high M a j e s t i c grace
Upon a C h r i s t a l Throne, with stars imboff, round about shrines of
Sublime T h e F a t h e r face (worthy that place),
By whom the Bolts, dire V U L C A N forg'd, are to be struck &c.
An O d e r i f y s a n a Y e r b y blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale G h o s t:
A S c e p t r e in his H a n d , and his H e a d crown'd in a head yar;
With one stone, brighter then a D i a m o n d , and whiter o T
23.

On glitt'ring chairs (imbroy'd red richly o're)
With infinite of Pearles and finest Gold.
The other Deities were placed low'r,
As Reason and the Herald Order would:
The Seniors first, to honor them the more,
And after them those who were not so odd:
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 Impyrean-Hall with starred Vault;
If the much Virtue 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-Warrior
Heaven still beheld them with a favoring 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) to great fame
They won, whilst they and hostile ROME were met.
I pass their other Clash with that proud Dame
(Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
When a Bandido aid their Truncione bear,
Who feign'd himself inspir'd by a tame Bear.

27.

See now, how trusting to uncertain Waves
In a fraile Barke, through ways unrode before
(Fearles 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 yoak't her Southern-shore)
They bend their purpose and their forces turn
To win the Cradle of the budding MORN.
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 harf, 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;
Tost through to many Seas and Clymastes been;
Of so sharp adverse Winds felt many a Blast;
I purpose now they shall as friends bein
The Africk Land refresh't with some Repast;
And, having visual'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 eth East must suffer an eclipse
Should there arrive the Lusitian-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 stan
All old ones, whether foreign, or their own.
It griev'd him sore, that those Actions should be drown'd
Which still in Nysa made his name renownd.

32.
He looks on India as his old Acquest,
From whom nor Time, nor deeds by others don,
Had rob'd the title of Conqueror of the East,
By All That tatte the streams of Helicon.
But now he fears that Glorie's near it's West,
In the black Water of Oblivion
To set, should their defird Port obtain
The valiant Portingalls That Plough the Main.