



THE LUSIADS
OF
CAMOENS

**‘ La découverte de Mozambique, de Mélinde et de Calecut a été
chantée par le Camoens, dont le poème fait sentir quelque chose
des charmes de l’Odyssée et de la magnificence de l’Enéide ’**

MONTESQUIEU



Engraved by G. Cook

LUIZ DE CAMOENS.

'On him for whom his loved harmonious lyre
 Shall more of fame than happiness acquire'

Canto X St CXXVIII

OS LUSIADAS
DE
LUÍZ DE CAMÕES



IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.



LONDON
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1878

THE
LUSIADS OF CAMOENS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

J. J. AUBERTIN

KNIGHT OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL BRAZILIAN ORDER OF THE ROSE



IN TWO VOLUMES

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LONDON
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
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TO
HIS MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY
DOM LUIZ I^o
KING OF PORTUGAL AND THE ALGARVES
THIS TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH POETRY
OF
THE GREAT EPIC POEM OF PORTUGAL
IS
BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
DEDICATED
BY
HIS MAJESTY'S MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT
THE TRANSLATOR

PREFACE.

THE following translation of the 'Lusiadas,' written at various intervals, was undertaken as a literary pastime, and arose from associations of several years with those who speak the language of the poem.

The publication of the work, however, happens to be singularly coincident with the European perturbations of the present moment, much of the surpassing importance attaching to which belongs to the leading subject of Camoens' epic—the road from Europe to India.

At the period of Vasco da Gama's momentous discovery, trade with the East was alone in question. It had fallen into the almost exclusive power of the Turks, from which bondage his voyage relieved it.

But to-day, not only trade, but a vast and wealthy Empire are involved ; and the course of events, which it would be out of place to dwell on here, has long since, and lately more than ever, re-established England's path to India through that portion of the globe from which Vasco da Gama, by his discovery, withdrew it.

A poem, therefore, almost new in itself and in its style to the English reader, may perhaps be found to possess some living interest, belonging to the present hour, while treating of a great event which came to pass now nearly four hundred years ago.

J. J. A.

March 1878.

INTRODUCTION.

THE grand Portuguese Epic Poem of Luiz de Camoens—‘*Os Lusíadas*, or the *Lusiads*’—which Hallam describes as ‘the first successful attempt in modern Europe to construct an epic poem on the ancient model’—has for its hero (as may be more or less known) the celebrated Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama; and for its leading subject, the famous voyage, accomplished by that great man, which, by general consent, is ranked as having been by far the most important in its consequences, of the three great voyages of the world.

Sailing from Lisbon on the 8th of July, 1497, during the reign of our Henry VII., under the auspices of his monarch, King Emmanuel ‘the Fortunate,’ with three sloops-of-war, a storeship, and a crew of 160 men, he, on the 20th of November following, doubled the Cape of Good Hope (formerly called by Bartolomeo Dias, who discovered it in 1487, the ‘Cape of Storms’), and first established the momentous fact of the existence of an ocean passage between Europe and India, where he arrived in the month of May 1498, at Calcut, upon the coast of Malabar.

‘With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the Stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led.’—THOMSON.

The poem, however, is by no means confined to this leading subject. Indeed, it may almost be said that the Portuguese nation is the real hero of the piece; for Camoens artistically interweaves in it their whole early history—a proud and noble one, both in defensive warfare and in that maritime and commercial greatness,

which was founded by their illustrious navigator and discoverer, the Infante D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu. Hence, indeed, the title '*Os Lusíadas*,' or '*The Feats of the Lusians, or Lusitanians*;' for this classical name of the Portuguese was derived from the ancient province of Lusitania (more or less the Portugal of to-day), which legends state to have been founded by Lusus, or Lysas, the supposed bosom-companion of the famous god Bacchus, who forms a leading figure in the poem.¹ The name of the present kingdom, Portugal, it may be here observed, is said to be derived from that of Porto Calle, by which the city of Porto, or O Porto, was originally known.

Gama, then, set out upon his voyage, as stated; and on his return to Lisbon, bringing with him only 55 men of the 160 who had accompanied him, and having lost his brother Paul at Terceira in the Açores, where he had put in, as the map shows, in hopes of securing his brother's recovery, he was received by his king and country with all the honours to which his daring and successful enterprise entitled him. This event took place in 1499, about two years and nearly two months after his departure, and it naturally furnishes the last incident in the '*Lusiads*.'

Gama found the Moslems masters of the Eastern seas, and Calcut, the emporium of India. At this city he was well received at first, through the friendship of one Monçaide, a Moor of Tunis, who spoke the Spanish language; but the people, through their leaders, soon began to manifest much treachery and hostility towards him and his companions, as being strangers and Christians; and not only so, but as the dangerous intruders they so eminently turned out to be. King Emmanuel, however, was resolved to pursue the course he had begun, and to reap the full benefit of a direct intercourse with India, the immense value of whose trade with Europe to the ancient and the modern world, as carried on through Egypt and Persia, was a subject familiar to all. He therefore caused to be fitted out a fleet of fourteen sail and 1,500 men for the East, in order to establish a position there, in spite of the Moslems, who had done their best to prevent Gama's return to Europe. The command of this fleet was given to Pedro Alvares Cabral, who sailed in the year 1500; and in

¹ See Canto iii. st. xxi. But Camoens uses these names in the plural.

this voyage it so happened that Cabral, being accidentally driven far to the west by a tempest, became the discoverer of Brazil, the present remarkable empire of South America.

With this expedition began that astonishing chapter of Portuguese history—the establishment of an extensive commercial empire in the East, and the first commercial empire in the world; ‘to which’ (writes Dr. Robertson in his ‘Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India’), ‘whether we consider its extent, its opulence, the slender power by which it was formed, or the splendour with which the government of it was conducted, there has hitherto been nothing comparable in the history of nations.’¹

‘Emmanuel,’ he continues, ‘who laid the foundation of this stupendous fabric, had the satisfaction to see it almost completed. Every part of Europe was supplied by the Portuguese with the productions of the East; and, if we except some inconsiderable quantity of them, which the Venetians still continued to receive by the ancient channels of conveyance, our quarter of the globe had no longer any commercial intercourse with India and the regions of Asia beyond it, but by the Cape of Good Hope.’

Gama’s great discovery, besides being important in itself, happened at a most critical period of history: for, only a few years afterwards, in 1517, Selim I., the Ferocious, took Cairo by storm, and the Mameluke dominions in Egypt, Syria, etc., were annexed to the Ottoman Empire; and as Mohamed II., styled the conqueror of two empires, twelve kingdoms and 300 cities, had already, in 1453, destroyed the Greek empire, captured Constantinople, and established the seat of the Turkish government in that city, the Sultans would, in point of fact, have become possessed of the absolute command of the trade between India and Europe had it continued to be carried on in its ancient channels, by the Red Sea to Alexandria, or from the Persian Gulf to Constantinople and the Ports of the Mediterranean.² By this line of communication it was that Genoa and Venice had alternately enriched themselves so greatly, according to

¹ It is asserted that the Portuguese language is still distinguished by the natives of India as ‘the language of the white man’—‘*lingoa do branco*.’

² The Turks, under Amurath, took Adrianople in 1361.

the power or protection which they were able to secure in Egypt, or at Constantinople.

On this subject Dr. Robertson further remarks (following M. L'Abbé Raynal): 'It is to the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and to the vigour and success with which the Portuguese prosecuted their conquests and established their dominions there, that Europe has been indebted for its preservation from the most illiberal and humiliating servitude that ever oppressed polished nations.'

It was in combating this power, combined with the Moslem influence in the East, that the valour and the constancy of the Portuguese was tried and proved; sustaining, for so many years, their splendid successes and extending their astonishing discoveries and conquests in that hemisphere.

In the course of this glorious epoch—for a detailed account of which I may refer to the copious 'Disquisition concerning Ancient India,' by which Julius Mickle introduces his translation of the 'Lusiads,' and the moving heroes and incidents in which are, of course, duly celebrated by Camoens—Gama twice returned to India: the second time with twenty ships, on board the 'Conquest' in 1502, returning in 1503; and the third time, in 1524, as Viceroy of the Indies, dying in Cochin in 1525.

But all things must have an end! Over the Moorish-Turkish power the Portuguese always prevailed. The extension of their dominion in the East, which was so large and rapid, continued to about 1548, when, during the reign of John III., the prosperity of Portugal and the extent of her Indian empire attained their greatest eminence, and Lisbon was considered as the market of the world. But the vast fabric of power which had been thus almost miraculously erected, and which has been aptly styled 'a superstructure much too large for the basis on which it had to rest,' was almost entirely overturned in as short a time, and with as much facility, as had served to raise it.

The young King Sebastian, to whom the 'Lusiads' are addressed, succeeded to the throne at three years of age, in 1557, and while his grandmother, D. Catharina of Austria, and his great-uncle,

Cardinal Henrique, were at variance about the regency, the kingdom began to decline. Then followed Sebastian's two disastrous expeditions into Africa, the second of which was undertaken, against every advice, in 1578, when he led forth the flower of his country to defeat, and was himself lost or slain¹ amidst the utter destruction of his army. From this blow Portugal never recovered, and, after much dispute as to the succession, Philip II. of Spain, the husband of our Queen Mary, seized on the kingdom. Portugal then became a Spanish province, and remained so from 1580 to 1640; and, when she regained her independence, the greater part of her commerce and her foreign possessions were already in the hands of the Dutch. This enterprising and commercial people are said to have appeared in the Indian seas in 1594, as the first real European rivals of the Portuguese; and, singularly enough, their establishment in the East, which gave birth to the Dutch-Indian Company in 1602, is said to have been planned by one Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while lying in jail for debt at Lisbon!

Strange indeed are the developments of time! England was not behindhand in the chase, and possesses to-day a territory in the East, far more extensive and valuable than any which had entered into the dreams of any European Power. We now call our great constitutional Queen, Empress of India; but we were far from being the discoverers of the Ocean Passage. For, while Vasco da Gama, commissioned by the little kingdom of Portugal, was searching out this grand aim by the East, and Columbus was engaged in a corresponding enterprise, sailing boldly forth into the West, England, so far from taking any part in these adventures, was only just recovering from tearing herself to pieces in those civil strifes, which bear in history the strange and contradictory title of 'The Wars of the Roses.'

The first commercial adventure from England is said to have taken place in 1591, and the first patent to the East India Company was granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1600. Not until this epoch—about a century after Gama's discovery—can we record our first appearance in that India, which is now so precious a possession of the

¹ See subsequent notice as to the Sebastianists.

British Crown; for the acquisition and security of which we have spent, and are still ready to spend, so much blood and treasure, and, at a moment's notice, are prompt to manifest so much sensibility; where so much wealth has been amassed, and so much gallantry in arms, so much wisdom in legislation, so much enterprise in commerce and civilisation, have been displayed. Let us contemplate these facts, and with all this splendid picture before us, let us honestly and modestly trace back history, and candidly confess that the man who first opened our road to all these splendid glories, and made them possible, was the renowned Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama.

Under the influence of these historical facts, it would therefore seem natural that some large portion of the English public should take an interest in reading the great Portuguese Epic; and it is under this persuasion that I have set myself the task of a new translation, conceived and framed after my own views of the original, accompanying it with a novel feature, viz. the publication of the original itself, side by side with the translation; this being the first example of the '*Lusiadas*' ever having been published in England. My ambition has been to introduce Camoens to English literature in his own language, and so to interpret him, side by side with himself, in ours, as it seemed to me he would have written his '*Lusiads*' had he written them in English.

A translator who dares this form of publication challenges, of course, a crucial criticism. But I am content to do so, if only in the hope that, should my work avail to gain a fair amount of public attention, it may not, even if imperfect, fail to make Camoens, as he well deserves to be, more known and appreciated in England, in the future.

Meanwhile, in this regard, I may be allowed, with all due modesty, to shelter myself beneath the words of our great Alexander Pope, in giving to the world what Dr. Johnson calls 'a poetical marvel,' his translation of the '*Iliad*.' 'What I have done,' he writes, 'is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task.'

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A translator, in point of fact, who has sufficient confidence in his work to encourage him to present it to the public, should rather court than shrink from comparison with his original ; for if he has executed his task well, therein is made manifest half its art and merit.

This (to gaze upwards to another great poetical luminary) was the feeling of Lord Byron in reference to his charming translation of that gem, the *Francesca da Rimini*, from Dante, as well as to his wonderful and model (though naturally unpopular) translation of the First Canto of Pulci's '*Morgante Maggiore*.' Writing to Mr. Murray about the first, he says : 'If you publish, publish *the original* ;' and of the second he says : 'You must print it side by side with the original Italian, because I wish the reader to judge of the fidelity : it is stanza for stanza, and often line for line, if not word for word—the best thing I ever did.'

Moreover, I have had in view the double object of showing Camoens in Portuguese to England, and Camoens in English to Portugal and Brazil, so that there might be an interchange of reading and understanding a great work between the two languages, which cannot but result in good, from the study of the '*Lusiads*.' Nor can I here forbear, on any account, from a warm reference to our kinsmen across the Atlantic, whom I should be proud indeed to count among the approvers of my translation of a poet, whose epic and whose language so many of them sincerely appreciate.

'It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue,' says Mickle in his '*Dissertation* ;' and, again, Hallam says 'The name of Camoens has truly a European reputation, but the "*Lusiad*" is written in a language not generally familiar.' The Portuguese language, it is useless to deny, is, comparatively, but very little known in England, though I believe it to be now fast gaining ground. It is very far, indeed, from being, what sheer ignorance has often called it, 'a poor dialect of the Spanish.' No observation can sound more ridiculous to those who know both languages. The Portuguese, with an average of defects which are common to all other languages, possesses a very rich vocabulary, and is in many of its features full of grace, power, flexibility, and beauty. Its well-known close propinquity with the Latin is sufficient to substantiate the truth of these observations ; and

I am confident that were Portugal as powerful now as she was at the era which Camoens celebrates, her language would be proportionately esteemed and studied.¹ Camoens, styled the 'Father of the Language' and the 'Virgil of Portugal,' may be said to have founded his mother tongue, while he celebrated his country's glory. 'That delight,' says Southey, 'which we take in Spenser and in the sweeter parts of Daniel,'² a Portuguese feels in the "*Lusiad*." Camoens is "the well undefiled" of that fine language, which he, more than any other, enriched and refined.'

As regards the art of translation itself, which I compare with the engraving of a picture, all who have essayed the task can appreciate its difficulties. Nor is its importance less. It has produced a special, vast, and varied range of literature, both in poetry and prose, and served as a channel for the mutual interchange of chosen expression, thought,

¹ Camoens, however, is very far indeed from being an unknown poet. His '*Lusiads*' (I preserve the plural number in the title) have been wholly or in part translated, in prose or verse, into the dead as well as the living languages. The Visconde de Almeida-Garret, in the 6th edition of his work '*Camões*,' published in 1863, gives a list of as many as forty-two different partial or entire translations. Among the above number appear the three English translations of the entire work: by Sir Richard Fanshawe, in stanzas, published in 1655; by William Julius Mickle, in heroic couplet, published in 1776; of which a fifth edition has been lately issued by Messrs. Bell and Sons; by Thomas Moore Musgrave, in blank verse, published in 1826; and also the first six Cantos, in stanzas, by Edward Quillinan, published in 1826. To these may be added the translation, in stanzas, of Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, Kt., published in 1854.

The most remarkable of all the translations is that by Luzzetto, a very learned Jew, who translated the entire poem into Hebrew.

In Spanish, there are four entire translations in poetry. In French, four also; three in prose; and five of selected passages in poetry: the Ignez de Castro, the Adamastor, and *Ilha dos Amores*. In Italian there are five entire translations in poetry. In German, three; and two of selected passages. In Danish, one entire. In Swedish, two entire. In Russian, one entire; and selected passages. In Greek, selected passages. In Latin, three entire; one in prose; and Cantos VII. and X. separately in poetry. There are also others extant, of more recent date. And, next to Portugal, it is England who might feel the most interested in Camoens and his hero, Gama.

Southey tells us that Dr. Johnson admired the '*Lusiads*,' and at one time had formed the resolution of translating the work. But being interrupted by other engagements, he invited Goldsmith to undertake the task.

² Samuel Daniel, of Taunton; born 1562. Poet Laureate to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote an heroic poem in eight books, on the Wars of the Roses.

and feeling, among the nations ; opening no less the Sacred and the Beautiful than the Useful of each to the other. As the most venerated example of the first, in England, may be mentioned our own Bible and the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms. These are translations, and they are brimful of the Beautiful. The Psalms are purely Sacred Poetry.

Poetry is, no doubt, in general more unattainable than prose. But there is much prose more unattainable than much poetry. The translation, however, of one modern language into another, whether of poetry or prose, must, to the merest tyro, be obviously a task of far less difficulty, on every account, than the translation from an ancient language into a modern, especially as to poetry. In this achievement our Pope and Dryden, though always criticised, always continue giants.

It has been said that 'none but a poet can translate a poet.' If this be true, whoever undertakes such a work must plead guilty to making some pretensions to the laurel, and must submit to be tested accordingly. It has been also said, that to speak of a literal poetical translation of any poem is to commit a solecism. So far as I am myself concerned, I have no other argument to offer upon these questions than will be found in the translation itself, which I am now bold enough to offer to the public, wherein my own efforts will explain my own views.¹

¹ In a literary article upon Morris's translation of the 'Æneid' (Ellis and White), published in the 'Times' of June 12, 1876, appear the following most excellent observations upon this part of the subject, which I cannot resist reprinting :—'The first difficulty, then' (writes the reviewer), 'to be encountered in the translation of a poet is the choice of a metre, and here, in the case of Virgil, the first sacrifice must be made, for the English language affords no metre which can reproduce the rapid but stately march of the Virgilian hexameter. When that difficulty is overcome, the next is to produce a faithful transcript of the original : the poet here needs to turn scholar, to think with his author's thoughts, in order that he may adequately represent his words. There remains a third difficulty, perhaps the most insuperable of all, and that is, to reproduce the spirit, the general effect, the "ensemble" of the original.

'This is the true poet's function in translation. Versification in the chosen metre is more or less a knack to be acquired : fidelity is a matter of scholarship, and of the exact and felicitous use of language : but to make the original poet live again, with form and feature unimpaired, in a language not his own, is the consummate task of the translator, and it almost needs a metempsychosis for its accomplishment.'

Camoens is an author with whom it is very easy to take liberties, and in translating whom the workman must suppress all temptations to overpass his purity and simplicity—a feature nowhere more prominent than in his sweetest and loftiest passages. His style (if I may thus express myself) will not bear tearing or hurrying; it will not suffer the turgid or bombastic, though he may be somewhat hyperbolic in his patriotism. It is one peculiarly his own, and from which, in certain parts, a quaintness is inseparable; as, for example, is the case with great Handel's music. It can be imbibed only by reading him thoroughly. He relies throughout upon the simplest phrases and figures for his purposes. All is nature, all is simplicity, whether he is terse in narrative, tender in feeling, imaginative in description, or sententious in his moral teachings. He cannot, as it seems to me, be truthfully translated without strict attention to his modes of thought, his modes of expression, and to the metre, which he chose as his own. His style must be caught and closely respected; the key in which he sets his music does not admit of transposition. He chose the metre which best suited with the cast of his mind; and this is particularly evident in the terse and antithetical apothegms with which he so frequently closes a stanza.

Having fixed these strict rules for my own government, the reader may be left to appreciate the difficulty of my work. In his own language, moreover, Camoens is permitted to take certain liberties in rhyming, which appear also in French, Italian, and Spanish poetry, but which are not allowable in either English or German. I mean the rhyming with the same sound, if only the meaning of the word be different; as (for example) of 'cego' with 'socego,' of which there are abundant corresponding examples throughout the poem. The sweetness of his language also permits much unevenness and irregularity in his lines, not unpleasantly evident from the frequency of the vowel, the scarcity of which is a defect in English. It will also be observed that the lines end with the double or two-syllabled rhyme—a feature common in all Portuguese poetry, but impossible to follow in English, and called by the Germans the 'schwacher Reim.'

If I am right in all these observations, the truth of them will be proved in the reading of my work. I have done my best to repro-

duce my original, in English garb, body and spirit. I have never, that I am aware of, over-strained a single line, nor indulged too frequently in what is familiarly called the 'give and take.' If such a recourse may be found now and then to have been inevitable, it must be remembered that no author of original poetry is himself exempt from it.

As regards the '*Lusiads*' as an original work, first published in Lisbon in 1572, I leave our critics to discuss it, hoping I may have contributed somewhat to the easy reading of it. And here I venture to remark that, from certain observations I have met with in the lately-published *Life of Lord Macaulay*, I much regret that that great authority is not still alive to bestow a fuller study on the '*Lusiads*' than he gives us to understand lay within his power, by the manner in which he speaks of his application to the Portuguese. For my part, I purposely abstain from all criticism, except to notice that one of the features of the poem has been greatly dwelt upon—the mixture throughout of the agencies of the God of Christianity and of those of the heathen mythology. And I do not discuss this point further than to say that I think Tasso far more open to objection on the score of magic in the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' an essentially religious poem, which the '*Lusiads*' is not; while at the same time he utterly falls short of those charming flights of fancy which the Gods and Goddesses of the ancients alone give scope for, and of whom Camoens so abundantly avails himself.

'We have fully proved,' writes Mickle, 'and Bacon has been cited to explain the philosophical reason of it, that the spirit of poetry demands something supernatural.' This must be especially true in a poem like the '*Lusiads*,' which contains so much of geography as well as history, and cannot therefore be poetical throughout. And whoever, let me add, would soar to the highest flights of supernatural fancy, must wing his way among the deities of Greece.

One great advantage, at all events, is derived from Camoens' incongruities, if such they be. He fills and enriches his pictures from all sources. Throughout the '*Lusiads*' there is every variety of impersonation; there is always companionship of some kind; and from first to last the reader is borne along (not denying some rather

cumbrous historical and geographical reading) with a sense that he is never alone, but is journeying onwards amidst peopled history or haunted legend ; recalled, moreover, from time to time, in the spirit of true devotion, to the presence and the protecting power of the Supreme Being of Christianity.

Before concluding, some notice is demanded of the often-written life of Luiz de Camoens. It appears to have been clouded with misfortune and disappointment throughout, to which fact his sonnets abound in allusions. His family was noble, originally Spanish, and his ancestor, Ruy de Camoens, is said to have removed into Portugal in 1370. As he was ill-treated in life and is become famous, different cities must of course now claim to have been his birthplace. Various dates are given for his birth. He may be taken, however, to have been born in Lisbon in 1524 (see Adamson's 'Memoirs') during the reign of Don John III. of Portugal, and of our Henry VIII. of England. He would, therefore, have been born twenty-seven years after Vasco da Gama's voyage of discovery to India, which he lived to make as immortal in poetry as it is in the world's history.

His first misfortune happened during his infancy, in the death of his father, who, while in command of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, with loss of life and of the greater part of his property. His mother, however, sent him to the University of Coimbra, the great University of Portugal, which, having been originally founded in Lisbon in 1279, by Don Diniz, the 'patriot King,' was afterwards, in 1527, finally transferred to the first-named rocky and romantic site, overlooking the Mondego, which winds through the wide and fertile valley below. Here Camoens appears to have spent the happiest hours of his life 'in morning gay,' and to have imbibed an early and profound taste for the Classics, on which he draws so frequently and copiously throughout his poem. Here also, it is asserted, he first learned love ; a sentiment in which his proud and noble nature appears to have abounded, mingled with great tenderness. Nor, in the spring of his youth, did the romantic scenery around him, including the site of the deep tragedy of Ignez de Castro, which forms the subject of that beautiful Episode in his third Canto, fail to nourish and expand his instinctive poetical imagination. To this certain of his early

sonnets testify, including a beautiful farewell to Mondego, on leaving Coimbra,¹ and exchanging the joys and liberty of boyhood for the bitterness and slavery of after-life.

From the University, which he quitted about 1545, he came to Lisbon, and was received at court, where his noble birth, education, and engaging manners, appear to have secured him a very favourable reception. These qualities, however, combined with his extreme devotion to the fairer sex, soon led him into trouble; for, falling in love with Donna Catharina de Ataydé, a lady of the palace, who reciprocated his affection, and love intrigues at the court of Lisbon being considered a high crime, he was banished from those royal and luxurious precincts, and retired to the cold regions of Santarem, some fifty miles from Lisbon, on the banks of the Tagus. Thus there came over him one of the early heavy clouds of his life, in descanting on which he avows that his first impressions arose on seeing the lady during his devotions at church on a Good Friday, and volunteers a confession that the day and the scene were alike unfitted for the intrusion of the more powerful sentiment.

At Santarem he is supposed to have begun or designed his great poem, which was composed partly in Europe and partly in Asia, at various intervals and amidst various circumstances; but soon becoming tired of inactive life, which little suited with his enthusiastic nature, and King John III. preparing an expedition against the Moors at Ceuta in Africa, Camoens eagerly joined, and being foremost in a naval engagement, he met with his next misfortune, in the loss of his right eye, which was destroyed by a splinter. The fame of his valour having reached Lisbon, he obtained permission to return; but having subsequently suffered (to use his own expression) 'the malignity of evil tongues,' he determined to leave his country, and in 1553 sailed with a fleet for India with a resolution never to return. 'Ingrata patria!' (he is said to have exclaimed in Scipio's words), 'non possidebis ossa mea.' The ocean, however, was nearly doing so, for the vessel he embarked in appears to have been the only one of the number that arrived at Goa!

¹ I can personally bear testimony to the beauty of Coimbra. My visit to the 'Quinta das Lagrimas' first prompted me to translate the 'Lusiads.'

On reaching this port, the first intelligence which met his ears was that of the death of his bosom friend Don Antonio de Noronha, who also had miscarried in love, and whose acquaintance he first made as a comrade at Ceuta. He shortly joined an expedition against the King of Cochin, displaying his usual bravery. In the year following, he joined in an expedition to the Red Sea, visiting Mount Felix, and parts of Africa, and writing poetical descriptions of what he saw. Returning to Goa, he was shortly accused of publishing satires against the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, and was banished, or rather ordered off, to China. Here, however, he was appointed 'Commissary of the Estates of Deceased Persons,' in the island of Macao, in which position he acquired a competency, small, but sufficient for his wishes. And here a grotto is still shown, in which he is said to have written the greater part of what remained to be written of his epic; probably the last three cantos, if we may judge from the concluding stanza of the seventh, which indicates a pause at that point of the work.

He eventually resigned his office and sailed for Goa, in a ship said to have been freighted by himself. And now occurred the greatest misfortune in his life! He was shipwrecked in the gulf, near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin China, losing all he had acquired; scarcely escaping with his life; and indeed, swimming to shore with one hand, while he held his poems in the other! By such a catastrophe, which is touchingly recounted (as by prophecy), in stanza cxxviii. of the tenth canto, was he himself nearly sacrificed; and an invaluable contribution to literature was nearly lost for ever to his country and the world!

But his life would seem to have been spared only that he might be subjected to still further troubles; and happy, it has been said, had it been for Camoens if Mecon had closed over him for ever! An opportunity at length occurring, he returned to Goa, arriving there in 1561. But shortly afterwards he was thrown into prison and subjected to a public trial, on charges of misconduct at Macao. All these, however, he triumphantly refuted, and being set at liberty, reassumed his military life. Soon afterwards, he was induced to attend Pedro Barreto to Sofala, in Africa, where Barreto had been

appointed Governor of the Fort. And it was about this time, according to Adamson, that he nearly succumbed to a broken heart on hearing of the death of Donna Catharina.

Barreto seems to have desired to keep Camoens by his side, as a person of distinction and erudition, and to have availed himself of the poet's poverty to effect this object. But Camoens being now very desirous to return to his native country, and some friends intervening to aid him against Barreto in this desire, he secured a passage home, and, after an absence from Portugal of sixteen years, arrived again in Lisbon in 1569.

There, in that strange stream of misfortune which appears to have engulfed him everywhere, he found a pestilence raging in the city. At last, however, in 1572, he succeeded in publishing his '*Lusiads*,' dedicating the poem to the young king, Don Sebastian. But although the work appears to have attracted attention, and to have created some sensation, yet it is certain that nothing beyond the careless bestowal of a small pension upon Camoens rewarded those labours of which his country has ever since been so proud; and he lived in penury, until he died in absolute want, in 1579, and the fifty-fifth year of his age—the day of his death being unrecorded, and his very winding sheet being given out of charity for his grave!

'The fact is fully established' (says Adamson) 'by a note written in the first edition of the "*Lusiad*," by one who was present at his death—F. Josepe Indeo. He left the book in the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites at Guadalaxara, and it is now in Lord Holland's possession. "I saw him die in a hospital at Lisbon, without having a winding sheet to cover him, after having triumphed in India and sailed 5,500 leagues by sea."'

Dying in 1579, the life of Camoens was thus spared just sufficiently long to expose his patriotic heart to the pain of realising the disastrous defeat and death of his young sovereign, Sebastian, at Alcacer-Kibir, in Africa. Yet some little mercy may be claimed, perhaps, as having been extended to him, in that his miseries were put an end to, before he suffered the deep humiliation of witnessing the actual submission of his country to a foreign yoke, in the following year. It was in 1580 that Philip II. of Spain seized upon the kingdom

and reduced it to a Spanish province. Yet, of this coming event he seems to have had some bitter foreboding, when he exclaimed in that passionate attachment to his country, which, with true devotion to his religion, was 'a ruling passion strong in death,' 'I will not only die in it, but with it.'

Let it, however, in justice be recorded to the honour of Philip, that the first man for whom he asked was Camoens ; expressing deep disappointment on hearing that he was already beyond his call ! But had he been still alive, and had Philip extended towards him a generous protection, would bread from the hand of an usurper of his country's throne have been, to a man like Camoens, less bitter than poverty, suffered by the negligence of his own King ? To such alternatives are the Fates sometimes found conspiring with the Furies to reduce the worthy among mankind !

So lived and so died Luiz de Camoens ! now 'The Great' of Portugal ; author of the '*Lusiads*,' and of many songs and sonnets, which are claimed to rank with those of Petrarch.

The portrait of his mind will be found in his poem. 'As the mirror of a heart so full of love, courage, generosity, and patriotism as that of Camoens' (writes Hallam), "'The *Lusiad*" can never fail to please us, whatever place we may assign to it in the records of poetical genius.' Of portraits of his person there are as many as there are of Shakspeare, and among them is one presenting as unearthly a visage as that of the latter, which forms the frontispiece to Payne Collier's edition, and recommended by corresponding laudatory, but entirely unconvincing, lines. I have, however, chosen the one which seems to me the best to coincide with the descriptions which are given of him ; but, under the tyrannical obligations of truth, I have been forced to show the blemish which his gallant conduct at Ceuta cost him.¹

¹ He is described as 'of middle stature, with full face, and countenance a little lowering : his nose long, raised in the middle, and large at the end. Whilst young, his hair was so yellow, as to resemble saffron. His manners and conversation were pleasing and cheerful.' In the word 'lowering' may perhaps be traced some slight disposition to disdain, which may have caused some of his troubles among his sensitive countrymen. His appearance has been called 'prepossessing,' and again as 'not perhaps prepossessing.'

For the text of the poem I have almost exclusively relied on that of the edition published by the Conego Francisco Freire de Carvalho, in Lisbon, nor do I believe that any ambiguities can exist, which are worth discussion. In such matters I have been often reminded of the scene between the spirits of Shakspeare, Betterton, and Booth, about some obscurity in Othello, which Fielding introduces in his 'Journey from this World to the Next.' 'Certes' (says Shakspeare at last), 'the greatest and most pregnant beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking; and when two meanings to a passage can in the least balance our judgment, which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable certainty that neither of them is worth a farthing.'

As I have refrained as much as possible from the interruption of notes, especially from the intrusion of copying, and merely copying, what are called parallel passages, and of mere extracts from classical and historical dictionaries, which are within the reach of any readers who may find them necessary, I will now set out some general view of the ten cantos, to serve as a guide for what may be looked for in the reading of the poem.

CANTO I. begins, then, in the form which Johnson calls the solemn repetition in heroic poetry unanimously adopted from Homer. The plural of 'heroes' in the first line indicates at once that the full history of Portugal will be the theme. In two truly poetical stanzas, iv. and v., Camoens manifests his home feelings by invoking the nymphs of his own Tagus; and then passes on to the dedication of his poem to the young king, Don Sebastian, which continues, with its various allusions, down to stanza xviii. inclusive. Now, as this stanza, with its future verb 'regerdes,' as well as stanza xv., are universally taken to point to the Regency, and evidently do so, it is not possible that the dedication formed part of the poem in the first instance, if it be true, as is constantly asserted, that Camoens began the 'Lusiads' before leaving Portugal for India. For he sailed from Lisbon in 1553, and the young king was not born until 1554, the

year afterwards. Again, this dedication could not have been written after Camoens returned to Lisbon in 1569, because the young king had, in consequence of troubles concerning the Regency, been declared of majority in 1568, at fourteen years of age, instead of at twenty, as willed by his grandfather, John III. And in 1572, when the 'Lusiads' were first published, Sebastian was already in his eighteenth year. If, therefore, Camoens had really begun the 'Lusiads' before leaving for India in 1553, these dedicatory stanzas must have been inserted afterwards in Asia, and preserved in the poem, although, strictly speaking, inapplicable in 1572. I am by no means inclined, however, to discuss the doubts arising as to when and where different parts of the poem were written, but mean to confine myself to a general view of its contents. A note as to Don Sebastian's fate and the strange sect called Sebastianists is subjoined to the canto. His life was short. He was slain in Africa at the early age of twenty-four. No less than four pretenders successively claimed to be the lost king. A work of research upon the whole subject, which reads like a novel, but is strictly historical, entitled 'Les Faux Don Sébastien,' has been written in French and published in Paris by my distinguished friend His Excellency Conselheiro Miguel D'Antas, now Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James.

Stanza XIX. is evidently written by a man who had been to sea ; and throughout the maritime descriptions this characteristic will be noted. With stanza XX. Camoens opens his first scene among the Olympian gods, which continues to stanza XLII., when he again returns to the fleet, conducts them to Mozambique on the African coast, describes the visit of the islanders and of their ruler, interspersing again, and particularly in stanzas LVI., LVII., LVIII., and LIX., some picturesque maritime poetry, and in a fine stanza, LXV., representing Gama as boldly declaring his faith to the Moslem. In stanza LXXI. will be found a reflection quite characteristic of Camoens. In stanza LXXIII. we return to Bacchus, who exhibited so much hostility at the Olympian Council ; and in LXXXIV. the morning opens upon the visit on shore for water, the ambush, and the fight. Peace being sued for, the fleet sails to Mombaça, but, again at the instigation of Bacchus, under the guidance of a treacherous pilot. Venus

protects them. In his two concluding stanzas, cv. and cvi., Camoens discloses that uneasy state of mind arising, apparently, from his sentiments of faith and patriotism having ever been offended and disappointed by the hard experiences of real life.

CANTO II. opens with the arrival at Mombaça, and proceeds to recount what took place there. Stanzas xix. to xxviii. describe in a very picturesque form the interference of Venus and the Nereids to save the fleet. Then follows a prayer by Gama to heaven for safety, which is answered by the impersonation of Venus ascending to interest Jupiter; and here occurs one of Camoens' most characteristic and poetical descriptions, corresponding with the warmest colourings of the Italian painters. Jupiter replies in a long historical prophecy, and in stanza lvi. sends Mercury to Gama. Stanzas lxi. to lxxv. describe the dream of Gama; lxxvi. and lxxvii. recount the escape of the vessels; and the rest of the canto is occupied with a varied and animated description of the voyage, the arrival at Melinda, and the hospitable and sincere reception of Gama by the king, and of the scenes that took place between them.

CANTO III. commences with Gama's narrative, as related to the king, and is occupied by much European geography and history, in the course of which a fine stanza, xvii., is addressed to Spain. With stanza xx. begins the history of Portugal, the first four lines of stanza xxi. being a highly appreciated and very favourite quotation with the Portuguese. From xxxv. to xli. the fidelity of Egas Moniz is finely told. From xlii. to lii. we have the account of the battle of Ourique, when the kingdom of Portugal was first founded in the person of Alfonzo I. in the year 1139. And in liii. and liv. we have the curious description of the Portuguese coat-of-arms, then first adopted. The five months' siege of Lisbon follows, at which some crusaders' vessels on their way to Syria, including some from England, aided Alfonso. Pursuing his history, Camoens recounts Alfonso's death in two fine stanzas, lxxxiii.-iv., and passes on to the taking of Silves, at which, again, some English crusaders with others on their voyage aided Portugal against the Moors. The mission of Maria, queen of Don Alfonso of Castile, and daughter of Don Alfonso of Portugal, begging aid of the latter, is touchingly told,

from stanzas ci. to cvi. both inclusive. The battle of Salano, in which the two Alfonsos annihilate the invaders of Castile, follows. Eventually the canto breaks forth with stanza cxviii. into the well-known episode of the sad history of Ignez de Castro, which, after having been a thousand times admired and criticised, and criticised and admired, still remains to charm. The following extracts from works already published will furnish sufficient details for enabling the reader to appreciate this deep tragedy—a romance in history—as it is recounted in Camoens' stanzas :—

‘Dona Ignez was the daughter of Don Pero Fernandez de Castro, a vassal of the first rank in Castile and Galicia. Emigrating to Portugal, he died there in 1343, in the reign of Alphonso IV. Dona Ignez de Castro accompanied, in the capacity of maid of honour, the Infanta, Constança, who came to Portugal in 1340 and was married to Don Pedro, the heir to the throne. Dona Constança died in 1345. By a clandestine marriage, Don Pedro was united to Ignez de Castro. Jealousy and envy stimulated some of the Portuguese nobles to conspire against her life. Apprised of their designs, she cast herself at the feet of the king, protesting her innocence, and supplicating mercy. Alphonso was moved to compassion, but his clemency was intercepted by the poniards of Alvaro Gonçalves, Pedro Coelho, and Don Lopez Pacheco.

‘The remains of the unfortunate Ignez were first entombed in the church of the monastery of Santa Clara, in Coimbra ; but when Don Pedro succeeded to the throne, they were disinterred, by his command, in his presence. Dona Ignez was then placed on a throne, and crowned ; and all who were present kissed her hand, in token of respectful homage to their queen. Her remains were subsequently conveyed in a splendid litter to Alcobaca by torch-light—a distance of seventeen leagues—accompanied by a most numerous cortege of the clergy, monastic orders, and the greatest personages in the kingdom. The same ceremonies of submissive homage were there repeated, and the body was deposited in a sculptured tomb prepared for its reception. In a similar tomb adjoining that of his beloved Ignez, Don Pedro, a few years afterwards, was interred.

‘Their style is that of a sarcophagus ; not, indeed, very finely sculptured, but from its general effect meriting to be considered as a respectable work of art. As monuments of great national interest, they eminently deserve to be skilfully restored, and most carefully preserved.

‘By mutual agreement, Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, and Don Pedro the Cruel, of Portugal, hardened by these events, gave up such delinquents as had taken refuge in their respective dominions. Coelho and Gonçalves were arrested and delivered up to the King of Portugal. Pacheco escaped. According to Faria y Sousa, the punishments the king inflicted on these criminals were most horrible. Their hearts were torn out alive, and they were subsequently burnt.’—*Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas. Tercera Parte, cap. ix.*

The notes to Mickle's translation of the ‘Lusiad,’ Mr. Adamson's ‘Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens,’ and the preface to the ‘Translation of Antonio Ferreira's Tragedy of Ignez de Castro,’ may be consulted by those who may feel sufficient interest in this mournful history to wish for a more circumstantial statement of the tragical catastrophe.

Let me add that a beautifully written tragedy, entitled ‘Inez, or, The Bride of Portugal,’ by Ross Neil, suggested by this remarkable story, was, some few years ago, published by Messrs. Ellis and Green. It does not, however, follow the true history.

CANTO IV. is also occupied with a continuation of the general history, including (stanzas xxiii. to xlv.) a description of the famous battle of Aljubarrota, in 1385, when D. João I. utterly routed the Castilians. He afterwards married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster (son of our Edward III.), the third son by which marriage was the famous D. Henrique, Duke of Viseu, the founder of Portuguese maritime discovery.¹ Stanzas lx. to lxxv. relate to the first expedition made by land for the discovery of a direct passage to India, under John II., and the fate of those who undertook it is feelingly described. Then follows the famous vision of Don Manoel of the rivers Ganges and Indus, and the consequent commission of the new enterprise to Vasco da Gama, whose noble form of accepting it, as described by the poet, manifests, again, the high tone of Camoens' mind. Then come those touching scenes of preparation

¹ An elaborate biography, in one volume, of this most distinguished figure in Portuguese, indeed, in the World's history, has been written by my friend, Mr. Richard Henry Major, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., of the British Museum, and has been translated into Portuguese by Sr. José Antonio Ferreira Brandão, and published in Lisbon, under the guidance and at the sole cost of H.E. the Duke of Palmella.

and departure, succeeded by the Old Man's warning, in whom is figured the general feeling of the nation upon the occasion. For the tenderness and power displayed in all these stanzas Camoens has been much and justly admired.

CANTO V. opens with the actual departure of Vasco da Gama's expedition. The second stanza tells the date of this event, and is worthy of notice from its peculiar form. Stanza III. is one of the most touching and most simple in the whole poem, and evidently reflects Camoens' own feelings on leaving his country in 1553. It is extremely admired by the Portuguese, with whom love of country is a well-known characteristic. After several pretty stanzas comes the famous description of the water-spout, stanzas XVI. to XXII., to the exactness of which, from having seen one, and happily from a distance, in the tropical regions, I can personally testify. Then follows a curious adventure on shore ; and then the ever-famous vision of the giant Adamastor at the Cape—called at first (as already mentioned) the 'Cape of Storms,' but afterwards by D. João II. the 'Cape of Good Hope.' Even Voltaire, whose flippancy in his pretended criticism of the 'Lusiads' (which he never really read) suffers such unmerciful castigation at the hands of Julius Mickle, warmly admires both this scene and the episode of Ignez de Castro. In the remainder of the canto, Vasco da Gama continues and completes his narrative, including a pretty description of the scene at Sofála. In his description of the attack of scurvy, the two stanzas LXXX. and LXXXIII. are worthy of attention. Stanzas XCII. to the end are occupied in strictures against his countrymen for want of those more refined gifts which should adorn and encourage enterprise ; and the last two stanzas are evidently pointed at the neglect of Gama's descendants, and his own resolution to write, notwithstanding.

CANTO VI. brings the fleet to India. It begins with the departure of Gama from Melinda, whose king and people always maintained friendship with the Portuguese, and at once describes new plots by Bacchus, who descends to Neptune's palace at the bottom of the sea, in order to provoke the hostility of that god against the fleet. A council is summoned, and a furious storm is decreed. The whole of these scenes and descriptions are eminently diversified and imagi-

native. The speech of Bacchus is very spirited. Meanwhile the fleet is quietly sailing along, and in various stanzas we again trace Camoens' own experiences on the ocean in the charming truth and simplicity of his pictures. The sailors are at length represented as listening to a midnight tale, recounted by Velloso, which is called 'The Twelve of England.' Mickle states that he has been quite unable to trace the slightest vestige of this tale in English history. Castera, however, professes to give the names of the Portuguese champions. The title ought rather to be 'The Twelve of Portugal.' Whether resting upon any basis of truth or not, the tale is admirably told and highly interesting, and forms a great feature in the poem. Let it rest in the halos of misty legend.

At its close, the storm decreed in the palace of Neptune breaks upon the fleet, and is magnificently described. Then succeeds a fine prayer by Gama to Heaven for deliverance, and in stanza LXXXV. Venus again shines forth in person, solving the discord as the 'Star of Love.' In perfect poetry she calls the sea-nymphs to her aid, who subdue the winds, and morning breaks upon the navigators with India close in view. In some noble stanzas the poet here represents Gama as falling upon his knees in thanksgiving to Heaven; and again closes his canto, which may be read with interest and delight throughout, with certain moral reflections:

CANTO VII. opens with an exhortation and rebuke to the Christian nations, in the course of which an attack is made upon Turkey. The kingdom of Malabar is described; also the anchoring of the fleet, the meeting with Monçaide, the Moor of Tunis; Gama's visit on shore to the Catual; the Catual's visit to the ships; offers of commercial treaties; and the beginning of the description of various pictures and flags on board; when, from stanza LXXXVIII. to the close, Camoens suddenly breaks off into some of his most bitter and dignified reflections as regards his own treatment and condition. Throughout this canto the simple and unaffected style of Camoens' form of narrative is most apparent; and the matter is interesting.

CANTO VIII. continues the description of the historical pictures, as far as stanza XXXIX. The remainder gives more scope for Camoens' pen, and the stanzas which describe the appearance of Bacchus in a

dream, and the scene between the King and Gama, with the speech of the latter, are in general highly appreciated. The reader may further be left to pick out various other stanzas, according to his taste, not overlooking the last four upon the power of gold. LIV., LXXXVII., and LXXXIX. are often quoted by Portuguese and Brazilians. The incidents are, like most of the others, taken from the *Decades* of De Barros.

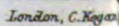
CANTO IX. opens with the difficulties thrown in the way of Gama's departure, who, however, eventually gets to sea. In stanza xv. Monçaide is described as 'blessed' in accompanying Gama. In stanzas xvi. and xvii., Camoens breaks forth into full poetry, describing the impulse of feelings awakened by a return home; and here again we seem to trace somewhat of those impressions which he had himself experienced, though apparently always a stranger to any bright train of thought. Immediately afterwards begins the descriptive narrative which gradually leads up to the enchanting allegory of 'The Isle of Loves' ('Ilha dos Amores'). Venus, with the assistance of Cupid and the Nereids, prepares a floating island, like another Delos, for the reception and entertainment of the returning mariners. The whole, with all its beautiful descriptions, must be read to be appreciated. The concluding stanzas, LXXXIX. to xcv., explain the allegory which Southey says, though perhaps pushed too far, is quite pure from everything of the *malus animus*, as, indeed, every high-coloured description of Camoens will honestly be found to be. The Canto appears to me to represent an elaborate canvas of exquisite conception and colouring, and bold indeed should I be to affect to feel that the Engraving of my translation is worthy of the original Painting. In the expedition of Cupid, Camoens takes occasion, with his usual frankness, to satirise the young king for his pursuits, under the name of Actæon, and likewise the court and general manners of the country.

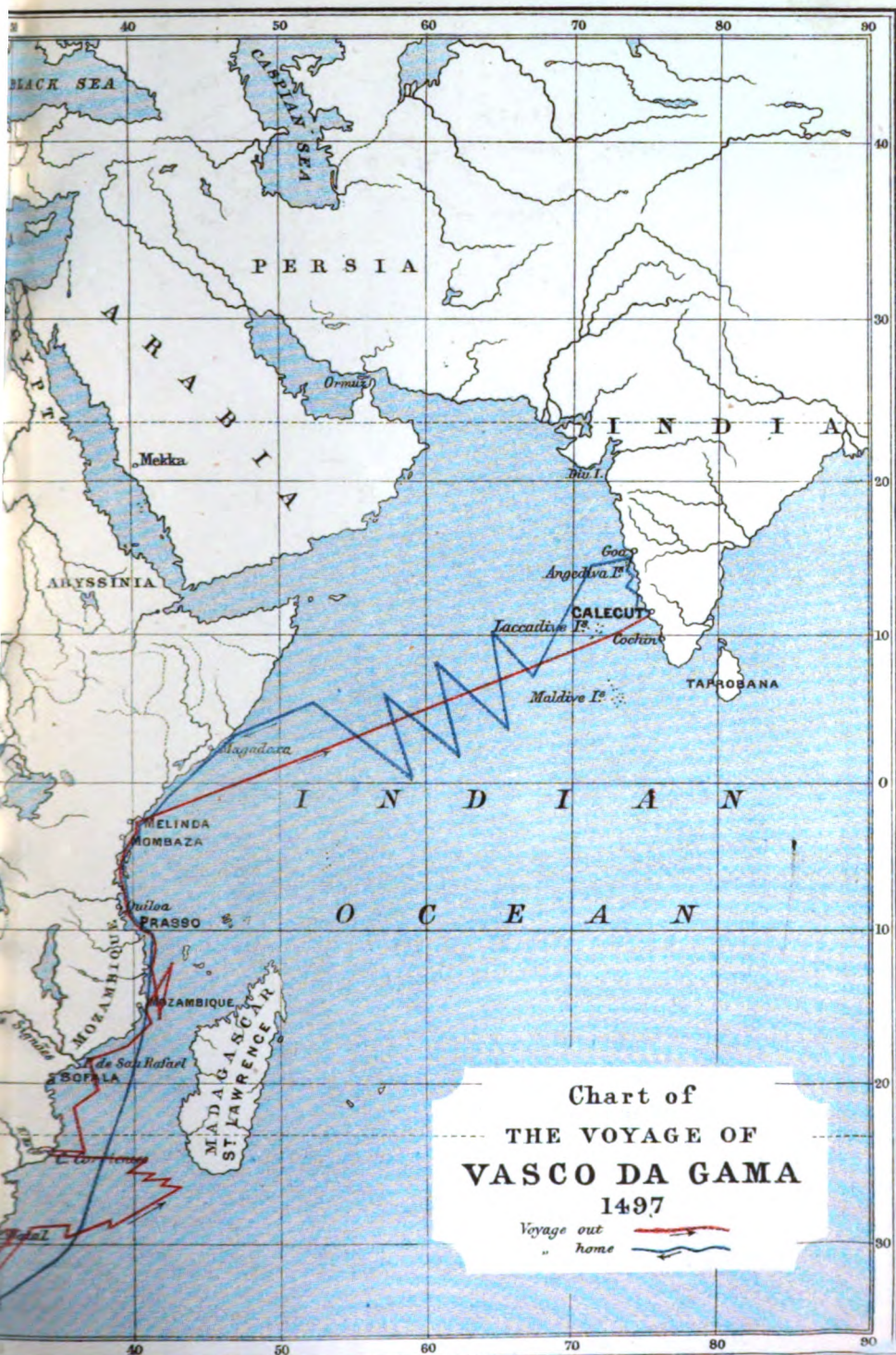
CANTO X. opens with some very pretty stanzas; and a Siren's prophetic song, concerning future Portuguese heroes, power, and possessions, succeeds. In stanzas viii. and ix. Camoens points feelingly to his own waning powers. On the conclusion of the Siren's song, stanza LXXIII., Tethys leads the way up a rugged

mountain, where a globe is displayed, and a long description is given of the heavens and earth on the Ptolemean system, followed by a prophetic series of the Portuguese exploits. All the heroes and facts mentioned are to be found in history. From stanzas cix. to cxix. the Indian history of St. Thomas the Apostle is introduced, who is said to have preached the Gospel in that country. Stanza cxxviii., prophetically recounting the accident on the Mecon, has been already mentioned. Finally, in stanza cxlii., Camoens resumes his more poetic style. Tethys bids the Portuguese farewell, and Gáma sails for Lisbon, stanza cxliv. describing his arrival. The poet then declines farther labours, and occupies the remainder of the canto in a solemn address to his King.

In this running sketch of the whole poem I have endeavoured to point out, in a general manner, its salient points ; but there are separate short passages of beauty to be met with everywhere. The grand feature of the whole composition consists in the fact that its subject is one of the most important events in the world's history.

In the Map which accompanies the work, the outward and homeward tracks are those taken by sailing vessels to-day, and are copied from the Map in the *Roteiro da Viagem de Vasco da Gama*, por A. Herculano, Barão do Cashello de Pavia, Lisboa, 1861.





OS LUSIADAS

THE LUSIADS

VOL. I.

B

CANTO PRIMEIRO.

I.

As armas, e os Barões assinalados,
Que da occidental praia Lusitana
Por mares nunca de antes navegados
Passaram ainda além da Taprobana,
Em perigos, e guerras esforçados
Mais, do que promettia a força humana :
E entre gente remota edificaram
Novo reino, que tanto sublimaram :

II.

E também as memorias gloriosas
Daquelles Reis, que foram dilatando
A Fé, o imperio ; e as terras viciosas
De Africa, e de Aſia andaram devastando :
E aquelles, que por obras valerosas
Se vão da lei da morte libertando :
Cantando espalharei por toda parte,
Se a tanto me ajudar o engenho, e arte.

III.

Cessem do sabio Grego, e do Troiano
As navegações grandes, que fizeram :
Calle-se de Alexandro, e de Trajano
A fama das victorias, que tiveram ;
Que eu canto o peito illustre Lusitano,
A quem Neptuno, e Marte obedeceram :
Cesse tudo o, que a Musa antiqua canta ;
Que outro valor mais alto se alevanta.

CANTO I.

I.

Arms and the heroes signalised in fame,
Who from the western Lusitanian shore
Beyond e'en Taprobana ¹ sailing came,
O'er seas that ne'er had traversed been before ;
Harassed with wars and dangers without name,
Beyond what seemed of human prowess bore,
Raised a new kingdom midst a distant clime,
Which afterwards they rendered so sublime :

II.

Also those kings of glorious memory,
Who, spreading wide the faith and empire's sway,
Went forth where Africa and Asia be,
Sweeping the wicked of those lands away ;
And they, who, working many a prodigy
Of valour, death's own laws e'en held at bay,
Shall in my song be o'er the world displayed,
If art and genius so far lend their aid !

III.

Cease now those mighty voyages to proclaim,
The Trojan and the learned Greek sustained ;
No more of victories and all their fame,
Which Trajan and great Alexander gained ;
I sing a daring Lusitanian name,
O'er Neptune and o'er Mars to rule ordained ;
Cease all the Ancient Muse to sing was wont,
For other valour rears a bolder front.

IV.

E vós, Tagides minhas, pois creado
Tendes em mi hum novo engenho ardente,
Se sempre em verso humilde celebrado
Foi de mi vosso rio alegremente :
Dai-me agora hum som alto, e sublimado,
Hum estylo grandiloquo, e corrente ;
Porque de vossas aguas Phebo ordene,
Que não tenham inveja ás de Hippocrene.

V.

Dai-me hum a furia grande, e sonora,
E não de agreste avena, ou frauta ruda ;
Mas de tuba canora, e bellicosa,
Que o peito accende, e a cor ao gesto muda :
Dai-me igual Canto aos feitos da famosa
Gente vossa, que a Marte tanto ajuda ;
Que se espalhe, e se cante no universo :
Se tão sublime preço cabe em verso.

VI.

E vós, ó bem nascida segurança
Da Lusitana antiga liberdade,
E não menos certissima esperança
De augmento da pequena Christandade :
Vós, ó novo temor da Maura lança,
Maravilha fatal da nossa idade,
Dada ao mundo por Deos, que todo o mande ;
Para do mundo a Deos dar parte grande :

VII.

Vós, tenro e novo ramo florecente
De hum a arvore de Christo mais amada,
Que nenhuma nascida no Occidente,
Cesárea, ou Christianissima chamada :
Vede-o no vosso escudo, que presente
Vos amostra a victoria já passada,
Na qual vos deo por armas, e deixou
As, que elle para si na Cruz tomou :

IV.

And ye ! my nymphs of Tagus, since my rhyme
With ardent genius new ye now inspire,
If I was wont, well pleased, in former time,
To celebrate your stream with humble lyre,
Oh ! grant me now a lofty note sublime,
An eloquent and glowing line of fire,
For of your waters Phœbus doth ordain,
They shall not envy those of Hippocrene !

V.

Give me a daring and sonorous tone,
Not as from flute or shepherd's reed might flow,
But as from sounding warlike trumpet blown,
Which fires the breast and makes the visage glow !
Give me such strain your famous race would own,
Worthy their feats, whose aid e'en Mars doth know :
That through the world they be renowned in song,
If so sublime a theme to verse belong.

VI.

And thou, the best-born fortress and the stay²
Of ancient Lusitanian liberty,
Nor less, of hope the most assurèd ray
For growth of nascent Christianity ;
Thou, the avenging marvel of our day,
New terror of the Moorish lance to be,
Given to the world by God, to rule it all,
That of the world great part to God may fall :

VII.

Thou flourishing young branch of a green tree,
By Christ more well-belovèd, as his own,
Than any other of the West can be,
Or as ' Cesarian ' or ' Most Christian ' known ;
Behold it on thy shield, which, as we see,
Shows forth a victory of ages gone,
In which He gave thee, for thy arms displayed,
Those that, upon the Cross, his own He made.³

VIII.

Vós, poderoso Rei, cujo alto imperio
O Sol, logo em nascendo, vê primeiro,
Vê-o também no meio do hemispherio,
E, quando desce, o deixa derradeiro :
Vós, que esperamos jugo, e vituperio
Do torpe Ismaelita cavalleiro,
Do Turco oriental, e do Gentio,
Que inda bebe o licor do sancto rio :

IX.

Inclinaí por hum pouco a magestade—
Que nesse tenro gesto vos contemplo,
Que já se mostra, qual na inteira idade,
Quando subindo ireis ao eterno templo—
Os olhos da Real benignidade
Ponde no chão : vereis hum novo exemplo
De amor dos patrios feitos valerosos,
Em versos divulgado numerosos.

X.

Vereis amor da patria, não movido
De premio vil, mas alto, e quasi eterno ;
Que não he premio vil ser conhecido
Por hum pregão do ninho meu paterno.
Ouvi : vereis o nome engrandecido
Daquelles, de quem sois senhor superno :
E julgareis, qual he mais excellente,
Se ser do mundo Rei, se de tal gente.

XI.

Ouvi ; que não vereis com vãs façanhas,
Phantasticas, fingidas, mentirosas,
Louvar os vossos, como nas estranhas
Musas, de engrandecer-se desejosas :
As verdadeiras vossas são tamanhas,
Que excedem as sonhadas, fabulosas,
Que excedem Rodamonte, e o vão Rugeiro,
E Orlando, indaque fora verdadeiro.

VIII.

Thou mighty monarch, o'er whose high domain
The rising sun his earliest ray doth cast,
Sees it in middle hemisphere again,
And at his setting moment leaves it last ;
Thou, the fore-promised conqueror and the bane,
Who shalt the horseman of vile Ishmael blast,
And Oriental Turk and Heathen line,
Still drinking waters of the stream divine : ⁴

IX.

Incline thy majesty awhile, I pray—
For that same gentle mood, methinks, in thee
Now smiles as shall do in thy latter day,
When thou art rising to Eternity—
Bend down thy gaze on earth ; a new display
Thy royal and benignant eye shall see
Of love for patriot deeds of valour bold,
Spread largely forth in verses manifold !

X.

The love of country thou shalt see, not moved
By vile reward ; if not eternal, grand ;
For vile reward 'tis not to be approved
By the acclaim of my paternal land ;
Hark : thou shalt blazoned see the name beloved
Of those whose lord superior thou dost stand :
And thou shalt judge which yields the nobler grace,
King of the world to be, or such a race.

XI.

Hearken ; thou shalt not see with empty deeds,
Fantastical, fictitious, and untrue,
Thy people praised, as foreign Muse must needs,
Seeking to shine with glory more than due :
So great thy true deeds are, their fame exceeds
E'en all of fabulous and dreamy hue,
All Rodamonte, vain Rugeiro, can,
Orlando too, had there been such a man. ⁵

XII.

Por estes vos darei hum Nuno fero,
Que fez ao Rei, e ao reino tal serviço :
Hum Egas, e hum Dom Fuas, que de Homero
A cithara para elles só cobicho.
Pois pelos doze Pares, dar-vos quero
Os doze de Inglaterra, e o seu Magriço :
Dou-vos tambem aquelle illustre Gama,
Que para si de Eneas toma a fama.

XIII.

Pois se, a troco de Carlos Rei de França,
Ou de Cesar, quereis igual memoria,
Vêde o primeiro Afonso, cuja lança
Escura faz qualquer estranha gloria :
E aquelle, que a seu reino a segurança
Deixou co'a grande, e prospera victoria :
Outro Joanne invicto cavalleiro,
O quarto e quinto Afonsos, e o terceiro.

XIV.

Nem deixarão meus versos esquecidos
Aquelles, que nos reinos lá da Aurora
Se fizeram por armas tão subidos,
Vossa bandeira sempre vencedora :
Hum Pacheco fortissimo, e os temidos
Almeidas, por quem sempre o Tejo chora :
Albuquerque terribil, Castro forte,
E outros, em quem poder não teve a morte.

XV.

E em quanto eu estes canto, e a vós não posso
Sublime Rei ; que não me atrevo a tanto,
Tomai as redeas vós do reino vosso,
Dareis materia a nunca ouvido canto :
Comecem a sentir o pezo grosso
(Que pelo mundo todo faça espanto)
De exercitos, e feitos singulares
De Africa as terras, e do Oriente os mares.

XII.

For these I will a valiant Nuno bring,
Who did such service to the King and State,
An Egas and a Fuas, whom to sing
Old Homer's harp I crave to emulate ;
For the twelve peers, I would be tendering
The twelve of England, with Magriço great ;⁶
The illustrious Gama also I proclaim,
Who for himself takes e'en Eneas' fame.

XIII.

Then, if to match with Carlos King of France,
Or Cæsar, thou would'st seek an equal crown,
The first Alfonso see, whose well-known lance
Shades any act of marvellous renown :
And him, who left his realm in high advance—
Great victory and safety all its own :
The other John, a knight to none deferred,
The fourth and fifth Alfonsos, and the third.

XIV.

Nor shall my verses leave forgotten those,
Who in the kingdoms of Aurora, there,
By arms they wielded so exalted rose,
Turning thy flag victorious everywhere !
Bravest Pacheco, and the feared of foes,
Almeidas, ever weeping Tejo's care :
Terrible Albuquerque, Castro strong,
And others, whom death had no power among.

XV.

And while I these, tho' thee I cannot, sing,
Such powers I dare not deem to me belong,
Take thou the guidance of thy realm, great king,
And thou shalt raise a new-invented song ;
Now the great weight of armies gathering
(May they spread terror all mankind among),
Let Afric's lands and Oriental seas
Begin to prove, and mighty prodigies !

XVI.

Em vós os olhos tem o Mouro frio,
Em quem vê seu exício affigurado :
Só com vos ver o barbaro Gentio
Mostra o pescoço ao jugo já inclinado :
Tethys todo o ceruleo senhorio
Tem para vós por dote apparelhado ;
Que, affeiçãoada ao gesto bello, e tenro,
Deseja de comprar-vos para genro.

XVII.

Em vós se vem da Olympica morada
Dos dous Avós as almas cá famosas,
Huma na paz angelica dourada,
Outra pelas batalhas sanguinosas:
Em vós esperam ver-se renovada
Sua memoria, e obras valerosas,
E lá vos tem lugar no fim da idade
No templo da suprema eternidade.

XVIII.

Mas em quanto este tempo passa lento
De regerdes os povos, que o desejam,
Dai vós favor ao novo atrevimento,
Para que estes meus versos vossos sejam :
E vereis ir cortando o salso argento
Os vossos Argonautas ; porque vejam,
Que são vistos de vós no mar irado :
E costumai-vos já a ser invocado.

XIX.

Já no largo Oceano navegavam,
As inquietas ondas apartando,
Os ventos brandamente respiravam,
Das naos as velas concavas inchando :
Da branca escuma os mares se mostravam
Cobertos, onde as proas vão cortando
As maritimas aguas consagradas,
Que do gado de Próteo são cortadas.

XVI.

On thee the frigid Moor keeps eye, as one,
From whom he figures forth the fatal stroke ;
The barbarous heathen at thy sight alone
Already bends the neck to take the yoke ;
Tethys, in dower, the whole cerulean throne
For thy command prepares, and hath bespoke
Thy purchase as her son-in-law to be,
Charmed by thy gentle grace and majesty.

XVII.

In thee, from Heaven's abode, themselves behold
The souls of thy two grandsires, famous here ;
The one by peace angelic robed in gold,
The other in his blood-red battles' gear : ⁷
In thee they hope, on earth, to see retold
Their valorous deeds, their records reappear :
And there thou hast a seat, when life shall close,
In the high temple of supreme repose.

XVIII.

But as this term doth slowly pass away, ⁸
While for thy future reign thy people pine,
Thy favour lend to this new daring lay,
That these my humble verses may be thine :
Thus thou shalt see thine Argonauts display
Their flying sails across the silver brine ;
And, knowing thou dost watch them o'er the sea,
Prepare thyself of them invoked to be.

XIX.

Now were they sailing o'er wide ocean bright,
The restless waves dividing as they flew,
The winds were breathing prosperous and light,
The vessels' hollow sails were filled to view ;
The seas were cover'd o'er with foaming white,
Where the advancing prows were cutting through
The consecrated waters of the deep,
Where Proteus' cattle all their gambols keep.

XX.

Quando os deoses no Olympo luminoso,
Onde o governo está da humana gente,
Se ajuntam em concilio glorioso
Sobre as cousas futuras do Oriente :
Pizando o crystallino céu formoso,
Vem pela via Lactea juntamente,
Convocados da parte do Tonante
Pelo neto gentil do velho Atlante.

XXI.

Deixam dos sete céos o regimento,
Que do poder mais alto lhe foi dado;
Alto poder, que só co'o pensamento
Governa o céu, a terra, e o mar irado :
Alli se acharam juntos n'hum momento
Os, que habitam o Arcturo congelado,
E os, que o Austro tem, e as partes, onde
A Aurora nasce, e o claro Sol se esconde.

XXII.

Estava o Padre alli sublime, e dino,
Que vibra os feros raios de Vulcano,
N'hum assento de estrellas crystallino,
Com gesto alto, severo, e soberano :
Do rosto respirava hum ar divino,
Que divino tornara hum corpo humano,
Com huma corôa, e sceptro rutilante
De outra pedra, mais clara que diamante.

XXIII.

Em luzentes assentos, marchetados
De ouro, e de perlas, mais abaixo estavam
Os outros deoses todos assentados,
Como a razão, e a ordem concertavam:
Precedem os antigos mais honrados,
Mais abaixo os menores se assentavam:
Quando Jupiter alto assi dizendo,
C'hum tom de voz começa grave, e horrendo:

XX.

When lo ! on luminous Olympus' height,
Where dwells the government of human fate,
In council glorious all the Gods unite,
And all the future of the East debate ;
Treading the lovely crystal heaven of light,
Over the Milky Way they come in state,
By grandson fair of Atlas old, above,
Convoked, as ordered by the Thunderer, Jove !

XXI.

Of their seven heavens they leave the rule for One,
By whom, as of the loftiest power, 'twas given ;
A lofty power which, by mere thought alone,
Governs the angry sea, the earth, and heaven :
All in a moment they together join—
Those from the realms by cold Arcturus riven,
Those of the south, those from earth's utmost ends,
Where springs Aurora, and bright Sol descends.

XXII.

There the great Father dignified doth shine,
Who hurls the bolts of Vulcan from his sphere,
On star-bespangled throne, all crystalline,
With gesture lofty, sovereign, and severe ;
Forth from his brow there breathed an air divine
Which would a mortal make divine appear,
With crown and sceptre brilliant to the view,
Of stone more sparkling than the diamond's hue.

XXIII.

On shining thrones, all marquetryed with gold
And pearls, the other Gods were seated too,
A little lower down their thrones they hold,
As rule and order need that they should do ;
The place of honour's ceded to the old ;
The younger lower still appear in view ;
Then Jupiter, in tones severe and dread,
Lifted his voice on high and thus he said :

XXIV.

‘ Eternos moradores do luzente
Estellifero polo, e claro assento,
Se do grande valor da forte gente
De Luso não perdeis o pensamento,
Deveis de ter sabido claramente,
Como he dos fados grandes certo intento,
Que por ella se esqueçam os humanos
De Assyrios, Persas, Gregos, e Romanos.

XXV.

‘ Já lhe foi, bem o vistes, concedido
C’hum poder tão singelo, e tão pequeno
Tomar ao Mouro forte, e guarnecido
Toda a terra, que rega o Tejo ameno:
Pois contra o Castelhana tão temido
Sempre alcançou favor do Céu sereno:
Assi que sempre em fim com fama e gloria
Teve os tropheos pendentes da victoria.

XXVI.

‘ Deixo, deoses, atraz a fama antiga,
Que co’a gente de Romulo alcançaram,
Quando com Viriáto na inimiga
Guerra Romana tanto se affamaram :
Tambem deixo a memoria, que os obriga
A grande nome, quando alevantaram
Hum por seu capitão, que peregrino
Fingio na Cerva espirito divino.

XXVII.

‘ Agora vedes bem, que, commettendo
O duvidoso mar n’hum lenho leve,
Por vias nunca usadas, não temendo
De Africo, e Noto a força, a mais se atreve :
Que, havendo tanto já que as partes vendo,
Onde o dia he comprido, e onde breve,
Inclinam seu proposito, e porfia,
A ver os berços, onde nasce o dia.

XXIV.

' Eternal dwellers of the starry pole,
And of this shining throne partakers all,
If the great valour and the mighty soul
Of Lusitania's people ye recall,
Ye clearly know that by the Fates' control,
By whose great sure intent men rise and fall,
To them must now, forgotten, all give place,
The Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman race.

XXV.

' To them, as ye behold, by their decrees,
With power so small and slender 'gainst such foes,
From the strong-armèd Moor 'twas given to seize
The whole domain where gentle Tagus flows ;
The dread Castilian, too, kind Heaven did please,
Should always fall before them when they rose ;
So that, in fine, to fame and glory known,
Trophies of conquest they have always shown.

XXVI.

' I leave aside, O Gods ! the antient fame
Which with the race of Romulus they gained,
With Viriato, when so great a name
In hostile Roman warfare they obtained :
I leave that record, too, enforcing claim
To great renown, when, raising one, who feigned
Through a white hind heaven's counsels to command,
They made the Stranger Captain in their Land.⁹

XXVII.

' And now, behold, that in a fragile barque,
Daring the doubtful sea, they take their course,
And venture all on tracts without a mark,
In nothing fearing East or South wind's force ;
That having seen, already, the world's arc,
Where days are long and short, they seek their source,
And turn their purpose and their enterprise
To view the cradles whence the mornings rise.

XXVIII.

‘Promettido lhe está do Fado eterno,
Cuja alta lei não póde ser quebrada,
Que tenham longos tempos o governo
Do mar, que vê do Sol a roxa entrada:
Nas aguas tem passado o duro inverno,
A gente vem perdida, e trabalhada ;
Já parece bem feito, que lhe seja
Mostrada a nova terra, que deseja.

XXIX.

‘E porque, como vistes, tem passados
Na viagem tão asperos perigos,
Tantos climas, e céos exprimentados,
Tanto furor de ventos inimigos:
Que sejam, determino, agasalhados
Nesta costa Africana, como amigos,
E, tendo guarneçada a lassa frota,
Tornarão a seguir sua longa rota.’

XXX.

Estas palavras Jupiter dizia:
Quando os deoses, por ordem respondendo,
Na sentença hum do outro differia,
Razões diversas dando, e recebendo.
O padre Baccho alli não consentia
No, que Jupiter disse ; conhecendo,
Que esquecerão seus feitos no Oriente,
Se lá passar a Lusitana gente.

XXXI.

Ouvido tinha aos fados, que viria
Huma gente fortissima de Hespanha
Pelo mar alto, a qual sujeitaria
Da India tudo, quanto Doris banha :
E com novas victorias venceria
A fama antiga, ou sua, ou fosse estranha :
Altamente lhe doe perder a gloria,
De que Nysa celebra inda a memoria.

XXVIII.

'Tis promised, as the Eternal fates ordain,
Whose lofty mandate cannot broken be,
That they for many years shall rule the main,
Which the red rising of the sun doth see :
On the wide waves was passed the winter's pain,
They come all over-worked and wearily :
Therefore 'tis just, the time should be at hand
For showing them the new and longed-for land.

XXIX.

' And seeing, that in their voyage they now have passed
Perils so cruel, and of every kind,
Have in so many climes and storms been cast,
Endured such rage of every hostile wind,
I now resolve they be received, at last,
On Afric's coast, as friends, and shelter find,
And, there refreshing the exhausted crew,
Shall afterwards their lengthened course renew.'

XXX.

These words spake Jupiter, and lo ! around,
The Gods in order answer to the call ;
Among them are opposing judgments found,
Giving and hearing various reasons all.
But Father Bacchus takes a different ground
From Jove's decision, knowing 'twill befall,
Men will forget his feats in Eastern land
If thither sail the Lusitanian band.

XXXI.

For he had heard o' the Fates that out of Spain
A very mighty people should come down
O'er the deep sea, and for themselves obtain
All Doris bathes in India, with renown,
And with new victories advantage gain
O'er ancient glory, foreign, or his own :
And deeply would he grieve to lose the fame
Whereof yet Nysa celebrates the name.

XXXII.

Vê, que já teve o Indo subjogado,
E nunca lhe tirou fortuna, ou caso,
Por vencedor da India ser cantado
De quantos bebem a agua do Parnaso:
Teme agora, que seja sepultado
Seu tão celebre nome em negro vaso
Da agua do esquecimento, se lá chegam
Os fortes Portuguezes, que navegam.

XXXIII.

Sustentava contra elle Venus bella,
Afeiçoada á gente Lusitana
Por quantos qualidades via nella
Da antigua tão amada sua Romana :
Nos fortes corações, na grande estrella,
Que mostraram na terra Tingitana :
E na lingua, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupção crê que he a Latina.

XXXIV.

Estas causas moviam Cytherea,
E mais, porque das Parcas claro entende,
Que ha de ser celebrada a clara dea,
Onde a gente belligera se estende.
Assi que, hum pela infamia, que arrecea,
E o outro pelas honras, que pretende,
Debatem, e na porfia permanecem:
A qualquer seus amigos favorecem.

XXXV.

Qual Austro fero, ou Boreas na espessura,
De sylvestre arvoredado abastecida,
Rompendo os ramos vão da mata escura
Com impeto, e braveza desmedida,
Brama toda a montanha, o som murmura,
Rompem-se as folhas, ferve a serra erguida:
Tal andava o tumulto levantado,
Entre os deoses no Olympo consagrado.

XXXII.

'Twas he himself who did the Indian tame,
And ne'er had fortune or events denied
That all as India's conqueror sang his name,
Who drink the fountain on Parnassus' side ;
And now he fears such celebrated fame
The urn of dark oblivion shall hide,
If the brave Portuguese but once arrive
Upon those coasts for which they sailing strive.

XXXIII.

Him Venus challenges, of lovely mien,
Affected towards the Lusitanian race,
For all their qualities which she hath seen,
And to her loved of Antient Rome can trace ;
For their brave hearts, and for the great star's sheen
They showed in Tingitana with such grace :
And tongue, which, when she thinks, she seems to see
With slight corruption must the Latin be.

XXXIV.

These causes Cytheræa's motives were,
And more, that in the Fates she clearly read
That she, fair Goddess, should the glory share
Where these her warlike people should be spread :
Thus, one by honours she aspired to bear,
And one by terror of oblivion led,
Debating, in their views persistent stand :
The friends of each support on either hand.

XXXV.

As when the fierce South wind or Boreas drive
Through the vast thickness of some forest land,
In deep recesses boughs on boughs they rive,
With force and fury all beyond command ;
The mountains roar, the rolling murmurs strive,
Leaves tear, the aspiring Serras seething stand :
So midst the Gods like tumult seems to spread,
Raised on Olympus' consecrated head !

XXXVI.

Mas Marte, que da deosa sustentava
Entre todos as partes em porfia,
Ou porque o amor antigo o obrigava,
Ou porque a gente forte o merecia ;
De entre os deoses em pé se levantava :
Merencorio no gesto parecia :
O forte escudo ao collo pendurado
Deitando para traz, medonho, e irado :

XXXVII.

A viseira do elmo de diamante
Alevantando hum pouco, mui seguro,
Por dar seu parecer se poz diante
De Jupiter, armado, forte, e duro :
E dando huma pancada penetrante
Co'o conto do bastão no solio puro,
O céu tremeo, e Apollo de torvado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como enfiado.

XXXVIII.

E disse assi : 'O Padre, a cujo imperio
Tudo aquillo obedece, que creaste,
Se esta gente, que busca outro hemispherio,
Cuja valia, e obras tanto amaste,
Não queres, que padeçam vituperio,
Como ha já tanto tempo que ordenaste,
Não ouças mais, pois es juiz direito,
Razões de quem parece, que he suspeito :

XXXIX.

'Que, se aqui a razão se não mostrasse
Vencida do temor demasiado,
Bem fora, que aqui Baccho os sustentasse ;
Pois que de Luso vem, seu tão privado :
Mas esta tenção sua agora passe,
Porque em fim vem de estomago damnado ;
Que nunca tirará alheia inveja
O bem, que outrem merece, e o Céu deseja.

XXXVI.

But Mars, who with persistence ever strove
The Goddess to support in every case,
Either as bound by his old-standing love,
Or swayed by merits of the valiant race,
Forth from among the Gods his form did move,
While melancholy overcast his face ;
His warlike shield that hung upon his breast
Placing behind with dread and angry crest ;

XXXVII.

A little raising on his godlike brow
The visor of his adamantine helm,
Firm before Jove, his judgment to avow,
He stands irate and armed to overwhelm ;
With his spear's staff he strikes a piercing blow
On heaven's bright floor, which thrills throughout the realm ;
Apollo changes, ruffled in his might,
And e'en, a passing moment, pales his light !

XXXVIII.

And thus he said: 'O Father ! whose command
All that created was by thee obeys,
If now this race that seeks the Eastern land,
So loved of thee for valorous displays,
Is not to suffer an ignoble brand,
As truly was thy will in ancient days,
To him, as thou art just, accord no force,
Whose reasons flow from a suspected source:

XXXIX.

' And were not reason now, as is too plain,
By an unreasonable fear o'erthrown,
Bacchus should certainly this race sustain
From Lusus sprung, so verily his own ;
But his intention may be passed as vain,
For from a poisoned spirit it has grown :
Envy against another's weal aspires
In vain, when he deserves and heaven desires.

XL.

‘E tu, Padre de grande fortaleza,
Da determinação, que tens tomada,
Não tornes por detraz ; pois he fraqueza
Desistir-se da cousa começada.
Mercurio (pois excede em ligeireza
Ao vento leve, e á setta bem talhada)
Lhe vá mostrar a terra, onde se informe
Da India, e onde a gente se reforme.’

XLI.

Como isto disse, o Padre poderoso,
A cabeça inclinando, consentio
No, que disse Mavorte valeroso,
E nectar sobre todos esparzio.
Pelo caminho Lacteo glorioso
Logo cada hum dos deoses se partio,
Fazendo seus reaes acatamentos,
Para os determinados aposentos.

XLII.

Em quanto isto se passa na formosa
Casa etherea do Olympo omnipotente,
Cortava o mar a gente bellicosa
Já lá da banda do Austro, e do Oriente,
Entre a costa Ethiopica, e a famosa
Ilha de São-Lourenço ; e o Sol ardente
Queimava então os deoses, que Typheo
Co’o temor grande em peixes converteo.

XLIII.

Tão brandamente os ventos os levavam,
Como quem o Céu tinha por amigo :
Serenos o ar, e os tempos se mostravam
Sem nuvens, sem receio de perigo :
O promontorio Prasso já passavam
Na costa de Ethiopia, nome antigo ;
Quando o mar descobrindo lhe mostrava
Novas ilhas, que em torno cerca, e lava.

XL.

'And thou, O Father ! strong and firm in will,
From the determined vow that thou didst make
Turn thou not back : for it is weakness, still,
A matter once engaged in to forsake ;
More swift than air or arrow to fulfil
Thy word, let Mercury the message take,
Showing the land where they may learn the course
For India, and the crews recruit their force.'

XLI.

As thus he spake, the mighty Father's head
Inclining gave consent, on reason found,
To all that valorous Mars before him said ;
With nectar, then, he sprinkled all around ;
And through the glorious milky way there sped
Each of the gods, but, as in reverence bound,
Making his royal courtesy to Jove,
As he departed to his seat above.

XLII.

While this was passing in the fair abode
Of bright Olympus' realm, omnipotent,
The warlike race along the ocean rode
And to the south and eastern regions went ;
Twixt Ethiopian coast and th' isle they stood
Of famed St. Lawrence ; ¹⁰ and the bright sun bent
Hot rays upon the gods, whom, from great fear,
Typhœus made as fishes to appear.

XLIII.

As softly blew the winds to bear them on,
As if for one whom heaven esteemed a friend,
The air was calm, the weather cloudless shone,
With nought to fear that danger did impend ;
The promontory Prasso they had won,
Of antient name, where Afric shores extend,
When lo ! there rose amid the expanding waves
New islands, which the ocean girts and laves.

XLIV.

Vasco da Gama, o forte capitão,
Que a tamanhas empresas se offerece,
De soberbo, e de altivo coração,
A quem fortuna sempre favorece,
Para se aqui deter não vê razão ;
Que inhabitada a terra lhe parece :
Por diante passar determinava ;
Mas não lhe succedeo como cuidava.

XLV.

Eis apparecem logo em companhia
Huns pequenos bateis, que vem daquella
Que mais chegada á terra parecia,
Cortando o longo mar com larga vela :
A gente se alvoroça, e de alegria,
Não sabe mais, que olhar a causa della:
‘Que gente será esta ?’ em si diziam :
‘Que costumes, que lei, que rei teriam ?’

XLVI.

As embarcações eram na maneira
Mui veloces, estreitas, e compridas :
As velas, com que vem, eram de esteira
D’humas folhas de palma bem tecidas :
A gente da cor era verdadeira,
Que Phaeton nas terras accendidas
Ao mundo deo, de ousado, e não prudente :
O Pado o sabe, e Lampetusa o sente.

XLVII.

De pannos de algodão vinham vestidos,
De varias cores, brancos, e listrados :
Huns trazem derredor de si cingidos,
Outros em modo airoso sobraçados :
Das cintas para cima vem despidos :
Por armas tem adargas, e terçados,
Com toucas na cabeça, e navegando,
Anafis sonorosos vão tocando.

XLIV.

Vasco da Gama, captain of the crew,
So many enterprises prompt to dare,
Of proud high heart that nothing can subdue,
And object ever of kind Fortune's care,
No reason to detain him had in view,
Deeming the islands all unpeopled were ;
To steer his onward course he therefore sought,
But things came not to pass as he had thought.

XLV.

For lo ! in company there now appear
A number of small boats, which toward the fleet,
As from the Island next the mainland, steer,
Cutting across the sea with spreading sheet ;
The crews are all alive ; and as they near,
Blind to all else, the boats delighted greet :
'What race,' they say, 'are these?' all wondering,
'What law, what customs have they, and what King?'

XLVI.

The vessels as they came the shape displayed
For swiftness, being narrow-built and long :
The sails they hoisted were of matting made,
Woven of leaves of palm-tree, close and strong :
The people in their colour wore that shade
Which Phaeton, the burning lands among,
Gave to the world with rash and daring wheel,
As Po doth know and Lampetusa feel.

XLVII.

The people came all clothed in cotton gear
Of various colours, striped as well as white ;
Some round the waist are bound, others they wear
Gathered beneath the arm, graceful and light ;
Above the waist all naked they appear ;
For arms they carry shields and sabres bright ;
Turbans upon their heads ; and, as they sail,
Sonorous trumpets sound upon the gale.

XLVIII.

Co'os pannos, e co'os braços acenavam
As gentes Lusitanas, que esperassem :
Mas já as proas ligeiras se inclinavam,
Para que junto ás ilhas amainassem :
A gente, e marineiros trabalhavam,
Como se aqui os trabalhos s'acabassem :
Tomam velas, amaina-se a verga alta,
Da ancora o mar ferido em cima salta.

XLIX.

Não eram ancorados, quando a gente
Estranha pelas cordas já subia,
No gesto ledos vem, e humanamente
O Capitão sublime os recebia.
As mesas manda pôr em continente :
Do licor, que Lyeo prantado havia,
Enchem vasos de vidro, e do que deitam
Os de Phaeton queimados nada engeitam.

L.

Comendo alegremente perguntavam
Pela Arabica lingua, donde vinham :
Quem eram : de que terra : que buscavam :
Ou que partes do mar corrido tinham.
Os fortes Lusitanos lhe tornavam
As discretas respostas, que convinham :
' Os Portuguezes somos do Occidente,
Imos buscando as terras do Oriente.

LI.

' Do mar temos corrido, e navegado
Toda a parte do Antartico, e Callisto,
Toda a costa Africana rodeado,
Diversos céos, e terras temos visto :
D'hum Rei potente somos, tão amado,
Tão querido de todos, e bemquisto,
Que não no largo mar, com leda fronte,
Mas no lago entraremos de Acheronte.

XLVIII.

Now with their robes and arms the people hailed
The Lusitanians, signing them to stay ;
But the light ships already thither sailed
To anchor near the Islands, on their way ;
Midst men and crews such labour now prevailed,
As sailors at the voyage's end display ;
They take in sail, the yards run down the mast,
The wounded sea leaps o'er the anchor cast.

XLIX.

They had not anchored, when the unknown race
At once came climbing up the ropes on board,
In joyous mood, and with a kindly grace
The noble Captain welcome doth afford,
The tables ordering at once to place ;
Of juice, which Bacchus planted, forth they poured
Glass goblets full ; and what before them lies
The sun-scorched people by no means despise.

L.

While eating cheerfully they straight demand,
In Arabic, whence come the ships and crew ?
What seek they, who they are, and from what land,
What parts of ocean, too, they had coursed through ?
The hardy Lusitanians understand
Fitting replies to give, discreet and true :
' We are the Portuguese, come from the West,
And of the Eastern lands we go in quest.

LI.

' In every part of ocean we have been
From the Antarctic sailing to the Bear,
And various skies and various lands have seen,
And Africa's wide sea-coast everywhere ;
Of a great King we are, to whom all lean
With hearts of love ; so sought, of fame so fair,
That not o'er ocean vast we'll cheerful go,
But e'en to Acheron's dark lake below.

LII.

‘ E por mandado seu buscando andamos
A terra Oriental, que o Indo rega :
Por elle o mar remoto navegamos,
Que só dos feos phocas se navega.
Mas já razão parece, que saibamos,
Se entre vós a verdade não se nega,
Quem sois : que terra he esta, que habitais :
Ou se tendes da India alguns sinais.’

LIII.

‘ Somos,’ hum dos das ilhas lhe tornou,
‘ Estrangeiros na terra, lei, e nação :
Que os proprios, são aquelles, que criou
A natura sem lei, e sem razão,
Nós temos a lei certa, que ensinou
O claro descendente de Abrahão,
Que agora tem do mundo o senhorio,
A mãe Hebrea teve, e o pai Gentio.

LIV.

‘ Esta ilha pequena, que habitamos,
He em toda esta terra certa escala
De todos os, que as ondas navegamos
De Quíloa, de Mombaça, e de Sofala :
E, por ser necessaria, procuramos,
Como proprios da terra, de habita-la :
E, porque tudo em fim vos notifique,
Chama-se a pequena ilha Moçambique.

LV.

‘ E já que de tão longe navegais,
Buscando o Indo Hydaspe, e terra ardente,
Piloto aqui tereis, por quem sejais
Guiados pelas ondas sabiamente :
Tambem será bem feito, que tenhais
Da terra algum refresco, e que o Regente,
Que esta terra governa, que vos veja,
E do mais necessario vos proveja.’

LII.

'And forth we sail to seek, by his decree,
The Eastern country laved by Indus' tide ;
For him we navigate the distant sea,
Where only monsters hideous abide ;
But now it reasonable seems that we
Should know, if midst you truth be not denied,
Who are ye, what this land wherein ye live,
And what account of India can you give.'

LIII.

One of the Islanders in answer said,
'We're strangers to this nation, law, and land ;
The people here are those whom nature made,
All without law or sense to understand ;
We have the certain law, which was conveyed
To us, at Abraham's great descendant's hand,
Who now such seniory o'er the world doth hold,
Of Jew and Heathen parentage of old.'

LIV.

'This little island, we inhabit near,
For all these regions gives a certain port,
For those who from Quiloa may appear,
Mombaça and Sofala ; all, in short ;
And seeing such is needful for us here,
To mix as natives of the soil we've sought,
And, that you be, in fine, informed of all,
The little Island Mozambique we call.

LV.

'And now that you have been so long at sea,
Seeking the torrid land Hydaspes laves,
A pilot you shall have, that you may be
Guided with skill by him across the waves ;
'Twere also well that from the shore a free
Supply should come, which your condition craves ;
The Regent, too, should see you, whose desire
Will be to furnish what you most require.'

LVI.

Isto dizendo, o Mouro se tornou
A seus bateis com toda a companhia :
Do Capitão e gente se apartou,
Com mostras de devida cortezia.
Nisto Phebo nas aguas encerrou
Co'o carro de crystal o claro dia,
Dando cargo á irmãa, que allumiasse
O largo mundo, em quanto repousasse.

LVII.

A noite se passou na lassa frota
Com estranha alegria, e não cuidada ;
Por acharem da terra tão remota
Nova de tanto tempo desejada.
Qualquer então comsigo cuida, e nota
Na gente, e na maneira desusada,
E como os, que na errada seita creram,
Tanto por todo o mundo se estenderam.

LVIII.

Da Lua os claros raios rutilavam
Pelas argenteas ondas Neptuninas,
As estrellas os céos acompanhavam,
Qual campo revestido de boninas :
Os furiosos ventos repousavam
Pelas covas escuras peregrinas :
Porem, da armada a gente vigiava,
Como por longo tempo costumava.

LIX.

Mas, assi como a Aurora marchetada
Os formosos cabellos espalhou
No céu sereno, abrindo a roxa entrada
Ao claro Hyperionio, que acordou ;
Começa a embandeirar-se toda a armada,
E de toldos alegres se adornou,
Por receber com festas, e alegria,
O Regedor das ilhas, que partia :

LVI.

Thus having said, forthwith to his canoes
The Moor returned with all his company,
Bidding the fleet and captain his adieux,
With gestures of becoming courtesy :
Then Phœbus in the waters 'gan to close
In crystal chariot the refulgent day,
Charging his sister moonlight watch to keep
O'er the wide world while he retires to sleep.

LVII.

With joy exceeding and without a thought
The night among the weary fleet was passed,
As having of the land, so far remote
And so long looked for, tidings found at last ;
Then each the people 'gins to con and note,
And their strange manners in his mind to cast,
And how that they, who followed a false creed,
O'er the whole world should be so widely spread !

LVIII.

Now did the moon in purest lustre rise
On Neptune's silvery waves her beams to pour,
With stars attendant glittered all the skies,
E'en like a meadow daisy-spangled o'er :
The fury of the winds all peaceful lies
In the dark caverns close along the shore ;
But still the night-watch constant vigils keep,
As long had been their custom on the deep.

LIX.

So soon, however, as the enamelled morn
O'er the calm heaven her lovely locks outspread,
Opening to bright Hyperion, new born,
Her purple portals as he raised his head,
Then the whole fleet their ships with flags adorn,
And cheerful awnings o'er the decks they spread,
To welcome, with delight and feastings gay,
The Ruler of the Isles now on his way.

LX.

Partia alegremente navegando,
A ver as naos ligeiras Lusitanas,
Com refresco da terra, em si cuidando,
Que são aquellas gentes inhumanas,
Que, os aposentos Caspios habitando,
A conquistar as terras Asianas
Vieram, e por ordem do destino
O imperio tomaram a Constantino.

LXI.

Recebe o Capitão alegremente
O Mouro, e toda sua companhia :
Da-lhe de ricas peças hum presente,
Que só para este effeito já trazia :
Da-lhe conserva doce, e da-lhe o ardente
Não usado licor, que dá alegria.
Tudo o Mouro contente bem recebe,
E muito mais contente come, e bebe.

LXII.

Está a gente maritima de Luso
Subida pela enxarcia, de admirada,
Notando o estrangeiro modo, e uso,
E a linguagem tão barbara, e enleada.
Tambem o Mouro astuto está confuso,
Olhando a cor, o traje, e a forte armada,
E perguntando tudo, lhe dizia
Se por ventura vinham de Turquia.

LXIII.

E mais lhe diz tambem, que ver deseja
Os livros de sua lei, preceito, ou fé ;
Para ver se conforme á sua seja,
Ou se são dos de Christo, como crê:
E porque tudo note, e tudo veja,
Ao Capitão pedia, que lhe dê
Mostra das fortes armas, de que usavam,
Quando co'os inimigos pelejavam.

LX.

Cheerfully sailing on his way he went,
The gallant Lusitanian ships to see,
With stores from shore, and feeling confident
That they are of the inhuman progeny,
Who, of the Caspian realms inhabitant,
Came forth of Asiatic lands to be
The conquerors, and who by fate's design
Seized on the empire of great Constantine.¹²

LXI.

The gallant Captain, courteously inclined,
Receives the Moor and all his company,
Presenting him with robes of richest kind,
Which for this end he had brought purposely ;
He gives him sweet conserves and drinks refined
Of spirit quite unknown, that fill with glee ;
The Moor, well satisfied, accepts the toys,
And, still more satisfied, the feast enjoys !

LXII.

Now all the curious Lusitanian crew
Mount with astonishment the shrouds among,
Noting the strangers' modes and customs new,
And their so barbarous and perplexing tongue ;
The artful Moor not less it struck to view
Their colour, garb, and all the fleet so strong,
And, asking everything, he now demands
If haply they have come from Turkish lands.

LXIII.

He also says that he desires to see
Their books of precept, law, or faith, to read ;
To trace if, haply, like his own they be,
Or, as he judges, of the Christian creed :
And to note all, and see all, properly,
He prays the gallant Captain to concede
A sample of the powerful arms they wield,
When 'gainst their enemies they take the field.

LXIV.

Responde o valeroso Capitão
Por hum, que a lingua escura bem sabia :
‘ Dar-te-hei, senhor illustre, relação
De mi, da lei, das armas, que trazia.
Nem sou da terra, nem da geração
Das gentes enojosas de Turquia ;
Mas sou da forte Europa bellicosa,
Busco as terras da India tão famosa.

LXV.

‘ A Lei tenho daquelle, a cujo imperio
Obedece o visibil, e invisibil,
Aquelle, que creou todo o hemispherio,
Tudo o que sente, e todo o insensibil :
Que padeceo deshonra, e vituperio,
Soffrendo morte injusta, e insoffribil :
E que do Céu á terra em fim desceo,
Por subir os mortaes da terra ao Céu.

LXVI.

‘ Deste DEOS-Homem, alto, e infinito
Os livros, que tu pedes, não trazia ;
Que bem posso escusar trazer escrito
Em papel, o que na alma andar devia.
Se as armas queres ver, como tens dito,
Cumprido esse desejo te seria :
Como amigo as verás ; porque eu me obrigo,
Que nunca as queiras ver como inimigo.’

LXVII.

Isto dizendo, manda os diligentes
Ministros amostrar as armaduras :
Vem arnezes, e peitos reluzentes,
Malhas finas, e laminas seguras,
Escudos de pinturas diferentes,
Pelouros, espingardas de aço puras,
Arcos, e sagittiferas aljavas,
Partazanas agudas, chuças bravas :

LXIV.

To this the gallant Captain doth reply,
Through one who knew their unknown language well,
'Illustrious Sir, I will the history
Of self, of laws, and arms I carry, tell ;
I am not of the land or progeny
Of those vile races that in Turkey dwell,
But from great Europe's warlike countries came,
In search of 'India's land, so great in fame.

LXV.

'I own the law of Him, whose high command
Visible and invisible are beneath,
Him, Who created all, the sea and land,
And all that breatheth, all that hath not breath ;
Who bore dishonour at revilers' hand,
Suffering unjust, insufferable death ;
And Who, in fine, from Heaven to Earth came down,
That Man might rise from Earth to Heavenly Crown.

LXVI.

'Of this God-Man, lofty and infinite,
The books thou askest for I have not brought,
For little need I bring, on paper writ,
What in the soul inscribed to travel ought.
If of our arms you still request the sight,
That wish shall be fulfilled as thou hast sought :
As friend thou shalt behold them ; for, as foe,
I vouch thou ne'er wilt wish their sight to know !'

LXVII.

Thus saying, his active men he forthwith sent
The armour to display, all proved and sure ;
Come warrior's gear and breastplates brilliant,
Fine coats of mail and platings all secure ;
Then shields of hues and colours different,
Large shot and carabines of steel most pure ;
Then bows and arrow-bearing quivers, too,
Sharp-pointed partizans, pikes strong and true ;

LXVIII.

As bombas vem de fogo, e juntamente
As panellas sulphureas, tão damnosas :
Porem aos de Vulcano não consente,
Que dem fogo ás bombardas temerosas ;
Porque o generoso animo, e valente,
Entre gentes tão poucas, e medrosas,
Não mostra, quanto póde ; e com razão ;
Que he fraqueza entre ovelhas ser leão.

LXIX.

Porê m disto, que o Mouro aqui notou,
E de tudo o, que vio com olho attento,
Hum odio certo na alma lhe ficou,
Huma vontade má de pensamento :
Nas mostras, e no gesto o não mostrou ;
Mas com risonho, e led o fingimento
Tratal-os brandamente determina,
Até que mostrar possa o, que imagina.

LXX.

Pilotos lhe pedia o Capitão,
Por quem podesse á India ser levado :
Diz-lhe, que o largo premio levarão
Do trabalho, que nisso for tomado.
Promette-lhos o Mouro com tenção
De peito venenoso, e tão damnado,
Que a morte, se podesse, neste dia
Em lugar de pilotos lhe daria.

LXXI.

Tamanho o odio foi, e a má vontade,
Que aos estrangeiros subito tomou ;
Sabendo ser sequaces da verdade,
Que o filho de David nos ensinou.
Oh segredos daquella Eternidade,
A quem juizo algum não alcançou !
Que nunca falte hum perfido inimigo
Aquelles, de quem foste tanto amigo !

LXVIII.

And jointly with the fiery bombs are blent
The sulphurous grenades, of force so dire ;
But from his gunners he withholds consent
That they the mortars terrible should fire ;
Because a heart, noble and valiant,
A scanty timid race would ne'er aspire
To scare, by showing all ; and with good cause :
'Tis small, midst lambs, to vaunt the lion's claws !

LXIX.

But as to this, of which the Moor took note,
And as to all he saw with watchful eye,
His soul an inward envious hatred smote,
And a bad feeling in his thoughts did lie ;
Nor look nor gesture showed a sign remote,
But he, with smiling gay hypocrisy,
To treat them well resolves within his mind,
Till for his schemes an opening he can find.

LXX.

For pilots now the Captain turns to ask,
By whom to India he may be ta'en,
And promises that they, for such a task,
Shall be rewarded with befitting gain ;
The Moor concedes them, but beneath doth mask
A bosom of such dark and poisonous stain,
That he, instead of pilots, at that hour,
Would death have given, had such been in his power.

LXXI.

So great the hatred was and evil thought
He toward the strangers suddenly conceived,
Knowing that in the truth, which Jesus taught
To all of us, they verily believed :
Oh ! mysteries of that Eternal, wrought
Beyond what human mind e'er yet achieved,
That traitorous enemies should never end
Towards those of whom Thou wast so great a friend !

LXXII.

Partio-se nisto em fim co'a companhia,
Das naos o falso Mouro despedido,
Com enganosa, e grande cortezia,
Com gesto ledo a todos, e fingido.
Cortaram os bateis a curta via
Das aguas de Neptuno, e recebido
Na terra do obsequente ajuntamento,
Se foi o Mouro ao cognito aposento.

LXXIII.

Do claro assento ethereo o grão Thebano,
Que da paternal coxa foi nascido,
Olhando o ajuntamento Lusitano
Ao Mouro ser molesto, e aborrecido,
No pensamento cuida hum falso engano,
Com que seja de todo destruido :
E em quanto isto só na alma imaginava,
Comsigo estas palavras praticava:—

LXXIV.

‘ Está do fado já determinado,
Que tamanhas victorias, tão famosas
Hajam os Portuguezes alcançado
Das Indianas gentes bellicosas :
E eu só, filho do Padre sublimado,
Com tantas qualidades generosas,
Hei de soffrer, que o fado favoreça
Outrem, por quem meu nome se escureça ?

LXXV.

‘ Já quizeram os deoses, que tivesse
O filho de Philippo nesta parte
Tanto poder, que tudo submettesse
Debaixo do seu jugo o fero Marte :
Mas ha-se de soffrer, que o fado desse
A tão poucos tamanho esforço, e arte,
Que eu co'o grão Macedonio, e co'o Romano
Demos lugar ao nome Lusitano ?

LXXII.

On this, departing with his company,
Of all the ships the treacherous Moor took leave,
With great and with misleading courtesy,
With pleasing mien intended to deceive ;
The boats through Neptune's waves all cheerfully
Cut their short way, and, as on shore they cleave,
Received by his obsequious retinue,
The Moor to his accustomed seat withdrew.

LXXIII.

From bright ethereal throne Bacchus the great,
Who from his father's thigh they say was born,
Observing that the Lusitanian fleet
Provoked the Moor to hatred and to scorn,
Designed within his heart a false deceit,
By which they all to ruin might be drawn ;
And, while he secretly conceived his plan,
These words within himself he thus began :

LXXIV.

' It has already been resolved by fate,
That o'er the warlike race of India's land,
Their victories, so many and so great,
The Lusitanian people should command ;
And I alone, of mighty Jove create,
Of qualities so many and so grand,
Am I to suffer that the Fates grant fame
To others, who shall thus obscure my name ?

LXXV.

' Already have the Gods their wish declared,
That Philip's son should here such power obtain,
That nothing should by warlike Mars be spared
In subjugating all things to his chain ;
And is it now of fate to be endured,
That so much power and art so few should gain,
That I, young Ammon, and the Roman race,
Should to the Lusitanian name give place ?

LXXVI.

‘ Não será assi ; porque, antes que chegado
Seja este Capitão, astutamente
Lhe será tanto engano fabricado,
Que nunca veja as partes do Oriente :
Eu descerei á terra, e o indignado
Peito revolverei da Maura gente ;
Porque sempre por via irá direita,
Quem do opportuno tempo se aproveita.’

LXXVII.

Isto dizendo irado, e quasi insano,
Sobre a terra Africana descendeo,
Onde vestindo a forma, e gesto humano,
Para o Prasso sabido se moveo :
E, por melhor tecer o astuto engano,
No gesto natural se converteo
D’hum Mouro em Moçambique conhecido,
Velho, sabio, e co’o Xequê mui valido.

LXXVIII.

E entrando assi a fallar-lhe a tempo, e horas
A sua falsidade accommodadas,
Lhe diz, como eram gentes roubadoras
Estas, que ora de novo são chegadas :
Que das nações na costa moradoras
Correndo a fama veio, que roubadas
Foram por estes homens, que passavam,
Que com pactos de paz sempre ancoravam.

LXXIX.

‘ E sabe mais,’ lhe diz, ‘ como entendido
Tenho destes Christãos sanguinolentos,
Que quasi todo o mar tem destruido
Com roubos, com incendios violentos :
E trazem já de longe engano ordido
Contra nós, e que todos seus intentos
São para nos matarem, e roubarem,
E mulheres, e filhos captivarem.

LXXVI.

'It shall not be ; for ere he can arrive,
This Captain, at his goal, all craftily
I will against him so much fraud contrive,
That Eastern lands shall never greet his eye.
I will descend on earth and there will strive
To rouse the Moorish breast with enmity ;
For always in a proper course he sails,
Who of the proper time himself avails.'

LXXVII.

Thus saying, all angry and almost insane,
On Afric's land he lighted from above,
Where, taking on the face and form of man,
Towards Prasso's well-known cape he 'gan to move;
And better the astute deceit to plan,
His natural form he changed, as did behove,
For that of a known Moor in Mozambique,
Old, wise, and much esteemèd of the Sheik.

LXXVIII.

And entering thus to speak, at time and hour
Which most convenient for his falsehood were,
He tells him of the devastating power
Of those who lately had arrivèd there ;
And how the rumour ran they did devour
The nations on the coast, and none did spare,
Robbing and plundering people as they passed :
Yet aye with pacts of peace their anchor cast.

LXXIX.

'And know ye more that I have heard,' he said,
'About these Christians so on slaughter bent ;
That nearly all the sea they've desert made,
With robberies and burnings violent ;
They bring their plots from far, all framed and laid
Against us here ; and that their whole intent,
Is to destroy us, our possessions take,
And wives and children all their captives make.

LXXX.

‘ E tambem sei, que tem determinado
De vir por agua a terra muito cedo
O Capitão dos seus acompanhado ;
Que da tenção damnada nasce o medo.
Tu deves de ir tambem co’os teus armado
Esperal-o em cilada, occulto e quedo ;
Porque, sahindo a gente descuidada,
Cahirão facilmente na cilada.

LXXXI.

‘ E se inda não ficarem deste geito
Destruídos, ou mortos totalmente,
Eu tenho imaginada no conceito
Outra manha, e ardil, que te contente :
Manda-lhe dar piloto, que de geito
Seja astuto no engano, e tão prudente,
Que os leve aonde sejam destruidos,
Desbaratados, mortos, ou perdidos.’

LXXXII.

Tanto que estas palavras acabou,
O Mouro nos taes casos sabio, e velho
Os braços pelo collo lhe lançou,
Agradecendo muito o tal conselho :
E logo nesse instante concertou
Para a guerra o belligero apparelho ;
Para que ao Portuguez se lhe tornasse
Em roxo sangue a agua, que buscasse.

LXXXIII.

E busca mais para o cuidado engano
Mouro, que por piloto á nao lhe mande,
Sagaz, astuto, e sabio em todo o dano,
De quem fiar-se possa hum feito grande :
Diz-lhe, que, acompanhando o Lusitano,
Por taes costas, e mares co’elle ande,
Que, se daqui escapar, que lá diante
Vá cahir, donde nunca se alevante.

LXXX.

'I also know that, ere the dawn, to land
To come for water is the Captain's will,
Accompanied by those in his command ;
For fear is gendered when the intent is ill ;
You must with yours go also arms in hand,
In ambush waiting him, concealed and still ;
Because his people, coming unprepared,
Will all be very easily ensnared.

LXXXI.

'And e'en if they should be not in this style
Destroyed all, or altogether slain,
I have imagined yet another wile
Within my mind, which your consent may gain ;
Give them a pilot, who, of natural guile,
And prudent the deception to maintain,
May lead them where they may be tempest-tossed,
Scattered abroad, or put to death, or lost.'

LXXXII.

Soon as these words Bacchus to utter ceased,
Wise in such things the aged Moor, who heard,
Forthwith his neck with grateful arms embraced,
Thanking him deeply for his warning word :
And, on the instant, he in order placed
His warlike means for when the attack occurred ;
That for the Portuguese might thus be made
Of purple blood the water which they prayed.

LXXXIII.

He also tries, by a well-planned deceit,
A Moor as pilot for the ship to send,
Sagacious, shrewd, and skilled in every cheat,
On whom for some great act he could depend ;
Tells him, when sailing with the Lusian fleet,
His course about such shores and seas to bend,
That if at first they 'scape, yet, farther on,
They still may fall, with hope for ever gone.

LXXXIV.

Já o raio Apollineo visitava
Os montes Nabathêos accendido,
Quando o Gama co'os seus determinava
De vir por agua a terra apercebido :
A gente nos bateis se concertava,
Como se fosse o engano já sabido :
Mas pode suspeitar-se facilmente ;
Que o coração presago nunca mente.

LXXXV.

E mais tambem mandado tinha a terra
De antes pelo piloto necessario,
E foi-lhe respondido em som de guerra :
Caso do que cuidava mui contrario.
Por isto, e porque sabe quanto erra,
Quem se crê de seu perfido adversario ;
Apercebido vai, como podia,
Em tres bateis somente, que trazia.

LXXXVI.

Mas os Mouros, que andavam pela praia,
Por lhe defender a agua desejada,
Hum de escudo embraçado, e de azagaia,
Outro de arco encurvado, e setta ervada,
Esperam, que a guerreira gente saia:
Outros muitos já postos em cilada :
E, porque o caso leve se lhe faça,
Põem huns poucos diante por negaça.

LXXXVII.

Andam pela ribeira alva arenosa
Os bellicosos Mouros acenando
Com a adarga, e co'a hastea perigosa
Os fortes Portuguezes incitando.
Não soffre muito a gente generosa
Andar-lhe os cães os dentes amostrando ;
Qualquer em terra salta tão ligeiro,
Que nenhum dizer póde, que he primeiro.

LXXXIV.

Apollo's ray now visited again
The Nabathean peaks all gilded o'er,
When Gama had determined with his men
To go, prepared, for water to the shore ;
The sailors all the boats were ranged within,
As if the treachery had been known before ;
But easily suspicion inward breeds,
For when the heart forebodes it ne'er misleads.

LXXXV.

And more than this, when message he had sent,
Asking the looked-for pilot from the shore,
They gave an answer warlike in intent,
Which quite an unexpected meaning bore :
For this, and knowing how who faith has lent
To faithless foe the error must deplore,
He goes upon his guard, as best he may,
And takes three launches only, for the day.

LXXXVI.

But now the Moors, who on the coast had strayed,
His passage to the longed-for stream to thwart,
Some with large shields and pointed spears arrayed,
Others with bended bow and poisoned dart,
For the approaching valiant sailors stayed ;
Many are placed in ambush, hid apart ;
And, that they may the easier make the case,
Some few in front, as a decoy, they place.

LXXXVII.

And now along the white sea-shore of sand
The warlike Moors with signs defiant go,
With target and with dangerous lance in hand,
Ready against the Portuguese to throw ;
But little brook the gallant Lusian band
That thus the dogs their teeth to them should show ;
Each jumps on shore, and all so quick, indeed,
That no one well can say who takes the lead.

LXXXVIII.

Qual no corro sanguino o ledo amante,
Vendo a formosa dama desejada,
O touro busca, e pondo-se diante,
Salta, corre, sibila, acena, e brada :
Mas o animal atroce nesse instante,
Com a fronte cornigera inclinada,
Bramando duro corre, e os olhos cerra,
Derriba, fere, e mata e põe por terra :

LXXXIX.

Eis nos bateis o fogo se levanta
Na furiosa, e dura artilheria :
A plumbea pella mata, o brado espanta,
Ferido o ar retumba, e assovia :
O coração dos Mouros se quebranta,
O temor grande o sangue lhe resfia :
Já foge o escondido de medroso,
E morre o descoberto aventureoso.

XC.

Não se contenta a gente Portuguesa :
Mas seguindo a victoria estrue, e mata ;
A povoação sem muro, e sem defeza,
Esbombardea, accende, e desbarata.
Da cavalgada ao Mouro já lhe peza :
Que bem cuidou compral-a mais barata :
Já blasphema da guerra, e maldizia
O velho inerte, e a mãe que o filho cria.

XCI.

Fugindo, a setta o Mouro vai tirando
Sem força, de covarde, e de apressado,
A pedra, o pao, e o canto arremessando ;
Da-lhe armas o furor desatinado :
Já a ilha, e todo o mais desamparando,
À terra firme foge amedrontado :
Passa, e corta do mar o estreito braço,
Que a ilha em torno cerca, em pouco espaço.

LXXXVIII.

As the fond lover in the bloody ring,
Seeing his dear fair lady in the crowd,
Hastens himself before the bull to fling,
Jumps, runs, and whistles, threatens, shouts aloud ;
But suddenly the beast, all maddening,
And with his hornèd frontlet downward bowed,
Runs bellowing wild with eyes all madly shut,
Wounds, tosses, kills, and tramples under foot :

LXXXIX.

So in the boats the firing 'gins to rise,
The hard and fierce artillery rebounds,
Death in the bullet, terror in the cries,
The air, all wounded, echoes and resounds ;
The spirit of the Moors within them dies,
Their blood a fear o'erwhelming chills and wounds :
E'en now the hidden flee, of very fear,
And they are slain who venture to appear.

XC.

The Portuguese are not content withal,
But following victory, destroy and slay ;
The people sheltered by no city wall
They burn, bombard, disperse, and drive away ;
The forces on the Moor o'erwhelming fall,
Who thought he had secured a cheaper prey :
And now blasphemes the war and curses sore
Decrepid age, and she who sons hath bore.

XCI.

The flying Moor runs throwing back the lance,
Hurriedly, forceless, and with cowardice,
Hurling stones, wood, and jagged flints askance ;
A wild and senseless fury arms supplies ;
The Isle and all abandoning to chance,
Towards the mainland all terror-struck he flies,
Passes across the ocean's narrow space,
Whose waves the Island closely round embrace.

XCII.

Huns vão nas almadias carregadas,
Hum corta o mar a nado diligente,
Quem se affoga nas ondas encurvadas,
Quem bebe o mar, e o deita juntamente,
Arrombam as miudas bombardadas
Os pangaiois subteis da bruta gente :
Desta arte o Portuguez em fim castiga
A vil malicia, perfida, inimiga.

XCIII.

Tornam victoriosos para a armada
Co'o despojo da guerra e rica presa,
E vão a seu prazer fazer aguada,
Sem achar resistencia, nem defesa.
Ficava a Maura gente magoada,
No odio antigo, mais que nunca, accesa :
E, vendo sem vingança tanto dano,
Somente estriba no segundo engano.

XCIV.

Pazes commetter manda arrependido
O Regedor daquella iniqua terra,
Sem ser dos Lusitanos entendido,
Que em figura de paz lhe manda guerra :
Porque o piloto falso promettido,
Que toda a má tenção no peito encerra,
Para os guiar á morte lhe mandava,
Como em signal das pazes, que tratava.

XCV.

O Capitão, que já lhe então convinha
Tornar a seu caminho acostumado ;
Que tempo concertado, e ventos tinha,
Para ir buscar o Indo desejado ;
Recebendo o piloto, que lhe vinha,
(Foi delle alegremente agasalhado)
E respondendo ao mensageiro, attento,
As velas manda dar ao largo vento.

XCII.

Some to the shore in laden Almades ride,
Others across the channel swim apace,
Some are now drowned beneath the curling tide,
Some gulp and vomit sea, i' the same space ;
And now the frequent cannon-shots divide
The narrow launches of the barbarous race,
And thus, in fine, the Lusians castigate
Their malice vile and their perfidious hate !

XCIII.

Victorious towards the fleet they now retire,
Laden with spoils of war and prize immense,
And to take water go, as they desire,
Resistance not encountering, nor defence ;
Now sinks the Moor beneath distress entire,
While worse than the old hatred doth incense,
And seeing so much loss, nor vengeance wrought,
Only a second snare to manage sought.

XCIV.

The governor of that so wicked land
To offer peace, repenting, now pretends,
Nor do the Lusitanians understand
That in the guise of peace 'tis war he sends ;
For, by the promised pilot's treacherous hand,
Who in his breast hides all these evil ends,
In sign of peace, he falsely proffereth,
He sends, in truth, to pilot them to death.

XCV.

The Captain, as it suited with his view
To sail again on his accustomed way,
As weather favoured and as fair winds blew,
For seeking out where looked-for India lay,
Received the pilot, with all welcome due,
On board his ship ; and ready to obey,
Deferring courteous to that envoy's mind,
Forthwith gave orders to hoist sail to wind.

XCVI.

Desta arte despedida a forte armada,
As ondas de Amphitrite dividia,
Das filhas de Nereo acompanhada,
Fiel, alegre, e doce companhia :
O Capitão, que não cahia em nada
Do enganoso ardil, que o Mouro ordia,
Delle mui largamente se informava
Da India toda e costas, que passava.

XCVII.

Mas o Mouro, instruido nos enganos,
Que o malevolo Baccho lhe ensinara,
De morte, ou captiveiro novos danos,
Antes que á India chegue, lhe prepara :
Dando razão dos portos Indianos,
Tambem tudo o, que pede, lhe declara ;
Que havendo por verdade o, que dizia,
De nada a forte gente se temia.

XCVIII.

E diz-lhe mais co'o falso pensamento,
Com que Sinon os Phrygios enganou,
Que perto está huma ilha, cujo assento
Povo antiguo Christão sempre habitou.
O Capitão, que a tudo estava attento,
Tanto com estas novas se alegrou,
Que com dadivas grandes lhe rogava,
Que o leve á terra, onde esta gente estava.

XCIX.

O mesmo o falso Mouro determina,
Que o seguro Christão lhe manda, e pede ;
Que a ilha he possuida da malina
Gente, que segue o torpe Mafamede :
Aqui o engano, e morte lhe imagina ;
Porque em poder e forças muito excede
A Moçambique esta ilha, que se chama
Quíloa, mui conhecida pela fama.

XCVI.

After this form despatched, the gallant fleet
Sailed forth, dividing Amphitrite's wave,
Their course the attending nymphs of Nereus greet,
Who their sweet, cheerful, faithful presence gave :
The Captain, who of all the false deceit
Framed by the Moor could no suspicion have,
Much information from him sought to draw,
All about India and the coasts they saw.

XCVII.

But he, the Moor, instructed in the snares
Which Bacchus' teaching spitefully contrives,
New loss by prison or by death prepares
Against him, ere in India he arrives ;
All that the Captain asks the Moor declares,
And of the Indian ports account he gives,
And, treating as the truth whate'er he said,
Of nought the gallant people were afraid.

XCVIII.

And more he tells him, with that false design,
Which 'gainst the Phrygians Sinon once contrived,
That there's an island close upon their line,
Where ancient Christian people always lived.
The Captain, who to all did ear incline,
Such joy from this intelligence derived,
That with great promised presents he besought
He might unto that people's land be brought.

XCIX.

This same the treacherous Moor resolves to do,
At the confiding Christian's high behest,
Because the isle by the malignant crew,
Who follow the base Mahomet, is possessed ;
Here treachery and death he has in view,
Seeing the isle far stronger is confessed
In force than Mozambique, and by its name
Is called Quiloa, widely known to fame.

C.

Para lá se inclinava a leda frota :
Mas a deosa em Cythere celebrada,
Vendo como deixava a certa rota,
Por ir buscar a morte não cuidada ;
Não consente, que em terra tão remota
Se perca a gente della tanto amada ;
E com ventos contrarios a desvia,
Donde o piloto falso a leva, e guia.

CI.

Mas o malvado Mouro, não podendo
Tal determinação levar avante,
Outra maldade iniqua commettendo,
Ainda em seu proposito constante ;
Lhe diz, que, pois as aguas discorrendo,
Os levaram por força por diante,
Que outra ilha tem perto, cuja gente,
Eram Christãos com Mouros juntamente.

CII.

Tambem nestas palavras lhe mentia,
Como por regimento em fim levava ;
Que aqui gente de Christo não havia,
Mas a, que a Mafamede celebrava.
O Capitão, que em tudo o Mouro cria,
Virando as velas, a ilha demandava :
Mas, não querendo a deosa guardadora,
Não entra pela barra, e surge fóra.

CIII.

Estava a ilha á terra tão chegada,
Que hum estreito pequeno a dividia,
Huma cidade nella situada,
Que na frente do mar apparecia,
De nobres edificios fabricada,
Como por fóra ao longe descobria,
Regida por hum Rei de antiga idade,
Mombaça he o nome da ilha, e da cidade.

C.

But while the joyous fleet that way incline,
The Goddess, in Cythæra far renowned,
Beholding how they left their certain line,
Unwittingly on their destruction bound,
Wills not in land so distant such design
Should slay the people whom so dear she found ;
And turns them with opposing winds aside
From where the pilot's scheme would take and guide.

CI.

But the malignant Moor, not able now
That same resolve of his to put in force,
Dealing another foul and wicked blow,
Persisting in his schemes without remorse,
Declares that, as opposing currents flow,
They must be driven beyond their proper course,
And that another island's near, whose race
Doth Moors and Christians equally embrace.

CII.

But in these words to him he also lied,
As by instructions, which in truth he bore,
For here no Christian people did abide,
But only those who Mahomet adore ;
The Captain to the Moor did all confide,
And, veering sail, struck for the island shore,
But (not approving it the Goddess-guide)
He does not pass the bar, but lies outside.

CIII.

The island lay so very near the land,
That a small channel did the two divide :
A city, there, was also seen to stand,
Which facing on the sea was now descried ;
It was composed of edifices grand,
As could be seen from far away outside ;
An aged King ruled o'er it, and for name,
Mombaça, isle and city had the same.

CIV.

E sendo a ella o Capitão chegado,
Estranhamente ledo ; porque espera
De poder ver o povo baptizado,
Como o falso piloto lhe dissera :
Eis vem bateis da terra com recado
Do Rei, que já sabia a gente que era ;
Que Baccho muito de antes o avisara
Na forma d'outro Mouro, que tomara.

CV.

O recado, que trazem, he de amigos,
Mas debaixo o veneno vem coberto ;
Que os pensamentos eram de inimigos,
Segundo foi o engano descoberto.
Oh grandes, e gravissimos perigos !
Oh caminho de vida nunca certo !
Que, aonde a gente põe sua esperança,
Tenha a vida tão pouca segurança !

CVI.

No mar tanta tormenta, e tanto dano,
Tantas vezes a morte apercebida !
Na terra tanta guerra, tanto engano,
Tanta necessidade aborrecida !
Onde pode acolher-se hum fraco humano,
Onde terá segura a curta vida ?
Que não se arme, e se indigne o Céu sereno
Contra hum bicho da terra tão pequeno !

CIV.

And having now arrived, o'erjoyed with glee—
For the good Captain had to hope been led
The baptized people that he now should see,
As the false pilot, promising, had said—
From shore come boats with welcome, presently,
By the old King, who knew the strangers, sped ;
For Bacchus long ago had this advised,
In likeness of the other Moor disguised.

CV.

The message that they bring appears of friends,
But underneath the poison comes concealed,
Because their thoughts were all with hostile ends,
E'en as the fraud was afterwards revealed :
Oh ! path of life that ne'er to safety tends !
Oh ! great and gravest perils aye afield !
For whereso'er man's choicest hopes are stored,
There life such little safety doth afford !

CVI.

At sea, so many storms and loss so great,
So often death arrayed and seeming sure,
On land, so many wars, so much deceit,
And so much wretched misery to endure !
Where shall weak man discover a retreat,
Where may he deem his short life's hour secure ?
That calm Heaven's might and vengeance may not fall
Upon a worm of earth so weak and small !

CANTO SEGUNDO.

I.

JÁ neste tempo o lucido planeta,
Que as horas vai do dia distinguindo,
Chegava á desejada e lenta meta,
A luz celeste ás gentes encobrando,
E da casa maritima secreta
Lhe estava o deos nocturno a porta abrindo ;
Quando as infidas gentes se chegaram
As naos, que pouco havia que ancoraram.

II.

D'entre elles hum, que traz encommendado
O mortífero engano, assi dizia :
'Capitão valeroso, que cortado
Tens de Neptuno o reino, e salsa via,
O Rei, que manda esta ilha, alvoroçado
Da vinda tua, tem tanta alegria,
Que não deseja mais, que agasalhar-te,
Ver-te, e do necessario reformar-te.

III.

'E, porque está em extremo desejoso
De te ver, como cousa nomeada,
Te roga que, de nada receoso,
Entres a barra tu, com toda armada :
E porque do caminho trabalhoso
Trarás a gente debil, e cansada,
Diz, que na terra podes reformal-a ;
Que a natureza obriga a desejal-a.

CANTO II.

I.

'Twas now the time at which the planet bright,
Who in his circuit doth day's hour define,
Withdrawing from mankind his heavenly light,
Did slowly towards his longed-for goal decline ;
To whom, as he approached, the God of Night
Opened the gate of his dark ocean mine,
When the false people flocked the fleet around,
Which, but a little, anchorage had found.

II.

Then one among them, to that end employed,
Bearing the deadly falsehood, thus did say:—
'O valorous Captain ! who hast crossed the void
Of Neptune's kingdom and his briny way,
The King who rules this island, overjoyed
That thou art come, such pleasure doth display,
That only to receive thee he desires,
See thee and furnish all thy need requires.

III.

'And as he is desirous in the extreme
To see thee as a person famed afar,
He begs that nought of danger thou wilt dream,
But come with all thy fleet within the bar ;
And as thy voyage laborious doth seem,
And that thy people weak and weary are,
He says that they may be refreshed on land,
For Nature must, perforce, this much demand.

IV.

‘E, se buscando vás mercadoria,
Que produce o aurífero Levante,
Canella, cravo, ardente especiaria,
Ou droga salutifera, e prestante :
Ou se queres luzente pedraria,
O rubi fino, o rigido diamante :
Daqui leverás tudo tão sobejo,
Com que faças o fim a teu desejo.’

V.

Ao mensageiro o Capitão responde,
As palavras do Rei agradecendo :
E diz que, porque o Sol no mar se esconde,
Não entra para dentro, obedecendo:
Porem que, como a luz mostrar por onde
Vá sem perigo a frota, não temendo,
Cumprirá sem receio seu mandado :
Que a mais por tal senhor está obrigado.

VI.

Pergunta-lhe despois, se estão na terra
Christãos, como o piloto lhe dizia :
O mensageiro astuto, que não erra,
Lhe diz, que a mais da gente em Christo cria.
Desta sorte do peito lhe desterra
Toda a suspeita, e cauta phantasia;
Por onde o Capitão seguramente
Se fia da infiel, e falsa gente.

VII.

E de alguns, que trazia condemnados
Por culpas, e por feitos vergonhosos,
Porque podessem ser aventurados
Em casos desta sorte duvidosos,
Manda dous mais sagazes, ensaiados ;
Porque notem dos Mouros enganosos
A cidade, e poder ; e porque vejam
Os Christãos, que só tanto ver desejam.

IV.

‘And if thou travéllest seeking merchandise,
Which in the gold-producing East are found,
Cinnamon, clove and ardent spiceries,
Or drug health-giving, excellent and sound;
Or searchest where the shining mineral lies,
The ruby fine and the hard diamond,
These so abundantly shall be supplied,
That your best wishes shall be satisfied.’

V.

The Captain to the messenger replies,
Acknowledging the kind words of the King ;
But, for that Sol so near the ocean lies,
He cannot yet obey, by entering.
So soon, however, as the day shall rise,
And show how he the fleet may safely bring,
Then without fear the order he'll fulfil,
Being to the monarch ever grateful still.

VI.

He asks him, are there Christians in the land,
As from the pilot word he had received :
The crafty herald all doth understand,
Says that the greater part in Christ believed ;
Thus, of all dreams of fancied treason planned
Removal from his breast was now achieved,
And hence the Captain sure belief did place
In the deceitful, unbelieving race.

VII.

Then, among those whom he as convicts brought
For crimes and various deeds of infamy,
On whom in doubtful cases of this sort
He might, as being bolder, more rely,
Two of the most sagacious and expert
He sends, that they the crafty Moors may spy,
Their town and power ; and if these Christians be,
Whom only they so much desire to see.

VIII.

E por estes ao Rei presentes manda;
Porque a boa vontade, que mostrava,
Tenha firme, segura, limpa e branda,
A qual bem ao contrario em tudo estava.
Já a companhia perfida, e nefanda,
Das naos se despedia, e o mar cortava :
Foram com gestos ledos, e fingidos,
Os dous da frota em terra recebidos.

IX.

E, depois que ao Rei apresentaram
Co'o recado os presentes, que traziam,
A cidade correram, e notaram
Muito menos daquillo, que queriam;
Que os Mouros cautelosos se guardaram
De lhe mostrarem tudo o, que pediam;
Que, onde reina a malicia, está o receio,
Que a faz imaginar no peito alheio.

X.

Mas aquelle, que sempre a mocidade
Tem no rosto perpetua, e foi nascido
De duas mãis, que ordia a falsidade,
Por ver o navegante destruido;
Estava n'huma casa da cidade,
Com rosto humano, e habito fingido,
Mostrando-se Christão, e fabricava
Hum altar sumptuoso, que adorava.

XI.

Alli tinha em retrato affigurada
Do alto e Sancto Espirito a pintura,
A candida pombinha debuxada,
Sobre a unica phenix Virgem pura:
A companhia sancta está pintada
Dos doze, tão torvados na figura,
Como os que, só das linguas, que cahiram,
De fogo, varias linguas referiram.

VIII.

And to the King by these he gifts doth send,
So that the goodwill, which he did bestow,
Might rest secure and kindly to the end,
But which in all quite contrary did show.
And now the false and impious crew descend,
Salute the ships and o'er the waters row.
With joyous tokens, but in all deceit,
The two on shore were welcomed from the fleet.

IX.

And when they had presented to the King
The offerings with the message that they brought,
They coursed the city; but not everything,
By much, could they take note of, as they thought,
Because the Moors, suspicion nourishing,
Avoided showing many things they sought:
For where reigns treachery, fear, too, hath part,
And breeds suspicion of another's heart.

X.

But he who ever doth perpetual youth
Bear on his brow, offspring of mothers twain,
Who wove and fabricated the untruth,
That he might see the navigator slain,
With human face and habit, feignèd both,
A dwelling in the city now had ta'en,
And, putting on the Christian garb, had reared
A sumptuous altar, which he there revered.

XI.

And there, in full-drawn figure was displayed
The exalted Holy Ghost in portraiture,
The milk-white Dove in outline was portrayed,
Over the only phoenix Virgin pure;
The sacred Twelve in painting were arrayed,
With the perturbèd countenance they wore,
When fell on each of them those tongues of fire
Which straight did each with various tongues inspire.

XII.

Aqui os dous companheiros conduzidos,
Onde com este engano Baccho estava,
Põem em terra os gíolhos, e os sentidos
Naquelle Deos, que o mundo governava.
Os cheiros excellentes produzidos
Na Panchaia ordorifera queimava
O Thyoneo ; e assi por derradeiro
O falso deos adora o verdadeiro.

XIII.

Aqui foram de noite agasalhados
Com todo o bom e honesto tratamento
Os dous Christãos, não vendo que enganados
Os tinha o falso, e sancto fingimento.
Mas assi como os raios espalhados
Do Sol foram no mundo, e n'hum momento
Appareceo no rubido horizonte
Da moça de Titão a roxa fronte:

XIV.

Tornam da terra os Mouros co'o recado
Do Rei, para que entrassem, e comsigo
Os dous, que o Capitão tinha mandado,
A quem se o Rei mostrou sincero amigo :
E sendo o Portuguez certificado
De não haver receio de perigo,
E que gente de Christo em terra havia,
Dentro no salso rio entrar queria.

XV.

Dizem-lhe os, que mandou, que em terra viram
Sacras aras, e sacerdote santo :
Que alli se agasalharam, e dormiram,
Em quanto a luz cobrio o escuro manto:
E que no Rei e gentes não sentiram
Senão contentamento, e gosto tanto,
Que não podia certo haver suspeita
N'hum mostra tão clara, e tão perfeita.

XII.

Hither the two companions now were brought,
Where Bacchus stood this part so false to play:
They place the knee on earth and lift the thought
Up to that God Who all the world doth sway;
The fragrant incense perfumes, which are sought
In redolent Panchaia far away,
Thyoneus burned around, and thus they view,
In fine, the false God worshipping the true.

XIII.

The Christians twain for night were shelterèd,
With all attention honest and complete,
Nought seeing how they both had been misled
By the false sanctimonious counterfeit.
So soon, however, as great Sol had spread
His rays o'er earth, whom instantly to meet
Her purple brow Aurora rising shows,
And ruddy life around the horizon throws ;

XIV.

The Moors return with message from the King
The fleet should enter ; and with them the two,
Who by the Captain had been sent, they bring,
To whom the King had shown such kindness true,
And thus the Portuguese, in everything
Assured 'gainst fear of danger to ensue,
And that on shore a Christian race he'd find,
To ascend the briny stream made up his mind.

XV.

His messengers report that they on shore
Had holy priests and sacred altars seen,
That when night's mantle shrouded daylight o'er
They had reposed, and kindly sheltered been :
That in the King and people nothing more
Than happiness they saw, and joy so keen,
That surely nothing could suspected be,
Where all was shown so clear and perfectly.

XVI.

Com isto o nobre Gama recebia
Alegremente os Mouros, que subiam ;
Que levemente hum animo se fia
De mostras, que tão certas pareciam.
A náó da gente perfida se enchia,
Deixando a bordo os barcos, que traziam :
Alegres vinham todos ; porque crem,
Que a presa desejada certa tem.

XVII.

Na terra cautamente apparelhavam
Armas, e munições ; que como vissem,
Que no rio os navios ancoravam,
Nelles ousadamente se subissem :
E nesta traição determinavam,
Que os de Luso de todo destruissem,
E que incautos pagassem deste geito
O mal, que em Moçambique tinham feito.

XVIII.

As ancoras tenaces vão levando
Com a nautica grita costumada,
Da proa as velas sós ao vento dando,
Inclinam para a barra abalizada.
Mas a linda Erycina, que guardando
Andava sempre a gente assinalada,
Vendo a cilada grande, e tão secreta,
Voa do céo ao mar como huma setta.

XIX.

Convoca as alvas filhas de Nereo,
Com toda a mais cerulea companhia ;
Que, porque no salgado mar nasceo,
Das aguas o poder lhe obedecia :
E propondo-lhe a causa, a que desceo,
Com todos juntamente se partia,
Para estorvar que a armada não chegasse,
Aonde para sempre se acabasse.

XVI.

With this, doth noble Gama now receive
The Moors that come on board, with goodly cheer,
For very prone the mind is to believe
In shows which of such certainty appear ;
The treacherous race the barques, which brought them, leave,
And crowd around the vessel, lying near ;
All cheerful come because they all feel sure
The capture they desire is now secure.

XVII.

And secretly on shore do they provide
Arms and munitions, for, as they could see,
The ships must anchored in the river ride,
When they might daringly assaulted be ;
And, by this treachery working, they decide
To annihilate the Lusians utterly,
Who, taken unawares in this false way,
The wrongs they did in Mozambique should pay.

XVIII.

The clinging anchors they begin to weigh,
With the well-known accustomed sailor's shout,
The fore-sails only to the wind display,
Making the bar, as by the course marked out :
But Erycena fair, who, night and day,
Hovered in watch her famous race about,
Sees the deep secret snare, and from the skies
Swift as an arrow to the ocean flies.

XIX.

She calls together Nereus' daughters fair,
And all the other azure company,
For Ocean's powers to her obedient were,
Seeing her birth was of the briny sea ;
And setting forth the cause that brought her there,
With all of them together takes her way,
To hinder that the fleet should be decoyed
To where they must for ever be destroyed.

XX.

Já na agua erguendo vão com grande pressa
Com as argenteas caudas branca escuma :
Doto co'o peito corta, e atravessa
Com mais furor o mar, do que costuma :
Salta Nise, Nerine se arremessa
Por cima da agua crespa em força summa :
Abrem caminho as ondas encurvadas,
De temor das Nereidas apressadas.

XXI.

Nos hombros de hum Tritão com gesto acceso
Vai a linda Dióne furiosa :
Não sente, quem a leva, o doce peso,
De soberbo com carga tão formosa:
Já chegam perto, donde o vento teso
Enche as velas da frota bellicosa :
Repartem-se, e rodeam nesse instante
As náos ligeiras, que hiam por diante.

XXII.

Põe-se a deosa com outras em direito
Da proa capitaina, e alli fechando
O caminho da barra, estão de geito,
Que em vão assopra o vento, a vela inchando :
Põe no madeiro duro o brando peito,
Para detraz a forte náó forçando :
Outras, em derredor, levando-a estavam,
E da barra inimiga a desviavam.

XXIII.

Quaes para a cova as providas formigas,
Levando o pezo grande accommodado,
As forças exercitam, de inimigas
Do inimigo inverno congelado ;
Alli são seus trabalhos, e fadigas,
Alli mostram vigor nunca esperado :
Taes andavam as nymphas estorvando
A gente Portugueza o fim nefando.

XX.

Now o'er the waves with mighty speed they ride,
Lashing the white foam with their silver tails ;
Breasting the waters which in front divide,
Doto with more than usual vigour sails ;
Leaps Nisa, Neriéne flings aside
The turgid waters and with force prevails ;
The curling waves give way, a path is traced
From very terror of the Nereids' haste.

XXI.

High on a Triton's shoulders, fierce in face,
Lovely Dione full of fury sate :
Proud of a burden of such charm and grace,
The bearer felt not the delicious weight ;
Now they arrive where the stiff breezes chase
Before them in full sail the warlike fleet,
Then separating, instantly surround
The lighter vessels which in front they found.

XXII.

The Goddess stands with others in array,
Fronting the Captain's prow, and there doth veil
The passage to the bar, in such a way,
That vainly blows the wind to fill the sail ;
'Gainst the hard hull she doth her soft breast lay,
Forcing the brave ship back upon the gale ;
Others around attend its course to guide,
And turn it from the hostile bar aside.

XXIII.

E'en as the prudent ants which towards their nest
Bearing the apportioned heavy burden go,
Exercise all their forces at their best,
Hostile to hostile winter's frost and snow ;
There, all their toils and labours stand confessed
There, never looked-for energy they show ;
So, from the Lusitanians to avert
Their horrid fate, the nymphs their powers exert.

XXIV.

Torna para detraz a náó forçada,
A pezar dos que leva, que gritando
Maream velas, ferve a gente irada,
O leme a hum bordo, e a outro atravessando:
O mestre astuto em vão da poppa brada,
Vendo como diante ameaçando
Os estava hum marítimo penedo,
Que de quebrar-lhe a náó lhe mette medo,

XXV.

A celeuma medonha se levanta
No rudo marinheiro, que trabalha:
O grande estrondo a Maura gente espanta,
Como se vissem horrida batalha:
Não sabem a razão de furia tanta,
Não sabem nesta pressa quem lhe valha ;
Cuidam, que seus enganos são sabidos,
E que hão de ser por isso aqui punidos.

XXVI.

Eil-os subitamente se lançavam
A seus bateis veloces, que traziam :
Outros em cima o mar alevantavam,
Saltando n'água, e a nado se acolhiam :
De hum bordo e d'outro subito saltavam ;
Que o medo os compellia do, que viam ;
Que antes querem ao mar aventurar-se,
Que nas mãos inimigas entregar-se.

XXVII.

Assi como em selvatica alagoa
As rãas, no tempo antiguo Lycia gente,
Se sentem por ventura vir pessoa,
Estando fóra da agua incautamente ;
Daqui e dalli saltando, o charco soa,
Por fugir do perigo que se sente ;
E acolhendo-se ao couto, que conhecem,
Sós as cabeças na agua lhe apparecem :

XXIV.

Back on her course the ship is forced to turn,
In spite of those on board, who with loud shout
The sails manœuvre ; all with anger burn,
Putting from side to side the helm about ;
In vain the experienced master at the stern,
Observing all, with warning voice cries out,
For a huge ocean rock is threatening near,
Which makes him every moment shipwreck fear.

XXV.

The alarming sea-shout rises up around
From the rude sailor thus to work impelled,
The Moors are frightened by the piercing sound,
As if a horrid battle they beheld !
They know not why such fury should abound,
Nor, in the strife, by whom it can be quelled:
They fancy that their treacheries are known,
And that for these they now must here atone.

XXVI.

And lo ! then suddenly themselves they flung
Into their swift boats which accompanied,
Others the sea stirred up, leaping among
The waters, and by means of swimming fled ;
On either side forth hastily they sprung,
Compelled by fear of what they witnessèd,
For rather would they trust them to the sea,
Than into hostile hands delivered be.

XXVII.

Thus, as in some sequestered sylvan meer
The frogs (the Lycian people formerly),
If that by chance some person should appear
While out of water they incautious be,
Awake the pool by hopping here and there,
To fly the danger which they deem they see,
And gathering to some safe retreat they know,
Only their heads above the water show ;

XXVIII.

Assi fogem os Mouros : e o piloto,
Que ao perigo grande as náos guiara,
Crendo que seu engano estava noto,
Tambem foge, saltando na agua amara.
Mas por não darem no penedo immoto,
Onde percam a vida doce e chara,
A ancora solta logo a capitaina,
Qualquer das outras junto della amaina.

XXIX.

Vendo o Gama attentado a estranheza
Dos Mouros, não cuidada, e juntamente
O piloto fugir-lhe com presteza,
Entende o, que ordenava a bruta gente :
E vendo sem contraste, e sem braveza
Dos ventos, ou das aguas sem corrente,
Que a náó passar avante não podia,
Havendo-o por milagre, assi dizia :

XXX.

‘ Oh caso grande, estranho, e não cuidado !
Oh milagre clarissimo, e evidente !
Oh descoberto engano inopinado !
Oh perfida, inimiga, e falsa gente !
Quem poderá do mal aparelhado
Livrar-se sem perigo sabiamente,
Se lá de cima a Guarda soberana
Não acudir á fraca força humana ?

XXXI.

‘ Bem nos mostra a divina Providencia
Destes portos a pouca segurança ;
Bem claro temos visto na apparencia,
Que era enganada a nossa confiança :
Mas pois saber humano, nem prudencia,
Enganos tão fingidos não alcança,
Ó tu, Guarda divina, tem cuidado
De quem sem ti não pode ser guardado.

XXVIII.

So fly the Moors ; the pilot left alone,
Who'had led the vessels to their peril grave,
Believing that his treachery was known,
Flies too, and leaps into the bitter wave ;
But that they might not on the rock be thrown,
Where nought their dearly cherished life could save,
The Flagship, swift, casts anchor where they lie,
And all the others furl their sails hard by.

XXIX.

Gama observing, watchful, the surprise,
Unlooked for, of the Moors, and noting too
The haste with which the pilot from him flies,
Sees what the savage people meant to do.
And seeing there was no obstacle, likewise,
No current running, no hard wind that blew,
Yet that the vessel no head-way could make,
He held it miracle—and thus he spake :

XXX.

' O great event, most strange, beyond compare !
O miracle most clear and evident !
O unexpected treachery laid bare !
O race perfidious, false, malevolent !
Who can of evil pre-arranged beware,
Or wisely means of safe escape invent,
If from above the Sovereign Guard decline
To aid weak human force with force divine ?

XXXI.

' Most clearly Providence Divine has shown
The little safety in these ports displayed ;
And clearly 'tis apparent, we must own,
That all our confidence has been betrayed ;
And since not man's capacities alone
Can compass treacheries so deeply laid,
Guardian Divine ! do Thou vouchsafe Thy care
To those who, without Thee, unguarded are !

XXXII.

‘E se te move tanto a piedade
Desta misera gente peregrina,
Que só por tua altissima bondade
Da gente a salvas, perfida e malina ;
N’algum porto seguro de verdade
Conduzir-nos já agora determina,
Ou nos amostra a terra, que buscâmos ;
Pois só por teu serviço navegâmos.’

XXXIII.

Ouvio-lhe estas palavras piedosas
A formosa Dióne : e commovida,
D’entre as nymphas se vai, que saudosas
Ficaram desta subita partida :
Já penetra as estrellas luminosas,
Já na terceira esphera recebida,
Avante passa, e lá no sexto céo,
Para onde estava o Padre, se moveo.

XXXIV.

E como hia affrontada do caminho,
Tão formosa no gesto se mostrava
Que as estrellas, e o céo, e o ar visinho,
E tudo, quanto a via, namorava.
Dos olhos, onde faz seu filho o ninho,
Huns espiritos vivos inspirava,
Com que os polos gelados accendia,
E tornava do fogo a esphera fria.

XXXV.

E por mais namorar o soberano
Padre, de quem foi sempre amada, e chara,
Se l’h’ appresenta assi, como ao Troiano
Na selva Idêa já se apresentára.
Se a vira o caçador, que o vulto humano
Perdeo, vendo Diana na agua clara,
Nunca os famintos galgos o mataram ;
Que primeiro desejos o acabaram.

XXXII.

' And if so far thy sympathy can move
The piety of this poor wandering race,
Whom only through thy most exalted love
Thou savest from this people false and base,
Then in some port secure, which true may prove,
Resolve to carry us in little space,
Or point us out the land that we would hail,
For only in thy service do we sail !'

XXXIII.

A kindly ear did fair Dione turn
To all these pious words, and feeling grieved,
Parts from the nymphs, who all regretful yearn
For her, of whom they're suddenly bereaved !
Now penetrates she where the bright stars burn,
And now, within the third sphere being received,
Still mounts, and there, in the sixth heaven above,
Where stood the Father, thither did she move.

XXXIV.

And, as confronted on her way she pressed,
So beautiful her form and bearing were,
That everything that saw her love confessed,
The stars, the heaven, and the surrounding air !
And in the eyes, where Cupid makes his nest,
Some living spirits she awakened there,
With which the frozen poles she set on fire,
And the cold sphere with live heat did inspire.

XXXV.

And the great Father more to fascinate,
For whom she ever had been loved and dear,
She shows herself in that enchanting state,
Wherein in Ida's grove she did appear ;
Oh ! had the hunter, by Diana's hate
Transformed, for gazing on that bath so clear,
Seen her !—not hungry hounds his life had ta'en,
For first by very love had he been slain !

XXXVI.

Os crespos fios d'ouro se esparziam
Pelo collo, que a neve escurecia :
Andando, as lacteas tetas lhe tremiam,
Com quem amor brincava, e não se via :
Da alva petrina flammæ lhe sahiam,
Onde o Menino as almas accendia :
Pelas lisas columnas lhe trepavam
Desejos, que como hera se enrolavam.

XXXVII.

C'hum delgado cendal as partes cobre,
De quem vergonha he natural reparo ;
Porêm nem tudo esconde, nem descobre
O veio, dos roxos lirios pouco avaro :
Mas, para que o desejo accenda, e dobre,
Lhe põe diante aquelle objecto raro :
Já se sentem no céu por toda a parte
Ciumes em Vulcano, amor em Marte.

XXXVIII.

E mostrando no angelico semblante
Co'o riso huma tristeza misturada ;
Como dama, que foi do incauto amante
Em brincos amorosos mal tratada,
Que se aqueixa, e se ri, n'hum mesmo instante,
E se torna entre alegre magoada :
Desta arte a deosa, a quem nenhuma iguala,
Mais mimosa, que triste, ao Padre falla :

XXXIX.

‘Sempre eu cuidei, ó Padre poderoso,
Que para as cousas, que eu do peito amasse,
Te achasse brando, affabil, e amoroso ;
Postoque a algum contrario lhe pezasse :
Mas, pois que contra mi te vejo iroso,
Sem que to merecesse, nem te errasse ;
Faça-se como Baccho determina,
Assentarei em fim, que fui mofina.

XXXVI.

The curling locks of gold were spread to view
Upon her breast, which far outshone the snow ;
Her milky bosom trembled as she flew,
Where love was sporting, but in nought did show ;
Out of her waist, so white, flames amorous grew,
Wherewith all hearts the urchin made to glow,
Climbing the columns smooth, desires abound,
Which, like the ivy, they encircle round !

XXXVII.

A fine silk veil doth all those charms conceal,
Which are the natural care of modesty ;
And yet not all doth hide nor all reveal,
Not strict the roseate lilies hid should be ;
But that fond love a double flame may feel,
The rarest gifts are hid with secrecy ;
Now through all heaven 'tis felt that she doth move
Vulcan with jealousies, and Mars with love !

XXXVIII.

Thus, in angelical similitude,
Showing a sadness mingled with her smile,
Like lady whom her lover, somewhat rude,
In amorous playfulness has chanced to spoil,
Who laughs and scolds together while she's woo'd,
And turns offended, pleased though all the while,
The Goddess now, matchless by all confessed,
More sweet than sad the Father thus addressed :

XXXIX.

'Great Father ! I ne'er doubted in my mind
That for those objects which at heart I loved,
Thee gentle, loving, yielding, I should find,
Though something contrary thy wish had moved :
But 'gainst me being angrily inclined,
Though nought I've erred in, nor unworthy proved,
So be it done, as Bacchus may decree,
And I despised will submit to be !

XL.

‘ Este povo, que he meu, por quem derramo
As lagrimas, que em vão cahidas vejo,
Que assaz de mal lhe quero, pois que o amo,
Sendo tu tanto contra meu desejo :
Por elle a ti rogando choro, e bramo,
E contra minha dita em fim pejejo.
Ora pois, porque o amo, he mal tratado,
Quero-lhe querer mal, será guardado.

XLI.

‘ Mas moura em fim nas mãos das brutas gentes ;
Que pois eu fui. . . ’ E nisto, de mimosa,
O rosto banha em lagrimas ardentes,
Como co'o orvalho fica a fresca rosa :
Callada hum pouco, como se entre os dentes
Se lhe impedira a falla piedosa,
Torna a seguil-a : e indo por diante,
Lhe atalha o poderoso, grão Tonante :

XLII.

E destas brandas mostras commovido,
Que moveram de hum tigre o peito duro,
Co'o vulto alegre, qual do céo subido
Torna sereno e claro o ar escuro,
As lagrimas lhe alimpa, e accendido
Na face a beija, e abraça o collo puro ;
De modo, que dalli, se só se achára,
Outro novo Cupido se gerára.

XLIII.

E co'o seu apertando o rosto amado,
Que os soluços e lagrimas augmenta,
(Como menino da ama castigado,
Que, quem no affaga, o choro lhe accrescenta)
Por lhe pôr em socego o peito irado,
Muitos casos futuros lhe apresenta,
Dos fados as entranhas revolvendo,
Desta maneira em fim lhe está dizendo :

XL.

'This people, who are mine, for whom I shed
Tears, which I now behold but fall in vain,
Wishing them well I cause them ill instead,
As thou dost treat my vows with such disdain ;
With tears, with cries, my prayers are offerèd,
And 'gainst my fate, in fine, I plead with pain :
Now, therefore, as they suffer by my love,
I wish to wish them ill, their help to prove.

XLI.

'But let them die by hands of this brute race,
For since I was '—then beautiful, anew,
With burning tears she bathes her lovely face,
E'en like the fresh rose watered by the dew.
Her pious voice is silent for a space,
As if to her closed teeth it stifled grew !
Following her steps the mighty Thunderer grey,
Passing before her, interrupts her way.

XLII.

The Father by these soft means doth she move
Which might a tiger's savage breast secure ;
With smiling face, such as in heaven above
Doth turn serene and clear the air obscure,
He dries her tears, and, eager in his love,
Kisses her cheek and clasps her bosom pure,
In such a way that had he been alone
One more young Cupid out of it had grown.

XLIII.

And with his cheek against the loved cheek pressed,
Which merely doth the sighs and tears augment,
(As child by nurse, when punished, if caressed,
Will all the more pour forth its weeping plaint),
He doth, to put her angry heart at rest,
Full many future incidents present ;
And thus to her, in fine, these things relates,
The deep decrees revolving of the Fates :

XLIV.

‘ Formosa filha minha, não temais
Perigo algum nos vossos Lusitanos,
Nem que ninguém comigo possa mais,
Que esses chorosos olhos soberanos :
Que eu vos prometto, filha, que vejais
Esquecerem-se Gregos e Romanos
Pelos illustres feitos, que esta gente
Ha de fazer nas partes do Oriente :

XLV.

‘ Que, se o facundo Ulysses escapou
De ser na Ogygia ilha eterno escravo :
E se Antenor os seios penetrou
Illyricos, e a fonte de Timavo :
E se o piedoso Eneas navegou
De Scylla e de Charybdis o mar bravo :
Os vossos móres, cousas attentando,
Novos mundos ao mundo irão mostrando.

XLVI.

‘ Fortalezas, cidades, e altos muros
Por elles vereis, filha, edificados :
Os Turcos bellacissimos, e duros,
Delles sempre vereis desbaratados ;
Os Reis da India livres, e seguros
Vereis ao Rei potente subjugados :
E por elles, de tudo em fim senhores,
Serão dadas na terra leis melhores.

XLVII.

‘ Vereis este, que agora pressuroso
Por tantos medos o Indo vai buscando,
Tremar delle Neptuno de medroso,
Sem vento suas aguas encrespando.
Oh caso nunca visto, e milagroso,
Que trema e ferva o mar, em calma estando !
Oh gente forte, e de altos pensamentos,
Que tambem della hão medo os elementos !

XLIV.

'Do not, my lovely daughter, fearful be
That danger to thy Lusians shall arise,
Nor deem that any can prevail with me,
More than those weeping, overwhelming eyes ;
I promise thee, my daughter, thou shalt see
None will the Greeks and Romans recognise,
Compared with the illustrious deeds this race
Is destined in the Eastern realms to trace :

XLV.

'If eloquent Ulysses 'scaped the fate
Of hopeless slavery in Calypso's isle,
And if Illyrian depths could penetrate
Antenor, where Timavus' sources smile,
If pious Æneas, too, could navigate
Where Scylla and Charybdis' waters boil,
Thy people, daring deeds of sterling use,
New worlds unto the world shall introduce.

XLVI.

'City and fortress and the lofty wall
Founded by them, my daughter, thou shalt see ;
Also the hard, most warlike Turk to fall,
Who by thy race shall always routed be ;
Shalt see the mighty King his subjects call
The Kings of India now so firm and free !
Till lords of all, at last, thy race shall grow,
And better laws upon the world to bestow !

XLVII.

'Thou shalt behold this man, who forth hath sped,
The Indus, through so many fears, to find,
Cause Neptune's self to shake, with very dread,
Seeing his waves to curl without a wind ;¹
O fact miraculous, ne'er witnessèd !
A trembling boiling sea with calm combined ;
O powerful people, and of thoughts so high,
That e'en the elements they terrify !

XLVIII.

‘ Vereis a terra, que a agua lhe tolhia,
Que inda ha de ser hum porto mui decente,
Em que vão descançar da longa via
As náos, que navegarem do Occidente.
Toda esta costa em fim, que agora ordia
O mortifero engano, obediente
Lhe pagará tributos, conhecendo
Não poder resistir ao Luso horrendo.

XLIX.

‘ E vereis o mar Roxo tão famoso
Tornar-se-lhe amarello de enfiado :
Vereis de Ormuz o reino poderoso,
Duas vezes tomado, e subjugado :
Alli vereis o Mouro furioso,
De suas mesmas settas traspassado ;
Que, quem vai contra os vossos, claro veja,
Que, se resiste, contra si peleja.

L.

‘ Vereis a inexpugnabil Dio forte,
Que dous cercos terá, dos vossos sendo,
Alli se mostrará seu preço, e sorte,
Feitos de armas grandissimos fazendo:
Invejoso vereis o grão Mavorte
Do peito Lusitano fero, e horrendo:
Do Mouro, alli verão, que a voz extrema
Do falso Mafamede ao Céu blasphema.

LI.

‘ Goa vereis aos Mouros ser tomada,
A qual virá despois a ser senhora
De todo o Oriente, e sublimada
Co’os triumphos da gente vencedora:
Alli soberba, altiva, e exalçada,
Ao Gentio, que os idolos adora,
Duro freio porá, e a toda a terra,
Que cuidar de fazer aos vossos guerra.

XLVIII.

‘Thou shalt behold where water was denied,
That land shall yield a port among the best,
Wherein from weary voyage may peaceful ride
The ships that shall come sailing from the West ;
This coast, in fine, which now doth scheme and hide
The deadly fraud, shall bow to his behest,
Paying him tribute, as a land that knows,
None can the dreadful Lusian oppose !

XLIX.

‘Thou shalt behold the far-renowned Red Sea
Fade from its colour into yellow hue,
And how that Ormuz’ mighty kingdom he
Shall twice make captive and shall quite subdue ;
There also, that the furious Moor shall be
By his own very arrows piercèd through ;
For he who strives ’gainst thine, let him judge right,
If he resist, against himself doth fight !

L.

‘Dio impregnable thou shalt behold
Sustain two sieges, by thine own possessed ;
There shall their value and their lot be told,
Performing feats of arms the hardest ;
There, shalt thou see e’en Mavors, grey and old,
Envyng the fierce and fearful Lusian breast,
There shall they witness that the Moor’s last scream
Of the false Mahmoud shall to heaven blaspheme.

LI.

‘Thou shalt see Góá captured from the Moors.
Which, afterwards, shall mistress come to be
Of all the East, and all sublime shall soar
With triumphs of thy people’s victory ;
Upon the Gentoos there, who now adore
Their idols, haughty, proud and lofty, they
Hard rein shall lay—and so on every land
That thinks, in war, thy people to withstand.

LII.

‘ Vereis a fortaleza sustentar-se
De Cananor com pouca força, e gente :
E vereis Calecut desbaratar-se,
Cidade populosa, e tão potente :
E vereis em Cochim assinalar-se
Tanto hum peito soberbo, e insolente,
Que cithara já mais cantou victoria,
Que assi mereça eterno nome, e gloria.

LIII.

‘ Nunca com Marte instructo, e furioso
Se vio ferver Leucate, quando Augusto
Nas civis Actias guerras animoso,
O capitão venceo Romano injusto,
Que dos povos da Aurora, e do famoso
Nilo, e do Bactra Scythico, e robusto,
A victoria trazia, e presa rica,
Preso da Egypcia linda, e não pudica ;

LIV.

‘ Como vereis, o mar fervendo acceso
Co’os incendios dos vossos, pelejando,
Levando o Idololatra, e o Mouro preso,
De nações differentes triumphando :
E sujeita a rica Aurea-Chersoneso,
Até o longinquo China navegando,
E as ilhas mais remotas do Oriente ;
Ser-lhe-ha todo o Oceano obediente.

LV.

‘ De modo, filha minha, que de geito
Amostrarão esforço mais, que humano ;
Que nunca se verá tão forte peito,
Do Gangetico mar ao Gaditano,
Nem das Boreaes ondas ao Estreito,
Que mostrou o aggravado Lusitano ;
Postoque em todo o mundo, de affrontados,
Resuscitassem todos os passados.’

LII.

‘Thou shalt behold the fortress Cananor
Maintain itself with little force, and few,
Shalt Calecut behold destroyed in war,
So populous and strong a city too!—
In Cochin, see renown obtained so rare,
By haughty heart, and arrogant to do,
That never harp sang victory to fame
So worthy glory and eternal name.

LIII.

‘Never was Mars, though skilled and all enraged,
Seen in Leucate with such fury, when
Augustus civil war off Actium waged,
And the false Roman captain vanquished then,
Who, with the nations of the morn engaged,
Great Nile and Scythian Bactra strong did gain,
And though victorious and with costly prize,
Captive of Egypt’s fair, not modest eyes ;

LIV.

‘So thou shalt see o’er burning waves displayed,
Lighted with flames of thy contending race,
Idolator and Moor their prisoners made,
While triumphs everywhere their course shall grace :
Rich golden Chersonese is prostrate laid :
They sail to China over mighty space,
And to remotest isles in Eastern sea ;
All ocean shall to them obedient be.

LV.

‘So that they shall, my daughter, in their part
More than of human prowess e’en display,
For never shall be seen so brave a heart
From Ganges to the Gaditanian sea ;
Nor ’twixt the Northern waters and the strait
Where the offended Lusian found a way,^a
Though all the dead o’er all the world arose,
Their claims of ancient valour to oppose.’

LVI.

Como isto disse, manda o consagrado
Filho de Maia á terra; porque tenha
Hum pacifico porto, e socegado,
Para onde sem receio a frota venha:
E, para que em Mombaça aventurado
O forte Capitão se não detenha,
Lhe manda mais, que em sonhos lhe mostrasse
A terra, onde quieto repousasse.

LVII.

Já pelo ar o Cyllenêo voava:
Com as azas nos pés á terra dece:
Sua vara fatal na mão levava,
Com que os olhos cansados adormece:
Com esta as tristes almas revocava
Do inferno, e o vento lhe obedece;
Na cabeça o galero costumado;
E desta arte a Melinde foi chegado.

LVIII.

Comsigo a Fama leva; porque diga
Do Lusitano o preço grande e raro;
Que o nome illustre a hum certo amor obriga,
E faz a quem o tem, amado e charo.
Desta arte vai fazendo a gente amiga
Co'o rumor famosissimo, e preclaro:
Já Melinde em desejos arde todo
De ver da gente forte o gesto, e modo.

LIX.

Dalli para Mombaça logo parte,
Aonde as náos estavam temerosas;
Para que á gente mande, que se aparte
Da barra imiga, e terras suspeitosas:
Porque mui pouco val esforço, e arte,
Contra infernaes vontades enganosas:
Pouco val coração, astucia, e siso,
Se lá dos Céos não vem celeste aviso.

LVI.

Thus having said, he sends the sacred son
Of Maia to the earth, to find a home
Within some port, a safe and quiet one,
And whither without fear the fleet might come ;
And that the captain might be quickly gone,
Nor in Mombaça stay, too venturesome,
He orders that in dreams he shall disclose
A tranquil land where they may find repose.

LVII.

Now through the air doth Cylleneus fly,
With wings upon his feet to earth doth sweep,
His fatal rod in hand he bears on high,
Wherewith the weary eyes he lulls to sleep ;
With this, sad souls he calls to liberty
From Hades, and the winds doth subject keep ;
He wore the accustomed helmet on his head,
And to Melinda in this form he sped.

LVIII.

And Fame he takes with him to celebrate
The Lusitanian valour great and rare,
For name renowned will certain love create,
And make the man who hath it loved and dear ;
Their friendship thus doth he propitiate
With rumour very loud and passing fair :
Now all Melinda curious burns to see
The mighty people's modes and what they be.

LIX.

Thence to Mombaça soon doth he depart,
Where still the fleet all full of fear remained,
That he might order them forthwith to start
From hostile bar and land where treason reigned :
For very little worth are force and art
Against intentions infamous and feigned ;
Little can courage, shrewdness, sense, avail,
If Heaven to grant celestial counsel fail.

LX.

Meio caminho a noite tinha andado,
E as estrellas no céo co'a luz alhea
Tinham o largo mundo allumiado,
E só co'o somno a gente se recrea.
O Capitão illustre, já cansado
De vigiar a noite, que arrecea,
Breve repouso então aos olhos dava :
A outra gente a quartos vigiava ;

LXI.

Quando Mercurio em sonhos lhe apparece,
Dizendo: ' Fuge, fuge, Lusitano,
Da cilada, que o Rei malvado tece,
Por te trazer ao fim, e extremo dano :
Fuge ; que o vento, e o céo te favorece ;
Seren o tempo tens, e o Oceano,
E outra Rei mais amigo n'outra parte,
Onde pódes seguro agasalhar-te.

LXII.

' Não tens aqui senão aparelhado
O hospicio, que o cru Diomedes dava,
Fazendo ser manjar acostumado
De cavallos a gente, que hospedava :
As aras de Busiris infamado,
Onde os hospedes tristes immolava,
Terás certas aqui, se muito esperas :
Fuge das gentes perdidas e feras.

LXIII.

' Vai-te ao longo da costa percorrendo,
E outra terra acharás de mais verdade
Lá quasi junto, donde o Sol ardendo
Iguala o dia e noite em quantidade :
Alli, tua frota alegre recebendo
Hum Rei com muitas obras de amizade,
Gasalhado seguro te daria,
E para a India certa e sabia guia.'

LX.

Half through her course had Night already gone,
And all the stars in heaven, serenely bright,
The great round world illuminating shone,
And nought the people felt but sleep's delight ;
The illustrious Captain, now all overdone,
With watching through a dark and anxious night,
At last a brief repose his eyelids gave,
And left the rest to watch upon the wave ;

LXI.

When in his dreams doth Mercury appear,
And saith to him: 'Flee, Lusitanian, flee,
The snare the evil King is weaving here,
Thy end, thy utter ruin meant to be ;
Fly—the winds favour you and heaven is near ;
Thou hast the weather tranquil and the sea,
And other King in other parts more kind,
Where thou, with certainty, may'st shelter find :

LXII.

'For here shalt thou be only entertained
With welcome given by savage Diomede,
Who with those guests that 'neath his roof remained
His very horses e'en was wont to feed ;
And with Busiris' altars, murder-stained,
Who all his guests condemned thereon to bleed ;
These things await thee, if thou tarriest long,
Fly, then, from this false savage race among !

LXIII.

'Run coasting down along these shores away,
And other country thou shalt find more true,
There, almost joining where the sun's hot ray
Divides the day and night in equal two,
There will a King invite thy fleet to stay,
And, pleased, will many acts of kindness do ;
Shelter secure, and welcome he will show,
And guide to India, safe and wise, bestow.'

LXIV.

Isto Mercurio disse, e o somno leva
Ao Capitão, que com mui grande espanto
Acorda, e vê ferida a escura treva
De hum subita luz, e raio santo :
E, vendo claro q' anto lhe releva
Não se deter na terra iniqua tanto,
Com novo espirito ao mestre seu mandava,
Que as velas desse ao vento, que assoprava.

LXV.

' Dai velas,' disse, ' dai ao largo vento ;
Que o Céu nos favorece, e Deos o manda ;
Que hum mensageiro vi do claro assento,
Que só em favor de nossos passos anda.'
Alevanta-se nisto o movimento
Dos marinheiros de hum a de outra banda ;
Levão gritando as ancoras acima,
Mostrando a ruda força, que se estima.

LXVI.

Neste tempo, que as ancoras levavam,
Na sombra escura os Mouros escondidos
Mansamente as amarras lhe cortavam ;
Por serem, da do á costa, destruidos :
Mas com vista de lince vigiavam
Os Portuguezes, sempre apercebidos :
Elles, como acordados os sentiram,
Voando, e não remando, lhe fugiram.

LXVII.

Mas já as agudas proas apartando
Hiam as vias humidas de argento,
Assopra-lhe galerno o vento, e brando,
Com suave e seguro movimento :
Nos perigos passados vão fallando :
Que mal se perderão do pensamento
Os casos grandes, donde em tanto aperto
A vida em salvo escapa por acerto.

LXIV.

E'en thus spake Mercury, and straight withdrew
From Gama sleep, who, waking with affright,
Sees all the leaden darkness stricken through
With sudden and all holy ray of light ;
And, holding how important 'twas in view,
That he from that false land should take his flight,
The master he commands, with waking mind,
To hoist full sail before the blowing wind.

LXV.

' Hoist sail,' he cried, ' hoist to the blowing wind,
God doth command, and Heaven the way provide,
For I a messenger of heavenly kind
Have seen, who only moves our steps to guide.'
On this the sailors rise, as of one mind,
And all is movement now on every side :
They weigh the anchors up and shout aloud,
And the rude strength put forth of which they're proud.

LXVI.

Just at the moment when they anchor weighed,
All hidden in the murky dark, the Moor
To cut the cables quietly essayed,
And so destroy them, running them ashore.
But with lynx eyes the Lusians all surveyed,
Keeping sharp watch and looking well before.
And now the Moors perceive they are awake,
By flying, not by rowing, flight they take.

LXVII.

And now the pointed prows already go,
Cleaving the liquid paths of silver sea ;
The north-east wind doth blandly on them blow,
With movement soft and of security :
Out of their perils past much talk doth grow,
For scarce could they have lost from memory
The great events, from which, so much distressed,
Life, by good fortune, with escape was blessed.

LXVIII.

Tinha huma volta dado o Sol ardente,
E n'outra começava, quando viram
Ao longe dous navios, brandamente
Co'os ventos navegando, que respiram :
Porque haviam de ser da Maura gente,
Para elles, arribando, as velas viram :
Hum de temor do mal, que arreceava,
Por se salvar a gente, á costa dava.

LXIX.

Não he o outro, que fica, tão manhoso,
Mas nas mãos vai cahir do Lusitano
Sem o rigor de Marte furioso,
E sem a furia horrenda de Vulcano ;
Que, como fosse debil e medroso
Da pouca gente o fraco peito humano,
Não teve resistencia ; e, se a tivera,
Mais damno resistindo recebera.

LXX.

E como o Gama muito desejasse
Piloto para a India, que buscava ;
Cuidou, que entre estes Mouros o tomasse :
Mas não lhe succedeo, como cuidava ;
Que nenhum delles ha, que lhe ensinasse,
A que parte dos céos a India estava :
Porém dizem-lhe todos, que tem perto
Melinde, onde acharão piloto certo.

LXXI.

Louvam do Rei os Mouros a bondade,
Condição liberal, sincero peito,
Magnificencia grande, e humanidade,
Com partes de grandissimo respeito.
O Capitão o assella por verdade ;
Porque já lho dissera deste geito
O Cyllenéo em sonhos ; e partia
Para onde o sonho, e o Mouro lhe dizia.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and most difficult in the history of science. The author discusses the various theories of the origin of life, and shows that the most plausible is the theory of spontaneous generation. This theory is based on the fact that life is a complex of many different parts, and that these parts are all found in the same place, and at the same time. This is a strong argument in favor of the theory of spontaneous generation.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the problem of the evolution of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and most difficult in the history of science. The author discusses the various theories of the evolution of life, and shows that the most plausible is the theory of natural selection. This theory is based on the fact that life is a complex of many different parts, and that these parts are all found in the same place, and at the same time. This is a strong argument in favor of the theory of natural selection.

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Mais damno resistindo recebera.

LXX.

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Piloto para a India, que buscava ;
Cuidou, que entre estes Mouros o tomasse :
Mas não lhe succedeo, como cuidava ;
Que nenhum delles ha, que lhe ensinasse,
A que parte dos céos a India estava :
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Melinde, onde acharão piloto certo.

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Porque já lho dissera deste geito
O Cyllenêo em sonhos ; e partia
Para onde o sonho, e o Mouro lhe dizia.

LXVIII.

Bright, burning Sol had now performed one space,
And risen upon another, when they view
Two ships afar, that came at quiet pace,
Sailing upon the wind that calmly blew ;
And as they must be of the Moorish race,
They tacked, and changing course, they towards them drew :
Then one, from fear of mischief, veering round
To escape from the pursuers, ran aground.

LXIX.

The other did not show such cunning quite ;
And fell a victim to the Lusian crew,
Without the rigour of an angry fight,
And without Vulcan's angry cannon, too.
For as she was in weak and feeble plight,
And that there was no courage in her few,
Resistance there was none, and had there been,
Worse evil from resisting they had seen.

LXX.

Now Gama, being anxious in his mind
For pilot safe for India, which he sought,
He fancied one among these Moors he'd find,
But this came not to pass as he had thought ;
For none could give him news of any kind,
Whither for India to sail he ought,
But they all tell him that Melinda's nigh,
Where he'll find able pilot certainly.

LXXI.

The goodness of the King the Moors all praise,
His liberal modes, sincerity of heart,
His great magnificence and kindly ways,
And gifts which greatest of respect impart.
All this the Captain to his bosom lays
As truth, since Mercury had, in this sort,
Spoken in dreams—and so he took his way
Following what dreams, and Moors, alike did say.

LXXII.

Era no tempo alegre, quando entrava
No roubador de Europa a luz Phebea,
Quando hum e o outro corno lhe aqueitava,
E Flora derramava o de Amalthea :
A memoria do dio renovava
O pressuroso Sol, que o céo rodea,
Em que aquelle, a quem tudo está sujeito,
O sello poz a quanto tinha feito :

LXXIII.

Quando chegava a frota áquella parte,
Onde o reino Melinde já se via,
De toldos adornada, e leda de arte ;
Que bem mostra estimar o sancto dia :
Treme a bandeira, voa o estandarte,
A côr purpurea ao longe apparecia,
Soam os atambores, e pandeiros :
E assi entravam ledos, e guerreiros.

LXXIV.

Enche-se toda a praia Melindana
Da gente, que vem ver a leda armada,
Gente mais verdadeira, e mais humana,
Que toda a d'outra terra atraz deixada.
Surge diante a frota Lusitana,
Péga no fundo a ancora pezada :
Mandam fóra hum dos Mouros, que tomaram,
Por quem sua vinda ao Rei manifestaram.

LXXV.

O Rei, que já sabia da nobreza,
Que tanto os Portuguezes engrandece,
Tomarem o seu porto tanto preza,
Quanto a gente fortissima merece :
E com verdadeiro animo, e pureza,
Que os peitos generosos ennobrece,
Lhe manda rogar muito, que sahissessem,
Para que de seus reinos se servissem.

LXXII.

'Twas at that joyful season, when the Sun
The raptor of Europa greets anew,
And either horn to illumine has begun,
And Flora doth of Amalthea strew ;
Swift whirling Sol, who round the heaven doth run,
To that great day again attention drew,
Whereon the Power, by whom all things are swayed,
Stamped with his seal all things that he had made ;

LXXIII.

When in those latitudes arrived the fleet,
Whence in full view Melinda's kingdom lay,
Adorned with awnings, bright with art complete,
Showing they venerate the sacred day.
Banners and royal standard fluttering meet,
The purple colour glitters far away :
Tambours and tambourines resound, the while
They enter, warriors with a peaceful smile.

LXXIV.

Now is Melinda's shore all thickly lined
With people come to see the brilliant fleet,
A people far more truthful, far more kind
Than they in countries left behind did meet.
In front the Lusian vessels station find,
The heavy anchor clings at many feet ;
A captive Moor they bid before them go,
By whom their coming to the King they show.

LXXV.

The King, who well that noble heart did know,
Which doth the Portuguese so aggrandise,
Does as much pleasure at their presence show
As the great people merit in his eyes ;
And with true heart, where purity doth grow,
Wherewith do generous souls to grandeur rise,
He orders they to disembark be pressed,
And use his kingdom as it likes them best.

LXXVI.

São offerecimentos verdadeiros,
E palavras sinceras, não dobradas,
As, que o Rei manda aos nobres cavalleiros,
Que tanto mar, e terras tem passadas:
Manda-lhe mais lanigeros carneiros,
E gallinhas domesticas cevadas,
Com as fructas, que então na terra havia ;
E a vontade á dadiva excedia.

LXXVII.

Recebe o Capitão alegremente
O mensageiro ledó, e seu recado :
E logo manda ao Rei outro presente,
Que de longe trazia apparelhado ;
Escarlata purpurea, côr ardente,
O ramoso coral, fino e prezado,
Que debaixo das aguas molle crece,
E, como he fóra dellas, se endurece.

LXXVIII.

Manda mais hum na pratica elegante,
Que co'o Rei nobre as pazes concertasse,
E que de não sahir naquelle instante
De suas náos em terra o desculpasse.
Partido assi o embaixador prestante,
Como na terra ao Rei se apresentasse,
Com estylo, que Pallas lhe ensinava,
Estas palavras taes fallando orava :

LXXIX.

‘ Sublime Rei, a quem do Olympo puro
Foi da Summa Justiça concedido
Refrear o soberbo povo duro,
Não menos delle amado, que temido :
Como porto mui forte, e mui seguro,
De todo o Oriente conhecido,
Te vimos a buscar : para que achemos
Em ti o remedio certo, que queremos.

LXXVI.

These offers are all truthful and sincere,
The words are honest and not underhand,
Which the King sends the people cavalier,
Who so much sea have passed and many a land.
Wool-bearing sheep he sends them, for their cheer,
And fowls domestic, fattened to command,
With all the fruits of earth they then could have ;
And the good will exceeded what it gave.

LXXVII.

The Captain all receives with joy elate,
The cheerful messenger, his words and fare ;
Gifts to the King he doth reciprocate,
Which from afar he brought, arranged with care,—
Bright cloths which purple scarlet radiate,
And reefy coral, fine, and prized as rare,
Which grows all soft the ocean waves below,
But, taken out of them, all hard doth grow.

LXXVIII.

He sends, moreover, one of graceful phrase,
That with the noble King peace might be signed,
And that he might be pardoned too, he prays,
If he to leave the ships, just then, declined.
The trusty messenger, thus on his ways,
On land an audience of the King doth find,
And in the style which Pallas bid him take,
Delivering these same words, 'twas thus he spake :

LXXIX.

' Monarch sublime ! to whom the grant was made
By Supreme Justice from Olympus clear,
A proud strong people should by thee be swayed,
Not less the object of their love than fear ;
Thee, a strong port, that can with safety aid,
Renowned through all the Eastern hemisphere,
Thee we have come to seek, to find in thee
All that we need of certain remedy.

LXXX.

‘ Não somos roubadores, que passando
Pelas fracas cidades descuidadas,
A ferro, e a fogo as gentes vão matando,
Por roubar-lhe as fazendas cobiçadas ;
Mas da soberba Europa navegando,
Imos buscando as terras apartadas
Da India grande e rica por mandado
De hum Rei, que temos, alto e sublimado.

LXXXI.

‘ Que geração tão dura ha hi de gente ?
Que barbaro costume, e usança fea,
Que não vedem os portos tamsoimente,
Mas inda o hospicio da deserta area ?
Que má tenção, que peito em nós se sente,
Que de tão pouca gente se arrecea ;
Que com laços armados tão fingidos
Nos ordenassem ver-nos destruidos ?

LXXXII.

‘ Mas tu, em quem mui certo confiâmos
Achar-se mais verdade, ó Rei benino,
E aquella certa ajuda em ti esperâmos,
Que teve o perdido Ithaco em Alcino,
A teu porto seguros navegâmos,
Conduzidos do Interprete divino ;
Que, pois a ti nos manda, está mui claro,
Que és de peito sincero, humano, e raro.

LXXXIII.

‘ E não cuides, ó Rei, que não sahisse
O nosso Capitão esclarecido,
A ver-te, ou a servir-te ; porque visse,
Ou suspeitasse em ti peito fingido :
Mas saberás, que o fez ; porque cumprisse
O regimento em tudo obedecido
De seu Rei, que lhe manda, que não saia,
Deixando a frota em nenhum porto, ou praia.

LXXX.

'We are not plunderers, who take our way
Through weak, unwary cities as we please,
To fire and sword condemning men a prey,
That we their coveted good lands may seize ;
But, from proud Europe sailing, we essay
To seek the lands, so far removed from these,
Of India, great and wealthy ; by command
Of an exalted King who rules our land.

LXXXI.

'What people of so harsh a race are those ?
What rude fierce ways and habits of their land
Who not alone their ports against us close,
But e'en grudge lodging on the desert sand ?
What ill-will in our hearts can they suppose,
That of so few of us in awe they stand ?
Why should they, with contrived and secret snares,
Have doomed us to destruction unawares ?

LXXXII.

'But thou, on whom our hopes are surely stayed,
To find in thee more truth, O King benign,
We trust that such as was Alcinous' aid
To lost Ulysses, such may now be thine ;
Securely to thy port our voyage we've made,
Conducted by interpreter Divine ;
That He to thee commands us is most clear,
Who art of feeling fine, humane, sincere.

LXXXIII.

'And do not thou, O King, we pray, suppose,
Because our famous Captain did not land
To see thee and to serve thee, there arose
Suspicion in him of aught underhand ;
For I must let thee know this course he chose,
In all things to obey his King's command,
Who gives his orders that it is not meet,
In any port or shore, to leave the fleet.

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LXXXIV.

‘ E porque he de vassallos o exercicio,
Que os membros tem regidos da cabeça,
Não quererás, pois tens de Rei o officio,
Que ninguem a seu Rei desobedeça :
Mas as mercês, e o grande beneficio,
Que ora acha em ti, promette que conheça
Em tudo aquillo, que elle e os seus puderem,
Em quanto os rios para o mar correrem.’

LXXXV.

Assi dizia ; e todos juntamente,
Huns com outros em pratica fallando,
Louvavam muito o estomago da gente,
Que tantos céos e mares vai passando :
E o Rei illustre, o peito obediente
Dos Portuguezes na alma imaginando,
Tinha por valor grande, e mui subido
O do Rei, que he tão longe obedecido.

LXXXVI.

E com risonha vista, e ledos aspeito
Responde ao Embaixador, que tanto estima :
‘ Toda a suspeita má tirai do peito,
Nenhum frio temor em vós se imprima ;
Que vosso preço, e obras são de geito,
Para vos ter o mundo em muita estima ;
E quem vos fêz molesto tratamento,
Não póde ter subido pensamento.

LXXXVII.

‘ De não sahir em terra toda a gente,
Por observar a usada preeminencia,
Aindaque me pêze estranhamente,
Em muito tenho a muita obediencia :
Mas, se lho o regimento não consente,
Nem eu consentirei, que a excellencia
De peitos tão leaes em si desfaça,
Só porque a meu desejo satisfaça.

LXXXIV.

'And since, by what of vassals we require,
'Tis of the head the members own the sway,
Holding King's office, thou canst not desire
That any one his King should disobey.
But those kind acts and grace he doth admire
As found in thee, he grateful will repay,
In everything that he and his can show,
Long as the rivers to the ocean flow !'

LXXXV.

'Twas thus he spake ; and all forthwith combined,
Discoursing with each other as they please,
Due praises for the hardy race to find,
Who travelled o'er so many lands and seas ;
And the great monarch, casting in his mind
The obedient bosom of the Portuguese,
Held of high valour and exalted sway
That of the King, obeyed so far away !

LXXXVI.

And then, with cheerful brow and smiling face,
The ambassador he speaks with much esteem :
'Of dark suspicion banish every trace,
Nor in your heart of cold suspicion dream :
For all your works and worth are of such grace,
The world your merit very high doth deem,
And he who, to molest you, evil wrought,
Must be a person void of lofty thought !

LXXXVII.

'That all your people cannot come on shore,
Obeying recognised pre-eminence,
Although this disappointment I deplore,
I much esteem so much obedience.
But, if your rules will not admit of more,
Neither will I admit the excellence
Of hearts so loyal should itself belie,
Merely my own desire to satisfy.

LXXXVIII.

‘ Porêm, como a luz crastina chegada
Ao mundo fôr, em minhas almadias
Eu irei visitar a forte armada,
Que ver tanto desejo, ha tantos dias :
E, se vier do mar desbaratada,
Do furioso vento, e longas vias,
Aqui terá de limpos pensamentos
Piloto, munições, e mantimentos.’

LXXXIX.

Isto disse, e nas aguas se escondia
O filho de Latona : e o mensageiro
Co’a embaixada alegre se partia
Para a frota no seu batel ligeiro.
Enchem-se os peitos todos de alegria,
Por terem o remedio verdadeiro,
Para acharem a terra, que buscavam ;
E assi ledos a noite festejavam.

XC.

Não faltam alli os raios de artificio,
Os tremulos cometas imitando :
Fazem os bombardeiros seu officio,
O céo, a terra, e as ondas atroando,
Mostra-se dos Cyclópas o exercicio
Nas bombas, que de fogo estão queimando :
Outros com vozes, com que o céo feriam,
Instrumentos altisonos tangiam.

XCI.

Respondem-lhe da terra juntamente,
Co’o raio volteando, com zonido ;
Anda em gyros no ar a roda ardente,
Estoura o pó sulphureo escondido :
A grita se alevanta ao céo, da gente ;
O mar se via em fogos accendido,
E não menos a terra ; e assi festeja
Hum ao outro, á maneira de peleja.

LXXXVIII.

' But when to-morrow's risen light shall glow
On earth, in my canoes, without delay,
The mighty fleet to visit I will go,
Which I have longed to see, for many a day.
And if from ocean damage it should show,
From furious wind, or long-protracted way,
Here you shall pilot of an honest mind,
With ammunition and provisions, find.'

LXXXIX.

Thus spake he ; nor Latona's son delayed
Beneath the western waters to retreat.
Cheerful the envoy with the ambassade
In his light boat departed to the fleet.
Then all their hearts are over-joyful made,
Seeing that now the real mode they meet
To find the country that they seek, at last ;
And merrily the night in feasting passed !

XC.

Nor fail artistic streams of fire to rise,
Which e'en the tremulous comets imitate,
The bombardiers their work perform, likewise,
And heaven and earth and waves reverberate :
Of Vulcan's force is shown the exercise,
In bombs which burn with fire all animate,
Others, with voices which the heavens invade,
Their loud-toned instruments attendant played.

XCI.

Then from the land together they reply,
With sounding bolt, which whirling doth aspire,
The burning wheels aloft in circles fly,
The loaded powder bursts with fury dire.
To very heaven is heard the people's cry !
The sea beholds itself alive with fire,
Nor less the shore ; and thus they welcome pay
One to another, as in battle's way !

XCII.

Mas já o céo inquieto revolvendo,
As gentes incitava a seu trabalho :
E já a mãe de Memnon a luz trazendo,
Ao somno longo punha certo atalho :
Hiam-se as sombras lentas desfazendo
Sobre as flores da terra, em frio orvalho ;
Quando o Rei Melindano se embarcava
A ver a frota, que no mar estava.

XCIII.

Viam-se em derredor ferver as praias
Da gente, que a ver só concorre leda :
Luzem da fina purpura as cabaiaes,
Lustram os pannos da tecida seda :
Em lugar de guerreiras azagaias,
E do arco, que os cornos arreda
Da Lãa, trazem ramos de palmeira,
Dos que vencem coroa verdadeira.

XCIV.

Hum batel grande, e largo, que toldado
Vinha de sedas de diversas cores,
Traz o Rei de Melinde, acompanhado
De nobres de seu reino, e de senhores.
Vem de ricos vestidos adornado,
Segundo seus costumes, e primores ;
Na cabeça huma fota guarnecida,
De ouro, e de seda, e de algodão tecida.

XCV.

Cabaia de damasco rico, e dino,
Da Tyria côr, entre elles estimada :
Hum collar ao pescoço, de ouro fino,
Onde a materia da obra he superada :
C'hum resplendor reluze adamantino
Na cinta a rica adaga bem lavrada :
Nas alparcas dos pés, em fim de tudo,
Cobrem ouro, e aljofar ao veludo.

XCII.

But now the unquiet heaven revolving ran,
And called the people to their work anew,
And now Aurora, closing up the span
Of lengthened sleep, with light returning grew :
Slowly the shadows to dissolve began,
Over the flowers of earth, in chilly dew,
When the Melindan monarch took his way,
To see the fleet which out at anchor lay.

XCIII.

The crowded shores around are seen to swarm
With cheerful people, only come to see ;
Of purple fine, cabaia's shining charm,
And cloths of woven silk, of bright degree ;
In place of warlike javelins, to alarm,
And bow, which crescent of the moon might be,
Branches of palm they bear, of soft renown,
Such as obtain the only real crown.

XCIV.

A long and spacious barge, which round was hung
With silks of various colours, sailing came, -
And brought the King, attended by a throng
Of nobles of his land and lords of name ;
He was adorned with raiment rich and long,
Of art and fashion of domestic fame ;
A gaudy turban on his head behold !
Woven with silk and cotton mixed with gold ;

XCV.

Cabaia of rich damascene designs,
Of Tyrian dyes, of every one the pride ;
His neck a collar of fine gold entwines,
Material being by the work outvied ;
With adamantine splendour also shines
A highly-wrought rich dagger at his side ;
Sandals of velvet on his feet he wore,
With gold and seed-pearls thickly covered o'er.

XCVI.

Com hum redondo amparo alto de seda,
N'hum alta e dourada hastea enxerido,
Hum ministro á solar quentura veda,
Que não offenda, e queime o Rei subido.
Musica traz na prôa, estranha e leda,
De aspero som, horrrissimo ao ouvido,
De trombetas arcadas em redondo,
Que sem concerto fazem rudo estrondo.

XCVII.

Não menos guarnecido o Lusitano
Nos seus bateis da frota se partia
A receber no mar o Melindano,
Com lustrosa e honrada companhia :
Vestido o Gama vem ao modo Hispano
(Mas Franceza era a roupa, que vestia)
De setim da Adriatica Veneza
Carmesi, côr que a gente tanto preza :

XCVIII.

De botões d'ouro as mangas vem tomadas,
Onde o Sol reluzindo a vista cega :
As calças soldadescas recamadas
Do metal, que fortuna a tantos nega :
E com pontas do mesmo delicadas
Os golpes do gibão ajunta, e achega :
Ao Italico modo a aurea espada :
Pluma na gôrra, hum pouco declinada.

XCIX.

Nos de sua companhia se mostrava
Da tinta, que dá o murice excellente,
A varia côr, que os olhos alegrava,
E a maneira do traje differente.
Tal o formoso esmalte se notava
Dos vestidos olhados juntamente,
Qual apparece o arco rutilante
Da bella nympha, filha de Thaumante.

XCVI.

And with a silken covering round and wide,
Which on long gilded handle he did rear,
A servant did the burning sunshine hide,
Whose hurtful heat the mighty king did fear.
Strange cheerful music on the prow did ride,
Harsh sounding and most horrid to the ear,
With trumpets twisted into many rounds,
Which, without concert, utter noisy sounds.

XCVII.

Nor was the Lusitanian's garb less meet,
When he to hail Melinda's King at sea,
In his long barges started from the fleet,
With honoured and illustrious company.
Gama came clothed in Spanish style complete
(But what he wore in linen French must be),
Satin, in Adriatic Venice wrought,
Crimson—a colour by them all much sought.

XCVIII.

His sleeves a row of golden buttons ties,
Which glistening in the sun the vision blind ;
His martial trousers show embroideries
Of metal, whereof Fortune is not kind.
His doublet's slashes with the same, likewise,
He fastens and unites by points refined :
Italian-like, a golden sword is seen ;
Upon his cap a plume doth gently lean.

XCIX.

Those of his retinue displayed to sight
The tints that come from dye-fish excellent,
With various colours which the eye delight,
And costumes in their fashion different.
And such appeared the enamel, gay and bright,
Of all the dresses when together blent,
As doth appear upon the brilliant bow,
Which Thaumata's daughter, lovely nymph, doth show !

C.

Sonorosas trombetas incitavam
Os animos alegres, resoando :
Dos Mouros os bateis o mar coalhavam,
Os tôldos pelas aguas arrojando :
As bombardas horrisonas bramavam,
Com as nuvens de fumo o Sol tomando,
Amiudam-se os brados accendidos.
Tapam co'as mãos os Mouros os ouvidos.

CI.

Já no batel entrou do Capitão
O Rei, que nos seus braços o levava :
Elle co'a cortezia, que a razão
(Por ser Rei) requeria, lhe fallava.
C'humas mostras de espanto, e admiração,
O Mouro o gesto, e o modo lhe notava,
Como quem em mui grande estima tinha
Gente, que de tão longe á India vinha ;

CII.

E com grandes palavras lhe offerece
Tudo o, que de seus reinos lhe cumprisse,
E que, se mantimento lhe fallece,
Como se proprio fosse, lho pedisse ;
Diz-lhe mais, que por fama bem conhece
A gente Lusitana, sem que a visse ;
Que já ouvio dizer, que n'outra terra
Com gente de sua lei tivesse guerra.

CIII.

E, como por toda Africa se soa,
Lhe diz os grandes feitos, que fizeram,
Quando nella ganharam a corôa
Do reino, onde as Hesperidas viveram :
E com muitas palavras apregoa
O menos, que os de Luso mereceram,
E o mais, que pela fama o Rei sabia :
Mas desta sorte o Gama respondia :—

C.

Sonorous trumpets with their sound of glee
Fresh impulse to the joyful spirits gave,
The Moorish barges covered all the sea,
Launching their awnings forth upon the wave ;
The mortars echoed, sounding horribly,
Dense clouds of smoke across the sunshine drove :
So loud and quick each roaring flash appears,
That with their hands the scared Moors stop their ears.

CI.

Now in the Captain's boat, at his desire,
The monarch entered, born on his embrace,
With courtesy, as reason did require,
(For he was King) he spake him, and with grace.
The Moor with shows of wonder did admire,
And note the looks and manners of the race,
As one who held in very great esteem
People who from so far to India came ;

CII.

And offers him, with words of noble care,
All that within his kingdom could be shown,
Begging that if provisions should be spare,
He'd ask for them as if they were his own,
And tells him more: that, ere he'd seen them there,
The Lusian race by fame to him was known ;
For he had heard that they, in lands afar,
With people of his faith had waged war.

CIII.

And, as by fame o'er Africa 'twas known,
Of the great scenes they acted he doth tell,
When there they had obtained that kingdom's crown,
Where the Hesperides were wont to dwell ;
And he set forth in phrases of renown
The least wherein the Lusians did excel,
And yet the most the King by fame had learned :
Then Gama answer in this sort returned—

CIV.

‘ Ó tu, que só tiveste piedade,
Rei benigno, da gente Lusitana,
Que com tanta miseria, e adversidade
Dos mares exprimenta a furia insana ;
Aquella alta, e divina Eternidade,
Que o céo revolve, e rege a gente humana,
Pois que de ti taes obras recebemos,
Te pague o, que nós outros não podemos.

CV.

‘ Tu só, de todos, quantos queima Apollo,
Nos recebes em paz, do mar profundo :
Em ti dos ventos horridos de Eolo
Refugio achâmos bom, fido, e jucundo :
Em quanto apascentar o largo polo
As estrellas, e o Sol der lume ao mundo,
Onde quer que eu viver, com fama e gloria
Viverão teus louvores em memoria.’

CVI.

Isto dizendo, os barcos vão remando
Para a frota, que o Mouro ver deseja :
Vão as naos huma e huma rodeando ;
Porque de todas tudo note, e veja :
Mas para o céo Vulcano fuzilando,
A frota co’as bombardas o festeja,
E as trombetas canoras lhe tangiam,
Co’os anafis os Mouros respondiam.

CVII.

Mas, depois de ser tudo já notado
Do generoso Mouro, que pasmava,
Ouvindo o instrumento inusitado,
Que tamanho terror em si mostrava ;
Mandava estar quieto, e ancorado
N’agua o batel ligeiro, que os levava ;
Por fallar de vagar co’o forte Gama
Nas cousas, de que tem noticia, e fama.

CIV.

' O thou alone whose piteous sympathy,
Benignant King, the Lusitanians prove,
Who, with such adverse fate and misery,
With the wild fury of the waves have strove,
Oh, may that high Divine Eternity,
Which rules the human race and heaven doth move,
Since we receive from thee such service true,
Pay thee as we ourselves can never do !

CV.

' Thou, of all those Apollo burns, alone,
In peace dost hail us from the sea profound;
In thee, by Eolus' dread tempests blown,
We find a refuge cheerful, good, and sound.
While the vast Pole leads forth the starry zone,
While Sol illuminates the world around,
Wherever I may live, with fame and glory
Shall live thy praises in my heart and story !'

CVI.

Thus saying, towards the fleet their boats they row,
The which the Moor most anxious is to see,
And round the vessels one by one they go,
That all of all may viewed and noted be.
But towards the heaven his bolts doth Vulcan throw,
The fleet with mortars makes festivity,
And trumpets musical around him play;
The Moorish anafis responsive bray.

CVII.

But after all had by the generous Moor
Been noted well, who seemed almost dismayed
By instruments he ne'er had heard before,
Which so much terror in themselves conveyed,
He orders them that they the anchor lower,
And the light boat that took them should be stayed,
For with brave Gama quiet speech he sought,
On matters fame had to his notice brought.

CVIII.

Em praticas o Mouro diferentes
Se deleitava, perguntando agora
Pelas guerras famosas e excellentes
Co'o povo havidas, que a Mafoma adora :
Agora lhe pergunta pelas gentes
De toda a Hesperia ultima, onde mora :
Agora pelos povos seus visinhos,
Agora pelos humidos caminhos.

CIX.

' Mas antes, valeroso Capitão,
Nos conta,' lhe dizia, ' diligente
Da terra tua o clima, e região
Do Mundo, onde morais, distinctamente ;
E assi de vossa antigua geração,
E o principio do reino tão potente,
Co'os successos das guerras do começo ;
Que, sem sabel-as, sei que são de preço :

CX.

' E assi tambem nos conta dos rodeios
Longos, em que te traz o mar irado,
Vendo os costumes barbaros alheios,
Que a nossa Africa ruda tem criado :
Conta ; que agora vem co'os aureos freios
Os cavallos, que o carro marchetado
Do novo Sol, da fria Aurora trazem ;
O vento dorme, o mar, e as ondas jazem.

CXI.

' E não menos co'o tempo se parece
O desejo de ouvir-te o, que contares ;
Que quem ha, que por fama não conhece
As obras Portuguezas singulares ?
Não tanto desviado resplandece
De nós o claro Sol, para julgares,
Que os Melindanos tem tão rudo peito,
Que não estimem muito hum grande feito.

CVIII.

The Moor in conversations different
Amused himself with talking, asking now
About the wars far famed and excellent,
Waged with the people that to Mahmoud bow :
Of where he dwells, Hesperia's far extent,
And people there, full many questions grow ;
Now of the people who his neighbours be,
Now of the watery ways across the sea.

CIX.

' But first, O Captain ! full of valour's grace,
With care ' (he said) ' recount us all full well ;
The climate of thy land distinctly trace,
The region of the world where thou dost dwell ;
And so, likewise, about thy ancient race,
And founding of thy powerful kingdom tell,
With war's successes, as from first they came,
For though I know them not, I know their fame :

CX.

' And also let those circuits wide be told,
In which the angry sea doth bear thee far,
The foreign barbarous customs to behold,
Which in our Afric rude created are.
Begin : for now there come with reins of gold
The horses which the variegated car
Of bright new Sol from cold Aurora bring ;
The wind, the sea, and waves lie slumbering !

CXI.

' And with the hour appears my wish the same,
To hear what thou to talk with us shalt please,
For, who is there that does not know by fame,
The deeds distinguished of the Portuguese ?
Nor must thou deem that Sol's refulgent flame
Doth shine on us from such remote degrees,
That the Melindan heart too rude doth beat,
To esteem, with great regard, a mighty feat

CXII.

‘Commetteram soberbos os Gigantes
Com guerra vã o Olympo claro e puro :
Tentou Pirithoo, e Théseo, de ignorantes,
O reino de Plutão horrendo e escuro :
Se houve feitos no mundo tão possantes,
Não menos he trabalho illustre e duro,
Quanto foi commetter inferno, e céo,
Que outrem commetta a furia de Nero.

CXIII.

‘Queimou o sagrado templo de Diana,
Do subtil Ctesiphonio fabricado,
Herostrato, por ser da gente humana
Conhecido no mundo, e nomeado :
Se tambem com taes obras nos engana
O desejo de hum nome avantajado,
Mais razão ha, que queira eterna gloria,
Quem faz obras tão dignas de memoria.’

CXII.

'The giants, full of pride, would fain invade,
With foolish war, Olympus bright and pure ;
Theseus and Pirithôus blind schemes laid
'Gainst Pluto's kingdom, horrid and obscure ;
If feats so vast as these have been essayed,
Not less 'tis labour noble to endure,
Great as it was with hell and heaven to engage,
When man doth battle against Nereus' rage.

CXIII.

'Herostratus Diana's sacred fane,
Which by the ingenious Ctesiphon was framed,
Consumed by fire ; in order to obtain
A world's renown, and be for ever named ;
If e'en with acts like these we blindly strain
In lasting eminence to be proclaimed,
Much more may he aspire to live in story,
Whose deeds so worthy are of lasting glory.'

CANTO TERCEIRO.

I.

AGORA tu, Calliope, me ensina
O, que contou ao Rei o illustre Gama :
Inspira immortal canto, e voz divina
Neste peito mortal, que tanto te ama :
Assi o claro inventor da Medicina,
De quem Orpheo pariste, ó linda dama,
Nunca por Daphne, Clície, ou Leucothoe
Te negue o amor devido, como soe.

II.

Põe tu, Nympha, em effeito meu desejo,
Como merece a gente Lusitana ;
Que veja, e saiba o mundo, que do Tejo
O licôr de Aganippe corre, e mana :
Deixa as flores de Pindo ; que já vejo
Banhar-me Apollo na agua soberana,
Senão direi, que tens algum receio,
Que se escureça o teu querido Orpheio.

III.

Promptos estavam todos escuitando
O, que o sublime Gama contaria ;
Quando, depois de hum pouco estar cuidando,
Alevantando o rosto, assi dizia :
‘ Mandas-me, ó Rei, que conte declarando
De minha gente a grão genealogia :
Não me mandas contar estranha historia,
Mas mandas-me louvar dos meus a gloria.

CANTO III.

I.

O thou, Calliope ! to teach incline
What to the King great Gama did relate:
Fire mortal song and breathe a voice divine
In mortal breast, thine own by love so great.
Thus may the inventor bright of Medicine,
Of whom, fair dame, thou Orpheus didst create,
For Daphne, Clicia, Leucothoe, ne'er
Deny the love he ought towards thee to bear.

II.

O Nymph ! consent to realise my dream,
As doth deserve the Lusitanian race:
That all may see and know in Tagus' stream,
How Aganippe's flowing source we trace :
The flowers of Pindus leave, for now, I deem,
Apollo bathes me in that water's grace ;
Or, I shall say that thou dost somewhat fear
That thy loved Orpheus shaded doth appear.

III.

Now, all in listening mood attention were
To what by lofty Gama might be told,
When, after somewhat a collected air,
He raised his brow, and thus he did unfold :
' Thou biddest me, O King ! the tale declare
Of all my race, their lineage of old ;
Thou dost not bid me tell a foreign story,
Thou biddest me to praise my people's glory.

IV.

‘Que outrem possa louvar esforço alheio,
Cousa he, que se costuma, e se deseja :
Mas louvar os meus proprios, arreceio,
Que louvor tão suspeito mal me esteja :
E. para dizer tudo, temo, e creio,
Que qualquer longo tempo curto seja :
Mas, pois o mandas, tudo se te deve ;
Irei contra o, que devo, e serei breve.

V.

‘ Alem disso, o que a tudo em fim me obriga,
He não poder mentir no, que disser :
Porque de feitos taes, por mais que diga,
Mais me ha de ficar inda por dizer :
Mas, porque nisto a ordem leve, e siga,
Segundo o que desejas de saber,
Primeiro tratarei da larga terra,
Depois direi da sanguinosa guerra.

VI.

‘ Entre a zona, que o Cancro senhorea,
Meta Septentrional do Sol luzente,
E aquella, que por fria se arrecea
Tanto, como a do meio por ardente,
Jaz a soberba Europa, a quem rodea
Pela parte do Arcturo, e do Occidente
Com suas salsas ondas o Oceano,
E pela Austral o mar Mediterraneo.

VII.

‘ Da parte, donde o dia vem nascendo,
Com Asia se avisinha ; mas o rio,
Que dos montes Rhipheios vai correndo
Na alagoa Meotis, curvo e frio,
As divide : e o mar, que fero e horrendo
Vio dos Gregos o irado senhorio,
Onde agora de Troia triumphante
Não vê mais, que a memoria, o navegante.

IV.

‘ That one should count another’s courage dear,
Is matter, both of custom and of will,
But, if I praise my own, I greatly fear
That praise so partial will become me ill ;
And to say all, I doubt, nay deem it clear,
That time, however long, will fail us still ;
But, as thou biddest, all is due to thee ;
’Gainst what I ought I act, and brief will be.

V.

‘ And more, in fine, what binds me to it all,
Is that I cannot lie, tell what I may ;
For of such feats whate’er I may recall,
There always will remain still more to say ;
But, as it should in following order fall,
What by thy wish before thee I shall lay,
First, on the land at large I will dilate,
And, afterwards, will bloody war relate.

VI.

‘ Between the zone where Cancer reign doth hold
(The northern point to which bright Sol doth run)
And that which men avoid as much from cold,
As, from its heat, the middle one they shun,
There lies proud Europe, on whose coasts are rolled,
Both towards Arcturus and the setting sun,
The waves of Ocean’s briny waters free,
And, to the south, the Mediterranean sea.

VII.

‘ On that side whence the new-born morning grows
She joins with Asia : but the river old
Which from the mountains of Rhipæus flows
Into Mæotis lake, winding and cold,
Divides them and the sea, which, fierce with foes,
Beheld the Greeks their angry lordship hold,
Where now the sailor nothing more can see
Of Troy triumphant, but the memory !

VIII.

‘ Lá onde mais debaixo está do polo,
Os montes Hyperboreos apparecem,
E aquelles, onde sempre sopra Eolo,
E co’o nome dos sôpros se ennobrecem :
Aqui tão pouca força tem de Apollo
Os raios, que no mundo resplandecem,
Que a neve está contino pelos montes,
Gelado o mar, geladas sempre as fontes.

IX.

‘ Aqui dos Scythas grande quantidade
Vivem, que antiguamente grande guerra
Tiveram sobre a humana antiguidade
Co’os, que tinham então a Egypcia terra :
Mas quem tão fóra estava da verdade,
(Já que o juizo humano tanto erra)
Para que do mais certo se informára,
Ao campo Damasceno o perguntára.

X.

‘ Agora nestas partes se nomea
A Lappia fria, a inculta Noroega,
Escandinavia ilha, que se arrea
Das victorias, que Italia não lhe nega :
Aqui, em quanto as aguas não refrea
O congelado inverno, se navega
Hum braço do Sarmatico Oceano
Pelo Brusio, Suecio, e frio Dano.

XI.

‘ Entre este mar, e o Tanais vive estranha
Gente, Ruthenos, Moscos, e Livonios,
Sarmatas outro tempo, e na montanha
Hircinia os Marcomanos são Polonios.
Sujeitos ao imperio de Alemanha
São Saxones, Bohemios, e Pannonios,
E outras varias nações, que o Rheno frio
Lava, e o Danubio, Amasis, e Albis rio.

VIII.

' There, where it all lies more the pole below,
The Hyperborean mountains ranged appear,
And those where Eolus doth always blow,
And from the name of winds their titles wear ;
Here such small force Apollo's rays can show,
Which other parts of earth with brightness cheer,
That snow perpetual on the mountains gleams,
With frozen sea and ever frozen streams.

IX.

' Of Scythians here great numbers live to-day,
Who anciently took mighty war in hand,
To prove none were so old a race as they,
With those who then possessed Egyptian land :
But, seeing how human judgment goes astray,
They who of truth so little understand,
Let them, the fact more certain to obtain,
Seek information in Damascus' plain.

X.

' Cold Lapland and rude Norway are contained
In name of Scandinavia here, nor fail
To robe themselves in victories they gained,
Nor Italy denies they did prevail.
Here, while the running waters are not chained
By frozen winter, ships may always sail
Over an arm of the Sarmatic main,
Of Swede, of Prussian, and of chilly Dane.

XI.

' 'Twixt Tanais and this sea strange people dwell,
Ruthenians, Moscons, and Livonians,
Sarmatians once ; and on Hercyna's hill
The Marcomani are Polonians.
As subjects to the German Empire, fell
Bohemians, Saxons, and Pannonians,
And various nations more, whom cold Rhine's wave,
Danube, Amasis, Albis river, lave.

XII.

‘ Entre o remoto Istro, e o claro estreito,
Aonde Helle deixou co’o nome a vida,
Estão os Thraces de robusto peito,
Do fero Marte patria tão querida,
Onde co’o Hemo, o Rhódope sujeito
Ao Othomano está, que sobmettida
Byzancio tem a seu serviço indino :
Boa injuria do grande Constantino !

XIII.

‘ Logo de Macedonia estão as gentes,
A quem lava do Axio a agua fria :
E vós tambem, ó terras excellentes
Nos costumes, engenhos, e ousadia,
Que creastes os peitos eloquentes,
E os juizos de alta phantasia,
Com quem tu, clara Grecia, o céo penetras,
E não menos por armas, que por letras.

XIV.

‘ Logo os Dalmatas vivem, e no seio,
Onde Antenor já muros levantou,
A soberba Veneza está no meio
Das aguas ; que tão baixa começou.
Da terra hum braço vem ao mar, que cheio
De esforço nações varias sujeitou,
Braço forte de gente sublimada
Não menos nos engenhos, que na espada.

XV.

‘ Em torno o cerca o reino Neptunino,
Co’os muros naturaes por outra parte :
Pelo meio o divide o Apennino,
Que tão illustre fez o patrio Marte :
Mas depois que o Porteiro tem divino,
Perdendo o esforço veio, e bellica arte :
Pobre está já de antiqua potestade :
Tanto Deos se contenta de humildade !

XII.

'Twixt distant Ister and the brilliant strait,
Where Helle left behind both name and life,
The Thracians live, of warlike courage great,
A land so loved of Mars who loveth strife,
Where Rhodope, with Hamus, to the state
Of Turkey lie subdued, who doth contrive
Byzantium in base service to confine :
Great insult to the mighty Constantine !

XIII.

'Contiguous lie the Macedonian race,
Whom Axio washes with his waters cold :
And ye, O lands of such excelling grace
In customs, intellect, and courage bold !
To whose creation eloquence we trace,
And wise men for high genius extolled,
With whom, illustrious Greece ! to thee 'twas given,
Not less by arms than arts, to invade e'en heaven !

XIV.

'Next the Dalmatians live, and in the bay
Where once Antenor raised a city's wall,
There in mid waters doth her pride display
Fair Venice, whose beginning was so small.
From land an arm runs to the sea away,
Which, full of power, made various nations fall,
Strong arm, and of a race by all adored,
Not less by art and skill than by the sword.

XV.

'It lies encircled round with Neptune's brine,
With natural walls upon the other side ;
In half divided by the Apennine,
Which Mars, when patron, so much dignified ;
But, since its Keeper of the keys divine,¹
Its ancient force and warlike art have died :
Poor it remains of ancient power gone by :
God so contents him with humility !

XVI.

‘ Gallia alli se verá, que nomeada
Co’os Cesáreos triumphos foi no mundo,
Que do Séquana, e Rhódano he regada,
E do Garumna frio, e Rheno fundo :
Logo os montes da Nympha sepultada
Pyrene se alevantam, que, segundo
Antiguidades contam, quando arderam,
Rios de ouro, e de prata então correram.

XVII.

‘ Eis-aqui se descobre a nobre Hespanha,
Como cabeça alli de Europa toda,
Em cujo senhorio, e gloria estranha
Muitas voltas tem dado a fatal roda :
Mas nunca poderá com força, ou manha
A fortuna inquieta pôr-lhe noda,
Que lha não tire o esforço, e ousadia
Dos bellicosos peitos, que em si cria.

XVIII.

‘ Com Tingitania entesta, e alli parece
Que quer fechar o mar Mediterraneo,
Onde o sabido Estreito se ennobrece
Co’o extremo trabalho do Thebano :
Com nações diferentes se engrandece,
Cercadas com as ondas do Oceano,
Todas de tal nobreza, e tal valor,
Que qualquer dellas cuida, que he melhor.

XIX.

‘ Tem o Tarragonez, que se fez claro
Sujeitando Parthénope inquieta,
O Navarro, as Asturias, que reparo
Já foram contra a gente Mahometa :
Tem o Gallego cauto, e o grande e raro
Castelhano, a quem fez o seu planeta
Restituidor de Hespanha, e senhor della,
Betis, Leão, Granada, com Castella.

XVI.

‘ There, Gaul thou shalt behold, whose name was read
Throughout the world where Cæsar’s triumphs shine,
Which by the Seine and Rhone is waterèd,
By cold Garonne, and by deep-channelled Rhine :
And here, those mountains rear aloft the head,
Wherein doth lie the nymph Pyrene’s shrine,
Whence, when they burned, as by tradition told,
Then rivers ran of silver and of gold.

XVII.

‘ Lo ! as of all that part of Europe lord,
Here rises into view the noble Spain,
In whose rare glory and command abroad
The fatal wheel so many turns hath ta’en ;
But never or by force, or artful fraud,
Wild restless fortune cast on her a stain,
Which, with the power and daring they display,
Her warlike children will not wash away.

XVIII.

‘ And Tingitania opposite doth rise,
Which seems to close the Mediterranean sea,
Where, from the Theban’s wondrous enterprise,
The well-known strait enjoys nobility.
The kingdom various nations aggrandise,
Which by the Ocean waves surrounded be,
All of such nobleness and worth confessed,
That each of them believes himself the best.

XIX.

‘ The Tarragonese, who gathered fame so fair,
Conquering the restless foe Parthenope,
Navarre, Asturias, who protectors were
’Gainst races who to Mahmoud bend the knee ;
Cautious Gallician, and the great and rare
Castilian, destined by his star to be
Great Spain’s restorer, and her lord at will,
Granada, Betis, Leon, and Castille.

XX.

‘ Eis-aqui, quasi cume da cabeça
De Europa toda, o reino Lusitano,
Onde a terra se acaba, e o mar começa
E onde Phebo repousa no Oceano :
Este quiz o Céu justo, que florea
Nas armas contra o torpe Mauritano,
Deitando-o de si fóra, e lá na ardente
Africa estar quieto o não consente.

XXI.

‘ Esta he a ditosa patria minha amada,
Á qual se o Céu me dá, que eu sem perigo
Torne, com esta empreza já acabada,
Acabe-se esta luz alli comigo.
Esta foi Lusitania, derivada
De Luso, ou Lysa, que de Baccho antigo
Filhos foram, parece, ou companheiros,
E nella então os incolas primeiros.

XXII.

‘ Desta o Pastor nasceo, que no seu nome
Se vê, que de homem forte os feitos teve,
Cuja fama ninguem virá, que dome ;
Pois a grande de Roma não se atreve.
Esta o velho, que os filhos proprios come,
Por decreto do Céu, ligeiro e leve,
Veio a fazer no mundo tanta parte,
Creando-a reino illustre, e foi desta arte :

XXIII.

‘ Hum Rei, por nome Afonso, foi na Hespanha
Que fez aos Sarracenos tanta guerra,
Que por armas sanguinas, força, e manha,
A muitos fez perder a vida, e a terra :
Voando deste Rei a fama es:ranha
Do Herculano Calpe á Caspia serra,
Muitos, para na guerra esclarecer-se,
Vinham a elle, e á morte offerecer-se.

XX.

‘Lo ! here, as crown o’ the head of Europe all,
Her front the Lusitanian kingdom shows,
Where land from shore into the sea doth fall,
And where in ocean Phœbus seeks repose ;
This country righteous Heaven to arms did call,
To flourish ’gainst her servile Moorish foes,
Thrusting them forth from her ; nor with consent
That they in Afric’s heat should rest content.

XXI.

‘This is my loved, my happy land so sweet,
Whereto if Heaven concede that I repair
In safety, with this enterprise complete,
So may this life be ended with me there !
This Lusitania was ; in whom we greet
Luso, or Lysa, who the offspring were,
Or friends, of ancient Bacchus, as appears,
And the first dwellers there in early years.

XXII.

‘Here was the Shepherd born,² who by his name
’Tis seen did in great mortals’ exploits share,
Whose glory none shall ever come to tame,
For this the mighty Roman did not dare ;
This land the son-devouring Ancient came,³
In shortest space, for Heaven did so declare,
To cause her in the world great part to play,
And made her kingdom glorious, in this way :

XXIII.

‘A king of Spain, Alfonzo was his name,⁴
Against the Saracens such war declared,
That, with red arms and force and stratagem,
To many neither life nor land were spared ;
And seeing that this king’s extremest fame
From Calpe to the Caspian range was heard,
Many, that they in war renown might gain,
Flocked to his standard, offering to be slain.

XXIV.

‘ E c’hum amor intrinseco accendidos
Da Fé mais, que das honras populares,
Eram de varias terras conduzidos,
Deixando a patria amada, e proprios lares.
Depois que em feitos altos, e subidos,
Se mostraram nas armas singulares,
Quiz o famoso Afonso, que obras taes
Levassem premio digno e dões iguaes.

XXV.

‘ Destes Henrique, dizem, que segundo
Filho de hum Rei de Hungria exprimentado,
Portugal houve em sorte, que no mundo
Então não era illustre, nem prezado :
E, para mais signal d’amor profundo,
Quiz o Rei Castelhana, que casado
Com Teresa sua filha o Conde fosse :
E com ella das terras tomou posse.

XXVI.

‘ Este depois que contra os descendentes
Da escrava Agar victorias grandes teve,
Ganhando muitas terras adjacentes,
Fazendo o que a seu forte peito deve,
Em premio destes feitos excellentes,
Deo-lhe o supremo Deos, em tempo breve,
Hum filho, que illustrasse o nome ufano
Do bellicoso reino Lusitano.

XXVII.

‘ Já tinha vindo Henrique da conquista
Da cidade Hierosolyma sagrada,
E do Jordão a arêa tinha vista,
Que vio de Deos a carne em si lavada ;
Que não tendo Gothfredo a quem resista,
Depois de ter Judea subjugada,
Muitos, que nestas guerras o ajudaram,
Para seus senhorios se tornaram.

XXIV.

' And as their love o' the faith did more inflame
Than the desire for vulgar honours moved,
Guided from various distant lands they came,
Leaving the native land and hearth they loved ;
And after valorous feats of lofty fame,
And that in arms they most distinguished proved,
Renowned Alfonzo willed that deeds so great
With equal gifts and due reward should meet.

XXV.

' And among these one Henry, as they say,⁵
Of Hungary's king the well-proved second son,
By lot had Portugal, which at that day
Nor fame nor value in the world had won ;
And, that he might his deep love more display,
His child Teresa the Castilian
Willed on the Count in marriage to confer :
And thus did he possess the land with her.

XXVI.

' And when he had against the progeny
Of the slave Agar mighty victories wrought,
Gaining much country in proximity,
Performing all his valiant courage ought :
As a reward for feats of such degree,
The God supreme in short space to him brought
A son, who should exalt to brilliant fame
The warlike Lusian kingdom's haughty name.

XXVII.

' A conqueror now had Henry come again
From sacred city of Jerusalem,
And of the Jordan had beheld the plain
Which saw the Incarnate God wash in its stream ;
And Godfrey having nought more to restrain,
After that he Judea did redeem,
Many, who in these wars had been his mates,
Already had returned to their estates.

XXVIII.

‘ Quando chegado ao fim de sua idade,
O forte, e famoso Hungaro estremado,
Forçado da fatal necessidade,
O esp’rito deo, a quem lho tinha dado :
Ficava o filho em tenra mocidade,
Em quem o pai deixava seu traslado,
Que do mundo os mais fortes igualava ;
Que de tal pai tal filho se esperava.

XXIX.

‘ Mas o velho rumor, não sei se errado,
Que em tanta antiguidade não ha certeza,
Conta, que a mãe tomando todo o estado,
Do segundo hymeneo não se despreza :
O filho orpham deixava desherdado,
Dizendo, que nas terras a grandeza
Do senhorio todo só sua era ;
Porque para casar seu pai lhas dera.

XXX.

‘ Mas o principe Afonso, que desta arte
Se chamava, do avô tomando o nome,
Vendo-se em suas terras não ter parte,
Que a mãe com seu marido as manda, e come,
Fervendo-lhe no peito o duro Marte,
Imagina comsigo como as tome :
Revolvidas as causas no conceito,
Ao proposito firme sêgue o effeito.

XXXI.

‘ De Guimarães o campo se tingia
Co’o sangue, proprio da intestina guerra,
Onde a mãe, que tão pouco o parecia,
A seu filho negava o amor, e a terra.
Com elle posta em campo já se via,
E não vê a soberba o muito, que erra
Contra Deos, contra o maternal amor ;
Mas nella o sensual era o maior.

XXVIII.

' When he had reached his age's latest day,
The famed Hungarian, eminent and brave,
Forced by necessity's all fatal sway,
His spirit gave again to Him who gave.
A son remained, a child of tender ray,
Whom with his stamp the father did engrave,
Who ranked the bravest of the world among :
For, from such father should such son have sprung.

XXIX.

' But old report, if truly it relate,
For nought is sure in such antiquity,
Shows that the mother, taking all the estate,
Was not averse again to married be.
The orphan child, despoiled, she left to fate,
Claiming, by title of the senhory,
O'er all the lands to exercise her sway,
Given by her father on her marriage day.

XXX.

' But Prince Alfonso, who assumed this name,⁶
Which from his grandfather did fairly fall,
Seeing that of his lands nought to him came,
(His mother and her husband grasping all),
Burning within his breast with martial flame,
Fell pondering how he might his rights recall ;
And, reasons being thus resolved in thought,
His firm designs were to an issue brought.

XXXI.

' The plain of Guimarães was deeply died
With very blood of an intestine war,
Wherein the mother, who that name belied,
Of love and land her son would fain debar ;
In battle ranged, her offspring she defied,
Too proud to see how deeply she did err
Both against God and 'gainst maternal love ;
But in her reigned the sensual all above.

XXXII.

‘ Ó Progne crua ! ó magica Medea !
Se em vossos proprios filhos vos vingais
Da maldade dos pais, da culpa alhea ;
Olhai, que inda Teresa pecca mais.
Incontinencia má, cubiça fea,
São as causas deste erro principais :
Scylla por huma mata o velho pai,
Esta por ambas contra o filho vai.

XXXIII.

‘ Mas já o Principe claro o vencimento
Do padraсто, e da iniqua mãi levava :
Já lhe obedece a terra n’hum momento,
Que primeiro contra elle pelejava :
Porêм, vencido de ira o entendimento,
A mãi em ferros asperos atava :
Mas de Deos foi vingada em tempo breve :
Tanta veneração aos pais se deve !

XXXIV.

‘ Eis se ajunta o soberbo Castelhana,
Para vingar a injuria de Teresa,
Contra o tão raro em gente Lusitano,
A quem nenhum trabalho aggrava, ou pesa.
Em batalha cruel o peito humano,
Ajudado da angelica defesa,
Não só contra tal furia se sustenta,
Mas o inimigo asperrimo affugenta.

XXXV.

‘ Não passa muito tempo, quando o forte
Principe em Guimarães está cercado
De infinito poder ; que desta sorte
Foi refazer-se o imigo magoado ;
Mas, com se offerecer á dura morte
O fiel Egas amo, foi livrado ;
Que de outra arte pudera ser perdido ;
Segundo estava mal apercebido.

XXXII.

' O magical Medea ! Progne dire !
If 'gainst your very sons you vengeance aim,
For others' faults, in hatred of the sire,
Behold Teresa's sin of darker fame !
Foul avarice and incontinent desire,
From these, their leading source, her errors came ;
Scylla her aged father slays, from one,
She, from them both, makes war against her son.

XXXIII.

' But now, the illustrious Prince the victory
O'er cruel mother and stepfather gained,
And all the land obeys him instantly,
Which at the first against him war sustained ;
Yet, rage o'ercoming all propriety,
His mother in harsh fetters he enchained ;
But this from God a speedy vengeance drew ;
So much is reverence to parents due !

XXXIV.

' Behold the proud Castilian doth prepare
To avenge the insult, in Teresa's name,
'Gainst one among the Lusian race so rare,
Whom labour ne'er oppressed or overcame.
The human heart, in battle's cruel glare,
Warmed by protection of an angel's flame,
Not only 'gainst such madness holds the right,
But puts the hard and heartless foe to flight.

XXXV.

' In little time, around this Prince so brave,
In Guimarães, besieging arms were brought,
Of passing power ; for thus his name to save
The chagrined enemy occasion sought ;
But, as to cruel death true Egeas gave
His life an offering, rescue thus was wrought ;
Else must he doubtless other fate have shared,
Seeing he was so very ill-prepared.

XXXVI.

‘ Mas o leal vassallo, conhecendo
Que seu senhor não tinha resistencia,
Se vai ao Castelhana, promettendo
Que elle faria dar-lhe obediencia :
Levanta o inimigo o cerco horrendo,
Fiado na promessa, e consciencia
De Egas Moniz : mas não consente o peito
Do moço illustre a outrem ser sujeito.

XXXVII.

‘ Chegado tinha o prazo promettido,
Em que o Rei Castelhana já aguardava,
Que o Principe a seu mando sobmettido
Lhe dêsse a obediencia, que esperava :
Vendo Egas, que ficava fementido,
O que delle Castella não cuidava,
Determina de dar a doce vida
A troco da palavra mal cumprida :

XXXVIII.

‘ E com seus filhos, e mulher se parte
A alevantar com elles a fiança,
Descalços, e despidos, de tal arte,
Que mais move a piedade, que a vingança.
“ Se pretendes, Rei alto, de vingar-te
De minha temeraria confiança,”
Dizia, “ eis-aqui venho offerecido
A te pagar co’a vida o promettido.

XXXIX.

“ Vês aqui trago as vidas innocentes
Dos filhos sem peccado, e da consorte ;
Se a peitos generosos, e excellentes
Dos fracos satisfaz a fera morte,
Vês aqui as mãos, e a lingua delinquentes,
Nellas sós exprimenta toda sorte
De tormentos, de mortes pelo estylo
De Scinis, e do touro de Perillo.”

XXXVI.

' For, as the loyal vassal was aware
His lord had no resources of defence,
To the Castilian doth he straight repair,
With pledges to arrange obedience.
Holding the word of Egas Moniz fair,
The horrid siege is raised, the foe moves thence ;
But the youth's haughty breast resisteth still
Becoming subject to another's will.

XXXVII.

' Now 'twas the promised period to decide,
As, 'twas expected by Castilia's King,
The Prince should by his sovereign will abide,
And his submission, as agreed on, bring ;
But Egas, seeing that he was belied,
Of whom Castile suspected not such thing,
Resolves his precious life-blood shall be spilled
To expiate his promise not fulfilled.

XXXVIII.

' And with his wife and children doth he go,
With them the faith he pledged to satisfy,
Naked and barefoot, in such piteous show
As less doth vengeance move than sympathy.
" If thou, great King," quoth he, " would'st vengeance know
For that rash confidence assured by me,
Lo ! here I come, offered with child and wife,
To pay thee what I promised thee, with life.

XXXIX.

' " Thou see'st the sinless lives I hither lead,
Of consort and of children innocent ;
If, that the weak by cruel death should bleed
Can pacify hearts kind and excellent,
Behold the offending hands and tongue indeed !
'Gainst them alone thou may'st all kinds invent
Of deaths and torments, modelled, to the full,
On Scinis and Perillo's brazen bull."

XL.

‘Qual diante do algôz o condemnado,
Qua já na vida a morte tem bebido,
Põe no cepo a garganta, e já entregado
Espera pelo golpe tão temido ;
Tal diante do Principe indignado
Egas estava a tudo offerecido :
Mas o Rei, vendo a estranha lealdade,
Mais pôde em fim, que a ira, a piedade.

XLI.

‘Oh grão fidelidade Portugueza
De vassallo, que a tanto se obrigava !
Que mais o Persa fez naquella empreza,
Onde rosto, e narizes se cortava ?
Do que ao grande Dario tanto peza,
Que, mil vezes dizendo, suspirava,
Que mais o seu Zopyro são prezára,
Que vinte Babylonias, que tomára.

XLII.

‘Mas já o Principe Afonso apparelhava
O Lusitano exercito ditoso
Contra o Mouro, que as terras habitava
D’alem do claro Tejo deleitoso ;
Já no campo de Ourique se assentava
O arraial soberbo, e bellicoso
Defronte do inimigo Sarraceno,
Postoque em força, e gente tão pequeno !

XLIII.

‘Em nenhuma outra cousa confiado,
Senão no summo Deos, que o céo regia ;
Que tão pouco era o povo baptizado,
Que para hum só cem Mouros haveria :
Julga qualquer juizo socegado
Por mais temeridade, que ousadia,
Commetter hum tamanho ajuntamento ;
Que para hum cavalleiro houvesse cento.

XL.

' As one, condemned the headman's axe before,
Who e'en in life imbibes a taste of death,
Lays on the block his neck, and, yielded o'er,
Waits the so dreaded blow that ends his breath,
E'en thus before the Prince, in anger sore,
Stands Egas while his all he offereth ;
But when the King such wondrous truth beheld,
His anger by his sympathy was quelled.

XLI.

' O wondrous Portuguese fidelity
Of vassal, who to so much did consent !
What more did Persian in that siege, when he
His features' mutilation did invent ?
Which great Darius felt so bitterly,
That thousand times he vowed, with sighings blent,
He'd prize his Zopyrus unmaimed again,
Far more than twenty Babylons he'd ta'en.

XLII.

' But Prince Alfonso, now, set in array
The prosperous Lusian army for the fight
Against the Moor, who held the lands that lay
Beyond old Tagus, beautiful and bright ;
Now pitched he in the plain of Ourique
The encampment proud and warlike, well in sight,
Fronting his enemy, the Saracen,
Although his force was small and few his men.

XLIII.

' In nothing else for succour he believed
Than on the God Supreme that rules the sky ;
For so few men had baptism received,
One hundred Moors could one of them defy ;
And any sober judgment must have grieved
That more of rashness than of bravery
'Gainst such vast forces in attack should go,
Where but one knight could 'gainst a hundred show.

XLIV.

‘ Cinco Reis Mouros são os inimigos,
Dos quaes o principal Ismar se chama,
Todos experimentados nos perigos
Da guerra, onde se alcança a illustre fama :
Seguem guerreiras damas seus amigos,
Imitando a formosa e forte dama,
De quem tanto os Troianos se ajudaram,
E as que o Thermodonte já gostaram.

XLV.

‘ A matutina luz serena, e fria
As estrellas do polo já apartava,
Quando na Cruz o Filho de Maria,
Amostrando-se a Afonso, o animava.
Elle, adorando quem lhe apparecia,
Na Fé todo inflammado, assi gritava :
“ Aos infieis, Senhor, aos infieis,
E não a mi, que creio o, que podeis !”

XLVI.

‘ Com tal milagre os animos da gente
Portugueza inflammados, levantavam
Por seu Rei natural este excellente
Principe, que do peito tanto amavam ;
E diante do exercito potente
Dos imigos, gritando o céo tocavam,
Dizendo em alta voz : “ Real, Real,
Por Afonso alto Rei de Portugal.”

XLVII.

‘ Qual co'os gritos, e vozes incitado
Pela montanha o rabido moloso,
Contra o touro remette, que fiado
Na força está do corno temeroso :
Ora pega na orelha, ora no lado,
Latindo, mais ligeiro, que forçoso ;
Até que em fim, rompendo-lhe a garganta,
Do bravo a força horrenda se quebranta :

XLIV.

‘ Five Moorish Kings appear as enemies,
Of whom there is a chief, Ismar by name,
All well experienced in the extremities
Of war, where man obtains illustrious fame.
And warlike ladies come, their friend’s allies,
As copies of the brave and famous dame,⁷
By whom the Trojans did such succour gain,
And those who of Thermodon draughts have ta’en.

XLV.

‘ Now the cold morning light, serene and clear,
The constellations from the Pole withdrew,
When on the Cross to Alfonso did appear
Maria’s Son, his courage to renew.
Before the vision bowed with holy fear,
And fired by Faith—this invocation flew—
“ Lord, to the infidel, the infidel !
And not to me, who know Thy power so well ! ”

XLVI.

‘ With such a miracle before their face
The Lusians’ hearts burned high, and they were moved
Towards him, their natural King, a Prince of grace,
Whom in their hearts they all so truly loved.
’Fore the strong army of the opposing race
With their loud shouts the very sky they moved,
And cried with mighty voice : “ King, King of all.
Alfonso, mighty King of Portugal ! ” ⁸

XLVII.

‘ As when, incited by loud shouts and cries,
The rabid mastiff, on the mountain height,
Against the furious bull impetuous flies,
Who with his fearful horns accepts the fight ;
Now at the ear, now at the side he tries,
Barking, till, more with nimbleness than might,
At last the bleeding throat he open tears,
And the wild beast of all his force despairs :

XLVIII.

‘ Tal do Rei novo o estamago, accendido
Por Deos, e pelo povo juntamente,
O barbaro commette apercebido
Co’o animoso exercito rompente :
Levantam nisto os perros o alarido
Dos gritos, tocam á arma, ferve a gente,
As lanças e arcos tomam, tubas soam,
Instrumentos de guerra tudo atroam.

XLIX.

‘ Bem como quando a flamma, que ateadada
Foi nos aridos campos, (assoprando
O sibilante Boreas) animada
Co’o vento, o secco mato vai queimando :
A pastoral companhia, que deitada,
Co’o doce somno estava, despertando
Ao estridor do fogo, que se atea,
Recolhe o fato, e foge para a aldea :

L.

‘ Desta arte o Mouro attonito, e torvado,
Toma sem tento as armas mui depressa :
Não foge, mas espera confiado,
E o ginete belligero arremessa.
O Portuguez o encontra denodado,
Pelos peitos as lanças lhe atravessa :
Huns cahem meios mortos, e outros vão
A ajuda convocando do Alcorão.

LI.

‘ Alli se vêm encontros temerosos,
Para se desfazer humas altas serras,
E os animaes correndo furiosos,
Que Neptuno amostrou ferindo a terra :
Golpes se dão medonhos, e forçosos,
Por toda a parte andava accessa a guerra :
Mas o de Luso, arnêz, couraça, e malha
Rompe, corta, desfaz, abola, e talha.

XLVIII.

'So the new King, his bosom all on fire,
Fighting for God, and for his people too,
Attacks the foe, prepared with war's attire,
With his courageous army breaking through.
Thereon there rise wild shouts and curses dire,
Men crowd and call to arms with loud halloo,
Lances and bows they take, the trumpets sound,
And instruments of warfare thunder round !

XLIIX.

'E'en as when o'er the parching plain there glows
A flame, which may from some chance cause ignite,
(All while the whistling, puffing Boreas blows)
Fanned by the wind, sets all the growth a-light,
The shepherd's group, lying in their repose
Of quiet sleep, aroused in wild affright
At crackling flames that spread both wide and high,
Gather their goods and to the village fly :

L.

'So doth the Moor, alarmed and terrified,
Snatch up his random arms in blind dismay ;
He does not fly, but with strong hope allied,
Pushes his warlike genet to the fray ;
Stoutly the Lusian doth the foe abide,
And, with his lance transfixing him, doth slay ;
Some fall half dead ; some flying, as they can,
Invoke protection of the Alcoran.

LI.

'Here are beheld encounters that appal,
That truly some vast mountain sever might,
With rushing of that furious animal,
Which Neptune, striking earth, brought forth to light :
Now fearful blows and all resistless fall,
And on all sides still savage is the fight,
But armour, mail, cuirass, the Lusians hew,
Break and destroy, crash up and cleave in two.

LII.

‘Cabeças pelo campo vão saltando,
Braços, pernas, sem dono, e sem sentido,
E d’outros as entranhas palpitando,
Pallida a côr, o gesto amortecido.
Já perde o campo o exercito nefando,
Correm rios do sangue desparzido,
Com que tambem do campo a côr se perde,
Tornado carmesi de branco, e verde.

LIII.

‘Já fica vencedor o Lusitano,
Recolhendo os tropheos, e presa rica :
Desbaratado, e roto o Mouro Hispano,
Tres dias o grão Rei no campo fica.
Aqui pinta no branco escudo ufano,
Que agora esta victoria certifica,
Cinco escudos azues esclarecidos,
Em signal destes cinco Reis vencidos.

LIV.

‘E nestes cinco escudos pinta os trinta
Dinheiros, por que Deos fora vendido,
Escrevendo a memoria em varia tinta
Daquelle, de quem foi favorecido :
Em cada hum dos cinco cinco pinta ;
Porque assi fica o numero cumprido,
Contando duas vezes o do meio
Dos cinco azues, que em cruz pintando veio.

LV.

‘Passado já algum tempo, que passada
Era esta grão victoria, o Rei subido
A tomar vai Leiria, que tomada
Fôra mui pouco havia do vencido.
Com esta a forte Arronches sobjugada
Foi juntamente, e o sempre ennobrecido
Scalabicastro, cujo campo ameno
Tu, claro Tejo, regas tão sereno.

LII.

' Heads o'er the plain in numbers leaping go,
Arms, legs, all dead, belonging now to none,
Others their palpitating entrails show,
Pale colour, aspect dying and o'erdone.
The field is lost to the accursed foe,
Rivers of blood, shed in all quarters, run,
Till on the plain its tints no more are seen,
And crimson takes the place of white and green.

LIII.

' Now is the Lusian victor on the field,
Gathering the trophies and the precious prize :
The routed Spanish Moor being forced to yield,
Three days the mighty King encampèd lies.
And here he proudly paints on his white shield,
Which now this mighty victory certifies,
Five scutcheons blue, illuminated shown,
In signal of these five Kings overthrown.

LIV.

' And in these scutcheons five he paints, likewise,
The thirty pieces for which God was sold,
Writing His memory in various dies,
Who with such favour did his cause uphold.
In each one of the five he five supplies ;
For thus the number will be duly told,
Twice counting that which in the midst we find
Of the five azures, in a cross designed.⁹

LV.

' There having passed some short time since the date
Of this great victory, the Monarch went
To capture Leiria, which, of late,
Had to the conquered Moor, as captive, bent.
The brave Arronches, with a kindred fate,
Then also fell, and ever eminent
Scalabicastro, whose delightful plain
Thou silver Tagus waterest so serene !

LVI.

‘ A estas nobres villas submettidas
Ajunta tambem Mafra em pouco espaço,
E nas serras da Lua conhecidas
Sobjuga a fria Cintra o duro braço,
Cintra, onde as Naiádes escondidas
Nas fontes vão fugindo ao doce laço,
Onde amor as eureda brandamente,
Nas aguas accendendo fogo ardente.

LVII.

‘ E tu, nobre Lisboa, que no mundo
Facilmente das outras es princesa,
Que edificada foste do facundo,
Por cujo engano foi Dardania accessa :
Tu, a quem obedece o mar profundo,
Obedeceste á força Portuguesa,
Ajudada tambem da forte armada,
Que das Boreaes partes foi mandada.

LVIII.

‘ Lá do Germanico Albis, e do Rheno,
E da fria Bretanha conduzidos,
A destruir o povo Sarraceno,
Muitos com tenção sancta eram partidos :
Entrando a boca já do Tejo ameno,
Co’o arraial do grande Afonso unidos,
Cuja alta fama então subia aos céos,
Foi posto cerco aos muros Ulysseos.

LIX.

‘ Cinco vezes a Lua se escondera,
E outras tantas mostrára cheio o rosto,
Quando a cidade entrada se rendera
Ao duro cerco, que lhe estava posto.
Foi a batalha tão sanguina e fera,
Quanto obrigava o firme presuppuesto
De vencedores asperos e ousados,
E de vencidos já desesperados.

LVI.

‘Such noble cities now subdued, with these,
In little space, he numbers Mafra too ;
In the known Serras, linked with Cynthia’s praise,
His lusty arm cold Cintra did subdue—
Cintra, within whose streams the Naiades,
Coy of the pleasing bondage, hide from view,
Where love entangles them, in gentle game,
And in the waters lights the ardent flame.

LVII.

‘And thou, proud Lisbon, who ’midst earth’s displays,
Princess o’er others easily dost sway,
Thou whom that Eloquent resolved to raise,
By whose deceit old Troy in ashes lay—¹⁰
Thou, whom the deep and boundless sea obeys,
Thou didst the valorous Portuguese obey,
Supported by the fleet of powerful fame,
That, thither sent from northern regions, came.¹¹

LVIII.

‘Thither from German Elb and from the Rhine,
And from cold Britain guided forth to ride,
To crush the infidel of Saracene,
Many, from holy thoughts, their voyage decide,
Entering the mouth where Tagus’ waters shine,
And with the great Alfonso’s camp allied,
Whose then vast fame did e’en the heavens invade,
A siege around Ulysses’ walls is laid !

LIX.

‘Five times the moon had hid herself as new,
And in the full as many times displayed,
When all her gates the city open threw
To the close siege that was around her laid.
As bloody and as fierce the battle grew,
As by the firm resolve must be portrayed
Of conquerors harsh, and forward all to dare,
Of conquered, lost already in despair !

LX.

‘ Desta arte em fim tomada se rendeo,
Aquella, que nos tempos já passados
A grande força nunca obedeceo
Dos frios povos Scythicos ousados,
Cujo poder a tanto se estendeo,
Que o Ibero o vio, e o Tejo amedrontados,
E em fim co’o Betis tanto alguns poderam,
Que á terra de Vandalia nome deram.

LXI.

‘ Que cidade tão forte por ventura
Haverá que resista, se Lisboa
Não pôde resistir á força dura
Da gente, cuja fama tanto voa ?
Já lhe obedece toda a Estremadura,
Obidos, Alemquer, por onde soa
O tom das frescas aguas entre as pedras,
Que murmurando lavã, e Torres-Vedras.

LXII.

‘ E vós tambem, ó terras Transtaganas,
Affamadas co’o dom da flava Ceres,
Obedeceis ás forças mais que humanas,
Entregando-lhe os muros, e os poderes :
E tu, lavrador Mouro, que te enganas,
Se sustentar a fertil terra queres ;
Que Elvas, e Moura, e Serpa conhecidas,
E Alcacere-do-Sal estão rendidas.

LXIII.

‘ Eis a nobre cidade, certo assento
Do rebelde Sertorio antigamente,
Onde ora as aguas nitidas de argento
Vem sustentar de longo a terra, e a gente
Pelos arcos reaes, que cento e cento
Nos ares se alevantam nobremente,
Obedeceo por meio e ousadia
De Giraldo, que medos não temia.

LX.

‘ Thus, ta’en at last, was that great city bent
To yield itself, which ne’er in times gone by
Did to the overwhelming force consent
Of the cold Scythian hordes’ audacity,
Whose grasping power, spread forth to such extent,
Ebro and Tagus saw with trembling eye ;
In fine, so powerful some o’er Betis were,
They made the land the name Vandalia bear.

LXI.

‘ What city then so powerful, in such case,
If Lisbon all incapable appear,
As to resist this strong and hardy race,
Whose flying fame can fill so vast a sphere ?
Estremadura all has given them place,
Obidos, Torres-Vedras, Alemquer,
Where the fresh waters tones of music gave,
Among the rocks which, murmuring, they lave !

LXII.

‘ And ye, ye lands that beyond Tagus lay,
So much for Ceres’ yellow gift renowned,
These more than human powers ye did obey,
Yielding the walls and the dominions round ;
And, labouring Moor ! thou dost thyself betray,
If thou dost hope to keep the fertile ground ;
For Elvas, Moura, Serpa, so well known,
And Alcacer, have all been overthrown.

LXIII.

‘ Behold the noble cit , where his foe
Rebel Sertorius did of old defy,¹²
Where now the sparkling silver waters flow
From far, both land and people to supply,
On royal arches, hundreds in a row,
Which nobly rear themselves in air on high ;
’Twas, by Giraldo’s means and daring soul,
Whom fear ne’er frightened, humbled to control.

LXIV.

‘ Já na cidade Beja vai tomar
Vingança de Trancoso destruida
Afonso, que não sabe socegar,
Por estender co’a fama a curta vida :
Não se lhe pode muito sustentar
A cidade ; mas, sendo já rendida,
Em toda a cousa viva a gente irada
Provando os fios vai da dura espada.

LXV.

‘ Com estas subjugada foi Palmella,
E a piscosa Cezimbra, e juntamente,
Sendo ajudado mais de sua estrella,
Desbarata hum exercito potente :
Sentio-o a villa, e vio-o o senhor della,
Que a soccorrel-a vinha diligente
Pela fralda da serra, descuidado
Do temeroso encontro inopinado :

LXVI.

‘ O Rei de Badajoz era alto Mouro,
Com quatro mil cavallos furiosos,
Innumeros peões, d’armas, e de ouro
Guarnecidos, guerreiros, e lustrosos.
Mas, qual no mêz de Maio o bravo touro
Co’os ciumes da vacca arreceosos,
Sentindo gente o bruto e cego amante,
Saltea o descuidado caminhante :

LXVII.

‘ Desta arte Afonso subito mostrado
Na gente dá, que passa bem segura,
Fere, mata, derriba denodado ;
Foge o Rei Mouro, e só da vida cura :
D’hum panico terror todo assombrado,
Só de seguil-o o exercito procura,
Sendo estes, que fizeram tanto abalo,
No mais que só sessenta de cavallo.

LXIV.

‘ Now to avēge Trancoso’s cruel end,
Afonso to take Beja’s city came ;
To thought of peace his mind he cannot lend,
Wishing short life to lengthen out by fame.
Not long the city can itself defend ;
And its last struggles they no sooner tame,
Than the fierce army, carrying out the word,
Puts every living creature to the sword.

LXV.

‘ With these Palmella likewise was subdued ;
Piscous Cezimbra, too : and, turning thence
(The guiding of his star being still renewed),
He routs a powerful army of defence :
The city mourned ; its king the battle viewed
Who to its succour came with diligence
Round by the mountain skirts, all unaware
Of the fierce combat unexpected there :

LXVI.

‘ The King of Badajos was a proud Moor,
With fiery horses to four thousand told ;
Numberless soldiers—warriors that wore
Their lustrous arms, caparisoned in gold :
But as the savage bull in May’s gay hour,
Watching the cow, with jealous fury bold,
Sees somebody, with passion-blinded eye,
And straight assaults th’ incautious passer-by,

LXVII.

‘ E’en thus Afonso, suddenly made known,
Falls on his too confiding enemies—
Wounds, kills, and resolutely casts them down :
For life alone the Moorish Monarch flies,
With sudden panic utterly o’erthrown ;
Only to follow him his army tries ;
While they who had so shaken this vast host
Counted not more than sixty horse at most.

LXVIII.

‘ Logo segue a victoria sem tardança
O grão Rei incansabil, ajuntando
Gentes de todo o Reino, cuja usança
Era andar sempre terras conquistando.
Cercar vai Badajoz, e logo alcança
O fim de seu desejo, pelejando
Com tanto esforço, e arte, e valentia,
Que a faz fazer ás outras companhia.

LXIX.

‘ Mas o alto Deos, que para longe guarda
O castigo daquelle, que o merece ;
Ou, para que se emende, ás vezes tarda ;
Ou por segredos, que homem não conhece :
Se atéqui sempre o forte Rei resguarda
Dos perigos, a que elle se offerece,
Agora lhe não deixa ter defesa
Da maldição da mãe, que estava presa :

LXX.

‘ Que estando na cidade, que cercara,
Cercado nella foi dos Leonezes ;
Porque a conquista della lhe tomara,
De Leão sendo, e não dos Portuguezes.
A pertinacia aqui lhe custa cara,
Assi como acontece muitas vezes ;
Que em ferros quebra as pernas, indo acceso
A’ batalha, onde foi vencido, e preso.

LXXI.

‘ O famoso Pompeio, não te pene
De teus feitos illustres a ruina,
Nem ver que a justa Némesis ordene
Ter teu sogro de ti victoria dina ;
Postoque o frio Phasis, ou Syene,
Que para nenhum cabo a sombra inclina,
O Bootes gelado, e a Linha ardente,
Temessem o teu nome geralmente :

LXVIII.

‘Forthwith the great untiring King pursues
Without delay the victory ; and joins hands
With all who in the realm the custom use
Of going forth and ever seizing lands.
Still warring, he besieges Badajos,
And soon the end of his designs commands ;
So great his force and art and bravery,
He makes it with the rest keep company.

LXIX.

‘But the high God, who doth long time suspend
O’er the deserver the chastising blow,
Either that by degrees he may amend,
Or for some secret cause man doth not know ;
If the brave King He doth till now defend
From perils where it is his choice to go,
He grants no more a refuge where to fly
To escape his captive mother’s prophecy :

LXX.

‘For in the city which he did surround
He was surrounded by the Leonese,
Because its conquest trenched upon their ground,
Of Léon being, not of Portuguese.
This time persistence very dear he found,
As will occur in cases such as these,
For, rash in fight, o’erwhelmed and prisoner made,
His limbs are broken, and in irons laid.

LXXI.

‘O famous Pompey ! spare thyself the pain
The ruin of thy brilliant deeds to weep,
Nor note that a just Nemesis ordain
That Cæsar victory of thee should reap.
Although the gelid Phasis or Syene,
Where from no sloping point the shadows sweep,
Frozen Bootes and the burning Line,
Throughout have feared thy name as half divine ;

LXXII.

‘Postoque a rica Arabia, e que os ferozes
Heniochos, e Colchos, cuja fama
O véo dourado estende, e os Cappadoces,
E Judea, que hum Deos adora e ama ;
E que os molles Sophenes, e os atroces
Cilicios, com a Armenia, que derrama
As aguas dos dous rios, cuja fonte
Está n’outro mais alto, e sancto monte :

LXXIII.

‘E posto em fim que desd’o mar de Atlante
Até o Scythico Tauro, monte erguido,
Já vencedor te vissem ; não te espante,
Se o campo Emathio só te vio vencido :
Porque Afonso verás soberbo, e ovante
Tudo render, e ser despois rendido.
Assi o quiz o Concelho alto, celeste,
Que vença o sogro a ti, e o genro a este.

LXXIV.

‘Tornado o Rei sublime finalmente
Do divino Juizo castigado :
Despois que em Santarem soberbamente
Em vão dos Sarracenos foi cercado,
E despois que do martyre Vicente
O santissimo corpo venerado
Do Sacro promontorio conhecido
Á cidade Ulyssea foi trazido ;

LXXV.

‘Porque levasse avante seu desejo,
Ao forte filho manda o lasso velho,
Que ás terras se passasse d’Alemtejo
Com gente, e co’o belligero apparelho.
Sancho, d’esforço, e d’animo sobejo,
Avante passa, e faz correr vermelho
O rio, que Sevilha vai regando,
Co’o sangue Mauro, barbaro, e nefando.

LXXII.

‘ Though rich Arabia, fierce Sarmatians,
Colchis whose fame the Golden Fleece of yore
Has spread abroad, the Cappadocians,
Jewry, which doth one God love and adore ;¹³
Though the soft Sophené, Cilicians
Atrocious, with Armenia, whence there pour
The waters of those rivers twain whose fount
Lies in another higher sacred mount ;

LXXIII.

‘ And though, in fine, all from the Atlantic sea
To Scythian Taurus’ elevated crown,
Have known thee victor, yet not grievèd be
If thy defeat Emathia saw alone :
For mark Afonso flushed with victory,
O’erthrowing all, to be at last o’erthrown !
The Council of high Heaven thus fitting saw,
O’er thee the Father, him the Son, in-law.¹⁴

LXXIV.

‘ After the noble King at length had come,
Chastised, as holy judgment preordains,
He having been besieged in Santarem
With fruitless violence by the Saracens;
When of St. Vincent—Saint by martyrdom—
The reverend and most sanctified remains,
In the known sacred promontory laid,
Had to Ulysses’ city been conveyed ;

LXXV.

‘ That he might carry forward his designs,
The weary old man orders his brave son
To invade the lands beyond the Tagus’ lines,
Which with strong arms and army must be done.
Sancho, who both in force and spirit shines,
Passes across, and crimson makes to run
The river which doth Seville watering flow,
With blood o’ the savage cursèd Moorish foe.

LXXVI.

‘ E com esta victoria cubiçoso,
Já não descansa o moço, até que veja
Outro estrago, como este, temeroso,
No barbaro, que tem cerrado Beja :
Não tarda muito o Principe ditoso,
Sem ver o fim daquillo, que deseja.
Assi estragado o Mouro na vingança
De tantas perdas põe sua esperança.

LXXVII.

‘ Já se ajuntam do monte, a quem Medusa
O corpo fez perder, que teve o céu :
Já vem do promontorio de Ampelusa,
E do Tinge, que assento foi de Anteo.
O morador de Abyla não se escusa ;
Que tambem com suas armas se moveo
Ao som da Mauritana e ronca tuba
Todo o reino, que foi do nobre Juba.

LXXVIII.

‘ Entrava com toda esta companhia
O Mir-almuminin em Portugal,
Treze Reis Mouros leva de valia,
Entre os quaes tem o sceptro Imperial :
E assi fazendo quanto mal podia,
O que em partes podia fazer mal,
Dom Sancho vai cercar em Santarem ;
Porêem não lhe succede muito bem.

LXXIX.

‘ Da-lhe combates asperos, fazendo
Ardis de guerra mil o Mouro iroso :
Não lhe aproveita já trabuco horrendo,
Mina secreta, ariete forçoso :
Porque o filho de Afonso não perdendo
Nada do esforço, e acordo generoso,
Tudo provê com animo, e prudencia ;
Que em toda a parte ha esforço, e resistencia.

LXXVI.

' And with this conquest, covetous of more,
The youth was restless until he had found
Another slaughter, dreadful as before,
On the barbarian lying Beja round.
The gifted Prince sees little time pass o'er
Ere he beholds success his ends has crowned.
The routed Moor is left but hope to seek,
For such vast losses his revenge to wreak.

LXXVII.

' Now from his mount they crowd—whose body some
Say that Medusa changed—which heaven did bear,
From Ampelusius's promontory come,
And from Antæus' seat of old Tangier.
They of Abyla made no plea for home,
For in the number moved to arms appear,
By the harsh Mauritanian trumpets' sound,
The realms of noble Juba, all around.

LXXVIII.

' And now with all these various companies
Mir-almuminin entered Portugal ;
Thirteen brave Moorish kings he brought, likewise,
Midst whom he holds the crown Imperial ;
Thus all the mischief that he can he tries,
And in some parts much mischief may befall ;
To Sancho he lays siege in Santarem,
But does not very well succeed with him.

LXXIX.

' Sharp contests follow, where the angry Moor
Doth thousand stratagems of war design,
But nought avail the storm of stones they pour,
The powerful battering-ram and secret mine.
For in Afonso's son, firm as of yore,
Courage and generous resolve combine ;
With heart and prudence he for all provides,
For there are force and fighting on all sides.

LXXX.

‘ Mas o velho, a quem tinham já obrigado
Os trabalhosos annos ao socego,
Estando na cidade, cujo prado
Enverdecem as aguas do Mondego,
Sabendo como o filho está cercado
Em Santarem do Mouro povo cego,
Se parte diligente da cidade ;
Que não perde a presteza co’a idade.

LXXXI.

‘ E co’a famosa gente á guerra usada
Vai soccorrer o filho : e assi ajuntados,
A Portugueza furia costumada
Em breve os Mouros tem desbaratados :
A campina, que toda está coalhada
De marlotas, capuzes variados,
De cavallos, jaezes, presa rica,
De seus senhores mortos cheia fica.

LXXXII.

‘ Logo todo o restante se partio
De Lusitania, postos em fugida :
O Mir-almuminin só não fugio ;
Porque antes de fugir, lhe foge a vida :
A quem lhe esta victoria permittio,
Dão louvores, e graças sem medida ;
Que em casos tão estranhos claramente
Mais peleja o favor de Deos, que a gente.

LXXXIII.

‘ De tamanhas victorias triumphava
O velho Afonso, Principe subido :
Quando, quem tudo em fim vencendo andava,
Da larga e muita idade foi vencido :
A pallida doença lhe tocava
Com fria mão o corpo enfraquecido,
E pagaram seus annos deste geito
Á triste Libitina seu direito.

LXXX.

‘ But the old man who now repose must need,
For that his years had all laborious been,
Dwelling within the city, whose fair mead
The waters of Mondego clothe with green,
Knowing in Santarem a siege was laid
The Moor’s dark people and his son between,
He from the city starts without delay,
For quickness did not with his years decay.

LXXXI.

‘ And with the famous race in warfare versed
His son he succours ; thus with joint resource
The Moors are very quickly all dispersed
By the accustomed Lusitanian force.
The battle-field which is all interspersed
With various coats and hoods, trappings of horse,
And other spoils, a valuable prize,
Filled with the corpses of the owners lies.

LXXXII.

‘ And soon the rest of all this company
Being put to flight, from Lusitania sped ;
Mir-almuminin only does not fly,
Because, ere flying, life from him had fled ;
They who had been vouchsafed this victory
Praises and thanks return unmeasured ;
For battles of such wondrous kind, ’tis true,
More to God’s favour, than to man, are due.

LXXXIII.

‘ Such mighty victories had now been won
By old Afonso, Prince with grace imbued,
When he, who as subduing all was known,
By long extended age was now subdued.
For pale disease upon his form o’erdone
Laid its cold deadly hand, in contact rude,
And thus his years to life their farewell bade,
And gloomy Libitina’s right was paid.

LXXXIV.

‘ Os altos promontorios o choraram,
E dos rios as aguas saudosas
Os semeados campos alagaram,
Com lagrimas correndo piedosas :
Mas tanto pelo mundo se alargaram
Com fama suas obras valerosas,
Que sempre no seu reino chamarão
Afonso, Afonso, os eccos : mas em vão.

LXXXV.

‘ Sancho forte mancebo, que ficara
Imitando seu pai na valentia,
E que em sua vida já se exprimentara,
Quando o Betis de sangue se tingia,
E o barbaro poder desbaratara
Do Ismaelita Rei de Andaluzia,
E mais quando os, que Beja em vão cercaram,
Os golpes de seu braço em si provaram :

LXXXVI.

‘ Depois que foi por Rei alevantado,
Havendo poucos annos que reinava,
A cidade de Sylves tem cercado,
Cujos campos o barbaro lavrava :
Foi das valentes gentes ajudado
Da Germanica armada, que passava
De armas fortes e gente apercebida,
A recobrar Judea já perdida.

LXXXVII.

‘ Passavam a ajudar na sancta empresa
O roxo Federico, que moveo
O poderoso exercito em defesa
Da cidade, onde Christo padeceo,
Quando Guido, co’a gente em sede accesa,
Ao grande Saladino se rendeo
No lugar, onde aos Mouros sobejavam
As aguas, que os de Guido desejavam.

LXXXIV.

‘ The lofty promontories wept for woe,
And every river’s fond remembering stream
The cultivated fields did overflow,
Running with tears of pity and esteem.
But so renownèd in the world did grow
His valorous acts and deeds, of fame the theme,
The echos in his realm shall aye remain
Afonso ! Afonso ! calling ; but in vain !

LXXXV.

‘ Sancho, courageous youth, who still remained
His father’s valour firm to imitate,
And who had proved himself, while still he reigned,
By routing in fair Andalusia’s state,
When Boëtis’¹⁵ waters ran with blood all stained,
The barbarous power of Moslem potentate ;
And more, when they who vainly Beja pressed
The blows, they suffered by his arm, confessed ;

LXXXVI.

‘ After he had already King been made,
And but a few short years the throne had filled,
To Silves’ citadel close siege had laid,
Whose plains by the barbarian are tilled.
The valorous German people lent him aid,
Whose fleet, then passing, their direction held,
With mighty arms and a well furnished host
Judea to regain, which had been lost.

LXXXVII.

‘ Sailing they went Red Frederick to attend,
Who, in his holy enterprise, began
To move his mighty army, to defend
The city where Christ suffered death for man,
When Guido and his troops were forced to bend,
Parching with thirst, to mighty Saladin,
E’en where the Moors did streams abundant share,
Which Guido’s troops were craving in despair.

LXXXVIII.

‘ Mas a formosa armada, que viera
Por contraste de vento áquella parte,
Sancho quiz ajudar na guerra fera,
Já que em serviço vai do sancto marte :
Assi como a seu pai aconteccra,
Quando tomou Lisboa, da mesma arte
Do Germano ajudado Sylves toma,
E o bravo morador destrue, e doma.

LXXXIX.

‘ E se tantos tropheos do Mahometa
Alevantando vai, tambem do forte
Leonez não consente estar quieta
A terra, usada aos casos de Mavorte ;
Até que na cerviz seu jugo metta
Da soberba Tuí, que a mesma sorte
Vio ter a muitas villas suas visinhas,
Que por armas tu, Sancho, humildes tinhas.

XC.

‘ Mas entre tantas palmas salteado
Da temerosa morte, fica herdeiro
Hum filho seu, de todos estimado,
Que foi segundo Afonso, e Rei terceiro :
No tempo deste aos Mouros foi tomado
Alcacere-do-Sal por derradeiro ;
Porque d’antes os Mouros o tomaram,
Mas agora estruidos o pagaram.

XCI.

‘ Morto depois Afonso, lhe succede
Sancho segundo, manso e descuidado,
Que tanto em seus descuidos se desmede,
Que de outrem, quem mandava, era mandado :
De governar o reino, que outro pede,
Por causa dos privados foi privado ;
Porque, como por elles se regia,
Em todos os seus vicios consentia.

LXXXVIII.

‘ But the majestic fleet, which from afar
Had by opposing winds been driven there,
Wished to aid Sancho in the angry war,
Since in the sacred cause they serving were.
And as it to his father did occur,
When he took Lisbon, others’ aid to share,
So he took Silves by the German aid,
And the brave dweller slew, and prostrate laid.¹⁶

LXXXIX.

‘ And while such trophies he prevails to raise
O’er Moslem, not indeed does he agree
That all the land of warlike Leonez,
Versed in the feats of Mars should tranquil be ;
Until the yoke upon the neck he lays
Of haughty Tui, which had lived to see
Many near cities share an equal blow,
Which, Sancho, thou hadst by thy arms brought low.

XC.

‘ But midst such triumphs stricken by the call
Of awful death, the kingdom is transferred
Unto his son and heir, esteemed by all,
Second Afonso, and of Kings the third.
’Twas in his time that Alcacer did fall,
Attacked and taken for the last time heard;
For to the Moors it formerly was lost,
For which, now slain, they paid at double cost.

XCI.

‘ Afonso being dead, to him succeeds
Sancho the Second, careless and inept :
Who of his carelessness so little heeds
That they, he should have ruled, o’er him rule kept.
In the realm’s guidance, which another needs,
By favourites he disfavoured is o’erstеп ;
For as it was by them alone he reigned
So them in all their vices he sustained.

XCII.

‘ Não era Sancho, não, tão deshonesto,
Como Nero, que hum moço recebia
Por mulher, e depois horrendo incesto
Com a mãe Agrippina commettia :
Nem tão cruel ás gentes, e molesto,
Que a cidade queimasse, onde vivia :
Nem tão máo, como foi Heliogabalo,
Nem como o molle Rei Sardanapalo.

XCIII.

‘ Nem era o povo seu tyrannisado,
Como Sicilia foi de seus tyrannos :
Nem tinha, como Phálaris, achado
Genero de tormentos inhumanos :
Mas o reino de altivo, e costumado
A senhores em tudo soberanos,
A Rei não obedece, nem consente,
Que não for mais, que todos, excellente :

XCIV.

‘ Por esta causa o reino governou
O Conde Bolonhez, depois alçado
Por Rei, quando da vida se apartou
Seu irmão Sancho, sempre ao ocio dado.
Este, que Afonso o bravo se chamou,
Depois de ter o reino segurado,
Em dilatal-o cuida ; que em terreno
Não cabe o altivo peito tão pequeno.

XCV.

‘ Da terra dos Algarves, que lhe fôra
Em casamento dada, grande parte
Recupera co'o braço, e deita fôra
O Mouro, mal querido já de Marte :
Este de todo fez livre e senhora
Lusitania com força, e bellica arte,
E acabou de opprimir a nação forte
Na terra, que aos de Luso coube em sorte.

XCII.

' But Sancho was not, no ! so profligate
As Nero, who a youth to marriage led,
And, after, did vile incest perpetrate,
E'en in his mother Agrippina's bed :
Nor 'gainst his people did he show such hate
As burn the city he inhabited ;
Heliogabalus was worse than he,
Sardanapalus, King more trumpery.

XCIII.

' Nor o'er his people did he tyrannise,
As Sicily with tyrants did befall,
Nor had invented, as did Phalaris,¹⁷
Inhuman torments diabolical ;
But that the kingdom proud and used, likewise,
To lords who were true sovereigns in all,
A monarch to obey would not consent,
Who beyond all was not pre-eminent.

XCIV.

' The Count Bolonia, who, the realm to save,
The reins assumed and government assured,
Rose to be King, when brother Sancho gave
His spirit, aye in indolence immured.
This monarch who was called " Afonso the Brave "
So soon as he the kingdom had secured,
Bethought him to extend it ; for domain
So small could not a mind so great contain.

XCV.

' Of the Algarves which he held by right
Of marriage, he regained the greater part
By his own valour, putting thence to flight
The Moor, whom hostile Mars began to thwart.
He Lusitania raised to freedom's height,
And Mistress made, by force and warlike art,
And the strong nation thenceforth trouble not
The land which to the Lusians falls by lot.

XCVI.

‘ Eis depois vem Diniz, que bem parece
Do bravo Afonso estirpe nobre e dina,
Com quem a fama grande se escurece
Da liberalidade Alexandrina :
Com este o reino prospero florece
(Alcançada já a paz aurea divina)
Em constituições, leis, e costumes,
Na terra já tranquilla claros lumes :

XCVII.

‘ Fez primeiro em Coimbra exercitar-se
O valeroso officio de Minerva,
E de Helicon as Musas fez passar-se
A pizar do Mondego a fertil herva.
Quanto pode de Athenas desejar-se,
Tudo o soberbo Apollo aqui reserva :
Aqui as capellas dá tecidas de ouro,
Do baccharo, e do sempre verde louro.

XCVIII.

‘ Nobres villas de novo edificou,
Fortalezas, castellos mui seguros,
E quasi o reino todo reformou
Com edificios grandes, e altos muros :
Mas depois que a dura Atropos cortou
O fio de seus dias já maduros,
Ficou-lhe o filho pouco obediente,
Quarto Afonso ; mas forte e excellente.

XCIX.

‘ Este sempre as soberbas Castelhanas
Co’o peito desprezou firme e sereno ;
Porque não he das forças Lusitanas
Temer poder maior, por mais pequeno :
Mas porêm, quando as gentes Mauritanas,
A possuir o Hesperico terreno,
Entraram pelas terras de Castella,
Foi o soberbo Afonso a soccorrel-a.

XCVI.

' And after him Diniz, who shows full claim
Afonso's worthy noble race to be,
With whom is all obscured the mighty fame
Of Alexander's magnanimity.
With him the country prosperous became,
(Which golden peace divine attained to see)
In constitution, customs, laws and rights :
And in the land, now tranquil, shining lights.

XCVII.

' 'Twas first by him Coimbra did achieve
Minerva's potent sphere of arts to gain ;
Their Helicon he made the Muses leave
To tread the verdure of Mondego's plain ;
As much as man from Athens could receive
Doth proud Apollo all, for here, retain,
Here chaplets yields, woven with gold between,
Of nard, and of the laurel ever-green.

XCVIII.

' Cities of noble form he reared anew,
Castles and fortresses, secure and strong ;
Almost another kingdom round him grew,
With edifices vast, high walls among.
But when hard Atropos the thread cut through
Of his existence, now already long,
A son remained—if not obedient—
The Fourth Afonso—strong and excellent.

XCIX.

' This monarch, with a heart firm and serene,
The proud Castilians held of light degree,
For of the Lusian race it ne'er had been
To dread the greater power, small tho' they be ;
But when the Mauritanian race were seen,
Hoping Hesperia their own to see,
The lands of fair Castilia to invade,
The proud Afonso hastened to their aid.

CIV.

“ Aquelle, que me déste por marido,
Por defender sua terra amedrontada,
Co'o pequeno poder offerecido
Ao duro golpe está da Maura espada ;
E se não for comtigo soccorrido,
Vêr-me-has delle, e do reino ser privada,
Viuva, e triste, e posta em vida escura,
Sem marido, sem reino, e sem ventura.

CV.

“ Por tanto, ó Rei, de quem com puro medo
O corrente Mulucha se congela,
Rompe toda a tardança, acude cedo
Á miseranda gente de Castella :
Se esse gesto, que mostras claro e ledó,
De pai o verdadeiro amor assella,
Acude, e corre pai ; que, se não corres,
Pode ser que não aches, quem soccorres.”

CVI.

‘ Não de outra sorte a tímida Maria
Fallando está, que a triste Venus, quando
A Jupiter seu pai favor pedia
Para Eneas seu filho navegando ;
Que a tanta piedade o commovia,
Que, cahido das mãos o raio infando,
Tudo o clemente Padre lhe concede,
Pezando-lhe do pouco, que lhe pede.

CVII.

‘ Mas já co'os esquadrões da gente armada
Os Eborenses campos vão coalhados :
Lustra co'o Sol o arnez, a lança, a espada,
Vão rinchando os cavallos jaezados :
A canora trombeta embandeirada
Os corações á paz acostumados
Vai ás fulgentes armas incitando,
Pelas concavidades retumbando.

CIV.

“ He whom thou gavest me to be my lord,
In order to defend his frightened land,
Stands open to the edge of Moorish sword,
With the small forces that he can command.
And if thou canst not succour now afford
Deprived of him, of crown, thou’lt see me stand ;
Widow of sorrow, living in distress,
My husband lost, my realm, my happiness !

CV.

“ Therefore, O King, of whom from very fear
The current of Molucca doth congeal,
Cast off delay, and with all haste appear
To aid the unhappy people of Castille !
If this thy aspect, showing joy so clear,
Be of a father’s real love the seal,
Father ! thy succour haste, for if delayed,
Perchance thou may’st not find whom thou may’st aid.”

CVI.

‘ Not otherwise Maria timid strove
To plead, than Venus sad, when erst she crave
The favour of her mighty Father Jove
To spare her son Æneas on the wave :
Who to such pity did his bosom move,
His hand the direful bolt all harmless gave,
And the indulgent Father all concedes,
Regretting for so little that she pleads.

CVII.

‘ But now the squadrons battle had begun,
The Eborean plains are covered with display,
‘ Trappings, lance, sword, all glitter in the sun,
And the caparisoned war-horses neigh.
Hearts that the accustomed life of peace had run,
Incited by the embannered trumpets’ bray,
Rush to their shining arms, ’midst the wild sound,
And echoes from the concave hills rebound.

C.

‘ Nunca com Semirâmis gente tanta
Veio os campos Hydaspicos enchendo :
Nem Attila, que Italiã toda espanta,
Chamando-se de Deos açoute horrendo,
Gotthica gente trouxe tanta, quanta
Do Sarraceno barbaro estupendo,
Co’o poder excessivo de Granada,
Foi nos campos Tartessios ajuntada.

CI.

‘ E vendo o Rei sublime Castelhana
A força inexpugnabil, grande e forte,
Temendo mais o fim do povo Hispano,
Já perdido huma vez, que a propria morte ;
Pedindo ajuda ao forte Lusitano,
Lhe mandava a charissima consorte,
Mulher de quem a manda, e filha amada
Daquelle, a cujo reino foi mandada.

CII.

‘ Entrava a formosissima Maria
Pelos paternaes paços sublimados,
Lindo o gesto, mas fóra de alegria,
E seus olhos em lagrimas banhados :
Os cabellos angelicos trazia
Pelos eburneos hombros espalhados ;
Diante do pai ledo, que a agasalha,
Estas palavras taes chorando espalha :

CIII.

“ Quantos povos a terra produzio
De Africa toda, gente fera e estranha,
O grão Rei de Marrocos conduzio,
Para vir possuir a nobre Hespanha :
Poder tamanho junto não se vio,
Despois que o salso mar a terra banha :
Trazem ferocidade, e furor tanto,
Que a vivos medo, e a mortos faz espanto.

C.

'Ne'er with Semiramis, the Hydaspien plains
To fill, such multitudes in armies came ;
Nor Attila, who Italy enchains,
'The Scourge of God'—he held that horrid name—
Such numerous Goths led forth, as Saracens,
Barbarous and stupendous in their claim,
With all Granada's boundless power beside,
Were in the plains of Calpe now allied.

CI.

'The proud Castilian King perceiving all
This mighty force, which nothing could withstand,
Fearing yet more the Spanish people's fall,
Once lost already, e'en than his own end,
On the brave Lusian he resolved to call
For aid, and there his dearest consort send ;
The wife of him who sends with that intent,
And daughter, loved, of him to whom she's sent.

CII.

'The lovely fair Maria went her way,
And in her father's regal courts appears,
Graceful her form and mien, but far from gay,
And her sweet eyes were running o'er with tears.
Her hair angelic, which dishevelled lay,
Spread on her ivory shoulders thus she wears.
The father, joyful, welcome kind affords,
To whom she straight pours forth these weeping words :

CIII.

"As many people as o'er earth are spread
Through Africa, all strange and fierce for gain,
Morocco's mighty King hath hither led,
To seize with force upon our noble Spain.
Such power united ne'er was witnessed
Since shores were bathed by the briny main ;
Such fury and ferocity they wear,
The living they alarm, the dead they scare !

CIV.

‘ “ Aquelle, que me déste por marido,
Por defender sua terra amedrontada,
Co'o pequeno poder offerecido
Ao duro golpe está da Maura espada ;
E se não for contigo soccorrido,
Vêr-me-has delle, e do reino ser privada,
Viuva, e triste, e posta em vida escura,
Sem marido, sem reino, e sem ventura.

CV.

‘ “ Por tanto, ó Rei, de quem com puro medo
O corrente Mulucha se congela,
Rompe toda a tardança, acude cedo
Á miseranda gente de Castella :
Se esse gesto, que mostras claro e ledó,
De pai o verdadeiro amor assella,
Acude, e corre pai ; que, se não corres,
Pode ser que não aches, quem soccorres.”

CVI.

‘ Não de outra sorte a tímida Maria
Fallando está, que a triste Venus, quando
A Jupiter seu pai favor pedia
Para Eneas seu filho navegando ;
Que a tanta piedade o commovia,
Que, cahido das mãos o raio infando,
Tudo o clemente Padre lhe concede,
Pezando-lhe do pouco, que lhe pede.

CVII.

‘ Mas já co'os esquadrões da gente armada
Os Eborenses campos vão coalhados :
Lustra co'o Sol o arnez, a lança, a espada,
Vão rinchando os cavallos jaezados :
A canora trombeta embandeirada
Os corações á paz acostumados
Vai ás fulgentes armas incitando,
Pelas concavidades retumbando.

CIV.

“ He whom thou gavest me to be my lord,
In order to defend his frightened land,
Stands open to the edge of Moorish sword,
With the small forces that he can command.
And if thou canst not succour now afford
Deprived of him, of crown, thou’lt see me stand ;
Widow of sorrow, living in distress,
My husband lost, my realm, my happiness !

CV.

“ Therefore, O King, of whom from very fear
The current of Molucca doth congeal,
Cast off delay, and with all haste appear
To aid the unhappy people of Castille !
If this thy aspect, showing joy so clear,
Be of a father’s real love the seal,
Father ! thy succour haste, for if delayed,
Perchance thou may’st not find whom thou may’st aid.”

CVI.

‘ Not otherwise Maria timid strove
To plead, than Venus sad, when erst she crave
The favour of her mighty Father Jove
To spare her son Æneas on the wave :
Who to such pity did his bosom move,
His hand the direful bolt all harmless gave,
And the indulgent Father all concedes,
Regretting for so little that she pleads.

CVII.

‘ But now the squadrons battle had begun,
The Eboean plains are covered with display,
Trappings, lance, sword, all glitter in the sun,
And the caparisoned war-horses neigh.
Hearts that the accustomed life of peace had run,
Incited by the embannered trumpets’ bray,
Rush to their shining arms, ’midst the wild sound,
And echoes from the concave hills rebound.

CVIII.

‘ Entre todos no meio se sublima,
Das insignias Reaes acompanhado,
O valeroso Afonso, que por cima
De todos leva o collo alevantado,
E somente co'o gesto esforça, e anima
A qualquer coração amedrontado :
Assi entra nas terras de Castella
Com a filha gentil, Rainha della.

CIX.

‘ Juntos os dous Afonsos finalmente
Nos campos de Tarifa, estão defronte
Da grande multidão da cega gente,
Para quem são pequenos campo e monte.
Não ha peito tão alto, e tão potente,
Que de desconfiança não se affronte,
Em quanto não conheça, e claro veja,
Que co'o braço dos seus Christo peleja.

CX.

‘ Estão de Agar os netos quasi rindo
Do poder dos Christãos fraco e pequeno,
As terras, como suas, repartindo
Antemão entre o exercito Agareno,
Que com titulo falso possuindo
Está o famoso nome Saraceno :
Assi tambem com falsa conta, e nua,
Á nobre terra alheia chamam sua :

CXI.

‘ Qual o membrudo e barbaro Gigante,
Do Rei Saul com causa tão temido,
Vendo o Pastor inerme estar diante,
Só de pedras, e esforço apercebido ;
Com palavras soberbas o arrogante
Despreza o fraco moço mal vestido,
Que, rodeando a funda, o desengana,
Quanto mais pode a fé, que a força humana :

CVIII.

‘ Now in the midst, distinguished above all,
With royal marks attending him, appears
Valorous Afonso, who, as Mareschal,
His lofty neck above his people rears ;
And with his look alone to life doth call,
And warm with courage, every heart that fears :
Thus entering Spanish lands he might be seen,
Leading his lovely daughter —she their Queen.

CIX.

‘ The two Afonsos, finally allied,
Are on Tarifa’s plains arrayed in front
Of the besotted race, stretched far and wide,
For whom too small are e’en both field and mount.
Nor throbs there breast so strong and full of pride,
But that it must some anxious moments count,
Save it feel clear reliance, in that hour,
That Christ makes war with his own people’s power.

CX.

‘ Hagar’s descendants now almost deride
The Christian forces, as but weak and mean,
And as their own, forsooth, the lands divide,
Beforehand, with the army Hagarene ;
These having to themselves false name applied --
The famed appellative of Saracen—
Now by mere naked claim, as falsely shown,
The noble land of others call their own.

CXI.

‘ E’en as the large-limbed giant rude, of yore,
By Saul, the King, with cause, so greatly feared,
Seeing the slender shepherd stand before,
Who but with pebbles armed, and strength, appeared,
With words of arrogance and hatred sore,
The frail and ill-clad stripling scoffed and sneered,
Who, whirling round his sling, forced him to know
How much more Faith than human power can do ;

CXII.

‘ Desta arte o Mouro perfido despreza
O poder dos Christãos, e não entende,
Que está ajudado da alta fortaleza,
A quem o inferno horrífico se rende :
Com ella o Castelhana, e com destreza
De Marrocos o Rei commette, e offende :
O Portuguez, que tudo estima em nada,
Se faz temer ao reino de Granada.

CXIII.

‘ Eis as lanças, e espadas retiniam
Por cima dos arnezes : bravo estrago !
Chamam (segundo as leis, que alli seguiam)
Huns Mafamede, e os outros Sanct-Iago :
Os feridos com grita o céo feriam,
Fazendo de seu sangue bruto lago,
Onde outros meios mortos se affogavam,
Quando do ferro as vidas escapavam.

CXIV.

‘ Com esforço tamanho estrue, e mata
O Luso ao Granadil, que em pouco espaço
Totalmente o poder lhe desbarata,
Sem lhe valer defeza, ou peito de aço :
De alcançar tal victoria tão barata
Inda não bem contente o forte braço,
Vai ajudar ao bravo Castelhana,
Que pelejando está co’o Mauritano.

CXV.

‘ Já se hia o Sol ardente recolhendo
Para a casa de Thetis, e inclinado
Para o Ponente, o vespero trazendo,
Estava o claro dia memorado :
Quando o poder do Mouro grande e horrendo
Foi pelos fortes Reis desbaratado
Com tanta mortandade, que a memoria
Nunca no mundo vio tão grão victoria.

CXII.

‘ Thus the perfidious Moor would fain despise
The Christian force, and does not comprehend
How that exalted fortress aid supplies,
To which e’en horrid Hell itself must bend :
On this and on his skill Castille relies,
Morocco’s king to attack and to offend.
The Portuguese, who treats all things as light,
Makes all Granada tremble with affright.

CXIII.

‘ And now, behold, were ringing sword and spear
Upon the armour ; slaughter to appal !
According to the faiths that flourished there,
Some on St. James, others on Mahmoud call !
The wounded with their cries assault the air,
Whose blood into a brutal pool doth fall,
Wherein are choked the others who, half dead,
Have from the sword, life scarcely saving, fled.

CXIV.

‘ The Lusian with such power destruction wrought
On the Granadian, that in little space
His forces to a total rout were brought,
Defence of no avail, nor steel cuirass.
But in such victory so cheaply bought
His valiant arm finds not sufficient grace ;
To aid the brave Castilian forth he goes,
Who still is fighting with his Moorish foes.

CXV.

‘ And now went burning Sol down to his rest
In Thetis’ caves ; inclining on his way,
He led along the evening toward the West,
And closed was that bright memorable day ;
When the great dreadful Moorish power o’erpressed
By the two valorous kings all routed lay,
With slaughter such, the memory of man
Counts not like victory since the world began.¹⁸

CXVI.

‘ Não matou a quarta parte o forte Mario,
Dos que morreram neste vencimento,
Quando as aguas co’o sangue do adversario
Fez beber ao exercito sedento :
Nem o Peno, asperissimo contrario
Do Romano poder de nascimento,
Quando tantos matou da illustre Roma,
Que alqueires tres de anneis dos mortos toma.

CXVII.

‘ E se tu tantas almas só pudeste
Mandar ao reino escuro de Cocyto,
Quando a sancta Cidade desfizeste
Do povo, pertinaz no antigo rito,
Permissão, e vingança foi celeste,
E não força de braço, ó nobre Tito ;
Que assi dos Vates foi prophetizado,
E depois por JESU certificado.

CXVIII.

‘ Passada esta tão prospera victoria,
Tornado Afonso á Lusitana terra,
A se lograr da paz com tanta gloria,
Quanta soube ganhar na dura guerra :
O caso triste, e digno de memoria,
Que do sepulchro os homens desenterra,
Aconteceo da misera, e mesquinha,
Que, depois de ser morta, foi Rainha.

CXIX.

‘ Tu só, tu, puro Amor, com força crua,
Que os corações humanos tanto obriga,
Dêste causa á molesta morte sua,
Como se fôra perfida inimiga :
Se dizem, fero Amor, que a sêde tua
Nem com lagrimas tristes se mitiga,
He porque queres, aspero e tyranno,
Tuas aras banhar em sangue humano.

CXVI.

' Not one fourth part the warlike Marius slew
Of those who in this victory were slain,
When thro' the foeman's blood, the stream in view,
He made his thirsty troops the water gain ;
Nor Annibal, who, as Rome's power well knew,
Did from his birth his harshest hate retain ;
When having slain so many of great Rome,
Of dead knights' rings he sent three measures home.

CXVII.

' And if so many souls thou couldst alone
Consign unto Cocytus' realms of night,
When thou the sacred city hadst o'erthrown
Of people cleaving to the ancient rite,
The licence and revenge were not thine own,
O noble Titus ! Heaven's own arm did fight ;
For thus by prophets it was prophesied,
And afterwards by Jesus certified.

CXVIII.

' This victory so prosperous being o'er,
And turning towards the Lusitanian land,
Afonso, hopeful as in war before,
So now in peace, high glory to command,
There came to pass that tale of woe full sore,
Which claims a record at kind Memory's hand
Who lights our tombs ; her tale of piteous mien,
Who after being slain was crowned as Queen.

CXIX.

' Thou, only thou, of cruel power, pure Love,
Who o'er our human heart dost lord it so,
The cause of her most mournful death didst prove,
As if she were thine own perfidious foe.
If saddest tears, fierce love, have vainly strove
To quench the thirsty flames that in thee glow,
'Tis that thy will, of harsh tyrannic mood,
Would bathe thy altars in our human blood.

CXX.

‘ Estavas, linda Ignez, posta em socego,
De teus annos colhendo doce fruto,
Naquelle engano da alma, ledó e cego,
Que a fortuna não deixa durar muito :
Nos saudosos campos do Mondego,
De teus formosos olhos nunca enxuto,
Aos montes ensinando, e ás hervinhas
O nome, que no peito escripto tinhas.

CXXI.

‘ Do teu Principe alli te respondiam
As lembranças, que na alma lhe moravam,
Que sempre ante seus olhos te traziam,
Quando dos teus formosos se apartavam,
De noite em doces sonhos, que mentiam,
De dia em pensamentos, que voavam :
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,
Eram tudo memorias de alegria.

CXXII.

‘ De outras bellas senhoras, e Princezas
Os desejados thalamos engeita ;
Que tudo em fim, tu, puro amor, desprezas,
Quando hum gesto suave te sujeita.
Vendo estas namoradas estranhezas
O velho pai sesudo, que respeita
O murmurar do povo, e a phantasia
Do filho, que casar-se não queria :

CXXIII.

‘ Tirar Ignez ao mundo determina ;
Por lhe tirar o filho, que tem preso,
Crendo co’o sangue só da morte indina
Matar do firme amor o fogo acceso.
Que furor consentio, que a espada fina,
Que pôde sustentar o grande peso
Do furor Mauro, fosse alevantada
Contra huma fraca dama delicada ?



Engraved by G. Cook

DE IÑEZ



DE CASTRO.

'Thou fair Iñez, wert bosomed in repose'

Canto III St. 3

CXX.

‘Thou, fair Ignez, wert bosomed in repose,
Gathering, the while, sweet fruit of thy young years,
In that soft blind delusion the soul knows,
Which soon, by fortune’s change, soon disappears ;
In the fond meadows where Mondego flows,
Whose stream can never dry of thy sweet tears,
Teaching the mountains and the meadows round
The name that in thy breast was written found.

CXXI.

‘There of thy Prince on thee those memories
Responsive smiled, that in his bosom lay,
Which always brought thine image to his eyes
When his from thine, so fair, were far away ;
By night, in pleasing dreams, false phantasies,
In waking thoughts that flew to thee by day,
And all, in fine, that moved his sight or care,
All, but of joy the recollections were.

CXXII.

‘Of other lovely ladies the fair eyes,
And envied Princess’ beds, he lightly viewed ;
For all, in truth, pure love, thou dost despise,
When by one pleasing form thou art subdued !
Seeing these love’s vagaries with surprise,
His father who respected, old and shrewd,
The people’s murmurs and the phantasy
Of his own son, who would not married be ;

CXXIII.

To take Ignez from life he purposeth,
And thus from her his son, whom she hath bound ;
Thinking mere blood of an unworthy death
Could quench the living fire of love so sound !
What madness did consent the sword to unsheath,
Which e’en the fury of the Moor could wound
In deadly strife—and raise it to assail
With its sharp edge a gentle lady frail !

CXXIV.

‘Traziam-na os horrificos algozes
Ante o Rei, já movido a piedade ;
Mas o povo com falsas, e ferozes
Razões á morte crua o persuade.
Ella com tristes, e piedosas vozes,
Sahidas só da magoa, e saudade
Do seu Principe, e filhos, que deixava,
Que mais, que a propria morte, a magoava :

CXXV.

‘Para o céo crystallino alevantando
Com lagrimas os olhos piedosos,
Os olhos ; porque as mãos lhe estava atando
Hum dos duros ministros rigorosos :
E despois nos meninos attentando,
Que tão queridos tinha, e tão mimosos,
Cuja orphandade como mãe temia,
Para o avô cruel assi dizia :

CXXVI.

“ Se já nas brutas feras, cuja mente
Natura fez cruel de nascimento,
E nas aves agrestes, que somente
Nas rapinas aerias tem o intento,
Com pequenas crianças vio a gente
Terem tão piedoso sentimento,
Como co'a mãe de Nino já mostraram,
E co'os irmãos, que Roma edificaram :

CXXVII.

“ Ô tu, que tens de humano o gesto, e o peito,
(Se de humano he matar huma donzella
Frac'a e sem força, só por ter sujeito
O coração, a quem soube vencel-a)
A estas criancinhas tem respeito ;
Pois o não tens á morte escura della :
Mova-te a piedade sua, e minha ;
Pois te não move a culpa que não tinha.

CXXIV.

' Ignez the headsmen all horrific brought
Before the King now moved by pity's sense,
But all the people his persuasion wrought
For cruel death, on savage false pretence.
She, in sad plaintive mood of anguished thought,
Offspring of wounded heart and springing thence,
For prince and children whom she left behind,
Which more than death itself harrowed her mind ;

CXXV.

' All overflowing with most piteous tears,
Towards the clear heaven she lifts her ardent eyes ;
Her eyes, for now a ruthless guard appears,
And her soft hands for execution ties ;
Then gazing fondly, with a mother's fears,
On those who must be orphans when she dies,
The loved and fondled children of her breast,
Their cruel grandfather she thus addressed:—

CXXVI.

' " If e'en in beasts of prey whom nature meant
Should from their birth be cruel, as we know,
And if in birds of rapine, whose intent
Is but to slay in air, as these below,
To little children was such pity lent
In their sad need, as men have seen them show,
Such as to Ninus' mother once appeared,
And to the brothers who Rome's city reared ;

CXXVII.

' " O thou that hast a human form and breast !
If human 'tis a fragile girl to slay,
Only because to him, who knew the best
To vanquish it, she gave her heart away ;
Oh, still regard these little ones at least,
E'en though my unworthy death thou wilt not stay !
Oh, let thy pity move thee, and my own,
Though for my faultless fault thou none hast shown !

CXXVIII.

“ E se, vencendo a Maura resistencia,
A morte sabes dar com fogo e ferro,
Sabe tambem dar vida com clemencia
A quem, para perdel-a, não fez erro :
Mas, se to assi merece esta innocencia,
Põe-me em perpetuo e misero desterro
Na Scythia fria, ou lá na Libya ardente,
Onde em lagrimas viva eternamente.

CXXIX.

“ Põe-me, onde se use toda a feridade,
Entre leões e tigres ; e verei,
Se nelles achar posso a piedade,
Que entre peitos humanos não achei :
Alli co'o amor intrinseco, e vontade
Naquelle, por quem mouro, criarei
Estas reliquias suas, que aqui viste ;
Que refrigerio sejam da mãe triste.”

CXXX.

‘ Queria perdoar-lhe o Rei benino,
Movido das palavras, que o magoam ;
Mas o pertinaz povo, e seu destino
(Que desta sorte o quiz) lhe não perdoam :
Arrancam das espadas de aço fino
Os, que por bom tal feito alli apregoam.
Contra huma dama, ó peitos carnicheiros,
Feros vos amostrais, e cavalleiros ?

CXXXI.

‘ Qual contra a linda moça Polyxena,
Consolação extrema da mãe velha ;
Porque a sombra de Achilles a condena,
Co'o ferro o duro Pyrrho se apparelha :
Mas ella os olhos, com que o ar serena
(Bem como paciente, e mansa ovelha),
Na misera mãe postos, que endoudece,
Ao duro sacrificio se offerece :

CXXVIII.

“ And if victorious in the Moorish strife,
Thou knowest to deal death with sword and fire,
In clemency to her deal also life,
Who has not erred, its forfeit to require ;
But if so much deserve this innocent wife,
Force me to lasting exile to retire,
In frozen Scythia or 'neath Lybia's sky,
There let me weep out wretched life and die !

CXXIX.

“ Place me where beasts of prey infest the ground,
'Midst lions I shall know, and tiger kind,
If, among them, that pity can be found,
Which among human breasts I cannot find ;
There will I with eternal love be bound
To him for whom I die, in heart and mind,
To nurture these his pledges thou dost see :
The balm of their sad mother let them be ! ”

CXXX.

‘ The kindly king would listen her appeal,
Wounded by words which agony begot,
But destiny and others' wicked zeal
(Which willed it in this manner) pardon not ;
Now forth they draw their swords of finest steel,
They, who proclaim as right this horrid plot :
Against a lady ! Butchers all and kites,
Wild beasts ye show yourselves, and are yet knights ?

CXXXI.

‘ As 'gainst Polyxena, the lovely maid,
Last solace of her aged mother's care,
Because condemnèd of Achilles' shade,
His sword hard Pyrrhus did relentless bear ;
She like a gentle lamb for slaughter laid,
Turning her eyes which calm the very air,
Towards her unhappy mother, mad with woe,
Offers herself a victim to the blow ;

CXXXII.

‘ Taes contra Ignez os brutos matadores
No collo de alabastro, que sostinha
As obras, com que amor matou de amores
Aquelle, que despois a fez Rainha,
As espadas banhando, e as brancas flores,
Que ella dos olhos seus regadas tinha,
Se encarniçavam, férvidos e irosos,
No futuro castigo não cuidadosos.

CXXXIII.

‘ Bem puderas, ó Sol, da vista destes
Teus raios apartar aquelle dia,
Como da séva mesa de Thyestes,
Quando os filhos por mão de Atreo comia !
Vós, ó concavos valles, que podestes
A voz extrema ouvir da boca fria,
O nome do seu Pedro, que lhe ouvistes,
Por muito grande espaço repetistes !

CXXXIV.

‘ Assi como a bonina, que cortada
Antes do tempo foi, candida e bella,
Sendo das mãos lascivas maltratada
Da menina, que a trouxe na capella,
O cheiro traz perdido, e a côr murchada :
Tal está morta a pallida donzella,
Seccas do rosto as rosas, e perdida
A branca e viva côr, co’a doce vida.

CXXXV.

‘ As filhas do Mondego a morte escura,
Longo tempo chorando, memoraram ;
E, por memoria eterna, em fonte pura
As lagrimas choradas transformaram :
O nome lhe puzeram, que inda dura,
Dos amores de Ignez, que alli passaram.
Vêde que fresca fonte rega as flores ;
Que lagrimas são a agua, e o nome amores.

CXXXII.

' Thus 'gainst Ignez the brutal murderous crew
In the alabaster neck, which did sustain
Those charms with which love did by love subdue
His heart, who afterwards proclaimed her Queen,
Bathing their swords, and flowers of pallid hue,
Which by her tearful eye had watered been,
They gloat relentless, savage and irate,
Regardless of avenging future fate.

CXXXIII.

' Well mightest thou, O Sol ! thy rays conceal
From sight of these, at that most wicked hour,
As when Thyestes, at his savage meal,
Through hand of Atreus did his sons devour.
Ye, O ye concave vallies, did reveal
The name her cold lips called with dying power,
The name of her fond Pedro which ye heard,
Long, long, and oft, ye echoed back that word !

CXXXIV.

' E'en as the daisy ¹⁹ which once brightly smiled,
Plucked by unruly hands before its hour,
And harshly treated by the careless child
All in her chaplet tied with artless power,
Droops, of its colour and its scent despoiled,
So seems this pale and lifeless damsel flower ;
The roses of her lips are dry, and dead
With her sweet life, the mingled white and red.

CXXXV.

' Mondego's daughters this sad death obscure
Long time with weeping did commemorate,
And all the tears into a fountain pure
For everlasting record did translate ;
They gave the name ; that name doth still endure,
The loves of Ignez, which there met their fate ;
See through the flowers what freshening fountains move,
Tears are the water and the name is Love.

CXXXVI.

‘ Não correio muito tempo, que a vingança
Não visse Pedro das mortaes feridas ;
Que, em tomando do reino a governança,
A tomou dos fugidos homicidas :
Do outro Pedro cruissimo os alcança ;
Que ambos, imigos das humanas vidas,
O concerto fizeram duro e injusto,
Que com Lepido, e Antonio fez Augusto.

CXXXVII.

‘ Este castigador foi rigoroso
De latrocinios, mortes, e adulterios :
Fazer nos máos cruezas, fero e iroso
Eram os seus mais certos refrigerios :
As cidades guardando justicoso
De todos os soberbos vituperios,
Mais ladrões, castigando, á morte deo,
Que o vagabundo Alcides, ou Theseo.

CXXXVIII.

‘ Do justo, e duro Pedro nasce o brando
(Vede da natureza o desconcerto),
Remisso, e sem cuidado algum, Fernando,
Que todo o reino poz em muito aperto ;
Que, vindo o Castelhana devastando
As terras sem defeza, esteve perto
De destruir-se o reino totalmente ;
Que hum fraco Rei faz fraca a forte gente.

CXXXIX.

‘ Ou foi castigo claro do peccado,
De tirar Leonor a seu marido,
E casar-se com ella, de enlevado
N’hum falso parecer mal entendido :
Ou foi, que o coração sujeito, e dado
Ao vicio vil, de quem se vio rendido,
Molle se fez, e fraco, e bem parece ;
Que hum baixo amor os fortes enfraquece.

CXXXVI.

' No long time passed that Pedro did not see
Those, who had stabbed his heart, to vengeance led,
For, taking of the realm the mastery,
He took it of the murderers that had fled,
Given up by the other Pedro's cruelty,
Both to all thought for human life being dead :
These made a wicked compact for their doom,
E'en like the last Triumvirate of Rome.

CXXXVII.

' This monarch was severe to castigate
All robberies, murders and adulteries,
To torture criminals, stern and irate,
Suited most surely with his tendencies ;
Guarding the cities he in justice sate,
Repressing all o'erbearing tyrannies,
Deaths of more robbers to his laws are due
Than wandering Hercules or Theseus slew.

CXXXVIII.

' From Pedro the severe and just, doth spring
(See what confusion is in nature wrought)
Fernando weak, remiss in everything,
Who the whole kingdom to great peril brought ;
For the Castilian coming pillaging
The lands without defence, 'twas little short
Of the whole kingdom's ruin taking place ;
For a weak king doth weaken a strong race.

CXXXIX.

' Or, 'twas clear chastisement for sin to pay,
For robbing Leonora's husband's bed,
And marrying with her, having gone astray
By false advice and ill interpreted :
Or, that his easy heart, and given away
To wretched vice, seeing himself misled,
Turned weak and feeble ; and 'tis very true
That a base passion doth the strong undo.

CXL.

‘ Do peccado tiveram sempre a pena
Muitos, que Deos o quiz, e permittio ;
Os que foram roubar a bella Helena ;
E com Apio tambem Tarquino o vio :
Pois por quem David sancto se condena ?
Ou quem o Tribu illustre destruiu
De Benjamin ? Bem claro nol-o ensina
Por Sara Pharaó, Sichem por Dina.

CXLI.

‘ E pois, se os peitos fortes enfraquece
Hum inconcesso amor desatinado,
Bem no filho de Alcmena se parece,
Quando em Omphale andava transformado :
De Marco Antonio a fama se escurece,
Com ser tanto a Cleopatra affeçoado :
Tu tambem, Pœno prospero, o sentiste,
Despois que hũa moça vil na Apulia viste.

CXLII.

‘ Mas quem pode livrar-se por ventura
Dos laços, que amor arma brandamente
Entre as rosas, e a neve humana pura,
O ouro, e o alabastro transparente ?
Quem de huma peregrina formosura,
De hum vulto de Medusa propriamente,
Que o coração converte, que tem preso,
Em pedra não ; mas em desejo acceso ?

CXLIH.

‘ Quem vio hum olhar seguro, hum gesto brando,
Huma suave, e angelica excellencia,
Que em si está sempre as almas transformando,
Que tivesse contra ella resistencia ?
Desculpado por certo está Fernando,
Para quem tem de amor experiencia :
Mas antes, tendo livre a phantasia,
Por muito mais culpado o julgaria.

CXL.

' Many have ever had the pain to bear
Of sins, when God so pleased, and did allow ;
They who went forth to ravish Helen fair ;
And Tarquin, too, with Appius felt the blow ;
For whom did Holy David censure share ?
Or who the illustrious tribe did overthrow
Of Benjamin ? this lesson clear and well
Pharaoh and Sara, Sichem and Dinah, tell.

CXLI.

' And if a love forbidden and insane
The bosoms of the brave doth mollify,
'Twas surely in Alcmena's son made plain,
When he disguised himself as Omphale.
Marc Antony's renown suffered a stain,
By Cleopatra wrought to phantasy ;
Thou, prosperous Annibal, didst feel it too,
When low Apulian woman struck thy view.

CXLII.

' But who can, peradventure, set him free
From snares, which Love so softly spreads to view,
'Midst roses, human snows of purity,
And gold and shining alabaster, too ?
Who, of a loveliness that scarce can be,
Of a Medusa's head—to paint it true—
Which turns the heart, that it hath prisoner ta'en,
Not into stone, but fiery love insane ?

CXLIII.

' Who that a steadfast look, a gentle mien
Has proved, a soft angelic excellence,
Charming all spirits towards her, where she's seen,
Can find against her manner of defence ?
Fernando, certainly, had pardoned been
By one who had of love experience,
But, otherwise, the fancy being free,
Were much more culpable adjudged to be.

CXL.

‘ Do peccado tiveram sempre a pena
Muitos, que Deos o quiz, e permittio ;
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Fernando, certainly, had pardoned been
By one who had of love experience,
But, otherwise, the fancy being free,
Were much more culpable adjudged to be.

IV.

‘ Alteradas então do reino as gentes
Co’o odio, que occupado os peitos tinha,
Absolutas cruezas, e evidentes
Faz do povo o furor, por onde vinha :
Matando vão amigos, e parentes
Do adúltero Conde, e da Rainha,
Com quem sua incontinença deshonestá
Mais, depois de viuva, manifesta.

V.

‘ Mas elle em fim, com causa deshonorado,
Diante della a ferro frio morre,
De outros muitos na morte acompanhado ;
Que tudo o fogo erguido queima, e corre :
Quem, como Astyanax, precipitado
(Sem lhe valerem ordens) de alta torre,
A quem Ordens, nem aras, nem respeito :
Quem nu por ruas, e em pedaços feito.

VI.

‘ Podem-se pôr em longo esquecimento
As cruezas mortaes, que Roma vio,
Feitos do feroz Mario, e do cruento
Sylla, quando o contrario lhe fugio.
Por isso Leonor, que o sentimento
Do morto Conde ao mundo descobrio,
Faz contra Lusitania vir Castella,
Dizendo ser sua filha herdeira della.

VII.

‘ Beatriz era a filha, que casada
Co’o Castelhana está, que o reino pede,
Por filha de Fernando reputada,
Se a corrompida fama lho concede.
Com esta voz Castella alevantada,
Dizendo, que esta filha ao pai succede,
Suas forças ajunta, para as guerras,
De varias regiões, e varias terras.

IV.

‘The people of the realm, being changed in view
By hate, wherewith their hearts possessed had been,
Fury for cruelties within them grew,
Gross and uncurbed, as was on all sides seen ;
The friends and the relations, all, they slew
Of the adulterous Count and of the Queen,
With whom her vile incontinence was known,
Having, since widowhood, more shameless grown.

V.

‘But he, in fine, with cause dishonorèd,
E’en in her presence by the cold sword dies,²
In death by many more accompanied ;
For, once awake, the fire burns all and flies.
One, like Astyanax, is flung for dead
From lofty tower, despite his dignities ;
For Orders, Altar, no respect is shown ;
Stripped through the streets, in pieces some are hewn.

VI.

‘Removed in far oblivion may be
The mortal cruelties Rome witnessèd,
Which the ferocious Marius did decree,
And bloody Sylla when the opponent fled :
Leonora, then, who willed the world should see
Her feeling for the Count so murderèd,
Calls on Castille ’gainst Lusitania to declare,
And names her only daughter as her heir.

VII.

‘Beatrice is the daughter, given as bride
To the Castilian, who now makes the claim ;
Reputed daughter on Fernando’s side,
If thus admitted by ill-natured fame.
With her Castilia’s voice is all allied,
As daughter taking in the father’s name ;
Collected for the wars their armies stand,
From many a region and from many a land.

VIII.

‘ Vem de toda a provincia, que de hum Brigo
(Se foi) já teve o nome derivado ;
Das terras, que Fernando, e que Rodrigo
Ganharam do tyranno e Mauro estado.
Não estimam das armas o perigo
Os, que cortando vão co’o duro arado
Os campos Leonezes, cuja gente
Co’os Mouros foi nas armas excellente.

IX.

‘ Os Vandalos, na antigua valentia
Ainda confiados, se ajuntavam
Da cabeça de toda Andaluzia,
Que do Guadalquivir as aguas lavam.
A nobre ilha tambem se apercebia,
Que antiguamente os Tyrios habitavam,
Trazendo, por insignias verdadeiras,
As Herculeas columnas nas bandeiras.

X.

‘ Tambem vem lá do reino de Toledo,
Cidade nobre e antigua, a quem cercando
O Tejo em tórno vai suave e ledo,
Que das serras de Conca vem manando.
A vós outros tambem não tolhe o medo,
O sordidos Gallegos, duro bando,
Que, para resistirdes, vos armastes,
A’quelles, cujos golpes já provastes.

XI.

‘ Tambem movem da guerra as negras furias
A gente Biscainha, que carece
De polidas razões, e que as injurias
Muito mal dos estranhos compadece.
A terra de Guipúsqua, e das Asturias,
Que com minas de ferro se ennobrece,
Armou delle os soberbos matadores,
Para ajudar na guerra a seus senhores.

VIII.

‘ They come from all the province which erst did
From one called Brigo its now name derive,
From lands whereof Fernando, and the Cid
The Moorish state and tyrant did deprive ;
For danger in the wars those freely bid,
Who the hard-cutting ploughshare daily drive
O’er the Leonian fields ; whose race, of yore,
In arms were excellent against the Moor.

IX.

‘ And here the Vandals, also, gather round,
Who in their ancient valour still confide ;
From all Andalusia’s farthest bound,
Which Guadalquivir waters with its tide ;
The noble Isle is also forward found,
Which anciently the Tyrians occupied ;
And for true emblems, which their ensigns bear,
The Herculean columns flutter high in air.

X.

‘ There also come they from Toledo’s land,
Noble and ancient city ; whose grey walls
The Tagus rolls around, shining and bland,
Which from Cuenca’s heights abundant falls.
And ye, ye others, all a hardened band,
Sordid Galicians, whom no fear inthrals,
Who for resistance take up arms ’gainst those,
Of whom ye have already felt the blows.

XI.

‘ Among the number the Biscayan race
Move war’s dark furies, people all unknown
To reason’s phrase ; who insult or disgrace
Will little brook from stranger towards their own.
Guipuscoa’s land and the Asturias,
Who by their mines of iron have famous grown,
Armed their proud warriors from that source with swords,
To follow and do battle for their lords.

XII.

‘ Joanne, a quem do peito o esforço crece,
Como a Samsão Hebrêo da guedelha,
Postoque tudo pouco lhe parece,
Co’os poucos de seu reino se apparelha :
E, não porque conselho lhe fallece,
Co’os principaes senhores se aconselha,
Mas só por ver das gentes as sentenças ;
Que sempre houve entre muitos differenças.

XIII.

‘ Não falta com razões quem desconcerte
Da opinião de todos na vontade,
Em quem o esforço antigo se converte
Em desusada e má deslealdade,
Podendo o temor mais, gelado, inerte,
Que a propria e natural fidelidade :
Negam o Rei, e a patria, e se convem,
Negarão (como Pedro) o Deos, que tem.

XIV.

‘ Mas nunca foi, que este erro se sentisse
No forte Dom Nuno Alvares : mas antes,
Postoque em seus irmãos tão claro o visse,
Reprovando as vontades inconstantes,
Áquellas duvidosas gentes disse
Com palavras mais duras, que elegantes,
A mão na espada, irado, e não facundo,
Ameaçando a terra, o mar, e o mundo :

XV.

‘ “ Como da gente illustre Portugueza
Ha de haver, quem refuse o Patrio marte ?
Como desta provincia, que princeza
Foi das gentes na guerra em toda parte,
Ha de sahir, quem negue ter defeza,
Quem negue a fé, o amor, o esforço e arte
De Portuguez, e por nenhum respeito
O proprio reino queira ver sujeito ?

XII.

‘ King John, whose power within his bosom grows,
As Hebrew Samson’s in his locks of hair,
Though all he doth possess but little shows,
Doth with that little of his realm prepare :
And though his own well-counselled plans he knows,
Yet with his chief lords doth he counsel share ;
Only that he may all their notions see,
For amidst many difference there must be.

XIII.

‘ There fail not those who, arguing, disconcert
All others’ views, by wilful sophistry,
Wherewith the ancient power becomes pervert
In foul unusual disloyalty ;
Fear working on them, frozen and inert,
More than true natural fidelity :
King, country they disown ; and, if need were,
Like Peter, their own God they would forswear.

XIV.

‘ But never did this leprosy appear
In brave Don Nuno Alvares ; he was found,
Though in his brothers he beheld it clear,³
Reproving all th’ inconstant wills around ;
Those he addressed who wavered still with fear,
In words more harsh than elegant in sound ;
Angry, not eloquent, with hand on sword,
’Gainst earth, sea, world, he pours defiant word :—

XV.

“ What ! to decline the war of his own land
Has there one noble Portuguese the heart ?
What ! from this Province, known in war to stand
Princes of every race, in every part,
Can there come forth who would decline his hand,
Decline the faith, the love, the power, the art
Of Portuguese, nor would consent for aught
That his own land should be to slavery brought ?

XVI.

“ Como ? Não sois vós inda os descendentes
Daquelles, que debaixo da bandeira
Do grande Henriques, feros e valentes
Vencêram esta gente tão guerreira ?
Quando tantas bandeiras, tantas gentes
Puzeram em fugida, de maneira
Que sete illustres Condes lhe trouxeram
Presos, afora a presa, que tiveram ?

XVII.

“ Com quem foram contino sopeados
Estes, de quem o estais agora vós,
Por Diniz, e seu filho, sublimados,
Senão co'os vossos fortes pais, e avós ?
Pois se com seus descuidos, ou peccados
Fernando em tal fraqueza assi vos poz,
Torne-vos vossas forças o Rei novo ;
Se he certo, que co'o Rei se muda o povo.

XVIII.

“ Rei tendes tal, que se o valor tiverdes
Igual ao Rei, que agora alevantastes,
Desbaratareis tudo o, que quizerdes,
Quanto mais, a quem já desbaratastes :
E se com isto em fim vos não moverdes
Do penetrante medo, que tomastes ;
Atai as mãos a vosso vão receio ;
Que eu só resistirei ao jugo alheio :

XIX.

“ Eu só com meus vassallos, e com esta
(E, dizendo isto, arranca meia espada)
Defenderei da força dura, e infesta
A terra nunca de outrem sobjugada :
Em virtude do Rei, da patria mesta,
Da lealdade já por vós negada,
Vencerei não só estes adversarios,
Mas quantos a meu Rei forem contrarios.”

XVI.

“What ! are ye not descendants still of those,
Who 'neath the banner of the mighty King
Henriques, valorous and fierce arose,
This nation all so warlike conquering ?
When flags so many, and so many foes
They put to flight, and to such pass did bring,
That seven illustrious Counts were captive led,
Besides the spoils they took from those that fled ?

XVII.

“Through whom continuously were these repressed,
—By whom ye now appear to be the same,—
By Diniz and his son, both mightiest,
Save through your grandsires, of courageous name ?
If then, by his neglect, or sins at best,
Ye through Fernando so effete became,
Let the new King your former force renew,
If with their King a people change 'tis true.

XVIII.

“Such King ye have, that if ye valour have,
Worthy the King to whom ye gave the crown,
Ye shall o'erthrow e'en all things, as ye crave,
And much more those whom erst ye have o'erthrown.
And if with this yourselves ye cannot save
From the deep fear, that has within you grown,
Tie your vain terrors' hands ; for 'gainst all foes
I will, alone, the foreign yoke oppose.

XIX.

“Alone, I with my vassals and with this”
(And as he speaks he half unsheaths his sword),
“I will defend with hardy steadfastness
The land which never owned a foreign lord :
By force of King, of country in distress,
Of loyalty, your hearts will not afford,
Not these foes only will I captive bring,
But all who shall be hostile to my King.”

XX.

‘ Bem como entre os mancebos recolhidos
Em Canusio, reliquias sós de Cannas,
Já para se entregar quasi movidos
Á fortuna das gentes Africanas,
Cornelio moço os faz, que compellidos
Da sua espada, jurem, que as Romanas
Armas não deixarão, em quanto a vida
Os não deixar, ou nellas for perdida :

XXI.

‘ Desta arte a gente força, e esforça Nuno,
Que, com lhe ouvir as ultimas razões,
Removem o temor frio, importuno,
Que gelados lhe tinha os corações :
Nos animaes cavalgam de Neptuno,
Brandindo, e volteando arremessões,
Vão correndo e gritando á boca aberta :
“ Viva o famoso Rei, que nos liberta ! ”

XXII.

‘ Das gentes populares, huns approvam
A guerra, com que a patria se sostinha :
Huns as armas alimpam, e renovam,
Que a ferrugem da paz gastadas tinha,
Capacetes estofam, peitos provam,
Arma-se cada hum, como convinha :
Outros fazem vestidos de mil cores
Com letras e tenções de seus amores.

XXIII.

‘ Com toda esta lustrosa companhia
Joanne forte sae da fresca Abrantes,
Abrantes, que tambem da fonte fria
Do Tejo logra as aguas abundantes.
Os primeiros armigeros regia,
Quem para reger era os mui possantes
Orientaes exercitos sem conto,
Com que passava Xerxes o Hellesponto :

XX.

‘ E’en as among the youth, from Cannæ’s field
The only remnant, to Canusium fled,
And being already almost moved to yield
To Afric’s force, whom fortune victor led,
Young Scipio, with such power to all appealed,
That on his sword, compelled, they swore instead,
The Roman arms should ever theirs remain
While life remained, or till in arms all slain ;

XXI.

‘ Thus Nuno forces and enforces all,
Who, hearing the last arguments he pressed,
Cast off their terror’s cold and clinging thrall,
Which had their frozen bosoms so possessed :
They mount the animals of Neptune’s call,
Their javelins wave and brandish high a-breast,
Run lifting up their voice, and shout with glee,
“ Long live the famous King who makes us free ! ”

XXII.

‘ Among the people some the war approve,
With which the country may itself sustain ;
Some clean and mend their armour, and remove
The injurious rust peace suffered to remain ;
They quilt their helmets, and their breastplates prove,
Each arms himself, according to his vein ;
Others make robes of colours manifold,
Where their loves’ letters and designs are told.

XXIII.

‘ And now with all this gorgeous company
Sets forth from fresh Abrantes John the brave ;
Abrantes, which the cold streams equally
Of Tagus with abundant waters lave.
And there, commanding the first soldiery,
Was one, who title to command might have
Those countless eastern armies, strong and vast,
Wherewith the Hellespont great Xerxes passed ;

XXIV.

‘ Dom Nuno Alvares digo, verdadeiro
Açoute de soberbos Castelhanos,
Como já o fero Hunno o foi primeiro
Para Francezes, para Italianos.
Outro também famoso cavalleiro,
Que a ala direita tem dos Lusitanos,
Apto para mandal-os, e regel-os,
Mem Rodrigues se diz de Vasconcellos.

XXV.

‘ E da outra ala, que a esta corresponde,
Antão Vasques de Almada he capitão,
Que depois foi de Abranches nobre Conde,
Das gentes vai regendo a sestra mão.
Logo na retaguarda não se esconde
Das quinas e castellos o pendão
Com Joanne Rei forte em toda parte,
Que escurecendo o preço vai de Marte.

XXVI.

‘ Estavam pelos muros temerosas,
E de hum alegre medo quasi frias,
Rezando as mãis, irmãs, damas, e esposas,
Promettendo jejuns, e romarias.
Já chegam as esquadras bellicosas
Defronte das imigas companhias,
Que com grita grandissima os recebem,
E todas grande duvida concebem.

XXVII.

‘ Respondem as trombetas mensageiras,
Pifaros sibilantes, e atambores,
Alferezes volteam as bandeiras,
Que variadas são de muitas cores.
Era no secco tempo, que nas eiras
Ceres o fructo deixa aos lavradores,
Entra em Astréa o Sol no mez de Agosto,
Baccho das uvas tira o doce mosto.

XXIV.

' I mean Don Nuno Alvares, the worst
Scourge of the arrogant Castilians,
E'en as the valorous Hun had been the first,
Among the French and the Italians.
Another knight, likewise, in war well versed,
Holds the right wing o' the Lusitanians ;
In leading and commanding an adept—
Rodrigues Vasconcellos being yclept.

XXV.

' And of the wing on corresponding side
Antão Vasques de Almada takes command,
Later as Count de Abranches dignified,
Who of the army marshals the left hand.
Now, in the rear the banner doth not hide
The Quinas and the Castles, as they stand,
With John, the King, whose valour, vast and sure,
Doth the renown of Mars himself obscure.

XXVI.

' Upon the walls, trembling for many lives,
Half shivering, as it were, with sanguine fear,
Stood mothers, sisters, and betrothed, and wives,
Promising fasts and pilgrimage, in prayer.
The mass of warlike squadrons now arrive
Before the opposing forces fronting near,
Who challenge them with loud tremendous shout ;
And all are in the greatest state of doubt.

XXVII.

' The trumpets with defiant notes reply,
The piercing fife is heard and tambourin,
The various ensigns wave their flags on high,
Whereon are variegated colours seen.
'Twas when kind Ceres, in the season dry,
Yields corn on threshing-floors for husbandmen,
When Sol in August enters Virgo's sign,
And Bacchus presses the sweet juice for wine.

XXVIII.

‘Deu signal a trombeta Castelhana
Horrendo, fero, ingente, e temeroso :
Ouvio-o o monte Artábrego, e Guadiana
Atraz tornou as ondas de medroso :
Ouvio-o o Douro, e a terra Transtagana,
Correo ao mar o Tejo duvidoso :
E as mãis, que o som terribil escuitaram,
Aos peitos os filhinhos apertaram.

XXIX.

‘Quantos rostos alli se vêm sem côr ;
Que ao coração acode o sangue amigo ;
Que nos perigos grandes o temor
He maior muitas vezes, que o perigo,
E se o não he, parece-o ; que o furor
De offender, ou vencer o duro imigo,
Faz não sentir, que he perda grande e rara,
Dos membros corporaes, da vida chara.

XXX.

‘Começa-se a travar a incerta guerra,
De ambas partes se move a primeira ala,
Huns leva a defensão da propria terra,
Outros as esperanças de ganhal-a :
Logo o grande Pereira, em quem se encerra
Todo o valor, primeiro se assinala,
Derriba, e encontra, e a terra em fim semea
Dos que a tanto desejam, sendo alhea.

XXXI.

‘Já pelo espêso ar os estridentes
Farpões, settas, e varios tiros voam :
Debaixo dos pés duros dos ardentes
Cavallos treme a terra, os valles soam :
Espedaçam-se as lanças, e as frequentes
Quedas co’as duras armas tudo atroam :
Recrescem os imigos sobre a pouca
Gente do fero Nuno, que os apouca.

XXVIII.

'The trumpet of Castilia signal gave,
Horrid, fierce, vast, and terrible to hear :
Finisterre heard ; and her astonished wave
Guadiana backward turned from very fear :
Heard Douro : Alemtejo, mount and cave :
Doubtfully Tagus to the sea drew near,
And mothers, listening to the dreadful sound,
Their bosomed infants clasped the tighter round.

XXIX.

'How many cheeks are pallid in the stress,
For to the heart the friendly blood has fled ;
For in great dangers, oftentimes, there is less
Of real danger, than there is of dread :
If not, it seems so ; for the eagerness
To assault the hardy foe in battle led,
Outweighs the thought how keen and great the cost
Of limbs, or e'en of life, so precious, lost.

XXX.

'The uncertain battle now begins to rage,
And the first wing of both moves to the fray ;
Defence of their own land doth these engage,
And those, the hopes of taking it away ;
Now great Pereira, in whose bosom sage
All valour centres, makes the first display ;
Throws down, encounters, strews the land around
With those who long to make it their own ground.

XXXI.

'Now with loud sound the darkened air across
Barbs, arrows, bolts, and various missiles fly :
'Neath the hard tramping of the fiery horse
The earth is shaken and the vales reply.
Lances are shivered : the confusing force
Of clashing arms seems all to stupefy ;
On the small numbers of fierce Nuno fall
The increasing foe, but whom they treat as small.

XXXII.

‘Eis alli seus irmãos contra elle vão :
(Caso feo e cruel !) mas não se espanta ;
Que menos he querer matar o irmão,
Quem contra o Rei, e a patria se alevanta :
Destes arrenegados muitos são
No primeiro esquadrão, que se adianta
Contra irmãos e parentes (caso estranho !)
Quaes nas guerras civis de Julio, e Magno.

XXXIII.

‘Ó tu Sertorio, ó nobre Coriolano,
Catilina, e vós outros dos antigos,
Que contra vossas patrias com profano
Coração vos fizestes inimigos,
Se lá no reino escuro de Sumano
Receberdes gravissimos castigos ;
Dizei-lhe, que tambem dos Portuguezes
Alguns traidores houve algumas vezes.

XXXIV.

‘Rompem-se aqui dos nossos os primeiros ;
Tantos dos inimigos a elles vão :
Está alli Nuno, qual pelos outeiros
De Ceita está o fortissimo leão,
Que cercado se vê dos cavalleiros,
Que os campos vão correr de Tetuão,
Perseguem-no co’as lanças ; e elle iroso
Torvado hum pouco está, mas não medroso.

XXXV.

‘Com tôrva vista os vê ; mas a natura
Ferina, e a ira não lhe compadecem
Que as costas dê ; mas antes na espessura
Das lanças se arremessa, que recrecem.
Tal está o cavalleiro, que a verdura
Tinge co’o sangue alheio : alli perecem
Alguns dos seus ; que o animo valente
Perde a virtude contra tanta gente.

XXXII.

'Gainst him behold his brothers in array,
Fact dark and cruel, but it wakes no fear,
For e'en a brother it is less to slay,
Than 'gainst one's king and country arms to bear ;
Among those renegades that fought that day
In the first squadron, many there appear
'Gainst parents and 'gainst brothers, case of shame !
'Twas in great Julius' Civil War the same.

XXXIII.

' O thou, Sertorius, Coriolanus great,
Catiline, and ye rest of ancient days !
Who, from offence against your country's state,
With heart profane your hostile hand did raise,
If in dark Pluto's kingdom, there your fate
Such crime with direst chastisement repays,
Then to the gloomy God ye may declare,
Sometimes some Portuguese e'en traitors were.

XXXIV.

' Our foremost lines are broken and give way ;
Such numerous forces on one point they throw ;
There Nuno stands, as on the hills at bay
The Ceutan lion stands—redoubted foe—
When circled by the cavaliers' array,
Who o'er the plains of Tetuan hunting go ;
He, furious as they press him with their spears,
A little troubled stands, but nothing fears ;

XXXV.

' With terrible eye he views them, but the vein
Of nature wild, and rage, forbid retreat,
Rather he doth the thickening spears disdain,
And flings himself upon them where they meet ;
Thus stands the warrior, who the verdant plain
Dyes with the foeman's blood ; but round his feet
Fall many of his own ; the valiant breast
Loses all power when by such numbers pressed.

XXXVI.

‘ Sentio Joanne a affronta, que passava
Nuno ; que, como sabio capitão,
Tudo corria, e via, e a todos dava
Com presença e palavras coração.
Qual parida leoa, fera e brava,
Que os filhos, que no ninho sós estão,
Sentio que, em quanto pasto lhe buscara,
O pastor de Massylia lhos furtara :

XXXVII.

‘ Corre raivosa, e freme, e com bramidos
Os montes Sete-Irmãos atroa, e abala :
Tal Joanne, com outros escolhidos
Dos seus, correndo acode á primeira ala :
“ Ó fortes companheiros, ó subidos
Cavalleiros, a quem nenhum se iguala,
Defendei vossas terras ; que a esperança
Da liberdade está na vossa lança.

XXXVIII.

“ Vedes-me aqui Rei vosso, e companheiro,
Que entre as lanças, e settas, e os arnezes
Dos inimigos côrro, e vou primeiro :
Pelejai, verdadeiros Portuguezes ! ”
Isto disse o magnanimo guerreiro,
E sopesando a lança quatro vezes,
Com força tira, e deste unico tiro
Muitos lançaram o ultimo suspiro :

XXXIX.

‘ Porque eis os seus accesos novamente
D’huma nobre vergonha, e honroso fogo,
Sobre qual mais com animo valente
Perigos vencerá do marcio jogo
Porfiam : tinge o ferro o fogo ardente,
Rompem malhas primeiro, e peitos logo :
Assi recebem junto, e dão feridas,
Como a quem já não doe perder as vidas.

XXXVI.

' John saw the danger when he had to save
Nuno, who like a captain wise and fair
Visited all, and saw, and to all gave
With words and with his presence strength to dare ;
E'en as the lioness who, wild and brave,
Has left her young unguarded in her lair,
And finds that all, while she for food has roved,
Have by Massylian shepherd been removed ;

XXXVII.

' Rabid she runs and howls, her roar and moan
Through the " Seven Brothers " mountains echoing ring ;
So John, with chosen others of his own,
Runs forward to support the foremost wing :
" O comrades brave, whose glory stands alone ;
Exalted cavaliers, your succour bring,
Defend your lands ; the only hopeful chance
Of liberty depends upon your lance !

XXXVIII.

" " Ye see me here your king, your fellow-man,
Who ' midst the lances of our enemies,
Arrows, and armour, run and lead the van ;
Fight ! bravely fight ! true-hearted Portuguese ! "
Thus spoke the noble warrior to his clan,
And four times brandishing his lance with ease,
Throws it with force : and with this only throw
Full many breathed their last beneath the blow.

XXXIX.

' Wherefore, behold ! his men inflamed anew
With noble shame and honourable desire,
Contend who shall the most, with valour true,
To dangers in the martial game aspire ;
First mails, then warriors' breasts are piercèd through,
The sword is blood-stained by their ardent ire :
Thus wounds they give and suffer in the strife,
As men it does not grieve to part with life.

XL.

‘A muitos mandam ver o Estygio lago,
Em cujo corpo a morte, e o ferro entrava :
O Mestre morre alli de Sanct-Iago,
Que fortissimamente pelejava :
Morre tambem, fazendo grande estrago,
Outro Mestre cruel de Calatrava :
Os Pereiras tambem arrenegados
Morrem, arrenegando o Céu, e os fados.

XLI.

‘Muitos tambem do vulgo vil sem nome
Vão, e tambem dos nobres, ao Profundo,
Onde o trifauce cão perpetua fome
Tem das almas, que passam deste mundo :
E porque mais aqui se amanse, e dome
A soberba do imigo furibundo,
A sublime bandeira Castelhana
Foi derribada aos pés da Lusitana.

XLII.

‘Aqui a fera batalha se encruce
Com mortes, gritos, sangue, e cutiladas :
A multidão da gente, que perece,
Tem as flores da propria côr mudadas :
Já as costas dão, e as vidas : já fallece
O furor, e sobejam as lançadas :
Já de Castella o Rei desbaratado
Se vê, e de seu proposito mudado.

XLIII.

‘O campo vai deixando ao vencedor,
Contente de lhe não deixar a vida :
Seguem-no os que ficaram, e o temor
Lhe dá não pés, mas azas á fugida.
Encobrem no profundo peito a dor
Da morte, da fazenda despendida,
Da magoa, da deshonra, e triste nojo
De ver outrem triumphar de seu despojo.

XL.

‘ Many to see the Stygian lake they send,
Whose bodies piercèd are by sword to death ;
There St. Iago’s master meets his end,
Who fought most bravely to his latest breath ;
Fierce Calatrava’s master, too, doth bend,
Great slaughter while he causeth, fate beneath ;
The renegade Pereiras also die,
Renouncing heaven and cursing destiny.

XLI.

And many of the vulgar without name,
And nobles, too, are sent to shades below,
Where hungering stands the dog of three-mouthed fame
For souls that from this world departing go ;
And that they may more dominate and tame
The proud presumption of the furious foe,
Castilia’s flag sublime, so high displayed,
Is at the feet of Lusitania’s laid.

XLII.

‘ Here the hot fight they stubbornly maintain
With deaths, blood, cutlass wounds, and shoutings strange,
The multitudes that perish on the plain
E’en of the flowers the very colour change ;
Their ground and lives they yield ; few foes remain,
And the hurled lance finds little within range :
Castilia’s King his ruin now must own,
And see his purpose altered and o’erthrown.

XLIII.

‘ Now to the conqueror he leaves the ground,
Contented that he leaves not life a prey ;
All follow him who still alive are found,
Fear gives them wings, not feet, for flight ; while they
Deep in their bosoms hide the bitter wound
Of slaughter and of fortune thrown away ;
With anguish, shame, annoyance they recoil
From seeing others triumph in their spoil.

XLIV.

‘ Alguns vão maldizendo, e blasphemando
Do primeiro, que guerra fez no mundo :
Outros a sêde dura vão culpando
Do peito cubiçoso, e sitibundo,
Que, por tomar o alheio, o miserando
Povo aventura ás penas do Profundo ;
Deixando tantas mãis, tantas esposas,
Sem filhos, sem maridos, desditosas.

XLV.

‘ O vencedor Joanne esteve os dias
Costumados no campo em grande gloria :
Com offertas despois, e romarias
As graças deo, a quem lhe deo victoria.
Mas Nuno, que não quer por outras vias
Entre as gentes deixar de si memoria,
Senão por armas sempre soberanas,
Para às terras se passa Transtaganas.

XLVI.

‘ Ajuda-o seu destino de maneira,
Que fez igual o effeito ao pensamento ;
Porque a terra dos Vandalos fronteira
Lhe concede o despôjo, e o vencimento :
Já de Sevilha a Betica bandeira,
E de varios senhores n’hum momento
Se lhe derriba aos pés, sem ter defeza,
Obrigados da força Portugueza.

XLVII.

‘ Destas e outras victorias longamente
Eram os Castelhanos opprimidos,
Quando a paz, desejada já da gente,
Deram os vencedores aos vencidos,
Despois que quiz o Padre omnipotente
Dar os Reis inimigos por maridos
Ás duas illustrissimas Inglezas,
Gentis, formosas, inclytas Princezas.

XLIV.

'Some imprecate and angrily blaspheme
'Gainst him who in the world made war the first ;
Others the craving, grasping bosom blame
Which, with a hardened and a selfish thirst,
Because another's kingdom it would claim,
The hapless people subjects to be cursed ;
Leaving so many mothers, wives, to fate,
Widows, and childless, and unfortunate.

XLV.

'The conqueror John remained the accustomed days
Upon the field, in glory of the brave,
And then with offerings, pilgrimage and praise,
Gave thanks to Him, who him the victory gave.
But the great Nuno, who in other ways
To leave his memory with mankind would crave
Than by his arms, successful to the last,
Into the lands beyond the Tagus passed.

XLVI.

'His destiny in such wise helps his hand,
That the result is equal to the thought ;
Because the Vandals of the frontier land
Are with their spoil to quick submission brought :
Neither can Seville's Bætian ensign stand :
And those of various lords, as if 'twere nought,
Lie prostrate at his feet, without resource,
Subjected by the Lusitanian force.

XLVII.

'With these and other victories obtained
Th' oppressed Castilians for a long time bled,
When peace, so much desired by all, was gained
Giv'n by the victors to the vanquished,
After that the Omnipotent ordained
That the contending Kings should now be wed
With the two English ladies of high race,
Princesses fair, renowned, and full of grace.'

XLVIII.

‘ Não soffre o peito forte, usado á guerra,
Não ter imigo já, a quem faça dano ;
E assi, não tendo a quem vencer na terra,
Vai commetter as ondas do Oceano.
Este he o primeiro Rei, que se desterra
Da patria, por fazer que o Africano
Conheça pelas armas, quanto excede
A lei de Christo á lei de Mafamede.

XLIX.

‘ Eis mil nadantes aves pelo argento
Da furiosa Thetis inquieta
Abrindo as pandas azas vão ao vento,
Para onde Alcides pôz a extrema meta :
O monte Abyla, e o nobre fundamento
De Ceita toma, e o torpe Mahometa
Deita fóra, e segura toda Hespanha
Da Juliana, má, e desleal manha.

L.

‘ Não consentio a morte tantos annos,
Que de Heroe tão ditoso se lograsse
Portugal ; mas os córos soberanos
Do Céu supremo quiz que povoasse :
Mas para defensão dos Lusitanos
Deixou, quem o levou, quem governasse,
E augmentasse a terra mais, que d’antes,
Inclyta geração, altos Infantes.

LI.

‘ Não foi do Rei Duarte tão ditoso
O tempo, que ficou na summa alteza :
Que assi vassi alternando o tempo iroso
O bem co’o mal, o gosto co’a tristeza.
Quem vio sempre hum estado deleitoso ?
Ou quem vio em fortuna haver firmeza ?
Pois inda neste reino, e neste Rei
Não usou ella tanto desta lei.

XLVIII.

‘The valorous breast, which warfare had pursued,
Is chafed, for want of chance to wound a foe,
And, having every one on shore subdued,
Against the ocean waves the King must go ;
First King was he who, with these thoughts imbued,
Banished himself that Africans might know,
By force of arms, how greatly doth exceed
The law of Christ the law of Mahomed.

XLIX.

‘Lo ! like a thousand swimming birds they sail
O’er angry restless Thetis’ silver wave,
Their curling wings they spread before the gale,
To where Alcides utmost limit gave.
O’er Ceuta’s noble city they prevail,
And o’er Mount Abyla, and forth they drave
Vile Mahmoud, saving thus the whole of Spain
From the disloyal craft of Julian.⁵

L.

‘Death granted not that Portugal should boast
Hero so favoured for too many years,
But willed that ’midst th’ exalted choral host
He should be numbered in the heavenly spheres ;
But, that the Lusitanians be not lost,
He who removed him a new ruler rears,
Who more than ever should the land augment,
Distinguished race, successors eminent.

LI.

‘While King Duarte held the post sublime
The period not so happily did flow,
For thus alternating goes angry time,
Good mixed with evil, happiness with woe.
Who ever saw a constant happy prime ?
To whom did Fortune ever firmness show ?
However, in this reign and ’neath this King
She did not keep this law in every thing.

LII.

‘ Vio ser captivo o sancto irmão Fernando,
Que a tão altas empresas aspirava,
Que, por salvar o povo miserando
Cercado, ao Sarraceno s’entregava :
Só por amor da patria está passando
A vida de senhora feita escrava,
Por não se dar por elle a forte Ceita :
Mais o publico bem, que o seu, respeita.

LIII.

‘ Codro, porque o inimigo não vencesse,
Deixou antes vencer da morte a vida :
Regulo, porque a patria não perdesse,
Quiz mais a liberdade ver perdida.
Este, porque se Hespanha não temesse,
A captiveiro eterno se convida :
Codro, nem Curcio, ouvido por espanto,
Nem os Decios leaes fizeram tanto.

LIV.

‘ Mas Afonso, do Reino unico herdeiro,
Nome em armas ditoso em nossa Hesperia,
Que a soberba do barbaro fronteiro
Tornou em baixa e humillima miseria,
Fôra por certo invicto cavalleiro,
Se não quiezera ir ver a terra Iberia :
Mas Africa dirá, ser impossibil,
Poder ninguem vencer o Rei terribil.

LV.

‘ Este pôde colher as maçãs de ouro,
Que somente o Tyrinthio colher pôde :
Do jugo, que lhe pôz, o bravo Mouro
A cerviz inda agora não sacode :
Na fronte a palma leva, e o verde louro
Das victorias do barbaro, que acode
A defender Alcacer, forte villa,
Tangere populoso, e a dura Arzilla.

LII.

‘ He saw good Ferdinand, his brother brave,
Made captive, who such mighty deeds essayed,
And who, his suffering men, besieged, to save,
Himself unto the Saracen betrayed :
E’en like a mistress turned into a slave,
He passed his life by love of country swayed,
That for his sake strong Ceuta might not fall ;
The public weal respecting more than all.

LIII.

‘ Codrus, the foe as conqueror not to see,
Prefers his life should conquered be by death ;
Regulus, lest his country lost should be,
Rather to lose his freedom purposeth ;
Fernando, Spain from fear alone to free,
Himself to endless bondage offereth ;
Codrus, nor Curtius, scarce to be believed,
Nor loyal Decii, e’er so much achieved.

LIV.

‘ Afonso of the kingdom only heir,⁶
In our Hesperia warrior of success,
Who the proud barbarous foe o’ the frontier
Reduced to low and abject wretchedness,
Had surely been unconquered cavalier,
Had he not wished Iberia to possess ;
But Africa will say that none could be
The conqueror of so dread a King as he.

LV.

‘ To pick the golden apples he could dare,
Which only the Tyrrhian dared to pick ;
From the hard yoke which he had fastened there
The valiant Moor not yet can shake his neck ;
His brows the palm and verdant laurel bear
Of conquests which the barbarous foe did check,
Who Alcacer’s strong town to save appear,
Arzilla stubborn, populous Tangier.

LVI.

‘ Porêm ellas em fim por força entradas,
Os muros abaixaram de diamante
Ás Portuguezas forças, costumadas
A derribarem, quanto acham diante :
Maravilhas em armas estremadas,
E de escriptura dignas elegante,
Fizeram cavalleiros nesta empreza,
Mais affinando a fama Portugueza.

LVII.

‘ Porêm despois tocado de ambição,
E gloria de mandar, amara e bella,
Vai commetter Fernando de Aragão
Sobre o potente reino de Castella :
Ajunta-se a inimiga multidão
Das soberbas e varias gentes della,
Desde Caliz ao alto Pyreneo ;
Que tudo ao Rei Fernando obedeceo.

LVIII.

‘ Não quiz ficar nos reinos ocioso
O mancebo Joanne, e logo ordena
De ir ajudar o pai ambicioso,
Que então lhe foi ajuda não pequena :
Sahio-se em fim do trance perigoso
Com fronte não torvada, mas serena,
Desbaratado o pai sanguinolento ;
Mas ficou duvidoso o vencimento :

LIX.

‘ Porque o filho sublime e soberano,
Gentil, forte, animoso cavalleiro,
Nos contrarios fazendo immenso dano,
Todo hum dia ficou no campo inteiro.
Desta arte foi vencido Octaviano,
E Antonio vencedor, seu companheiro,
Quando daquelles, que Cesár mataram,
Nos Philippicos campos se vingaram.

LVI.

' But these, being entered finally by force,
Their adamantine walls they lowered before
The Lusian arms, who, in their usual course,
Demolished all which opposition bore.
Marvels in arms extreme—the worthy source
Of much and elegant historic lore—
The Knights accomplish in this enterprise,
And thus the Lusian fame they aggrandize.

LVII.

' But soon his heart ambition doth disclose
For the bright bitter glory of command ;
'Gainst the strong kingdom of Castille he goes,
And fights for Aragon 'gainst Ferdinand.
A hostile multitude against him rose
Of the proud various people of that land,
From Cadiz to the lofty Pyrenees,
Whereof the whole King Ferdinand obeys.

LVIII.

' The youthful John would not be idly laid
Within the realm, but soon awakes a call
To go in his ambitious father's aid ;
Nor was the aid, indeed, he brought him small.
With calm upon his brow, not fear, displayed,
The sire at length, from perils to appal
Retired all vanquished and with bloodshed stained ;
But doubtful still the victory remained :

LIX.

' Because the son sublime and sovereign rose,
High born and brave and fiery cavalier,
Who, damage vast inflicting on their foes,
Did one whole day upon the field appear.
Rome's history thus Octavius vanquished shows,
Had not the victor Anthony been near,
When they took vengeance on Philippi's plain
'Gainst those who had the mighty Cæsar slain.

LX.

‘ Porêm, depois que a escura noite eterna
Afonso aposentou no Céu sereno,
O Principe, que o reino então governa,
Foi Joanne segundo, e Rei trezeno :
Este, por haver fama sempiterna,
Mais, do que tentar pode homen terreno,
Tentou ; que foi buscar da rôxa Aurora
Os terminos, que eu vou buscando agora.

LXI.

‘ Manda seus mensageiros, que passaram
Hespanha, França, Italia celebrada,
E lá no illustre porto se embarcaram,
Onde já foi Parthénope enterrada,
Napoles, onde os fados se mostraram,
Fazendo-a a varias gentes subjugada ;
Pela illustrar no fim de tantos annos
Co’o senhorio de inclytos Hispanos.

LXII.

‘ Pelo mar alto Siculo navegam ;
Vão-se ás praias de Rhodes arenosas,
E dalli ás ribeiras altas chegam,
Que co’a morte de Magno são famosas :
Vão a Memphis, e ás terras, que se regam
Das enchentes Niloticas undosas :
Sobem á Ethiopia sobre Egypto,
Que de Christo lá guarda o sancto rito.

LXIII.

‘ Passam tambem as ondas Erythreas,
Que o povo de Israel sem não passou :
Ficam-lhe atraz as serras Nabatheas,
Que o filho de Ismael co’o nome ornou :
As costas odoríferas Sabeas,
Que a mãe do bello Adonis tanto honrou,
Cercam, com toda a Arabia descoberta
Feliz, deixando a Pétrea, e a Deserta.

LX.

‘ But when obscure death’s night eternal came,
Afonso into Heaven serene to bring,
The Prince, who then the kingdom ruled, by name
Was John the Second, and the thirteenth King.
And he, that he might earn eternal fame,
More than weak man can venture venturing,
The limits of the rosy Morning’s glow
Sent forth to seek, which I now seeking go.

LXI.

‘ He sends his messengers, who, passing o’er
All Spain and France and Italy renowned,
Embarked in port upon the famous shore
Where erst Parthenope a grave had found—
Naples,—of whom the Fates declared of yore
She should by various nations’ yoke be bound,
And after lapse of many years, in fine,
As senhory of mighty Spain should shine.

LXII.

‘ Over the deep Sicilian sea they drive
And to the sandy shores of Rhodes they go ;
Thence on the lofty margins they arrive
Famed as the scene of Pompey’s mortal blow ;
To Memphis, where the watered lands revive
When all the swelling waves of Nile o’erflow ;
Past Egypt, e’en to Ethiopia reach,
Which still the sacred rite of Christ doth teach.

LXIII.

‘ O’er Erythræan waves their course they find,
Where without ships the Israelites passed through ;
The Nabathean hills they leave behind,
Whose name to Ishmael’s famous son is due ;
Round the Sabeau perfumed coasts they wind,
Which fair Adonis’ mother honoured too ;
With all Arabia which was Fertile found,
Leaving Petræa and the Desert ground.

LXIV.

‘ Entram no estreito Persico, onde dura
Da confusa Babel inda a memoria :
Alli co’o Tigre o Euphrates se mistura,
Que as fontes, onde nascem, tem por gloria.
Dalli vão em demanda da agua pura,
Que causa inda será de larga historia,
Do Indo pelas ondas do Oceano,
Onde não se atreveo passar Trajano.

LXV.

‘ Viram gentes incognitas e estranhas
Da India, da Carmania, e Gedrosia,
Vendo varios costumes, varias manhas,
Que cada região produce e cria.
Mas de vias tão asperas, tamanhas,
Tornar-se facilmente não podia :
Lá morrerem em fim, e lá ficaram ;
Que á desejada patria não tornaram.

LXVI.

‘ Parece, que guardava o claro Céu
A Manoel, e seus merecimentos
Esta empreza tão ardua, que o moveo
A subidos, e illustres movimentos :
Manoel, que a Joanne succedeo
No reino, e nos altivos pensamentos,
Logo, como tomou do reino cargo,
Tomou mais a conquista do mar largo.

LXVII.

‘ O qual, como do nobre pensamento
Daquella obrigação, que lhe ficara
De seus antepassados (cujo intento
Foi sempre accrescentar a terra chara),
Não deixasse de ser hum só momento
Conquistado. No tempo, que a luz clara
Foge, e as estrellas nitidas, que sahem,
A repouso convidam, quando cahem :

LXIV.

'The Persian Gulf they enter, where remain
Memories of Babel all confused, e'en now ;
There Tigris and Euphrates interchain,
Who glory in the sources whence they flow ;
Thence Indus' shining stream they seek to attain,
Which yet shall ample page in history show,
Crossing those stormy waves of Ocean vast,
Which Trajan dared not tempt, and never passed.

LXV.

'People unknown and strange their eye surveys,
Indian, Carmanian, and Gedrosian face,
Beholding various customs, various ways,
Creature and product of each region's race.
But paths so harsh and of such length of days,
Alas ! they could not easily retrace ;
There did they die, in fine, and there remain,
Their longed-for land they never saw again.⁷

LXVI.

' 'Twould seem that shining Heaven reserved, indeed,
To Manoel this so arduous enterprise,
So that he might for his great merits' meed,
To lofty and illustrious actions rise.
For Manoel, he who did to John succeed
In kingdom, and in lofty thoughts likewise,
Soon as he undertook the realm to guide,
He undertook to rule the Ocean wide.

LXVII.

'This King from one great thought was never bent,
E'en for a moment : that 'twas for his hand
Left by his antecessors, whose intent
Was ever to increase their cherished land—
To carry out that thought where'er he went.
So, at the hour when daylight yields command,
And all the glittering stars shine forth above,
Inviting slumber as they circling move ;

LXVIII.

‘ Estando já deitado no aureo leito,
Onde imaginações mais certas são,
Revolvendo contino no conceito
De seu officio, e sangue, a obrigação,
Os olhos lhe occupou o somno acceito,
Sem lhe desoccupar o coração ;
Porque, tanto que lasso se adormece,
Morpheo em varias formas lhe apparece.

LXIX.

‘ Aqui se lhe apresenta, que subia
Tão alto, que tocava á prima esphera,
Donde diante varios mundos via,
Nações de muita gente estranha, e fera :
E lá bem junto, donde nasce o dia,
Despois que os olhos longos estendera,
Vio de antiquos, longinquos, e altos montes
Nascерem duas claras e altas fontes.

LXX.

‘ Aves agrestes, feras, e alimarias
Pelo monte selvatico habitavam :
Mil arvores silvestres, e hervas varias
O passo, e o trato ás gentes atalhavam ;
Estas duras montanhas, adversarias
De mais conversação, por si mostravam,
Que, desde Adão peccou aos nossos annos,
Não as romperam nunca pés humanos.

LXXI.

‘ Das aguas se lhe antolha, que sahiam,
Par’ elle os largos passos inclinando,
Dous homens, que mui velhos pareciam,
De aspeito, inda que agreste, venerando :
Das pontas dos cabellos lhe cahiam
Gottas, que o corpo todo vão banhando,
A côr da pelle baça e denegrida,
A barba hirsuta, intonsa, mas comprida.

LXVIII.

‘Already laid upon his golden bed,
Where the reflections are of clearer mood,
Revolving constantly within his head
The obligations of his throne and blood,
A welcome sleep upon his eyes was shed,
But shed not on his heart, which sleep withstood ;
Because, although all wearily he sleeps,
Morpheus in various forms his vision keeps.

LXIX.

‘And now he fancied to himself to mount
So high that e’en to the first sphere he rose ;
Whence many worlds before him he could count,
Nations of seeming strange and savage foes :
And there, close bordering on the dayspring’s fount,
Whither a very distant gaze he throws,
Mountains far, high, and distant, meet his eyes,
Where two deep streams, and limpid, take their rise.

LXX.

‘Wild birds, and beasts, large animals with these,
The wild and woody mountain occupy :
Thousands of various herbs and forest trees
The hand and footstep of mankind defy ;
And from these rugged mountains, enemies
Of further intercourse, he can descry,
That, since the sin of Adam to our years,
No man’s invading footmark there appears.

LXXI.

‘Out of the streams he seemeth to behold,
Rising and moving towards him with long stride,
Two men who bear the look of very old,
Of aspect somewhat rude, but dignified :
Out from their hairs’ points frequent drops there rolled,
Which bathed the body o’er on every side :
The colour of the skin was dark and dull :
The beard unshaven, and hirsute, and full.

LXXVI.

‘Chama o Rei os senhores a conselho,
E propõe-lhe as figuras da visão,
As palavras lhe diz do sancto velho,
Que a todos foram grande admiração.
Determinam o nautico apparelho,
Para que com sublime coração
Vá a gente, que mandar, cortando os mares,
A buscar novos climas, novos ares.

LXXVII.

‘Eu, que bem mal cuidava, que em effeito
Se pozesse o, que o peito me pedia ;
Que sempre grandes cousas deste geito
Presago o coração me promettia :
Não sei, por que razão, por que respeito,
Ou por que bom signal, que em mi se via,
Me põe o inclyto Rei nas mãos a chave
Deste commettimento grande, e grave.

LXXVIII.

‘E com rogo, e palavras amorosas ;
Que he hum mando nos Reis, que a mais obriga,
Me disse : “ As cousas arduas e lustrosas
Se alcançam com trabalho, e com fadiga :
Faz as pessoas altas e famosas
A vida, que se perde, e que periga ;
Que, quando ao medo infame não se rende,
Então, se menos dura, mais se estende.

LXXIX.

“ Eu vos tenho entre todos escolhido
Para huma empreza, qual a vós se deve,
Trabalho illustre, duro, e esclarecido,
O que eu sei, que por mi vos será leve.”
Não soffri mais ; mas logo : “ Ó Rei subido,
Aventurar-me a ferro, a fogo, a neve,
He tão pouco por vós, que mais me pena
Ser esta vida cousa tão pequena.

LXXVI.

‘The King convokes his counsellors of State,
And shows them all the features of his dream ;
The holy old man’s words he doth relate,
Which to them all most wonderful did seem.
The naval mission is determinate,
That they, whom he to send may worthy deem,
May cross the seas, inspired with heart sublime,
To seek the unknown realm, the unknown clime.

LXXVII.

‘I, who but little thought, in truth, to find
That which my bosom to possess did ween :
For always mighty matters of this kind
Had by my heart presaging promised been :
I know not for what cause, or in what mind,
Or by what happy token in me seen,
The illustrious King confided to my hand
The key of this adventure vast and grand.

LXXVIII.

‘And with request, in words affectionate,
Which to a King’s command more instance lend,
He said : “All projects arduous and great
With labour and fatigue secure their end ;
The life that’s lost or hazarded to fate,
To make man famous and renowned must tend,
For, if by craven terror not o’erthrown,
Though life be shorter, ’tis more widely known.

LXXIX.

“You among all I choose for this great thing ;
A mighty scheme, such as to you we owe ;
A labour noble, hard, enlightening,
Which will be small to you, for me, I know.”
I could not suffer more. “O lofty King !
To expose myself to sword, to fire and snow,
So little is for you that, more than all,
I grieve this life should be a thing so small.

LXXX.

“ Imaginai tamanhas aventuras,
Quaes Eurystheo a Alcides inventava,
O leão Cleonæo, Harpyas duras,
O porco de Erymantho, a Hydra brava,
Descer em fim ás sombras vâas, e escuras,
Onde os campos de Dite a Estyge lava :
Porque a maior perigo, a mor affronta,
Por vós, o Rei, o espirito, e carne he pronta.”

LXXXI.

‘ Com mercês sumptuosas me agradece,
E com razões me louva esta vontade ;
Que a virtude louvada vive, e crece,
E o louvor altos casos persuade.
A acompanhar-me logo se offerece,
Obrigado d’amor, e d’amizade,
Não menos cubiçoso de honra, e fama,
O charo meu irmão, Paulo da Gama.

LXXXII.

‘ Mais se me ajunta Nicolao Coelho,
De trabalhos mui grande soffredor :
Ambos são de valia, e de conselho,
D’experencia em armas, e furor.
Já de manceba gente me apparelho,
Em que cresce o desejo do valor,
Todos de grande esforço ; e assi parece,
Quem a tamanhas cousas se offerece.

LXXXIII.

‘ Foram de Manoel remunerados ;
Porque com mais amor se apercebessem,
E com palavras altas animados,
Para quantos trabalhos succedessem.
Assi foram os Minyas ajuntados,
Para que o veo dourado combatessem,
Na fatidica não, que ousou primeira
Tentar o mar Euxino, aventureira.

LXXX.

“Picture as many labours and as great
As did Eurystheus 'gainst Alcides plan ;
The Cleonæan lion, Harpies' hate,
The Hydra dire, Boar Erymanthean ;
To seek, in fine, the gloomy vacant state,
Where Styx the region laves 'neath Pluto's ban,
Whate'er the danger or attack may be,
Spirit and flesh, O King ! are prompt for thee.”

LXXXI.

‘His thanks with sumptuous gifts he straight bestows,
And lauds, with reason, this my ready will ;
For virtue, when applauded, lives and grows,
And praise to lofty acts persuadeth still.
To come with me my brother doth propose,
By love and friendship moved this place to fill,
Nor less as holding fame and honour dear ;
Paulo da Gama, my dear brother here.

LXXXII.

‘Nicholas Coelho comes to join me too,
Whose fortitude in toil is very great ;
Both are of valour and of counsel true,
In arms experienced and prepared for fate.
Of all young people I provide my crew,
In whom a love of valour is innate ;
All of great strength ; as all indeed must be,
Who to take part in such vast deeds are free.

LXXXIII.

‘They all by Manoel rewarded were,
That their devotion might the more increase ;
And, for the labours they would have to bear,
Sustained by words to elevate and please.
Thus was it done, the Minyæ to prepare,
That they might combat for the Golden Fleece,
In the prophetic ship proclaimed to be
The first that dared to tempt the Euxine sea.

LXXXIV.

‘E já no porto da inclyta Ulyssea,
C’hum alvoroço nobre, e c’hum desejo
(Onde o licôr mistura, e branca area
Co’o salgado Neptuno o doce Tejo)
As náos prestes estão : e não refrea
Temor nenhum o juvenil despejo ;
Porque a gente maritima, e a de Marte
Estão para seguir-me a toda parte.

LXXXV.

‘Pelas praias vestidos os soldados
De varias cores vem, e varias artes,
E não menos de esforço aparelhados,
Para buscar do mundo novas partes.
Nas fortes náos os ventos socegados
Ondeam os aerios estandartes :
Ellas promettem, vendo os mares largos,
De ser no Olympo estrellas, como a de Argos.

LXXXVI.

‘Depois de aparelhados desta sorte,
De quanto tal viagem pede, e manda,
Apparelhámos a alma para a morte,
Que sempre aos nautas ante os olhos anda :
Para o summo Poder, que a etherea côrte
Sustenta só co’a vista veneranda,
Implorámos favor, que nos guiasse,
E que nossos começos aspirasse.

LXXXVII.

‘Partimos-nos assi do sancto templo,
Que nas praias do mar está assentado,
Que o nome tem da terra, para exemplo
Donde Deos foi em carne ao mundo dado.
Certifico-te, ó Rei, que se contemplo
Como fui destas praias apartado,
Cheio dentro de duvida, e receio,
Que apenas nos meus olhos ponho o freio.

LXXXIV.

'Now in renowned Ulysses' port there stand,
With joy excessive, and desire to start
(Where gentle Tagus' water and white sand
With the salt waves of Neptune form a part),
The ships all ready ; and the youthful band
No fears invade, to chill their careless heart ;
For all the sons of Mars and Neptune there
Are ready to attend me everywhere.

LXXXV.

'Along the shores the soldiers take their way,
Clothed variously in colour and in kind ;
Nor less prepared in strength of heart are they
The unknown regions of the world to find.
O'er the strong ships the gentle breezes play,
The airy pennons waving in the wind ;
They promise, when the wide seas they behold,
E'en stars to be, as Argo was of old.

LXXXVI.

'Then, being thus prepared, as ordereth,
Of force, a voyage projected in this wise,
We all, in fine, prepared the soul for death,
Which ever stares the sailor in his eyes.
And of the Power Supreme, Who balanceth
With reverend look alone the ethereal skies,
The favour we implore to guide our route,
And breathe His blessing on our going out.

LXXXVII.

'Thus we departed from the holy fane,
Which on the margins of the sea is built,
And from that land its high name did obtain,
Where God was given Incarnate for man's guilt.⁸
O King ! I tell thee, when I think again
On what when parting from those shores I felt,
Oppressed with deep anxiety and fear,
Scarce can I, even now, restrain the tear !

LXXXVIII.

‘ A gente da cidade aquelle dia
(Huns por amigos, outros por parentes,
Outros por ver somente) concorria,
Saudosos na vista, e descontentes :
E nós co’a virtuosa companhia
De mil religiosos diligentes,
Em procissão solemne a Deos orando,
Para os bateis viemos caminhando.

LXXXIX.

‘ Em tão longo caminho, e duvidoso
Por perdidos as gentes nos julgavam,
As mulheres c’hum chôro piedoso,
Os homens com suspiros, que arrancavam :
Mães, esposas, irmãs (que o temeroso
Amor mais desconfia) accrescentavam
A desesperação, e frio medo
De já nos não tornar a ver tão cedo.

XC.

‘ Qual vai dizendo : “ Ó filho, a quem eu tinha
Só para refrigerio, e doce amparo
Desta cansada já velhice minha,
Que em chôro acabará penoso, e amaro :
Porque me deixas misera, e mesquinha ?
Porque de mi te vás, ó filho charo,
A fazer o funereo enterramento,
Onde sejas de peixes mantimento ? ”

XCI.

‘ Qual em cabelo : “ Ó doce e amado esposo,
Sem quem não quiz amor, que viver possa ;
Porque is aventurar ao mar iroso
Essa vida, que he minha, e não he vossa ?
Como por hum caminhó duvidoso
Vos esquece a affeição tão dôce nossa ?
Nosso amor, nosso vão contentamento
Quereis, que com as velas leve o vento ? ”

LXXXVIII.

‘ The people from the city on that day,
Some with their friends or relatives to-part,
Some but to see us, crowded on the quay,
But all gazed fondly, all were sad at heart.
We with a virtuous circle took our way,
With thousand learnèd in the pious art,
And in grave order, praying in God’s name,
Forth to our waiting boats we walking came.

LXXXIX.

‘ In a so doubtful and prolonged career
The people fancied us already lost ;
The women wept for us a pitying tear,
The men burst forth in sighs that deeply cost ;
Mothers, wives, sisters—for mistrusting fear
Is part of timid love—increased the most
The cold misgiving and the deep despair,
That none might e’er again behold us there.

XC.

‘ One cries : “ O son ! whom my old hopes engage,
As the sweet comforter and solace one
Of my already weary pilgrimage,
Which must in bitter painful grief be run,
Why leave me to a poor distressed old age ?
Why dost thou go from me, O my dear son !
To find a mournful burial o’er the sea,
Where only prey for monsters thou shalt be ? ”

XCI.

‘ One with loose hair : “ Dear husband, loved of me,
Without whom love would not I could survive,
Why dost thou venture on the angry sea
That life of mine, which is not thine to give ?
How for this dangerous journey can it be
That our sweet love forgets in thee to live ?
Our love, vain happiness, ah ! wilt thou say,
The winds shall bear it with the sails away ? ”

XCII.

‘ Nestas e outras palavras, que diziam,
De amor, e de piedosa humanidade,
Os velhos, e os meninos os seguiam,
Em quem menos esforço põe a idade.
Os montes de mais perto respondiam,
Quasi movidos de alta piedade :
A branca area as lagrimas banhavam,
Que em multidão com ellas se igualavam.

XCIII.

‘ Nós outros, sem a vista alevantarmos
Nem a mãe, nem a esposa, neste estado ;
Por nos não magoarmos, ou mudarmos
Do proposito firme começado :
Determinei de assi nos embarcarmos
Sem o despedimento costumado,
Que, postoque he de amor usança boa,
A quem se aparta, ou fica, mais magoa.

XCIV.

‘ Mas hum velho d’aspeito venerando,
Que ficava nas praias entre a gente,
Postos em nós os olhos, meneando
Tres vezes a cabeça, descontente,
A voz pesada hum pouco alevantando,
Que nós no mar ouvimos claramente,
C’hum saber só d’experiencias feito,
Taes palavras tirou do experto peito :

XCV.

“ Oh gloria de mandar ! Oh vã cobiça
Desta vaidade, a quem chamâmos fama !
Oh fraudulento gosto, que se atixa
C’hum aura popular, que honra se chama :
Que castigo tamanho, e que justiça
Fazes no peito vão, que muito te ama !
Que mortes, que perigos, que tormentas,
Que crueldades nelles exprimentas !

XCII.

‘ With these and other words, the language true
Of love and pitying humanity,
The aged and the children followed, too,
Who from their weaker years came painfully.
The nearest mountains round responsive grew,
Moved, as it were, with deepest sympathy :
The shining sands were e’en with tears bedewed,
Which almost equalled them in multitude.

XCIII.

‘ But we raised not one single look at aught,
Either at wife or mother, ’neath this spell,
Not to distress ourselves or wake one thought,
That ’gainst our firm new purpose might rebel ;
All to embark I resolutely brought,
Parting without the usual farewell ;
Which, though of love a custom good and kind,
Wounds more both him who goes, and stays behind.

XCIV.

‘ But an old man, who stood upon the shore
Amidst the crowd, of venerable mien,
Fixing his eyes upon us all, which wore
Sad look, to shake his head three times was seen ;
And raising his deep voice a little more,
Which we heard clearly o’er the water’s sheen,
With knowledge, only from experience gained,
From his experienced bosom thus complained :

XCV.

“ O glory of command ! O vain desire
Of this mere vanity which we call fame !
O fancy treacherous, which gathers fire
From popular breath, usurping honour’s name !
What justice and what castigation dire
In the vain breast of which ye are the aim
Ye work ! what deaths and dangers, what distress
And with what cruelties do ye oppress !

XCVI.

‘ “ Dura inquietação d'alma, e da vida,
Fonte de desamparos, e adulterios,
Sagaz consumidora conhecida
De fazendas, de reinos, e de imperios :
Chamam-te illustre, chamam-te subida,
Sendo digna de infames vituperios :
Chamam-te fama, e gloria soberana,
Nomes, com quem se o povo nescio engana !

XCVII.

‘ “ A que novos desastres determinas
De levar estes reinos, e esta gente ?
Que perigos, que mortes lhe destinas
Debaixo d'algum nome preeminente ?
Que promessas de reinos, e de minas
D'ouro, que lhe farás tão facilmente ?
Que famas lhe prometterás ? que historias ?
Que triumphos ? que palmas ? que victorias ?

XCVIII.

‘ “ Mas ó tu geração daquelle insano,
Cujo peccado, e desobediencia
Não somente do reino soberano
Te pôz neste desterro, e triste ausencia :
Mas inda d'outro estado, mais que humano,
Da quieta, e da simples innocencia,
Idade d'ouro, tanto te privou,
Que na de ferro, e d'armas te deitou :

XCIX.

‘ “ Já que nesta gostosa vaidade
Tanto enlevas a leve phantasia :
Já que á bruta crueza, e feridade
Pozeste nome, esforço, e valentia :
Já que prézas em tanta quantidade
O desprezo da vida, que devia
De ser sempre estimada ; pois que já
Temeo tanto perdel-a, quem a dá :

XCVI.

“ Of life and soul cruel inquietude,
Fount of neglect and hence adulteries,
Destructive insect, whose known stings intrude
On lands and kingdoms and on dynasties ;
Illustrious called, and as renowned pursued,
Thou art condignly charged with infamies ;
They call thee sovereign glory, call thee fame,
And the ignorant are blinded by the name.

XCVII.

“ To what disasters new dost thou design
To lead away these kingdoms and this race ?
What dangers and what deaths dost thou combine
Under some name of eminence and grace ?
What kingdoms, or, perchance, what golden mine
Dost promise them with thy so ready face ?
What fame hold out to them ? what history's page ?
What triumphs, palms, what victories engage ?

XCVIII.

“ But thou, O offspring of that one insane,
Whose mortal sin and disobedience
Thrust thee not only from his heavenly reign
To this sad distant exile of offence,
But from that other state man cannot gain
Of quietude, and simple innocence——
The golden age—and thus by him bereft,
In that of arms and iron thou art left !

XCIX.

“ But since in this so pleasing vanity
Thou of vain phantasy so much dost show,
Since on ferocity and cruelty
The name of power and valour dost bestow ;
Since thou dost prize as of such quality
Indifference to life which, as we know,
Should aye be cherished, for before the Cross
He who bestows it shuddered at its loss ;

C.

“ Não tens junto contigo o Ismaelita,
Com quem sempre terás guerras sobejas?
Não segue elle do Arabio a lei maldita,
Se tu pela de Christo só peijas?
Não tem cidades mil, terra infinita,
Se terras, e riqueza mais desejas?
Não he elle por armas esforçado,
Se queres por victorias ser louvado?

CI.

“ Deixas criar ás portas o inimigo,
Por ires buscar outro de tão longe,
Por quem se despovôe o reino antigo,
Se enfraqueça, e se vá deitando a longe!
Buscas o incerto, e incognito perigo,
Porque a fama te exalte, e te lisonge,
Chamando-te senhor, com larga copia,
Da India, Persia, Arabia, e da Ethiopia!

CII.

“ Oh maldito o primeiro, que no mundo
Nas ondas veia pôz em secco lenho!
Digno da eterna pena do Profundo,
Se he justa a justa lei, que sigo e tenho:
Nunca juizo algum alto e profundo,
Nem cithara sonora, ou vivo engenho,
Te dê por isso fama, nem memoria;
Mas contigo se acabe o nome, e a gloria!

CIII.

“ Trouxe o filho de Jápeto do céo
O fogo, que ajuntou ao peito humano,
Fogo, que o mundo em armas accendeo,
Em mortes, em deshonras (grande engano!):
Quanto melhor nos fôra, Prometheo,
E quanto para o mundo menos dano,
Que a tua estatua illustre não tivera
Fogo de altos desejos, que a movera!

C.

“Hast thou not near to thee the Ishmaelite,
With whom thou must in constant war remain ?
Does not the Arabian hold the cursed rite,
If thou wilt that of Christ alone maintain ?
Has he not lands and cities infinite,
If lands and greater wealth thou still wouldst gain ?
Has he not by his arms his prowess shown,
If by thy victories thou wouldst be known ?

CI.

“Thou passest by the foeman at thy gate,
To go and seek another far away,
For whom the ancient realm lies desolate,
Grows weak and widely falls into decay ;
Thou seek'st the dark and unknown chance of fate
That fame may flatter thee and homage pay,
Parading thee as Lord of India,
Persia, Arabia, Ethiopia.

CII.

“O cursèd thou who in this world of woe
First hoisted sail on timber, on the sea,
Worthy of lasting punishment below,
If the just law I follow justice be !
May wisdom never in thy favour show,
Nor sounding lyre, nor living poetry
Grant thee for this or memory or fame,
But perish with thee both thy boast and name !

CIII.

“Iapetus' bold son brought down from Jove
The fire wherewith the human breast doth beat ;
Fire, that a burning world to arms could move,
To deaths and to dishonours : vast deceit !
Prometheus ! better far for us thy love,
And in the world less mischief should we meet,
Had thy illustrious statue not been fired
With those high thoughts wherewith it was inspired.

CIV.

“ Não commettêra o moço miserando
O carro alto do pai, nem o ar vazio
O grande architectôr, co’o filho, dando
Hum, nome ao mar, e o outro, fama ao rio ;
Nenhum commettimento alto, e nefando,
Por fogo, ferro, agua, calma, e frio
Deixa intentado a humana geração.
Misera sorte ! Estranha condição ! ”

CIV.

“The unhappy youth had ne’er essayed to guide
His father’s lofty car, nor the artist great,
With son, the empty air on wings had tried,
Who sea did name and river celebrate ;
No daring enterprise, to man denied,
Through fire and sword and water, cold and heat,
Is left unventured by the human race.
O miserable fate ! O wondrous case !”

CANTO QUINTO.

I.

‘ ESTAS sentenças taes o velho honrado
Vociferando estava, quando abrimos
As azas ao sereno e socegado
Vento, e do porto amado nos partimos :
E, como he já no mar costume usado,
A vela desfraldando, o céu ferimos,
Dizendo : “ Boa viagem : ” logo o vento
Nos troncos fez o usado movimento.

II.

‘ Entrava neste tempo o eterno lume
No animal Nemæo truculento,
E o mundo, que com tempo se consume,
Na sexta idade andava cnfermo, e lento :
Nella vê, como tinha por costume,
Cursos do Sol quatorze vezes cento,
Com mais noventa e sete, em que corria,
Quando no mar a armada se estendia.

III.

‘ Já a vista pouco e pouco se desterra
Daquelles patrios montes, que ficavam :
Ficava o charo Tejo, e a fresca serra
De Cintra, e nella os olhos se alongavam :
Ficava-nos tambem na amada terra
O coração, que as magoas lá deixavam :
E já, depois que toda se escondeo,
Não vimos mais em fim, que mar, e céu.

CANTO V.

I.

'SUCH sentences the grave old man revered
Vociferating stood, when opening wide
Our wings before the soft calm wind we steered,
And from the port we so much loved we ride ;
And as at sea the custom's long appeared,
Unfurling sail, the welkin we divide,
Shouting, " Good voyage !" and then the wind, at last,
The usual movement makes in every mast.

II.

'Th' eternal orb, that all things doth illume,
The fierce Nemæan beast was entering now,
And the old Earth, which doth with time consume,
In her sixth age was moving weak and slow ;
In it she sees, as custom had become,
Just fourteen hundred rounds the sun did show ;
With seven and ninety more, in which he ran,
When on the sea the fleet its course began.

III.

'Little by little, now, receding sight
Parts from our country's mountains which remained ;
Dear Tagus, too, remained and Cintra's height,
Which for long time our longing eyes retained ;
There, also, in the home of our delight
The heart was left behind, by grief constrained,
And then, when all was hidden from the eye,
At last we nothing saw but sea and sky.

IV.

‘ Assi fomos abrindo aquelles mares,
Que geração alguma não abrio,
As novas ilhas vendo, e os novos arcs,
Que o generoso Henrique descobrio :
De Mauritania os montes, e lugares,
Terra, que Anthêo n’hum tempo possuiu,
Deixando á mão esquerda ; que á direita
Não ha certeza d’outra, mas suspeita.

V.

‘ Passámos a grande ilha da Madeira,
Que do muito arvoredo assi se chama,
Das que nós povoámos a primeira,
Mais celebre por nome, que por fama :
Mas nem, por ser do mundo a derradeira,
Se lhe avantajam, quantas Venus ama :
Antes, sendo esta sua, se esquecerá
De Cypro, Gnido, Paphos, e Cythera.

VI.

‘ Deixámos de Massyllia a esteril costa,
Onde seu gado os Azenegues pastam,
Gente, que as frescas aguas nunca gosta,
Nem as hervas do campo bem lhe abastam,
A terra a nenhum fructo em fim disposta,
Onde as aves no ventre o ferro gastam,
Padecendo de tudo extrema inopia,
Que aparta a Barbaria de Ethiopia.

VII.

‘ Passámos o limite, aonde chega
O Sol, que para o Norte os carros guia,
Onde jazem os povos, a quem nega
O filho de Clymene a côr do dia :
Aqui gentes estranhas lava, e rega
Do negro Sanagá a corrente fria,
Onde o cabo Arsinario o nome perde,
Chamando-se dos nossos Cabo-Verde.

IV.

' Thus went we forth these unknown seas to explore,
Which by no people yet explored had been ;
Seeing new isles and climes which long before
Great Henry, first discoverer, had seen ;¹
The land Antheus had possessed of yore,
The Moorish mountains and the spots between,
We passed upon our left, and some suppose
There's more upon the right, but no one knows.

V.

' And then Madeira's noble isle we passed
Which bears this title from its many groves ;
Of those we peopled as the first 'tis classed,
But purely by its name its fame it proves ;
Yet not because of all the world 'tis last .
Are those more beautiful which Venus loves ;
Had this been hers at first, sure, in its smiles,
She had forgotten all her other isles.

VI.

' We left Massylia's all sterile coast,
Where Azenégues their wandering cattle feed ;
A people who the fresh streams cannot boast,
Nor do the plains they traverse serve their need ;
The land is bare of every fruit almost,
The very iron birds digest, indeed ;
All, in fine, suffering extremest straits,
Which Barbary from Ethiop separates.

VII.

' We passed the boundaries whereto arrives
Sol's brilliant chariot on his Northern way,
And where the son of Clymene deprives
The race that dwell there of the tint of day ;
Here sable Sanagá through various hives
Of races strange doth, coldly laving, stray,
Where Arsenario's name no more is heard,
Our present people calling it Cape Verde.

VIII.

‘Passadas tendo já as Canarias ilhas,
Que tiveram por nome Fortunadas,
Entrámos navegando pelas filhas
Do velho Hesperio, Hesperidas chamadas,
Terras, por onde novas maravilhas
Andaram vendo já nossas armadas :
Alli tomámos porto com bom vento,
Por tomarmos da terra mantimento.

IX.

‘Áquella ilha aportámos, que tomou
O nome do guerreiro Sanct-Iago,
Sancto, que os Hespanhoes tanto ajudou
A fazerem nos Mouros bravo estrago.
Daqui, tanto que Boreas nos ventou,
Tornámos a cortar o immenso lago
Do salgado Oceano, e assi deixámos
A terra, onde o refresco doce achámos.

X.

‘Por aqui rodeando a larga parte
De Africa, que ficava ao Oriente,
A provincia Jalofo, que reparte
Por diversas nações a negra gente ;
A mui grande Mandinga (por cuja arte
Lográmos o metal rico e luzente),
Que do curvo Gambêa as aguas bebe,
As quaes o largo Atlantico recebe :

XI.

‘As Dórcadas passámos, povoadas
Das irmãs, que outro tempo alli viviam,
Que, de vista total sendo privadas,
Todas tres d’hum só olho se serviam :
Tu só, tu cujas tranças encrespadas
Neptuno lá nas aguas accendiam,
Tornada já de todas a mais fêa,
De viboras encheste a ardente arêa.

VIII.

‘ And leaving the Canary isles behind
(The name of Fortunate was given to these),
So steering, through the daughters three we wind
Of old Hesperius, called Hesperides ;
Lands, wandering over which, our sailors find
New charms and marvels everywhere to please ;
And there the port with favouring gale we make,
Stock of provisions from on shore to take.

IX.

‘ It was in that same isle the port we made
Which St. Iago’s warlike title bore ;
Saint, for the Spaniards lent us so much aid,
In dealing deadly slaughter on the Moor.
Hence, soon as Boreas to blow essayed,
We turned to course the expansive surface o’er
Of the salt sea, thus leaving, outward bound,
The land where sweet refreshment we had found ;

X.

‘ And compassing a large part of the side
Of Africa which on the Orient lies—
Jalofo’s province there—which doth divide
The sable race in various qualities ;
Also Mandinga’s region spreading wide,
Whose art the metal rich and bright supplies,
And whom the Gambia’s winding waters lave,
Which mingle with the great Atlantic’s wave ;

XI.

‘ We passed the Dorcades where once there lived,
In times gone by, the Gorgon sisters three,
Who being totally of sight deprived
Of one sole eye made use alternately ;
Thou, only thou, whose curling locks contrived
To wake old Neptune’s passion in the sea,
Than all the others made more hideous still,
The burning sands with curling snakes didst fill !

XII.

‘ Sempre em fim para o Austro a aguda proa,
No grandissimo golfam nos mettemos,
Deixando a serra asperrima Leoa,
Co’o cabo, a quem das “ Palmas ” nome demos :
O grande rio, onde batendo sôa
O mar nas praias notas, que alli temos,
Ficou, co’a ilha illustre, que tomou
O nome d’hum, que o lado a Deos tocou.

XIII.

‘ Alli o mui grande reino está de Congo,
Por nós já convertido á fé de Christo,
Por onde o Zaire passa claro e longo,
Rio pelos antiguos nunca visto :
Por este largo mar em fim me alongo
Do conhecido polo de Callisto,
Tendo o termino ardente já passado,
Onde o meio do mundo he limitado.

XIV.

‘ Já descoberto tinhamos diante
Lá no novo hemispherio nova estrella,
Não vista de outra gente, que ignorante
Alguns tempos esteve incerta della :
Vimos a parte menos rutilante,
E por falta d’estrellas menos bella,
Do polo fixo, onde inda se não sabe,
Que outra terra comece, ou mar acabe.

XV.

‘ Assi passando aquellas regiões,
Por onde duas vezes passa Apollo,
Dous invernos fazendo, e dous verões,
Em quanto corre d’hum ao outro polo :
Por calmas, por tormentas, e oppressões,
Que sempre faz no mar o irado Eolo,
Vimos as Ursas, a pezar de Juno,
Banharem-se nas aguas de Neptuno.

XII.

' Always with sharp prow towards the Southern zone
The mighty gulph of Ocean still we brave,
Leaving the rugged Serra called Leone,
And Cape, to which the name of "Palms" we gave :
The river vast, where on the shore well known,
And which is ours, there beats the sounding wave,
We left, and the illustrious isle allied
By name with one who touched the Saviour's side.

XIII.

' And there lies Congo's kingdom, vast and strong,
By us converted to Christ's faith of old,
Through which bright rapid Zaire doth roll along,
River the ancients never did behold—
At last I leave, these mighty seas among,
The famed Callisto's constellation cold,
Having already crossed the burning line,
Which doth the middle of the globe define.

XIV.

' And now we had discerned all brilliant
A group quite new in the new hemisphere,²
Not seen by others yet, who ignorant
Remained some time, uncertain if 'twere there ;
We saw that space which is less rutilant,
And from the lack of stars shines out less fair,³
Of the fixed Southern Pole, where yet none know
If other lands appear or seas still flow.

XV.

' Thus rolling through these regions many a day,
Through which Apollo twice a year doth roll,
Summer and winter doubling on his way,
While thus he courses on from pole to pole ;
Through plagues and storms and calms, wherewith, for aye,
Doth angry Eolus the sea control,
We saw the Bears, of Juno scorning fear,
In Neptune's waters bathing, disappear.

XVI.

‘ Contar-te longamente as perigosas
Cousas do mar, que os homens não entendem,
Subitas trovoadas, temerosas,
Relampagos, que o ar em fogo accendem,
Negros chuueiros, noites tenebrosas,
Bramidos de trovões, que o mundo fendem :
Não menos he trabalho, que grande erro,
Aindaque tivesse a voz de ferro.

XVII.

‘ Os casos vi, que os rudos marinheiros,
Que tem por mestra a longa experiencia,
Contam por certos sempre, e verdadeiros,
Julgando as cousas só pela apparencia :
E que os, que tem juizos mais inteiros,
Que só por puro engenho, e por sciencia
Vêm do mundo os segredos escondidos,
Julgam por falsos, ou mal entendidos.

XVIII.

‘ Vi clarmamente visto o lume vivo,
Que a maritima gente tem por santo
Em tempo de tormenta, e vento esquivo,
De tempestade escura, e triste pranto.
Não menos foi a todos excessivô
Milagre, e cousa certo de alto espanto,
Ver as nuvens do mar com largo cano
Sorver as altas aguas do Oceano.

XIX.

‘ Eu o vi certamente (e não presumo,
Que a vista me enganava) levantar-se
No ar hum vaporzinho, e subtil fumo,
E, do vento trazido, rodear-se :
De aqui levado hum cano ao polo summo
Se via, tão delgado, que enxergar-se
Dos olhos facilmente não podia :
Da materia das nuvens parecia.

XVI.

‘To tell thee of the dangers of the sea
At length, which human understanding scare,
Thunder-storms sudden, dreadful in degree,
Lightnings, which seem to set on fire the air,
Dark floods of rain, nights of obscurity,
Rollings of thunder which the world would tear,
Were not less labour than a great mistake,
E’en if I had an iron voice to speak.

XVII.

‘I saw the sights, which a rude seaman’s crew,
Who long experience as their guide revere,
Always account as positive and true,
Judging of things as only they appear ;
But which by those who take a sounder view,
Who by pure genius and by science clear
Behold creation’s mysteries profound,
Are judged ill-understood and without ground.

XVIII.

‘I saw, and clearly saw, the living light ⁴
Which sailors everywhere as sacred hold,
In time of storm and crossing winds that fight,
Of tempest dark and desperation cold ;
Nor less it was to all a marvel quite,
And matter surely to alarm the bold,
To observe the sea-clouds, with a tube immense,
Suck water up from Ocean’s deep expanse.

XIX.

‘I certainly beheld (nor do suppose
My sight deceived me aught) that in the air
A fume or vapour thin and subtle rose,
And by the wind began revolving there ;
Thence to the topmost clouds a tube it throws,
But of a substance so exceeding rare,
That scarce the naked eye its form could see ;
It seemed as like the clouds composed to be.

XX.

‘ Hia-se pouco e pouco accrescentando,
E mais, que hum largo mastro, se engrossava :
Aqui se estreita, aqui se alarga, quando
Os golpes grandes de agua em si chupava :
Estava-se co’as ondas ondeando,
Em cima della hũa nuvem se espessava,
Fazendo-se maior, mais carregada
Co’o cargo grande d’agua em si tomada.

XXI.

‘ Qual rôxa sanguesuga se veria
Nos beiços da alimaria (que, imprudente,
Bebendo a recolheo na fonte fria)
Fartar co’o sangue alheio a sêde ardente :
Chupando, mais e mais se engrossa, e cria,
Alli se enche, e se alarga grandemente :
Tal a grande columna, enchendo, augmenta
A si, e a nuvem negra, que sustenta.

XXII.

‘ Mas, depois que de todo se fartou,
O pé, que tem no mar, a si recolhe,
E pelo céo chovendo em fim voou ;
Porque co’a agua a jacente agua molhe ;
Âs ondas torna as ondas, que tomou :
Mas o sabor do sal lhe tira, e tolhe.
Vejam agora os sabios na escriptura,
Que segredos são estes de natura.

XXIII.

‘ Se os antigos philosophos, que andaram
Tantas terras, por ver segredos dellas,
As maravilhas, que eu passei, passaram,
A tão diversos ventos dando as velas :
Que grandes escripturas que deixaram !
Que influição de signos, e de estrellas !
Que estranhezas, que grandes qualidades !
E tudo, sem mentir, puras verdades.

XX.

' Little by little it still larger grew,
Passing a large mast's thickness in degree ;
Here narrowing, here enlarging, as it drew
Vast quantities of water from the sea ;
It oscillated with the waves, to view ;
A-top, a dark thick cloud hung heavily,
Becoming yet more laden and enlarged,
With the vast waters' weight wherewith 'twas charged.

XXI.

' E'en as we see the red leech that takes hold
Upon the cattle's lips (who heedlesswise
Have caught it, drinking in the fountain cold),
How with their blood its thirst it satisfies ;
Still sucking, more and more its parts unfold,
And fill themselves to an enormous size :
So the great column, filling, substance gains,
And feeds the sable cloud which it sustains.

XXII.

' But when it was quite gorged, it then withdrew
The foot that on the sea beneath had grown,
And o'er the heavens, in fine, it raining flew,
The jacent waters watering with its own ;
W' th' waves it took the waves it doth renew ;
But the salt savour has entirely flown :
Now let our scientific writers see
What mighty secrets these of nature be !

XXIII.

' If the philosophers of old who went
The secrets of so many lands to spy,
Had proved what I have proved of wonderment,
And hoisted sail to winds so contrary :
What writings had they left, of vast intent !
What influence shown of stars and signs on high !
What novelties ! what wonders to surprise !
And all without untruth, pure verities.

XXIV.

‘Mas já o planeta, que no céo primeiro
Habita, cinco vezes apressada,
Agora meio rosto, agora inteiro,
Mostrára, em quanto o mar cortava a armada :
Quando da etherea gavea hum marinheiro,
Prompto co’a vista, “Terra, Terra !” brada :
Salta no bordo alvoroçada a gente
Co’os olhos no horizonte do Oriente.

XXV.

‘Á maneira de nuvens se começam
A descobrir os montes, que enxergâmos :
As ancoras pezadas se adereçam,
As velas já chegados amainâmos :
E para que mais certas se conheçam
As partes tão remotas, onde estamos,
Pelo novo instrumento do Astrolabio,
Invenção de subtil juízo, e sabio :

XXVI.

‘Desembarcâmos logo na espaçosa
Parte, por onde a gente se espalhou,
De ver cousas estranhas desejosa,
Da terra, que outro povo não pizou :
Porém eu co’os pilotos na arenosa
Praia ; por vermos, em que parte estou,
Me detenho em tomar do sol a altura,
E compassar a universal pintura.

XXVII.

‘Achâmos ter de todo já passado
Do Semicapro peixe a grande meta,
Estando entre elle, e o circulo gelado
Austral, parte do mundo mais secreta.
Eis de meus companheiros rodeado,
Vejo hum estranho vir de pelle preta,
Que tomaram por força, em quanto apanha
De mel os doces favos na montanha.

XXIV.

‘ But now, the orb which in first heaven doth own
Her seat, five times her rapid course had sped,
Now in the half and now in full moon shown,
While o’er the sea the fleet had travellèd ;
When, watching in the airy top alone,
A keen-eyed sailor shouts, “ Land, Land ahead ! ”
Forth on the deck o’erjoyed the whole crew leap,
And their fixed gaze on the East horizon keep.⁵

XXV.

‘ The mountains that we saw at first appeared,
In the far view, like clouds and nothing more ;
The heavy anchors presently are cleared,
The sails are lowered, just as we come to shore ;
And to make certain whither we had steered
In these far parts unknown to us before,
With Astrolabe, a novel instrument,
Which one of skill and learning did invent,

XXVI.

‘ We disembarked upon a space of land
O’er which our people, curious, quickly spread,
All novelties to see and understand
Of country, which we were the first to tread :
But I, with all the pilots on the sand,
To know exactly where we had been led,
Continue, the sun’s altitude to scan,
And work and compass out a general plan.

XXVII.

‘ We found that we had crossed, since many a day,
The mighty bound of Capricornus’ sign,
And ’twixt him and the cold south circle lay,
Which doth the world’s most secret zone define.
Surrounded by my comrades in the bay,
A black-skinned stranger comes along the line,
Taken by force, whom hunting they espied
Sweet honeycomb, along the mountain side.

XXVIII.

‘Torvado vem na vista, como aquelle,
Que não se vira nunca em tal extremo,
Nem elle entende a nós, nem nós a elle,
Selvagem mais, que o bruto Polyphemo :
Começo-lhe a mostrar da rica pelle
De Colchos o gentil metal supremo,
A prata fina, a quente especiaria :
A nada disto o bruto se movia.

XXIX.

‘Mando mostrar-lhe peças mais somenos,
Contas de crystallino transparente,
Alguns soantes cascaveis pequenos,
Hum barrete vermelho, côr contente.
Vi logo por signaes e por acenos,
Que com isto se alegra grandemente :
Mando-o soltar com tudo, e assi caminha
Para a povoação, que perto tinha.

XXX.

‘Mas logo ao outro dia seus parceiros,
Todos nus, e da côr da escura treva,
Descendo pelos asperos outeiros,
As peças vem buscar, que est’ outro leva :
Domesticos já tanto, e companheiros
Se nos mostram, que fazem, que se atreva
Fernão Velloso a ir ver da terra o trato,
E partir-se com elles pelo mato.

XXXI.

‘He Velloso no braço confiado,
E de arrogante crê, que vai seguro ;
Mas, sendo hum grande espaço já passado,
Em que algum bom signal saber procuro,
Estando, a vista alçada, co’o cuidado
No aventureiro, eis pelo monte duro
Apparece : e, segundo ao mar caminha,
Mais apressado, do que fôra, vinha.

XXVIII.

‘Troubled in look he comes, as in the mood
Of one who ne’er had suffered such extreme ;
Nor we, nor he, the other understood,
He savage as the brutal Polypheme :
Of the rich fleece of Colchis, first, I show’d
The golden metal, beauteous and supreme ;
Then shining silver and warm spices rare,
But nought for all the savage seemed to care.

XXIX.

‘I order things less precious to be shown,
Such as transparent beads of crystal bright ;
Some little bells that had a pleasing tone,
A scarlet cap ; a tint that takes the sight.
Then by his nods and signs it soon is known
That with all these immense is his delight :
I bid them let him free, with all he chose,
And to his people, who were near, he goes.

XXX.

‘But soon, next day, his comrades, just the same,
All naked and with skins of darkest kind,
Descending by the rugged mountains came,
Such trifles as the other took to find ;
And all so pleasant they appeared and tame,
Fernão Velloso e’en made up his mind
The customs of the land he’d like to learn,
And through the woods to go, on their return.

XXXI.

‘Velloso, boastful that his strength is vast,
Thinks that he goes securely, in his pride ;
But now, a longish period having past
While I am seeking what may well betide,
With aspect raised and my attention fast
On the adventurer ; by the mountain side
I see him ; towards the shore with footsteps bent,
And coming much more quickly than he went.

XXXII.

‘O batel de Coelho foi depressa
Pelo tomar ; mas, antes que chegasse,
Hum Ethiope ousado se arremessa
A elle ; porque não se lhe escapasse :
Outro e outro lhe sahem, vê-se em pressa
Velloso, sem que alguém lhe alli ajudasse :
Acudo eu logo ; e, em quanto o remo aperto,
Se mostra hum bando negro descoberto.

XXXIII.

‘Da espessa nuvem settas, e pedradas
Chovem sobre nós outros sem medida,
E não foram ao vento em vão deitadas ;
Que esta perna trouxe eu dalli ferida :
Mas nós, como pessoas magoadas,
A resposta lhe demos tão tecida,
Que, em mais que nos barretes, se suspeita,
Que a côr vermelha levam desta feita.

XXXIV.

‘E, sendo já Velloso em salvamento,
Logo nos recolhemos para a armada,
Vendo a malicia fêa, e rudo intento
Da gente bestial, bruta, e malvada,
De quem nenhum melhor conhecimento
Pudémos ter da India desejada,
Que estarmos inda muito longe della :
E assi tornei a dar ao vento a vela.

XXXV.

‘Disse então a Velloso hum companheiro
(Começando-se todos a sorrir),
“Oulá, Velloso amigo, aquelle outeiro
He melhor de descer, que de subir.”
“Si he,” responde o ousado aventureiro :
“Mas, quando eu para cá vi tantos vir
Daquelles cães, depressa hum pouco vim ;
Por me lembrar, que estaveis cá sem mim.”

XXXII.

‘ Off Co’elho’s little boat in hurry goes
To take him, but, before he can arrive,
A daring Ethiopian on him throws
His body, lest he should escape alive ;
Two follow on ; distress Velloso shows,
And vainly to afford him help we strive ;
Quick I lend aid : and, while I ply the oar,
A negro band appears upon the shore.

XXXIII.

‘ From this thick cloud both stones and arrows rain,
And in our midst beyond all measure play,
Nor were they thrown upon the wind in vain,
For thence this leg I wounded brought away :
But we, like men with reason to complain,
Such a thick-woven answer did repay,
That I suspect, this time, in rather more
Than in their caps, the scarlet tint they bore.

XXXIV.

‘ And now, Velloso being rescued thence,
We all withdrew forthwith unto the fleet,
Seeing the malice and the rude offence
Of this brute race, their evil and deceit ;
Of whom with no more clear intelligence
Of India, we so longed for, could we meet,
Than that it still lay far upon the main ;
And so I hoisted sail to wind again.

XXXV.

‘ Then to Velloso a smart comrade cried
(And all began to smile and to attend),
“ Heyday ! Velloso, man, that mountain side
Is better to come down than to ascend ! ”
“ It is,” the bold adventurer replied ;
“ But when I saw so many dogs on end
Come running down, I came a little fast,
Thinking that you might want me at a cast.”

XXXVI.

‘Contou então que, tanto que passaram
Aquelle monte os negros, de quem fallo,
Avante mais passar o não deixaram,
Querendo, se não torna, alli matal-o :
E tornando-se, logo se emboscaram ;
Porque, sahindo nós para tomal-o,
Nos podessem mandar ao reino escuro,
Por nos roubarem mais a seu seguro.

XXXVII.

‘Porêm já cinco soes eram passados,
Que dalli nos partiramos, cortando
Os mares nunca d’outrem navegados,
Prosperamente os ventos assoprando :
Quando huma noite estando descuidados
Na cortadora proa vigiando,
Huma nuvem, que os ares escurece,
Sobre nossas cabeças apparece.

XXXVIII.

‘Tão temerosa vinha, e carregada,
Que pôz nos corações hum grande medo :
Bramindo o negro mar de longe brada,
Como se dêsse em vão n’algum rochedo.
“ O Potestade,” disse, “sublimada !
Que ameaço divino, ou que segredo
Este clima, e este mar nos apresenta,
Que mór cousa parece, que tormenta ?”

XXXIX.

‘Não acabava, quando huma figura
Se nos mostra no ar, robusta e válida,
De disforme e grandissima estatura,
O rosto carregado, a barba esqualida,
Os olhos encovados, e a postura
Medonha e má, e a côr terrena e pallida,
Cheios de terra, e crespos os cabellos,
A bôca negra, os dentes amarellos.

XXXVI.

'He then related that when they had o'er
That mountain gone, the negroes, as I say,
Forbid him to move forward one step more,
Ready, unless he turned, him there to slay.
And turning, they in ambush went before,
In order, when we sought for him, that they
Might seize and send us to the realms obscure,
And more at leisure of their prey make sure.

XXXVII.

'But now we had five suns pass over seen,
Since thence we had departed, cutting through
Seas, which by none had navigated been,
And still the winds all prosperously blew ;
When lo ! one night, standing in thought serene,
Watching upon the sharp prow as she flew,
A frowning cloud which darkened all the air,
Appeared above our heads, and hovered there.

XXXVIII.

'So terrible it came, and charged so sore,
That all our hearts with fear it did constrain ;
The sea was roaring, and afar did roar,
As if it beat against some rock in vain :
"O Power sublime !" I cried, "whom I adore,
What threat divine is this, what secret pain
Does now this clime, this sea, to us present,
What mighty fact appeareth to torment ?"

XXXIX.

'It moved not ; when a figure to appal,
Robust and vigorous, in the air appeared ;
Enormous, and of stature very tall,
The visage frowning, and with squalid beard ;
The eyes were hollow, and the gesture all
Threatening and bad ; the colour pale and seared ;
And full of earth and grizzly was the hair ;
The mouth was black, the teeth all yellow were.

XL.

‘Tão grande era de membros, que bem posso
Certificar-te, que este era o segundo
De Rhodes estranhissimo colosso,
Que hum dos sete milagres foi do mundo :
C’hum tom de voz nos falla horrendo e grosso,
Que pareceo sahir do mar profundo :
Arrepiam-se as carnes e o cabelo
A mi, e a todos, só de ouvil-o e vel-o.

XLI.

‘E disse : “O gente ousada mais, que quantas
No mundo commetteram grandes cousas,
Tu, que por guerras cruas, taes e tantas,
E por trabalhos vãos nunca repousas :
Pois os vedados terminos quebrantas,
E navegar meus longos mares ousas,
Que eu tanto tempo ha já que guardo, e tenho,
Nunca arados d’estranho, ou proprio lenho :

XLII.

“Pois vens ver os segredos escondidos
Da natureza, e do humido elemento,
A nenhum grande humano concedidos
De nobre ou de immortal merecimento ;
Ouve os damnos de mi, que apercebidos
Estão a teu sobejo atrevimento
Por todo o largo mar, e pela terra,
Que inda has de subjugar com dura guerra.

XLIII.

“Sabe, que, quantas náos esta viagem,
Que tu fazes, fizerem de atrevidas,
Inimiga terão esta paragem,
Com ventos, e tormentas desmedidas :
E da primeira armada, que passagem
Fizer por estas ondas insoffridas,
Eu farei d’improviso tal castigo,
Que seja mór o damno, que o perigo.

XL.

'So vast he was of limb, that well I can
Assure thee he was second of the size
Of Rhodes' most marvellous colossal man,
Who of the world's seven wonders one supplies :
With voice deep-toned and horrid, he began,
Which seemed from Ocean's very depth to rise ;
It made flesh creep, hair stand on end, in me
And all, if but to hear him and to see !

XLI.

"O race !" he said, "of will more desperate
Than all who've dared great things on earth, like these,
Who from harsh wars, so many and so great,
And from your labours vain ne'er rest at ease ;
Since these forbidden terms ye violate,
And dare to traverse my unbounded seas,
Which I, so long, still guard and hold alone,
Ne'er ploughed by others' vessel or my own ;

XLII.

"Since ye are come the depths to penetrate
Of secret nature, and the liquid main,
Conceded ne'er to man however great,
Who could immortal noble merit gain :
Now, hear me all the future ills relate
Which thy surpassing boldness shall sustain,
O'er all the vasty deep, and on the land,
Which yet ye shall subdue with war and brand.

XLIII.

"Know that all ships that henceforth shall intrude,
Daring to make the voyage that now ye dare,
Shall malice find within this latitude,
With winds and monstrous storms too hard to bear ;
And the first fleet that through these waters rude
And restless, shall presume its course to steer,
Straight will I strike with chastisement so great,
The suffering shall surpass the apparent threat.

XLIV.

“Aqui espero tomar, se não me engano,
De quem me descobrio, summa vingança :
E não se acabará só nisto o dano
De vossa pertinace confiança ;
Antes em vossas náos vereis cada anno
(Se he verdade o, que meu juizo alcança)
Naufragios, perdições de toda sorte,
Que o menor mal de todos seja a morte.

XLV.

“E do primeiro illustre, que a ventura
Com fama alta fizer tocar os céos,
Serei eterna, e nova sepultura,
Por juizos incognitos de Deos :
Aqui porá da Turca armada dura
Os soberbos e prosperos tropheos,
Comigo de seus damnos o ameaça
A destruida Quíloa com Mombaça.

XLVI.

“Outro tambem virá de honrada fama,
Liberal, cavalleiro, e namorado,
E comsigo trará a formosa dama,
Que Amor por grão mercê lhe terá dado :
Triste ventura, e negro fado os chama
Neste terreno meu, que duro e irado
Os deixará d'hum cru naufragio vivos,
Para verem trabalhos excessivos.

XLVII.

“Verão morrer com fome os filhos charos,
Em tanto amor gerados e nascidos :
Verão os Cafres asperos e avaros
Tirar á linda dama seus vestidos :
Os crystallinos membros, e preclaros
Á calma, ao frio, ao ar verão despídos,
Despois de ter pizada longamente
Co'os delicados pés a arêa ardente.

XLIV.

“ And here I hope to take, if not misled,
'Gainst him deep vengeance who discovered me,⁶
Nor shall the mischief thus be limited,
Of your persistence and temerity ;
But on your ships, each year, ye shall instead
(If in my judgment's dictates truth there be)
See loss and shipwrecks of such kind befall,
That death shall be the lightest ill of all.

XLV.

“ And of the first renowned, whom fortune free
With lofty fame unto the skies shall raise,
The new and the eternal tomb I'll be,
According unto God's mysterious ways ;
Here of his naval Turkish victory
He shall lay down the proud and prosperous bays ;
Quiloa and Mombaça, both o'erthrown,
Threaten, with me, their loss he shall atone.⁷

XLVI.

“ Another, too, shall come, of honoured fame,⁸
Liberal and generous, and with heart enchained,
And with him he shall bring a lovely dame,
Whom through love's favouring grace he shall have gained :
Sad fate, dark fortune, nought can e'er reclaim,
Call them to this my realm, where rage unreined
Shall leave them, after cruel wreck, alive,
With labours insupportable to strive.

XLVII.

“ Their children shall die starving in their sight,
Who were in such affection bred and born ;
They shall behold by Caffres' grasping might
Her clothing from the lovely lady torn ;
Shall see her form, so beautiful and white,
To heat, cold, wind, exposed, and all forlorn,
When she has trod, o'er leagues and leagues of land,
With tender feet upon the burning sand.

XLVIII.

“ E verão mais os olhos, que escaparem
De tanto mal, de tanta desventura,
Os dous amantes miseros ficarem
Na fervida e implacabil espessura :
Alli, depois que as pedras abrandarem
Com lagrimas de dôr, de magoa pura,
Abraçados as almas soltarão
Da formosa e miserrima prisão.”

XLIX.

‘ Mais hia por diante o monstro horrendo
Dizendo nossos fados, quando alçado
Lhe disse eu : “ Quem es tu ? que esse estupendo
Corpo certo me tem maravilhado.”
A bôca, e os olhos negros retorcendo,
E dando hum espantoso e grande brado,
Me respondeo com voz pezada e amara,
Como quem da pergunta lhe pezara :

L.

“ Eu sou aquelle occulto, e grande Cabo,
A quem chamaes vós outros Tormentorio,
Que nunca a Ptolomeo, Pomponio, Estrabo,
Plinio, e quantos passaram, fui notorio :
Aqui toda a Africana costa acabo
Neste meu nunca visto promontorio,
Que para o polo Antartico se estende,
A quem vossa ousadia tanto offende.

LI.

“ Fui dos filhos asperros da terra,
Qual Encélado, Egeo, e o Centimano :
Chamei-me Adamastor, e fui na guerra
Contra o, que vibra os raios de Vulcano :
Não que puzesse serra sobre serra ;
Mas, conquistando as ondas do Oceano,
Fui capitão do mar, por onde andava
A armada de Neptuno, que eu buscava.

XLVIII.

“ And more those eyes shall witness, which survive,
Of so much evil and so much mischance :
Shall see the two sad lovers, just alive,
Into the dense unyielding woods advance ;
There, where the hearts of very stones they rive
With tears of grief and anguished suferance,
In fond embrace their souls they shall set free
From the fair prison of such misery.”

XLIX.

‘ The horrid monster yet more ill implies,
Telling our fates, when rising up I say,
“ Who art thou ? for, most certainly, surprise
Fills me when I that body huge survey ! ”
Twisting his mouth and rolling his black eyes,
And shouting forth in manner to dismay,
He answered me with heavy bitter voice,
As one who heard a question ’gainst his choice :

L.

“ I am that mighty Cape, occult and grand,
Who by you all “ The Stormy ” named has been ;
No learned ancients ever found my land,
Nor any others that have passed, I ween ;
The Southern point of Afric’s coast I stand,
On this my promontory never seen ;
Which towards the Antarctic Pole itself extends,
Whom your presumption now so much offends.

LI.

“ Midst earth’s most daring sons I was of those,
Whom as Enceladus and such we know ;
My name was Adamastor, and I rose
’Gainst him who doth the bolts of Vulcan throw ;
Not that I did by mount on mount oppose,
But did the waves of Ocean conquering go ;
Was captain of the sea, o’er which there flew
The fleet of Neptune, which I did pursue.

LII.

“ Amores da alta esposa de Peleo
Me fizeram tomar tamanha empreza,
Todas as deosas desprezei do céo,
Só por amar das aguas a princeza :
Hum dia a vi co'as filhas de Nereo
Sahir nua na praia ; e logo preza
A vontade senti de tal maneira,
Que inda não sinto cousa, que mais queira.

LIII.

“ Como fosse impossibil alcançal-a
Pela grandeza fêa de meu gesto,
Determinei por armas de tomal-a,
E a Doris este caso manifesto :
De medo a deosa então por mi lhe falla ;
Mas elle c'hum formoso riso honesto
Respondeo : “ Qual será o amor bastante
De nymphã, que sustente o d'hum gigante ?

LIV.

“ Com tudo, por livrarmos o Oceano
De tanta guerra, eu buscarei maneira,
Com que com minha honra escuse o dano : ”
Tal resposta me torna a mensageira.
Eu que cahir não pude neste engano,
(Que he grande dos amantes a cegueira)
Encheram-me com grandes abundanças
O peito de desejos, e esperanças.

LV.

“ Já nescio, já da guerra desistindo,
Huma noite de Doris promettida
Me apparece de longe o gesto lindo
Da branca Thetis unica despida :
Como doudo corri de longe, abrindo
Os braços para aquella, que era vida
Deste corpo ; e começo os olhos bellos
A lhe beijar, as faces, e os cabellos.

LII.

“ ‘Twas love for Peleus’ lofty spouse that wrought,
And led me such an enterprise to brave ;
For all heav’ns Goddesses to me were nought,
I only loved the Princess of the wave ;
One day, with Nereids, sight of her I caught,
Bathing on shore ; no power my sense could save,
I felt by love o’ercome in such a way,
That nought I know I long for more to-day.

LIII.

“ ‘But as I saw her lovely hand to gain
By my gross form impossible it were,
I vowed I would by arms my hope obtain,
And this intent to Doris I declare ;
The Goddess, then, to speak for me was fain,
From fear ; but she, with honest laughter fair,
Replied : ‘What love of nymph could e’er suffice
To cope with that of giant of this size ?

LIV.

“ ‘However, that the Ocean we may free
From such a war, I will seek measures straight
Whereby with honour I may scatheless be :’
Such answer comes the messenger to state—
And I, who nought of this deceit could see
(For great of lovers is the blindness, great !)
Lo ! with high happy thoughts I am possessed,
And hopes and raptures fill my longing breast.

LV.

“ ‘Already fooled, already war denied,
At last one night, by Doris promised, shone,
When from afar the beauteous form I spied
Of Thetis white, unrobed, and all alone ;
Like mad I ran along, and opened wide
These arms for her who was this body’s one
And only life, and her sweet eyes and hair
And cheeks I load with kisses everywhere.

LVI.

“ Oh que não sei de nojo como o conte !
Que, crendo ter nos braços quem amava,
Abraçado me achei c'hum duro monte
De aspero mato, e de espessura brava :
Estando c'hum penedo fronte a fronte,
Que eu pelo rosto angelico apertava,
Não fiquei homem não, mas mudo e quedo,
E junto d'hum penedo outro penedo.

LVII.

“ Ó nympha a mais formosa do Oceano,
Já que minha presença não te agrada,
Que te custava ter-me neste engano,
Ou fosse monte, nuvem, sonho, ou nada ?
Daqui me parto irado, e quasi insano
Da magoa, e da deshonra alli passada,
A buscar outro mundo, onde não visse,
Quem de meu pranto e de meu mal se risse.

LVIII.

“ Eram já neste tempo meus irmãos
Vencidos, e em miseria extrema postos ;
E, por mais segurar-se os deoses vãos,
Alguns a varios montes sotopostos :
E como contra o céo não valem mãos,
Eu, que chorando andava meus desgostos,
Comecei a sentir do fado imigo
Por meus atrevimentos o castigo.

LIX.

“ Converte-se-me a carne em terra dura,
Em penedos os ossos se fizeram,
Estes membros, que vês, e esta figura
Por estas longas aguas se estenderam :
Em fim, minha grandissima estatura
Neste remoto cabo converteram
Os deoses : e, por mais dobradas magoas,
Me anda Thetis cercando destas agoas.”

LVI.

“ Oh, from disgust scarce more can I recount !
But, thinking that my loved one I embraced,
I found within my arms a rugged mount,
With harshest wood and thorny thickets faced ;
Standing before a rock, e'en front to front,
Clasped for her form angelic in my haste,
I was not man ; but deaf and dumb by shock,
And fixed against one rock another rock !

LVII.

“ O nymph ! of all of Ocean the most fair,
Although my presence did not thee delight,
What had it cost thee my mistake to spare,
Were't mountain, cloud, or dream, or nought outright ?
Half mad with shame for what had happened there
Thence I go forth enraged, escaping sight,
To seek some world, with no one at my side,
My mourning and my suffering to deride.

LVIII.

“ 'Twas at this time my brothers were o'erthrown,
And into misery extremest passed ;
And the proud Gods, to keep more sure their own,
Did some 'neath various lofty mountains cast ;
And, as 'gainst Heaven hands ne'er to gain were known,
I, who for my disgusts went weeping fast,
Began to feel an enemy in fate,
Who my audacity would castigate.

LIX.

“ Into hard earth my flesh converted lies,
My bones are turned to rocks all rough and strange,
These members and this form ye see, likewise,
Extended through these spreading waters range ;
In fine, my stature of enormous size
Into this Cape remote the Gods did change ;
And, for redoubled anguish of my woes,
Thetis around me in these waters flows.”

LXIV.

‘ Estes, como na vista prazenteiros
Fossem, humanamente nos trataram,
Trazendo-nos gallinhas, e carneiros
A troco d’outras peças, que levaram :
Mas como nunca em fim meus companheiros
Palavra sua alguma lhe alcançaram,
Que dêsse algum signal do, que buscamos,
As velas dando, as ancoras levamos.

LXV.

‘ Já aqui tínhamos dado hum grão rodeio
A costa negra de Africa, e tornava
A prôa a demandar o ardente meio
Do céo, e o polo Antartico ficava :
Aquelle ilheo deixámos, onde veio
Outra armada primeira, que buscava
O Tormentorio cabo ; e, descoberto,
Naquelle ilheo fez seu limite certo.

LXVI.

‘ Daqui fomos cortando muitos dias
Entre tormentas triste e bonanças,
No largo mar fazendo novas vias,
Só conduzidos de arduas esperanças :
Co’o mar hum tempo andámos em porfias ;
Que, como tudo nelle são mudanças,
Corrente nelle achámos tão possante,
Que passar não deixava por diante.

LXVII.

‘ Era maior a força em demasia,
Segundo para traz nos obrigava,
Do mar, que contra nós alli corria,
Que por nós a do vento, que assoprava :
Injuriado Noto da porfia
Em que co’o mar (parece) tanto estava,
Os assopros esforça iradamente,
Com que nos fêz vencer a grão corrente.

LXIV.

‘These people, as their life they cheerful spend,
Much kindness in their treatment of us showed,
Bringing us sheep and poultry without end,
For which, in turn, we other things bestowed ;
But as my people could not comprehend
One word they said, or find out any mode
Of getting signs of what we sought conveyed,
We hoisted sail again, and anchor weighed.

LXV.

‘On Africa’s dark coast we now had given
A turn extensive ; and at length inclined
Our prow to seek the hot mid-line of heaven,
And the Antarctic Pole we left behind ;
We left that islet, also, where was driven
That other fleet, the first that sought to find
The Cape of Storms, the which when they had found
That islet was their voyage’s utmost bound.¹⁰

LXVI.

‘Thus we set forth, cutting for several days
Through calms and dreary tempests on the main,
O’er the vast ocean finding out new ways,
While arduous hopes, alone, our hearts sustain ;
One time, we struggled with opposing seas,
The whole whereof is change and change again,
And such contending currents there we met,
That ’twas not possible our course to set.

LXVII.

‘Upon the sea, which ran against us there,
Seeing our forward course it backward drew,
The currents in their force far stronger were
Than was the wind which in our favour blew ;
But Notus angry, as it would appear,
That Ocean in his way such hindrance threw,
Strengthened his blasts to such a vast degree,
He made us overcome the opposing sea.

LXVIII.

‘Trazia o Sol o dia celebrado,
Em que tres Reis das partes do Oriente
Foram buscar hum Rei de pouco nado,
No qual Rei outros tres ha juntamente :
Neste dia outro porto foi toma-lo
Por nós da mesma já contada gente
N’hum largo rio, ao qual o nome demos
Do dia, em que por elle nos mettemos.

LXIX.

‘Desta gente refresco algum tomámos,
E do rio fresca agua : mas com tudo
Nenhum signal aqui da India achámos
No povo, com nós outros quasi mudo.
Ora vê, Rei, quamanha terra andámos,
Sem sahir nunca deste povo rudo,
Sem vermos nunca nova, nem signal
Da desejada parte Oriental.

LXX.

‘Ora imagina agora, quão coitados
Andariamos todos, quão perdidos,
De fomes, de tormentas quebrantados,
Por climas, e por mares não sabidos :
E do esperar comprido tão cansados,
Quanto a desesperar já compellidos,
Por céos não naturaes, de qualidade
Inimiga de nossa humanidade.

LXXI.

‘Corrupto já e damnado o mantimento,
Damnoso e máo ao fraco corpo humano,
E alem disso nenhum contentamento,
Que se quer da esperança fosse engano :
Crês, tu, que se este nosso ajuntamento
De soldados não fôra Lusitano,
Que durára elle tanto obediente
Por ventura a seu Rei, e a seu regente ?

LXVIII.

'The sun brought back the celebrated day,
Whereon three Kings left Eastern parts, to find
A new-born King who in his cradle lay,
Which King Three Others in Himself combined ;
This morn, we took for anchorage a bay
Of the same race whom last we left behind,
In a large river which we gave a name,
Calling the river and the day the same.¹¹

LXIX.

'Refreshment from these people we obtain,
And from the stream, fresh water ; but withal
No signals here of India can we gain,
These, like the others, were but mute to call.
Behold, then, King, how many a land in vain
We've passed, with nought but stolid people all :
Without or news, or signal to be found
Of the so longed-for Oriental ground.

LXX.

'Oh, now imagine ! in what piteous form
We must be striving and how near o'erthrown ;
All broken down with hunger and with storm,
Through climates and through seas all, all, unknown :
With hope deferred so wearied, that the worm
Of forced despair into our souls had grown,
Through skies unnatural and of a kind
Whereby our lives might all be undermined.

LXXI.

'Already damaged and decayed our store,
Hurtful, nor for weak human body meet,
Beyond all this, contentment known no more,
E'en were it only of kind hope's deceit ;
Think'st thou if this, the numerous crew we bore
Of heroes, had not been a Lusian fleet,
It had, perchance, obedience and belief
Maintained, or towards its King, or towards its chief?

LXXII.

‘ Crês, tu, que já não foram levantados
Contra seu capitão, se os resistira,
Fazendo-se piratas, obrigados
De desesperação, de fome, de ira ?
Grandemente por certo estão provados ;
Pois que nenhum trabalho grande os tira
Daquella Portugueza alta excellencia
De lealdade firme, e obediencia.

LXXIII.

‘ Deixando o porto em fim do doce rio,
E tornando a cortar a agua salgada,
Fizemos desta costa algum desvio,
Deitando para o pégo toda a armada :
Porque, ventando Noto manso e frio,
Não nos apanhasse a agua da enseada,
Que a costa faz alli daquella banda,
Donde a rica Sofala o ouro manda.

LXXIV.

‘ Esta passada, logo, o leve leme
Encommendado ao sacro Nicolao,
Para onde o mar na costa brada, e geme,
A prôa inclina d’huma, e d’outra náó :
Quando indo o coração, que espera, e teme,
E que tanto fiou d’hum fraco pao,
Do que esperava já desesperado,
Foi d’huma novidade alvoroçado.

LXXV.

‘ E foi, que, estando já da costa perto,
Onde as praias, e valles bem se viam,
N’hum rio, que alli sahe ao mar aberto,
Bateis á vela entravam, e saham.
Alegria mui grande foi por certo
Achamos já pessoas, que sabiam
Navegar ; porque entr’ellas esperámos
De achar novas algumas, como achámos.

LXXII.

‘Think’st thou they had not been already moved
Mutiny ’gainst their chief’s commands to wage,
And, turning pirates, o’er the sea had roved,
Driven by despair, by hunger and by rage?
In truth they were most deeply tried and proved,
But nought of toil their hearts could disengage
From that same Portuguese high excellence
Of loyalty and firm obedience.

LXXIII.

‘Leaving, in fine, the stream’s fresh water strand,
And turning to cut through salt ocean’s spray,
We made some deviation from the land,
Putting the whole fleet out to sea away;
So that, the South wind blowing cool and bland,
We might not catch the current of the bay,
Which on that side is formed upon the shore,
Whence rich Sofala sends her golden store.

LXXIV.

‘This being passed, soon the light rudder steers
(Devoted to St. Nicholas) towards the shore,
And thus the prow of every vessel veers
To where the ocean breakers moan and roar;
When the worn heart, which ever hopes and fears,
And by a fragile vessel laid such store,
For what it hoped now being in despair,
Was overjoyed with novelty most rare.

LXXV.

‘And so it was, that as the coast we neared,
Where shores and vallies spread before the view,
Upon an open river’s mouth appeared,
Coming and going, vessels not a few;
And very much, most surely, were we cheered
In finding some who navigation knew,
Because we felt that with them we had ground
For finding tidings, as indeed we found.

LXXVI.

‘ Ethiopes são todos, mas parece,
Que com gente melhor communicavam :
Palavra alguma Arabia se conhece
Entre a linguagem sua, que fallavam :
E com panno delgado, que se tece
De algodão, as cabeças apertavam,
Com outro, que de tinta azul se tinge,
Cada hum as vergonhosas partes cinge.

LXXVII.

‘ Pela Arabica lingua, que mal fallam,
E que Fernão Martins mui bem entende,
Dizem, que por náos, que em grandeza igualam
As nossas, o seu mar se corta e fende :
Mas que lá, donde sahe o Sol, se abalam
Para onde a costa ao Sul se alarga, e estende,
E do Sul para o Sol ; terra, onde havia
Gente, assi como nós, da côr do dia.

LXXVIII.

‘ Mui grandemente aqui nos alegrámos
Co’a gente, e com as novas muito mais :
Pelos signaes, que neste rio achámos,
O nome lhe ficou dos Bons-Signais :
Hum padrão nesta terra alevantámos :
Que para assignalar lugares tais
Trazia alguns, o nome tem do bello
Guiador de Tobias a Gabelo.

LXXIX.

‘ Aqui de limos, cascas, e d’ostrinhos,
Nojosa criação das aguas fundas,
Alimpámos as náos, que dos caminhos
Longos do mar vem sordidas e immundas.
Dos hospedes, que tinhamos visinhos,
Com mostras apraziveis e jucundas
Houvemos sempre o usado mantimento,
Limpos de todo o falso pensamento.

LXXVI.

‘ They all are Ethiops, but it would appear
They hold relations with a better race ;
Some few Arabian words we also hear
Mixed with the current language of the place ;
And tightly bound about their heads they wear
A woven cotton cloth of certain grace ;
Another, which with tint of blue is dyed,
About their loins with modesty is tied.

LXXVII.

‘ In Arabic, by them but little known,
And which Fernando Martins comprehends, ·
They say that vessels equal to our own
Are seen to plough and cross their ocean’s ends ;
But that from Eastward they come sailing down
To where the southern coast spreads and extends,
And from the South to East ; land where, they say,
Are men like us, of colour of the day.

LXXVIII.

‘ And very greatly did our joy abound
With the good people, and the news much more ;
And, for the tidings in this river found,
The title of “ Good Signs ” from us it bore ;
We raised forthwith a pillar on the ground,
Which for such purposes we had in store ;
Of the angelic Guide it bears the name,
Through whom to Gabael Tobias came.

LXXIX.

‘ Of limpets and of weeds and shell-fish here,
Which of deep waters is the offensive stain,
We cleaned our ships, which foul and clogged appear,
From their extended voyages o’er the main.
By the kind hosts who were our neighbours near,
Always of joyful and agreeable vein,
Supplies, as usual, constantly were brought,
Free from all kind of false and treacherous thought.

LXXX.

‘ Mas não foi da esperança grande e immensa,
Que nesta terra houvémos, limpa e pura
A alegria ; mas logo a recompensa
A Rhamnusia com nova desventura.
Assi no Céu sereno se dispensa :
Com esta condição pezada e dura
Nascemos : o pezar terá firmeza,
Mas o bem logo muda a natureza.

LXXXI.

‘ E foi, que de doença crua e feia
A mais, que eu nunca vi, desampararam
Muitos a vida, e em terra estranha e alheia
Os ossos para sempre sepultaram.
Quem haverá que, sem o ver, o creia ?
Que tão disformemente alli lhe incharam
As gengivas na boca, que crescia
A carne, e juntamente apodrecia :

LXXXII.

‘ Apodrecia, c’hum fetido e bruto
Cheiro, que o ar visinho inficionava :
Não tínhamos alli medico astuto,
Cirurgião subtil menos se achava ;
Mas qualquer neste officio pouco instructo
Pela carne já podre assi cortava,
Como se fôra morta, e bem convinha ;
Pois que morto ficava quem a tinha.

LXXXIII.

‘ Em fim que nesta incognita espessura
Deixámos para sempre os companheiros,
Que em tal caminho, e em tanta desventura
Foram sempre comnosco aventureiros.
Quão facil he ao corpo a sepultura !
Quaesquer ondas do mar, quaesquer outeiros
Estranhos, assi mesmo como aos nossos,
Receberão de todo o illustre os ossos.

LXXX.

' But not sustained or perfect was the joy,
Which from our great aspiring hope arose,
Within this land ; for soon, as an alloy,
Did Nemesis a new distress oppose.
'Tis thus calm Heaven doth aye its powers employ ;
Our birth this grievous hard condition knows—
That sorrow long and steadfast doth endure,
While, in its nature, good is never sure.

LXXXI.

' 'Twas that, by cruel foul disease o'erthrown,
Worse than I e'er beheld, many were they
Who life resigned, and in a land unknown
And foreign did their bones for ever lay.
Who could believe unless it had been shown ?
For such inflation did the gums display,
That e'en within their mouth the flesh would swell,
Till all to merely putrefaction fell.

LXXXII.

' It rotted, tainting all the neighbouring air,
Spreading a putrid exhalation round ;
No competent physician had we there,
Far less an able surgeon could be found.
But some, who only half proficient were,
Cut off the flesh which had become unsound,
As if 'twere dead ; and well indeed 'twas tried,
For he who kept it there most surely died.

LXXXIII.

' Thus to companions whom we could not save
'Midst all these dark events we bade farewell,
Who had been always with us true and brave,
Through such a course, such dangers that befell.
How easy for the body is a grave !
Or any seas, or any foreign hill
For every noble and illustrious bone
Will yield a resting-place, as for our own !

LXXXIV.

‘ Assi que, deste porto nos partimos
Com maior esperança, e mór tristeza,
E pela costa abaixo o mar abrimos,
Buscando algum signal de mais firmeza :
Na dura Moçambique em fim surgimos,
De cuja falsidade, e má vileza
Já serás sabedor, e dos enganos
Dos povos de Mombaça pouco humanos.

LXXXV.

‘ Até que aqui no teu seguro porto,
Cuja brandura, e doce tratamento
Dará saude a hum vivo, e vida a hum morto,
Nos trouxe a piedade do alto assento :
Aqui repouso, aqui doce conforto,
Nova quietação do pensamento
Nos déste : e vês-aqui, se attento ouviste,
Te contei tudo, quanto me pediste.

LXXXVI.

‘ Julgas agora, Rei, que houve no mundo
Gentes, que taes caminhos commettessem ?
Crês, tu, que tanto Eneas, e o facundo
Ulysses pelo mundo se estendessem ?
Ousou algum a ver do mar profundo,
Por mais versos que delle se escrevessem,
Do que eu vi a poder d’efforço e de arte,
E do que inda hei de ver, a oitava parte ?

LXXXVII.

‘ Esse, que bebo tanto da agua Aonia,
Sobre quem tem contenda peregrina
Entre si Rhodes, Smyrna, e Colophonia,
Athenas, Ios, Argo, e Salamina :
Ess’outro, que esclarece toda Ausonia,
A cuja voz altisona e divina,
Ouvindo, o patrio Mincio se adormece,
Mas o Tybre co’o som se ensoberbece :

LXXXIV.

‘Thus from this port we set forth on our way
With greater hope, but filled with deep distress,
And by the coast below put out to sea,
Seeking some sign of more assuredness.
In savage Moçambique at last we lay,
Of whose vile infamy, nor treachery less,
Thou know’st already, and of the deceit
Mombaça, barbarous, practised on the fleet.

LXXXV.

‘Till here thy port, secure from every dread,
Whose gentle and kind treatment would bestow
Health on the living, life upon the dead,
The mercy of th’ exalted Throne did show :
Here calm, and here sweet comfort hast thou shed,
And taught the heart new quietude to know :
And see’st, if thou attentively hast heard,
All thou hast asked I’ve told thee, every word.

LXXXVI.

‘Think’st thou, O King, that in the world there be
People who would such courses have essayed?
That thus Æneas and Ulysses, he
The eloquent, would o’er the world have strayed?
Dared any one of Ocean’s depths to see
(Whate’er of him in verses may be said)
Of what I’ve seen, by dint of force and art,
And what I yet shall see, e’en the eighth part?

LXXXVII.

‘He who Aonian streams, intoxicate,
Imbided, o’er whom a strange contention lies,
Wherein Rhodes, Smyrna, Colophon debate,
Athenæ, Chios, Argos, Salamis :
He who doth all Ausonia illustrate,
Hearing whose voice divine, high-sounding, rise,
His native Mincio falls into repose,
But Tyber with the echo proudly flows :

LXXXVIII.

‘ Cantem, louvem, e escrevam sempre extremos
Desses seus semideoses, e encareçam,
Fingindo Magas, Circes, Polyphemos,
Sirenas, que co’o canto os adormeçam :
Dem-lhe mais navegar á vela e remos
Os Cicones, e a terra, onde se esqueçam
Os companheiros, em gostando o loto :
Dem-lhe perder nas aguas o piloto :

LXXXIX.

‘ Ventos soltos lhe finjam, e imaginem
Dos odres, e Calypsos namoradas,
Harpyas, que o manjar lhe contaminem,
Descer ás sombras nuas já passadas ;
Que, por muito, e por muito que se afinem
Nestas fabulas vâas, tão bem sonhadas,
A verdade, que eu conto nua e pura,
Vence toda grandiloqua escriptura.’

xc.

Da boca do facundo Capitão
Pendendo estavam todos embebidos,
Quando deo fim á longa narração
Dos altos feitos grandes, e subidos.
Louva o Rei o sublime coração
Dos Reis em tantas guerras conhecidos :
Da gente louva a antigua fortaleza,
A lealdade d’animo, e nobreza.

xci.

Vai recontando o povo, que se admira,
O caso cado qual, que mais notou :
Nenhum delles da gente os olhos tira,
Que tão longos caminhos rodeou.
Mas já o mancebo Délio as redeas vira,
Que o irmão de Lampécia mal guiou,
Por vir a descansar nos Thetios braços,
E el Rei se vai do mar aos nobres paços.

LXXXVIII.

‘ For ever let them sing, praise, write extremes
Of these their demigods, and magnify,
Pretending magic, Circes, Polyphemes,
Sirens, whose songs are fatal lullaby :
And navigate with sails and their triremes,
The Cicones, and land where lethargy
Seizes on comrades who the Lotos taste,
Or lose a pilot in the watery waste ;

LXXXIX.

‘ Feign and imagine winds let loose and rude
From skins, and of Calypsos love-lorn tell,
Or harpies, who contaminate their food,
Or on descents to naked darkness dwell ;
With whatsoe’er of fancy are endued
These empty fables they have dreamed so well,
The truth that I recount, naked and pure,
Beyond all lofty writing shall endure.’

XC.

Upon the Captain’s eloquence all hung,
Absorbed, as if intoxicate they were,
When this long narrative ceased on his tongue
Of deeds so lofty, wonderful and rare.
The King applauds that noble heart, among
Those Kings renowned who did such battles dare,
Applauds the ancient valour of the race,
Their loyalty of heart and noble grace.

XCI.

The people go recounting their surprise,
Each on the fact that he had noted most ;
None from the strangers can withdraw their eyes,
Who o’er such lengthened ways the seas had crossed.
But Delius, turning, in that car now hies
Wherein ill-guiding Phaeton was lost,
Coming in Thetis’ arms to find repose ;
And from the sea the Monarch homeward goes.

XCII.

Quão doce he o louvor, e a justa gloria
Dos proprios feitos, quando são soados !
Qualquer nobre trabalha, que em memoria
Vença, ou iguale os grandes já passados :
As invejas da illustre e alheia historia
Fazem mil vezes feitos sublimados :
Quem valerosas obras exercita,
Louvor alheio muito o esperta, e incita.

XCIII.

Não tinha em tanto os feitos gloriosos
De Achilles Alexandro na peleja,
Quanto, de quem o canta, os numerosos
Versos : isso só louva, isso deseja.
Os tropheos de Milciades famosos
Themistocles despertam só inveja,
E diz, que nada tanto o deleitava
Como a voz, que seus feitos celebrava.

XCIV.

Trabalha por mostrar Vasco da Gama,
Que essas navegações, que o mundo canta,
Não merecem tamanha gloria, e fama,
Como a sua, que o céo e a terra espanta.
Si : mas aquelle Heroe, que estima, e ama
Com dões, mercês, favores, e honra tanta
A lyra Mantuana ; faz, que soe
Eneas, e a Romana gloria voe.

XCV.

Dá a terra Lusitania Scipiões,
Cesares, Alexandros, e dá Augustos ;
Mas não lhe dá com tudo aquelles dões,
Cuja falta os faz duros, e robustos :
Octavio entre as maiores oppressões
Compunha versos doutos, e venustos :
Não dirá Fulvia certo, que he mentira,
Quando a deixava Antonio por Glaphyra.

XCII.

How sweet is praise and the just glory due
To our own actions, when we hear the sound :
The noble-hearted toil, with hope in view
'Midst the past great, or greater, to be found :
Envy of tales of the illustrious few
Has made a thousand feats sublime abound :
Whoever deeds of valour undertakes,
Him praise of others quickens and awakes.

XCIII.

Not so much to Achilles' glorious fame
In battle Alexander did aspire,
As to the poems that resound his name,
These doth he praise and these doth he desire.
The trophies that Miltiades could claim,
Alone, Themistocles with envy fire,
Who said that nothing gave him such delight
As did the voice that sung his deeds aright.

XCIV.

Vasco da Gama labours hard to prove
That all these voyages, which the world doth sing,
Should not such sense of fame and glory move
As his, which heaven and earth set wondering.
Yes : but that Hero, whose esteem and love
Honoured with gifts, with favours, everything,
The Mantuan lyre, Æneas magnifies ;
And wide and high the Roman glory flies.

XCV.

Scipios and Cæsars Lusitania can bestow,
Augustuses and Alexanders too ; but then,
Of those great gifts withal they nothing know,
The want of which makes hard unpolished men :
Octavius, while his labours heaviest grow,
Writes verses with a learned graceful pen ;
Fulvia this truth will surely ne'er deny,
Whom Anthony for Glaphyra passed by.

XCVI.

Vai Cesar subjugando toda França,
E as armas não lhe impedem a sciencia :
Mas, n'humã mão a penna, e n'outra a lanca,
Igualava de Cicero a eloquencia :
O quê de Scipião se sabe, e alcança,
He nas comedias grande experiencia :
Lia Alexandro a Homero de maneira,
Que sempre se lhe sabe á cabeceira.

XCVII.

Em fim não houve forte capitão,
Que não fosse tambem douto, e sciente,
De Lacia, Grega, ou barbara nação,
Senão da Portugueza tamsomente.
Sem vergonha o não digo, que a razão
D'algum não ser por versos excellente,
He não se ver prezado o verso, e rima ;
Porque quem não sabe a arte, não na estima.

XCVIII.

Por isso, e não por falta de natura,
Não ha tambem Virgílios, nem Homeros ;
Nem haverá, se este costume dura,
Pios Eneas, nem Achilles feros :
Mas o peor de tudo he, que a ventura
Tão asperos os fez, e tão austeros,
Tão rudos, e de engenho tão remisso,
Que a muitos lhe dá pouco, ou nada disso.

XCIX.

As Musas agradeça o nosso Gama
O muito amor da patria, que as obriga
A dar aos seus na lyra nome, e fama
De toda a illustre e bellica fadiga ;
Que elle, nem quem na estirpe seu se chama,
Calliope não tem por tão amiga,
Nem as filhas do Tejo, que deixassem
As telas d'ouro fino, e que o cantassem :

XCVI.

Cæsar goes forth of France the conquering lord,
And learning 'midst his arms holds eminence ;
One hand the pen, the other bears the sword,
He equals Cicero in eloquence :
Scipio, 'tis known, and clearly they record,
Showed in the drama great experience :
Of Homer Alexander so much read,
He kept the poem at his couch's head.

XCVII.

In fine, no chief with courage was imbued,
But he was learnèd and informed as well,
Of Rome, or Greece, or any nation rude,
Save if of Portuguese alone we tell.
Not without shame I speak ; if rightly viewed,
The cause why none in poetry excel
Is, that with verse or rhyme they hold no part,
For he who knows not, cannot cherish, art.

XCVIII.

From this, not nature's fault, it will arise
No Virgils and no Homers will appear,
Nor can there ever flourish, in this wise,
Æneas' or Achilles' wrath severe.
But worst of all it is, that enterprise
So savage makes them all, and so austere,
So rude, and in their nature so remiss,
That many nought or little care for this.

XCIX.

Thanks let the Muses of our Gama claim,
For that great love of country which could move
Their lyre to grant his race renown and fame,
And his vast warlike toil in song to prove :
For neither he, nor those who bear his name,
Vowed towards Calliope such meed of love,
Nor towards Tagides, that they would lay by
Their golden webs, to sing his memory.

C.

Porque o amor fraterno, e puro gosto
De dar o todo o Lusitano feito
Seu louvor, he somente o presupposto
Das Tágides gentis, e seu respeito :
Porém não deixe em fim de ter disposto
Ninguem a grandes obras sempre o peito ;
Que por esta, ou por outra qualquer via
Não perderá seu preço, e su valia.

C.

Because a kindred love and pure desire
On all the Lusian exploits to bestow
Their praise, is solely that which doth inspire
Gentle Tagides, and the love they show :
And let no one, in fine, neglect the fire
That in his breast for mighty deeds may glow,
For, by these means, or by some other way,
His claims and worth shall not be thrown away.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

Note 1, Stanza I. Ceylon.

Note 2, Stanza VI. The young King, D. Sebastian.

Note 3, Stanza VII. Alluding to the battle of Ourique, for which see Canto III.

Note 4, Stanza VIII. The Ganges.

Note 5, Stanza XI. See Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso.'

Note 6, Stanza XII. See this whole story in Canto VI.

Note 7, Stanza XVII. D. John III. of Portugal, his paternal grandfather, and Charles V. of Germany, his maternal great-uncle.

Note 8, Stanza XVIII. Alluding to the minority and the Regency, which lasted eleven years. It will have been already seen that these golden anticipations as regards the young King were wholly disappointed. The promised note as to the Sebastianists is now subjoined. It is copied, word for word, by permission, from Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in Portugal,' pp. xxiv., v., vi. Mystery, as is constantly the case, induced, at last, belief in Miracle. Conso. D' Antas' book completely dissipates all illusion as to either of the four Pretenders.—'§ 13, *The Sebastianists*. Any Handbook for Portugal would be incomplete without some account of the most extraordinary superstition that ever prevailed in any civilised nation—that of the Sebastianists. When the Portuguese army had been destroyed in the fatal battle of Alcacer Quibir, it became a question of the deepest interest to the captives what was the fate of the King. One Sebastian de Resende, a groom of the chambers to D. Sebastian, affirmed that he had seen the body of his royal master on the field of battle; and having obtained permission from the Xarife to search for it, discovered it, as he said. Belchior do Amaral, a page of the late king's, was convinced of its identity; it was agreed that it should be ransomed, and in the mean time it was provisionally committed to the ground in the house of one Abraen Sufiane at Alcacer. But it was never ransomed, and therefore

the probability is that it could never be authenticated. It is certain that, for some time after the news of the battle had reached Portugal, Cardinal Henrique assumed the reins of government merely as regent. After the accession of Philip of Castile, the belief that D. Sebastian was not really dead seemed to grow every day stronger ; some affirmed that he was in his native country, watching its miseries, and waiting till the proper moment should come for its deliverance ; some would have it that he was confined in the dungeons of Madrid ; some that he was a prisoner in Africa ; but all agreed that, sooner or later, he would re-ascend the throne, and raise Portugal to a height of glory which she had never yet reached. No wonder that several imposters appeared, who claimed to be the veritable Sebastian. The earliest of these were undoubtedly mere adventurers ; but, in 1598, twenty years after the battle of Alcacer, a personage appeared at Venice whose fate is shrouded in far deeper mystery. His appearance answered exactly, due allowance being made for lapse of time, to that of the king ; he had one or two moles, with which it was remembered that D. Sebastian had been marked ; he related all particulars of the battle ; he was acquainted with the size and value of the different crown-jewels, and is said to have affirmed, what examination proved to be true, that on the reverse of the stone set in a ring given by D. Sebastian to the Marchioness of Medina Coeli such and such marks would be found. The strongest testimony in his favour is the persuasion of D. João de Castro, who had fought in the battle of Alcacer, that this was the true king. The account given by the pretender, if pretender he were, was that, on being cured of his wounds, he had returned to Portugal, had determined on leading a life of penitence for the misery to which he had reduced his country, and had afterwards been induced, for the purpose of more completely escaping notice, to visit the East, where he had long been engaged in the service of the Shah of Persia. Not the least remarkable circumstance in the history of this person is, that his eventual fate is unknown. Some say that he was condemned to the galleys for life as an impostor, some that he made his escape from Venice and was never afterwards heard of. But long after the time when it is certain that D. Sebastian must have ceased to live, the belief in his reappearance still continued. During the Castilian usurpation it was fostered by the partisans of the House of Bragança, well aware that they never could have a rival in the deceased monarch, while a belief in his existence served to strengthen the feeling of Portuguese nationality. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Sebastianists had their prophets, of whom one Bandarra, a shoemaker, was the greatest. The delusion was not confined to the lower classes : it was held by all ranks, and prevailed widely even amongst the clergy. The government had sense enough not to persecute so harmless a delusion, and even the Inquisition interfered no further than to prohibit the publication of Bandarra's prophecies. At the period of the French invasion, it may safely be affirmed that more than half of the nation were Sebastianists. They

believed that the *Encoberto*, the Hidden One, as he was called, was concealed in an island, never yet discovered, to the south-west of Cape S. Vincent, and the year of his return was fixed from a mystical interpretation of the Portuguese arms, assisted by a prophecy of Bandarra's. The latter ran thus :—

“ Põe dois ós um sobre outro,
E põe lhe outro á direita,
Põe outro como o primeiro,
Ahi tens a conta feita.”

And this was explained to mean 1808. Accordingly in that year all kind of reports were prevalent with respect to the return of the king. Some had seen the secret island with the naked eye ; some had actually discovered with a telescope the quay from which Sebastian was to embark ; an infant of three months old had spoken at Lisbon, and announced his return ; an egg was sent round on which the letters were to be read, V D S R D P, which were interpreted Viva Dom Sebastião Rei de Portugal, and it was unhesitatingly believed to be a miraculous attestation of the monarch's approach. So strong was the belief, that Junot, then in Lisbon, thought it necessary to alter the name of the Portuguese man-of-war, the D. Sebastião. Thirty years ago it was reckoned that one Portuguese out of three was a Sebastianist, but the belief has, since that time, very much died away, and is now chiefly confined to the wildest mountain-districts in Portugal, though in Brazil it still remains in greater force. The writer, no long time ago, had half an hour's conversation with a farmer of the upper class, whose faith remained unshaken. He affirmed stoutly that on Wednesday in some Holy Week such a fog would overspread Lisbon and the mouth of the Tagus, as had never been before known ; that on Good Friday it would suddenly be dispersed by a brilliant and miraculous light ; that on its clearing off, the fleet of D. Sebastian would be seen entering the Tagus from the secret island ; that the king would instantly resign his crown, and would be rewarded by the first place in the state ; that then D. Sebastian would re-ascend the throne, and would not only restore Portugal to all its ancient glory, but would make it the head of an universal empire. “ And this,” he continued, “ though you do not believe it now, you and I shall both live to see.”

Note 9, Stanza XXVI. Quintus Sertorius.

Note 10, Stanza XLII. Madagascar.

Note 11, Stanza LIII. Mohammed, whom the Moors pretend to have descended from Abraham and Hagar.

Note 12, Stanza LX. Constantinople was taken and the Byzantine Empire destroyed by Mahomet II. in 1453.

CANTO II.

Note 1, Stanza XLVII. Alluding to a strange phenomenon related to have taken place at sea, during Vasco da Gama's voyage, while returning to India, as Viceroy, in 1524.

Note 2, Stanza LV. The Portuguese Magallaens, usually called Magellan, who discovered the straits that bear his name, in 1520. He had fought well under Albuquerque in the East, but, being offended, entered the service of Charles V., in whose name he discovered the straits, sailing with the intention of finding a passage by the West to the Molucca Islands.

CANTO III.

Note 1, Stanza XV. The Pope.

Note 2, Stanza XXII. Viriatus.

Note 3, Stanza XXII. Saturn, represented as Time. Edax rerum.

Note 4, Stanza XXIII. D. Alfonso VI. of Leon, 1095.

Note 5, Stanza XXV. Henry of Besançon, created Count of Portugal. In him the country first began to exist, as an independent one.

Note 6, Stanza XXX. The great Alfonso Henriques, his son : hero of Ourique.

Note 7, Stanza XLIV. Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons.

Note 8, Stanza XLVI. Battle of Ourique, 1139. Portugal declared a Kingdom.

Note 9, Stanza LIV. See arms of Portugal. The Castles belong to Algarves ; which Province was finally subdued and added to the Portuguese Crown in 1252, under D. Alfonso III.

Note 10, Stanza LVII. Ulysses, who is said to have founded Lisbon. Byron, in a note to 'Childe Harold,' says the city was once called Ulisipo or Lispo.

Note 11, Stanza LVII. This was during the reign of our King Stephen, at the beginning of the Second Crusade, 1147.

Note 12, Stanza LXIII. Evora. See Murray's 'Handbook for Portugal.'

Note 13, Stanza LXXII. Camoens is said to have taken much of this Apostrophe from a passage in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, lib. II. There is a curious divergence, however, in one small sentence ; for while Camoens writes :—

'E Judea, que um Deos adora e ama,'

the passage in Lucan is :—

'Et dedita sacris

Incerti Judæa Dei.'

Note 14, Stanza LXXXIII. Pompeius, as we all know, married Cæsar's daughter Julia. D. Urraca, daughter of Alfonso I. was married to D. Fernando II., King of Leon. *Herculano*, Vol. I. p. 419.

Note 15, Stanza LXXXV. Guadalquivir.

Note 16, Stanza LXXXVIII. Camoens omits to mention the English here. The event took place at the end of the Second Crusade, one year before our Richard I. and Phillip of France started on the Third.

Note 17, Stanza XCIII. Perillus was the inventor of the Brazen Bull; and his King, Phalaris, made him the first victim of his invention, and was afterwards so sacrificed himself.

Note 18, Stanza CXV. Battle of Salado, 1340. The Moors never recovered this blow, inflicted by the two Alfonsos. In Stanza CX. Camoens notices the name of Saracen as being falsely assumed by the Moors. But the appellation 'Moor' seems to have been confusedly applied to the Saracens or Arabians by the Spanish and Portuguese. This strange warlike race, stretching across all North Africa, invaded Spain from Mauritania, and there became eventually confounded with the Moors. The Portuguese called the Arabian Moslems, whom Vasco da Gama found in possession of the Indian seas, by the name of Moors; associating them with the race that had first invaded the Peninsula from Mauritania. At the date of the battle of Salado, however, the Moors had taken the lead of the Saracens in Spain.

Note 19, Stanza CXXXIV. The Portuguese daisy is a beautiful pink bell flower, of which chaplets are made. The common English daisy bears no sort of resemblance to it.

CANTO IV.

Note 1, Stanza III. Unfortunately for the miracle, each claimant was a John—D. John I. of Castile, who had married Beatrice, daughter of the late King Fernando of Portugal, and D. John, the master of the Order of Aviz, the illegitimate son of Pedro I. by D. Tereza Lorenza, a Galician lady. The great battle presently described is that of Aljubarrota, 1385, at which the Castilians were utterly and finally routed, as the Moors had been at Ourique in 1139. The now elaborate Abbey of Batalha, well worthy of a special excursion, was afterwards founded by D. John I., who claims English connexion, from having married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III. His youngest daughter, Catalina, afterwards married D. Henry, eldest son of the King of Castile; and these two marriages put an end to the mutual strife between the two Kings.

Note 2, Stanza V. João Fernandez Andeiro, killed by D. John I.

Note 3, Stanza XIV. Pedro and Diogo Pereira.

Note 4, Stanza XLVII. See note to Stanza III.

Note 5, Stanza XLIX. This was the Count Julien who brought over the Moors against 'D. Roderick, the last of the Goths.' See Gibbon and Sir Walter Scott's *Don Roderick*.

Note 6, Stanza LIV. Alfonso V.

Note 7, Stanza LXV. This was an expedition by land, conducted by Pero de Covilhão and Alfonso de Paiva. João de Barros' *Decades*.

Note 8, Stanza LXXXVII. Belem or Bethlehem Church and Monastery, a magnificent structure, built on the right bank of the Tagus as you sail up the imposing entrance to Lisbon. It is built on the site whence Gama embarked, and on which he landed on his return. Murray's 'Handbook for Portugal' contains a full account of it. It is dedicated to St. Jeronymo, and a school for poor children has been established there, where all the boys are taught trades. I have six times visited the Port of Lisbon, and five times out of the six, I have associated all its beauties with D. Manoel, Vasco da Gama and Camoens.

CANTO V.

Note 1, Stanza IV. This is, of course, the Great Henry, Duke of Viseu, son of John I. and his Queen, English Philippa of Lancaster.

Note 2, Stanza XIV. The Southern Cross, by no means a striking Constellation, and forming a sort of badly made kite, in the sky.

Note 3, Stanza XIV. These two black patches are easily discernible close to the above constellation. The Magellan clouds, or patches of clustered stars, also close by, make the darkness of these patches very conspicuous. They are called by the sailors the 'soot bags.'

Note 4, Stanza XVIII. St. Elmo's light. So strange a phenomenon that it has been deemed fabulous. But Falconer mentions it:—

'High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.'

See Number XVII. of the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.'

Note 5 Stanza XXIV. St. Helen's Bay.

Note 6, Stanza XLIV. Bartholomeo Dias. He commanded one of the vessels in Pedro Alvares Cabral's expedition of 1500, and it was lost with three others in a fearful storm, before they reached Mozambique. De Barros' *Decades*.

Note 7, Stanza XLV. D. Francesco de Almeida, who was killed at the Cape of Good Hope, on his return from India.

Note 8, Stanza XLVI. D. Emmanuel de Souza, Governor of Dio, and his beautiful wife, D. Leonora de Sá. The account appears to be strictly historical.

Note 9, Stanza LXI. The bay of St. Blaise.

Note 10, Stanza LXV. Sta. Cruz.

Note 11, Stanza LXVIII. Rio dos Reis.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE LUSIADS
OF
CAMOENS

THE LUSIADS

VOL. II.

‘ La découverte de Mozambique, de Mélinde et de Calcut a été
chantée par le Camoens, dont le poème fait sentir quelque chose
des charmes de l’Odyssée et de la magnificence de l’Enéide ’

MONTESQUIEU



Engraved by G. Cook

I own the law of Him, Whose high command
Visible and invisible are beneath.

Canto I. St. LXV.

G. KEOAN PAUL & CO. 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE LONDON

OS LUSIADAS
DE
LUIZ DE CAMÕES



IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.

LONDON
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1 PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1878

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THE
LUSIADS OF CAMOENS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

J. J. AUBERTIN

KNIGHT OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL BRAZILIAN ORDER OF THE ROSE



IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.



LONDON
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1878

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OS LUSIADAS

THE LUSIADS

VOL. II.

B



CANTO SEXTO.

I.

Não sabia, em que modo festejasse
O Rei pagão os fortes navegantes ;
Para que as amizades alcançasse
Do Rei Christão, das gentes tão possantes :
Pêza-lhe, que tão longe o aposentasse
Das Europeas terras abundantes
A ventura, que não no fez visinho
Donde Hercules ao mar abriu o caminho.

II.

Com jogos, danças, e outras alegrias,
A segundo a policia Melindana,
Com usadas a ledas pescarias,
Com que a Lageia Antonio alegre, e engana,
Este famoso Rei todos os dias
Festeja a companhia Lusitana,
Com banquetes, manjares desusados,
Com fructas, aves, carnes, e pescados.

III.

Mas vendo o Capitão, que se detinha
Já mais, do que devia, e o fresco vento
O convida, que parta, e tome asinha
Os pilotos da terra, e mantimento ;
Não se quer mais detêr ; que ainda tinha
Muito para cortar do salso argento :
Já do Pagão benigno se despede,
Que a todos amizade longa pede.

CANTO VI.

I.

The navigators brave to entertain
The pagan King his every effort tried,
That he the Christian King's good will might gain,
And of a people so renowned, beside.
He grieves that fortune should have placed his reign
From European fertile lands so wide,
Nor marked him neighbour of that strait to be,
Which Hercules had opened to the sea.

II.

With dances, plays, and other gaities,
All in accordance with Melinda's style,
With usual and pleasant fisheries,
As Egypt's Queen did Anthony beguile,
This famous King doth every day devise,
His Lusian guests their time away shall wile,
With banquets and with dishes new and rare :
Fruits, birds, meats, fish, of every kind were there.

III.

But now the Captain, seeing that much more
Than right he'd lingered, and that the fresh wind
Invites him to depart, and quick from shore
His pilots take, and stores of every kind,
Will not delay ; for still there lies before
Long way upon the silvery brine to find ;
So to the courteous Pagan farewell says,
Who of them all a lengthened friendship prays.

IV.

Pede-lhe mais, que aquelle porto seja
Sempre com suas frotas visitado ;
Que nenhum outro bem maior deseja,
Que dar a taes barões seu reino e estado :
E que, em quanto seu corpo o espirito reja,
Estará de contino aparelhado
A pôr a vida, e reino totalmente
Por tão bom Rei, por tão sublime gente.

V.

Outras palavras taes lhe respondia
O Capitão, e logo, as velas dando,
Para as terras da Aurora se partia,
Que tanto tempo ha já que vai buscando.
No piloto, que leva, não havia
Falsidade, mas antes vai mostrando
A navegação certa ; e assi caminha
Já mais seguro, do que d'antes vinha.

VI.

As ondas navegavam do Oriente
Já nos mares da India, e enxergavam
Os thalamos do Sol, que nasce ardente :
Já quasi seus desejos se acabavam.
Mas o mau de Thyoneo, que na alma sente
As venturas, que então se aparelhavam
A gente Lusitana, dellas dina,
Arde, morre, blasphema, e desatina.

VII.

Via estar todo o Céu determinado
De fazer de Lisboa nova Roma :
Não no pode estorvar : que destinado
Está d'outro poder, que tudo doma.
Do Olympo desce em fim desesperado,
Novo remedio em terra busca, e toma :
Entra no humido reino, e vai-se á corte
Daquelle, a quem o mar cahio em sorte.

IV.

And more he asks him that his port may be
Made by his ships, at all times, place of rest,
For nothing better can he wish to see
Than his estate by such brave men possessed ;
And that, while life shall still be granted, he
Will faithfully be ready, at his best,
To engage his life and realm, at any time,
For so good King, for people so sublime.

V.

With other equal words to this replied
The Captain, and at once with sail to wind
Forth for the regions of Aurora hied,
Which for so long a time he'd sought to find.
The pilot whom he brought no treachery tried,
But pointed out, indeed, with trusty mind,
The course to take, and thus he onward bore,
Better assured than he had come before.

VI.

O'er Oriental waters now they fly,
Upon the Indian seas, and of the Sun,
Who rises fire, the couches they descry,
And now their chosen task is almost done.
But bad Thyoneus, who in his mind's eye
Perceives the fortunes ready to be won
By Lusian prowess, worthy of their name,
Palsied with rage and madness doth blaspheme.

VII.

He saw the whole of Heaven's resolve to be,
To make of Lisbon's city a new Rome ;
Nor could he meddle with that destiny,
Fixed by the Power that governs all to come.
To find and take on earth new remedy,
Desperate he sweeps from his Olympus' home,
Enters the humid realm, and seeks the throne
Of him who claims the sea by lot his own.

VIII.

No mais interno fundo das profundas
Cavernas altas, onde o mar se esconde,
Lá donde as ondas sahem furibundas,
Quando ás iras do vento o mar responde,
Neptuno mora, e moram as jucundas
Nereidas, e outros deoses do mar, onde
As aguas campo deixam ás cidades,
Que habitam estas humidas deidades.

IX.

Descobre o fundo nunca descoberto
As arêas alli de prata fina,
Torres altas se vêm no campo aberto
Da transparente massa crystallina :
Quanto se chegam mais os olhos perto,
Tanto menos a vista determina,
Se he crystal o, que vê, se diamante ;
Que assi se mostra claro e radiante.

X.

As portas d'ouro fino, e marchetadas
Do rico aljofar, que nas conchas nace,
De esculptura formosa estão lavradas,
Na qual do irado Baccho a vista pace :
E vê primeiro em côres variadas
Do velho chaos a tão confusa face :
Vêm-se os quatro elementos trasladados,
Em diversos officios occupados.

XI.

Alli sublime o Fogo estava em cima,
Que em nenhuma matéria se sostinha,
Daqui as cousas vivas sempre anima,
Depois que Prometheo furtado o tinha.
Logo após elle leve se sublima
O invisibil Ar, que mais asinha
Tomou lugar, e nem por quente, ou frio
Algum deixa no mundo estar vazio.

VIII.

In the most inward deepness of the deep
And lofty caverns, where the sea lies hid,
There, whence the waves in rage and fury leap,
When Ocean by the angry winds is chid,
Dwells Neptune, and the jocund Nereids keep,
And other Gods of Ocean, where amid
The waters, which for cities leave a plain,
Dwell all these humid Deities o' the main.

IX.

He seeks the bottom which was never sought,
With sands all brilliant, there, of silver fine ;
High towers upon the open plain are wrought,
Of masses of transparent crystalline.
And as the eyes to view are nearer brought,
So much the less the vision can divine,
If diamond or crystal mocks the sight,
It shows itself so radiant and so bright.

X.

The gates are of fine gold, and all inlaid
With richest pearl which in the conches breeds,
A beauteous sculpture o'er them is displayed,
On which the sight of angry Bacchus feeds ;
And, first of all, in tints of various shade,
Old Chaos' so confusèd face he reads ;
There pictured the Four Elements are descried,
In different offices all occupied.

XI.

And there, sublime, aloft appeared Fire,
Which without sustenance itself sustained,
Whence living things it always doth inspire,
Since by Prometheus' theft it was obtained :
And next in place, rises sublime, entire,
Invisible Air, which its position gained
With greater quickness, nor by heat or cold
Leaves any void, but all the world doth hold.

XII.

Estava a Terra em montes revestida
De verdes hervas, e arvores floridas,
Dando pasto diverso, e dando vida
As alimarias nella produzidas :
A clara forma alli estava esculpida
Das Aguas entre a terra desparzidas,
De pescados criando varios modos,
Com seu humor mantendo os corpos todos :

XIII.

N'outra parte esculpida estava a guerra,
Que tiveram os deoses co'os gigantes,
Está Typhéo debaixo da alta serra
De Ethna, que as flammas lança crepitantes :
Esculpido se vê ferindo a terra
Neptuno, quando as gentes ignorantes,
Delle o cavallo houveram, e a primeira
De Minerva pacifica oliveira.

XIV.

Pouca tardança faz Lyeo irado
Na vista destas cousas ; mas, entrando
Nos paços de Neptuno, que, avisado
Da vinda sua, o estava já aguardando,
Ás portas o recebe, acompanhado
Das nymphas, que se estão maravilhando
De ver que, commettendo tal caminho,
Entre no reino d'agua o rei do vinho :

XV.

‘Ô Neptuno,’ lhe disse, ‘não te espantes
De Baccho nos teus reinos receberes ;
Porque tambem co'os grandes e possantes
Mostra a fortuna injusta seus poderes :
Manda chamar os deoses do mar, antes
Que falle mais, se ouvir-me o mais quizeres ;
Verão da desventura grandes modos,
Ouçam todos o mal, que toca a todos.’

XII.

Earth was clothed o'er with undulating wood,
With verdant herbs and flowering trees around,
Producing various pastures, yielding food
For all the animals that there abound :
And there the brilliant form, all sculptured, stood
Of Water, intermingled with the ground,
Creating fish of every sort and kind,
Which sustenance within the liquid find.

XIII.

Sculptures in other parts the warfare show,
Wherein the Gods the giants overcame,
Typhon the lofty mountain lies below
Of Etna, throwing forth the crackling flame ;
A Neptune, sculptured, strikes on earth his blow
Wherefrom to people barbarous there came
The horse ; and also sculptured doth he see
Minerva's first pacific olive-tree.

XIV.

But little doth enraged Lyæus care
To loiter o'er these sights, but enters straight
To Neptune's palaces, who, all aware
Of his approach, his presence doth await
Before his portals ; and the nymphs are there
In company, with wonderment elate,
To see thus entered, by this course divine,
The water's kingdom by the king of wine.

XV.

'O Neptune !' he exclaimed, 'thou need'st not fear
Bacchus to greet within thy realms below,
For equally with great and rich 'tis clear,
Fortune unjust her hostile powers can show ;
Command the sea Gods to be summoned here,
Ere I say more, if more from me thou'dst know ;
Grievous misfortunes they shall see impend :
The ill which touches all let all attend.'

XVI.

Julgando já Neptuno, que seria
Estranho caso aquelle, logo manda
Tritão, que chame os deoses da agua fria,
Que o mar habitam d'huma e d'outra banda :
Tritão, que de ser filho se gloria
Do Rei, e de Salacia veneranda,
Era mancebo grande, negro e feio,
Trombeta de seu pai, e seu correio.

XVII.

Os cabellos da barba, e os que decem
Da cabeça nos hombros, todos eram
Huns limos prenhes d'agua, e bem parecem,
Que nunca brando pentem conheceram :
Nas pontas pendurados não fallecem
Os negros misilhões, que alli se geram :
Na cabeça por gorra tinha posta
Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.

XVIII.

O corpo nu, e os membros genitais,
Por não ter ao nadar impedimento ;
Mas porêem de pequenos animais
Do mar todos cobertos cento e cento :
Camarões, e cangrejos, e outros mais
Que recebem de Phebe crescimento :
Ostras, e breguições do musgo sujos,
A's costas com a casca os caramujos.

XIX.

Na mão a grande concha retorcida,
Que trazia, com força já tocava :
A voz grande canora foi ouvida
Por todo o mar, que longe retumbava.
Já toda a companhia apercebida
Dos deoses para os paços caminhava
Do deos, que fez os muros de Dardania,
Destruídos depois da Grega insania.

XVI.

Neptune, now judging that the case must be
Most strange indeed, doth forthwith Triton send
The Deities to summon from the sea,
Who in cold water dwell from end to end.
Triton, who prides himself as progeny
Of King and of Salacia reverend,
Was a large grown, and dark, and ugly youth,
His father's trumpeter and courier both.

XVII.

What should have been the hair that formed his beard,
What from the head was o'er the shoulders thrown,
Was sea-weed filled with water, and appeared
The comb's soft passage never to have known ;
Dangling upon the points were many bleared
And blacken'd muscle shells, which there had grown ;
Upon his head, for cap, he wore, as well,
A very large imposing lobster-shell.

XVIII.

The body naked was from head throughout,
That he in swimming might not cumbered be,
But hundreds, hundreds, hung his loins about
Of every little animal o' the sea :
Shrimps, crabs, and many others more, that sprout
When they from Phœbus gain vitality ;
Oysters and sea-snails, all befouled with moss,
Shell-fish of every kind, his back emboss.

XIX.

And now the large and many winding shell,
Which in his hand he brought, with power he blew ;
The loud harmonious voice on hearing fell
O'er all the sea, that echoed through and through ;
Straightway the Deities who therein dwell,
Thus summoned, forthwith to the palace drew
Of that great God, who built the walls of Troy,
Which Grecian madness, after, did destroy.

XX.

Vinha o padre Oceano acompanhado
Dos filhos, e das filhas, que gerara :
Vem Nereo, que com Doris foi casado,
Que todo o mar de nymphas povoara :
O propheta Protêo, deixando o gado
Maritimo pascer pela agua amara,
Alli veio tambem ; mas já sabia
O, que o padre Lyeo no mar queria.

XXI.

Vinha por outra parte a linda esposa
De Neptuno, de Cælo e Vesta filha,
Grave, e leda no gesto, e tão formosa,
Que se amansava o mar de maravilha :
Vestida huma camisa preciosa
Trazia de delgada beatilha,
Que o corpo crystallino deixa ver-se ;
Que tanto bem não he para esconder-se :

XXII.

Amphitrite, formosa como as flores,
Neste caso não quiz que fallecesse,
O Delphim traz comsigo, que aos amores
Do Rei lhe aconselhou que obedecesse :
Co'os olhos, que de tudo são senhores,
Qualquer parecerá que o Sol vencesse :
Ambas vem pela mão, igual partido ;
Pois ambas são esposas d'hum marido.

XXIII.

Aquella, que das furias de Athamante
Fugindo, veio a ter divino estado,
Comsigo traz o filho, bello infante
No numero dos deoses relatado :
Pela praia brincando vem diante
Com as lindas conchinhas, que o salgado
Mar sempre cria, e ás vezes pela area
No collo o toma a bella Panoepa.

XX.

The father Ocean came accompanied
By all the sons and daughters he begat ;
Comes Nereus too, who was with Doris wed,
And all the sea with nymphs did populate ;
The prophet Proteus, leaving to be fed
His cattle through the bitter waters, straight
Came likewise there : but very well knew he
What Father Bacchus wanted in the sea.

XXI.

From other parts came Neptune's consort fair,
The daughter whom to Coelus Vesta gave,
Of sweet collected mien, and form so rare,
That with mere wonder she becalmed the wave ;
A very precious vesture did she bear,
A thinly woven veil, her form to save,
But which her brilliant body half-revealed,
For such great good must not be quite concealed.

XXII.

And Amphitrite, lovely as the flowers,
Willed not in this affair to be away ;
She brings with her the Dolphin, who the amours
Of Neptune counselled her she must obey ;
And with those eyes whose vision all devours,
Whate'er of Sol may seem to be the sway ;
The two come hand in hand, an equal pair,
For of one husband both are consorts fair.

XXIII.

She who from Athamas' wild fury fled,
And came at last divine estate to hold,
Her son, a lovely infant, with her led,
Among the number of the Gods enrolled :
Delighted o'er the open beech he sped
With the bright shells which Ocean as of old,
Brings forth, and now and then, upon the sands,
Fair Panopea lifts him in her hands.

XXIV.

E o deos, que foi n'hum tempo corpo humano,
E por virtude da herva poderosa
Foi convertido em peixe, e deste dano
Lhe resultou deidade gloriosa,
Inda vinha chorando o fêo engano,
Que Circe tinha usado co'a formosa
Scylla, que elle ama, desta sendo amado ;
Que a mais obriga amor mal empregado.

XXV.

Já finalmente todos assentados
Na grande sala, nobre e divinal,
As deosas em riquissimos estrados,
Os deoses em cadeiras de crystal ;
Foram todos do Padre agasalhados,
Que co'o Thebano tinha assento igual :
De fumos enche a casa a rica massa
Que no mar nasce, e Arabia em cheiro passa.

XXVI.

Estando socegado já o tumulto
Dos deoses, e de seus recebimentos,
Começa á descobrir do peito occulto
A causa o Thyoneo de seus tormentos :
Hum pouco carregando-se no vulto,
Dando mostra de grandes sentimentos,
Só por dar aos de Luso triste morte
Co'o ferro alheio, falla desta sorte :

XXVII.

‘ Principe, que de juro senhoreas
D'hum polo ao outro polo o mar irado,
Tu, que as gentes da terra toda enfreas,
Que não passem o termo limitado :
E tu, padre Oceano, que rodeas
O mundo universal, e o tens cercado,
E com justo decreto assi permittes,
Que dentro vivam só de seus limites :

XXIV.

The God who once the human form did know,
And by the power of poisonous herb was made
To take the shape of fish, and by this blow
Was as a glorious Deity repaid,
Came mourning still the treachery which her foe,
Circe, upon the lovely Scylla played,
Whom Glaucus loved, while Circe loved him well ;
For slighted love to all things will impel.

XXV.

Now all at length their seats had taken there,
In the vast chamber, noble and divine ;
The Goddesses on richest dais were,
The Gods on chairs were seated crystalline ;
All by the Father were received with care,
Who doth to Bacchus equal throne assign ;
Perfumes of incense through the palace rise,
Wherewith the Ocean Araby outvies.

XXVI.

And now the tumult being put to rest,
Which from the greetings of the Gods arose,
Begins Thyoneus from his inmost breast
The causes of his torments to disclose ;
And with a countenance somewhat depressed,
Whereby his sentiments profound he shows,
Only to cause the Lusians' cruel death
By others' sword, he speaks ; and thus he saith :—

XXVII.

'Prince ! thou who art of right, from pole to pole,
The Lord and master of the angry sea,
Who dost all nations of the land control,
That they pass not their limited degree :
And thou, O Father Ocean ! who dost roll
Round all the world, that is enclosed by thee,
Permitting only, by thy just command,
Each within range to flourish, sea and land ;

XXVIII.

‘ E vós, deoses do mar, que não soffreis
Injuria alguma em vosso reino grande,
Que com castigo igual vos não vingueis
De quem quer, que por elle corra, e ande :
Que descuido foi este, em que viveis?
Quem pode ser, que tanto vos abrande
Os peitos, com razão endurecidos
Contra os humanos fracos, e atrevidos ?

XXIX.

‘ Vistes, que com grandissima ousadia
Foram já commetter o céo supremo :
Vistes aquella insana phantasia
De tentarem o mar com vela, e remo :
Vistes, e ainda vemos cada dia
Soberbas, e insolencias taes, que temo,
Que do mar e do céo em poucos annos
Venham deoses a ser, e nós humanos.

XXX.

‘ Vedes agora a fraca geração,
Que d’hum vassallo meu o nome toma,
Com soberbo, e activo coração
A vós, e a mi, e o mundo todo doma :
Vedes, o vosso mar cortando vão,
Mais do que fez a gente alta de Roma :
Vedes, o vosso reino devassando,
Os vossos estatutos vão quebrando.

XXXI.

‘ Eu vi, que contra os Minyas, que primeiro
No vosso reino este caminho abriram,
Boreas injuriado, e o companheiro
Aquilo, e os outros todos resistiram :
Pois se do ajuntamento aventureiro
Os ventos esta injuria assi sentiram,
Vós, a quem mais compete esta vingança,
Que esperais? Porque a pondeis em tardança ?

XXVIII.

'And O ye Ocean Gods ! who will not bear
The least of insults 'gainst your mighty reign,
But will an equal chastisement declare,
Whoe'er it be that traverses your main ;
How have ye lived, then, with such little care ?
Who doth such softening influence obtain
O'er all your hearts obdurate, with good cause,
'Gainst frail mankind, whose daring breaks your laws ?

XXIX.

'Ye have beheld, with arrogance untold
How 'gainst the heavens supreme the attack they led ;
Have seen with phantasy, insanely bold,
With sail and ore the Ocean ventured ;
Ye have beheld, we every day behold
Such arrogant presumption, that I dread
In a few years of heaven and of the sea
They will be Gods, and we but men shall be !

XXX.

'Ye now behold this generation frail,
Who of a subject of my own the name
Assume, with proud presumptuous heart prevail
Both you and me and all the world to tame ;
How, o'er your Ocean everywhere they sail,
Surpassing all majestic Rome could claim ;
Ye see them, how your realm they penetrate,
And how they all your statutes violate ;

XXXI.

'I saw that 'gainst the Argonauts, whose pride
Did first within your realms this course disclose,
Offended Boreas Aquilo allied
And all the rest, resistance to oppose ;
If, then, by this adventurous fleet defied,
The winds together 'gainst the insult rose,
Ye, who have greater right these wrongs to pay,
What wait ye for ? and why do ye delay ?

XXXII.

‘E não consinto, deoses, que cuideis,
Que por amor de vós do céo desci,
Nem da magoa, da injuria, que soffreis,
Mas da que se me faz tambem a mi ;
Que aquellas grandes honras, que sabeis,
Que no mundo ganhei, quando venci
As terras Indianas do Oriente,
Todas vejo abatidas desta gente :

XXXIII.

‘Que o grão Senhor, e fados, que destinam,
Como lhe bem parece, o baixo mundo,
Famas mores, que nunca, determinam
De dar a estes Barões no mar profundo :
Aqui vereis, ó deoses, como ensinam
O mal tambem a deoses : que, a segundo
Se vê, ninguem já tem menos valia,
Que quem com mais razão valer devia.

XXXIV.

‘E por isso do Olympto já fugi,
Buscando algum remedio a meus pezares ;
Por vêr o preço, que no céo perdi,
Se por dita acharei nos vossos mares.’
Mais quiz dizer, e não passou daqui ;
Porque as lagrimas já correndo a pares
Lhe saltaram dos olhos, com que logo
Se accendem as deidades d’agua em fogo.

XXXV.

A ira, com que subito alterado
O coração dos deoses foi n’hum ponto,
Não soffreo mais conselho bem cuidado,
Nem dilação, nem outro algum desconto :
Ao grande Eolo mandam já recado
Da parte de Neptuno, que sem conto
Solte as furias dos ventos repugnantes ;
Que não haja no mar mais navegantes.

XXXII.

'Nor will I, Gods, consent ye should suppose
That I on your account from heaven came down ;
Nor that my grief from wrongs ye suffer rose,
But from the injury I feel my own ;
For the great honours which, as each here knows,
I gained on earth, when I had overthrown
The Eastern lands of India, all, I see,
Will by these people quite extinguished be ;

XXXIII.

'For the great Sovereign and the Fates, who claim
This nether world to govern as they please,
Resolve to grant a yet unheard of fame
To their own heroes on the vasty seas.
Thus ye behold, O Gods ! and well may blame,
How 'gainst the Gods they teach such ills as these ;
For unto no one less respect is shown
Than unto him who most respect might own ;

XXXIV.

'Twas therefore from Olympus that I fled,
Seeking some remedy for this my woe,
And the esteem in heaven I'd forfeited
To find, by fortune, in your seas below.'
More he would utter, but no more he said ;
For tears, in pairs beginning now to flow,
Burst from his eyes, whereon, with sudden ire,
The Deities of water burn with fire.

XXXV.

'The anger wherewith suddenly was rent
The bosom of the Gods, through all the array,
Suffered no counsel of more cool intent,
Nor any other drawback or delay ;
To the great Æolus is message sent,
In Neptune's name, that all at once he may
Let loose the fury of the winds to strive,
And from the seas all navigators drive.

XXXVI.

Bem quizera primeiro alli Proteo
Dizer neste negocio o, que sentia,
E, segundo o que a todos parecia,
Era alguma profunda prophcia :
Porêm tanto o tumulto se moveo
Subito na divina companhia,
Que Tethys indignada lhe bradou :
'Neptuno sabe bem o que mandou.'

XXXVII.

Já lá o soberbo Hyppótades soltava
Do carcere rechado os furiosos
Ventos, que com palavras animava
Contra os Barões audaces, e animosos.
Subito o céu sereno se obumbrava ;
Que os ventos mais, que nunca, impetuosos
Começam novas forças a ir tomando,
Torres, montes, e casas derribando.

XXXVIII.

Em quanto este concelho se fazia
No fundo aquoso, a leda lassa frota
Com vento socegado proseguia
Pelo tranquillo mar a longa rota :
Era no tempo quando a luz do dia
Do Eoo hemispherio está remota,
Os do quarto da prima se deitavam,
Para o segundo os outros despertavam.

XXXIX.

Vencidos vem do somno, e mal despertos
Bocejando a miude se encostavam
Pelas antennas, todos mal cobertos
Contra os agudos ares, que assopravam :
Os olhos contra seu querer abertos,
Mas esfregando, os membros estiravam :
Remedios contra o somno buscar querem,
Historias contam, casos mil referem.

XXXVI.

But Proteus, first, was anxious to declare
What in this mighty matter was his thought ;
And all around him of opinion were,
That some deep prophecy he would have taught ;
But in the whole divine assembly there
Tumult so sudden and so vast was wrought,
That the indignant Tethys shouting stands,
'Neptune knows perfectly what he commands.'

XXXVII.

Now doth proud Æolus emancipate
The winds all furious from their prison hold,
Which with his words he seeks to animate
Against the heroes resolute and bold.
Heaven's smiles are quickly changed to clouds of hate ;
For that the winds, with violence untold,
Begin to bellow forth with novel power,
Throwing down mountain, edifice, and tower.

XXXVIII.

All while this council in the watery deep
Is held, the cheerful weary fleet obey
The mildly blowing breeze, and calmly keep
Over the tranquil sea their lengthened way.
'Twas in the season when the morning peep
From Eos' hemisphere doth more delay ;
They of the first watch went their rest to take,
They of the second to their task awake.

XXXIX.

Oppressed with sleep they came and dosing still,
And, gaping frequently, themselves they threw
Upon the yards, all clothed but very ill
'Gainst the night air, that chill and sharply blew ;
Their eyes were open quite against their will,
And all their limbs they rubbed and stretched anew ;
A remedy for sleep they sought to find,
And called a thousand memories to mind.

XL.

‘Com que melhor podemos,’ hum dizia,
‘Este tempo passar, que he tão pezado,
Senão com algum conto de alegria,
Com que nos deixe o somno carregado?’
Responde Leonardo, que trazia
Pensamentos de firme namorado :
‘Que contos podermos ter melhores,
Para passar o tempo, que de amores?’

XLI.

‘Não he,’ disse Velloso, ‘cousa justa
Tratar branduras em tanta aspereza ;
Que o trabalho do mar, que tanto custa,
Não soffre amores, nem delicadeza :
Antes de guerra férvida, e robusta
A nossa historia seja : pois dureza
Nossa vida ha de ser, segundo entendo ;
Que o trabalho por vir mo está dizendo.’

XLII.

Consentem nisto todos, e encommendam
A Velloso, que conte isto, que approva.
‘Contarei,’ disse, ‘sem que me reprimam
De contar cousa fabulosa, ou nova :
E porque os, que me ouvirem, daqui aprendam
A fazer feitos grandes de alta prova,
Dos nascidos direi na nossa terra,
E estes sejam os doze de Inglaterra.’

XLIII.

‘No tempo que do reino a redea leve
João, filho de Pedro, moderava :
Depois que socegado e livre o teve
Do visinho poder, que o molestava,
Lá na grande Inglaterra, que da neve
Boreal sempre abunda, semeava
A fera Erinnyis dura e má cizania,
Que lustre fosse á nossa Lusitania.

XL.

Said one, 'How can we better now prevail
To pass the time that here so slowly flies,
Than by recounting some amusing tale,
Which from this heavy sleep may free our eyes?'
Leonardo, who within him did not fail
Thoughts of a lover deep to bear, replies,
'What stories can we have will better prove
To wile away the time than those of love?'

XLI.

'Tis not,' Velloso said, 'a matter just,
Of softness in such rugged toil to treat;
For Ocean's labour, which doth so much cost,
Wots not of love nor of refinement sweet;
Rather of fervid warfare, and robust
Our tale should be; for hardship we shall meet
In this our life, from aught I seem to know;
Indeed our coming labours tell me so.'

XLII.

All are agreed in this and recommend
Velloso to narrate as he approve;
'I will,' he said, 'nor shall you reprehend
My tale as fabulous, or new, or love;
And that the attention, which my hearers lend,
May to great deeds of high distinction move,
Of those within our country born I'll tell,—
The Twelve of England brave, and what befell.

XLIII.

'Twas at that time when o'er the country reigned
John, son of Pedro, with benignant hand;
After he had its peace and freedom gained
From molestation of the neighbouring land,
There, in Great England, which would seem ordained
Enveloped in deep Boreal snow to stand,
The fierce Erinnyes savage discord sowed,
Which lustre on our Portugal bestowed.

XLIV.

‘ Entre as damas gentis da côrte Inglesa,
E nobres cortezãos acaso hum dia
Se levantou Discordia em ira accessa,
Ou foi opinião, ou foi porfia :
Os cortezãos, a quem tão pouco pesa
Soltar palavras graves de ousadia,
Dizem, que provarão, que honras e famas
Em taes damas não ha para ser damas.

XLV.

‘ E que, se houver alguém, com lança e espada
Que queira sustentar a parte sua,
Que elles em campo razo, ou estacada
Lhe darão fea infamia, ou morte crua.
A feminil fraqueza pouco usada,
Ou nunca a opprobrios taes, vendo-se nua
De forças naturaes convenientes ;
Soccorro pede a amigos, e parentes.

XLVI.

‘ Mas, como fossem grandes, e possantes,
No reino os inimigos, não se atrevem
Nem parentes, nem férvidos amantes,
A sustentar as damas, como devem :
Com lagrimas formosas, e bastantes
A fazer, que em soccorro os deoses levem
De todo o Céu, por rostos de alabastro ;
Se vão todas ao Duque de Alencastro.

XLVII.

‘ Era este Inglez potente, e militara
Co’os Portuguezes já contra Castella,
Onde as forças magnanimas provara
Dos companheiros, e benigna estrella :
Não menos nesta terra exprimentara
Namorados affeitos, quando nella
A filha vio, que tanto o peito doma,
Do forte Rei, que por mulher a toma.

XLIV.

‘ In England’s Court, between the ladies fair
And noble courtiers all, one day ensued
Discord, which rose to fervid anger there,
Either opinion, or assertion rude.
The courtiers, who but little thought to care
How the bold serious words they launched were viewed,
Protested they would prove, honour and name
Such dames possessed not to be callèd Dame ;

XLV.

‘ And that with lance and sword, if any sought
Their part against this challenge to sustain,
It should on field or tilting-ground be fought,
Where they defeat should suffer or be slain.
The female weakness, little used or nought
To such reproach, and knowing that all vain
Their natural forces were for such a task,
Of friends and relatives their succour ask.

XLVI.

‘ But, as the foes within the Kingdom were
Great and of power, no champion could be found ;
Nor relatives nor ardent lovers dare
The ladies to defend as they were bound ;
In lovely tears, which e’en might move the care
Of all the Gods in Heaven to take the ground,
They go, with weeping alabaster face,
To show the Duke of Lancaster the case.

XLVII.

‘ This Englishman was great, and ’gainst Castille
Had with the Portuguese waged war of late,
Where he had witnessed the courageous zeal
Of his companions, and their rising fate ;
Nor less our country did its power reveal
Of love’s affections, when its monarch great,
Having therein the English daughter seen,
Gave her his heart and wedded her as Queen.

XLVIII.

‘ Este, que soccorer-lhe não queria
Por não causar discordias intestinas,
Lhe diz : “ Quando o direito pretendia
Do reino lá das terras Iberinas,
Nos Lusitanos vi tanta ousadia,
Tanto primor, e partes tão divinas,
Que elles sós poderiam, se não erro,
Sustentar vossa parte a fogo e ferro.

XLIX.

“ E se, aggravadas damas, sois servidas,
Por vós lhe mandarei embaixadores,
Que por cartas discretas, e polidas
De vosso agravo os façam sabedores :
Tambem por vossa parte encarecidas
Com palavras d’afagos, e d’amores
Lhe sejam vossas lagrimas ; que eu creio,
Que alli tereis soccorro, e forte esteio.”

L.

‘ Desta arte as aconselha o Duque experto,
E logo lhe nomea dôze fortes :
E, porque cada dama hum tenha certo,
Lhe manda, que sobre elles lancem sortes ;
Que ellas só dôze são : e descoberto
Qual a qual tem cahido das consortes,
Cada hum escreve ao seu por varios modos,
E todas a seu Rei, e o Duque a todos.

LI.

‘ Já chega a Portugal o mensageiro,
Toda a côrte alvoroça a novidade :
Quiezera o Rei sublime ser primeiro,
Mas não lho soffre a Regia magestade :
Qualquer dos cortezãos aventureiro
Deseja ser com fêrvida vontade,
E só fica por bemaventurado,
Quem já vem pelo Duque nomeado.

XLVIII.

‘The Duke was indisposed to lend them aid,
For fear eternal discord it might bring ;
“When I put forth my claims,” he therefore said,
“Of the Iberian country to be King,
Such boldness by the Lusians was displayed,
Such skill, such parts divine in everything,
That if I err not they could well afford,
Alone, to take your part with fire and sword.

XLIX.

“And if, offended dames, it good appear,
I’ll name for you ambassadors to go,
Who shall my letters sage and courteous bear,
Whereby they your aggrievances may know.
And, likewise, on your part the earnest tear,
Aiding seductive phrases, ye must show,
And add your loves ; thus, well do I believe,
Ye will strong succour and support receive.”

L.

‘The skilful Duke, this counsel having shown,
Forthwith twelve champions doth proceed to name ;
And, that each lady may secure her own,
Commands that they cast lots about the same ;
For they are only twelve ; and when ’tis known,
Ladies and champions, who is whose to claim,
Each on her own with her own pen doth call ;
Each to the King doth write ; the Duke to all.

LI.

‘The messengers in Portugal arrive ;
The news enchants the Court throughout with glee ;
The King sublime to be the first would strive,
But is forbid by Royal Majesty ;
No courtier, but whose bosom is alive
One of the twelve adventurers to be ;
And highly favoured is he deemed alone,
Who by the Duke has chosen been as one.

LII.

‘ Lá na leal cidade, donde teve
Origem (como he fama) o nome eterno
De Portugal, armar madeiro leve
Manda o, que tem o leme do governo.
Apercebem-se os dôze em tempo breve
D’armas, e roupas de uso mais moderno,
De elmos, cimeiras, letras, e primores,
Cavallos, e concertos de mil cores.

LIII.

‘ Já do seu Rei tomado tem licença,
Para partir do Douro celebrado,
Aquelles, que escolhidos por sentença
Foram do Duque Inglez experimentado.
Não ha na companhia differença
De cavalleiro, destro, ou esforçado ;
Mas hum só, que Magriço se dizia,
Desta arte falla á forte companhia :

LIV.

“ Fortissimos consocios, eu desejo
Ha muito já de andar terras estranhas ;
Por ver mais aguas, que as do Douro, e Tejo,
Varias gentes, e leis, e varias manhas :
Agora, que apparelho certo vejo
(Pois que do mundo as cousas são tamanhas),
Quero, se me deixais, ir só por terra ;
Porque eu serei comvosco em Inglaterra.

LV.

“ E quando caso for, que eu, impedido
Por quem das cousas he ultima linha,
Não for comvosco ao prazo instituido,
Pouca falta vos faz a falta minha ;
Todos por mi fareis o que he devido :
Mas, se a verdade o espirito me adivinha,
Rios, montes, fortuna, ou sua inveja
Não farão, que eu comvosco lá não seja.”

LII.

'There in the loyal city whence 'tis told
The eternal name of Portugal began,
He, who the helm of government did hold,
Gave orders a light barque to arm and man ;
In little time the twelve are all enrolled,
With arms and uniform, on latest plan ;
With helmets, crests, devices, gems of art,
Horses, and all that colour could impart.

LIII.

'Now licence from their King had those obtained
The Douro proud to leave, who by the will
And choice of England's skilful Duke had gained
The fame of being marked the list to fill ;
In all the company no difference reigned
'Twixt knight and knight, in valour or in skill ;
But one alone, Magriço named was he,
Addresses thus the heroic company :

LIV.

'"Most valiant comrades ! long have I in dreams
Desired through foreign lands my course to trace,
To see more rivers than our two great streams,
And laws and customs of each varying race ;
And now that opportune the moment seems,
(For the world's wonders occupy great space)
I will alone, with leave, o'er land proceed,
And be with you in England, as agreed.

LV.

'"And if I should be hindered by the sway
Of Him who all things holds within his pale,
And not be with you on the appointed day,
But little you 'twould fail that I should fail.
All will fulfil my due, should I delay ;
But, if my spirit aught for truth avail,
Rivers, nor mountains, fortune, nor her hate,
Against my meeting you shall operate."

LVI.

‘ Assi diz : e, abraçados os amigos,
E tomada licença, em fim se parte :
Passa Leão, Castella, vendo antigos
Lugares, que ganhára o patrio Marte,
Navarra, co’os altissimos perigos
Do Pyreneo, que Hespanha, e Gallia parte :
Vistas em fim de França as cousas grandes,
No grande emporio foi parar de Frandes.

LVII.

‘ Alli chegado, ou fosse caso, ou manha,
Sem passar se deteve muitos dias :
Mas dos onze a illustrissima companhia
Cortam do mar do Norte as ondas frias.
Chegados de Inglaterra á costa estranha,
Para Londres já fazem todos vias :
Do Duque são com festa agasalhados,
E das damas servidos, e animados.

LVIII.

‘ Chega-se o prazo, e dia assignalado
De entrar em campo já co’os dôze Inglezes,
Que pelo Rei já tinham segurado :
Armam-se d’elmos, grevas, e de arnezes :
Já as damas tem por si fulgente, e armado
O Mavorte feroz dos Portuguezes :
Vestem-se ellas de côres, e de sedas,
De ouro, e de joias mil, ricas, e ledas.

LIX.

‘ Mas aquelle, a quem fôra em sorte dado
Magriço, que não vinha, com tristeza
Se veste ; por não ter quem nomeado
Seja seu cavalleiro nesta empreza :
Bem que os onze apregoam, que acabado
Será o negocio assi na côrte Ingleza,
Que as damas vencedoras se conheçam,
Postoque dous e tres dos seus falleçam.

LVI.

‘ Thus speaks he to his friends with an embrace,
And, setting out with leave, attains afar
Leon, Castille, and many an ancient place,
Which by his country had been gained in war ;
Navarre, with greatest perils face to face
Of Pyrenees, ’twixt Spain and Gaul the bar ;
In fine, all seen the mighty things of France,
In Flanders mighty mart he rests his lance.

LVII.

‘ Here come, by accident or by design
He rested, without moving, many a day ;
But the renowned eleven pursue their line
O’er the cold waters of the northern bay :
Arrived on England’s foreign shore, in fine,
To London, presently, all make their way ;
By the great Duke their welcome is the best,
And by the dames they’re courted and caressed.

LVIII.

‘ The appointed time, the destined day arrive
For the twelve English to encounter these,
Who by the King had chosen been to strive ;
They arm themselves with helmets, plates, and greaves ;
The ladies, for themselves, armed, bright, alive,
Have their fierce warriors in the Portuguese ;
With coloured silks they dress them for the fight,
With gold and thousand jewels, rich and bright.

LIX.

‘ But she, to whom by lot had been decreed
Magriço, who came not, with robes of woe
Is clothed, as not possessing, in her need,
Her knight appointed in her cause to go :
But still the eleven promised that, indeed,
It should in England’s Court be settled so,
That they the ladies’ conquerors should be,
Though of their own there might fall two or three.

LX.

‘ Já n’hum sublime, e publico theatro
Se assenta o Rei Inglez com toda a côrte :
Estavão tres e tres, e quatro e quatro,
Bem como a cada qual coubera em sorte.
Não são vistos do Sol, do Tejo ao Bactro,
De força, esforço, e d’animo mais forte
Outros dôze sahir, como os Inglezes,
No campo contra os onze Portuguezes.

LXI.

‘ Mastigam os cavallos escumando
Os aureos freos com feroz sembrante :
Estava o Sol nas armas rutilando,
Como em crystal, ou rigido diamante :
Mas enxerga-se n’hum e n’outro bando
Partido desigual, e dissonante
Dos onze contra os dôze : quando a gente
Começa a alvoroçar-se geralmente.

LXII.

‘ Viram todos o rosto, aonde havia
A causa principal do reboliço :
Eis entra hum cavalleiro, que trazia
Armas, cavallo, ao bellico serviço :
Ao Rei, e ás damas falla, e logo se hia
Para os onze ; que este era o grão Magriço :
Abraça os companheiros, como amigos,
A quem não falta certo nos perigos.

LXIII.

‘ A dama, como ouvio, que este era aquelle,
Que vinha a defender seu nome, e fama,
Se alegre, e veste alli do animal de Helle,
Que a gente bruta mais, que virtude, ama.
Já dão sigrtal, e o som da tuba impelle
Os bellicosos animos, que inflamma :
Picam d’esporas, largam redeas logo,
Abaixam lanças, fere a terra fogo.

LX.

‘In a grand public tribune, blazoned o’er,
Sat England’s King, his court around his throne ;
The seats are three and three, and four and four,
Each by his rank and title takes his own :
From Bactros e’en to Tagus, Sol, of yore,
On greater strength, will, spirit, never shone,
In any other twelve than shone in these
Twelve English, ’gainst the eleven Portuguese.

LXI.

‘The horses champ their golden bits, and fling
From foaming heads an aspect fierce around ;
Sol’s rays are on the armours glistening,
As if on crystal or hard diamond.
But on one side and other of the ring
Unequal force is noted on the ground,
Eleven against the twelve ; when, through the crowd
Rises a thrill of overjoy, aloud.

LXII.

‘All turned their faces where the tumult rose,
Of the true reason to obtain a sight,
When lo ! there enters, now, a knight who shows
Arms, steed and armour for the warlike fight ;
Saluting King and Dames, to the eleven he goes
Forthwith, for ’tis Magriço in his might :
His comrades he salutes as friends indeed,
Whom verily he fails not in their need.

LXIII.

‘The lady, when she of her lord was told,
Who came her honour to defend and name,
Rejoicing puts on Helle’s fleece of gold,
Which more than virtue vulgar love doth claim ;
The signal’s given, the trumpet calls the bold,
And sets their warlike bosom all on flame ;
They prick their spurs, and quickly give the rein ;
They couch the lance, fire strikes upon the plain.

LXIV.

‘ Dos cavallos o estrepito parece,
Que faz, que o chão debaixo todo treme :
O coração no peito, que estremece,
De quem os olha, se alvoroça, e teme :
Qual do cavallo voa ; que não dece :
Qual, co’o cavallo em terra dando, geme :
Qual vermelhas as armas faz de brancas :
Qual co’os pennachos do elmo açouta as ancas.

LXV.

‘ Algum dalli tomou perpetuo sono,
E fez da vida ao fim breve intervallo ;
Correndo algum cavallo vai sem dono,
E n’outra parte o dono sem cavallo :
Cahe a soberba Ingleza do seu throno ;
Que dous, ou tres já fóra vão do vallo :
Os, que de espada vem fazer batalha,
Mais acham já, que arnez, escudo, e malha.

LXVI.

‘ Gastar palavras em contar extremos
De golpes feros, cruas estocadas,
He desses gastadores, que sabemos,
Maos do tempo com fabulas sonhadas :
Basta por fim do caso, que entendemos,
Que com finezas altas e afamadas
Co’os nossos fica a palma da victoria,
E as damas vencedoras, e com gloria.

LXVII.

‘ Recolhe o Duque os dôze vencedores
Nos seus paços com festas e alegria :
Cozinheiros occupa, e caçadores
Das damas a formosa companhia ;
Que querem dar aos seus libertadores
Banquetes mil cada hora, e cada dia,
Em quanto se detem em Inglaterra,
Até tornar á doce, e chara terra.

LXIV.

‘ And now the very earth beneath appears
To tremble with the chargers’ rattling sound ;
The anxious heart by turns leaps, hopes and fears,
Within the breast of all beholders round ;
One from his charger flies, which onward bears ;
One, steed and all, is groaning on the ground ;
The shining arms of one are crimson made ;
On his steed’s flanks another’s plume is laid.

LXV.

‘ One falls to sleep for ever in the fight,
And makes of life a period short indeed ;
Here runs some steed away without his knight,
And there is seen some knight without his steed :
The English pride falls from its throne of might,
For more than one beyond the bounds recede ;
They, who with sword are battle come to make,
Find more than armour, shield, and sword to break.

LXVI.

‘ To waste one’s words in telling the extremes
Of savage blows and many a cruel thrust,
Were to waste time, recounting idle dreams,
As well we know some vain narrators must ;
Let it suffice to learn, the end redeems
With high and famous feats the gallant trust ;
With ours the palms of victory remain,
And gloriously the day the ladies gain.

LXVII.

‘ Now to his palaces the Duke doth take
The victors twelve with glee and feasting gay,
And the fair company of ladies make
Of huntsmen and of cooks the best they may ;
For they would furnish, for their heroes’ sake,
Banquets at every hour and every day,
So long as these in England might remain,
Ere turning to their sweet loved land again.

LXVIII.

‘ Mas dizem, que com tudo o grão Magriço,
Desejoso de ver as cousas grandes,
Lá se deixou ficar, onde hum serviço
Notavel á Condessa fez de Frandes :
E, como quem não era já noviço
Em todo trance, onde tu Marte mandes,
Hum Francez mata em campo, que o destino
Lá teve de Torquato, e de Corvino.

LXIX.

‘ Outro tambem dos dôze em Alemanha
Se lança, e teve hum fero desafio
C’hum Germano enganoso, que com manha
Não devida o quiz pôr no extremo fio.’
Contando assi Velloso, já a companha
Lhe pede, que não faça tal desvio
Do caso de Magriço, e vencimento,
Nem deixe o de Alemanha em esquecimento.

LXX.

Mas neste passo assi promptos estando,
Eis o mestre, que olhando os ares anda,
O apito toca ; acordam despertando
Os marinheiros d’huma e d’outra banda :
E, porque o vento vinha refrescando,
Os traquetes das gaveas tomar manda :
‘ Alerta,’ disse, ‘ estai ; que o vento crece
Daquella nuvem negra, que apparece.’

LXXI.

Não eram os traquetes bem tomados,
Quando dá a grande, e subita procella :
‘ Amaina,’ disse o mestre a grandes brados,
‘ Amaina,’ disse, ‘ amaina a grande vela.’
Não esperam os ventos indignados,
Que amainassem ; mas, juntos dando nella,
Em pedaços a fazem c’hum ruido,
Que o mundo pareceo ser destruido.

LXVIII.

'Howbeit, the brave Magriço, as they state,
Wishing the wonders of the land to know,
Remained behind, and service very great
Did on the Lady Flanders' cause bestow ;
And being no more in his noviciate
For deeds where thou, O Mars ! the way dost show,
A Frenchman slays in fight ; thus sharing he
Torquato's and Corvino's destiny.

LXIX.

'Another also of the twelve departs
To Germany, and there he fiercely fought
With a perfidious German, who with arts
Unfair his certain death to compass sought.'
Velloso, thus recounting, all diverts,
Who pray him that he will not turn his thought
From brave Magriço's feat and victory,
Nor leave forgotten him of Germany.

LXX.

But at this moment, while they ready stand,
Behold the master, watching o'er the sky,
The whistle blows ; the sailors, every hand,
Starting awaken ; and on deck they fly.
And as the wind increased he gave command,
In lowering foresails all their strength to ply ;
'Alert ! alert ! from yon black cloud,' he cries,
'That hangs above, the wind begins to rise.'

LXXI.

But, ere the foresails are well gathered in,
A vast and sudden storm around them roar'd ;
'Strike sail !' the Master shouts amidst the din,
'Strike, strike the mainsail, lend all hands a'board !'
But the indignant winds the fight begin,
And, joined in fury ere it could be lower'd,
With blustering noise the sail in pieces rend,
As if the world were coming to an end.

LXXII.

O céo fere com gritos nisto a gente,
Com subito temor, e desacordo ;
Que, no romper da vela, a náó pendente
Toma grão somma d'água pelo bordo :
'Alija,' disse o mestre rijamente,
'Alija tudo ao mar, não falte acordo,
Vão outros dar á bomba não cessando :
Á bomba ! que nos imos alagando.'

LXXIII.

Correm logo os soldados animosos
A dar á bomba ; e tanto que chegaram,
Os balanços, que os mares temerosos
Deram á náó, n'hum bordo os derribaram :
Tres marinheiros duros, e forçosos
A manear o leme não bastaram,
Talhas lhe punham d'huma e d'outra parte,
Sẽ aproveitar dos homens força, e arte.

LXXIV.

Os ventos eram taes, que não puderam
Mostrar mais força d'ímpeto cruel,
Se para derribar então vieram
A fortissima torre de Babel :
Nos altissimos mares, que cresceram,
A pequena grandura d'hum batel
Mostra a possante náó, que move espanto,
Vendo que se sostem nas ondas tanto.

LXXV.

A náó grande, em que vai Paulo da Gama,
Quebrado leva o mastro pelo meio,
Quasi toda alagada : a gente chama
Aquelle, que a salvar o mundo veio.
Não menos gritos vão ao ar derrama
Toda a náó de Coelho com receio ;
Com quanto teve o mestre tanto tento,
Que primeiro amainou, que dêsse o vento

LXXII.

With this the sailors wound the heaven with cries,
From sudden terror and disunion blind ;
For, sails all torn, the vessel over lies,
And ships a mass of water in the wind ;
' Cast overboard,' the master's order flies ;
' Cast overboard, together, with a mind !
Others to work the pumps ! no slackening !
The pumps, and quick ! for we are foundering.'

LXXIII.

The soldiers, all alive, now hasten fast
To work the pumps, but scarcely had essayed,
When the dread seas, in which the ship was cast,
So tossed her that they all were prostrate laid :
Three hardy powerful sailors, to the last,
To guide the wheel but fruitless efforts made ;
With cords on either side it must be bound,
For force and art of man but vain are found.

LXXIV.

The winds were such that scarcely could they show
With greater force or greater rage around,
Than if it were their purpose, then, to blow
The mighty tower of Babel to the ground.
Upon the aspiring seas, which higher grow,
Like a small boat the valiant ship doth bound,
Exciting wonder that on such a main
She can her striving course so long sustain.

LXXV.

The valiant ship with Gama's brother Paul,
With mast asunder snapped by wind and wave,
Half under water lies ; the sailors call
On Him Who once appeared the world to save ;
Nor less, vain cries from Coelho's vessel all
Pour on the air, fearing a watery grave,
Although the master had such caution shown,
That ere the wind arose the sails were down.

LXXVI.

Agora sobre as nuvens os subiam
As ondas de Neptuno furibundo :
Agora a vêr, parece, que desciam
As intimas entranhas do profundo.
Noto, Austro, Boreas, Aquilo queriam
Arruinar a machina do mundo :
A noite negra, e fea se allumia
Co'os raios, em que o polo todo ardia.

LXXVII.

As Halcyoneas aves triste canto
Junto da costa brava levantaram,
Lembrando-se de seu passado pranto,
Que as furiosas aguas lhe causaram :
Os delphins namorados entretanto
Lá nas covas marítimas entraram,
Fugindo a tempestade, e ventos duros,
Que nem no fundo os deixa estar seguros.

LXXVIII.

Nunca tão vivos raios fabricou
Contra a fera soberba dos gigantes
O grão ferreiro sordido, que obrou
Do enteado as armas radiantes :
Nem tanto o grão Tonante arremessou
Relampagos ao mundo fulminantes
No grão diluvio, donde sós viveram
Os dous, que em gente as pedras converteram.

LXXIX.

Quantos montes então que derribaram
As ondas, que batião denodadas !
Quantas arvores velhas arrancaram
Do vento bravo as furias indignadas !
As forçosas raizes não cuidaram,
Que nunca para o céu fossem viradas,
Nem as fundas areas, que podessem
Tanto os mares, que em cima as revolvessem.

LXXVI.

Now rising to the clouds they seem to go,
O'er the wild waves of Neptune borne on end ;
Now to the bowels of the depths below,
It seems to all their senses, they descend ;
Notus and Auster, Boreas, Aquilo,
The very world's machinery would rend ;
While flashings fire the black and ugly night,
And shed from pole to pole a dazzling light.

LXXVII.

The Halcyon birds their notes of mourning told
Along the roaring coast, sad scene of woe,
Calling to mind their agonies of old,
Which to the like tempestuous waves they owe ;
The amorous dolphins, all, from sports withhold,
And to their ocean-caves' recesses go,
Such storms and winds unable to endure,
Which, e'en in refuge, leave them not secure.

LXXVIII.

Never such living thunderbolts were framed
Against the Giants' fierce rebellious pride,
By the great sordid forger, who is famed
His step-son's brilliant arms to have supplied :
Nor ever 'gainst the world such lightnings flamed,
Hurled by the mighty Thunderer far and wide,
In the great flood which spared those only two,
Who, casting stones, did humankind renew.

LXXIX.

How many mountains, then, were downward borne
By the persistent waves that 'gainst them strove !
How many aged trees were upward torn
By fury of wild winds that 'gainst them drove !
But little dreamed their roots that, thus forlorn,
They e'er would be reversed towards heaven above,
Nor the deep sands that seas such power could show,
As e'en to cast them upwards from below !

LXXX.

Vendo Vasco da Gama, que tão perto
Do fim de seu desejo se perdia :
Vendo ora o mar até o inferno aberto,
Ora com nova furia ao céu subia :
Confuso de temor, da vida incerto,
Onde nenhum remedio lhe valia,
Chama aquelle remedio sancto, e forte,-
Que o impossibil pode, desta sorte :

LXXXI.

‘ Divina Guarda, angelica, celeste,
Que os céos, o mar, e terra senhoreas,
Tu, que a todo Israel refugio déste
Por metade das aguas Erythreas :
Tu, que livraste Paulo, e defendeste
Das syrtes arenosas, e ondas feas,
E guardaste co’os filhos o segundo
Povoador do alagado e vacuo mundo :

LXXXII.

‘ Se tenho novos medos perigosos
D’outra Scylla, e Charybdis já passados,
Outras syrtes, e baixos arenosos,
Outros Acroceraunios infamados :
No fim de tantos casos trabalhosos
Porque somos de ti desamparados,
Se este nosso trabalho não te offende,
Mas antes teu serviço só pretende ?

LXXXIII.

‘ Oh ditosos aquelles, que poderam
Entre as agudas lanças Africanas
Morrer, em quanto fortes sostiveram
A santa Fé nas terras Mauritanas :
De quem feitos illustres se souberam,
De quem ficam memorias soberanas,
De quem se ganha a vida, com perdel-a,
Doce fazendo a morte as honras della ! ’

LXXX.

Vasco da Gama, seeing that so near
The end of his desire he still might die,
That now to hell the waves to gape appear,
Now with new fury mount into the sky :
Of life uncertain, all confused with fear,
With nought of aid whereon he could rely,
Calls upon that all-powerful sacred Aid,
Which can the impossible ; and thus he prayed :

LXXXI.

' Divine, Angelic, Heavenly Guard and Friend !
Whom Heavens and Earth and Ocean all obey,
Thou, Who all Israel didst succour lend
Through Erythræan sea to take their way ;
Thou, Who deliveredst Paul, and didst defend
'Gainst ugly flood and quicksand, many a day,
Him with his sons who were, by Thy decree,
New parents of the drown'd, void world, to be ;

LXXXII.

' If I new dangerous fears have dared to oppose,
Have other Scylla and Charybdis passed,
And other shoals where sandy water flows,
Other Acroceræanian dangers vast ;
With such laborious works about to close,
Why dost Thou now forsake us at the last,
If this our labour do not Thee offend,
But rather only to Thy service tend ?

LXXXIII.

' O blest ! to whom the privilege remained,
On the sharp point of Afric's lance to die,
While they with power the Sacred Faith maintained
In Moorish lands of infidelity ;
Whose deeds, illustrious, reputation gained ;
Who must survive supreme in memory ;
Who gained their life e'en when they laid it down,
Death being sweetened by its own renown ! '

LXXXIV.

Assi dizendo, os ventos, que lutavam,
Como touros indomitos bramando,
Mais e mais a tormenta accrescentavam,
Pela miuda enxarcia assoviando :
Relampagos medonhos não cessavam,
Feros trovões, que vem representando
Cahir o céu dos eixos sobre a terra,
Comsigo os elementos terem guerra.

LXXXV.

Mas já a amorosa estrella scintillava
Diante do Sol claro no horizonte,
Mensageira do dia, e visitava
A terra, e o largo mar com leda fronte :
A deosa, que nos céos a governava,
De quem foge o ensifero Oriente,
Tanto que o mar, e a chara armada vira,
Tocada junto foi de medo, e de ira.

LXXXVI.

‘Estas obras de Baccho são por certo,’
Disse : ‘mas não será, que avante leve
Tão damnada tenção ; que descoberto
Me será sempre o mal, a que se atreve :’
Isto dizendo, desce ao mar aberto,
No caminho gastando espaço breve,
Em quanto manda ás nymphas amorosas
Grinaldas nas cabeças pôr de rosas.

LXXXVII.

Grinaldas manda pôr de varias cores
Sobre cabellos louros á porfia :
Quem não dirá, que nascem rôxas flores
Sobre ouro natural, que amor enfia?
Abrandar determina por amores
Dos ventos a nojosa companhia,
Mostrando-lhe as amadas nymphas bellas,
Que mais formosas vinham, que as estrellas.

LXXXIV.

While speaking thus, the winds, for strife released,
Like savage bulls the air with roaring rent ;
The raging tempest more and more increased,
And through the slender shrouds loud whistling went ;
The flash of fearful lightnings never ceased,
Fierce thunders, that would seem to represent
Heaven from its axis on the earth let go,
And warfare 'twixt the elements below.

LXXXV.

But now, the Star of Love beamed forth its ray,
Before the sun, upon the horizon clear,
And visited, as messenger of day,
The earth and spreading sea, with brow to cheer ;
The Goddess, whom in heaven it doth obey,
And whom Orion with his sword doth fear,
When the loved fleet and ocean she beheld,
With equal fear and ire her bosom swelled.

LXXXVI.

'Surely these works by Bacchus are,' she said,
'But never shall it be he realize
Such curs'd design ; for aye discoverèd
By me shall be his evil enterprise !'
Thus saying, to the vast sea down she sped,
And in her path short space she occupies ;
Meanwhile, the amorous nymphs she bids, with care,
Garlands of rose to mingle in their hair.

LXXXVII.

She bids them wreaths of variegated hues
With their bright hair in rivalry combine ;
Who shall the growth of purple flowers refuse
To natural gold, which love doth gently twine ?
'Tis love that she determineth to choose,
To quell the troop of winds' too foul design ;
The loved and lovely nymphs presenting there,
Who than the stars themselves more brilliant were.

LXXXVIII.

Assi foi : porque, tanto que chegaram
À vista dellas, logo lhe fallecem
As forças, com que d'antes pelejaram,
E já como rendidos lhe obedecem :
Os pés, e mãos, parece, que lhe ataram
Os cabellos, que os raios escurecem.
A Boreas, que do peito mais queria,
Assi disse a bellissima Orithya :

LXXXIX.

‘Não creas, fero Boreas, que te creio,
Que me tiveste nunca amor constante ;
Que brandura he de amor mais certo arreio,
E não convem furor a firme amante :
Se já não pões a tanta insania freio,
Não esperes de mi, daqui em diante
Que possa mais amar-te, mas temer-te ;
Que amor contigo em medo se converte.’

XC.

Assi mesmo a formosa Galatea
Dizia ao fero Noto ; que bem sabe
Que dias ha, que em vél-a se recrea,
E bem crê, que com elle tudo acabe :
Não sabe o bravo tanto bem se o crea ;
Que o coração no peito lhe não cabe :
De contente de vêr, que a dama o manda,
Pouco cuida que faz, se logo abranda.

XCI.

Desta maneira as outras amansavam
Subitamente os outros amadores ;
E iogo á linda Venus se entregavam,
Amansadas as iras, e os furores :
Ella lhe prometteo, vendo que amavam,
Sempiterno favor em seus amores,
Nas bellas mãos tomando-lhe homenagem
De lhe serem leaes, esta viagem.

LXXXVIII.

And thus it was : for soon as these are brought
Into their sight, the violence dies away
Wherewith before they ardently had fought,
And yielding up as prisoners, they obey ;
By hand and foot 'twould seem that they were caught,
By tresses which eclipse the lightning's ray ;
Then Boreas, whose deep love she most possessed,
Most lovely Orithyia thus addressed :

LXXXIX.

'Think not, fierce Boreas, that I can consent
That thou didst ever vote me constant love,
For gentleness is love's chief ornament,
And fury never should true lover move ;
If from such madness thou dost not relent,
Henceforth thy bosom never more shall prove
That I can love thee : I must fear instead ;
For love towards thee converted is to dread.'

XC.

This did the lovely Galatea say
To furious Notus ; for to her 'tis plain
Her sight has been her charm for many a day,
And well she feels she aught from him can gain :
The savage is with rapture borne away,
And scarce his bosom can his heart contain ;
Content to know the order is her own,
He deems he little does to quiet down.

XCI.

'Twas likewise thus the other nymphs appealed
To the other lovers, whom they soon subdue ;
And now they all to lovely Venus yield,
Their fury and their anger tranquil grew ;
And, seeing that they loved, she promise sealed
Of lasting favour in her loves as due,
Receiving homage on her lovely hand,
That for this voyage they all will loyal stand.

XCII.

Já a manhã clara dava nos outeiros,
Por onde o Ganges murmurando soa,
Quando da celsa gavea os marinheiros
Enxergaram terra alta pela proa :
Já fóra de tormenta, e dos primeiros
Mares, o temor vão do peito voa :
Disse alegre o Piloto Melindano,
‘ Terra he de Calecut, ’ se não me engano.

XCIII.

‘ Esta he por certo a terra, que buscaís,
Da verdadeira India, que apparece ;
E, se do mundo mais não desejaís,
Vosso trabalho longo aqui fenece. ’
Soffrer aqui não pode o Gama mais,
De ledó em vêr, que a terra se conhece,
Os giolhos no chão, as mãos ao céo,
A mercê grande a Deos agradeceo :

XCIV.

As graças a Deos dava, e razão tinha ;
Que não somente a terra lhe mostrava,
Que com tanto temor buscando vinha,
Por quem tanto trabalho exprimentava ;
Mas via-se livrado tão asinha
Da morte, que no mar lhe apparelhava
O vento duro, férvido, e medonho,
Como quem despertou de horrendo sonho.

XCV.

Por meio destes horridos perigos,
Destes trabalhos graves, e temores,
Alcançam os, que são de fama amigos,
As honras immortaes, e grãos maiores :
Não encostados sempre nos antigos
Troncos nobres de seus antecessores,
Não nos leitos dourados entre os finos
Animaes de Moscovia zebellinos.

XCII.

Now, o'er the hills broke forth the morning bright,
Where Ganges' stream is murmuring heard to flow,
When from the lofty top the sailors sight
High land, which was descried upon the prow.
Free from the storm, and from the first seas' fight,
Vain terror from their hearts is banished now ;
Melinda's pilot cries with jocund tongue,
' 'Tis land of Calecut, if I'm not wrong.

XCIII.

' This is, indeed, the land that thou hast sought,
This the true India which doth now appear ;
If in the world thou hast no farther thought,
Then thy long labour is all ended here !'
Gama can bear no more ; all over-wrought
With joy to find the land now known and near,
With knees upon the ground, and hands toward Heaven,
For this, God's mercy great, his thanks are given.

XCIV.

He rendered thanks to God, with proper mind,
For He not only had the country shown.
Which midst such terror he had come to find,
For which such labours he had undergone :
But that he had so shortly left behind
Death, which upon the seas the winds had blown,
So hard, and wild, and dread, that made him seem
Like one just wakened from a horrid dream !

XCV.

Upon these dreadful dangers it depends,
These heavy labours and anxieties,
That they acquire, who are of fame the friends,
Immortal honours and advanced degrees :
Not leaning on the trunks, from which descends
The ancient glory of their ancestries,
Nor laid on gilded couches, wrapt within
The Russian sable's fine luxurious skin.

XCVI.

Não co'os manjares novos e exquisitos,
Não co'os passeios molles e ociosos,
Não co'os varios deleites e infinitos,
Que afeminam os peitos generosos :
Não co'os nunca vencidos appetitos,
Que a fortuna tem sempre tão mimosos,
Que não soffre a nenhum, que o passo mude
Para alguma obra heroica de virtude :

XCVII.

Mas com buscar co'o seu forçoso braço
As honras, que elle chame proprias suas,
Vigiando, e vestindo o forjado aço,
Soffrendo tempestades, e ondas cruas,
Vencendo os torpes frios no regaço
Do Sul, e regiões de abrigo nuas,
Engolindo o corrupto mantimento,
Temperado c'hum arduo soffrimento :

XCVIII.

E com forçar o rosto, que se enfia,
A parecer seguro, ledó, inteiro,
Para o pelouro ardente, que assovia,
E leva a perna ou braço ao companheiro.
Desta arte, o peito hum callo honroso cria,
Desprezador das honras, e dinheiro,
Das honras, e dinheiro, que a ventura
Forjou, e não virtude justa, e dura.

XCIX.

Desta arte se esclarece o entendimento,
Que experiencias fazem repousado ;
E fica vendo, como de alto assento,
O baixo trato humano embaraçado :
Este, onde tiver força o regimento
Direito, e não de affeitos occupado,
Subirá (como deve) a illustre mando
Contra vontade sua, e não rogando.

XCVI.

Not with choice viands new and exquisite,
Not in the soft and easy paths of joy,
Not with delights, varied and infinite,
Which generous breasts enfeeble and destroy ;
Not with the never governed appetite,
Wherewith is fortune ever wont to toy,
Which suffers none his footsteps to retrace,
For any deed of valour or of grace ;

XCVII.

But by an effort with strong arm to seal
The honours which he thus his own has made,
Watchful and putting on his polished steel,
Enduring storms, by cruel waves o'erlaid ;
Victorious where the far South's colds congeal,
In regions tossed, all destitute of aid,
Reduced to feed upon corrupted fare,
Mingled with arduous suffering and despair ;

XCVIII.

By force of spirit, when the brow grows pale,
To take on look possessed, collected, gay,
When the hot whistling cannon balls assail,
Tearing his comrades' arms or legs away ;
Thus, noble hardness will at heart prevail,
Of wealth and honours scorning the display,
Of wealth and honours but by fortune gained,
And not by virtue, righteous and sustained.

XCIX.

'Tis thus the understanding becomes bright,
Which by experience mature doth grow,
And looks, as from exalted moral height,
On the base crooked human course below ;
This man, where rule shall own the force of right,
And doth not leaning of affection know,
Shall rise to high renown, as rise he ought,
Against his own desire, and all unsought.

CANTO SEPTIMO.

I.

JÁ se viam chegados junto á terra,
Que desejada já de tantos fôra,
Que entre as correntes Indicas se encerra,
E o Ganges, que no céo terreno mora.
Ora sus, gente forte, que na guerra
Quereis levar a palma vencedora !
Já sôis chegados, já tendes diante
A terra de riquezas abundante.

II.

A vós, ó geração de Luso, digo,
Que tão pequena parte sôis no mundo,
Não digo inda no mundo, mas no amigo
Curral, de quem governa o céo rotundo :
Vós, a quem não somente algum perigo
Estorva conquistar o povo immundo,
Mas nem cobiça, ou pouca obediencia
Da Madre, que nos Céos está em essencia :

III.

Vós, Portuguezes poucos, quanto fortes,
Que o fraco poder vosso não pezaís ;
Vós, que á custa de vossas varias mortes
A Lei da vida eterna dilatais :
Assi do Céo deitadas são as sortes,
Que vós, por muito poucos que sejais,
Muito fazeis na sancta Christandade :
Que tanto, ó Christo, exaltas a humildade !

CANTO VII.

I.

Now they behold themselves close on the land,
The longed-for object of so many eyes,
Which doth between the Indian currents stand,
And Ganges, which on heavenly earth doth rise.
Up, then, brave people, who would claim command,
And bear the palm in warlike victories !
Here are ye come, and here, your view before
Lies an abundant land of wealth in store.

II.

To you I say, O Lusian race ! who hold
Yet in the world so very small a place,
I say not world, but in the friendly fold
Of Him whose rule doth the round heaven embrace,
Ye, whom no danger ever yet controlled
In going forth to conquer the vile race,
Yet not from avarice, or obedience small
To Mother Church, essence in Heaven of all ;

III.

Ye Portuguese, as few as brave ye be,
With you your want of numbers has no weight ;
Ye, though your various lives at risk ye see,
The law of Life Eternal propagate ;
'Tis thus that Heaven disposeth destiny,
For ye, however small may be your state,
May yet for sacred Christian Faith do much ;
Thy raising of the small, O Christ, is such !

IV.

Vedel-os Alemães, soberbo gado,
Que por tão largos campos se apascenta,
Do successor de Pedro rebellado,
Novo pastór, e nova seita inventa :
Vedel-o em feas guerras occupado
(Que inda co'o cego errôr se não contenta !)
Não contra o superbissimo Othomano,
Mas por sahir do jugo soberano.

V.

Vedel-o duro Inglez, que se nomea
Rei da velha e sanctissima Cidade,
Que o torpe Ismaelita senhorea
(Quem vio honra tão longe da verdade !)
Entre as Boreaes neves se recrea,
Nova maneira faz de Christandade :
Para os de Christo tem a espada nua,
Não por tomar a terra, que era sua.

VI.

Guarda-lhe por entanto hum falso Rei
A cidade Hierosolyma terrestre,
Em quanto elle não guarda á sancta lei
Da cidade Hierosolyma celeste.
Pois de ti, Gallo indigno, que direi ?
Que o nome Christianissimo quizeste,
Não para defendel-o, nem guardal-o,
Mas para ser contra elle, e derribal-o !

VII.

Achas, que tens direito em senhorios
De Christãos, sendo o teu tão largo e tanto,
E não contra o Cinypho e Nilo, rios
Inimigos do antigo nome santo ?
Alli se hão de provar da espada os fios,
Em quem quer reprovar da Igreja o canto :
De Carlos, de Luis, o nome e a terra
Herdaste, e as causas não da justa guerra ?

IV.

Behold the Germans ! like a flock, all pride,
Who over such vast plains extended feed,
Peter's successor, rebels, they deride,
Inventing novel shepherd, sect, and creed ;
Behold them ! in foul battles occupied,
Nor in blind error happy or agreed !
Not 'gainst the o'erbearing Ottoman they fight,
But to shake off the sovereign yoke of right.

V.

See the hard Englishman ! who would be called
Of the most sacred ancient city King,¹
Which by the vicious Ishmaelite is enthralled
(Was honour e'er from truth more differing !)
Content, in Hyperborean winters walled,
He makes of Christian Faith a novel thing :
'Gainst those of Christ his naked sword is shown,
Not to regain the land that was His own.

VI.

And while a Monarch, false, possession took
Of the Jerusalem terrestrial,
The sacred law he ne'ertheless forsook
Of the Jerusalem celestial.²
And thou, unworthy Gaul ! how thee to brook ?
Who would'st forsooth thyself ' Most Christian ' call,
Not to defend the name, nor care bestow,
But to oppose it, and to overthrow.³

VII.

Think'st thou, thou hast to Christian realms a right,
Seeing thine own so large and vast estate ?
'Gainst Cinyphus and Nile averse to fight,
Rivers the ancient Holy Name that hate ?
There should they prove thy sword's edge keen and bright,
Who would the Church's faith depreciate ;
From Charles and Louis thou hast land and name,
Shall not their Holy Wars thy efforts claim ?

VIII.

Pois que direi daquelles, que em delicias,
Que o vil ocio no mundo traz comsigo,
Gastam as vidas, logram as divicias,
Esquecidos de seu valor antigo?
Nascem da tyrannia inimicicias,
Que o povo forte tem, de si inimigo :
Comtigo, Italia, fallo, já submersa
Em vicios mil, e de ti mesma adversa !

IX.

Ó miseros Christãos, pela ventura
Sôis os dentes de Cadmo desparzidos,
Que huns aos outros se dão a morte dura,
Sendo todos de hum ventre produzidos ?
Não vedes a divina sepultura
Possuida de cães, que sempre unidos
Vos vem tomar a vossa antigua terra,
Fazendo-se famosos pela guerra ?

X.

Vedes, que tem por uso, e por decreto,
Do qual são tão inteiros observantes,
Ajuntarem o exercito inquieto
Contra os povos, que são de Christo amantes :
Entre vós nunca deixa a fera Aleto
De semear cizánias repugnantes :
Olhai, se estais seguros de perigos,
Que elles e vós sôis vossos inimigos.

XI.

Se cobiça de grandes senhorios
Vos faz ir conquistar terras alheas,
Não vedes, que Pactolo e Hermo rios,
Ambos volvem auríferas areas ?
Em Lydia, Assyria, lavram de ouro os fios,
Africa esconde em si luzentes veas :
Mova-vos já se quer riqueza tanta ;
Pois mover-vos não pode a Casa santa.

VIII.

And what of those, who in such pleasures joy
As from the world's mere indolence proceed?
Who waste their lives and all their wealth destroy,
And of their ancient valour nothing heed;
From tyranny spring enmities' alloy
Which the brave people feel, self-doomed, indeed.
I speak of thee, O Italy, below
A thousand vices sunk, thyself thy foe!

IX.

Unhappy Christians! is it, then, the case
Ye are the teeth that were by Cadmus sown,
Who one another to destruction chase,
Though all one common origin ye own?
Do ye not see the Holy burial-place
Possessed by dogs, with teeth united shown,
Who come to take from you your ancient ground,
Seeking by warfare to become renowned?

X.

Mark! they have sworn by custom and decree
Whereof they are observers most entire,
The restless army shall united be
Against the nations who are Christ's desire;
The fierce Alecto never leaves you free,
Spreading abroad foul discord's snakes and fire;
Say where security from dangers lies,
If they and ye are your own enemies.

XI.

If greed to have great seigniories enrolled
Makes you go forth to conquer others' lands,
Hermus, Pactolus do ye not behold,
Both rivers rolling down their golden sands?
Lydia, Assyria, work their threads of gold,
'Neath Africa the shining vein expands:
Let such great riches, then, your motive prove,
If that the Sacred Dwelling cannot move!

XII.

Aquellas invenções feras, e novas
De instrumentos mortaes da artilharia
Já devem de fazer as duras provas
Nos muros de Byzancio, e de Turquia :
Fazei, que torne lá ás sylvestres covas
Dos Caspios montes, e da Scythia fria
A Turca geração, que multiplica
Na policia da vossa Europa rica.

XIII.

Gregos, Thraces, Armenios, Georgianos
Bradando-vos estão, que o povo bruto
Lhe obriga os charos filhos aos profanos
Preceitos do Alcorão (dura tributo !) :
Em castigar os feitos inhumanos
Vos gloriai de peito forte, e astuto,
E não queirais louvores arrogantes
De serdes contra os vossos mui possantes.

XIV.

Mas em tanto que cegos, e sedentos
Andais de vosso sangue, ó gente insana !
Não faltarão Christãos atrevimentos
Nesta pequena casa Lusitana :
De Africa tem maritimos assentos,
He na Asia mais, que todas, soberana,
Na quarta parte nova os campos ara,
E, se mais mundo houvera, lá chegara.

XV.

E vejamos em tanto, que acontece
Áquelles tão famosos navegantes,
Depois que a branda Venus enfraquece
O furor vão dos ventos repugnantes,
Depois que a larga terra lhe apparece,
Fim de suas porfias tão constantes,
Onde vem semear de Christo a lei,
E dar novo costume, e novo Rei.

XII.

And those fierce engines, mortal and unknown,
Of cannon which man lately did invent,
Long since they should their heavy force have shown
'Gainst Turkish and Byzantine battlement.
To Caspian mountains, Scythia cold and lone
And their wild caverns, force them to be sent—
That Turkish nation—which still multiplies
Among your wealthy Europe's polities.

XIII.

Greek, Thracian and Armenian, Georgian,
Cry loudly to you of the brutal race,
Who the false precepts of the 'Alcoran
Force on their sons : vile tribute, cruel case !
By punishing the inhuman deeds of man,
Valiant and wise, in glory seek your place,
And do not court the arrogant renown
Of being very great against your own !

XIV.

But while ye are thus blind, and thirsting go
For one another's blood, O race insane !
Great Christian deeds ye shall not fail to know,
Which this small Lusian Kingdom can sustain :
On Afric's coast possessions they can show,
In Asia are than all more sovereign :
O'er the New Quarter's fields they drive the share,
And, with more world, had penetrated there.

XV.

And let us now, meanwhile, see what ensued
To those so famous navigators here,
After the gentle Venus had subdued
The winds' vain rage, offensive and severe ;
After they had the extensive country viewed,
The object of their strivings so sincere,
Where they are come the faith of Christ to sow,
To found new customs and new King bestow.

XVI.

Tanto que á nova terra se chegaram,
Leves embarcações de pescadores
Acharam, que o caminho lhe mostraram
De Calecut, onde eram moradores :
Para lá logo as proas se inclinaram ;
Porque esta era a cidade das melhores
Do Malabar melhor, onde vivia
O Rei, que a terra toda possuia.

XVII.

Alem do Indo jaz, e aquem do Gange
Hum terreno mui grande, e assaz famoso,
Que pela parte Austral o mar abrange,
E para o Norte o Emodio cavernoso :
Jugo de Reis diversos o constrange
A varias leis, alguns o vicioso
Mafoma, alguns os idolos adoram,
Alguns os animaes, que entre elles moram.

XVIII.

Lá bem no grande monte, que, cortando
Tão larga terra, toda Asia discorre,
Que nomes tão diversos vai tomando,
Segundo as regiões, por onde corre,
As fontes saem, donde vem manando
Os rios, cuja grão corrente morre
No mar Indico, e cercam todo o peso
Do terreno, fazendo-o Chersoneso.

XIX.

Entre hum e outro rio em grande espaço
Sae da larga terra hũa longa ponta
Quasi pyramidal, que no regaço
Do mar com Ceilão insula confronta :
E junto, donde nasce o largo braço
Gangetico, o rumor antigo conta,
Que os visinhos, da terra moradores,
Do cheiro se mantêm das finas flores :

XVI.

So soon as on the new land's shore they lay,
Many light boats of fishermen they found,
Who pointed out to Calecut the way,
Whither, as dwellers, they themselves were bound.
Forthwith the vessels follow where they say,
Because this city was the best around
Of Malabar, and there the King, as well,
Who all the country owned, was known to dwell.

XVII.

Between the Ganges and the Indus lies
A country very large and famed afar ;
The sea surrounds its southern boundaries,
The north Emoda's caverned mountains bar.
The whole is governed by diversities
Of Kings and laws ; some races followers are
Of Mahmoud vile ; some, idols bow before ;
Some, animals, which there abound, adore.

XVIII.

In the great mountain range which Asia claims
And which so vast a tract divides in two,
Taking from time to time such different names,
According to the regions it runs through,
The sources spring whence come the pouring streams,
Whose mighty waves to Indian Ocean flow,
Circling the country round on every hand,
Making a Chersonesus of the land.

XIX.

'Twixt the two rivers, space of wide degree,
From the broad land there stretches a long point,
Almost pyramidal, which in the sea
Doth with the island of Ceylon confront ;
And, near where Ganges' mighty branches be,
Traditions of antiquity recount
The neighbouring race, who in the country dwell,
Maintain themselves on only flowers' sweet smell.

XX.

Mas agora de nomes, e de usança
Novos e varios são os habitantes,
Os Delijs, os Patânes, que em possança
De terra, e gente são mais abundantes :
Decanijs, Oriás, que a esperança
Tem de sua salvação nas resonantes
Aguas do Gange : e a terra de Bengala,
Fertil de sorte, que outra não lhe iguala.

XXI.

O reino de Cambaia bellicoso
(Dizem que foi de Poro, Rei potente) :
O reino de Narsinga, poderoso
Mais de ouro e pedras, que de forte gente :
Aqui se enxerga lá do mar undoso
Hum monte alto, que corre longamente,
Servindo ao Malabar de forte muro,
Com que do Canará vive seguro :

XXII.

Da terra os naturaes lhe chamam Gate,
Do pé do qual pequena quantidade
Se estende hũa fralda estreita, que combate
Do mar a natural ferocidade :
Aqui de outras cidades, sem debate,
Calecut tem a illustre dignidade
De cabeça de imperio rica, e bella :
Samorim se intitula o senhor della.

XXIII.

Chegada a frota ao rico senhorio,
Hum Portuguez mandado logo parte,
A fazer sabedor o Rei gentio
Da vinda sua a tão remota parte.
Entrando o mensageiro pelo rio,
Que alli nas ondas entra, a não vista arte,
A côr, o gesto estranho, o trajo novo
Fez concorrer a vêl-o todo o povo.

XX.

But now inhabitants, of other name
And customs new and various, are found,
The Delhians and Patàns, who in the fame
Of land and people do the most abound :
The Deccans and Orissans too, who claim
The hope of their salvation where resound
The Ganges' waters, and the land Bengal,
So fertile, none can equal it at all.

XXI.

The kingdom of Cambaia, prone to war
(Which some to Porus, mighty Monarch, trace),
Narsinga's kingdom, too, more powerful far
In gold and precious stones than valiant race ;
And hence, from wavy ocean, noted are
High mountains showing an extended face,
Which a strong wall to Malabar doth give,
Whereby secure from Canarà they live.

XXII.

'Tis called Gaté by natives of the land,
And at its foot a narrow quantity,
Or fringe extends, thus having to withstand
The ocean's natural ferocity :
Of other cities here, on every hand,
Holds Calecut the illustrious dignity
O' the Empire's wealthy noble capital ;
Its Lord by title Samorim they call.

XXIII.

The fleet being come within this realm so fair,
A Portuguese, commissioned, forthwith hies
To make the Gentoo King at once aware
Of Gama's landing 'neath those distant skies :
And passing up the river's course, which there
Enters the rolling sea, his unknown guise,
Complexion, foreign bearing, costume new,
The curious people round to see him drew.

XXIV.

Entre a gente, que a vêl-o concorria,
Se chega hum Mahometa, que nascido
Fôra na região da Berberia,
Lá onde fôra Anteo obedecido ;
Ou pela visinhança já teria
O reino Lusitano conhecido,
Ou foi já assignalado de seu ferro,
Fortuna o trouxe a tão longo desterro.

XXV.

Em vendo o mensageiro, com jocundo
Rosto, como quem sabe a lingua Hispana,
Lhe disse : ' Quem te trouxe a est'outro mundo,
Tão longe da tua patria Lusitana ?'
' Abrindo,' lhe responde, ' o mar profundo,
Por onde nunca veio gente humana,
Vimos buscar do Indo a grão corrente,
Por onde a Lei divina se accrescente.'

XXVI.

Espantado ficou da grão viagem
O Mouro, que Monçaide se chamava,
Ouvindo as oppressões, que na passagem
Do mar o Lusitano lhe contava :
Mas vendo em fim, que a força da mensagem
Só para o Rei da terra relevava,
Lhe diz, que estava fóra da cidade,
Mas de caminho pouca quantidade :

XXVII.

E que, em tanto que a nova lhe chegasse
De sua estranha vinda, se queria,
Na sua pobre casa repousasse,
E do manjar da terra comeria ;
E, depois que se hum pouco recreasse,
Com elle para a armada tornaria ;
Que alegria não pode ser tamanha,
Que achar gente visinha em terra estranha.

XXIV.

Among the people who had come to see
Comes a Mahometan, who stood alone
As native of the land of Barbary ;
Where formerly Antæus held his throne :
Either by means of its proximity,
He had the Lusitanian Kingdom known,
Or that its sword had wide distinction bought ;
Fate had him so far off an exile brought.

XXV.

Seeing the messenger, with jocund face,
As one who knows the Spanish tongue, he cried,
'What brings thee to this other world, o'er space
From thy dear Lusitanian land so wide ?'
'Opening the mighty sea, where human race
Had never come before us,' he replied,
'We come in quest of mighty Indus' flow,
That there the Faith Divine may spread and grow.'

XXVI.

The Moor, who called himself Monçaidé,
By the vast voyage was filled with wonderment,
Hearing the hardships which upon the sea
The Lusian told him that they underwent ;
But seeing this message, by its drift, must be
Only unto the Monarch relevant,
Tells him outside the town the palace lay,
But that it was a very little way ;

XXVII.

And begged, meanwhile the news was being ta'en
Of his strange coming there, if he saw meet,
In his poor house to rest that he would deign,
And of the viands of the country eat :
And, when refreshed a little he had been,
He would return with him unto the fleet :
For nought can yield such pleasure to the mind
As neighbour in a foreign land to find.

XXVIII.

O Portuguez acceita de vontade
O, que o ledo Monçaide lhe offerece :
Como se longa fôra já a amizade,
Com elle come e bebe, e lhe obedece :
Ambos se tornam logo da cidade
Para a frota, que o Mouro bem conhece,
Sobem á capitaina, e toda a gente
Monçaide recebeo benignamente.

XXIX.

O Capitão o abraça em cabo ledo,
Ouvindo clara a lingua de Castella,
Junto de si o assenta, e prompto e quedo,
Pela terra pergunta, e cousas della.
Qual se ajuntava em Rhódope o arvoredor,
Só por ouvir o amante da donzella
Eurydice, tocando a lyra de ouro,
Tal a gente se ajunta a ouvir o Mouro.

XXX.

Elle começa : ‘ Ó gente, que a natura
Visinha fez de meu paterno ninho,
Que destino tão grande, ou que ventura,
Vos trouxe a commetterdes tal caminho ?
Não he sem causa, não, occulta e escura,
Vir do longinquo Tejo, e ignoto Minho
Por mares nunca d’outro lenho arados
A reinos tão remotos e apartados.

XXXI.

‘ Deos por certo vos traz ; porque pretende
Algum serviço seu por vós obrado :
Por isso só vos guia, e vos defende
Dos imigos, do mar, do vento irado.
Sabei, que estais na India, onde se estende
Diverso povo, rico, e prosperado
De ouro luzente, e fina pedraria,
Cheiro suave, ardente especiaria.

XXVIII.

The Portuguese accepts with joy the fare,
Which pleased Monçaidé before him lays ;
As if their friendship of long standing were,
He eats and drinks with him and all obeys ;
Both from the city to the fleet repair,
Which to the Moor familiar sight displays ;
They mount the Captain's ship, and all the crew
Receive Monçaidé with kindness due.

XXIX.

Vasco embraces him with greatest glee,
Hearing the clear Castilian tongue again ;
He sets him near him, and most studiously
Asks of the land and all it may contain :
E'en as the grove pressed round in Rhodope
To hear Eurydice's fond lover's strain,
When from the golden lyre 'twas wont to pour,
So crowd they all around to hear the Moor.

XXX.

Thus he begins : ' Race of a neighbouring State
Whom nature planted near my father's home,
What venture, or what destiny so great
Committed you o'er such a path to roam ?
Not without cause, in some obscure deep fate,
From unknown Minho, Tagus far, ye come,
O'er seas no vessel yet had ever traced,
To regions so remote and widely placed.

XXXI.

' God surely brings you, for He doth intend
Some service of His own performed by you ;
Thus did He guide you, thus did He defend
From enemies, and seas, and storms that blew :
Know that ye are in India, where extend
Peoples diverse, and rich, and prosperous too
With shining gold and precious stones of price,
Sweet perfumes and the aromatic spice.

XXXII.

‘ Esta provincia, cujo porto agora
Tomado tendes, Malabar se chama :
Do culto antigo os idolos adora,
Que cá por estas partes se derrama :
De diversos Reis he, mas d’hum só fôra
N’outro tempo, segundo a antiga fama :
Saramá Perimal foi derradeiro
Rei, que este reino teve unido, e inteiro :

XXXIII.

‘ Porêm, como a esta terra então viessem
De lá do seio Arabico outras gentes,
Que o culto Mahometico trouxessem,
No qual me instituiram meus parentes ;
Succedeeo, que prégando convertessem
O Perimal, de sabias e eloquentes ;
Fazem-lhe a lei tomar com fervor tanto,
Que presuppôz de nella morrer santo.

XXXIV.

‘ Náos arma, e nellas mette curioso
Mercadoria, que offereça, rica ;
Para ir nellas a ser religioso,
Onde o propheta jaz, que a lei publica :
Antes que parta, o reino poderoso
Co’os seus reparte ; porque não lhe fica
Herdeiro proprio : faz os mais acceitos
Ricos de pobres, livres de sujeitos.

XXXV.

‘ A hum Cochim, e a outro Cananor
A qual Chale, a qual a ilha da Pimenta,
A qual Coulão, a qual dá Cranganor,
E os mais, a quem o mais serve, e contenta.
Hum só moço, a quem tinha muito amor,
Despois que tudo dêo, se lhe apresenta :
Para este Calecut somente fica,
Cidade já por trato nobre, e rica :

XXXII.

‘ This province in whose port ye come to shore
And occupy, as Malabar is known :
Of the old faith the idols they adore,
Which here throughout these parts is widely sown :
Of various Kings it is, but was of yore,
As ancient fame declares, of one alone ;
Saramá Perimal was last, they say,
Who held the realm with undivided sway.

XXXIII.

‘ But as there, then, had come another race
Into this land, from womb of Araby,
Of those who Mahmoud’s form of Faith embrace,
Wherein my parents educated me,
It came to pass, by wisdom and by grace
Of preachers, Perimal turned devotee ;
They make him take the Faith with zeal so high,
That he resolves a Saint therein to die.

XXXIV.

‘ Ships he prepares and in them, curious, throws
Rich merchandise that may be offerèd,
And in them to religious life he goes,
Where lies the prophet who the Faith did spread :
Leaving without an heir, he doth dispose
Of his vast kingdom to his friends instead ;
And, among such as most accepted be,
The poor makes rich, and slavery sets free.

XXXV.

‘ Cochim to one, to another Cananor,
To this Chalé, to that isle Peppermint,
To this Coulon, to that gives Cranganor,
The rest to those who serve and most content :
One youth alone, towards whom much love he bore,
When all was given, doth then himself present :
He gives him Calecut, last present made, .
City, already rich and great by trade.

XXXVI.

‘ Esta lhe dá co’o titulo excellente
De Imperador, que sôbre os outros mande.
Isto feito, se parte diligente
Para onde em sancta vida acabe, e ande :
E daqui fica o nome de potente
Samorim mais, que todos, digno e grande,
Ao moço, e descendentes, donde vem
Este, que agora o imperio manda, e tem.

XXXVII.

‘ A lei da gente toda, rica e pobre,
De fabulas composta se imagina :
Andam nus, e somente hum panno cobre
As partes, que a cobrir natura ensina :
Dous modos ha de gente ; porque a nobre
Naires chamados são, e a menos dina
Poleás tem por nome, a quem obriga
A lei não misturar a casta antiga :

XXXVIII.

‘ Porque os, q̃ usaram sempre hum mesmo officio,
D’outro não podem receber consorte,
Nem os filhos terão outro exercicio,
Senão o de seus passados, até morte.
Para os Naires he certo grande vicio
Destes serem tocados, de tal sorte,
Que, quando algum se toca por ventura,
Com ceremonias mil se alimpa, e apura.

XXXIX.

‘ Deste sorte o Judaico povo antigo
Não tocava na gente de Samária :
Mais estranhezas inda das, que digo,
Nesta terra vereis de usança varia :
Os Naires sós são dados ao perigo
Das armas, sós defendem da contraria
Banda o seu Rei, trazendo sempre usada
Na esquerda a adarga, e na direita a espada.

XXXVI.

‘ This he confers with title excellent
Of Emperor, that the rest he may command,
Which done, he straightway sets forth diligent,
To live and die within the sacred land :
Hence came the title Samorim, in intent
Among them all of dignity more grand,
Upon that youth and line : and thence came down
On him, who wears to-day the Imperial crown.

XXXVII.

‘ The faith of all the race, both rich and poor,
To fables of the fancy doth appeal ;
They naked go, and only cover o’er
With cloth what nature teaches to conceal :
There are two classes ; one is honoured more
As noble, called the Nayres ; the rest reveal
Less worth, and Poleás are named : the law
From the ancient caste compels them to withdraw :

XXXVIII.

‘ For they who always have one same employ
Pursued, can never with the others wive,
Nor other office can the sons enjoy
Than that of those before them, while they live.
For the Nayres, they suffer truly great alloy
By touch of these, which such offence doth give,
That from mere chance of contact, passing by,
With thousand forms they wash and purify.

XXXIX.

‘ The ancient Jewish people in this way
Did contact with Samaritans withstand,
And matters far more curious than I say
You’ll find of various usage in this land.
Only the Nayres the danger can essay
Of arms ; they only ’gainst a hostile band
Defend their King ; on their left hand they wear
A shield ; and in their right a sword they bear.

XL.

‘ Brahmenes são os seus religiosos,
Nome antigo, e de grande preeminencia :
Observam os preceitos tão famosos
D’hum, que primeiro pôz nome á sciencia :
Não matam cousa viva, e temerosos,
Das carnes tem grandissima abstinencia :
Somente no venereo ajuntamento
Tem mais licença, e menos regimento.

XLI.

‘ Geraes são as mulheres, mas somente
Para os da geração de seus maridos :
Ditosa condição, ditosa gente,
Que não são de ciumes offendidos !
Estes, e outros costumes variamente
São pelos Malabares admittidos :
A terra he grossa em trato em tudo aquillo,
Que as ondas podem dar da China ao Nilo.’

XLII.

Assi contava o Mouro : mas vagando
Andava a fama já pela cidade
Da vinda desta gente estranha, quando
O Rei saber mandava da verdade :
Já vinham pelas ruas caminhando,
Rodeados de todo sexo, e idade,
Os principaes, que o Rei buscar mandara
O capitão da armada, que chegara.

XLIII.

Mas elle, que do Rei já tem licença
Para desembarcar, acompanhado
Dos nobres Portuguezes, sem detença
Parte de ricos pannos adornado :
Das côres a formosa differença
A vista alegre ao povo alvoroçado :
O remo compassado fere frio
Agora o mar, despois o fresco rio.

XL.

' Their priests are Brahmins called, an ancient name,
Which did to great pre-eminence attain ;
They keep those precepts, so well-known to fame,
Of one by whom, first, science rank did gain ;
They kill no living thing, fearful of blame,
From flesh with greatest strictness they abstain ;
'Tis only in the matrimonial line
Their customs to great laxity incline.

XLI.

' Women in common are, but this must be
For those who to their husbands' race belong ;
Condition blest, and blest community,
Whose jealousy perceiveth not a wrong !
Both these and modes of various degree
Are countenanced the Malabars among :
The land is full of trade, of every style
The waves can give, from China to the Nile.'

XLII.

The Moor was thus recounting ; but e'en then
The fame throughout the city flying went
Of this strange people's recent coming, when
The King the real truth to learn had sent :
Now through the streets set forth the leading men,
Followed by every age and sex intent,
Who by the King had ordered been to meet
The arrival of the Captain of the fleet.

XLIII.

But he, to whom the King had sent to say
That he might disembark, in company
O' the noble Portuguese, without delay
Sets forth, adorned with robes of rich degree ;
The pleasing contrast of his bright array
Delights the people, overjoyed to see ;
The stately oar now wounds with measured blow,
First the cold sea, then the fresh river's flow.

XLIV.

Na praia hum regedor do reino estava,
Que na sua lingua Catual se chama,
Rodeado de Naires, que esperava
Com desusada festa o nobre Gama :
Já na terra nos braços o levava,
E n'hum portatil leito hũa rica cama
Lhe offerece, em que vá (costume usado);
Que nos hombros dos homens he levado.

XLV.

Desta arte o Malabar, dest'arte o Luso,
Caminham lá, para onde o Rei o espera :
Os outros Portuguezes vão ao uso,
Que infantaria segue, esquadra fera :
O povo, que concorre, vai confuso
De vêr a gente estranha, e bem quizera
Perguntar ; mas no tempo já passado
Na torre de Babel lhe foi vedado.

XLVI.

O Gama, e o Catual hiam fallando
Nas cousas, que lhe o tempo offerecia :
Monçaide entr'elles vai interpretando
As palavras, que de ambos entendia.
Assi pela cidade caminhando,
Onde huma rica fabrica se erguia
De hum sumptuoso templo, já chegavam,
Pelas portas do qual juntos entravam.

XLVII.

Alli estão das deidades as figuras
Esculpidas em páo, e em pedra fria,
Varios de gestos, varios de pinturas,
A segundo o demonio lhe fingia ;
Vêm-se as abominaveis esculpturas,
Qual a Chimera em membros se varia :
Os Christãos olhos, a vêr Deo usados
Em forma humana, estão maravilhados.

XLIV.

Upon the beach, a ruler of the state,
Whom in their language Catual they call,
Standing by Nayres surrounded, doth await
Great Gama with a pomp unusual ;
On landing, in his arms he lifts him, straight,
And in a litter offers to install,
On a luxurious couch (a custom then)
Carried upon the shoulders of the men.

XLV.

The Malabar and Lusian thus, as due,
Towards where the King expects the Chief incline,
The other Portuguese the mode pursue
Of infantry, a sturdy guard in line ;
The crowd were all confused, that round them drew,
To see the strangers, curious to divine,
And questions asking ; but, since times of old
Of Babel's Tower, things cannot thus be told.

XLVI.

The Catual and Gama talking went
Of matters of the moment, as they chose ;
Monçaidé interpretation lent,
As of them both the languages he knows ;
Thus, through the city as their course they bent,
They came to where the splendid fabric rose
Of a most sumptuous temple, high in air,
And through the gates thereof both entered there.

XLVII.

There stand the figures of the deities
Sculptured in wood as well as in cold stone ;
Various in form, painted of various dies,
Inventions which the devil might have shown ;
Abominable sculptures meet their eyes,
Varied in limbs as in Chimæra known ;
The Christian sight which sees its God, instead,
In human form, is all astonied !

XLVIII.

Hum, na cabeça cornos esculpidos,
Qual Jupiter Hammon em Libya, estava :
Outro n'hum corpo rostos tinha unidos,
Bem como o antigo Jano se pintava :
Outro com muitos braços divididos
A Briarêo parece que imitava :
Outro fronte canina tem de fóra,
Qual Anubis Memphitico se adora.

XLIX.

Aqui feita do barbaro Gentio
A supersticiosa adoração,
Direitos vão, sem outro algum desvio,
Para onde estava o Rei do povo vão :
Engrossando-se vai da gente o fio,
Co'os que vem vêr o estranho Capitão :
Estão pelos telhados, e janellas,
Velhos e moços, donas e donzellas.

L.

Já chegam perto, e não com passos lentos,
Dos jardins odoríferos, formosos,
Que em si escondem os regios aposentos,
Altos de torres não ; mas sumptuosos :
Edificam-se os nobres seus assentos
Por entre os arvoredos deleitosos :
Assi vivem os Reis daquella gente
No campo, e na cidade juntamente.

LI.

Pelos portaes da cêrca a subtileza
Se enxérga da Dedálea faculdade,
Em figuras mostrando por nobreza
Da India a mais remota antiguidade :
Affiguradas vão com tal viveza
As historias daquella antiga idade,
Que, quem dellas tiver noticia inteira,
Pela sombra conhece a verdadeira.

XLVIII.

On head of one two sculptured horns arose,
As Ammon erst in Libya displayed ;
A two-faced head upon one body grows,
E'en as the ancient Janus was portrayed ;
Another many arms divided shows,
As if to imitate Briareus made :
Another a dog's head upon him bore,
As Memphis once Anubis did adore.

XLIX.

Now offered by the barbarous Gentoo
His superstitious vain idolatry,
Without more deviation straight they go
To where the empty people's King should be :
The lines of multitude more numerous grow
With those who come the Captain strange to see :
Numbers on roofs and at the windows swell,
Old men and young, damsels and dames as well.

I..

Now they approach, and with no loitering pace,
The fragrant gardens beautiful and bright,
Which the King's palaces concealed embrace,
Not of high towers, but sumptuous to the sight.
The nobles thus their seats are wont to place,
By groves surrounded, teeming with delight :
Thus live the monarchs of this land and clime,
Enjoying town and country at one time.

LI.

Upon the outer portal may be known
Of the Dædalian art the subtilty ;
In figures by their nobleness is shown
All India's most remote antiquity :
The histories of that age, so long since flown,
Are figured with such great vivacity,
That he, who their existence really knew,
Must by the image recognize the true.

LII.

Estava hum grande exercito, que pisa
A terra Oriental, que o Hydaspe lava,
Rege-o hum capitão de fronte lisa,
Que com frondentes thyrsos pelejava :
Por elle edificada estava Nysa
Nas ribeiras do rio, que manava,
Tão proprio, que, se alli estiver Semele,
Dirá por certo, que he seu filho aquelle.

LIII.

Mais avante, bebendo, sécca o rio
Mui grande multidão da Assyria gente,
Sujeita a feminino senhorio
De huma tão bella, como incontinente :
Alli tem junto ao lado nunca frio
Esculpido o feroz ginete ardente,
Com quem teria o filho competencia :
Amor nefando, bruta incontinencia !

LIV.

Daqui mais apartadas tremolavam
As bandeiras de Grecia gloriosas,
Terceira monarchia, e subjugavam
Até as aguas Gangeticas undosas :
D'hum capitão mancebo se guiavam,
De palmas rodeado valerosas,
Que já, não de Philippo, mas sem falta
De pro genie de Jupiter se exalta.

LV.

Os Portuguezes vendo estas memorias,
Dizia o Catual ao Capitão :
‘Tempo cedo virá, que outras victorias
Estas, que agora olhais, abaterão :
Aqui se escreverão novas historias
Por gentes estrangeiras, que virão :
Que os nossos sabios magos o alcançaram,
Quando o tempo futuro especularam.

LII.

A mighty army there appears, which treads
The Eastern lands through which Hydaspes flows ;
A captain with unwrinkled forehead leads,
Who in the war a leafy thyrsus shows ;
By him was Nysa built upon the meads
Of the full stream which laves it as it goes,
So like, that if to Semele 'twere shown
Most certainly her offspring she would own.

LIII.

Yet farther on a river vast doth dry,
Drunk by a great Assyrian multitude,
Subject unto the female seigniory
Of one with equal vice and charms imbued ;
Standing her never temperate side hard by,
A sculptured hot and fiery horse is viewed,
Of whom might e'en her son the rival be,
With such unseemly love, accursed was she !

LIV.

Hence farther still, all trembling over head,
Of Greece itself the glorious banners gleam,
Third Monarchy, and which its conquests spread
As far as to the Ganges' wavy stream :
By a mere youth, as Captain, they were led,
Bedecked with palms of victory supreme,
Who now no more will son of Philip be,
But, sure, of Jove the exalted progeny.

LV.

While on these records dwell the Portuguese
The Catual to the Captain speaketh thus :—
'Time soon shall come when other victories
Those, which ye now behold, shall far surpass ;
Here there shall written be new histories
By future comers of a foreign class ;
For this our magic sages did discern,
When studying of the future time to learn.

LVI.

‘E diz-lhe mais a magica sciencia,
Que, para se evitar força tamanha,
Não valerá dos homens resistencia ;
Que contra o Céu não val da gente manha ;
Mas tambem diz, que a bellica excellencia
Nas armas, e na paz, da gente estranha
Será tal, que será no mundo ouvido
O vencedor, por gloria do vencido.’

LVII.

Assi fallando entravam já na sala,
Onde aquelle potente Imperador
N’hum camilha jaz, que não se iguala
De outra alguma no preço, e no lavor :
No recostado gesto se assignala
Hum venerando e prospero senhor :
Hum panno de ouro cinge, e na cabeça
De preciosas gemmas se adereça.

LVIII.

Bem junto delle hum velho reverente,
Co’os giolhos no chão, de quando em quando
Lhe dava a verde folha da herva ardente,
Que a seu costume estava ruminando :
Hum Brahmene, pessoa preeminente,
Para o Gama vem com passo brando ;
Para que ao grande Principe o apresente,
Que diante lhe acena, que se assente.

LIX.

Sentado o Gama junto ao rico leito,
Os seus mais afastados, prompto em vista
Estava o Samorim no trajo, e geito
Da gente, nunca de antes delle vista :
Lançando a grave voz do sabio peito,
Que grande autoridade logo aquista
Na opinião do Rei, e do povo todo,
O Capitão lhe falla deste modo :

LVI.

'And magic's science tells them further still,
That to avoid a force of such degree
Nought shall avail mankind's resisting will,
For nought 'gainst Heaven avails man's subtilty :
But tells likewise that the strange people's skill
In warfare and in peace e'en such shall be,
That o'er the world the victor's fame shall spread
By very glory of the vanquishèd.'

LVII.

Conversing thus they entered the saloon,
Where that most potent Emperor lay reclined
Upon a couch, whose richness far outshone
All others in its price and art refined :
In this recumbent posture, every one
Some Lord revered and prosperous calls to mind ;
Robed in a cloth of gold, upon his head
An ornament of precious gems is spread.

LVIII.

And very near, an old man, reverent,
With knees upon the ground, did now and then
A green leaf of the spicy herb present,
Which he would chew, as had his custom been.
A Brahmin, person all pre-eminent,
Approaching Gama quietly was seen,
To bring him to the mighty Prince, as meet,
Who motioned him in front to take his seat.

LIX.

Gama the sumptuous couch reposing near,
The rest apart, straight Samorim began
Closely the people's costume and their air,
Which he had never seen before, to scan ;
From his sage breast lifting his grave voice clear,
Which quickly o'er the King and every man
Acquired, and shed, its influence and weight,
The Captain speaks ; and thus doth he relate :

LX.

‘Hum grande Rei de lá das partes, onde
O céo volubil com perpetua roda
Da terra a luz solar co’a terra esconde,
Tingindo a, que deixou, de escura noda,
Ouvindo do rumor, que lá responde,
O ecco, como em ti da India toda
O principado está, e a magestade ;
Vinculo quer contigo de amizade :

LXI.

‘ E por longos rodeios a ti manda,
Por te fazer saber, que tudo aquillo,
Que sôbre o mar, que sôbre as terras anda,
De riquezas, de lá do Tejo ao Nilo,
E desde a fria plaga de Zelanda,
Até bem donde o Sol não muda o estylo
Nos dias, sôbre a gente de Ethiopia,
Tudo tem no seu reino em grande copia.

LXII.

‘ E, se queres com pactos, e lianças
De paz, e de amizade sacra e nua
Commercio consentir das abundanças
Das fazendas da terra sua, e tua ;
Porque cresçam as rendas, e abastanças
(Por quem a gente mais trabalha e sua)
De vossos reinos ; será certamente
De ti proveito, e delle gloria ingente.

LXIII.

‘ E sendo assi, que o nó desta amizade
Entre vós firmemente permaneça,
Estará prompto a toda adversidade,
Que por guerra a teu reino se offereça,
Com gente, armas, e náos ; de qualidade,
Que por irmão te tenha, e te conheça :
E da vontade em ti sôbre isto posta
Me dês a mi certissima resposta.’

LX.

' A mighty King doth in those realms abide,
Where moving heaven in its perpetual round
The solar light from earth by earth doth hide,
Staining what it hath left in dark profound,
Who having heard by rumour's echo wide,
That thou dost own the whole of India's ground
Beneath thy empire and thy majesty,
A bond of friendship would desire with thee ;

LXI.

' And o'er long devious courses sends to show
To thee, that all—which over many a mile
Of ocean, and o'er land doth travelling go
Of riches, there, from Tagus to the Nile,
And from cold Zealand's coast of frost and snow,
To where the sun no difference in the style
Of days doth make, o'er Ethiop race and ground—
All in his country greatly doth abound.

LXII.

' And if thou dost desire, with pacts and ties
Of peace and friendship, sacred, true and plain,
To establish commerce of the abundances
Of all things that thy land and his contain :
And see the increase of wealth and luxuries
(Which people toil and sweat the most to gain)
Within your kingdoms ; it will surely be
For him vast glory, and a gain for thee.

LXIII.

' If so, that then this friendly bond may be
Between you both most firmly permanent,
He will be prompt in all adversity
Which warfare 'gainst your country may present,
With men and arms and ships ; e'en so that he
May thee as brother treat to all intent ;
And, upon this your resolution ta'en,
That thou an answer positive wilt deign.'

LXIV.

Tal embaixada dava o Capitão,
A quem o Rei gentio respondia,
Que em vêr embaixadores de nação
Tão remota grão gloria recebia :
Mas neste caso a ultima tenção
Com os de seu conselho tomaria,
Informando-se certo, de quem era
O Rei, e a gente, e terra, que dissera :

LXV.

E que em tanto podia do trabalho
Passado ir repousar, e em tempo breve
Daria a seu despacho hum justo talho,
Com que a seu Rei resposta alegre leve.
Já nisto punha a noite a usado atalho
Às humanas canseiras ; porque ceve
De doce somno os membros trabalhados,
Os olhos occupando ao ocio dados.

LXVI.

Agasalhados fôram juntamente
O Gama e Portuguezes no aposento
Do nobre regedor da Indica gente
Com festas, e geral contentamento.
O Catual, no cargo diligente
De seu Rei, tinha já por regimento
Saber da gente estranha, donde vinha,
Que costumes, que lei, que terra tinha.

LXVII.

Tanto que os igneos carros do formoso
Mancebo Delio vio, que a luz renova,
Manda chamar Monçaide, desejoso
De poder-se informar da gente nova :
Já lhe pergunta prompto e curioso,
Se tem noticia inteira, e certa prova
Dos estranhos, quem são ; que ouvido tinha,
Que he gente de sua patria mui visinha :

LXIV.

Such Royal message did the Captain give ;
To whom the Gentoo monarch answered straight,
That from so far a nation to receive
Ambassadors was honour very great :
But, in this case his final will he'd leave
To settle with his counsellors of state,
Being informed, for certain, of this King,
And race, and land, whereof he news did bring ;

LXV.

And that he could in rest the meantime spend,
From his past labours ; and, with brief delay,
To his despatch he'd due decision send,
Which to his King kind answer might convey.
On this came night, and put the accustomed end
To human labours, soothing with her sway
In sweet repose the limbs with toil o'erpressed,
And ruling o'er the eyes, resigned to rest.

LXVI.

The Portuguese with Gama, as was meet,
Were hospitably housed and entertained
By the great Indian Ruler at his seat,
With feastings and contentment all unfeigned.
Active his Monarch's orders to complete,
The duty with the Catual remained
To learn of this strange people, whence they came,
Their customs, faith, and country that they claim.

LXVII.

Soon, therefore, as he saw the cars of fire
Of the fair Delian youth that bring back light,
He calls and tells Monçaide his desire
Of this strange people all to learn aright.
Prompt and inquisitive he 'gins to enquire
If he is well informed, and certain quite,
Who are these strangers ; for he hears 'tis known
They're people of a country near his own ;

LXVIII.

Que particularmente alli lhe dêsse
Informação mui larga, pois fazia
Nisso serviço ao Rei ; porque soubesse
O que neste negocio se faria.
Monçaide torna : ‘ Postoque eu quizesse
Dizer-te disto mais, não saberia :
Somente sei, que he gente lá de Hespanha,
Onde o meu ninho, e o Sol no mar se banha.

LXIX.

‘ Tem a lei d’hum Propheta, que gerado
Foi sem fazer na carne detrimento
Da Mãi ; tal que por bafo está aprovado
Do Deos, que tem do mundo o regimento.
O, que entre meus antigos he vulgado
Delles, he que o valor sanguinolento
Das armas no seu braço resplandece,
O que em nossos passados se parece ;

LXX.

‘ Porque elles com virtude sobrehumana
Os deitaram dos compos abundosos
Do rico Tejo, e fresca Guadiana
Com feitos memoraveis, e famosos :
E, não contentes inda, na Africana
Parte, cortando os mares procellosos,
Nos não querem deixar viver seguros,
Tomando-nos cidades, e altos muros.

LXXI.

‘ Não menos tem mostrado esforço, e manha
Em quaesquer outras guerras, que aconteçam,
Ou das gentes belligeras de Hespanha,
Ou lá d’alguns, que do Pyrene deçam :
Assi que, nunca em fim com lança estranha,
Se tem, que por vencidos se conheçam :
Nem se sabe inda, não, te affirmo e assello,
Para estes Annibáes nenhum Marcello.

LXVIII.

And that especially he would bestow
The fullest details, which would be, indeed,
Of service to the King, who thus would know
How in this matter he might then proceed.
Monçaide replies : ' E'en wishing so,
My knowledge would not answer to thy need :
I only know they are of race from Spain,
Where is my nest, and Sol bathes in the main.

LXIX.

' And of a Prophet they the Faith profess,
Who of a Virgin pure received his birth,
Such as the very breath of God did bless,
Who holds the government of all the earth.
Of them, among my fathers, nothing less
Is said than that in war their valorous worth
Shines forth upon their arm with glory clear,
As in our past doth verily appear ;

LXX.

' For they, with superhuman power and might,
Expelled us from the sweet fertilities
Of Tagus rich, and Guadiana bright,
With deeds of ever famous memories ;
And not contented, then, must bear the fight
'Gainst Africa, across the stormy seas,
Not willing that we there secure should dwell,
Taking our towns, and fortresses as well.

LXXI.

' Nor did they less their power and skill sustain,
Where'er in other wars they might contend,
Or with belligerent races of old Spain,
Or those who might from Pyrenees descend ;
So that, 'gainst foreign lance they ne'er in vain
Did battle, nor as vanquished would they bend ;
Nor, I avouch, Marcellus yet is known,
By whom these Hannibals may be o'erthrown.

LXXII.

‘E, se esta informação não for inteira
Tanto, quanto convem, delles pretende
Informar-te ; que he gente verdadeira,
A quem mais falsidade enoja, e offende :
Vai vêr-lhe a frota, as armas, e a maneira
Do fundido metal, que tudo rende ;
E folgarás de veres a policia
Portuguesa na paz, e na milicia.’

LXXIII.

Já com desejos o Idolátra ardia
De vêr isto, que o Mouro lhe contava :
Manda esquipar bateis : que ir vêr queria
Os lenhos, em que o Gama navegava ;
Ambos partem da praia, a quem seguia
A Naira geração, que o mar coalhava :
Á capitaina sobem forte e bella,
Onde Paulo os recebe a bordo della.

LXXIV.

Purpureos são os toldos, e as bandeiras
Do rico fio são, que o bicho gera,
Nellas estão pintadas as guerreiras
Obras, que o forte braço já fizera :
Batalhas tem campaes, aventureiras,
Desafios crueis, pintura fera,
Que, tanto que ao Gentio se apresenta,
Attento nella os olhos apascenta.

LXXV.

Pelo que vê pergunta : mas o Gama
Lhe pedia primeiro, que se assente,
E que aquelle deleite, que tanto ama
A seita Epicurêa, experimente.
Dos espumantes vasos se derrama
O licôr, que Noé mostrara á gente :
Mas comer o Gentio não pretende ;
Que a seita, que seguia, lho defende.

LXXII.

'If these particulars should seem but few
For what thou wishest, then thou must pretend
To ask themselves, for they are people true,
Whom falsehood doth disgust and most offend :
Go thou, the fleet, the arms, the style to view
Of their cast metal, made all things to rend ;
To note the method of the Portuguese,
For peace or war prepared, will greatly please.'

LXXIII.

Now, wonder the Idolater inspires
To witness what the Moor to him relates ;
He sends to equip the boats, as he desires
To see the ships which Gama navigates :
Both leave the shore, close followed by the Nayres,
A crowd of whom the ocean agitates ;
They mount the Captain's noble ship complete,
And are received on board by Paul, as meet.

LXXIV.

Purple the awnings ; and there float in air
Flags of rich silk, the produce of the worm ;
Paintings of every warlike deed they bear,
The arm of valour did of old perform ;
Pitched battles, too, as fought by those who dare,
Fierce challenges,—a picture all of storm,—
On all that is presented the Gentoo
Feeds with attention his delighted view.

LXXV.

He asks of what he sees ; but Gama prayed,
That first he would a little while repose,
And of the joys partake for which, 'tis said,
That Epicurus' sect such fondness shows.
The foaming vases, streaming forth, displayed
The juice which man to Noah's invention owes ;
But to partake the strict Gentoo declines,
E'en as the sect, he followeth, assigns.

LXXVI.

A trombeta, que em paz no pensamento
Imagem faz de guerra, rompe os ares :
Co'o fogo o diabolico instrumento
Se faz ouvir no fundo lá dos mares.
Tudo o Gentio nota ; mas o intento
Mostrava sempre ter nos singulares
Feitos dos homens, que em retrato breve
A muda poesia alli descreve.

LXXVII.

Alça-se em pé, com elle o Gama junto,
Coelho de outra parte e o Mauritano :
Os olhos põe no bellico transunto
De hum velho branco, aspeito soberano,
Cujo nome não pode ser defunto,
Em quanto houver no mundo trato humano :
No trajo a Grega usança está perfeita,
Hum ramo por insignia na direita.

LXXVIII.

Hum ramo na mão tinha. . . Mas ó cego
Eu, que commetto insano, e temerario,
Sem vós, Nymphas do Tejo, e do Mondego,
Por caminho tão arduo, longo, e vario !
Vosso favor invoco, que navego
Por alto mar com vento tão contrario ;
Que, se não me ajudais, hei grande medo,
Que o meu fraco batel se alague cedo.

LXXIX.

Olhai, que ha tanto tempo, que, cantando
O vosso Tejo e os vossos Lusitanos,
A fortuna me traz peregrinando,
Novos trabalhos vendo, e novos danos :
Agora o mar, agora exprimentando
Os perigos Mavorcios inhumanos :
Qual Canace, que á morte se condena,
N'huma mão sempre a espada, e n'outra a penna :

LXXVI.

The trumpet, which in peace doth e'en present
War's image to the thought, now rends the air :
With fire the diabolic instrument
Makes itself heard upon deep ocean there :
All this the Gentoo notes ; but seems intent,
Scanning those deeds of ancient prowess rare,
Which, thus in simple portraiture displayed,
Mute Poesy depicts with Painting's aid.

LXXVII.

He rises up and Gama doth comply,
The Moor and Coelho equally attend :
Upon the warlike form they fix the eye
Of an old man, of aspect reverend,
Whose name it is not possible should die,
Till in the world the human race shall end :
In garb of perfect Grecian style divine,
In his right hand a branch, as for a sign—

LXXVIII.

A branch within his hand—Oh ! blind I seem,
Who without you would, rash, attempt my song,
Nymphs of Mondego's and of Tagus' stream,
By path so various, arduous and long !
Your favours I invoke, while e'en I dream
O'er the deep sea to sail 'gainst winds so wrong,
That, if ye do not aid me, much I fear
My fragile barque will soon o'erwhelmed appear !

LXXIX.

See how long time, while I resounding go
Your Tagus and your Lusitanians bold,
Fortune a wanderer drags me to and fro,
New labours and new sufferings to behold :
Now on the sea, and now compelled to know
Perils of war, inhuman and untold :
Like Canace herself, self-doomed I stand,
Ever with sword and pen in either hand !

LXXX.

Agora com pobreza aborrecida
Por hospícios alheos degradado :
Agora da esperança já adquirida
De novo, mais que nunca, derribado :
Agora ás costas escapando o vida,
Que d'hum fio pendia tão delgado ;
Que não menos milagre foi salvar-se,
Que para o Rei Judaico accrescentar-se.

LXXXI.

E ainda, Nymphas minhas, não bastava,
Que tamanhas miserias me cercassem ;
Senão que aquelles, que eu cantando andava,
Tal premio de meus versos me tornassem :
A trôco dos descansos, que esperava,
Das capellas de louro, que me honrassem,
Trabalhos nunca usados me inventaram,
Com que em tão duro estado me deitaram.

LXXXII.

Vêde, Nymphas, que engenhos de senhores
O vosso Tejo cria valerosos,
Que assi sabem prezar com taes favores,
A quem os faz, cantando, gloriosos !
Que exemplos a futuros escriptores,
Para espertar engenhos curiosos,
Para pôrem as cousas em memoria,
Que merecerem ter eterna gloria !

LXXXIII.

Pois, logo em tantos males he forçado,
Que só vosso favor me não falleça,
Principalmente aqui, que sou chegado,
Onde feitos diversos engrandeça :
Dai-mo vós sós; que eu tenho já jurado,
Que não no empregue em quem o não mereça,
Nem por lisonja louve algum subido,
Sob pena de não ser agradecido.

LXXX.

Now with abhorrent poverty borne down,
By others with humiliation fed ;
Indulging now in hope once more new blown,
Now more than ever cheated and misled ;
With life escaping now, but scarce one's own,
It hung upon so very fine a thread,
That not less miracle it was to save
Than that which Judah's King remission gave.

LXXXI.

E'en so, my Nymphs ! it did not yet content
That such great miseries should me surround ;
But truly those, whom I recording went,
Such recompense have for my verses found :
Instead of rest, whereon my hopes were bent,
And with the laurel's honour being crowned,
They did for me all unknown toils create,
Which threw me into such a suffering state.

LXXXII.

Behold, O Nymphs ! what lofty minded Lords
Your Tagus doth create, in valour strong ;
Who thus know how to prize with such rewards
Those who have made them glorious in song !
What mark for future writers this affords,
To awake and lead aspiring minds along,
Those facts in lasting memory to frame,
Which are deserving of eternal fame !

LXXXIII.

Then, seeing that by such evils I am torn,
Let but your favour not desert me now ;
And chiefly here, for I am onward borne,
Where various deeds with fame it may endow ;
Grant this, O ye alone ! for I have sworn
That on the unworthy nought will I bestow ;
Nor on high rank my flattery will intrude,
On pain of reaping mere ingratitude.

LXXXIV.

Nem creais, Nymphas, não, que fama dêsse
A quem ao bem commum, e do seu Rei
Antepuzer seu proprio interesse,
Imigo da divina e humana lei :
Nenhum ambicioso, que quizesse
Subir a grandes cargos, cantarei,
Só por poder com torpes exercicios
Usar mais largamente de seus vicios.

LXXXV.

Nenhum, que use de seu poder bastante
Para servir a seu desejo feio,
E que, por comprazer ao vulgo errante,
Se muda em mais figuras, que Proteio :
Nem, Camenas, tambem cuideis, que cante
Quem com habito honesto e grave veio,
Por contentar ao Rei no officio novo,
A despir, e roubar o pobre povo.

LXXXVI.

Nem quem acha, que he justo, e que he direito!
Guardar-se a lei do Rei severamente,
E não acha, que he justo, e bom respeito,
Que se pague o suor da servil gente :
Nem quem sempre com pouco experto peito;
Razões apprende, e cuida que he prudente ;
Para taixar com mão rapace, e escassa
Os trabalhos alheios, que não passa.

LXXXVII.

Aquelles sós direi, que aventuraram
Por seu Deos, por seu Rei, a amada vida,
Onde, perdendo-a, em fama a dilataram
Tão bem de suas obras merecida :
Apollo, e as Musas, que me acompanharam,
Me dobrarão a furia concedida,
Em quanto eu tómo alento descansado,
Por tornar ao trabalho, mais folgado.

LXXXIV.

Nor think, ye Nymphs, I would accord him fame,
Who 'gainst the common weal and 'gainst his King,
Would preference for his selfish interest claim,
Divine and human laws not reverencing :
Nor one ambitious, who would rise to name
And offices important, will I sing,
But to be able, in his vile career,
To indulge his vices in a larger sphere.

LXXXV.

None, who his overweening power would use
To serve his own vile inclinations' sake,
And who, the ignorant vulgar to amuse,
More than e'en Proteus' various forms would take ;
Nor dream, Camenæ, that for song I choose
Him, who a grave and honest show would make,
And in his new-born power, to please his King,
Would the poor people with extortion wring.

LXXXVI.

Nor him, that finds 'tis just and 'tis correct
To keep the King's command severe and true,
And does not find it just, and good respect,
To pay to those, who toil, their labour's due :
Nor him, whose mind but little doth reflect,
And deems he takes a fit and prudent view,
To tax with mean, rapacious, hand unfair,
The work of others, which he does not share.

LXXXVII.

Those only who have ventured, will I name,
For God and for their King the life they loved,
Where losing it they lengthened it in fame,
So well deserved as by their deeds was proved :
Apollo and the Nine, who with me came,
The fire will double which in me Ye moved,
While, to take breath, reposing I remain,
To turn more cheerful to my task again.

CANTO OITAVO.

I.

NA primeira figura se detinha
O Catual, que vira estar pintada,
Que por divisa hum ramo na mão tinha,
A barba branca, longa, e penteada :
‘ Quem era, e por que causa lhe convinha
A divisa, que tem na mão tomada ? ’
Paulo responde, cuja voz discreta
O Mauritano sabio lhe interpreta.

II.

‘ Estas figuras todas, que apparecem,
Bravos em vista, e feros nos aspeitos,
Mais bravos e mais feros se conhecem
Pela fama nas obras e nos feitos :
Antiguos são, mas inda resplandecem
Co’o nome entre os engenhos mais perfeitos :
Este, que vês, he Luso, donde a fama
O nosso reino Lusitania chama.

III.

‘ Foi filho, ou companheiro do Thebano,
Que tão diversas partes conquistou :
Parece vindo ter ao ninho Hispano,
Seguindo as armas, que contino usou :
Do Douro, e Guadiana o campo ufano,
Já dito Elysio, tanto o contentou,
Que alli quiz dar aos já cansados ossos
Eterna sepultura, e nome aos nossos.

CANTO VIII.

I.

The Catual, attentive, took his stand
At the first figure he had painted seen,
Which for device a branch held in his hand ;
The beard was white and long, and combed had been.
' Who was the figure ? what did it intend,
That he should thus hold forth that emblem green ? '
Paul answers him, and his reply discreet
The learned Moor interprets as is meet.

II.

' These figures all which here around are shown,
Brave to the view and fierce in their aspect,
More brave and more ferocious still are known,
By fame, which doth with acts and deeds connect.
Ancient they are, but still great name they own,
That shines 'midst spirits which high deeds affect ;
This whom thou see'st is Lusus, whence by fame
Our realm bears Lusitania as its name.

III.

' The Theban's son he was, as comrade ta'en,
Who in his time such various realms subdued ;
He reached, as is declared, the land of Spain,
Engrossed in arms which always he pursued :
Douro's and Guadiana's boastful plain,
Elysium called, with such delight he viewed,
There to his weary limbs a burial-place
By choice he gave, and title to our race.

IV.

‘ O ramo, que lhe vês para divisa,
O verde thyrsó foi de Baccho usado,
O qual á nossa idade amostra, e avisa,
Que foi seu companheiro, ou filho amado.
Vês outro, que do Tejo a terra pisa,
Depois de ter tão longo mar arado,
Onde muros perpetuos edifica,
E templo a Pallas, que em memoria fica ?

V.

‘ Ulysses he, o que faz a sancta casa
A deosa, que lhe dá lingua facunda ;
Que, se lá na Asia Troia insigne abrasa,
Cá na Europa Lisboa ingente funda.’
‘ Quem será est’outro cá, que o campo arrasa
De mortos com presença furibunda ?
Grandes batalhas tem desbaratadas,
Que as aguias nas bandeiras tem pintadas.’

VI.

Assi o Gentio diz : responde o Gama :
‘ Este, que vês, pastor já foi de gado,
Viriáto sabemos que se chama,
Destro na lança mais, que no cajado :
Injuriada tem de Roma a fama,
Vencedor invencibil, afamado ;
Não tem com elle, não, nem ter puderam
O primôr, que com Pyrrho já tiveram :

VII.

‘ Com força não, com manha vergonhosa
A vida lhe tiraram, que os espanta ;
Que o grande aperto em gente, inda que honrosa,
As vezes leis magnanimas quebranta.
Outro está aqui, que contra a pátria irosa
Degradado comnosco se alevanta :
Escolheo bem, com quem se alevantasse,
Para que eternamente se illustrasse :

IV.

‘The branch thou see’st, that for device he bore,
Is the green thyrsus Bacchus seen upon ;
Which shows and tells our age that he, of yore,
Was his companion, or beloved son.
And see’st thou one who treads on Tagus’ shore,
After o’er such vast oceans having gone,
Where everlasting walls he rears on high
And Pallas’ temple, fresh in memory ?

V.

‘Ulysses ’tis, the Goddess’ fane doth raise,
She who on him his eloquence bestows ;
If he, in Asia, Troy in ashes lays,
In Europe here by him vast Lisbon grows.’
‘Who is this other who the plain displays
Covered with dead, whose presence fury shows ?
In battles great he many has o’erthrown,
For eagles painted on his flags are shown.’

VI.

The Gentoo thus ; and Gama to the same :
‘He whom thou see’st kept cattle in the field ;
We know that Viriato is his name,
More skilled the lance, than shepherd’s crook, to wield,
Much has he prejudiced the Roman fame :
Victor invincible, famed ne’er to yield,
They ne’er displayed with him, nor could display,
The genius they possessed in Pyrrhus’ day.

VII.

‘With valour, no—with shameful craftiness,
The life that terrified them did they take ;
For e’en an honest race, in urgent stress,
The laws of magnanimity may break ;
And one is here who, banished, ne’ertheless
Rose with us ’gainst his land, and for our sake ;
And well indeed he chose with whom to rise,
E’en that his name he might immortalise.

VIII.

‘ Vês, comnosco tambem vence as bandeiras
Dessas aves de Jupiter validas ;
Que já naquelle tempo as mais guerreiras
Gentes de nós souberam ser vencidas :
Olha tão subteis artes, e maneiras,
Para adquirir os povos, tão fingidas,
A fatidica Cerva, que o avisa :
Elle he Sertorio, e ella a sua divisa :

IX.

‘ Olha est’outra bandeira, e vê pintado
O grão progenitôr dos Reis primeiros :
Nós Húngaro o fazemos, porém nado
Crem ser em Lotharingia os estrangeiros :
Despois de ter, co’os Mouros, superado
Gallegos e Leonezes cavalleiros,
À Casa sancta passa o sancto Henrique ;
Porque o tronco dos Reis se sanctifique.’

X.

‘ Quem he, me dize, est’outro, que me espanta,’
(Pergunta o Malabar maravilhado)
‘ Que tantos esquadrones, que gente tanta
Com tão pouca tem roto e destrôgado ?
Tantos muros asperrimos quebranta,
Tantas batalhas dá, nunca cansado,
Tantas coroas tem por tantas partes
A seus pés derribadas, e estandartes ?’

XI.

‘ Este he o primeiro Afonso,’ disse o Gama,
‘ Que todo Portugal aos Mouros toma,
Por quem no Estygio lago jura a Fama
De mais não celebrar nenhum de Roma :
Este he aquelle zeloso, a quem Deos ama,
Com cujo braço o Mouro imigo doma,
Para quem de seu reino abaixa os muros,
Nada deixando já para os futuros.

VIII.

' With us he vanquishes the flags that bear
The birds which Jupiter with favour viewed ;
Already they, who leading warriors were,
Knew what it was to be by us subdued ;
Behold what subtile arts, what fictions rare,
Practised to influence the people rude !
The hind prophetic, teaching destiny ;
He is Sertorius, and his emblem she.

IX.

' Behold this other flag, whereon is shown
The great forefather of our Royal chain ;
We have his lineage as Hungarian known,
But strangers deem him born as of Lorraine ;
After that with the Moors he had o'erthrown
The Leonese and knights Castilian,
To the Holy tomb doth Holy Henry hie,
That he our line of Kings may sanctify !'

X.

' Tell me, who is this other, who dîsmays'
(The Malabar astonished now demands),
' Who such vast squadrons, who such vast arrays
Has routed and destroyed, with such small bands ?
So many rugged walls breaks through and lays,
So many battles gives and aye withstands ;
Has in so many parts so many a crown
And standard proud beneath his feet cast down ?'

XI.

' This is the First Alfonso,' Gama spake,
' Who from the Moors all Portugal reclaims,
For whom Fate swears, upon the Stygian lake,
Never to sound again the Roman names :
That zealous one, whom God loves for his sake,
And with whose arm the hostile Moor He tames ;
For whom that kingdom's walls so low he lays,
That nought he leaves to do for future days.

XII.

‘ Se Cesar, se Alexandre Rei tiveram
Tão pequeno poder, tão pouca gente
Contra tantos imigos, quantos eram
Os, que desbaratava este excellente :
Não creas, que seus nomes se estenderam
Com glorias immortaes tão largamente :
Mas deixa os feitos seus inexplicaveis,
Vê, que os de seus vassallos são notaveis.

XIII.

‘ Este que vês olhar com gesto irado
Para o rompido alumno mal soffrido,
Dizendo-lhe, que o exercito espalhado
Recolha, e torne ao campo defendido :
Torna o moço do velho acompanhado,
Que vencedor o torna de vencido :
Egas Moniz se chama o forte velho,
Para leaes vassallos claro espelho.

XIV.

‘ Vêl-o cá vai co’os filhos a entregar-se,
A corda ao collo, nu de seda e panno ;
Porque não quiz o moço sujeitar-se,
Como elle promettera, ao Castelhana :
Fêz com siso e promessas levantar-se
O cêrco, que já estava soberano :
Os filhos, e mulher obriga á pena :
Para que o senhor salve, a si condena.

XV.

‘ Não fêz o consul tanto, que cercado
Foi nas forcas Caudinas de ignorante,
Quando a passar por baixo foi forçado
Do Samnitico jugo triumphante :
Este pelo seu povo injuriado
A si se entrega só firme e constante ;
Est’outro a si e os filhos naturais,
E a consorte sem culpa, que doe mais.

XII.

'Had Cæsar, had King Alexander, led
A power so small, and forces but so few,
Against such numbers as were gathered
'Gainst this great man, and whom he overthrew,
Believe not that their names so wide had spread,
Nor such immortal glories been their due !
But let us from these wondrous feats pass on,
For wondrous feats his vassals, too, have done.

XIII.

'He whom thou see'st with eye of angry shame,
Impatient of his pupil who had fled,
Bids him his scattered forces to reclaim,
And turn unto the field where he had led—
With the old man the youth returning came,
Who turned him victor out of vanquishèd—
Egas Moniz, the veteran is you view,
A mirror bright of all in vassals true.

XIV.

'Lo ! there to yield him with his sons he goes,
The cord about his neck, naked and wan ;
Because the youth would not his life expose,
As he had promised the Castilian ;
Wisely with pledges he had led the foes
To raise the siege, become all sovereign ;
His sons, his wife, he destines to the sword,
Condemns himself that he may save his lord.

XV.

'Not so much pain the Consul, overthrown
Within the Caudine Forks by ambush, bore,
When he was forced to pass, with arms laid down,
'Neath the triumphant Samnites yoke of yore ;
That man, decried and censured by his own,
Constant and firm, himself delivered o'er ;
But this one, self and very children dear
And spotless consort ; grief far more severe !

XVI.

‘ Vês este, que, sahindo da cilada,
Dá sobre o Rei, que cerca a villa forte,
Já o Rei tem preso, e a villa descercada?
Illustre feito, digno de Mavorte!
Vêl-o cá vai pintado nesta armada,
No mar tambem aos Mouros dando a morte,
Tomando-lhe as galés, levando a gloria
Da primeira maritima victoria :

XVII.

‘ He Dom Fuas Roupinho, que na terra
E no mar resplandece juntamente
Co’o fogo, que accendeo junto da serra
De Abyla nas galés da Maura gente :
Olha como em tão justa e sancta guerra
De acabar pelejando está contente :
Das mãos dos Mouros entra a felice alma
Triumphando nos Céos com justa palma.

XVIII.

‘ Não vês hũ ajuntamento de estrangeiro
Trajo sahir da grande armada nova,
Que ajuda a combater o Rei primeiro
Lisboa, de si dando sancta prova?
Olha Henrique, famoso cavalleiro,
A palma, que lhe nasce junto á cova :
Por elles mostra Deos milagre visto :
Germanos são os martyres de Christo.

XIX.

‘ Hum Sacerdote vê brandindo a espada
Contra Arronches, que toma por vingança
De Leiria, que de antes foi tomada
Por quem por Mafamede enresta a lança :
He Theotonio, Prior. Mas vê cercada
Santarem, e verás a segurança
Da figura nos muros, que primeira
Subindo ergueo das quinas a bandeira :

XVI.

'See'st thou the man, who from his ambuscade
Falls on the King who doth the town invest ?
The siege is raised, the King is captive made,
Illustrious feat which Mars had e'en confessed ;
Behold him here among this fleet displayed,
The Moors, at sea, to very ruin pressed ;
He takes their gallies, claiming the renown
Of this first naval conquest as his own ;

XVII.

'Tis Dom Fuas Roupinho, who on land
And on the sea, shines forth with equal light,
Who near Mount Abyla, with fiery brand,
Destroyed the Moorish gallies in the fight.
Lo ! with so just and sacred war in hand,
He is content to die in arms for right ;
By Moorish hands, the happy spirit flies,
With just reward, triumphant to the Skies !

XVIII.

'Dost thou not see a crowd in foreign gear,
Who from the vast new fleet descending go,
And in the first King's aid to engage appear
'Gainst Lisbon, whence their sacred call they show ?
Henry behold ! the famous cavalier ;
Fast by his sepulchre a palm doth grow ;
By them doth God a miracle proclaim,
From Germany these Christian martyrs came.

XIX.

'Behold a priest ! who brandishing his blade
Arronches takes, from vengeance he doth bear
For Leiria, captive lately made,
By him who doth for Mahmoud couch the spear ;
'Tis prior Theotonio. But, o'erlaid
See Santarem by siege ; and, scorning fear,
The figure on the walls who, first of all,
Mounted, and raised the flag of Portugal.

XX.

‘ Vêl-o cá, onde Sancho desbarata
Os Mouros de Vandalia em fera guerra,
Os inimigos rompendo, o alferes mata,
E Hispalico pendão derriba em terra ?
Mem Moniz he, que em si o valor retrata,
Que o sepulchro do pai co’os ossos cerra,
Digno destas bandeiras ; pois sem falta
A contraria derriba, e a sua exalta.

XXI.

‘ Olha aquelle, que desce pela lança
Com as duas cabeças dos vigias,
Onde a cilada esconde, com que alcança
A cidade por manhas, e ousadias :
Ella por armas toma a semelhança
Do cavalleiro, que as cabeças frias
Na mão levava : feito nunca feito !
Giraldo Sem-pavôr he o forte peito.

XXII.

‘ Não vês hum Castelhana, que aggravado
De Afonso nono Rei, pelo odio antigo
Dos de Lara co’os Mouros he deitado,
De Portugal fazendo-se inimigo ?
Abrantes villa toma, acompanhado
Dos duros infieis, que traz comsigo :
Mas vê, que hum Portuguez com pouca gente
O desbarata, e o prende ousadamente :

XXIII.

‘ Martim Lopes se chama o cavalleiro,
Que destes levar pode a palma, e o louro.
Mas olha hum Ecclesiastico guerreiro,
Que em lança de aço torna o bago de ouro :
Vêl-o entre os duvidosos tão inteiro
Em não negar batalha ao bravo Mouro ?
Olha o signal no céu, que lhe apparece,
Com que nos poucos seus o esforço crece :

XX.

‘ See’st him where Sancho ruins and dismays,
In battle fierce, the rude Vandalian Moor,
The foes dispersing, he the Ensign slays
And the Hispalic pennon tramples o’er ?
Mem Moniz ’tis, who valour re-displays,
Which with his father’s bones was tombed of yore,
Worthy these flags, for, ne’er in war at fault,
The opposed he doth destroy, his own exalt.

XXI.

‘ That other see, descending with his lance,
Bearing the two heads of the watchmen slain ;
He hides in ambush, whence he doth advance,
The town by daring and design to gain :
This for its arms paints, with significance,
The hero’s portrait with the cold heads ta’en,
And borne in hand ; great deed till then ne’er done !
Fearless Giraldo is the valiant one.

XXII.

‘ See’st this Castilian, now, who mortified
By the ninth King, Afonso, with old hate
Of those of Lara, is with Moors allied,
Turning ’gainst Portugal inveterate ?
He takes Abrantes, having at his side
The cruel heathens he doth congregate ;
But lo ! with forces small, a Portuguese
Doth rout him, and as prisoner boldly seize ;

XXIII.

‘ The knight by name is Martin Lopes known,
Who doth from them the palm and laurel earn.
But see a Churchman warrior, how he shone,
Who crook of gold to lance of steel doth turn :
See’st him, among the doubtful, hold his own,
And with the valiant Moor for battle burn ?
The sign which Heaven displays to him behold,
Whereby the spirit of his few grows bold.

XXIV.

‘Vês, vão os Reis de Cordova, e Sevilla
Rotos, co’os outros dous, e não de espaço :
Rotos ? mas antes mortos. Maravilha
Feita de Deos : que não de humano braço !
Vês, já a villa de Alcácer se humilha,
Sem lhe valer defeza, ou muro de aço,
A Dom Matheus, o Bispo de Lisboa,
Que a coroa de palma alli coroa.

XXV.

‘Olha hum Mestre, que desce de Castella,
Portuguez de nação, como conquista
A terra dos Algarves, e já nella
Não acha, quem por armas lhe resista :
Com manha, esforço, e com benigna estrella
Villas, castellos toma á escala vista :
Vês Tavila tomada aos moradores,
Em vingança dos sete caçadores.

XXVI.

‘Vês, com bellica astucia ao Mouro ganha
Sylves, que elle ganhou com força ingente ;
He Dom Paio Correa, cuja manha,
E grande esforço faz inveja á gente.
Mas não passes os tres, que em França, e Hespanha
Se fazem conhecer perpetuamente
Em desafios, justas e torneos,
Nellas deixando publicos tropheos :

XXVII.

‘Vêl-os, co’o nome vem de aventureiros
A Castella, onde o preço sós levaram
Dos jogos de Bellona verdadeiros,
Que com damno de alguns se exercitaram ;
Vê mortos os soberbos cavalleiros,
Que o principal dos tres desafiaram,
Que Gonçalo Ribeiro se nomea,
Que póde não temer a lei Lethea.

XXIV.

'The Kings of Cordova and Seville see,
Routed with th' other two, and in brief span ;
Routed ? nay, rather slain ; a prodigy
Performed by God and not by arm of man !
The town of Alcacer must humbled be ;
Defence, or walls of metal nothing can
'Gainst Dom Matthéus, Lisbon's Bishop known,
And whom a crown of palms, e'en there, doth crown.

XXV.

'Behold a Master from Castile afar,
By nation, Portuguese : how he o'erthrows
The land of the Algarvès, and in war
Finds none who can by arms his force oppose :
With skill and force and 'neath benignant star
'Gainst towns and castles by assault he goes ;
Behold Tavilla from its people ta'en,
In vengeance of the seven hunters slain ;

XXVI.

'See, from the Moor his warlike skill doth gain
Sylves, which had been gained with force likewise ;
Paio Corrêa 'tis, whose skilful vein,
And mighty power, make people's envy rise :
But pass not by the three in France and Spain,
Who stand perpetually before men's eyes :
In duels, jousts and tournaments combined,
With all their public trophies left behind ;

XXVII.

'Behold them come with an adventurous name
Unto Castille, where they alone divide
The prizes of Bellona's warlike game,
Which they with the defeat of some decide :
Lo ! they are slain, those haughty knights of fame,
Who of the three the principal defied :
Gonçalo Ribeiro is the name he bears,
Who from the law of Lethe nothing fears.

XXVIII.

‘Attenta n’hum, que a fama tanto estende,
Que de nenhum passado se contenta,
Que a patria, que de hum fraco fio pende,
Sobre seus duros hombros a sustenta :
Não no vês tinto de ira, que reprende
A vil desconfiança inerte e lenta
Do povo, e faz que tome o doce freio
De Rei seu natural, e não de alheio ?

XXIX.

‘ Olha, por seu conselho, e ousadia,
De Deos guiada só, e de sancta estrella,
Só pode o, que impossibil parecia,
Vencer o povo ingente de Castella ;
Vês por industria, esforço, e valentia
Outro estrago, e victoria clara e bella
Na gente assi feroz, como infinita,
Que entre o Tartesso, e Guadiana habita ;

XXX.

‘ Mas não vês quasi já desbaratado
O poder Lusitano pela ausencia
Do capitão devoto, que apartado
Orando invoca a summa e trina Essencia ?
Vêl-o com préssa já dos seus achado,
Que lhe dizem, que falta resistencia
Contra poder tamanho, e que viesse ;
Porque comsigo esforço aos fracos desse ;

XXXI.

‘ Mas olha, com que sancta confiança,
Que inda não era tempo, respondia ;
Como quem tinha em Deos a segurança
Da victoria, que logo lhe daria :
Assi Pompilio, ouvindo que a possança
Dos imigos a terra lhe corria,
A quem lhe a dura nova estava dando,
“ Pois eu, responde, estou sacrificando : ”

XXVIII.

‘ Turn, now, to one whom Fame so high extends,
That with no hero past is she content ;
Who, while his country on a thread depends,
Bears her upon his shoulders, confident ;
See’st not his angry blush, which reprehends
The people’s vile mistrust, weak, indolent,
And makes them the benignant rule obey :
Of their own King, and not another’s sway ?

XXIX.

‘ See him, by counsels and by bravery,
Led on by God, alone, and sacred star—
Alone, what seemed impossible to be,
The great Castilian race o’ercome in war—
By valour, and by strength and industry,
See’st rout and victory, renowned afar,
O’er race, who, fierce as numerous to tell,
’Twixt Guadiana and Tartesso dwell ?

XXX.

‘ But see’st thou not how nearly overthrown
The Lusian power, whom absence doth distress
Of their devout commander, who alone
To the high Triune Power doth prayer address ?
See him, in haste, discovered by his own,
Who tell him that defence is purposeless,
’Gainst so much power ; and that he must appear,
To strengthen with his presence those that fear ;

XXXI.

‘ Behold him, what a holy confidence
That it was not yet time, his answers show ;
As one who had in God assurèd sense
Of victory, which soon he would bestow :
Pompilius thus, hearing a force immense
Of foes would presently his land o’erflow,
To him who brings the heavy news replies,
“ But I am now engaged in sacrifice.”

XXXII.

‘ Se, quem com tanto esforço em Deos se atreve,
Ouvir quizeres, como se nomea,
Portuguez Scipião chamar-se deve,
Mas mais de “ Dom Nuno Alvares ” se arrea :
Ditosa patria, que tal filho teve,
Mas antes pai ; que, em quanto o Sol rodea
Este globo de Ceres, e Neptuno,
Sempre suspirará por tal alumno.

XXXIII.

‘ Na mesma guerra vê, que presas ganha
Est’outro capitão de pouca gente,
Commendadores vence, e o gado apanha,
Que levavam roubado ousadamente :
Outra vez vê, que a lança em sangue banha
Destes, só por livrar co’amor ardente
O preso amigo, preso por leal :
Pero Rodrigues he do Landroal.

XXXIV.

‘ Olha este desleal o como paga
O perjurio, que fêz, e vil engano :
Gil Fernandes he de Elvas, quem o estraga,
E faz vir a passar o ultimo dano :
De Xerez rouba o campo, e quasi alaga
Co’o sangue de seus donos Castelhana.
Mas olha Rui Pereira, que co’o rosto
Faz escudo ás galés, diante posto.

XXXV.

‘ Olha, que dezesete Lusitanos
Neste outeiro subidos se defendem
Fortes de quatro centos Castelhanos,
Que em derredor pelos tomar se estendem :
Porém logo sentiram com seus danos,
Que não só se defendem, mas offendem :
Digno feito de ser no mundo eterno,
Grande no tempo antigo, e no moderno.

XXXII.

' If of the man who doth so boldly dare
Through God, thou dost desire to know the name,
" The Lusian Scipio " he should really bear,
But " Nuno Alvares " doth prouder claim.
O happy country that had son so rare !
Let me say—father ! for while Sol's bright flame
Ceres' and Neptune's globe around shall hie,
For such an offspring shall she ever sigh !

XXXIII.

' In the same war, his prizes, too, obtains
This other captain, with a small array ;
Conquers commanders, and the herds regains
Which, stolen with daring, they had driv'n away :
See, with their blood, once more, his lance he stains,
Only to free, 'neath ardent friendship's sway,
His captive friend : captive by duty's call ;
Pero Rodrigues, he of Landroal.

XXXIV.

' See this disloyal one, and how he pays
The vile deceit and all his perjury :
'Tis Gil Fernandes who this traitor slays,
And makes him suffer the last penalty :
Then takes the Xeres plain, and nearly lays
All under blood, of those who dwellers be ;
But mark Rui Pereira's daring face
That shields the gallies, taking foremost place.

XXXV.

' See seventeen Lusitanians hold their ground,
Bravely, upon this hill which they ascend,
Against four hundred of Castille around,
Who, to secure them, everywhere extend :
But, by their heavy losses these soon found
Not mere defence, but those who could offend :
Feat, for the eternal world of worth sublime,
Great in the ancient and the modern time.

XXXVI.

‘Sabe-se antigamente, que trezentos
Já contra mil Romanos pelejaram
No tempo, que os viris atrevimentos
De Viriáto tanto se illustraram :
E, delles alcançando vencimentos
Memoraveis, de herança nos deixaram,
“Que os muitos, por ser poucos, não temamos,”
O que depois mil vezes amostramos.

XXXVII.

‘Olha cá dous Infantes, Pedro, e Henrique,
Progenie generosa de Joanne :
Aquelle faz, que fama illustre fique
Delle em Germania, com que a morte engane :
Este, que ella nos mares o publique
Por seu descobridor, e desengane
De Ceita a Maura tumida vaidade,
Primeiro entrando as portas da cidade.

XXXVIII.

‘Vês o Conde Dom Pedro, que sustenta
Dous cercos contra toda a Berberia ?
Vês outro Conde está, que representa
Em terra Marte em forças, e ousadia ?
De poder defender se não contenta
Alcácere da ingente companhia ;
Mas do seu Rei defende a chara vida,
Pondo por muro a sua, alli perdida.

XXXIX.

‘Outros muitos verias, que os pintores
Aqui tambem por certo pintariam ;
Mas falta-lhe pincel, faltam-lhe côres,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes criam :
Culpa dos viciosos successores,
Que degeneram certo, e se desviam
Do lustre, e do valor dos seus passados,
Em gostos e vaidades atolados.

XXXVI.

'Three hundred heroes, as 'tis known of old,
Against a thousand Romans held the fight,
What time the conquests and achievements bold
Of Viriato's prowess shone so bright :
And gaining conquests worthy to be told,
Left us this great inheritance and right,
"The many not to fear, from being few :"
Which, since, a thousand times our annals shew.

XXXVII.

'Pedro and Henry, here, two Princes see,
The noble offspring of the monarch John ;
The first secures a fame in Germany
Illustrious, which Death must leave alone ;
The second gains that he proclaimed shall be
O'er ocean its discoverer ; and throws down
The tumid boast which Ceuta's Moor inflates ;
'Twas he that entered first the city gates.

XXXVIII.

'See Count Dom Pedro, 'gainst all Barbary
How he two sieges doth sustain, unbent ;
And there, another Count, in bravery
And power e'en Mars on land doth represent ;
With mere defence 'gainst a vast company
Of Alcacer his pride is not content ;
But of his King the precious life he shields,
Making his own a wall, which there he yields.

XXXIX.

'Here many others, also, wouldst thou hail,
Who surely had engaged the painters' vein ;
But pencil fails them and their colours fail,
And fame, prize, favour, which the arts maintain :
Fault, which from vicious offspring doth prevail,
Who surely are degenerate, and disdain
The lustre and the valour of their past,
In common tastes and vanities stuck fast.

XL.

‘ Aquelles pais illustres, que já deram
Principio á geração, que delles pende,
Pela virtude muito então fizeram,
E por deixar a casa, que descende :
Cegos ! Que dos trabalhos, que tiveram,
Se alta fama, e rumôr delles se estende,
Escuros deixam sempre seus menores,
Com lhe deixar descansos corruptores.

XLI.

‘ Outros tambem ha grandes e abastados,
Sem nenhum tronco illustre, donde venham ;
Culpa de Reis, que ás vezes a privados
Dão mais, que a mil, que esforço, e saber tenham :
Estes os seus não querem vêr pintados,
Crendo, que côres vãs lhe não convenham,
E, como a seu contrario natural,
A pintura, que falla, querem mal.

XLII.

‘ Não nego, que ha com tudo descendentes
De generoso tronco, e casa rica,
Que com costumes altos e excellentes
Sustentam a nobreza, que lhe fica :
E se a luz dos antigos seus parentes
Nelles mais o valor não clarifica,
Não falta ao menos, nem se faz escura ;
Mas destes acha poucos a pintura.’

XLIII.

Assi está declarando os grandes feitos
O Gama, que alli mostra a varia tinta,
Que a douta mão tão claros, tão perfeitos
Do singular artifice alli pinta.
Os olhos tinha promptos e direitos
O Catual na historia bem distinta :
Mil vezes perguntava, e mil ouvia
As gostosas batalhas, que alli via.

XL.

‘Those ancestors, illustrious, who began
A generation, which from them depends,
Accomplished very much by virtue, then,
A heritage bequeathing, which descends ;
How blind ! For, of the toils thro’ which they ran
If high report and fame to them extends,
They leave their offspring all the more obscure,
By leaving them corrupting leisure sure.

XLI.

‘Others, again, have great and wealthy grown,
Without a root illustrious whence they rise ;
The fault of Kings, who oft’times the unknown
More largely grace, than thousands brave and wise :
These wish not theirs in pictures to be shown,
Feeling vain colours would offend their eyes ;
And, therefore, as against their natural foe,
For painting, which doth speak, dislike they show.

XLII.

‘Yet will I grant, withal, ’midst those who came
From noble root and houses rich and strong,
There are whose modes of high excelling name
Sustain the titles which to them belong :
And if their early father’s shining fame
Shines not more bright his progeny among,
At least it fails not, nor falls out of mind ;
But painting very few of these doth find.’

XLIII.

Thus Gama doth these mighty feats declare,
All which the varied pictures round him show,
Which the skilled hand doth paint so true and fair.
Wherein a special artifice doth glow :
His eyes the Catual keeps fixed with care,
Intent the history distinct to know :
A thousand times he asks, a thousand hears,
Of each exciting battle which appears

XLIV.

Mas já a luz se mostrava duvidosa :
Porque a alampada grande se escondia
Debaixo do horizonte, e luminosa
Levava aos antipodas o dia :
Quando o gentio, e a gente generosa
Dos Naires da não forte se partia,
A buscar o repouso, que descansa
Os lassos animaes na noite mansa.

XLV.

Entretanto os harúspices famosos
Na falsa opinião, que em sacrificios
Antevêm sempre os casos duvidosos
Por signaes diabolicos, e indicios,
Mandados do Rei proprio, estudiosos
Exercitavam a arte e seus officios
Sobre esta vinda desta gente estranha,
Que ás suas terras vem da ignota Hespanha :

XLVI.

Signal lhe mostra o Demo verdadeiro,
De como a nova gente lhe seria
Jugo perpetuo, eterno captiveiro,
Destruição de gente, e de valia.
Vai-se espantado o attonito agoureiro
Dizer ao Rei (segundo o que entendia)
Os signaes temerosos, que alcançara
Nas entranhas das victimas, que olhara.

XLVII.

A isto mais se ajunta, que a hum devoto
Sacerdote da lei de Mafamede,
Dos odios concebidos não remoto
Contra a divina Fé, que tudo excede,
Em forna do propheta falso e noto,
Que do filho da escrava Agar procede,
Baccho odioso em sonhos lhe apparece,
Que de seus odios inda se não dece.

XLIV.

But now the light uncertain 'gan to show,
Because the burning lamp, hiding his ray,
Beneath the horizon, in refulgent glow
Withdrew to the Antipodes the day :
When with the Nayres, his nobles, the Gentoo
From the brave vessel homeward took his way,
To seek repose, which yields a sweet delight
To wearied animals, in tranquil night.

XLV.

Meanwhile the soothsayers of celebrity
In false opinion, who in sacrifice
The doubtful cases always would foresee,
By diabolic signs and tokens nice,
Sent by the King himself, most studiously
Their art and all their office exercise,
Of this strange race's coming signs to gain,
Who in his lands appear from unknown Spain.

XLVI.

The Demon token shows, in truthful mood,
How the strange people on their necks would place
Perpetual yoke, eternal servitude,
Destruction of their power and of their race.
Th' astonished augur runs, by dread subdued,
To tell the King (as he conceives the case)
The fearful tokens he had seen displayed
Within the victims' entrails he surveyed.

XLVII.

And this besides ; that to a priest devout
Of the fanatic faith of Mahomed,
Who from those hatreds deep is not remote
Which 'gainst the Holy Faith all things exceed,
In form o' the false prophet of bad note,
Who from the captive Agar's son was bred,
Bacchus his odious self in dreams doth show,
For his old hates he doth not yet forego.

XLVIII.

E diz-lhe assi : ‘Guardai-vos, gente minha,
Do mal, que se apparelha pelo imigo,
Que pelas aguas humidas caminha,
Antes que esteis mais perto do perigo.’
Isto dizendo, acorda o Mouro asinha
Espantado do sonho : mas comsigo
Cuida, que não he mais que sonho usado,
Torna a dormir quieto, e socegado.

XLIX.

Torna Baccho, dizendo : ‘Não conheces
O grão legislador, que a teus passados
Tem mostrado o preceito, a que obedeces,
Sem o qual foreis muitos baptizados?
Eu por ti, rudo, vélo, e tu adormeces?
Pois saberás, que aquelles, que chegados
De novo são, serão mui grande dano
Da lei, que eu dei ao nescio povo humano.

L.

‘Em quanto he fraca a força desta gente,
Ordena como em tudo se resista ;
Porque, quando o Sol sahe, facilmente
Se pode nelle pôr a aguda vista :
Porêr, despois que sobe claro e ardente,
Se agudeza dos olhos o conquista,
Tão cega fica, quanto ficareis,
Se raizes criar lhe não tolheis.’

LI.

Isto dito, elle, e o somno se despede :
Tremendo fica o attonito Agareno,
Salta da cama, lume aos servos pede,
Lavrando nelle o férvido veneno.
Tanto que a nova luz, que ao Sol precede,
Mostrára rosto angelico e sereno,
Convoca os principaes da torpe seita,
Aos quaes do, que sonhou, dá conta estreita.

XLVIII.

‘Beware, my race, beware’—’twas thus he spake—
‘The evil plotted by the enemy,
While o’er the liquid waves their course they take,
Ere nearer to the danger ye shall be!’
Thus as he speaks, swift doth the Moor awake,
Scared by the dream : but musing, presently,
Thinks ’tis a common dream and nothing more,
And tranquil turns to slumber as before.

XLIX.

Then Bacchus speaks again : ‘Dost thou not know
The mighty law-giver, who to thy past
The precepts thou obeyest, now, did show,
Or many had in baptism been cast?
Dull man ! for thee I watch ; and sleepest thou ?
Then know, that they who came among ye last
A grievous mischief to the law shall be,
Which the blind human race received from me.

L.

‘While still these people’s power is weak and low,
Command they be opposed with all thy might :
For, when the sun begins himself to show,
Upon his rays, with ease, we fix our sight ;
But when he doth aloft in glory glow,
If the keen eye persist against his light,
As blind it falls, as thou shalt blinded fall,
If thou their taking root dost not forestall.’

LI.

This spoken, he, and with him sleep, are fled ;
Trembling remains the astonished Agarene ;
His slaves, for light, he calls ; he starts from bed,
The fervid poison working hot within.
Soon as the early light, ere sunrise shed,
Had shown its brow angelic and serene,
He calls the chiefs of his vile sect around,
‘To whom he strictly doth his dream propound.

LII.

Diversos pareceres, e contrarios
Alli se dão, segundo o que entendiam :
Astutas traições, enganos varios,
Perfidias inventavam, e teciam :
Mas, deixando conselhos temerarios,
Destruição da gente pretendiam,
Por manhas mais subteis, e ardis melhores
Com peitas adquirindo os regedores.

LIII.

Com peitas, ouro, e dadas secretas
Conciliam da terra os principaes,
E com razões notaveis e discretas
Mostram ser perdição dos naturaes ;
Dizendo, que são gentes inquietas,
Que, os mares percorrendo Occidentaes,
Vivem só de piráticas rapinas,
Sem Rei, sem leis humanas, ou divinas.

LIV.

Oh quanto deve o Rei, que bem governa,
De olhar, que os conselheiros, ou privados
De consciencia, e de virtude interna,
E de sincero amor sejam dotados !
Porque, como estê posto na superna
Cadeira, pode mal dos apartados
Negocios ter noticia mais inteira,
Do que lhe dêr a lingua conselheira.

LV.

Nem tam pouco direi, que tome tanto
Em grosso a consciencia limpa e certa,
Que se enleve n'hum pobre e humilde manto,
Onde ambição a caso ande encoberta :
E quando hum bom em tudo he justo, e santo,
Em negocios do mundo pouco acerta ;
Que mal com elles poderá ter conta
A quieta innocencia, em só Deos pronta.

LII.

Opinions contrary and different
Are there proposed, as best to each it seems ;
Treasons acute, deceits of various bent,
Conceiving perfidies and weaving schemes :
But, from rash counsels marking their dissent,
Destruction of the race is in their dreams,
By plots and tricks more dexterously applied,
Gaining with bribes the rulers on their side.

LIII.

With falsehoods, gold, and gifts concealed with care,
The country's chiefs to acquiesce they move ;
And with strong arguments discreet and fair
The race to be the natives' ruin prove ;
Saying that they unquiet people were,
Who, while o'er occidental seas they rove,
To acts of piracy alone incline,
Without or King, laws human, or divine.

LIV.

Oh, how a King who governs well should see,
That counsellors, and those more intimate,
With love sincere and true endowed should be,
With conscience and with purity innate !
For, as he thronèd sits in majesty,
Of matters far removed, affairs of state,
But little more can he be made aware,
Than what the official tongue may choose declare.

LV.

Nor would I say that he is certain quite
To find that conscience always sure and clean,
Which takes in poor and humble garb delight,
But where, perchance, ambition lies unseen :
And when a man is pious, good, and right,
But little of the world he knows, I ween,
For ill can quiet innocence take part
In such affairs, with God alone at heart.

LVI.

Mas aquelles avaros Catuais,
Que o Gentilico povo governavam,
Induzidos das gentes infernais,
O Portuguez despacho dilatavam.
Mas o Gama, que não pretende mais,
De tudo quanto os Mouros ordenavam,
Que levar a seu Rei hum signal certo
Do mundo, que deixava descoberto :

LVII.

Nisto trabalha só, quem bem sabia,
Que, depois que levasse esta certeza,
Armas, e náos, e gente mandaria
Manoel, que exercita a summa alteza,
Com que a seu jugo e lei sobmetterá
Das terras, e do mar a redondeza ;
Que elle não era mais, que hum diligente
Descobridor das terras do Oriente.

LVIII.

Fallar ao Rei gentio determina,
Porque com seu despacho se tornasse ;
Que já sentia em tudo da malina
Gente impedir-se, quanto desejasse.
O Rei, que da noticia falsa e indina
Não era d'espantar se s'espantasse,
Que tão credulo era em seus agouros,
E mais sendo affirmados pelos Mouros :

LIX.

Este temor lhe esfria o baixo peito :
Por outra parte a força da cobiça,
A quem por natureza está sujeito,
Hum desejo immortal lhe accende, e atiga ;
Que bem vê, que grandissimo proveito
Fará, se com verdade, e com justiça
O contrato fizer por longos annos,
Que lhe commette o Rei dos Lusitanos.

LVI.

Those avaricious Catuals, howe'er,
Who all the Gentoo population swayed,
Led by the infernals to promote the snare,
The going of the Portuguese delayed :
But Gama, who for nothing more doth care,
'Midst all the Moors have set to work and said,
Than to his King sure signal to convey
Of the discovered land left far away,

LVII.

Works but for this, as one who did intend,
That when this certainty he had conveyed,
Arms, ships, and people Manoel would send,
Whose power supreme, perforce, must be obeyed ;
Wherewith, unto his yoke and law he'd bend
The lands, and all that ocean round displayed ;
For he himself was but a diligent
Discoverer of the countries Orient.

LVIII.

Before the Gentoo King he speaks for grace
That he may be despatched and go his ways ;
For he perceived that the malignant race
In everything would vex him with delays.
If the false news should fill the monarch's face
With great amazement, 'twould not much amaze,
So credulous he was in auguries,
And more so, as confirmed by Moorish lies.

LIX.

This terror chills his narrow heart and mind :
On the other hand, a covetous desire,
To which by nature he is much inclined,
Lights and inflames in him a ceaseless fire ;
For well he sees a profit vast he'll find,
If he with truth and justice can acquire
That treaty of so many years' extent,
The Lusian King to offer him has sent.

LX.

Sobre isto nos conselhos, que tomava,
Achava mui contrarios pareceres ;
Que naquelles, com quem se aconselhava,
Executa o dinheiro seus poderes :
O grande Capitão chamar mandava,
A quem, chegado, disse : ‘Se quizeres
Confessar-me a verdade limpa e nua,
Perdão alcançarás da culpa tua :

LXI.

‘Eu sou bem informado, que a embaixada,
Que de teu Rei me déste, que he fingida ;
Porque nem tu tens Rei, nem patria amada,
Mas vagabundo vás passando a vida ;
Que quem da Hesperia ultima alongada,
Rei, ou senhor, de insania desmedida,
Ha de vir commetter com náos e frotas
Tão incertas viagens, e remotas ?

LXII.

‘E, se de grandes reinos poderosos
O teu Rei tem a regia magestade,
Que presentes me trazes valerosos,
Signaes de tua incognita verdade ?
Com peças, e dões altos sumptuosos
Se lia dos Reis altos a amizade ;
Que signal, nem penhôr não são bastante
As palavras d’hum vago navegante.

LXIII.

‘Se por ventura vindes desterrados,
Como já fôram homens d’alta sorte,
Em meu reino sereis agasalhados ;
Que toda a terra he patria para o forte :
Ou se piratas sôis ao mar usados,
Dizei-mo sem temor de infamia, ou morte ;
Que, por se sustentar em toda idade,
Tudo faz a vital necessidade.’

LX.

Among the counsels which he took on all,
Opinions very contrary he found :
For they, to whom to advise it did befall,
Much influenced by money's power were found.
The great Commander, now, he sent to call,
To whom when come he said : ' If thou, as bound,
Confess to me the plain and naked truth,
Then for thy fault I promise thee my ruth.

LXI.

' The embassy, as well informed I hear,
Thou gav'st me from thy King, thou dost but feign :
For neither hast thou King nor country dear,
But dost a merely vagrant life maintain :
For who from far Hesperia, King or Peer,
Of temper so excessively insane,
Would venture fleets and ships to set afloat,
On voyages so uncertain and remote ?

LXII.

' And, if of realms, which great and powerful be,
Thy King doth hold the majesty and throne,
What costly presents dost thou bring to me
Whereby to evidence thy truth unknown ?
With robes and gifts of sumptuous degree
Between high Kings are seeds of friendship sown ;
But a mere wandering navigator's word
Neither a sign nor earnest can afford.

LXIII.

' If peradventure 'tis, ye banished come,
As men, ere this, of high condition have,
Within my kingdom ye shall find a home,
For every land is country for the brave :
Or if, to sea inured, ye pirates roam,
Say, without fear of prison or the grave :
For to sustain oneself, in every age,
Vital necessity doth all engage.'

LXIV.

Isto assi dito, o Gama, que já tinha
Suspeitas das insidias, que ordenava
O Mahomético odio, donde vinha
Aquillo, que tão mal o Rei cuidava :
C'hum a alta confiança, que convinha,
Com que seguro credito alcançava,
Que Venus Acidalia lhe influia,
Taes palavras do sabio peito abria :

LXV.

‘ Se os antiguos delictos, que a malicia
Humana commetteo na prisca idade,
Não causaram, que o vaso da nequicia,
Açoute tão cruel da Christandade,
Viera pôr perpetua inimicicia
Na geração de Adão co’a falsidade
(Ó poderoso Rei) da torpe seita ;
Não conceberas tu tão má suspeita :

LXVI.

‘ Mas, porque nenhum grande bem se alcança
Sem grandes oppressões, e em todo o feito
Segue o temor os passos da esperança,
Que em suor vive sempre de seu peito ;
Me mostras tu tão pouca confiança
Desta minha verdade, sem respeito
Das razões em contrario, que acharias,
Se não cresses, a quem não crer devias :

LXVII.

‘ Porque, se eu de rapinas só vivesse,
Undívago, ou da patria desterrado ;
Como crês, que tão longe me viesse
Buscar assento incognito e apartado ?
Por que esperanças, ou por que interesse,
Viria experimentando o mar irado,
Os Antarcticos frios, e os ardores,
Que soffrem do Carneiro os moradores ?

LXIV.

Thus as he spoke, Gama, who (truth to tell)
Already guessed the snares which had been laid
By Moslem hatred,—whence it e'en befell
The Monarch was by so much evil swayed—
With a proud confidence, which sat him well,
And by a perfect credence was repaid,
By Venus Acidalia's influence led,
Unfolded his sage breast, and thus he said :

LXV.

' If from old sins, which in the pristine time
Man's vice committed, it did not arise
That the full cup of wickedness and crime—
A scourge so cruel to all Christian ties—
Caused constant enmity in every clime,
In Adam's generation, with the lies,
O powerful King ! of this unworthy sect,
Ne'er hadst thou come such evil to suspect.

LXVI.

' But since no great good lies within our scope
Without great sufferings, and in every feat
Fear follows swift upon the steps of Hope
Which still lives ever in its bosom's swea
So dost thou show of faith so small a drop
In this my truth ; without attention meet
To opposing reasons, which perceive you must,
Did you not trust in those you should not trust.

LXVII.

' For if I only did o'er Ocean roam,
Pirate, or banished from my native land,
How thinkest thou I should so far have come,
To seek this all remote and unknown strand ?
What hopes, what interests, blindly venturesome,
Had led me Ocean's fury to withstand,
The Antarctic colds, and all the ardent glow
Which suffering dwellers under Aries know ?

LXVIII.

‘Se com grandes presentes d’alta estima
O credito me pedes do, que digo ;
Eu não vim mais, que a achar o estranho clima,
Onde a natura pôz teu reino antigo ;
Mas, se a fortuna tanto me sublima,
Que eu torne á minha patria, e reino amigo ;
Então verás o dom soberbo e rico,
Com que minha tornada certifico.

LXIX.

‘Se te parece inopinado feito,
Que Rei da ultima Hesperia a ti me mande ;
O coração sublime, o regio peito
Nenhum caso possibil tem por grande :
Bem parece, que o nobre, e grão conceito
Do Lusitano espirito demande
Maior credito, e fé de mais alteza,
Que crêa delle tanta fortaleza.

LXX.

‘Sabe, que ha muitos annos, que os antigos
Reis nossos firmemente propozeram
De vencer os trabalhos, e perigos,
Que sempre ás grandes causas se oppozeram :
E, descobrindo os mares inimigos
Do quieto descanso, pretenderam
De saber, que fini tinham, e onde estavam
As derradeiras praias, que lavavam.

LXXI.

‘Conceito digno foi do ramo claro
Do venturoso Rei, que arou primeiro
O mar, por ir deitar do ninho charo
O morador de Abyla derradeiro :
Este por sua industria, e engenho raro,
N’hum madeiro ajuntando outro madeiro,
Descobrir pôde a parte, que faz clara
De Argus, da Hydra a luz, da Lebre, e da Ara.

LXVIII.

' If with vast presents, precious and refined,
Thou askest me my story to maintain,
I came not but thy foreign clime to find,
Where nature planted thy most ancient reign ;
But if once fortune prove to me so kind
That I my land and friendly realm regain,
Then shalt thou see the gifts superb and rare,
Wherewith my sure return I will declare.

LXIX.

' And if it seems an act, all out of time,
Hesperia's King should send me to thy land,
The royal bosom, know, the heart sublime,
Holds nothing that is possible as grand.
This vast and noble project to thy clime
Of Lusian spirit seemeth to demand
Belief more large and faith of higher flight,
To compass how it hath such power and might.

LXX.

' Know that for many a year, long since gone by,
'Twas firmly purposed by our ancient Kings
The labours and the perils to defy,
Which ever were opposed to mighty things :
And, opening seas which peace and rest deny,
They were determined, in their wanderings,
To know their boundaries, and how far away
The farthest margins, which they watered, lay.

LXXI.

' Thought worthy of the branch, brightest and best
Of that bold King, the first who ploughed the wave,
And from fair Abyla's well cherished nest
The very last of all the dwellers drave.
With perseverance and rare genius blest,
He, adding beam to beam, those vessels gave,
Which found those realms of earth, where shines so bright
Argos' and Hydra's, Lepus', Ara's light.

LXXII.

‘Crescendo co’os successos bons primeiros
No peito as ousadias, descobriram
Pouco e pouco caminhos estrangeiros,
Que huns, succedendo aos outros, proseguiram :
De Africa os moradores derradeiros,
Austraes, que nunca as sete flammas viram,
Foram vistos de nós, atraz deixando
Quantos estão os Trópicos queimando.

LXXIII.

‘Assi com firme peito, e com tamanho
Proposito vencemos a Fortuna ;
Até que nós no teu terreno estranho
Viemos pôr a ultima coluna :
Rompendo a força do liquido estanho,
Da tempestade horrifica, e importuna,
A ti chegámos, de quem só queremos
Signal, que ao nosso Rei de ti levemos.

LXXIV.

‘Esta he a verdade, Rei ; que não faria
Por tão incerto bem, tão fraco premio,
Qual, não sendo isto assi, esperar podia,
Tão longo, tão fingido, e vão proemio :
Mas antes descansar me deixaria
No nunca descansado e fero gremio
Da madre Thetis, qual pirata inico,
Dos trabalhos alheios feito rico.

LXXV.

‘Assi que, ó Rei, se minha grão verdade
Tens por, qual he, sincera e não dobrada :
Ajunta-me ao despacho brevidade,
Não me impidas o gosto da tornada :
E, se inda te parece falsidade ;
Cuida bem na razão, que está provada,
Que com claro juizo pode vêr-se ;
Que facil he a verdade d’entender-se.’

LXXII.

'And as the first with good success were crowned,
Boldness within their breasts was still renewed ;
Little by little, unknown paths were found,
Which some, succeeding others, still pursued :
The farthest dwellers in South Afric's ground,
By whom the Seven Stars never had been viewed,
Were seen by us, leaving behind, in turn,
As many as within the Tropics burn.

LXXIII.

'Thus with firm heart, and with intent so true,
We conquered Fortune, until without fear
Within thy territory, strange and new,
The crowning column we have come to rear :
The forces of the ocean breaking through,
Of tempest horrid, obstinate and drear,
To thee we've come, of whom we only pray
Some sign of thee, before our King to lay.

LXXIV.

'This is the truth, O King ! not for the sake
Of such uncertain good, so small a gain,
As I could hope, if 'twere not true, to make,
Would I frame speech so long, so false and vain ;
Rather my path I quietly would take
O'er the ne'er quiet, savage, bosom-main
Of mother Tethys, for a pirate's spoil,
Made rich upon the fruits of others' toil.

LXXV.

'If then, O King ! thou holdest all I say
For what it is, not feignèd but sincere,
Concede me my despatch without delay,
Nor hinder me in my return, so dear !
If something still seems false to thee, I pray,
Think well upon my reasoning, proved and clear,
As with sound judgment easy 'tis to see ;
For truth, with ease, may comprehended be.'

LXXVI.

Attento estava o Rei na segurança,
Com que provava o Cama o, que dizia :
Concebe delle certa confiança,
Credito firme, em quanto proferia :
Pondera das palavras a abastança,
Julga na autoridade grão valia :
Começa de julgar por enganados
Os Catuaes corruptos, mal julgados.

LXXVII.

Juntamente a cobiça do proveito,
Que espera do contracto Lusitano,
O faz obedecer, e ter respeito
Co'o Capitão, e não co'o Mauro engano :
Em fim, ao Gama manda, que direito
As náos se vá ; e, seguro d'algun dano,
Possa á terra mandar qualquer fazenda,
Que pela especiaría troque, e venda :

LXXVIII.

Que mande da fazenda, em fim lhe manda,
Que nos reinos Gangeticos falleça,
Se alguma traz idonea lá da banda,
Donde a terra se acaba, e o mar começa.
Já da Real presença veneranda
Se parte o Capitão para onde peça
Ao Catual, que delle tinha cargo,
Embarcação ; que a sua está de largo :

LXXIX.

Embarcação, que o leve ás náos, lhe pede :
Mas o máo regedor, que novos laços
Lhe machinava, nada lhe concede,
Interpondo tardanças e embaraços :
Com elle parte ao caes ; porque o arrede
Longe, quanto puder, dos regios paços,
Onde, sem que seu Rei tenha noticia,
Faça o, que lhe ensinar sua malicia.

LXXVI.

Attentive stood the King, firm in the sense
That Gama all had proved that he had said :
He feels in him assurèd confidence,
Firm faith in all he had before him laid :
He ponders well his valid eloquence,
Deems his authority profound and staid ;
Begins to think the Catuals deceived,
Corrupt, ill-judged, and not to be believed.

LXXVII.

The lust of profit likewise has effect,
Which from the Lusian Bond he hopes as sure,
This leads him to obey and to respect
The Captain rather than the lying Moor :
In fine, he orders Gama that, direct
His ships he seek, from danger quite secure,
Whence to the shore he any goods can send,
Which for their spices he can change and vend.

LXXVIII.

He orders him, in fine, to send aught rare
That in Gangetic realms unknown may be,
If anything of use he'd brought from where
The land is bounded, and begins the sea.
From the King's reverend presence doth repair
The Captain to the landing-place, that he
May ask the Catual, in charge, a boat,
For that his own was out at sea a-float.

LXXIX.

A boat to take him to the ships he sought :
But the bad governor, who fain would plan
New toils to take him, would concede him nought ;
And new delays to interpose began.
He takes him to the quay, there being brought
Far from the Royal palace as he can,
Where, as no notice could the Monarch reach,
He might work all his wickedness could teach.

LXXX.

Lá bem longe lhe diz, que lhe daria
Embarcação bastante, em que partisse,
Ou que para a luz crástina do dia
Futuro sua partida differisse.
Já com tantas tardanças entendia
O Gama, que o Gentio consentisse
Na má tenção dos Mouros, torpe e fera,
O que delle atelli não entendera.

LXXXI.

Era este Catual hum, dos que estavam
Corruptos pela Mahometana gente,
O principal, por quem se governavam
As cidades do Samorim potente :
Delle somente os Mouros esperavam
Effeito a seus enganos torpemente :
Elle, que no concerto vil conspira,
De suas esperanças não delira.

LXXXII.

O Gama com instancia lhe requere,
Que o mande pôr nas náos, e não lhe val :
E, que assi lhe mandara, lhe refere,
O nobre successor de Perimal :
‘Por que razão lhe impede, e lhe differe
A fazenda trazer de Portugal ;
Pois aquillo, que os Reis já tem mandado,
Não pode ser por outrem derogado?’

LXXXIII.

Pouco obedece o Catual corruto
A taes palavras, antes revolvendo
Na phantasia algum subtil, e astuto
Engano diabolico, e estupendo :
Ou, como banhar possa o ferro bruto
No sangue aborrecido, estava vendo :
Ou como as náos em fogo lhe abrazasse ;
Porque nenhuma á patria mais tornasse.

LXXX.

And here he promised him, being far away,
A proper boat to go should be supplied,
Or that till morning of the following day
He might his passage to postpone decide :
At last, with such continuous delay,
Gama perceived the Gentoo was allied
With the vile fierce intention of the Moor,
Whereof he nought suspected had before.

LXXXI.

This Catual with those was numbered,
As tainted by the race Mahomedan,
The Principal he was, who ruled, as head,
The cities of the potent Samorim :
In him alone the Moors to hope were led,
Basely with their deceits success to plan ;
He who, in concert vile, with all conspires,
With no delirious hope his end desires.

LXXXII.

Gama with earnestness begs that he may
Be sent unto his vessels without fail,
Tells him that these are orders to obey
Of the successor of great Perimal :
'Why hinder him, why interpose delay
In bringing off the fruits of Portugal ?
For that, which Kings have ordered to be done,
Cannot neglected be by any one.'

LXXXIII.

Little the venal Catual obeyed
Such words, revolving rather in his mind
Some new deceit, deep and astutely laid,
Of diabolic and stupendous kind :
Or, pondering how to bathe the brutal blade
In hated blood occasion he could find,
Or how he could with fire his vessels burn,
That none might to their native land return.

LXXXIV.

Que nenhum torne á patria só pretende
O conselho infernal dos Mahometanos ;
Porque não sabia nunca, onde se estende
A terra Eóia, o Rei dos Lusitanos.
Não parte o Gama em fim ; que lhe defende
O regedor dos barbaros profanos :
Nem sem licença sua ir-se podia ;
Que as almadías todas lhe tolhia.

LXXXV.

Aos brados e razões do Capitão
Responde o Idolátra, que mandasse
Chegar á terra as náos, que longe estão ;
Porque melhor dalli fôsse, e tornasse :
Signal he de inimigo, e de ladrão,
Que lá tão longe a frota se alargasse,
Lhe diz ; porque do certo e fido amigo
He não temer do seu nenhum perigo.

LXXXVI.

Nestas palavras o discreto Gama
Enxerga bem, que as náos deseja perto
O Catual ; porque com ferro, e flamma
Lhas assalte por odio descoberto,
Em varios pensamentos se derrama :
Phantasiando está remedio certo,
Que dêsse a quanto mal se lhe ordenava ;
Tudo temia, tudo em fin cuidava.

LXXXVII.

Qual o reflexo lume do polido
Espelho de aço, ou de crystal formoso,
Que, do raio solar sendo ferido,
Vai ferir n'outra parte luminoso ;
E, sendo da ociosa mão movido
Pela casa do moço curioso,
Anda pelas paredes, e telhado,
Trémulo, aqui e alli dessocegado ;

LXXXIV.

That none their country ever should regain
Was the Mahomedans' most foul intent,
Lest that the Lusian monarch should obtain
Knowledge of Eos' land and its extent :
The Ruler of the barbarous profane
Gama's departure, therefore, doth prevent ;
Nor could he without licence leave the quay,
For all the almades had been sent away.

LXXXV.

To all the Captain's loudly claims replied
The Idolater, that his commands should go
To bring to shore his fleet which lay outside,
So that he better might pass to and fro ;
For, that the fleet should at such distance ride,
He said, looked like a pirate and a foe ;
And 'twas the part of sure and faithful friend,
Of comrade nothing false to apprehend.

LXXXVI.

These words to wary Gama make it clear
How that it is the Catual's desire,
From open hate, to have the vessels near,
And to assault them all with sword and fire.
Conflicting thoughts within his breast appear,
Scheming some means of safety to acquire
For all the ill that 'gainst him was prepared ;
He dreaded all, for all, in fine, he cared.

LXXXVII.

As the reflected lustre from the bright
Steel mirror, or of beauteous crystal fine,
Which, being stricken by the solar light,
Strikes back, and on some other part doth shine ;
And when, to please the child's vain curious sight,
Moved o'er the house, as may his hand incline,
Dances on walls and roof and everywhere,
Restless and tremulous, now here now there ;

LXXXVIII.

Tal o vago juízo fluctuava
Do Gama preso, quanto lhe lembrara
Coelho, se por caso o esperava
Na praia co'os bateis, como ordenara :
Logo secretamente lhe mandava,
Que se tornasse á frota, que deixara ;
Não fosse salteado dos enganos,
Que esperava dos feros Mahometanos.

LXXXIX.

Tal ha de ser, quem quer co'o dom de Marte
Imitar os illustres, e igualal-os :
Voar co'o pensamento a toda parte,
Adivinhar perigos, e evital-os :
Com militar engenho, e subtil arte
Entender os imigos, e enganar-os,
Crer tudo em fim ; que nunca louvarei
O capitão, que diga : ' Não cuidei.'

XC.

Insiste o Malabar em tel-o preso,
Se não manda chegar á terra a armada :
Elle constante, e de ira nobre acceso,
Os ameaços seus não teme nada ;
Que antes quer sobre si tomar o peso
De quanto mal a vil malicia ousada
Lhe andar armando, que pôr em ventura
A frota de seu Rei, que tem segura.

XCI.

Aquella noite esteve alli detido,
E parte do outro dia ; quando ordena
De se tornar ao Rei : mas impedido
Foi da guarda, que tinha não pequena.
Commette-lhe o Gentio outro partido,
Temendo de seu Rei castigo, ou pena,
Se sabe esta malicia, a qual asinha
Saberá, se mais tempo alli o detinha.

LXXXVIII.

So did the wandering judgment fluctuate
Of prisoned Gama ; when occurred the thought
That Coelho, peradventure, might await
In boats upon the shore, by order brought ;
Then secretly he sends, before too late,
To warn him to the fleet, lest he be caught
In the vile toils and snares, which in his way
He feared the fierce Mahomedans would lay.

LXXXIX.

Such must he be, who with a martial heart
The illustrious equal would, and emulate :
Must fly with thoughtfulness to every part,
Dangers avoid, and e'en anticipate ;
With military genius, subtle art,
The foe must understand and lure to fate ;
In fine, mark all ; ne'er will I praise, indeed,
The Captain who could say, ' I did not heed.'

XC.

The Malabar insists that he remain,
If to the land the fleet be brought not near ;
He, fired with noble anger and disdain,
Is firm, and nothing of his threats doth fear :
For rather, for himself, the weight and pain
Of all their daring malice he would bear,
Now arming 'gainst him, than his monarch's fleet
Would jeopardize, which now he holds complete.

XCI.

That night he was detained, without remorse,
And part next day, when with demands he tries
To see the King again ; but this, with force,
The guard, which was no little one, denies.
The Gentoo offers, then, another course,
Fearing his King will fine him, or chastise,
If of this fraud he knows ; which soon he'll know,
If soon he does not let the Captain go.

XCII.

Diz-lhe, que mande vir toda a fazenda
Vendibil, que trazia, para terra ;
Para que de vagar se troque e venda ;
Que, quem não quer commercio, busca guerra.
Postoque os máos propositos entenda
O Gama, que o damnado peito encerra,
Consente ; porque sabe por verdade,
Que compra co'a fazenda a liberdade.

XCIII.

Concertam-se, que o nêgro mande dar
Embarcações idoneas, com que venha ;
Que os seus bateis não quer aventurar,
Onde lhos tome o imigo, ou lhos detenha :
Partem as almadías a buscar
Mercadoria Hispana, que convenha :
Escreve a seu irmão, que lhe mandasse
A fazenda, com que se resgatasse.

XCIV.

Vem a fazenda á terra, aonde logo
A agasalhou o infame Catual :
Com ella ficam Alvaro e Diogo ;
Que a podessem vender pelo que val.
Se mais que obrigação, que mando e rogo,
No peito vil o premio pode e val,
Bem o mostra o Gentio a quem o entenda ;
Pois o Gama soltou pela fazenda :

XCV.

Por ella o sólta, crendo que alli tinha
Penhor bastante, donde recebesse
Interesse maior, do que lhe vinha,
Se o Capitão mais tempo detivesse.
Elle vendo, que já lhe não convinha
Tornar a terra ; porque não podesse
Ser mais retido, sendo ás náos chegado,
Nellas estar se deixa descansado.

XCII.

He tells him all the goods that he has brought,
As saleable, forthwith on shore to send,
That by degrees they may be changed and bought,
For, if not commerce, war must be his end.
Gama, though well he knows the wicked thought,
Which the vile bosom, hidden, doth intend,
Consents ; because, in truth, he knows that he
Will purchase with his goods his liberty.

XCIII.

It is agreed the negro shall supply
Befitting launches for the wares to go ;
His own he will not place in jeopardy,
To be detained or taken by the foe :
The almades now upon their message ply,
To seek the Hesperian wares which best may show :
He writes his brother that such goods he send,
As may by ransom his detention end.

XCIV.

Of all the goods, so soon as brought on shore,
The shameless Catual himself possessed ;
Alvaro and Diogo watched the store,
That all might be disposed of, at the best.
Whether on worthless bosom greed weighs more
Than duty, work, or order, and request,
The Gentoo proves to any one who cares ;
For Gama he released, to get the wares.

XCV.

For them he frees him, thinking thus to take
A pledge sufficient, that he thereby gained
A greater interest than he could make
If he the Captain longer time detained :
Who, seeing that 'twas better for his sake
Not to return, lest he might be restrained
Once more, now come to where his vessels lay,
Resolves among his crews at rest to stay.

XCVI.

Nas náos estar se deixa vagaroso,
Até vêr o que tempo lhe descobre ;
Que não se fia já do cubiçoso
Regedor corrompido, e pouco nobre.
Veja agora o juizo curioso
Quanto no rico, assi como no pobre,
Pode o vil interesse, e sêde imiga
Do dinheiro, que a tudo nos obriga.

XCVII.

A Polydoro mata o Rei Threïcio,
Só por ficar senhor do grão thesouro :
Entra pelo fortissimo edificio
Com a filha de Acrisio a chuva d'ouro ;
Pode tanto em Tarpeia avaro vicio,
Que a trôco do metal luzente, e louro
Entrega aos inimigos a alta torre,
Do qual quasi afogada em pago morre.

XCVIII.

Este rende munidas fortalezas,
Faz traidores, e falsos os amigos :
Este a mais nobres faz fazer vilezas,
E entrega capitães aos inimigos :
Este corrompe virginaes purezas,
Sem temer de honra ou fama alguns perigos :
Este deprava ás vezes as sciencias,
Os juizos cegando, e as consciencias.

XCIX.

Este interpreta mais que subtilmente
Os textos : este faz, e desfaz leis :
Este causa os perjuros entre a gente :
E mil vezes tyrannos torna os Reis.
Até os, que só a Deos Omnipotente
Se dedicam, mil vezes ouvireis,
Que corrompe este encantador, e illude ;
Mas não sem côr com tudo de virtude.

XCVI.

Upon his ships, in ease monotonous,
He rests to see what time unravels more ;
For faith he has not in the covetous,
Corrupt, and but ignoble, Governor.
Now let the mind reflect, all curious,
How, with the rich as well as with the poor,
Vile interest, and the noxious thirst for gain,
Can o'er us mastery complete obtain.

XCVII.

Young Polydorus by the King of Thrace
Is slain, of his vast treasure to take hold :
Breaks through the very strongest edifice,
Where lovely Danaë lies, the shower of gold :
Such in Tarpeia was her avarice,
That for the yellow metal bright she sold,
And to the foe the citadel betrayed,
Whereby, half smothered, with her life she paid.

XCVIII.

This doth the strongest fortresses o'erthrow,
Makes traitors, and turns friends all false to be ;
This tempts the noblest into actions low,
Chief cities renders to the enemy :
This virgins will corrupt, as pure as snow,
Nought fearing for their fame or dignity :
This, sometimes, will the sciences deprave,
The judgments blind, the consciences enslave.

XCIX.

This doth the texts with subtilty refined
Interpret ; this makes laws, and laws doth spurn :
This causes perjuries among mankind,
And thousand times doth Kings to tyrants turn :
Yea, those who to the Almighty their whole mind
Have vowed, a thousand times, as you will learn,
This charmer doth corrupt and doth enthrall ;
But not without some virtuous show, withal.

CANTO NONO.

I.

TIVERAM longamente na cidade,
Sem vender-se, a fazenda os dous feitores :
Que os inféis por manha, e falsidade
Fazem, que não lha comprem mercadores ;
Que todo seu proposito, e vontade,
Era deter alli os descobridores
Da India tanto tempo, que viessem
De Meca as náos, que as suas desfizessem.

II.

Lá no seio Erythrêo, onde fundada
Arsinoe foi do Egyptio Ptolemeo,
Do nome da irmã sua assi chamada,
Que depois em Suez se converteo,
Não longe o porto jaz da nomeada
Cidade Meca, que se engrandeceo
Com a superstição falsa, e profana
Da religiosa agua Mahometana.

III.

Gidá se chama o porto, aonde o trato
De todo o Roxo mar mais florescia,
De que tinha proveito grande, e grato
O Soldão, que esse reino possuia.
Daqui aos Malabares, por contrato
Dos inféis, formosa companhia
De grandes náos pelo Indico Oceano
Especiaria vem buscar cada anno.

CANTO IX.

I.

The two in charge long time, without a sale,
Were forced within the city to remain ;
By the unbelievers' vice and craft they fail,
And offer on the mart their goods in vain ;
By all that will and purpose could avail,
India's discoverers these would detain,
Until the ships from Mecca could arrive,
And theirs to ocean lost and scattered drive.

II.

In th' Erythræan gulph where, by the name
Of his own sister called, Arsinoe
(Later as Suez better known to fame)
Was founded by Egyptian Ptolemy,
Lies the not distant harbour of this same
Mecca : a city raised to high degree
By the false superstition, and profane,
Of the religious stream Mahomedan.

III.

Gidà the port is called, where all the trade
Of the Red Sea the most did flourish ; where
The Sultan who o'er all that region swayed,
Was wont to reap a pleasant gain and rare.
Thence to the Malabars, by contract made
With the infidels, a concourse doth repair
Of mighty vessels, by the Indian Sea,
Coming each year in search of spicery.

IV.

Por estas náos os Mouros esperavam,
Que, como fossem grandes e possantes,
Aquellas, que o commercio lhe tomavam,
Com flammæ abrassem crepitanes :
Neste soccorro tanto confiavam,
Que já não querem mais dos navegantes,
Senão que tanto tempo alli tardassem,
Que da famosa Meca as náos chegassem.

V.

Mas o Governador dos céos, e gentes,
Que, para quanto tem determinado,
De longe os meios dá convenientes,
Por onde vem a effeito o fim fadado ;
Influo piedosos accidentes
De affeição em Monçaide, que guardado
Estava para dar ao Gama aviso,
E merecer por isso o Paraíso.

VI

Este, de quem se os Mouros não guardavam,
Por ser Mouro, como elles, antes era
Participante em quanto machinavam ;
A tenção lhe descobre torpe e fera :
Muitas vezes as náos, que longe estavam,
Visita, e com piedade considera
O damno, sem razão, que se lhe ordena
Pela maligna gente Sarracena :

VII.

Informa o cauto Gama das armadas,
Que de Arabica Meca vem cada anno,
Que agora são dos seus tão desejadas,
Para ser instrumento deste dano :
Diz-lhe, que vem de gente carregadas,
E dos trovões horrendos de Vulcano,
E que pode ser dellas opprimido,
Segundo estava mal apercebido.

IV.

On these same ships the Moors their prospects seal,
Seeing their strength was all they could desire,
That they, who there had come their trade to steal,
Might be consumed within the raging fire.
And of this aid so certain do they feel,
That of the strangers they no more require
Than their delay among them to contrive,
Till from famed Mecca all these ships arrive.

V.

But He who rules the world and all the skies,
Who, for whate'er He hath determinèd,
The fitting instrument from far supplies,
Whereby His issues are accomplishèd ;
He influenced with pitying sympathies
Monçaide's affections, whom He led
With faith and friendship Gama to advise,
And thus, in truth, to merit Paradise.

VI.

This man, of whom the Moors suspected nought
As Moor like them, nay deemed he was of those
Who moved in all the mischief that they wrought,
Doth the vile savage plot to him disclose.
And oft the ships, which lay far out, he sought,
And would with pity meditate the woes,
Which, without justice, Gama must sustain,
Contrived by the malignant Saracen.

VII.

He brings these fleets to Gama's cautious views,
Which from Arabian Mecca come each year,
Whereof his race so anxious are for news,
Hoping this means of ruin may appear :
He tells him that they come well armed with crews,
And Vulcan's thunder, terrible to hear :
And that his fleet they well may overthrow,
He being unprepared for such a blow.

VIII.

O Gama, que também considerava
O tempo, que para a partida o chama,
E que despacho já não esperava
Melhor do Rei, que os Mahometanos ama :
Aos feitores, que em terra estão, mandava,
Que se tornem ás náos : e, porque a fama
Desta subita vinda os não impida,
Lhe manda, que a fizessem escondida.

IX.

Porêem não tardou muito, que voando
Hum rumor não soasse com verdade,
Que fôram presos os feitores, quando
Fôram sentidos vir-se da cidade.
Esta fama as orelhas penetrando
Do sabio Capitão, com brevidade
Faz represália n'huns, que ás náos vieram
A vender pedraria, que trouxeram.

X.

Eram estes antigos mercadores,
Ricos em Calecut, e conhecidos :
Da falta delles logo entre os melhores
Sentido foi, que estão no mar retidos.
Mas já nas náos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, e, repartidos
Pelo trabalho, huns puxam pela amarra,
Outros quebram co'o peito duro a barra :

XI.

Outros pendem da verga, e já desatam
A vela, que com grita se soltava ;
Quando com maior grita ao Rei relatam
A préssa, com que a armada se levava :
As mulheres, e filhos, que se matam,
Daquelles, que vão presos, onde estava
O Samorim, se aqueixam, que perdidos
Huns tem os pais, as outras os maridos.

VIII.

Gama, who likewise thought due time was o'er,
And called him to depart ; thinking 'twas proved
He could not from the Monarch look for more,
Seeing that the Mahomedans he loved,
Sends to the agents, who were still on shore,
To come on board ; and lest alarm be moved
By their quick coming, and they hindered be,
He orders all be done with secrecy.

IX.

But 'twas not long before, with wings displayed,
Rumour was heard aloud with truth to say,
The agents had been seized, and prisoners made,
While from the city seen to come away :
Which notice being to the ears conveyed
Of the sage Captain, he, without delay,
Reprisals makes of certain who had sought
The ships, to sell the jewels they had brought.

X.

These were old-standing merchants, rich and sound,
In Calecut, and of celebrity :
Soon, by their absence, their chief colleagues found
That they, in truth, must be detained at sea.
But now on board hard labourers around
The capstan turn, and each in his degree
Works well ; some, hauling in the cable, strive,
Others with hardy breasts the lever drive.

XI.

Some, hanging on the yards, unfurl the sail,
Which, 'midst loud cries, expands the wind before ;
But louder cries unto the King prevail,
Telling, in haste, the fleet would leave the shore ;
The wives and children, with distracted wail,
For those detained the Samorim implore,
And cry to him that, to their bitter cost,
These have their parents, those their husbands lost.

XII.

Manda logo os feitores Lusitanos
Com toda sua fazenda livremente,
A pezar dos imigos Mahometanos ;
Porque lhe torne a sua presa gente :
Desculpas manda o Rei de seus enganos.
Recebe o Capitão de melhor mente
Os presos, que as desculpas ; e, tornando
Alguns negros, se parte as velas dando.

XIII.

Parte-se costa abaixo ; porque entende,
Que em vão co'o Rei gentio trabalhava
Em querer delle paz, a qual pretende,
Por firmar o commercio, que tratava :
Mas como aquella terra, que se estende
Pela Aurora, sabida já deixava ;
Com estas novas torna á patria chara,
Certos signaes levando do que achara.

XIV.

Leva alguns Malabares, que tomou
Por força, dos que o Samorim mandara,
Quando os presos feitores lhe tornou :
Leva pimenta ardente, que comprara :
A sêcca flor de Banda não ficou,
A noz, e o negro cravo, que faz clara
A nova ilha Maluco, co'a canella,
Com que Ceilão he rica, illustre, e bella.

XV.

Isto tudo lhe houvera a diligencia
De Monçaide fiel, que tambem leva ;
Que, inspirado de angelica influencia,
Quer no livre de Christo, que se escreva.
Oh ditoso Africano, que a clemencia
Divina assi tirou d'escura treva,
E tão longe da patria achou maneira
Para subir á patria verdadeira !

XII.

He sends the agents of the Lusians,
At once, with all their merchandise as free,
In spite of the opposed Mahomedans,
That his own prisoned men returned may be :
Excuses sends the King for these false plans :
But the good Captain takes more heartily
Friends than excuses : then, without delay,
Returns some blacks, hoists sail, and goes his way.

XIII.

He voyages down the coast, for he conceived
That with the Gentoo King he strove in vain,
In asking peace of him, which he believed
By founding commerce he was sure to gain :
But having knowledge of that land achieved,
Which spreads before Aurora mount and plain,
He with these news to his dear land is bound,
Bearing sure proof of all that he had found.

XIV.

He takes some Malabars he kept on board,
By force, of those whom Samorim had sent
When the imprisoned agents he restored ;
Of things he bought, he takes hot peppermint ;
Of Banda the dry flower is not ignored ;
Black clove and nutmeg, which make eminent
Moluccas, the new isles, and cinnamon
The wealth, the fame, and beauty of Ceylon.

XV.

All was accomplished by the diligence
Of one he takes, faithful Monçaidé,
Who fired by true angelic influence
Fain in the book of Christ inscribed would be ;
Blest African ! whom thus Benevolence
Divine from heathen darkness did set free,
And, so far from thy land, did means devise
Whereby to the True Land thou mightest rise !

XVI.

Apartadas assi da ardente costa
As venturosas náos, levando a proa
Para onde a natureza tinha posta
A meta Austrina da esperança boa,
Levando alegres novas, e resposta
Da parte Oriental para Lisboa,
Outra vez commettendo os duros medos
Do mar incerto, timidos e ledos :

XVII.

O prazer de chegar á patria chara,
A seus penates charos, e parentes,
Para contar a peregrina, e rara
Navegação, os varios céos, e gentes :
Vir a lograr o premio, que ganhara
Por tão longos trabalhos, e accidentes,
Cada hum tem por gosto tão perfeito,
Que o coração para elle he vaso estreito.

XVIII.

Porêm a deosa Cypria, que ordenada
Era para favor dos Lusitanos
Do Padre eterno, e por bom genio dada,
Que sempre os guia já de longos annos ;
A gloria por trabalhos alcançada,
Satisfação de bem soffridos danos,
Lhe andava já ordenando, e pretendia
Dar-lhe nos mares tristes alegria.

XIX.

Depois de ter hum pouco revolido
Na mente o largo mar, que navegaram :
Os trabalhos, que pelo Deos, nascido
Nas Amphionêas Thebas, se causaram :
Já trazia de longe no sentido,
Para premio de quanto mal passaram,
Buscar-lhe algum deleite, algum descanso
No reino de crystal liquido, e manso :

XVI.

While thus, departed from the torrid shore,
The ships adventurous their prow incline
Thither, where nature's finger had of yore
Fixed of Good Hope the utmost southern line ;
While thus to Lisbon pleasing news they bore,
Showing of Eastern realms a certain sign ;
Of terrors hard again the sport to be,
With fear and joy, upon the uncertain sea ;

XVII.

The rapture their dear land to reach again,
Their loved Penates and their kith and kind,
To count their rare wild wanderings o'er the main,
The various skies and peoples left behind ;
To come to enjoy rewards they must obtain,
For so long toils and accidents combined,
Each proves a feeling so profound of all,
The heart to hold it vessel seems too small !

XVIII.

But Cyprus' Goddess, who had been ordained
By Jove the Lusians favour to award,
Who by good feeling, also, was constrained,
And for long years had ever been their guard,
The glory of their toils being now attained,
Was bent on finding for their wrongs, so hard,
Some recompense ; and thus, delight and ease
Resolved to grant them on the darksome seas.

XIX.

Having revolved some little in her mind
The oceans vast wherever they had sailed,
And all the toils which, through the God unkind
Of Amphion's Thebes, had e'en prevailed,
Long time she had most steadfastly designed,
As a reward for all the ills entailed,
To seek them some diversion, some delight,
In the calm liquid realm of crystal bright ;

XX.

Algun repouso em fim, com que podesse
Refocillar a lassa humanidade
Dos navegantes seus, como interesse
Do trabalho, que encurta a breve idade.
Parece-lhe razão, que conta dêsse
A seu filho, por cuja potestade
Os deoses faz descer ao vil terreno,
E os humanos subir ao céu sereno.

XXI.

Isto bem revolvido, determina
De ter-lhe aparelhada lá no meio
Das aguas alguma insula divina,
Ornada d'esmaltado e verde arreio ;
Que muitas tem no reino, que confina
Da primeira co'o terreno seio,
Afora as que possue soberanas
Para dentro das portas Herculanás.

XXII.

Alli quer, que as aquaticas donzellas
Esperem os fortissimos Barões,
Todas as que tem titulo de bellas,
Gloria dos olhos, dôr dos corações,
Com danças, e chorêas ; porque nellas
Influirá secretas affeições,
Para com mais vontade trabalharem
De contentar, a quem se affeiçoarem.

XXIII.

Tal manha buscou já ; para que aquelle,
Que de Anchises pario, bem recebido
Fosse no campo, que a bovina pelle
Tomou de espaço por subtil partido :
Seu filho vai buscar ; porque só nelle
Tem todo seu poder, fero Cupido ;
Que, assi como naquella empreza antiga
A ajudou já, nest'outra a ajude, e siga.

XX.

Some sweet repose, in fine, wherewith she may
Once more the wearied nature renovate
Of her own sailors, and somewhat repay
Hard labour, which cuts short e'en life's short date.
This seems to show her she the scheme should lay
Before her son, for by his power so great
She makes the Gods descend to earth unclean,
And mortals makes ascend to heaven serene.

XXI.

This well revolved, she forthwith doth design
To have prepared for them, upon the way
Of the vast sea, some island all divine,
Adorned, enamelled, and in green array :
For many hath she, where those realms conjoin,
Where lies her first isle, with the main-land bay,
Beside those isles she loves and rules as these,
Lying within the Gates of Hercules.

XXII.

She wills the nymphs of ocean should be there,
Waiting the valiant heroes, for their sake ;
All those who have the title to be fair,
With glory of the eyes, which hearts doth break ;
With dances and delights of many a pair,
Whereby the affections secret she will wake,
That they with better will their best may prove,
To make those pleased with whom they fall in love.

XXIII.

Such scheme of yore she managed, that the son,
Born to Anchises, might be welcome found,
Upon that plain, by crafty bargain won,
Large as a single ox-skin could surround.
Her son she seeks, because with him alone,
The cruel Cupid, all her power is bound ;
That, as he aided in that old emprise,
So, following, he might aid in this likewise.

XXIV.

No carro ajunta as aves, que na vida
Vão da morte as exequias celebrando ;
E aquellas, em que já foi convertida
Peristéra, as boninas apanhando.
Em derredor da deosa já partida
No ar lascivos beijos se vão dando :
Ella, por onde passa, o ar, e o vento
Serenos faz com brando movimento.

XXV.

Já sobre os Idalios montes pende,
Onde o filho frecheiro estava então
Ajuntando outros muitos ; que pretende
Fazer huma famosa expedição
Contra o mundo rebelde ; porque emende
Erros grandes, que ha dias nelle estão,
Amando cousas, que nos fôrão dadas,
Não para ser amadas, mas usadas.

XXVI.

Via Acteon na caça tão austero,
De cego na alegria bruta, insana,
Que, por seguir hum feo animal fero,
Foge da gente, e bella forma humana :
E por castigo quer doce e severo
Mostrar-lhe a formosura de Diana,
E guarde-se não seja inda comido
Desses cães, que agora ama, e consumido.

XXVII.

E vê do mundo todo os principais,
Que nenhum no bem publico imagina :
Vê nelles, que não tem amor a mais,
Que a si somente, e a quem Philaucia ensina :
Vê, que esses, que frequentam os reais
Paços, por verdadeira e sã doutrina,
Vendem adulação, que mal consente
Mondar-se o novo trigo florecente.

XXIV.

Her chariot with those birds she doth array,
Who their death's exequies in lifetime sing,
And those to which Peristera, one day,
Was changed, while daisies she was gathering.
Around the Goddess, now upon her way,
They interchange love's kisses on the wing ;
She, where she passeth, breeze, and wind more rude,
By her soft movement, lulls to quietude.

XXV.

O'er the Idalian mountains doth she wend,
Where then her arrow-bearing son was found,
Assembling many more, who all pretend
To make a famous expedition round,
Against a rebel world, that they may mend
Great errors, which for some long time abound,
In loving things which really were decreed,
Not to be loved, but only used for need.

XXVI.

He saw Actæon in the chase austere,
All blind with wild and savage ecstasy,
Who the fierce ugly beast that he may spear,
Flies the fair human form and company ;
And seeks by chastisement, sweet and severe,
To show to him Diana's symmetry ;
And that he careful be lest he be doomed
By these same dogs, he loves, to be consumed.

XXVII.

And sees, among the world's most prominent,
That no one for the public welfare cares ;
Sees in them, that no real love is meant,
But for themselves, whom Philaucia rears ;
Sees those, who royal palaces frequent,
For sound and truthful doctrine, to the ears
Sell adulation, which will scarce agree,
That the young growing corn should winnow'd be.

XXVIII.

Vê, que aquelles, que devem á pobreza
Amor divino, e ao povo charidade,
Amam somente mandos, e riqueza,
Simulando justiça, e integridade :
Da fea tyrannia, e de aspereza
Fazem direito, e vãa severidade :
Leis em favor do Rei se estabelecem,
As em favor do povo só perecem.

XXIX.

Vê em fim, que ninguém ama o, que deve,
Senão o, que somente mal deseja :
Não quer, que tanto tempo se releve
O castigo, que duro, e justo seja.
Seus ministros ajunta ; porque leve
Exercitos conformes á peleja,
Que espera ter co'a mal regida gente,
Que lhe não for agora obediente.

XXX.

Muitos destes meninos voadores
Estão em varias obras trabalhando,
Huns amolando ferros passadores,
Outros hasteas de settas delgaçando :
Trabalhando, cantando estão de amores,
Varios casos em verso modulando,
Melodia sonora, e concertada,
Suave a letra, angelica a soada.

XXXI.

Nas fragoas immortaes, onde forjavam
Para as settas as pontas penetrantes,
Por lenha, corações ardendo estavam,
Vivas entranhas inda palpitantes :
As aguas, onde os ferros temperavam,
Lagrimas são de miseros amantes :
A viva flamma, o nunca morto lume
Desejo he só, que queima, e não consume.

XXVIII.

He sees that they, who love divine should owe
To want, and to the people charity,
Only command and riches love to know,
Pretending justice and integrity :
The harsh and cruel tyranny they show
They justice call, and mere severity ;
Laws in the monarch's favour are sustained,
Those in the people's favour are disdained.

XXIX.

He sees, in fine, that none pure thoughts obey,
But only to what evil is incline :
He wills not there should be such long delay
In chastisement, both rigorous and condign :
He summons all his forces that he may
A fitting army for the fight combine,
Wherewith the ill-governed race he looks to hold,
Who will not by his laws be now controlled.

XXX.

Many of these young Cupids on the wing
Are seen employed in various works around ;
Some the hard iron heads are sharpening,
While others fining arrow shafts are found ;
Working and singing, still of love they sing,
And tales in modulated verse abound,
Sonorous melody in concert thrown,
The letter sweet, angelical the tone.

XXXI.

The immortal furnaces, within whose heat
The iron was pointed for the arrow's head,
For fuel, were with hearts that burning beat
And vitals, live and palpitating, fed :
The waters, which impart the temper meet,
Are tears by miserable lovers shed :
The living flame, the never dying fire,
That burns, but not consumes, is sheer desire.

XXXII.

Alguns exercitando a mão andavam
Nos duros corações da plebe ruda :
Crebros suspiros pelo ar soavam
Dos, que feridos vão da setta aguda :
Formosas nymphas são as, que curavam
As chagas recebidas, cuja ajuda
Não somente dá vida aos mal feridos,
Mas põe em vida os inda não nascidos.

XXXIII.

Formosas são algumas, e outras feas,
Segundo a qualidade fôr das chagas ;
Que o veneno espalhado pelas veas
Curam-no ás vezes asperas triagas.
Alguns ficam ligados em cadeas
Por palavras subteis de sabias magas,
Isto acontece ás vezes, quando as settas
Acertam de levar hervas secretas.

XXXIV.

Destes tiros assi desordenados,
Que estes moços mal destros vão tirando,
Nascem amores mil desconcertados
Entre o povo ferido, miserando :
E tambem nos heroes de altos estados
Exemplos mil se vêm de amor nefando,
Qual o das môças, Bibli, e Cinyrea :
Hum mancebo de Assyria, hum de Judea.

XXXV.

E vós, ó poderosos, por pastoras
Muitas vezes ferido o peito vedes ;
E por baixos e rudos, vós senhoras,
Tambem vos tomam nas Vulcanas redes.
Huns esperando andais nocturnas horas,
Outros subis telhados e paredes :
Mas eu creio, que deste amor indino
He mais culpa a da mãe, que a do menino.

XXXII.

Some now their hand are exercising found
Upon the uncouth rabble's senseless heart ;
Repeated sighs through all the air resound,
Of those who feel the piercing arrow's smart :
The lovely nymphs, they are, who heal the wound,
Where'er received, whose services impart
Not only life to all severely torn,
But bring to life e'en those as yet unborn.

XXXIII.

Some are all beautiful and others plain,
Dependent on the wounding quality,
For sometimes poison, spreading through each vein,
Removed by bitter antidotes must be ;
Some lie all bound in many a magic chain,
By subtle words of learned witchery.
This sometimes happens, when it comes to pass
The arrows carry herbs of poisonous class.

XXXIV.

By all these arrows out of order thrown,
Which th' undiscerning youths shoot forth so blind,
A thousand ill-concerted loves are sown,
'Midst wounded, miserable, sad mankind :
In heroes, too, of wealth and station known,
Thousand examples of dark love we find,
As in the damsels Bibli, Cinyrea,
The Assyrian youth, one also of Judea.

XXXV.

And ye, ye great ! how often, as ye know,
A shepherdess your bosom can enthrall ;
And ye, fine ladies ! by the rude and low,
Ye, also, into Vulcan's nets can fall.
Some for night's sable hours expecting go,
And others will ascend or roof or wall ;
But I believe the fault of love so wild
Is of the mother, more than of the child.

XXXVI.

Mas já no verde prado o carro leve
Punham os brancos cysnes mansamente,
E Dióne, que as rosas entre a neve
No rosto traz, descia diligente.
O frecheiro, que contra o céu se atreve,
A recebel-a vem ledó e contente :
Vem todos os Cupidos servidores
Beijar a mão á deosa dos amores.

XXXVII.

Ella ; porque não gaste o tempo em vão,
Nos braços tendo o filho, confiada
Lhe diz : ‘ Amado filho, em cuja mão
Toda minha potencia está fundada,
Filho, em quem minhas forças sempre estão,
Tu que as armas Typhêas tens em nada ;
A soccorrer-me á tua potestade
Me traz especial necessidade.

XXXVIII.

‘ Bem vês as Lusitanicas fadigas,
Que eu já de muito longe favoreço ;
Porque das Parcas sei minhas amigas,
Que me hão de venerar, e ter em preço ;
E porque tanto imitam as antigas
Obras de meus Romanos, me offereço
A lhe dar tanta ajuda em, quanto posso,
A quanto se estender o poder nosso.

XXXIX.

‘ E porque das insidias do odioso
Baccho fôram na India molestados,
E das injurias sós do mar undoso
Puderam mais ser mortos, que cansados :
No mesmo mar, que sempre temeroso
Lhe foi, quero, que sejam repousados,
Tomando aquelle premio, e doce gloria
Do trabalho, que faz clara a memoria.

XXXVI.

Now on the meadow green the chariot light
The milky swans have placed with gentle care ;
Dione, who the roses and snow white
Mingles upon her brow, descendeth there.
The archer, who 'gainst heaven doth dare his might,
Comes to receive her, gay and debonair,
And all the serving Cupids reverent move,
To kiss the sweet hand of the Queen of Love.

XXXVII.

She, as her time in vain she will not spend,
Holding her son in her embraces, cries,
With confidence—' Loved offspring ! in whose hand
All I possess of power established lies ;
Son ! who my forces ever must command,
Thou, who the arms Typhean canst despise,
Me doth especial urgency now force
To thy great powers and aid to have recourse.

XXXVIII.

' The Lusians' toils thou clearly dost behold,
Whom I have favoured from so long a date ;
For by the Fates, my friends, I have been told,
They will respect me and appreciate ;
And as so much my Romans' works of old
This people followeth now, I contemplate
To grant them all the assistance I can lend,
So far as our joint forces will extend.

XXXIX.

' And since they were in India, as 'tis known,
By wiles of odious Bacchus compassèd
And, from the wrongs of ocean's waves alone,
Rather than wearied might indeed be dead ;
On the same sea, where they were tossed and blown,
I will that to repose they now be led ;
Such just reward and glory sweet to claim
Of toil, which makes the record bright in fame.

XL.

‘E para isso queria, que feridas
As filhas de Nerêo no ponto fundo,
D’amor dos Lusitanos incendidas,
Que vem de descobrir o novo mundo,
Todas n’humas ilhas juntas, e subidas,
Ilhas, que nas entranhas do profundo
Oceano terei apparelhada,
De dões de Flora, e Zephyro adornada :

XLI.

‘Alli com mil refrescos e manjares,
Com vinhos odoríferos, e rosas,
Em crystallinos paços singulares
Formosos leitos, e ellas mais formosas,
Em fim com mil deleites não vulgares
Os esperem as nymphas amorosas,
D’amor feridas ; para lhe entregarem,
Quanto dellas os olhos cubiçarem :

XLII.

‘Quero, que haja no reino Neptunino,
Onde eu nasci, progeie forte e bella,
E tome exemplo o mundo vil, malino,
Que contra tua potencia se rebella ;
Porque entendam, que muro adamantino,
Nem triste hypocrisia val contra ella :
Mal haverá na terra, quem se guarde,
Se teu fogo immortal nas aguas arde.’

XLIII.

Assi Venus propôz, e o filho inico,
Para lhe obedecer, já se apercebe :
Manda trazer o arco eburneo, rico,
Onde as settas de ponta de ouro embebe.
Com gesto ledo a Cypria, e impudico
Dentro no carro o filho seu recebe ;
A redea larga ás aves, cujo canto
A Phaetontea morte chorou tanto.

XL.

'And to this end, all wounded I desire
Nereus' fair daughters, in the vasty main,
Swayed towards the Lusians all by love's soft fire,
Who hither sailed the new world to obtain.
These nymphs to rise united I require,
On one sweet island which for Ocean's plain
I will prepare from his vast depths below,
Where Zephyrus' and Flora's gifts shall glow ;

XLI.

'There with a thousand meats and drinks divine,
With odoriferous wines and roses rare,
In wondrous palaces all crystalline,
Fair couches, and themselves more passing fair,
With thousand pleasures all unknown, in fine,
There let the expecting amorous nymphs repair,
Smitten with love, and pliant to bestow
All they possess that eye may crave to know.

XLII.

'In Neptune's realm I will there should succeed,
Where I was born, a fair and powerful line,
And let the vile malignant world take heed,
How 'gainst thy power rebellion they design.
'Gainst this, not walls of adamant, indeed,
Nor vile hypocrisy can e'er combine ;
Scarcely on land their privilege they'll save,
If thine immortal fire burn in the wave.'

XLIII.

Thus Venus ; and her son on mischief's wing
Prepares, at once, her wishes to obey ;
He sends his rich and ivory bow to bring,
Where his gold-pointed arrows he doth lay ;
The Cyprian, in her pleasure revelling,
Receives him in her chariot on her way,
Then gives the birds the rein, whose mournful song
The death of Phaeton deplored so long.

XLIV.

Mas diz Cupido, que era necessaria
Huma famosa e celebre terceira,
Que, postoque mil vezes lhe he contraria,
Outras muitas a tem por companheira :
A deosa Gigantêa, temeraria,
Jactante, mentirosa, e verdadeira,
Que com cem olhos vê, e por onde voa,
O, que vê, com mil bôcas apregoa.

XLV.

Vão a buscar, e mandam a diante,
Que celebrando vá com tuba clara
Os louvores da gente navegante,
Mais do que nunca os d'outrem celebrara.
Já murmurando a Fama penetrante
Pelas fundas cavernas se espalhara :
Falla verdade, havida por verdade ;
Que junto a deosa traz Credulidade.

XLVI.

O louvor grande, o rumor excellente
No coração dos deoses, que indignados
Fôram por Baccho contra a illustre gente,
Mudando, os fêz hum pouco affeiçoados.
O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quaesquer propositos tomados,
Já julga por máo zelo, e por crueza
Desejar mal a tanta fortaleza.

XLVII.

Despede nisto o fero moço as settas
Huma após outra, geme o mar co'os tiros :
Direitas pelas ondas inquietas
Algũas vão, e algũas fazem giros :
Cahem as nymphas, lançam das secretas
Entranhas ardentissimos suspiros :
Cahe qualquer, sem vêr o vulto, que ama ;
Que tanto, como a vista, pode a fama.

XLIV.

But Cupid says there is necessity
Of a renowned and celebrated third,
Who, though a thousand times all contrary,
Has many other times as friend appeared ;
The Giant Goddess, of rash tendency,
Boastful, now false, now faithful to her word,
Who sees with hundred eyes, and, through the air,
With thousand mouths doth all she sees declare.

XLV.

They go to seek and send her on before,
That with her brilliant trumpet she may raise
The praises of the navigators more
Than ever she resounded others' praise.
Now does great murmuring Fame the caves explore
Of deepest ocean, and her boast displays ;
She speaks the truth, which truth is held to be—
For Fame doth lead with her Credulity.

XLVI.

The praises great, the rumours full of grace,
In the Gods' breasts, who had by Bacchus been
So much incensed against the illustrious race,
Caused some small change towards friendship to be seen.
The female breast which lightly doth efface
Whatever resolutions it hath ta'en,
Conceives it cruelty and wicked zeal
Against such valour ill desire to feel.

XLVII.

Thereon the heartless youth doth bend his bow,
Shaft follows shaft ; the smitten ocean cries ;
Some through the unquiet waters straightway go,
Many another indirectly flies ;
Now fall the nymphs, and from the depths below
Of ocean utter forth most ardent sighs ;
Each falls, the face not seeing which she loves ;
For Fame as potent as the vision proves.

XLVIII.

Os cornos ajuntou da eburnea lãa,
Com força o môço indomito excessiva ;
Que Tethys quer ferir mais, que nenhũa ;
Porque mais, que nenhũa, lhe era esquivã.
Já não fica na aljava setta algũa,
Nem nos equoreos campos nympha viva :
E, se feridas inda estão vivendo,
Será para sentir, que vão morrendo.

XLIX.

Dai lugar, altas e ceruleas ondas ;
Que, vedes, Venus traz a medicina,
Mostrando as brancas velas, e redondas,
Que vem por cima da agua Neptunina :
Para que tu reciproco respondas,
Ardente Amor, á flamma feminina,
He forçado, que a pudicicia honesta
Faça, quanto lhe Venus admoesta.

L.

Já todo o bello côro se apparelha
Das Nereidas, e junto caminhava
Em chorêas gentis, usança velha,
Para a ilha, a que Venus as guiava :
Alli a formosa deosa lhe aconselha
O, que ella fez mil vezes, quando amava ;
Ellas, que vão do doce amor vencidas,
Estão a seu conselho offerecidas.

LI.

Cortando vão as náos a larga via
Do mar ingente para a patria amada,
Desejando prover-se de agua fria
Para a grande viagem prolongada :
Quando juntas com subita alegria
Houveram vista da ilha namorada,
Rompendo pelo céo a mãe formosa
De Memnónio, suave e deleitosa.

XLVIII.

His ivory crescent almost to a round
Draws, with excessive force, the unconquered boy :
Rather than others Tethys would he wound,
For more than others had he proved her coy.
Now in the quiver not one shaft is found,
Nor, in the watery plains, nymph to destroy ;
And if the wounded yet remain alive
'Twill be to know with very death they strive.

XLIX.

Give place, ye deep cerulean waves, give place,
For ye behold how Venus comes to heal,
The white and swelling canvass ye may trace,
Which o'er great Neptune's sea she doth reveal :
That thou, O ardent Love ! with kindred grace,
May'st answer to the love that women feel,
In all must honest modesty obey,
Which Venus shall in admonition say.

L.

Now all the Nereids' beauteous choir, behold !
Prepare themselves and grouped together move,
In graceful dances, as of usance old,
Where Venus guides them, to the isle above :
There the sweet Goddess counsel doth unfold
Of her own thousand methods, when in love ;
And they, who all by sweet love vanquished go,
Accept her counsels and conform to know.

LI.

Towards their dear native land the vessels ride,
O'er the vast ocean way for many a mile,
Anxious, indeed, fresh water to provide,
To serve for so prolonged a voyage, the while ;
When sudden joy breaks forth on every side ;
There hove in sight the fair enamoured isle,
As Memnon's beauteous mother met their eye,
Sweet and delightful breaking o'er the sky.

LII.

De longe a ilha viram fresca e bella ;
Que Venus pelas ondas lha levava
(Bem como o vento leva branca vela)
Para onde a forte armada se enxergava ;
Que, porque não passassem, sem que nella
Tomassem porto, como desejava,
Para onde as náos navegam a movia
A Acidália, que tudo em fim podia.

LIII.

Mas firme a fêz e immobil, como vio,
Que era dos nautas vista, e demandada ;
Qual ficou Delos, tanto que pario
Latôna Phebo, e a deosa á caça usada.
Para lá logo a prôa o mar abrio,
Onde a costa fazia huma enseada
Curva e quieta, cuja branca area
Pintou de ruivas conchas Cytherea.

LIV.

Tres formosos outeiros se mostravam
Erguidos com soberba graciosa,
Que de gramíneo esmalte se adornavam,
Na formosa ilha alegre, e deleitosa :
Claras fontes, e limpidas manavam
Do cume, que a verdura tem viçosa ;
Por entre pedras alvas se deriva
A sonora lympa fugitiva.

LV.

N'hum valle ameno, que os outeiros fende,
Vinham as claras aguas ajuntar-se,
Onde huma mesa fazem, que se estende
Tão bella, quanto pode imaginar-se :
Arvoredo gentil sôbre ella pende,
Como que prompto está para afeitar-se,
Vendo-se no crystal resplandecente,
Que em si o está pintando propriamente.

LII.

From far they saw the island fresh and fair,
Which Venus o'er the waters guiding drove
(E'en as the wind the canvass white doth bear)
Whither the noble fleet was seen to move ;
For, that they should not pass, not entering there,
And taking port, with which intent she strove,
The isle was moved to where the vessels sailed
By Acidalia, who in all prevailed.

LIII.

But firm and fixed she makes it, where she knows
'Tis by the sailors seen and sought apace,
As Delos stayed, that from Latona rose
Apollo and the Goddess of the chase :
Thither the prow the waves dividing goes,
Where the coast forms a bay for resting-place,
Curved and all quiet, and whose shining sand
Is painted with red shells by Venus' hand.

LIV.

Three beauteous mounts rise nobly to the view,
Lifting with graceful pride their swelling head,
O'er which enamelled grass, adorning, grew,
In this delightful, lovely island, glad :
Bright limpid streams their rushing waters threw
From heights with rich luxuriant verdure clad,
Midst the white rocks, above, their source derive
The streams sonorous, sweet and fugitive.

LV.

In a soft vale, which doth the mounts divide,
Each crystal river comes to join its stream,
Where all a mirror form, which, spreading wide,
Is beautiful as any one could dream :
A graceful grove, which hangs on every side,
Like one about to adorn himself doth seem,
Who in the brilliant glass his form doth spy,
Which on its bosom paints him faithfully.

LVI.

Mil arvores estão ao céu subindo
Com pomos odoríferos e bellos :
A laranjeira tem no fruto lindo
A côr, que tinha Daphne nos cabellos :
Encosta-se no chão ; que está cahindo,
A cidreira co'os pezos amarelllos :
Os formosos limões alli cheirando
Estão virgineas têtas imitando.

LVII.

As arvores agrestes, que os outeiros
Tem com frondente côma ennobrecidos,
Álemos são de Alcides, e os loureiros
Do louro deos amados, e queridos :
Myrtos de Cytherêa, co'os pinheiros
De Cybele, por outro amor vencidos :
Está apontando o agudo cypariso
Para onde he posto o ethereo paraíso.

LVIII.

Os dôes, que dá Pomôna, alli natura
Produce diferentes nos sabores,
Sem ter necessidade de cultura ;
Que sem ella se dão muito melhores :
As cerejas purpureas na pintura :
As amoras,* que o nome tem de amores :
O pomo, que da patria Persia veio,
Melhor tornado no terreno alheio.

LIX.

Abre a romãa, mostrando a rubicunda
Côr, com que tu, rubi, teu preço perdes :
Entre os braços do ulmeiro está a jucunda
Vide c'huns cachos roxos, e outros verdes :
E vós se na vossa arvore fecunda,
Peras pyramidaes, viver quizerdes,
Entregai-vos ao damno, que co'os bicos
Em vós fazem os passaros inicos.

LVI.

A thousand trees toward heaven their summits raise,
With fruits all odoriferous and fair :
The orange in its produce bright displays
The tint that Daphne carried in her hair :
The citron on the ground its branches lays,
Laden with yellow weights it cannot bear :
The beauteous lemons, which the whole perfume,
The virgin bosom in their form assume.

LVII.

The forest trees, which on the hills combine
To ennoble them, with leafy hair o'ergrown,
Are poplars of Alcides ; laurels shine,
The which the shining God loved, as his own :
Myrtles of Cytheræa, with the pine
Of Cybele, by other love o'erthrown :
The spearing cypress tree points out where lies
The seat of the ethereal paradise.

LVIII.

Pomona's gifts there nature doth supply
Of various flavours, through the field and grove ;
For culture there is no necessity,
The fruits without such aid far better prove :
The blooming cherries, of a purple dye ;
The mulberries that bear the name of love ;*
The fruit that was in Persia native found,
And better grows upon a foreign ground.

LIX.

Pomegranates rubicund break forth and shine,
A tint whereby thou, ruby, lovest sheen,
'Twixt the elm branches hangs the jocund vine,
With bunches, some of red and some of green :
And ye, O pointed pears, if ye incline
On your full tree abundant to be seen,
Intrust yourselves to bear the pruning ills
Inflicted by the birds' so cruel bills !

LX.

Pois a tapeçaria bella e fina,
Com que se cobre o rustico terreno,
Faz ser a de Acheménia menos dina,
Mas o sombrio valle mais ameno :
Alli a cabeça a flor Cephisia inclina
Sôbolo tanque lucido e sereno :
Florece o filho e neto de Cinyras,
Por quem tu, deosa Páphia, inda suspiras.

LXI.

Para julgar difficil cousa fôra,
No céu vendo, e na terra as mesmas côres,
Se dava ás flores côr a bella Aurora,
Ou se lha dão a ella as bellas flores.
Pintando estava alli Zephyro, e Flora
As violas da côr dos amadores :
O lirio roxo, a fresca rosa bella,
Qual reluze nas faces da donzella :

LXII.

A candida cecêm, das matutinas
Lagrimas rociada, e a mangerona :
Vêm-se as letras nas flores Hyacinthinas,
Tão queridas do filho de Latona :
Bem se enxérge nos pomos, e boninas,
Que competia Chloris com Pomona.
Pois se as aves no ar cantando voam,
Alegres animaes o chão povoam.

LXIII.

Ao longo da agua o niveo cysne canta,
Responde-lhe do ramo philomela :
Da sombra de seus cornos não se espanta
Acteon n'agua crystallina e bella :
Aqui a fugace lebre se levanta
Da espessa mata, ou timida gazella :
Alli no bico traz ao charo ninho
O mantimento o leve passarinho.

LX.

Then, the refined and splendid tapestry
Covering the rustic ground beneath the feet,
Makes that of Achemenia dull to be,
But makes the shady valley far more sweet.
Cephisian flower with head inclined we see,
About the calm and lucid lake's retreat ;
Cinyra's son and grandson blossoms high,
For whom thou, Paphian Goddess, still dost sigh !

LXI.

'Twas difficult to fancy which was true,
Seeing on heaven and earth all tints the same,
If fair Aurora gave the flowers their hue,
Or from the lovely flowers to her it came ;
Flora and Zephyr, there, in painting drew
The violets tinted, as of lovers' flame,
The iris, and the rose all fair and fresh,
E'en as it doth on cheek of maiden blush.

LXII.

The lily white, with early morning's tear
Bedewed, sweet marjoram among the rest :
The letters in the Hyacinths appear
Which by Latona's son were loved the best ;
In all the fruits and flowers it seemeth clear
That Chloris with Pomona doth contest :
While birds fly singing in the air around,
Animals cheerful people all the ground.

LXIII.

Along the water sings the snow-white swan,
While from the branch respondeth philomel ;
Actæon starts not here his horns to scan
In the fair crystal stream, as once befell ;
Here the swift hare awakens and, anon,
Leaves the thick forest, or the shy gazelle :
Here, in its bill, to the dear nest, with care,
The rapid little bird the food doth bear.

LXIV.

Nesta frescura tal desembarcavam
Já das náos os segundos Argonautas,
Onde pela floresta se deixavam
Andar as bellas deosas, como incautas :
Algumas doces citharas tocavam,
Algumas arpas, e sonoras frautas,
Outras co'os arcos de ouro se fingiam
Seguir os animaes, que não seguiam.

LXV.

Assi lho aconselhára a mestra experta,
Que andassem pelos campos espalhadas ;
Que, vista dos Barões a prêsa incerta,
Se fizessem primeiro desejadas.
Algumas, que na fôrma descoberta
Do bello corpo estavam confiadas,
Posta a artificiosa formosura,
Nuas lavar se deixam na agua pura.

LXVI.

Mas os fortes mancebos, que na praia
Punham os pés de terra cubiçosos ;
Que não ha nenhum delles, que não saia
De acharem caça agreste desejosos :
Não cuidam, que s.m laço, ou redes, caia
Caça naquelles montes deleitosos
Tão suave, domestica, e benina,
Qual ferida lha tinha já Erycina.

LXVII.

Alguns, que em espingardas, e nas béstas
Para ferir os cervos se fiavam,
Pelos sombrios matos, e florestas
Determinadamente se lançavam :
Outros nas sombras, que das altas sestas
Defendem a verdura, passeavam
Ao longo da agua, que suave, e queda
Por alvas pedras corre á praia leda.

LXIV.

Leaving their ships, in these cool haunts the crew
Of second Argonauts sought out their way,
Where through the woods, all careless to the view,
The lovely nymphs allowed themselves to stray :
Some o'er sweet citharas the finger threw,
Some harps and dulcet flutes sat down to play,
Others with golden bows affect, with grace,
To chase the animals they do not chase.

LXV.

'Twas thus the experienced mistress did advise,
That they should all go scattered o'er the plain ;
For, if the heroes saw a doubtful prize,
They would, from first, appear the greater gain ;
Some, who of their sweet bodies' symmetries
In unrobed form are confidently vain,
The artificial beauty thrown aside,
Into the water pure, to bathe them, glide.

LXVI.

But the brave youths, who now, in festival,
Put foot on shore, e'en craving for the land,
—While not one disembarks among them all,
Who does not hope to find wild game at hand—
Dream not that without noose or net will fall,
In those sweet mountain woods, a game so bland,
So gentle, so domestic, and so fair,
As Venus e'en hath wounded for them there.

LXVII.

Some, who with guns and cross-bows trust their feats,
All eager in pursuit the stag to slay,
Through the dark woods' and forests' deep retreats,
With hunter's resolution, force their way :
Some in the shades, which from the ardent heats
Protect the verdure, are content to stray
Along the stream, which, smooth and calm in speed,
Runs through white pebbles to the joyous mead.

LXVIII.

Começam de enxergar subitamente
Por entre verdes ramos varias côres,
Côres, de quem a vista julga, e sente,
Que não eram das rosas, ou das flores ;
Mas da lãa fina, e seda differente,
Que mais incita a força dos amores,
De que se vestem as humanas rosas,
Fazendo-se por arte mais formosas.

LXIX.

Dá Velloso espantado hum grande grito :
'Senhores, caça estranha,' disse, ' he esta :
Se inda dura o Gentio antiguo rito,
A deosas he sagrada esta floresta :
Mais descobrimos, do que humano espirito
Desejou nunca : e bem se manifesta,
Que são grandes as cousas, e excellentes,
Que o mundo encobre aos homens imprudentes.

LXX.

'Sigamos estas deosas, e vejamos,
Se phantasticas são, se verdadeiras.'
Isto dito, veloces mais, que gamos,
Se lançam a correr pelas ribeiras.
Fugindo as nymphas vão por entre os ramos ;
Mas mais industriosas, que ligeiras,
Pouco e pouco sorrindo, e gritos dando,
Se deixam ir dos galgos alcançando.

LXXI.

De huma os cabellos de ouro o vento leva,
Correndo, e de outra as fraldas delicadas :
Accende-se o desejo, que se ceva
Nas alvas carnes subito mostradas :
Huma de industria cahe, e já releva
Com mostras mais macias, que indignadas,
Que sobre ella empecendo tambem caia,
Quem a seguio pela arenosa praia.

LXVIII.

But suddenly they all begin to spy
Bright various colours the green boughs among ;
Colours which by the judgment of the eye
Neither to roses nor to flowers belong,
But to fine wool and silk of various dye,
Which cause the force of love to grow more strong,
Wherein the human roses dress with care,
Making themselves, by art, more passing fair.

LXIX.

Velloso shouts aloud, astonished quite :
'Sirs,' quoth he, 'game most singular is this :
If yet prevails the ancient Gentoo rite,
This wood is sacred to the Goddesses !
Here find we more than human fancy might
Have e'er desired ; and manifest it is,
That great and excellent those matters are,
Whereof the world doth prying man debar.

LXX.

'Let us these Goddesses pursue, to know,
If they be fanciful or true indeed.'
This said, with speed not fallow deer can show,
They set themselves to run by stream and mead ;
The nymphs all swiftly fly through brake and bough,
But are more bent on cunning than on speed,
Till by degrees, with screams and laughter gay,
They let the greyhounds overtake the prey.

LXXI.

Of one the golden locks the wind displays,
While running, blows another's graceful dress,
Love is inflamed, which eagerly surveys
The snowy flesh in sudden loveliness ;
One falls on purpose, and e'en thus betrays
More gentle signs than those of proud distress,
That so may fall, her tresses tripping o'er,
He who pursues her on the sandy shore.

LXXII.

Outros por outra parte vão topar
Com as deosas despidas, que se lavam ;
Ellas começam subito a gritar,
Como que assalto tal não esperavam.
Humas, fingindo menos estimar
A vergonha, que a força, se lançavam
Nuas por entre o mato, aos olhos dando
O, que ás mãos cubiçosas vão negando.

LXXIII.

Outra, como acudindo mais depressa
Á vergonha da deosa caçadora,
Esconde o corpo n'agua : outra se apressa
Por tomar os vestidos, que tem fóra.
Tal dos mancebos ha, que se arremessa
Vestido assi, e calçado ; (que co'a mora
De se despir ha medo, que inda tarde)
A matar na agua o fogo, que nelle arde.

LXXIV.

Qual cão de caçador, sagaz e ardido,
Usado a tomar na agua a ave ferida,
Vendo no rosto o ferreo cano, erguido
Para a garcenha, ou pata conhecida ;
Antes que sôe o estouro, mal soffrido
Salta n'agua, e da prêsa não duvida,
Nadando vai, e latindo : assi o mancebo
Remette á, que não era irmãa de Phebo.

LXXV.

Leonardo, soldado bem disposto,
Manhoso, cavalleiro, e namorado,
A quem amor não dera hum só desgosto,
Mas sempre fôra d'elle maltratado,
E tinha já por firme presupposto
Ser com amores mal afortunado,
Porêm não que perdesse a esperança
De inda poder seu fado ter mudança :

LXXII.

Others, in other parts, the nymphs surprise
Unrobed, while bathing in the crystal flood :
These suddenly begin to utter cries,
As not prepared for an assault so rude ;
Some, feigning modesty to sacrifice
To fear of force, rush off into the wood,
Defenceless, thus conceding to the eye
What to the longing hand they thus deny.

LXXIII.

Another, as more quickly following
The pureness of the Goddess of the chase,
Hides in the stream ; and one is hastening
Her robes to gather from another place :
One of the youths into the flood doth spring,
All clothed and booted (fearing in such case
That stopping to unrobe throws time away),
The ardent fire in water to allay.

LXXIV.

Like sportsman's dog, sagacious, keen and sly,
Used in the pool to catch the wounded bird,
Marking the barrel pointed from the eye
Towards the wild goose or heron, e'er is heard
The well-known loud report, impatiently
Leaps in the stream and, of his game assured,
Swimming and barking goes ; so springs the youth
On one, not Phœbus' sister quite, in truth.

LXXV.

Leonardo, soldier of renown and trust,
Able, a true-born knight, and given to love,
And whom, not only once, did love disgust,
But ever did ill-treat, and hostile prove ;
Who now, by firm persuasion, felt he must
Always in his affections hapless move,
Not that, however, he had lost all hope
That yet his fate might change for brighter scope :

LXXVI.

Quiz aqui sua ventura, que corria
Após Ephyre, exemplo de belleza,
Que mais caro, que as outras, dar queria
O, que deo, para dar-se, a natureza.
Já cansado correndo lhe dizia :
‘O formosura indigna de aspereza ;
Pois desta vida te concedo a palma,
Espera hum corpo, de quem levas a alma.

LXXVII.

‘Todas de correr cansam, nymphas puras,
Rendendo-se á vontade do inimigo,
Tu só de mi só foges na espessura ?
Quem te disse, que eu era o, que te sigo ?
Se to tem dito já aquella ventura,
Que em toda a parte sempre anda comigo,
Ó não na creas ; porque eu, quando a cria,
Mil vezes cada hora me mentia.

LXXVIII.

Não canses : que me cansas : e se queres
Fugir-me ; porque não possa tocar-te,
Minha ventura he tal, que, inda que esperes,
Ella fará, que não possa alcançar-te.
Espera : quero vêr, se tu quizeres,
Que subtil modo busca de escapar-te,
E notarás no fim deste successo
“ Tra la spiga e la man qual muro è messo.”

LXXIX.

‘Ó não me fujas ! Assi nunca o breve
Tempo fuja de tua formosura !
Que, só com refrear o passo leve,
Vencerás da fortuna a força dura.
Que Imperador, que exercito se atreve
A quebrantar a furia da ventura,
Que, em quanto desejei, me vai seguindo,
O que tu só farás não me fugindo ?

LXXVI.

His fortune willed that he should follow here
Beauty's example, the fair Ephyre,
Who wished to give, than all the rest more dear,
What nature gave that given it might be.
With running tired, 'O thou who dost appear,'
He cried, 'too lovely for asperity,
Since of this life to thee I yield the prize,
A body wait, whose spirit with thee flies !

LXXVII.

'All now are tired of running, Goddess good,
Submitting to the wishes of the foe ;
Alone, from me, alone, seek'st thou the wood ?
From whom, 'tis I pursuing thee, dost know ?
If from that fortune 'tis, of evil mood,
Which everywhere doth always with me go,
Believe it not ; for I, when I believed,
Was every hour a thousand times deceived.

LXXVIII.

'Tire not thyself, and me ; if 'tis thy will
To fly the chance of being touched by me,
My fate is such that e'en should'st thou stand still
'Twill manage I shall not come near to thee :
Stay ! if thou willest so, I fain would tell
What subtle method of escape 'twill be ;
And thou shalt note, when this event shall close,
"How much 'twixt hand and corn may interpose."

LXXIX.

'Oh fly me not ! thus from thy beauty, ne'er,
May time, too swiftly flying, fly away :
If from thy swift pace only thou forbear,
Then my hard fortune, conquered, must obey :
What Emperor, what army e'en, would dare
To break the fury of my fate essay,
Which still, while I desire, doth still pursue ?
This, only thou, not flying me, canst do !

LXXX.

‘ Pões-te da parte da desdita minha ?
Fraqueza he dar ajuda ao mais potente.
Levas-me hum coração, que livre tinha ?
Solta-mo, e correrás mais levemente.
Não te carrega essa alma tão mesquinha,
Que nesses fios de ouro reluzente
Atada levas ? Ou, despois de presa,
Lhe mudaste a ventura, e menos pesa ?

LXXXI.

‘ Nesta esperança só te vou seguindo,
Que ou tu não soffrerás o peso della,
Ou na virtude de teu gesto lindo
Lhe mudarás a triste e dura estrella :
E se se lhe mudar, não vás fugindo ;
Que amor te ferirá, gentil donzella,
E tu me esperarás, se amor te fere :
E se me esperas, não ha mais, que espere.’

LXXXII.

Já não fugio a bella nympha tanto
Por se dar cara ao triste, que a seguia,
Como por ir ouvindo o doce canto,
As namoradas magoas, que dizia :
Volvendo o rosto já sereno e santo,
Toda banhada em riso, e alegria,
Cahir se deixa aos pés do vencedor,
Que todo se desfaz em puro amor.

LXXXIII.

Oh que famintos beijos na floresta !
E que mimoso chôro, que soava !
Que affagos tão suaves ! Que ira honesta,
Que em risinhos alegres se tornava !
O, que mais passam na manhã, e na sesta,
Que Venus com prazeres inflammava,
Melhor he experimental-o, que julgal-o ;
Mas julgue-o, quem não pode experimental-o.

LXXX.

'Dost thou take part with my dark destiny?
'Tis weakness still to aid the greater might :
Tak'st thou away the heart that I had free?
Loose me, and thou shalt thenceforth run more light :
Charge not thyself with soul so trumpery,
Which in those locks of gold, so passing bright,
Thou takest bound ; or when thou dost possess
Hast thou its fortune changed, and weighs it less ?

LXXXI.

'Tis in this hope, alone, I follow thee ;
For, either thou its weight unfelt dost bear,
Or, from thy modes enchanting, it must be
That thou wilt change its sad and cruel star :
And, if 'twill change, then do not fly from me,
For love shall wound thee, gentle lady fair !
And thou wilt wait me, if love be thy fate,
And if thou waitest me, nought more I wait.'

LXXXII.

The lovely nymph no longer fled, as well
To encourage the sad follower whom she flies,
As that she heard the sweet song as it fell,
And told her of enamoured agonies.
Turning her brow, where calm and virtue dwell,
All bathed in smiles and mirthful jollities,
She falls, consenting, at her lover's feet,
Who straight dissolves in love both pure and sweet.

LXXXIII.

Oh ! in the wood, what kisses of desire,
And what a gentle chorus there was heard ;
What soft caresses, and what honest ire,
Which into cheerful laughter was transferred ;
What more by morning passed and noonday's fire
Which Venus with due joys inflamed and stirred,
Better to realise than theorise,
But theorise, who cannot realise.

LXXXIV.

Desta arte em fim conformes já as formosas
Nymphas co'os seus amados navegantes,
Os ornam de capellas deleitosas,
De louro, e de ouro, e flores abundantes :
As mãos alvas lhe davam como esposas :
Com palavras formaes, e estipulantes
Se promettem eterna companhia
Em vida e morte, de honra e alegria.

LXXXV.

Huma dellas maior, a quem se humilha
Todo o coro das nymphas, e obedece,
Que, dizem, ser de Cælo e Vesta filha,
O que no gesto bello se parece ;
Enchendo a terra, e o mar de maravilha,
O Capitão illustre, que o merece,
Recebe alli com pompa honesta e regia,
Mostrando-se senhora grande e egregia ;

LXXXVI.

Que, depois de lhe ter dito, quem era,
C'hum alto exordio de alta graça ornado,
Dando-lhe a entender, que alli viera
Por alta influença do immobil fado ;
Para lhe descobrir da unida esphera,
Da terra immensa, e mar não navegado
Os segredos por alta prophecia,
O que esta sua nação só merecia :

LXXXVII.

Tomando-o pela mão, o leva, e guia
Para o cume d'hum monte alto e divino,
No qual hũa rica fábrica se erguia,
De crystal toda, e de ouro puro, e fino.
A maior parte aqui passam do dia
Em doces jogos, e em prazer contino :
Ella nos paços logra seus amores,
As outras pelas sombras entre as flores.

LXXXIV.

E'en thus the beauteous nymphs compliance show,
With their belovéd navigators' ways ;
With joyous chaplets they adorn their brow,
Of laurel, gold, and flowers' abundant bays ;
Their fair white hands, as spouses they bestow,
With formal words and stipulating phrase,
Which promise lasting fellowship by right,
In life and death, of honour and delight.

LXXXV.

One 'midst them all, whom with humility
The assembled choir of nymphs, as chief, revere,
Cœlus' and Vesta's daughter said to be,
As by her noble bearing doth appear,
Filling with miracle both land and sea,
The illustrious chief in form receiveth there,
As well deserved, with honest royal state,
Showing herself as lady high and great !

LXXXVI.

Who, after she had told her rank and name,
With proud exordium with high grace ornate,
Giving him to observe he thither came,
Through the deep influence of unchanging fate ;
That she the secrets, now of heaven's whole frame,
Of earth immense, and sea, unnavigate,
Might tell him, as deep prophecy had shown,
And which his nation merited alone ;

LXXXVII.

Taking him by the hand, she leads the way
Unto a mountain top, high and divine,
Where a rich building doth its brow display,
All crystal, and of gold all pure and fine.
There did they pass the greater part of day,
And constant pleasure with sweet joys combine ;
She in the palaces enjoys her loves,
The others, 'midst the flowers and shady groves.

LXXXVIII.

Assi a formosa, e a forte companhia
O dia quasi todo estão passando,
N'huma alma, doce, incognita alegria
Os trabalhos tão longos compensando :
Porque dos feitos grandes, da ousadia
Forte e famosa o mundo está guardando
O premio lá no fim bem merecido
Com fama grande, e nome alto e subido :

LXXXIX.

Que as nymphas do Oceano tão formosas,
Tethys, e a ilha angelica pintada,
Outra cousa não he, que as deleitosas
Honras, que a vida fazem sublimada :
Aquellas preeminencias gloriosas,
Os triumphos, a fronte coroada
De palma e louro, a gloria e maravilha,
Estes são os deleites desta ilha ;

XC.

Que as immortalidades, que fingia
A antiguidade, (que os illustres ama,)
Lá no estellante Olympo, a quem subia
Sôbre as azas ínclytas da fama
Por obras valerosas, que fazia,
Pelo trabalho immenso, que se chama
Caminho da virtude alto e fragoso,
Mas no fim doce, alegre, e deleitoso ;

XCI.

Não eram senão premios, que reparte
Por feitos immortaes e soberanos
O mundo co'os barões, que esforço e arte
Divinos os fizeram, sendo humanos ;
Que Jupiter, Mercurio, Phebo, e Marte,
Eneas, e Quirino, e os dous Thebanos,
Ceres, Pallas, e Juno, com Diana,
Todos fôram de fraca carne humana.

LXXXVIII.

Thus pass the company, so brave and bright,
The day almost entire, with due regard,
In a sweet genial and unknown delight,
Which compensates for toils so long and hard :
Because of noble deeds, of daring might,
Famous and strong, the world reserves reward,
Which merit, at the close, so well may claim,
With high renown and rare exalted fame.

LXXXIX.

For Ocean's nymphs, so lovely and so fair,
Tethys, and all the angelic painted isle,
Serve but those pleasing honours to declare,
That give to life sublime and noble style :
Those glorious pre-eminences rare,
The triumphs and the forehead crowned, the while,
With palm and laurel, marvel and renown :
These are the pleasures in this island shown.

XC.

For the immortalities the Ancients feigned
(Loving illustrious heroes aye to claim,)
For those who had of old Olympus gained
The starry height, on brilliant wings of fame,
Through works of valour, which they had attained
By toil immense, and bearing for its name
The path of virtue, arduous to ascend,
But joyful, sweet, and pleasing, at the end ;

XCI.

Were nought else than rewards, which man's decree,
For deeds, immortal and all sovereign,
Accords the great ; thus making gods to be,
For power and skill, those who were nought but men.
For Jupiter, Mars, Phœbus, Mercury,
Æneas, Romulus, the Theban twain,
Juno, Diana, Ceres, Pallas, all,
Were only what weak human flesh we call.

XCII.

Mas a fama, trombeta de obras tais,
Lhe deo no mundo nomes tão estranhos,
De Deoses, Semideoses immortais,
Indigetes, Heroicos, e de Magnos.
Por isso, ó vós, que as famas estimais,
Se quizerdes no mundo ser tamanhos,
Despertai já do somno do ocio ignavo,
Que o animo de livre faz escravo.

XCIII.

E ponde na cubiça hum freio duro,
E na ambição tambem, que indignamente
Tomais mil vezes, e no torpe e escuro
Vicio da tyrannia infame, e urgente ;
Porque essas honras vâas, esse ouro puro
Verdadeiro valor não dão á gente :
Melhor he merecel-os, sem os ter,
Que possuil-os, sem os merecer.

XCIV.

Ou dai na paz as leis iguaes, constantes,
Que aos grandes não dem o dos pequenos,
Ou vos vesti nas armas rutilantes
Contra a lei dos imigos Sarracenos :
Fareis os reinos grandes e possantes,
E todos tereis mais, e nenhum menos,
Possuireis riquezas merecidas,
Com as honras, que illustram tanto as vidas.

XCV.

E fareis claro o Rei, que tanto amais,
Agora co'os conselhos bem cuidados,
Agora co'as espadas, que immortais
Vos farão, como os vossos já passados :
Impossibilidades não façaís :
Que, quem quiz, sempre pôde : e numerados
Sereis entre os Heroes esclarecidos,
E nesta ilha de Venus recebidos.

XCII.

But Fame, the trumpet which such deeds makes known,
Gave them on earth such wondrous names and state,
As Gods and Demigods, immortal grown,
Man-gods and Heroes, and in fine, the Great.
Therefore, O ye who covet honour's crown,
If these, on earth, ye fain would emulate,
Cast off the sleep of idle ease with speed,
Which the free spirit makes a slave indeed !

XCIII.

Your covetousness with strong bit restrain,
Ambition likewise, which unworthily
A thousand times ye suffer, and the stain
Obscure and vile of pressing tyranny :
Because this kind of gold, these honours vain,
Confer on man no worth of certainty ;
Better no honours should your merit bless,
Than, without merit, honours to possess !

XCIV.

In peace make equal laws ye will not break,
Which give not to the strong the poor man's gains ;
Or, go once more, your shining armour take
Against the rule of hostile Saracens :
Ye shall the kingdoms great and powerful make,
Ye all shall be more prosperous for your pains ;
Wealth well deserved ye thus shall call your own,
With honours, which men's lives with lustre crown.

XCV.

Your King, so cherished, ye shall aggrandise,
Now with your counsel well conceived and true,
Now with your swords, which shall immortalise
Yourselves, as your forefathers stand in view :
Do not create impossibilities,
For he, who willed the deed, could always do :
Thus shall ye rank with heroes of degree,
And in this isle of Venus welcomed be.

CANTO DECIMO.

I.

Mas já o claro amador da Larissea
Adúltera inclinava os animaes
Lá para o grande lago, que rodea
Temistitão nos fins Occidentaes :
O grande ardor do Sol Favonio enfrea
Co'o sôpro, que nos tanques naturaes
Encrespa a agua serena, e despertava
Os lirios e jasmins, que a calma aggrava.

II.

Quando as formosas nymphas, co'os amantes
Pela mão já conformes e contentes,
Subiam para os paços radiantes,
E de metaes ornados reluzentes,
Mandados da Rainha, que abundantes
Mesas d'altos manjares excellentes
Lhe tinha apparelhadas, que a fraqueza
Restaurem da cansada natureza.

III.

Alli em cadeiras ricas, crystallinas
Se assentam dous e dous, amante, e dama :
N'outras á cabeceira, d'ouro finas,
Está co'a bella deosa o claro Gama.
De iguarias suaves e divinas,
A quem não chega a Egypcia antiga fama,
Se accumulam os pratos de fulvo ouro,
Trazidos lá do Atlantico thesouro.

CANTO X.

I.

Now the bright lover, who the aduress' death
Dealt on Coronis, did his steeds dispose
On towards the mighty gulph which compasseth
Temistitan,¹ where western boundaries close ;
Sol's ardent rays Favonius with his breath
Was tempering down, which o'er a calm pool blows,
Curling the water smooth, and thus relieved
Lilies and jasmines which the heat aggrieved ;

II.

When with their loves the beauteous nymphs and gay,
All hand in hand, quite willing and content,
Took to the radiant palaces their way,
With shining metals all magnificent,
By order of the Queen ; who great display
Of tables, with choice viands excellent,
Commanded should be ready for them there,
Their wearied nature's weakness to repair.

III.

There, on rich gorgeous chairs and crystalline
Are seated, two by two, lover and dame ;
While others, at the head, which golden shine,
The Goddess fair and noble Gama claim :
Of viands all delicious and divine,
Surpassing those of Egypt's ancient fame,
Come crowded plates, in yellow gold all wrought,
Which from the Atlantic treasury were brought.

IV.

Os vinhos odoríferos, que acima
Estão, não só do Italico Falerno,
Mas da Ambrósia, que Jove tanto estima,
Com todo o ajuntamento sempiterno,
Nos vasos, onde em vão trabalha a lima,
Crespas escumas erguem, que no interno
Coração movem subita alegria,
Saltando co'a mistura d'agua fria.

V.

Mil praticas alegres se tocavam,
Risos doces, subteis, e argutos ditos,
Que entre hum, e outro manjar se alevantavam,
Despertando os alegres appetitos :
Musicos instrumentos não faltavam,
Quaes no profundo reino os nus espiritos
Fizeram descansar da eterna pena,
C'hum a voz d'hum angelica Sirena.

VI.

Cantava a bella nymphá, e co'os accentos,
Que pelos altos paços vão soando,
Em consonancia igual os instrumentos
Suaves vem a hum tempo conformando :
Hum subito silencio enfrea os ventos,
E faz ir docemente murmurando
As aguas, e nas casas naturaes
Adormecer os brutos animaes.

VII.

Com doce voz está subindo ao céo
Altos barões, que estão por vir ao mundo,
Cujas claras ideas vio Proteo
N'hum globo vão, diáphano, rotundo ;
Que Jupiter em dom lho concedeo
Em sonhos, e despois no reino fundo
Vaticinando o disse, e na memoria
Recolheo logo a nymphá a clara historia.

IV.

The fragrant wines,—not only far above
The growth of Italy's Falernian ground,
But e'en Ambrosia's, so esteemed by Jove,
And all the everlasting Gods around,—
In cups 'gainst which the file must harmless prove,
Raise their curled froth ; they make the bosom bound
With sudden joy, which o'er the heart doth beam,
Leaping with mixture of the freshening stream.

V.

A thousand cheerful forms of talk prevail,
Sweet laughter, sayings witty, sharp and light ;
They count between the courses many a tale,
Provoking an agreeable appetite ;
Nor do sweet instruments of music fail,
E'en such as in the realm profound of night
Soothed the sad spirits in eternal pain,
With an angelic Siren vocal strain.

VI.

Then sang the lovely nymph, and with the strains,
Through the vast palaces which sounding go,
An equal consonance the time sustains
Of dulcet instruments performed below :
A sudden silence all the winds enchains,
And in soft murmur all the waters flow ;
E'en the wild beasts the enchantment have confessed,
And in their natural dens are lulled to rest.

VII.

With sweetest voice she raises to the sky
Great heroes, in the future world renowned,
Which grand ideas did Proteus erst descry
In a globe, hollow, crystalline and round ;²
This gift did Jupiter to him supply
In dreams ; and after, in the realm profound,
He prophesying spoke ; and in her brain
The nymph the brilliant stories did retain.

VIII.

Materia he de cothurno, e não de socco,
A, que a nympha aprendeo no immenso lago,
Qual Iopas não soube, ou Demodoco,
Entre os Pheaces hum, outro em Carthago.
Aqui, minha Calliope, te invoco
Neste trabalho extremo ; porque em pago
Me tornes, do que escrevo, e em vão pretendo,
O gosto de escrever, que vou perdendo.

IX.

Vão os annos descendo, e já do estio
Ha pouco que passar até o outono :
A fortuna me faz o engenho frio,
Do qual já não me jacto, nem me abono :
Os desgostos me vão levando ao rio
Do negro esquecimento, e eterno sono :
Mas, tu me dá, que cumpra, ó grão Rainha
Das Musas, co'o que quero á nação minha !

X.

Cantava a bella deosa, que viriam
Do Tejo pelo mar, que o Gama abrira,
Armadas, que as ribeiras venceriam,
Por onde o Oceano Indico suspira :
E que os gentios Reis, que não dariam
A cerviz sua ao jugo, o ferro e ira
Provariam do braço duro e forte,
Até render-se a elle, ou logo á morte :

XI.

Cantava d'hum, que tem nos Malabares
Do summo sacerdocio a dignidade,
Que, só por não quebrar co'os singulares
Barões os nós, que dera, d'amizade,
Soffrerá suas cidades, e lugares,
Com ferro, incendios, ira, e crueldade,
Vêr destruir do Samorim potente,
Que taes odios terá co'a nova gente.

VIII.

'Tis theme for tragedy, not comedy,
And what the nymph learned on that lake immense
Iopas, nor Demodocus could see,
Of Punic and Phæacian eminence.
Here I invoke thee, my Calliope,
That for my toil extreme in recompense,
Thou wilt restore what I in vain pretend,
My power to write, which vergeth toward its end.

IX.

My years decline, e'en now my summer's old,
And short the passage into Autumn's days ;
Fortune, unkind, hath turned my genius cold,
Whereof no more I boast, nor can I praise ;
Me, soon, disgusts will in the stream enfold,
Where dark oblivion's lasting sleep o'erlays ;
But what I strive to give my nation, still,
Queen of the Muses, grant me to fulfil !

X.

The sweet prophetic Goddess, singing now,
That o'er the sea Gama did first divide,
From Tagus fleets should come, to overthrow
The margin where the Indian ocean sighed ;
And that the Gentoo Kings, who did not bow
Their neck unto the yoke, must sword abide,
And wrath of the hard powerful arm, in faith,
Until submission made, or until death ;

XI.

Sang of one also,³ who in Malabar
Holds dignity of highest priestly state,
And, rather than against our heroes rare
The knot of once-pledged friendship violate,
Will all his cities, and his dwellings fair,
Submit, by fire and sword and angry hate
By the strong Samorim destroyed, to see ;
For thus the new race will detested be.

XII.

E canta, como lá se embarcaria
Em Belem o remedio deste dano,
Sem saber o que em si ao mar traria,
O grão Pacheco, Achilles Lusitano :
O pezo sentirão, quando entraria,
O curvo lenho, e o férvido Oceano,
Quando mais n'agua os troncos, que gemerem,
Contra sua natureza se metterem.

XIII.

Mas já chegado aos fins Orientaes,
E deixado em ajuda do gentio
Rei de Cochim com poucos naturaes
Nos braços do salgado e curvo rio,
Desbaratará os Naires infernaes
No passo Cambalão, tornando frio
De espanto o ardor immenso do Oriente,
Que verá tanto obrar tão pouca gente.

XIV.

Chamará o Samorim mais gente nova :
Virão Reis de Bipur, e de Tanor,
Das serras de Narsinga, que alta prova
Estarão promettendo a seu senhor :
Fará, que todo o Naire em fim se mova,
Que entre Calecut jaz, e Cananor,
D'ambas as leis imigas, para a guerra,
Mouros por mar, Gentios pela terra.

XV.

E todos outra vêz desbaratando
Por terra e mar o grão Pacheco ousado,
A grande multidão, que irá matando,
A todo o Malabar terá admirado :
Commetterá outra vez, não dilatando,
O Gentio os combates apressado,
Injuriando os seus, fazendo votos
Em vão aos deoses, surdos, e immotos.

XII.

And sings how, from Belem, should leave the shore
This evil's antidote, in one great man,
Blind to what in himself to sea he bore,
Pacheco, the Achilles Lusian :
The curvèd barque, and ocean in his roar,
Shall feel the weight when he embarks thereon,
When deeper in the waves the groaning beams
Shall downward sink, than of their nature seems.

XIII.

But now, arrived in Eastern boundaries,
And left in aid of Cochim's Gentoo King,
He, with few native troops for his supplies,
In the salt curving river soon shall bring
The infernal Naires into extremities ;
In Cambalo, with sheer dread withering
The mighty ardour of the Eastern land,
To see such valour in so small a band.

XIV.

The Samorim shall more new people call :
The Kings shall come of Bipur and Tanor,
Who from the mountains of Narsinga shall
High promise make unto their Seignior ;
The Naires he shall provoke to action, all
Who lie 'twixt Calecut and Cananor,
Of both the hostile faiths, the war to wage,
The Moors by sea, Gentoos by land, to engage.

XV.

And now the great Pacheco, brave in war,
Defeating all again by land and sea,
Shall hold in wonder all in Malabar,
By the great multitude that he shall slay.
Again the Gentoo shall the battle dare,
Attacking rashly, and without delay,
Slandering his men and making vows in vain,
To his vain Gods, who deaf and dumb remain.

XVI.

Já não defenderá somente os passos,
Mas queimar-lhe-ha lugares, templos, casas :
Acceso de ira o cão, não vendo lassos
Aquelles, que as cidades fazem rasas,
Fará, que os seus, de vida pouco escassos,
Commettam o Pacheco, que tem azas,
Por dous passos n'hum tempo : mas voando
D'hum n'outro, tudo irá desbaratando.

XVII.

Virá alli o Samorim ; por que em pessoa
Veja a batalha, e os seus esforce, e anime :
Mas hum tiro, que com zonido voa,
De sangue o tingirá no andor sublime.
Já não verá remedio, ou manha boa,
Nem força, que o Pacheco muito estime :
Inventará traições, e vãos venenos ;
Mas sempre (o Céu querendo) fará menos.

XVIII.

‘ Que tornará a vêz septima,’ cantava,
‘ Pelejar com o invicto e forte Luso,
A quem nenhum trabalho peza, e aggrava ;
Mas com tudo este só o fará confuso :
Trará para a batalha horrenda e brava
Machinas de madeiros fóra de uso,
Para lhe abalroar as caravelas ;
Que atelli vão lhe fôra commettel-as.

XIX.

‘ Pela agua levará serras de fogo,
Para abraçar-lhe quanta armada tenha :
Mas a militar arte, e engenho, logo
Fará ser vã a braveza, com que venha.
Nenhum claro barão no marcio jogo,
Que nas azas da fama se sustenha,
Chega a este, que a palma a todos toma,
E perdoe-me a illustre Grecia, ou Roma ;

XVI.

Not his mere ground to keep he now will stay,
But burn the hamlets, dwellings, temples round :
The furious dog, seeing no weak delay
In those who raze his cities to the ground,
Will cause his men, throwing their lives away,
To attack Pacheco, who e'en wings has found,
For double movement ; and who, here and there
Flying with speed, shall all things overbear.

XVII.

There Samorim shall come, with his own eyes
To see the fight, and animate his men ;
But lo ! a shot, which with loud hissing flies,
Shall tinge with blood his lofty palanquin :
No help, no skill, no force shall he devise,
To combat which Pacheco would be fain :
Treasons and useless poisons he'll invent :
But all (Heaven willing so) will be misspent.

XVIII.

' A seventh time he shall turn,' thus did she sing,
' The brave unconquered Lusian to oppose,
Who yields not, tires not by hard suffering ;
Though this, withal, some little will confuse :
To the hard fearful battle he shall bring
Machines of timber, all unknown in use,
That he the caravels may board and strand,
Which, to the present, had defied his hand.

XIX.

' Mountains of fire upon the wave he'll throw,
To compass every ship in blazing flame :
But military art and genius know .
To turn to nought the rage wherewith he came :
No famous hero in the martial show,
Who soars aloft upon the wings of fame,
With this man vies, who bears the palm away ;
Pardon me, glorious Greece and Rome, I pray !

XX.

‘ Porque tantas batalhas, sustentadas
Com muito pouco mais de cem soldados,
Com tantas manhas, e artes inventadas,
Tantos cães não imbelles profigados,
Ou parecerão fabulas sonhadas,
Ou que os celestes córos invocados
Descerão a ajudal-o, e lhe darão
Esforço, força, ardil, e coração.

XXI.

‘ Aquelle, que nos campos Marathonios
O grão poder de Dário estrue, e rende,
Ou quem com quatro mil Lacedemonios
O passo de Thermopylas defende,
Nem o mancebo Cocles dos Ausonios,
Que com todo o poder Tusco contende
Em defesa da ponte, ou Quinto Fabio ;
Foi como este na guerra forte e sabio.’

XXII.

Mas neste passo a nympha o som canoro
Abaixando, fez rouco, e entristecido,
Cantando em baixa voz, envolta em chôro,
O grande esforço mal agradecido.
‘Ô Belizario,’ disse, ‘que no coro
Das Musas serás sempre engrandecido,
Se em ti viste abatido o bravo Marte,
Aqui tens com quem podes consolar-te !

XXIII.

‘ Aqui tens companheiro, assi nos feitos,
Como no galardão injusto e duro :
Em ti, e nelle veremos altos peitos
A baixo estado vir, humilde e escuro :
Morrer nas hospitaes em pobres leitos
Os, que ao Rei, e á lei servem de muro !
Isto fazem os Reis, cuja vontade
Manda mais, que a justiça, e que a verdade :

XX.

' Because so many battles bravely fought,
With little more than hundred of his own,
With wiles so many, arts of deepest thought,
So many hounds, not weakly overthrown,
These deeds will seem mere fables dreamed of nought,
Or that the heavenly choir, invoked and won,
To help him shall descend, and shall impart
Force and endeavour, stratagem and heart.

XXI.

' He, who upon the Marathonian plains
Darius' mighty power destroys and rends,
Or with four thousand Lacedemonians
Thermopylæ's immortal pass defends,
Nor the youth Cocles, of the Ausonians,
Who with the whole Etruscan power contends,
The bridge to keep, nor Fabius, of delay,
Did force and skill in war, as he, display.'

XXII.

But at this point the nymph the harmonious tone
Abating, hoarse and sad the cadence made ;
Singing, all bathed in tears, with voice half gone,
The great endeavour which was ill repaid.⁴
' O Belisarius, who aye shall own
High station in the Muses' choir !' she said,
' If thou brave Mars hast humbled felt to be,
Here hast thou one who can condole with thee !

XXIII.

' Here thou companion hast, as well in deeds,
As in the hard unjust reward of all :
In thee and him we see how it succeeds,
Great hearts to low obscure position fall !
Dying in hospitals, on wretched beds,
Those who to King and law were e'en a wall !
In this way act the Kings, whose mere command,
Much more than truth and justice, rules the land !

XXIV.

‘ Isto fazem os Reis, quando embebidos
N’hum apparencia branda, que os contenta,
Dão os premios, de Aiace merecidos,
A lingua vãa de Ulysses fraudulenta :
Mas vingo-me ; que os bens mal repartidos,
Por quem só doces sombras apresenta,
Se não os dão a sabios cavalleiros,
Dão-os logo a avarentos lisongeiros.

XXV.

‘ Mas tu, de quem ficou tão mal pagado
Hum tal vassallo, ó Rei, só nisto inico,
Se não és para dar-lhe honroso estado,
He elle para dar-te hum reino rico :
Em quanto fôr o mundo rodeado
Dos Apollineos raios, eu te fico,
Que elle seja entre a gente illustre e claro,
E tu nisto culpado por avaro.

XXVI.

‘ Mas eis outro,’ cantava, ‘ intitulado
Vem com nome Real, e traz comsigo
O filho, que no mar será illustrado
Tanto, como qualquer Romano antigo :
Ambos darão com braço forte, armado
A Quíloa fertil aspero castigo,
Fazendo nella Rei leal e humano,
Deitado fóra o perfido Tyranno.

XXVII.

‘ Tambem farão Mombaça, que se arrea
De casas sumptuosas e edificios,
Co’o ferro e fogo seu queimada e fea,
Em pago dos passados maleficios.
Despois na costa da India, andando chea
De lenhos inimigos, e artificios
Contra os Lusos, com velas e com remos
O mancebo Lourenço fará extremos.

XXIV.

'Thus act those Kings who, by seduction led
Of a soft aspect, to their heart's content,
Bestow rewards, by Ajax merited,
On hollow-tongued Ulysses fraudulent ;
But vengeance follows ; for good, ill-decreed
To those who do but shadowy ease present,
If to the trusty knights it is denied,
For grasping flatterers 'tis turned aside.

XXV.

'But thou, who didst such vassal underrate,
O King, unjust in this alone to be !
If thou to him wilt not grant high estate,
He will a wealthy kingdom grant to thee :
And whilst around the world still circulate
Apollo's rays, I tell thee thou shalt see,
How 'midst the bright illustrious he shall shine,
While blame of avarice shall, for this, be thine.

XXVI.

'But lo!' she sang, 'another with the name
Of Royalty, who brings with him a son,⁵
Who shall on ocean gather equal fame
With that by any ancient Roman won :
Both with strong arm hard punishment shall claim
Fertile Quiloa to inflict upon,
A Monarch raising there, humane and true,
'Gainst the false tyrant whom they overthrew.

XXVII.

'They shall Mombaça, too, in full array
Of dwellings vast and edifices fine,
With fire and sword in hideous ruin lay,
For past ill-deeds in punishment condign.
Then, on the Indian coast, filled with display
Of hostile ships and fiery war's design
Against the Lusians, both with oar and sail
With wonders young Lorenzo shall prevail.

XXVIII.

‘ Das grandes náos do Samorim potente,
Que encherão todo o mar, co'o ferrea pella,
Que sahe com trovão do cobre ardente,
Fará pedaços leme, mastro, vela :
Despois, lançando arpéos ousadamente
Na capitaina imiga, dentro nella
Saltando, a fará só com lança e espada
De quatro centos Mouros despejada.

XXIX.

‘ Mas de Deos a escondida providencia :
Que elle só sabe o bem, de que se serve,
O porá, onde esforço, nem prudencia,
Poderá haver, que a vida lhe reserve :
Em Chaul, onde em sangue, e resistencia
O mar todo com fogo e ferro ferve,
Lhe farão, que com vida se não saia,
As armadas de Egypto, e de Cambaia.

XXX.

‘ Alli o poder de muitos inimigos,
Que o grande esforço só com força rende,
Os ventos, que faltaram, e os perigos
Do mar, que sobejaram, tudo o offende.
Aqui resurjam todos os antigos,
A vêr o nobre ardor, que aqui se aprende :
Outro Sceva verão, que espedaçado
Não sabe ser rendido, nem domado.

XXXI.

‘ Com toda hũa coxa fóra, que em pedaços
Lhe leva hum cego tiro, que passara,
Se serve inda dos animosos braços,
E do grão coração, que lhe ficara :
Até que outro pelouro quebra os laços,
Com que co'a alma o corpo se liara :
Ella sôlta voou da prisão fóra,
Onde subito se acha vencedora.

XXVIII.

‘Of powerful Samorim’s vast fleet that lies
Covering all ocean, with the iron ball
Which thundering from the burning mortar flies,
Sail, mast, and rudder, he shall shatter all.
Then, boldly throwing grapnels, he defies
The foeman’s flag-ship, and, with men at call,
Shall leap on board, with only sword and spear,
And of four hundred Moors the vessel clear.

XXIX.

‘But the recondite Providence of God,
Which knows alone its means and its intent,
Shall place him where no force or prudent road
Can serve his own destruction to prevent :
In Chaul, where, in resistance and in blood,
With fire and sword all ocean shall ferment,
Cambaia’s fleet and Egypt’s shall conspire
That never more with life he may retire.

XXX.

‘There numerous foes, who greater power sustain—
For but to greater force great force will bend—
The winds which failed, the dangers of the main,
Which overwhelmed him, these did all offend.
And here let all the ancients rise again,
To see how far can noble zeal extend :
Another Scæva’s there, who, hacked and hewed,
Knows not surrender, nor will be subdued.

XXXI.

‘One thigh all gone, in fragments borne away
By a chance shot that passed among the slain,
Yet with his valiant arms he holds his sway,
And his great heart, which doth intact remain :
Until another ball the bands that stay
The body with the soul doth burst in twain :
This from its prison flies released, on high,
Where all at once it finds its victory !

XXXII.

‘Vai-te, alma, em paz da guerra turbulenta,
Na qual tu mereceste paz serena !
Que o corpo, que em pedaços se apresenta,
Quem o gerou, vingança já lhe ordena ;
Que eu ouço retumbar a grão tormenta,
Que vem já dar a dura e eterna pena,
De esperas, basiliscos, e trabucos,
A Cambaicos crueis, e a Mamelucos.

XXXIII.

‘Eis vem o pai com animo estupendo,
Trazendo furia, e magoa por antolhos,
Com que o paterno amor lhe está movendo
Fogo no coração, agua nos olhos :
A nobre ira lhe vinha promettendo,
Que o sangue fará dar pelos giolhos
Nas inimigas náos : sentil-o-ha o Nilo,
Podel-o-ha o Indo vêr, e o Gange ouvil-o.

XXXIV.

‘Qual o touro cioso, que se ensaia
Para a crua peleja, os cornos tenta
No tronco d’hum carvalho, ou alta faia,
E o ar ferindo, as forças exprimenta :
Tal, antes que no seio de Cambaia
Entre Francisco irado, na opulenta
Cidade de Dabul a espada afia,
Abaixando-lhe a tumida ousadia.

XXXV.

‘E logo, entrando fero na enseada
De Dio, illustre em cercos e batalhas,
Fará espalhar a fraca e grande armada
De Calecut, que remos tem por malhas :
A de Melique Yaz acautelada
Co’os pelouros, que tu, Vulcano, espalhas,
Fará ir vêr o frio e fundo assento,
Secreto leito do humido elemento.

XXXII.

'Go, soul, in peace from battle turbulent
Wherein thou hast deserved calm peace indeed !
He that begot the form thou dost present,
All shattered, e'en its vengeance has decreed ;
E'en now I hear the mighty storm ferment,
Which comes, with stern and everlasting meed
And all great war's resources, to rebuke
Cruel Cambaians, and the Mameluke.

XXXIII.

'Lo ! where the father deep resolve doth bring,
Anguish, with rage, his vision occupies,
Wherewith paternal love is fostering
Fire in his heart and weeping in his eyes :
His noble rage the hope is promising
That to the very knees the blood shall rise
In all the foeman's fleet : this Nile shall feel,
And Indus' sight, and Ganges' ear, reveal.⁶

XXXIV.

'As when the jealous bull his limbs will teach
For the rude battle, with his horns he plays
Upon some vast oak's trunk or lofty beech.
And, wounding all the air, his force essays :
So, e'en before Cambaia's gulph he reach,
Francisco furious, brooking no delays,
Upon Dabul's rich city whets his blade,
And low is all its tumid daring laid.

XXXV.

'And entering soon, in anger, Dio's bay
For sieges and for battles far renowned,
He drives the weak, tho' numerous, fleet away,
Of Calecut, whose hope in oars is bound :
That of Melique Yaz with vast array
Of balls, which thou, O Vulcan ! scatterest round,
To see the cold deep dwelling shall be sent,
The secret bed o' the humid element.

XXXVI.

‘ Mas a de Mir-Hocêm, que, abalroando,
A furia esperará dos vingadores,
Verá braços, e pernas ir nadando,
Sem corpos, pelo mar, de seus senhores :
Raios de fogo irão representando
No cego ardor os bravos domadores :
Quanto alli sentirão olhos, e ouvidos,
He fumo, ferro, flammæ, e alaridos.

XXXVII.

‘ Mas ah, que desta prospera victoria,
Com que depois virá ao patrio Tejo,
Quasi lhe roubará a famosa gloria
Hum successo, que triste, e negro vejo!
O cabo Tormentorio, que a memoria
Co’os ossos guardará, não terá pejo
De tirar deste mundo aquelle espirito,
Que não tiraram toda a India, e Egypto.

XXXVIII.

‘ Alli Cafres selvagens poderão
O, que destros inimigos não puderam,
E rudos páos tostados sós farão
O, que arcos, e pelouros não fizeram.
Occultos os juizos de Deos são !
As gentes vâas, que não os entenderam,
Chamam-lhe fado máo, fortuna escura,
Sendo só providencia de Deos pura.

XXXIX.

‘ Mas oh que luz tamanha, que abrir sinto,’
Dizia a nympha, e a voz alevantava,
‘ Lá no mar de Melinde em sangue tinto
Das cidades de Lamo, de Oja, e Brava
Pelo Cunha tambem ; que nunca extinto
Será seu nome em todo o mar, que lava
As ilhas do Austro, e praias, que se chamam
De São-Lourenço, e em todo o Sul se afamam !

XXXVI.

'Mir Hochem's fleet, which shall all grappled be
To await the fierce avengers of the wrong,
Shall arms and legs on ocean floating see,
Without the forms to which they should belong :
Like unto thunderbolts, in verity,
Is the fierce conqueror's ardour, blind and strong,
All that shall there be known by ears and eyes
Are smoke and sword and flame, and war's wild cries.

XXXVII.

'But ah ! from this so prosperous victory,
Which to his country's Tagus he shall bear,
A melancholy dark event I see,
That shall his glory vast well nigh impair :
The Cape of Storms, which shall his memory
Guard with his bones, will scruple not to dare
To take that spirit from this world of clay
Nor Egypt nor all India took away.'

XXXVIII.

'There shall attain the savage Caffre crew
What skilful enemies attained not,
And rude, dry clubs, alone, prevail to do
What was not done by bows, or cannon shot.
That God's great judgments are occult, 'tis true !
Whereof vain people, knowing not one jot,
Call them an evil fate, or chance obscure,
But all is but God's Providence, most pure.

XXXIX.

'But oh ! what brilliant light bursts forth to view,'
Exclaimed the nymph, and note more sounding gave,
'There, on Melinda's sea in bloody hue,
From Lamo, Oja, Brava, on the wave,
By Cunha kindled ? for still ever new
Shall be his name, through all the seas that lave
The southern isles, and sea-coasts that are named
St. Lawrence's, and o'er the South are famed.

XL.

‘ Esta luz he do fogo, e das luzentes
Armas, com que Albuquerque irá amansando
De Ormuz os Párseos, por seu mal valentes,
Que refusam o jugo honroso, e brando :
Alli verão as settas estridentes
Reciprocár-se, a ponta no ar virando
Contra quem as tirou ; que Deos peleja
Por quem estende a fé da madre Igreja.

XLI.

‘ Alli de sal os montes não defendem
De corrupção os corpos, no combate,
Que, mortos, pela praia e mar se estendem
De Gerum, de Mascate, e Calayate :
Até que á forço só de braço aprendem
A abaixar a cerviz, onde se lhe ate
Obrigaçãõ de dar o reino inico
Das perlas de Barem tributo rico.

XLII.

‘ Que gloriosas palmas tecer vejo,
Com que victoria a fronte lhe coroa,
Quando sem sombra vã de medo, ou pejo,
Toma a ilha illustrissima de Goa !
Despois, obedecendo ao duro ensejo,
A deixa, e occasião espera boa,
Com que a torne a tomar ; que esforço, e arte,
Vencerão a fortuna, e o proprio Marte.

XLIII.

‘ Eis já sobre ella torna, e vai rompendo
Por muros, fogo, lanças, e pelouros,
Abrindo com a espada o espesso, e horrendo
Esquadrão de Gentios, e de Mouros :
Irão soldados ínclytos fazendo
Mais, que leões famélicos, e touros,
Na luz, que sempre celebrada, e dina
Será da Egypcia Sancta Catharina.

XL.

'Tis from the fire and from the shining arms,
Wherewith great future Albuquerque subdues
The Ormuz Persians, whom their valour harms,
For yoke benign and honoured they refuse :
The hurtling arrows shall they see in swarms
Retaliate, turning in the air their use
'Gainst those who shot ; for God for him doth war,
Who spreads the faith of Mother Church afar.

XLI.

'There mountains, e'en, of salt cannot defend
The corpses from corruption in the fight,
For dead along the coast and sea extend
Of Gerum, Mascate, and of Calayate ;
Till to mere force of arm they learn to bend
The subject neck, and recognise the right
Rich tribute on their wicked land to lay,
Which in the pearls of Barem they shall pay.

XLII.

'What glorious palms I woven see appear,
Wherewith doth victory adorn his brows,
While without shadow vain of shame or fear
Goa's illustrious isle he overthrows !
Then yielding to necessity severe
He leaves it, till some fair occasion shows
For taking it again ; for force and skill
Fortune and Mars himself will vanquish still.

XLIII.

'Lo ! 'gainst it he returns, and breaking through
Ramparts and fire and cannon ball and spear,
The serried troops of Moor and of Gentoo
Dividing with his sword he shall appear ;
Distinguished soldiers shall more victims show
Than bulls or hungry lions e'en could tear,
On that for ever famous day divine
Of the Egyptian St. Catharine.⁸

XLIV.

‘Nem tu menos fugir poderás deste,
Postoque rica, e postoque assentada
Lá no gremio da Aurora, onde nasceste,
Opulenta Malaca nomeada !
As settas venenosas, que fizeste,
Os crises, com que já te vejo armada,
Malaïos namorados, Jáos valentes,
Todos farás ao Luso obedientes.’

XLV.

Mais estanças cantára esta Sirena
Em louvor do illustrissimo Albuquerque,
Mas alembrou-lhe huma ira, que o condena,
Postoque a fama sua o mundo cerque.
O grande capitão, que o fado ordena
Que com trabalhos gloria eterna merque,
Mais ha de ser hum brando companheiro
Para os seus, que juiz cruel, e inteiro.

XLVI.

Mas em tempo, que fomes, e asperezas,
Doenças, frechas, e trovões ardentes,
A sação, e o lugar fazem cruezas
Nos soldados a tudo obedientes,
Parece de selvaticas brutezas,
De peitos inhumanos, e insolentes,
Dar extremo supplicio pela culpa,
Que a fraca humanidade, e Amor desculpa.

XLVII.

Não será a culpa abominoso incesto,
Nem violento estupro em virgem pura,
Nem menos adulterio deshonesto ;
Mas c’huma escrava vil, lasciva, e escura :
Se o peito, ou de cioso, ou de modesto,
Ou de usado a crueza fera e dura,
Co’os seus huma ira insana não refrea,
Põe na fama alva noda negra e fea.

XLIV.

'Nor thou his valour shalt prevail to evade,
Though thou art rich and though thou planted be
Where in Aurora's bosom thou wast laid,
Known as the rich Malacca on the sea :
The poisoned arrows, all, which thou hast made,
The daggers wherewith thou hast armèd thee,
Gallant Malayans, valiant Javanese,
Thou to the Lusian shalt resign all these !'

XLV.

More stanzas had engaged this Siren's lyre,
In praise of Albuquerque so renowned,
But she recalled his self-condemning ire
Although his glory may the world surround.
The mighty Captain whom the Fates desire
Shall for his deeds with lasting fame be crowned,
Should towards his own a kind companion be,
Rather than judge of strict severity.

XLVI.

But at a time when hunger and distress,
Illness and arrows, tempests that torment,
The place and season, which with sufferings press
Upon the troops, in all obedient,
It seems than rude brutality not less,
And of inhuman bosoms insolent,
Sentence extreme 'gainst errors to misuse,
Which weak humanity and Love excuse.

XLVII.

The fault will not atrocious incest be,
Nor violent usage of a virgin pure,
Still less dishonest, false adultery :
But with a common wanton slave obscure.
If the chaste breast, or one of jealousy,
Or one where constant rigour doth endure,
Do not mad anger 'gainst its friends restrain,
Bright fame it sullies with dark ugly stain.⁹

XLVIII.

Vio Alexandre Apelles namorado
Da sua Campaspe, e deo-lha alegremente,
Não sendo seu soldado experimentado,
Nem vendo-se n'hum cerco duro e urgente.
Sentio Cyro, que andava já abraçado
Araspas de Panthêa em fogo ardente,
Que elle tomara em guarda, e prometia,
Que nenhum máo desejo o venceria :

XLIX.

Mas vendo o illustre Persa, que vencido
Fôra de amor ; que em fim não tem defesa,
Levemente o perdoa, e foi servido
Delle n'hum caso grande em recompensa.
Por força de Juditha foi marido
O ferreo Baldovino ; mas dispensa
Carlos, pai della, posto em cousas grandes,
Que viva, e povoador seja de Frandes.

L.

Mas proseguindo a nympha o longo canto,
De Soares cantava, ' que as bandeiras
Faria tremolar, e pôr espanto
Pelas rôxas Arabicas ribeiras :
Medina abominabil teme tanto,
Quanto Meca, e Gidá, co'as derradeiras
Praias de Abassia : Barborá se teme
Do mal, de que o emporio Zeila geme :

LI.

' A nobre ilha tambem de Taprobana,
Já pelo nome antigo tam famosa,
Quanto agora soberba e soberana
Pela cortiça calida, cheirosa,
Della dará tributo á Lusitana
Bandeira, quando excelsa, e gloriosa,
Vencendo, se erguerá na torre erguida
Em Columbo, dos proprios tão temida.

XLVIII.

When Alexander saw Apelles loved
Campaspe, cheerfully he gave consent,
Though this man had not been his soldier proved,
Nor aid in a hard-pressing siege had lent.
Cyrus perceived how deep Panthea moved
Araspas, with an ardent flame intent,
Who, taking her in charge, had promise made
By no unworthy passion to be swayed :

XLIX.

But the great Persian, seeing him possessed
By love, which truly offered no defence,
Lightly forgives, and when in war distressed,
Was, after, served by him in recompense.
The iron-arm Baldwin the fair Judith pressed
Into forced marriage, but this violence
Her father Charles, with troubles wrought, forgives,
And Flanders' founder to become he lives.

L.

But the nymph, following her lengthened song,
Sung of Soares,¹⁰ 'who the flag would raise
All fluttering, and would terror spread along
The fertile red Arabian shores and bays.
Hateful Medina shares her fear, among
Mecca and Gedda, and the farthest ways
Of Abyssinia ; Barbora terror owns
Of ills, 'neath which the mart of Zeila groans :

LI.

' Likewise the noble isle, Taprobanè,
By ancient name e'en then as widely famed,
As now of proud and great celebrity,
By the warm fragrant bark, which spice is named,
Shall to the Lusian flag pay fealty,
When glorious raised, for victory proclaimed,
Aloft upon Columbo's lofty tower
It floats, while all with fear confess its power.

LII.

‘ Tambem Sequeira, as ondas Erythreas
Dividindo, abrirá novo caminho
Par ti, grande imperio, que te arreas
De seres de Candace e Sabá ninho :
Maçuá, com cisternas de agua cheas,
Verá, e o porto Arquico alli visinho,
E fará descobrir remotas ilhas,
Que dão ao mundo novas maravilhas.

LIII.

‘ Virá depois Menezes, cuio ferro
Mais na Africa, que cá terá provado :
Castigará de Ormuz soberba o erro,
Com lhe fazer tributo dar dobrado.
Tambem tu, Gama, em pago do desterro,
Em que estás, e serás inda tornado,
Co’os titulos de Conde, e d’honras nobres
Virás mandar a terra, que descobres :

LIV.

‘ Mas aquella fatal necessidade,
De quem ninguem se exime dos humanos,
Illustrado co’a Regia dignidade,
Te tirará do mundo, e seus enganos.
Outro Menezes logo, cuja idade
He maior na prudencia, que nos annos,
Governará, e fará o ditoso Henrique,
Que perpetua memoria delle fique :

LV.

‘ Não vencerá somente os Malabares,
Destruindo Panane, com Coulete,
Commettendo as bombardas, que nos ares
Se vingam só do peito, que as commette :
Mas com virtudes certo singulares,
Vence os imigos d’alma todos sete :
De cubiça triumphá, e incontinencia,
Que em tal idade he summa de excellencia.

LII.

‘Sequeira,¹¹ too, the Erythræan wave
Dividing, shall cut out a novel way
Towards thee, great Empire, proud as one who gave
Birthplace to Sheba and to Candacé.
Massua he shall see, whom waters lave ;
Arkeeko’s port, hard by, he shall survey ;
And islands far remote shall reach to know,
Which on the world new marvels shall bestow.

LIII.

‘Menezes¹² then shall come, whose warlike blade
Shall more be proved in Africa than here ;
He shall proud Ormuz for his crime invade
Making him pay a tribute doubly dear.
Thou Gama,¹³ too, thy banishment repaid,
In which thou liest, shall again appear,
Entitled Count, with honour high combined,
And come to rule the land which thou didst find :

LIV.

‘But soon that overwhelming destiny,
Which never aught of human nature spares,
While shining with a Royal dignity,
Shall take thee from the world and all its cares.
Other Menezes,¹⁴ then, whose age shall be
Far greater in discretion than in years,
Shall come, and gifted Henry so shall sway,
Ne’er shall remembrance of him pass away :

LV.

‘Not only shall he conquer Malabar,
Panane with Coulete he o’erthrows,
Opposing bombs which, only, in the air,
Avenge them on the breasts that thus oppose :
But filled with virtues, truly singular,
He tames and conquers all the soul’s seven foes,
Triumphs o’er avarice and incontinence,
Which, in such age, is height of excellence.

LVI.

‘ Mas depois que as estrellas o chamarem,
Succederás, ó forte Mascarenhas,
E, se injustos o mando te tomarem,
Prometto-te, que fama eterna tenhas !
Para teus inimigos confessarem
Teu valôr alto, o fado quer, que venhas
A mandar mais de palmas coroadas,
Que de fortuna justa acompanhado :

LVII.

‘ No reino de Bintão, que tantós danos
Terá a Malaca muito tempo feitos,
N’hum só dia as injurias de mil annos
Vingarás co’o valor de illustres peitos :
Trabalhos e perigos inhumanos,
Abrolhos ferreos mil, passos estreitos,
Tranqueiras, baluartes, lanças, settas,
Tudo fico, que rompas, e sobmettas :

LVIII.

‘ Mas na India cubiça e ambição,
Que claramente põem aberto o rosto
Contra Deos e justiça, te farão
Vituperio nenhum, mas só desgosto :
Quem faz injuria vil, e sem razão
Com forças e poder, em que está posto,
Não vence ; que a victoria verdadeira
He saber ter justiça nua e inteira.

LIX.

‘ Mas com tudo não nego, que Sampaio
Será no esforço illustre e assinalado,
Mostrando-se no mar hum fero raio,
Que de inimigos mil verá coalhado :
Em Bacanor fará cruel ensaio
No Malabar ; para que amedrontado
Depois a ser vencido delle venha
Cutiale, com quanta armada tenha :

LVI.

' But when the stars shall summon him away,
O Mascarenhas ¹⁵ brave ! thou shalt succeed,
And if the unjust shall take from thee thy sway,
I promise lasting fame shall be thy meed !
And that thy foes to thy vast valour may
Due praise accord, by fate 'twill be decreed
That more with victories thy rule be crowned,
Than fortune due be thy companion found :

LVII.

' In Bintam's realm, which, for a term so long,
With so much loss, Malacca shall distress,
In one sole day, a thousand years of wrong
With high and valorous hearts thou shalt redress :
Inhuman toils and dangers cast among,
Thousand iron rocks, passes of hard access,
Bulwarks and palisades, spears, arrows, all,
I warrant shall before thee broken fall :

LVIII.

' But avarice and ambition vapouring,
Which show themselves in India brazen-faced,
'Gainst God and justice, shall not on thee bring
Of censure aught, but raise thy deep distaste :
He who works mischief vile, thus profiting
The seat of power and might whereon he's placed,
Achieves not victory ; for victory true
Is justice pure, entire, to know and do.

LIX.

' Yet to Sampaio I will not deny
That he in power shall be distinguished,
And like a thunderbolt o'er ocean fly,
Which shall with thousands of his foes be spread :
In Bacanor fierce practice shall he try
On Malabar ; that, after, filled with dread,
May Cutialè suffer his defeat,
With every ship belonging to his fleet.

LX.

‘E não menos de Dio a fera frota,
Que Chaul temerá, de grande e ousada,
Fará co’a vista só perdida e rota
Por Heitor da Silveira, e destroçada :
Por Heitor Portuguez, de quem se nota,
Que na costa Cambaica sempre armada
Será aos Guzarates tanto dano,
Quanto já foi aos Gregos o Troiano.

LXI.

‘A Sampaio feroz succederá
Cunha, que longo tempo tem o leme :
De Chale as torres altas erguerá,
Em quanto Dio illustre delle treme :
O forte Baçaim se lhe dará,
Não sem sangue porêm ; que nelle geme
Melique, porque á força só de espada
A tranqueira soberba vê tomada.

LXII.

‘Traz este vem Noronha cujo auspicio
De Dio os Rumes féros afugenta,
Dio, que o peito e bellico exercicio
De Antonio da Sylveira bem sustenta :
Fará em Noronha a morte o usado officio,
Quando hum teu ramo, ó Gama, se exprimenta
No governo do imperio, cujo zelo
Com medo o roxo mar fará amarello.

LXIII.

‘Das mãos do teu Estevam vem tomar
As redeas hum, que já será illustrado
No Brasil, com vencer e castigar
O pirata Francez, ao mar usado :
Depois Capitão mór do Indico mar,
O muro de Damão soberbo, e armado
Escala, e primeiro entra a porta aberta,
Que fogo e frechas mil terão coberta.

LX.

‘ Nor less the dreaded fleet in Dio’s bay,
Which Chaul shall fear, a great and daring host,
Shall with a look alone be swept away
By Hector da Silveira, wholly lost :
By Hector Portuguese, who, I foresay,
Along Cambaia’s ever armèd coast,
Unto the Guzurats such scourge shall be,
As to the Greeks the Trojan formerly.

LXI.

‘ Then shall succeed to fierce Sampaio’s powers
Cunha,¹⁶ who long the helm of state shall steer :
Of Chalé he shall build the lofty towers,
While the illustrious Dio shakes with fear :
The valiant Baçaim before him cowers,
Nor without blood : for groaning doth appear
Melique, who alone by battle’s blade
Shall vanquished see the aspiring palisade.

LXII.

‘ Then comes Noronha,¹⁷ at whose presage far,
The Rumian fierce from siege of Dio flies,
Dio, where aid, with heart and skill of war,
Antonio da Sylveira well supplies :
Noronha death, as usual, will not spare,
When one, O Gama !¹⁸ of thy kindred tries
The Imperial Government, whose zeal and might
Shall turn the Red Sea yellow with affright.

LXIII.

‘ Then from thy Stephen’s hands to take the rein
There shall come one, who in Brazil shall be
Famed for the victory that he shall gain
O’er the French pirate skilled upon the sea :¹⁹
After, Chief Captain on the Indian main,
The wall of Daman proud and manfully
He scales, and first i’ the open gate is found,
Which fire and thousand darts shall cover round.

LXIV.

‘ A este o Rei Cambaico soberbissimo
Fortaleza dará na rica Dio ;
Porque contra o Mogôr poderosissimo
Lhe ajude a defender o senhorio :
Despois irá com peito esforçadissimo
A tolher, que não passe o Rei gentio
De Calecut, que assi com quantos veio
O fará retirar de sangue cheio :

LXV.

‘ Destruirá a cidade Repelim,
Pondo o seu Rei com muitos em fugida :
E despois junto ao cabo Comorim
Huma façanha faz esclarecida ;
A frota principal do Samorim,
Que destruir o mundo não duvida,
Vencerá co’o furor do ferro e fogo,
Em si verá Beadála o marcio jogo :

LXVI.

‘ Tendo assi limpa a India dos imigos,
Virá despois com sceptro a governal-a,
Sem que ache resistencia, nem perigos ;
Que todos tremem delle, e nenhum falla :
Só quiz provar os asperos castigos
Batalalá, que vira já Beadála :
De sangue e corpos mortos ficou chea,
E de fogo e trovões desfeita, e fea.

LXVII.

‘ Este será Martinho, que de Marte
O nome tem co’as obras derivado :
Tanto em armas illustre em toda parte,
Quanto em conselho sabio, e bem cuidado.
Succeder-lhe-ha alli Castro, que o estandarte
Portuguez terá sempre levantado,
Conforme successor ao succedido :
Que hum ergue Dio, outro o defende erguido :

LXIV.

‘To him Cambaia’s King of proud array
In wealthy Dio fortress shall extend,
That ’gainst the all-powerful great Mogul he may
Aid him his territory to defend.
The Gentoo Monarch’s march he then shall stay
Of Calecut, with heart that cannot bend,
Whom thus, with all that have around him stood,
He shall compel to fly, covered with blood.

LXV.

‘He shall destroy the City Repelin,
Putting the King with many more to flight :
And, afterwards, hard by Cape Comorin,
He shall perform a deed surpassing bright :
The most commanding fleet of Samorin,
Which of the world’s destruction makes but light,
With fury, sword, and fire he shall o’erthrow,
And Beadala’s self the war shall know.

LXVI.

‘Thus, India being free of all his foes,
With sceptre shall he come to govern there,
Nor danger, nor resistance, can oppose :
All are in dread of him, none utterance dare :
Batalalá alone the scourge and woes
Would seek, which Beadála once did bear :
With blood and lifeless bodies it is strewn,
With fire and cannon hideously overthrown.

LXVII.

‘Martinho this shall be, who with the name
Of Mars and all his deeds of valour vies :
Who everywhere in arms is great in fame,
As he is cautious and in counsel wise.
Castro ²⁰ succeeds him, who shall raise the acclaim
Of Portugal’s great flag where’er it flies,
Successor worthy whom he doth succeed :
One Dio builds, one, built, defends at need.

LXVIII.

‘Persas feroces, Abassís, e Rumes,
Que trazido de Roma o nome tem,
Varios de gestos, varios de costumes,
—Que mil nações ao cerco feras vem—
Farão dos céos ao mundo vãos queixumes,
Porque huns poucos a terra lhe detem :
Em sangue Portuguesez juram descridos
De banhar os bigodes retorcidos :

LXIX.

‘Basiliscos medonhos, e “leões,”
Trabucos feros, minas encobertas
Sustenta Mascarenhas co’os barões,
Que tão ledos as mortes tem por certas :
Até que nas maiores oppressões
Castro libertador, fazendo offertas
Das vidas de seus filhos, quer, que fiquem
Com fama eterna, e a Deos se sacrifiquem :

LXX.

‘Fernando hum delles, ramo da alta planta,
Onde o violento fogo com ruido
Em pedaços os muros no ar levanta,
Será alli arrebatado, e ao Céu subido :
Alvaro, quando o inverno o mundo espanta,
E tem o caminho humido impedido,
Abrindo-o, vence as ondas, e os perigos,
Os ventos, e depois os inimigos :

LXXI.

‘Eis vem depois o pai, que as ondas corta
Co’o restante da gente Lusitana,
E com força, e saber, que mais importa,
Batalha dá felice, e soberana :
Huns, paredes subindo, escusam porta,
Outros a abrem na fera esquadra insana :
Feitos farão tão dignos de memoria,
Que não caibam em verso, ou larga historia :

LXVIII.

' Fierce Persians, Abyssinians, Rumians,
Whose appellation doth from Rome descend,
Of various costumes, various modes and clans,
—For thousand nations fierce the siege attend—
Shall vainly to the world upbraid heaven's plans,
That but a few can keep them from the land :
They reckless swear, of unbelieving mood,
To bathe their curled moustache in Lusian blood.

LXIX.

' Dread basilisks, and guns called " lions " there,
Fierce stone-projectors, mines concealed beneath,
Doth Mascarenhas²¹ with the heroes bear,
Who with such joy expect their certain death :
For e'en amidst the trials most severe
The liberator Castro offereth
His own sons' lives, hoping they may obtain
Eternal glory, as for God's sake slain.

LXX.

' Fernando, one, branch of this plant of worth,
Where with loud noise the violent firings rend
The shattered walls, and blow the fragments forth,
Shall be o'erthrown and unto heaven ascend.
Alvaro, when winter doth alarm the earth,
And passage o'er the flooded paths suspend,
Opens his way, and conquering defies
First, dangers, waves and winds, then enemies.

LXXI.

' Then comes the Sire, across the waves to sail
With all that of the Lusian race remain :
With strength and wisdom which doth more avail
He battle gives, successful, sovereign ;
Many the walls, the gate despising, scale,
Some force it 'gainst fierce squadrons all insane ;
Deeds they shall do so worthy to record,
Nor verse, nor history, shall scope afford.

LXXII.

‘ Este depois em campo se apresenta,
Vencedor forte e intrepido, ao possante
Rei de Cambaia, e a vista lhe amedrenta
Da fera multidão quadrupedante :
Não menos suas terras mal sustenta
O Hydaltham do braço triumphante,
Que castigando vai Dabul na costa :
Nem lhe escapou Pondá, no sertão posta.

LXXIII.

‘ Estes e outros Barões por varias partes
Dignos todos de fama e maravilha,
Fazendo-se na terra bravos Martes,
Virão lograr os gostos desta ilha,
Varrendo triumphantes estandartes,
Pelas ondas, que corta a aguda quilha ;
E acharão estas nymphas, e estas mesas,
Que glorias e honras são de arduas empresas.’

LXXIV.

Assi cantava a nympha, e as outras todas
Com sonoro applauso vozes davam,
Com que festejam as alegres vodas,
Que com tanto prazer se celebravam.
‘ Por mais que da fortuna andem as rodas,’
N’huma cônsona voz todas soavam,
‘ Não vos hão de faltar, gente famosa,
‘ Honra, valor, e fama gloriosa ! ’

LXXV.

Depois que a corporal necessidade
Se satisfêz do mantimento nobre,
E na harmónica e doce suavidade
Viram os altos feitos, que descobre :
Tethys, de graça ornada, e gravidade ;
Para que com mais alta gloria dobre
As festas deste alegre e claro dia,
Para o felice Gama assi dizia :

LXXII.

‘ He next presents him on the battle plain,
Strong and intrepid conqueror in the fight
Against Cambaia’s King, whom with a train
Of fierce vast cavalry he doth affright :
Nor less doth Hydal-Khan but ill sustain
His sovereignties from the triumphant might :
Dabul upon the coast he shall chastise,
Nor Ponda ’scapes, which in the interior lies.

LXXIII.

‘ These and more heroes, both from near and far,
All worthy admiration and renown,
Making within the land courageous war,
Shall come the pleasures of this isle to own :
Triumphant flags o’er ocean they shall bear,
Where the sharp keel has ploughed the waves and flown ;
And here these nymphs and tables they shall find,
Glories and honours of the arduous mind.’

LXXIV.

Thus sang the nymph, and all the others round
Applause sonorous with the voice repeat,
Wherewith the cheerful festivals resound,
Which with such pleasure thus they celebrate.
‘ However Fortune’s wheels be turning found,’
In vocal unison they all relate,
‘ To you, O famous race ! there shall not fail
Honour, fame, valour, glorious in tale !’

LXXV.

And when the corporal necessity
Was with the noble viands satisfied,
And with sweet softness, all in harmony,
They heard the lofty deeds thus prophesied,
Then Tethys, full of grace and gravity,
E’en that the glory might be magnified
Of this so festive, bright and glorious day,
Unto the happy Gama thus did say :

LXXVI.

‘Faz-te mercê, Barão, a Sapiencia
Suprema, de co’os olhos corporais
Veres o, que não pode a vã sciencia
Dos errados, e miseros mortais !
Sigue-me firme e forte, com prudencia,
Por este monte espesso, tu, co’os mais.’
Assi lhe diz : e o guia por hum mato
Arduo, difficil, duro a humano trato.

LXXVII.

Não andam muito, que no erguido cume
Se acharam, onde hum campo se esmaltava
De esmeraldas, rubis taes, que presume
A vista, que divino chão pizava :
Aqui hum globo vêm no ar ; que o lume
Clarissimo por elle penetrava
De modo, que o seu centro está evidente,
Como a sua superficie claramente.

LXXVIII.

Qual a materia seja, não se enxerga,
Mas enxerga-se bem. que está composto
De varios orbes, que a divina verga
Compôz, e hum centro a todos só tem posto :
Volvendo, ora se abaixe, agora se erga,
Nunca s’ergue, ou se abaixa, e hum mesmo rosto
Por toda a parte tem, e em toda a parte
Começa, e acaba em fim por divina arte :

LXXIX.

Uniforme, perfeito, em si sostido,
Qual em fim o Archetipo, que o creou.
Vendo o Gama este globo, commovido
De espanto e de desejo alli ficou.
Diz-lhe a deosa : ‘O transumpto reduzido
Em pequeno volume aqui te dou
Do mundo aos olhos teus ; para que vejas,
Por onde vás, e irás, e o que desejas.

LXXVI.

‘Wisdom Supreme, O hero ! doth ordain
For thee, that to thy corporal eyes be shown
That which can never be by science vain
To mortals, erring and unhappy, known.
Follow me, prudent, strong, and firm, to gain
This wooded mountain, thou and all thy own.’
Thus doth she speak, and through a wood doth lead
Arduous and harsh for man to tread indeed !

LXXVII.

They go not far, when on a lofty height
They find themselves, where doth enamelled shine
A plain with jewels, such, that to the sight
It seems they tread upon some ground divine.
Here hangs a globe in air, through which the light
Doth penetrate so brilliantly and fine,
That to the eye its centre is as clear
As doth its superficies appear.

LXXVIII.

They cannot trace the substance with their eyes,
But that it is composed, ’tis clear to trace,
Of various orbs, which wand of an All-wise
Composed, and did a common centre place :
Revolving, now it falls and now doth rise,
Yet never falls or rises ; and one face
On every part it holds, in every part
Begins and ends, in fine, with heavenly art :

LXXIX.

Uniform, perfect, in itself sustained,
As its creator Archetype, in fine.
Gama this globe beholding, moved remained
By wonder and amaze at its design.
The Goddess saith : ‘ In this small volume feigned
I give the great world’s model, line for line,
That, with thine eyes beholding, thou may’st see
Where thou dost go, shalt go, and what would’st be.

LXXX.

‘ Vês aqui a grande machina do mundo,
Ethérea, e elemental, que fabricada
Assi foi do saber alto, e profundo,
Que he sem principio, e meta limitada.
Quem cêrca em derredor este rotundo
Globo, e sua superficie tão limada,
He Deos : mas o que he Deos, ninguem o entende ;
Que a tanto o engenho humano não se estende.

LXXXI.

‘ Este orbe, que primeiro vai cercando
Os outros mais pequenos, que em si tem,
Que está com luz tão clara radiando,
Que a vista cega, e a mente vil tambem,
Empyreio se nomea, onde logrando
Puras almas estão de aquelle bem
Tamanho, que elle só se entende e alcança,
De quem não ha no mundo semelhança.

LXXXII.

‘ Aqui só verdadeiros gloriosos
Divos estão ; porque eu, Saturno, e Jano,
Jupiter, Juno, fomos fabulosos,
Fingidos de mortal, e cego engano :
Só para fazer versos deleitosos
Servimos ; e se mais o trato humano
Nos pode dar, he só, que o nome nosso
Nestas estrellas pôz o engenho vosso :

LXXXIII.

‘ E tambem porque a sancta Providencia,
Que em Jupiter aqui se representa,
Por espiritos mil, que tem prudencia,
Governa o mundo todo, que sustenta.
Ensina-o a prophetica sciencia
Em muitos dos exemplos, que apresenta :
Os, que são bons, guiando favorecem,
Os máos, em quanto podem, nos empecem.

LXXX.

‘ Here the great world’s machine thou dost behold,
Ethereal, elemental, made alone
By wisdom lofty and profound, of old,
Which no beginning hath nor limit known.
That same, who doth this globe of earth enfold,
With all the brilliant surface it doth own,
Is God : but what God is none understand :
For human mind cannot so much command.

LXXXI.

‘ This first and outward orb, which doth enclose
The smaller others that it holds confined,
And with a light so clear and radiant glows,
It blinds the vision and the vulgar mind,
Is called Empyrean, where the souls of those,
Who purest are, taste good of such a kind,
That only he can estimate its worth,
Of whom there is no equal upon earth.

LXXXII.

‘ Here, only real Gods and glorious
Are to be found : for Janus, Saturn, I,
Jupiter, Juno, all, are fabulous,
By man created and mere phantasy ;
Only for making verse harmonious
We served ; and if more notoriety
Man gave, ’twas only by your thought our name
To be connected with the planets came.

LXXXIII.

‘ ’Tis true, likewise, that Providence Divine,
Who here by Jupiter is typified,
By thousand spirits, of discretion fine,
The world entire, which he sustains, doth guide.
Prophetic Science teacheth this design,
Which by examples numerous is supplied :
They who are good our steps with favour lead,
The ill, whene’er they can, our course impede.

LXXXIV.

‘ Quer logo aqui a pintura, que varia,
Agora deleitando, ora ensinando,
Dar-lhe nomes, que a antigua poesia
A seus deoses já dera, fabulando ;
Que os Anjos de celeste companhia
Deoses o sacro verso está chamando ;
Nem nega, que esse nome preeminente
Tambem aos máos se dá, mas falsamente :

LXXXV.

‘ Em fim que o summo Deos, que por segundas
Causas obra no mundo, tudo manda.
E tornando o contar-te das profundas
Obras da mão divina veneranda,
Debaixo deste circulo, onde as mundas
Almas divinas gozam, que não anda,
Outro corre tão leve, e tão ligeiro,
Que não se enxérga : he o Móbile primeiro :

LXXXVI.

‘ Com este rapto e grande movimento
Vão todos os, que dentro tem no seio :
Por obra deste o Sol, andando a tento,
O dia e noite faz com curso alheio.
Debaixo deste leve anda outro lento,
Tão lento, e subjugado a duro freio,
Que, em quanto Phebo, de luz nunca escasso,
Duzentos cursos faz, dá elle hum passo.

LXXXVII.

‘ Olha est’ outro debaixo, que esmaltado
De corpos lisos anda, e radiantes,
Que tambem nelle tem curso ordenado,
E nos seus axes correm scintillantes :
Bem vês como se veste, e faz ornado
Co’o largo cinto d’ouro, que estellantes
Animaes dôze traz affigurados,
Aposentos de Phebo limitados.

LXXXIV.

‘The picture, now, would show variety,
Yielding, by turns, instruction and delight,
And shows thee names which ancient poetry
Had fabulously given their Gods of right:
For Angels of the heavenly company
The sacred verse doth e’en as Gods recite;
Nor doth deny that name pre-eminent,
Though this be wrong, to those of bad intent:

LXXXV.

‘In fine, the Almighty, who this world controls
By secondary causes, all commands.
But now my voice the works profound unrolls
Of his divine and venerable hands;
See, ’neath this circle wherein purest souls
Divine rejoice, and which all fixèd stands,
Another runs so light, so swift in time,
That ’tis not seen ; this is the Movement Prime.

LXXXVI.

‘With this so great and rapid movement, lo !
Run all that in its breast it doth contain;
For work of this the sun doth constant go,
Making the day and night, on other plane.
Beneath this swift one, moves another slow,
So slow and subject to so hard a rein,
That while Sol makes, with never failing rays,
Two hundred courses, this o’er one delays.

LXXXVII.

‘Another see within, of bright array,
Enamelled with smooth forms all radiant,
Which likewise hold therein their ordered way,
And on their axes run all scintillant;
See, ’tis adorned and robed in vesture gay,
With a broad belt of gold of wide extent,
Wherein twelve starry animals are shown,
Marking the boundaries of Phœbus’ zone.

LXXXVIII.

‘ Olha por outras partes a pintura,
Que as estrellas fulgentes vão fazendo :
Olha a Carrêta, attenta a Cynosura,
Andromeda, e seu pai, e o Drago horrendo :
Vê de Cassiopêa a formosura,
E do Oriente o gesto metuendo ;
Olha o Cysne morrendo, que suspira,
A Lebre e os Cães, a Náo e a dôce Lyra.

LXXXIX.

‘ Debaixo deste grande firmamento
Vês o céu de Saturno, deos antigo,
Jupiter logo faz o movimento,
E Marte abaixo, bellico inimigo,
O claro olho do céu no quarto assento,
E Venus, que os amores traz comsigo,
Mercurio de eloquencia soberana,
Com tres rostos debaixo vai Diana.

XC.

‘ Em todos estes orbes diferente
Curso verás, n’huns grave, e n’outros leve ;
Ora fogem do centro longamente,
Ora da terra estão caminho breve ;
Bem como quiz o Padre Omnipotente,
Que o fogo fêz, e o ar, o vento e neve,
Os quaes verás, que jazem mais a dentro,
E tem co’o mar a terra por seu centro.

XCI.

‘ Neste centro, pousada dos humanos,
Que não somente ousados se contentam
De soffrerem da terra firme os danos,
Mas inda o mar instabil exprimentam :
Verás as varias partes, que os insanos
Mares dividem, onde se aposentam
Varias nações, que mandam varios Reis,
Varios costumes seus, e varias leis.

LXXXVIII.

‘ In other parts those forms behold again,
Which by the shining stars are picturèd ;
Observe sweet Cynosura and the Wain,
Andromeda and Sire, and Dragon dread ;
See Cassiopea, beautiful and vain,
See terrible Orion rear his head ;
Behold the dying Swan in sighs expire,
Lepus and Canis, Argo and sweet Lyre.

LXXXIX.

‘ Beneath this grand and mighty firmament
The heaven of Saturn, ancient God, behold ;
Jupiter’s motion here is prominent,
And Mars below, a warlike foe of old ;
In the fourth sphere shines heaven’s eye brilliant,
And Venus brings her loves so often told ;
Then Mercury of eloquence divine ;
Triform Diana next doth move and shine.

XC.

‘ In all these orbs thou shalt a different force
Behold, in some swift movement, and some slow ;
Now from their centre wider is their course,
Now at short distance from the earth they go ;
E’en as was willed by their Almighty Source,
Who made the fire, the air, the wind, and snow,
All which lie more within, as shall be shown,
And, with the sea, the earth as centre own.

XCI.

‘ Within this centre, pose of human kind,
Who not alone are well content to bear
The ills they meet on shore, with daring mind,
But e’en the unstable sea are fain to dare,
Shalt thou the various parts and countries find,
Which the mad angry waves divide, and where
The various races various Kings obey,
With laws and customs various as are they.

XCII.

‘ Vês Europa christãa, mais alta e clara,
Que as outras em policia e fortaleza.
Vês Africa, dos bens do mundo avara,
Inculta, e toda chea de bruteza,
Co’o cabo, que atéqui se vos negara,
Que assentou para o Austro a natureza :
Olha essa terra toda, que se habita
Dessa gente sem lei, quasi infinita.

XCIII.

‘ Vê do Benomotápa o grande imperio,
De selvatica gente, negra e nua,
Onde Gonçalo morte e vituperio
Padecerá pela Fé sancta sua :
Nasce por este incognito hemispherio
O metal, por que mais a gente sua :
Vê que do lago, donde se derrama
O Nilo, tambem vindo está Cuama :

XCIV.

‘ Olha as casas dos negros, como estão
Sem portas, confiados em seus ninhos,
Na justiça Real, e defensão,
E na fidelidade dos visinhos :
Olha, delles a bruta multidão,
Qual bando espesso e negro de estorninhos,
Combaterá em Sofala a fortaleza,
Que defenderá Nhaia com destreza :

XCV.

‘ Olha lá as alagoas, donde o Nilo
Nasce, que não souberam os antigos :
Vel-o rega, gerando o crocodilo,
Os povos Abassís, de Christo amigos :
Olha como sem muros (novo estilo)
Se defendem melhor dos inimigos :
Vê Méroe, que ilha foi de antigua fama,
Que ora dos naturaes Nobá se chama :

XCII.

‘ See Christian Europe, celebrated more
For strength and polity than all the rest ;
Africa, covetous of worldly store,
Untaught, and all of cruelty possessed,
With the dark Cape concealed from you of yore,
Which nature at the farthest south had placed :
See all that land, almost without a bound,
Where all that lawless race is dwelling found.

XCIII.

‘ Benomatapa’s mighty empire see
Of savage people, black and naked all,
Gonzalo there, by death and calumny,²²
In suffering for his sacred Faith shall fall.
Throughout this hemisphere, unknown to thee,
The metal lies which man doth most enthrall :
See from that lake whence Nile his waters gains,
Cuama likewise pours upon the plains :

XCIV.

‘ See how the negroes leave their houses rude
All doorless, in their nests confiding quite
On Royal justice and the friendly mood
Of all their neighbours, for protection’s right :
Behold of these a brutal multitude,
As if of starlings a thick darksome flight,
Sofala’s fortress will assault in vain,
Which Nhaia shall with warlike skill maintain.²³

XCV.

‘ Behold the marshes there, wherein the Nile
Doth spring, and which the ancients could not trace ;
It washes, while it rears the crocodile,
The friends of Christ, the Abyssinian race ;
Behold how without walls (a novel style)
Against their foes they show a stronger face.
See Meroé, an isle of ancient fame,
Now by the natives Noba called by name.

XCVI.

‘ Nesta remota terra, hum filho teu
Nas armas contra os Turcos será claro,
Ha de ser Dom Christovam o nome seu,
Mas contra o fim fatal não ha reparo :
Vê cá a costa do mar, onde te deu
Melinde hospicio gazalhoso, e charo :
O Rapto rio nota, que o romance
Da terra chama Obí, entra em Quilmance.

XCVII.

‘ O cabo vê já Arómata chamado,
E agora Guardafú, dos moradores,
Onde começa a boca do afamado
Mar Roxo, que do fundo toma as côres :
Este como limite está lançado,
Que divide Asia de Africa ; e as melhores
Povoações, que a parte Africa tem,
Maquá são, Arquíco, e Suanquem.

XCVIII.

‘ Vês o extremo Suéz, que antiguamente,
Dizem, que foi dos Héroas a cidade,
Outros dizem que Arsínoe, e ao presente
Tem das frotas do Egypto a potestade :
Olha as aguas, nas quaes abrio patente
Estrada o grão Moysés na antiga idade :
Asia começa aqui, que se apresenta
Em terras grande, em reinos opulenta.

XCIX.

‘ Olha o monte Sinái, que se ennobrece
Co’o sepulchro de Sancta Catharina :
Olha Toro, e Gidá, que lhe fallece
Agua das fontes doce, e crystallina :
Olha as portas do estreito, que fenece
No reino da sêcca Adem, que confina
Com a serra d’Arzira, pedra viva,
Onde chuva dos céos se não deriva.

XCVI.

' Within this land remote a son of thine
In arms against the Turks shall brilliant be ;
Don Christopher his name, who thus shall shine,
But 'gainst the fatal end no remedy ! ²⁴
Melinda see, which toward thee did incline,
With shelter dear and hospitality ;
The river Rapto, mark, which in romance
Its country Obi calls, enters Quilmance.

XCVII.

' The Cape behold, once Aromata crowned,
Now Guardafu, by those who therein live,
Where of the famed Red Sea the mouth is found,
Which from its bed its colours doth derive.
This as a limit is thrown forth to bound
Asia from Africa : the best, that thrive
'Midst those upon the side of Africa,
Are Suanquem, Arkuiko, Masua.

XCVIII.

' Suez extreme observe, which, as they say,
Was once the city of the Heroes bold ;
Some say Arsinoe ; at the present day,
Of Egypt's fleets it doth the forces hold.
The waters see, through which a perfect way
Great Moses opened forth in times of old ;
Asia commences here, which doth present
Her countries grand, her kingdoms opulent.

XCIX.

' Behold Mount Sinai doth nobly rise,
Great with the tomb of Holy Catharine ; ²⁵
Ló ! Toro and Gidá, wanting supplies
From founts of water sweet and crystalline :
'The entrance to the strait, which ends where lies
Aden's dry realm, whose boundaries confine
With the live rock, Arzira's Serra chain,
Where never from the heavens descendeth rain.

C.

‘Olha as Arabias três, que tanta terra
Tomam, todas da gente vaga e baça,
Donde vem os cavallos para a guerra,
Ligeiros, e feroces, de alta raça.
Olha a costa, que corre até que cerra
Outro estreito de Persia, e faz a traça
O cabo, que co’o nome se appellida
Da cidade Fartáque alli sabida.

CI.

‘Olha Dofar insigne, porque manda
O mais cheiroso incenso para as aras :
Mas attenta, já cá de est’outra banda
De Roçalgate, e praias sempre avaras,
Começa o reino Ormuz, que todo se anda
Pelas ribeiras, que inda serão claras,
Quando as galés do Turco, e fera armada
Virem de Castel-Branco núa a espada.

CII.

‘Olha o cabo Asabóro, que chamado
Agora he Moçandão dos navegantes :
Por aqui entra o lago, que he fechado
De Arabia, e Persias terras abundantes.
Attenta a ilha Barêm, que o fundo ornado
Tem das suas perlas ricas, e imitantes
A côr da Aurora, e vê na agua salgada
Ter o Tygris e Euphrates huma entrada.

CIII.

‘Olha da grande Persia o imperio nobre,
Sempre posto no campo, e nos cavallos,
Que se injuría de usar fundido cobre,
E de não ter das armas sempre os callos.
Mas vê a ilha Gerúm, como descobre
O, que fazem do tempo os intervallos ;
Que da cidade Armuza, que alli esteve,
Ella o nome despois, e a gloria teve.

C.

‘With their wide land behold the Arabias three,
All tribes of wanderers, and of tawny face,
Whence come those horses known in war to be
Active, high-mettled, and of choicest race.
Behold the coast which runs into the sea,
Or Persian Gulph, which following, thou canst trace
The Cape that doth the appellation bear
Of Fartash, name of city, too, known there.

CI.

‘Behold Dofar renowned, which doth provide
Most fragrant incense for the altar’s use :
But now observe that on this other side
Of Rozalgate, shores bare and covetous,
The realm Ormuz begins, and far and wide
Follows the shores, which shall be glorious,
When the Turks’ fleet of galleys, fierce and bold,
Shall Castel Branco’s naked sword behold.

CII.

‘Behold the cape of Asaboro, now
Called Mussendam by those who navigate :
Here the lake enters which enclosed doth flow
’Tween the rich Persian and Arabian state :
See Barem’s island, also, which can show,
Within, its precious pearls that imitate
Aurora’s tints : and in the briny wave
Lo ! Tygris and Euphrates entrance have.

CIII.

‘Lo ! where great Persia’s noble empire grows,
Always in camp and always on the steed,
Which scorns to use the brass that melted flows,
And not to be enured to arms at need :
But see the island Gerum, how it shows
What may in intervals of time succeed,
For of Armuza’s city, standing there,
It took the rule and did the glory bear.

CIV.

‘Aqui de Dom Philippe de Menezes
Se mostrará a virtude em armas clara,
Quando com muito poucos Portuguezes
Os muitos Párseos vencerá de Lara :
Virão provar os golpes e revezes
De Dom Pedro de Sousa, que provara
Já seu braço em Ampaza, que deixada
Terá por terra á força só de espada.

CV.

‘Mas deixemos o estreito, e o conhecido
Cabo de Jasque, dito já Carpella,
Com todo o seu terreno mal querido
Da natura, e dos dões usados della :
Carmânia teve já por appellido :
Mas vês o formoso Indo, que daquella
Altura nasce, junto á qual tambem
D’outra altura correndo o Gange vem.

CVI.

‘Olha a terra de Ulcinde fertilissima,
E de Jaquete a intima enseada,
Do mar a enchente subita grandissima,
E a vasante, que foge apressurada.
A terra de Cambaia vê riquissima,
Onde do mar o seio faz entrada :
Cidades outras mil, que vou passando,
Á vós outros aqui se estão guardando.

CVII.

‘Vês, corre a costa célebre Indiana
Para o Sul até o cabo Comori,
Já chamado Corí, que Taprobana
(Que ora he Ceilão) defronte tem de si
Por este mar a gente Lusitana,
Que com armas virá despois de ti,
Terá victorias, terras, e cidades,
Nas quaes hão de viver muitas idades.

CIV.

‘Don Philippe de Menezes, in command,
Illustrious valour here in arms shall show,
And with a scanty Lusitanian band
A Persian host from Lara overthrow :
Blows and reverses at de Souza’s hand
They all shall prove, as did Ampaza know,
Which with his arm he shall to earth strike down,
And prostrate leave by force of sword alone.

CV.

‘But let us leave the strait and cape well-known
Of Jasque, which is called Carpella now,
With all its land, where little love is shown
By nature, in those gifts she can bestow :
Carmania is the title it did own :
But Indus fair thou seest, whose source doth flow
From that same height and near whereto, likewise,
Springing from other height doth Ganges rise.

CVI.

‘Behold Ulcinda’s very fertile land,
Jaquete’s deep and penetrating bay,
The tides rise high and quickly on the strand,
And, when receding, quickly sink away.
Cambaia’s wealthy country see at hand
Where ocean’s gulf affords a haven’s stay :
A thousand cities, which I pass untold,
Themselves obedient for your future hold.

CVII.

‘The celebrated coast of India trace,
That runs down southward to Cape Comorin,
Once Kumari : immediately in face
Lies (now Ceylon by name) Taprobane :
Over the sea the Lusitanian race,
Who shall with arms and fleets come after thee,
Shall victories gain, cities and lands possess,
Which shall their lives for many ages bless.

CVIII.

‘ As provincias, que entre hum e o outro rio
Vês com varias nações, são infinitas :
Hum reino Mahometa, outro Gentio,
A quem tem o Demonio leis escritas.
Olha que de Narsinga o senhorio
Tem as reliquias sanctas e bemditas
Do corpo de Thomé, barão sagrado,
Que a Jesu Christo teve a mão no lado :

CIX.

‘ Aqui a cidade foi, que se chamava
Meliapôr, formosa, grande e rica :
Os idolos antigos adorava,
Como inda agora faz a gente inica :
Longe do mar naquelle tempo estava,
Quando a Fé, que no mundo se publica,
Thomé vinha prégando, e já passara
Provincias mil do mundo, que ensinara.

CX.

‘ Chegado aqui prégando, e junto dando
A doentes saude, a mortos vida,
A caso traz hum dia o mar vagando
Hum lenho de grandeza desmedida :
Deseja o Rei, que andava edificando,
Fazer delle madeira, e não duvida
Podêr tiral-o a terra com possantes
Forças d’homens, de engenhos, de elephantes.

CXI.

‘ Era tão grande o pezo do madeiro,
Que, só para abalar-se, nada abasta ;
Mas o nuncio de Christo verdadeiro
Menos trabalho em tal negocio gasta :
Ata o cordão, que traz, derradeiro
No tronco, e facilmente o leva, e arrasta
Para onde faça hum sumptuoso templo,
Que ficasse aos futuros por exemplo.

CVIII.

‘The Provinces round which these rivers flow,
And various tribes contain, are infinite :
One kingdom’s Mahmoud’s, one of the Gentoo,
For whom the devil doth laws and customs write.
Behold Narsinga’s seigniory doth show
Sacred and blest remains to faithful sight,
St. Thomas’ body, Hero Sanctified,
Who placed his doubting hand on Jesus’ side.

CIX.

‘Here was the city, which was called by name
Meliapor, rich, great, well favoured :
The ancient idols it adored, the same
As races vile are now to worship led :
Far to it from the shore the people came,
When the great Faith, which o’er the world is spread,
Thomas came preaching, who had travelling sought
A thousand Provinces, which he had taught.

CX.

‘Here he came preaching, and the while he gave
Health to the sick and made the dead to rise,
By chance one day was brought upon the wave
A piece of timber of enormous size :
The King, employed in building, fain would save
The trunk for wood, and, nothing doubting, tries
To bring it, by what force he could command
Of men, machines and elephants, to land.

CXI.

‘But so much weighed this massive trunk of wood,
That nothing strength to move it could supply :
But for Christ’s messenger, sincere and good,
Less labour for such effort need he try :
He ties the cord wherewith he girdled stood
Upon the trunk, then draws it easily
To where he may a sumptuous temple raise,
A fixed example unto future days.

CXII.

‘ Sabia bem, que se com fé formada
Mandar a hum monte surdo, que se mova,
Que obedecerá logo á voz sagrada :
Que assi lho ensinou Christo, e elle o prova :
A gente ficou disto alvoroçada,
Os Brâhmenes o tem por cousa nova :
Vendo os milagres, vendo a sanctidade,
Hão medo de perder autoridade.

CXIII.

‘ São estes sacerdotes dos Gentios,
Em quem mais penetrado tinha inveja,
Buscam maneiras mil, buscam desvios,
Com que Thomé não se ouça, ou morto seja :
O principal, que ao peito traz os fios,
Hum caso horrendo faz, que o mundo veja,
Que inimiga não ha tão dura, e fera,
Como a virtude falsa da sincera.

CXIV.

‘ Hum filho proprio mata, e logo accusa
De homicidio Thomé, que era innocente :
Dá falsas testemunhas, como se usa,
Condemnaram-no á morte brevemente.
O Sancto, que não vê melhor escusa,
Que appellar para o Padre Omnipotente,
Quer diante do Rei, e dos senhores,
Que se faça hum milagre dos maiores.

CXV.

‘ O corpo morto manda ser trazido,
Que resuscite, e seja perguntado
Quem foi seu matador, e será crido
Por testemunho o seu mais approvedo :
Virão todos o môço vivo erguido
Em nome de Jesu crucificado :
Dá graças a Thomé, que lhe deo vida,
E descobre seu pai ser homicida.

CXII.

'He knew full well in true Faith's power it lay
A mere deaf mountain to command to move,
And 'twould at once the sacred voice obey ;
Thus taught him Christ, this now he came to prove ;
The crowd, amazed, were carried quite away,
The marvel rose the Brahmins' power above ;
With miracles and sanctity so clear,
The loss of their authority they fear.

CXIII.

'The priesthood of the vile Gentoos are these,
In whom the deepest root had envy ta'en,
They seek a thousand means, seek crooked ways,
That Thomas be not heard, or may be slain :
The chief, who, across his breast the skeins displays,²⁶
A horrid tale invents ; for, note, 'tis plain,
No enemy so fierce and so severe,
As is false piety of the sincere.

CXIV.

'One of his sons he slays, then doth accuse
Thomas of murder, who was innocent ;
He brings false witnesses, as is of use,
They sentence him to death, incontinent.
The Saint who cannot find more sure excuse
Than to appeal to the Omnîpotent,
Prays that before the King and court's array
Some wondrous miracle he might display.

CXV.

'To bring the body back he doth command,
That he may raise it, and the youth be moved
To say who murdered him : prepared to stand
By his own testimony, most approved.
All saw the living youth raised by his hand,
In name of Jesus crucified and loved :
Thomas, who gave him life, he magnified,
And marked his father as the homicide.

CXVI.

‘ Este milagre fêz tamanho espanto,
Que o Rei se banha logo na agua santa,
E muitos após elle : hum beija o manto,
Outro louvor do Deos de Thomé canta.
Os Brâhmenes se encheram de odio tanto,
Com seu veneno os morde inveja tanta,
Que, persuadindo a isso o povo rudo,
Determinam matal-o em fim de tudo.

CXVII.

‘ Hum dia, que prégando ao povo estava,
Fingiram entre a gente hum arruido :
Já Christo neste tempo lhe ordenava,
Que, padecendo, fôsse ao Céu subido.
A multidão das pedras, que voava,
No Sancto dá, já a tudo offerecido :
Hum dos máos, por faltar-se mais depressa,
Com crua lança o peito lhe atravessa.

CXVIII.

‘ Choraram-te, Thomé, o Gange e o Indo,
Chorou-te toda a terra, que pizaste ;
Mais te choram as almas, que vestindo
Se hiam da sancta Fé, que lhe ensinaste :
Mas os Anjos do Céu cantando, e rindo,
Te recebem na gloria, que ganhaste.
Pedimos-te, que a Deos ajuda peças,
Com que os teus Lusitanos favoreças.

CXIX.

‘ E vós outros, que os nomes usurpais
De mandados de Deos, como Thomé,
Dizei, se sôis mandados, como estais,
Sem irdes a prégar a sancta Fé ?
Olhai que, se sôis sal, e vos dammais
Na patria, onde propheta ninguem he ;
Com que se salgarão em nossos dias
(Infieis deixo) tantas heresias ?

CXVI.

'Such wonder did this miracle create,
That, swift, the King to be baptized essays,
And many more : one kissed his garment straight,
One of the God of Thomas sung the praise :
The Brahmins were all filled with so much hate,
Such gnawing poison did their envy raise,
That, turning the rude people to that vein,
They vow that, after all, he shall be slain.

CXVII.

'One day, while preaching to the crowd he stood,
They feigned a quarrel rose among them all :
Now Christ had at this period deemed it good
That he his suffering Saint to Heaven should call :
The stones which flew about in multitude,
Struck down the Saint, a sacrifice to all :
One fiend to glut more quickly his revenge,
A cruel lance doth in his bosom plunge.

CXVIII.

'Ganges and Indus, Thomas, thee deplore,
Weeps all the ground whereon thou once didst tread !
The souls that thou hast taught yet weep the more,
Who with the Sacred Truth were clothed and fed :
But Angels, in a singing, shining choir,
Receive thee in thy glory merited.
We pray thee, ask assistance of the Lord,
And to thy Lusians favour thus afford !

CXIX.

'And ye, ye others, who would interfere
As God's elect, as Thomas was, to preach,
Say, if elect ye are, how stand ye here,
And go not forth the Holy Faith to preach ?
Take heed if ye are salt, and lost appear
At home, were none did fame of prophet reach,
By whom shall salted be, in these our days—
Not heathens—but so many heresies ?

CXX.

‘ Mas passo esta materia perigosa,
E tornemos á costa debuxada.
Já com esta cidade tão famosa,
Se faz curva a Gangetica enseada :
Corre Narsinga rica e poderosa,
Corre Orixá de roupas abastada,
No fundo da enseada o illustre rio
Ganges vem ao salgado senhorio :

CXXI.

‘ Ganges, no qual os seus habitantes
Morrem banhados, tendo por certeza,
Que, inda que sejam grandes peccadores,
Esta agua sancta os lava, e dá pureza.
Vê Cathigão, cidade das melhores
De Bengala, provincia, que se preza
De abundante ; mas olha, que está posta
Para o Austro daqui virada a costa.

CXXII.

‘ Olha o reino Arracão, olha o assento
De Pegú, que já monstros povoaram,
Monstros filhos de fêo ajuntamento
D’huma mulher e hum cão, que sós se acharam :
Aqui soante arame no instrumento
Da geração costumam, o que usaram
Por manha da Rainha, que, inventando
Tal uso, deitou fóra a errôr nefando.

CXXIII.

‘ Olha Tavai cidade, onde começa
De Sião largo o imperio tão comprido :
Tenassarí, Quedá, que he só cabeça
Das, que pimenta alli tem produzido.
Mais avante fareis, que se conheça
Malaca por emporio ennobrecido,
Onde toda a provincia do mar grande
Suas mercadorias ricas mande.

CXX.

' But now I pass this very dangerous theme,
And to the coast I've sketched we'll turn away ;
Here, with the city, which all famous deem,
You see the curve of the Gangetic bay :
Narsinga flows a rich and powerful stream,
Orissa flows, with fabrics to display,
The river famed, at the bay's farthest close,
Ganges, into the salt dominion flows.

CXXI.

' Ganges, wherein its people, thus possessed,
Die bathing, holding it a certainty
That, though great sinners they may be confessed,
These sacred waters cleanse and purify.
See Cathegan, a city of the best
Of all Bengal, a province that doth vie
With all, for its abundance, but observe
'Tis on the South towards which the shore doth swerve.

CXXII.

' Behold Arracan's realm, and near it trace
Pegu, which has by monsters peopled been :
Monsters, the offspring of a foul embrace
Between the races human and canine.
Here sounding wire, with curious art, they place
Upon their limbs, by cunning of the Queen,
Who, by this method, as she did intend,
To the accursèd error put an end.

CXXIII.

' Tavais city, too, observe, where lo !
Siam's vast empire doth begin, so long :
Tenassarí, Quedá, which chief doth show
All those, that pepper have produced, among.
Still farther onward thou wilt come to know
Malacca, for emporium famed and strong,
Where every Province on the mighty sea
Can send its merchandise of rarity.

CXXIV.

‘ Dizem, que desta terra, co’as possantes
Ondas o mar entrando, dividio
A nobre ilha Samátra, que já d’antes
Juntas ambas a gente antiga vio :
Chersoneso foi dita, e das prestantes
Veas d’ouro, que a terra produzio,
Aureas por epithéo lhe ajuntaram,
Alguns que fosse Ophír imaginaram.

CXXV.

‘ Mas na ponta da terra Cingapura
Verás, onde o caminho ás náos se estreita ;
Daqui, tornando a costa á Cynosura,
Se encurva, e para a Aurora se endireita :
Vês Pam, Patâne, reinos, e a longura
De Sião, que estes e outros mais sujeita :
Olha o rio Menão, que se derrama
Do grande lago, que Chiamai se chama.

CXXVI.

‘ Vês neste grão terreno os diferentes
Nomes de mil nações nunca sabidas :
Os Láos em terra e numero potentes,
Avás, Bramás por serras tão compridas.
Vê nos remotos montes outras gentes,
Que Gueos se chamam, de selvages vidas,
Humana carne comem, mas a sua
Pintam com ferro ardente, usança crua.

CXXVII.

‘ Vês, passa por Camboja Mecom rio,
Que capitão das aguas se interpreta,
Tantas recebe d’outro só no estio,
Que alaga os campos largos, e inquieta :
Tem as enchentes, quaes o Nilo frio :
A gente delle crê, como indiscreta,
Que pena, e gloria tem despois de morte
Os brutos animaes de toda sorte.

CXXIV.

' They say that from this land the ocean tore,
Entering with all its mighty waves between,
The noble isle Sumatra, which of yore
The ancient people had united seen.
'Twas Chersonesus called, and the rich ore
Of gold, which by the land produced had been,
Added the title "golden" to its name :
Some have imagined Ophir was the same.

CXXV.

' But on the point of land see Sincapour,
Where the strait, narrowing, doth ships confine,
Thence the coast, turning towards the Cynosure,
Is curved and runs upon the eastern line :
Pahang, Patane, see, and many more,
Which Siam with her subjects doth combine :
Behold the river Menam from the lake,
Which Chiamay is called, its course doth take.

CXXVI.

' Thou see'st to this vast tract the names belong
Of thousand various nations never known :
The Laons, both in land and numbers strong,
Birmins, Avas, o'er stretching serras sown :
See others scattered the far hills among,
Called Gueons, living savagely alone :
They eat man's flesh, and with hot iron they sear
Their own—a custom cruelly severe.

CXXVII.

' See through Cambaia Mecon river flows,
Which Chief of Waters is interpreted ;
In summer, from so many more it grows,
O'er the vast plains disturbed 'tis widely spread :
Such floods, as doth the gelid Nile, it shows :
Its foolish people to believe are led
That, after death, the brutes of every race
In pain or glory are assigned a place.

CXXVIII.

‘ Este receberá placido, e brando,
No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado
Vem do naufragio triste, e miserando
Dos procellosos baixos escapado,
Das fomes, dos perigos grandes, quando
Será o injusto mando executado
Naquelle, cuja lyra sonora
Será mais afamada, que ditosa.

CXXIX.

‘ Vês, corre a costa, que Champá se chama,
Cuja mata he do páo cheiroso ornada :
Vês, Cauchichina está de escura fama,
E de Ainão vê a incognita enseada :
Aqui o soberbo imperio, que se afama
Com terras, e riqueza não cuidada,
Da China corre, e occupa o senhorio
Desd’o Trópico ardente ao Cinto frio.

CXXX.

‘ Olha o muro, e edificio nunca crido,
Que entre hum imperio, e o outro se edifica,
Certissimo signal, e conhecido,
Da potencia Real, soberba, e rica :
Estes, o Rei, que tem, não foi nascido
Principe, nem dos pais aos filhos fica ;
Mas elegem aquelle que he famoso
Por cavalleiro sabio, e virtuoso.

CXXXI.

‘ Inda outra muita terra se te esconde,
Até que venha o tempo de mostrar-se.
Mas não deixes no mar as ilhas, onde
A natureza quiz mais afamar-se :
Esta meia escondida, que responde
De longe á China, donde vem buscar-se,
He Japão, onde nasce a prata fina,
Que illustrada será co’a Lei divina.

CXXVIII.

' And Mecon shall the drowning poetry
Receive upon its breast, benign and bland,
Coming from shipwreck in sad misery,
Escaping from the stormy deeps to land,
From famines, dangers great, when there shall be
Enforced with harshness the unjust command
On him, for whom his loved harmonious lyre
Shall more of fame than happiness acquire.²⁷

CXXIX.

' Here runs the coast, Tsiampa known by name,
Whose forests the sweet smelling wood display,
See Cochim China, of but little fame,
All unfrequented, too, see Hainan's bay :
Here the proud empire, which renown doth claim
In lands and wealth it never thought to sway,
Of China runs, and doth the lordship own
From the bright Tropic to the Arctic zone.

CXXX.

' Building incredible, behold the wall
Between one empire and the other rear'd :
A mark most certain, and received by all,
Of royal power, proud, rich, and to be feared.
No mere born Prince to be their King they call,
Nor for the sire's sake are the sons revered :
But him they choose, whom by repute they find
A knight with wisdom and of virtuous mind.

CXXXI.

' Yet much more territory's hid from thee
Till comes the time at which it shall be shown :
But do not lose the islands on the sea
Where Nature sought to make her fame more known :
This, half-concealed far off, that seems to be
Lineal with China, whence it may be won,
Is called Japan, whence comes the silver fine
Which shall gain lustre with the Faith Divine.²⁸

CXXXII.

‘ Olha cá pelos mares do Oriente
As infinitas ilhas espalhadas :
Vê Tidóre, e Ternáte, co’o fervente
Cume, que lança as flammas ondeadas ;
As arvores verás do cravo ardente,
Co’o sangue Portuguez inda compradas,
Aqui ha as aureas aves, que não decem
Nunca á terra, e só mortas apparecem.

CXXXIII.

‘ Olha de Banda as ilhas, que se esmaltam
Da varia côr, que pinta o roxo fruto,
As aves variadas, que alli saltam,
Da verde noz tomando seu tributo :
Olha tambem Bornêo, onde não faltam
Lagrimas no licôr coalhado, e enxuto
Das arvores, que câmphora he chamado,
Com que da ilha o nome he celebrado.

CXXXIV.

‘ Alli tambem Timôr, que o lenho manda
Sândalo salutifero, e cheiroso :
Olha a Sunda tão larga, que hum banda
Esconde para o Sul difficultoso :
A gente do sertão, que as terras anda,
Hum rio, diz, que tem miraculoso,
Que, por onde elle só sem outro vae,
Converte em pedra o páo, que nelle cae.

CXXXV.

‘ Vê naquella, que o tempo tornou ilha,
Que tambem flammas tremulas vapora,
A fonte, que oleo mana, e a maravilha
Do cheiroso licôr, que o tronco chora,
Cheiroso mais, que quanto estilla a filha
De Cinyras na Arabia, onde ella mora ;
E vê que, tendo quanto as outras tem,
Branda sêda, e fino ouro dá tambem.

CXXXII.

‘Over the Eastern oceans cast your eyes,
And see where islands numberless are spread :
Tider and Ternate, mountains whence arise
Flames undulating round the burning head :
Trees of hot clove thou shalt behold, likewise,
With blood of Portugal e’en purchasèd ;
Here are the golden birds, who ne’er descend
On earth, but when their flight in death doth end.

CXXXIII.

‘See Banda’s isles that all enamelled glow
With various tints, that paint the rosy fruit,
While variegated birds hop to and fro,
Taking their tribute of the juicy nut.
See Borneo, too, where never cease to flow
Tears of thick sap, which hardens, being cut
From trees, and doth of camphor bear the name,
Whereby the island to be famous came.

CXXXIV.

‘Timor, likewise, is there, whose forests send
Sandal-wood healthy, odoriferous ;
Java behold, so large that one vast end
It covers towards the south tempestuous :
The interior race, that wander o’er the land,
Tell that there is a stream miraculous,
Which, wheresoe’er its waters flow alone,
Converts the wood that falls therein to stone.

CXXXV.

‘The land which hath by time an island grown,
And which its lambent flames exhaleth, see ;
The fount which oil distils, the marvel shown
Of fragrant juice that weepeth from the tree ;
More fragrant than whate’er distilled was known
By Cinyras’ daughter, she of Araby :
And having all that others have, behold,
It yields, likewise, soft silk and purest gold.

CXXXVI.

‘ Olha em Ceilão, que o monte se levanta
Tanto, que as nuvens passa, ou a vista engana :
Os naturaes o tem por cousa santa ;
Pela pedra, onde está a pégada humana.
Nas ilhas de Maldiva nasce a planta,
No profundo das aguas soberana,
Cujo pômo contra o veneno urgente
He tido por antidoto excellente.

CXXXVII.

‘ Verás defronte estar do Roxo estreito
Socotorá, co’o amaro Áloe famosa :
Outras ilhas no mar tambem sujeito
A vós na costa de Africa arenosa,
Onde sahe do cheiro mais perfeito
A massa, ao mundo occulta, e preciosa :
De São-Lourenço vê a ilha afamada,
Que Madagascar he d’alguns chamada.

CXXXVIII.

‘ Eis-aqui as novas partes do Oriente,
Que vós outros agora ao mundo dais,
Abrindo a porta ao vasto mar patente,
Que com tão forte peito navegais.
Mas he tambem razão, que no Ponente
D’hum Lusitano hum feito inda vejais,
Que, de seu Rei mostrando-se aggravado,
Caminho ha de fazer nunca cuidado.

CXXXIX.

‘ Vedes a grande terra, que continua
Vai de Callisto ao seu contrario polo,
Que soberba a fará a luzente mina
Do metal, que a côr tem do louro Apollo :
Castella, vossa amiga, será dina
De lançar-lhe o collar ao rudo collo :
Varias provincias tem de varias gentes,
Em ritos, e costumes diferentes.

CXXXVI.

‘ See, in Ceylon, so high a mountain rise
It caps the clouds, or doth the sight mislead ;
The natives hold it sacred in their eyes,
For there’s the stone with mark where man did tread.²⁹
In Maldiv islands, in the deep sea lies
A plant of sovereign power, by waters fed,
Whose fruit strong poison’s influence to prevent
Is held an antidote most excellent.

CXXXVII.

‘ Fronting the Arabian Gulf thou, too, shalt see
Socotra, which doth bitter almonds boast ;
More ocean-isles, likewise, shall subject be
To your command, on Afric’s sandy coast,
Whence, fragrant, comes of perfect rarity
The ambergris, concealed and valued most.
Behold the island of St. Lawrence, famed,
Which is by many Madagascar named.

CXXXVIII.

‘ Here the new Eastern regions contemplate,
Which now upon the world ye shall bestow,
Thus opening the wide spreading ocean’s gate,
O’er which with such brave hearts ye sailing go ;
But it is just that in the West a feat
Of a brave Lusitanian ye should know,
Who, being deeply by his King aggrieved,
A path shall open, ne’er before conceived.³⁰

CXXXIX.

‘ See the vast land that stretching in a line—
E’en to the South Pole from Callisto goes —
And shall grow proud with that bright metal’s mine,
Which with Apollo’s golden colour glows.
Castille shall come, your friend, with strength condign,
On the rude neck the collar to impose ;
In various districts various people dwell,
With various customs, various rites as well.

CXL.

‘ Mas cá onde mais se alarga, alli tereis
Parte tambem co’o páo vermelho nota,
De Sancta-Cruz o nome lhe poreis,
Descobril-a-ha a primeira vossa frota :
Ao longo desta costa, que tereis,
Irá buscando a parte mais remota
O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porém não na lealdade.

CXLI.

‘ Desque passar a via mais que mea,
Que ao Antartico polo vai da Linha,
D’huma estatura quasi gigantea
Homens verá, da terra alli visinha :
E mais avante o Estreito, que se arrea
Co’o nome delle agora, o qual caminha
Para outro mar, e terra, que fica onde
Com suas frias azas o Austro a esconde.

CXLII.

‘ Atéqui, Portuguezes, concedido
Vos he saberdes os futuros feitos,
Que pelo mar, que já deixais sabido,
Virão fazer barões de fortes peitos.
Agora ; pois que tendes aprendido
Trabalhos, que vos façam ser acceitos
Ás eternas espôsas, e formosas,
Que coroas vos tecem gloriosas :

CXLIII.

‘ Podeis-vos embarçar ; que tendes vento
E mar tranquillo para a patria amada.’
Assi lhe disse : e logo movimento
Fazem da ilha alegre e namoracia :
Levam refresco, e nobre mantimento,
Levam a companhia desejada
Das nymphas, que hão de ter eternamente,
Por mais tempo que o Sol o mundo aquente.

CXL.

‘ But where the land is broadest ye shall claim
The part that for its red wood is renowned :
Of Santa Cruz³¹ ye shall bestow the name,
Ye, by whose fleet that region first was found :
Along this coast, possessed by you with fame,
Sailing, shall seek the utmost point of ground,
Great Magalhaens, confessed by birth to be
A Portuguese, but not in loyalty.

CXLI.

‘ When more than half the way he shall have crossed
The Equator and the Antarctic pole between,
People of a gigantic form almost
Upon the land, there neighbouring, shall be seen :³²
And, farther on, the strait, which soon shall boast
His name, leads on to where he shall have been,
Another sea and land upon that side,
Which Auster with his frozen wings doth hide.

CXLI.

‘ Thus far it hath been given, O Portuguese !
That ye your future exploits grand should know,
Which o’er your lately navigated seas
Heroes of noble heart shall come to do.
And now, since ye have learned these prodigies
By whose renown each shall in favour grow,
With his own beautiful eternal spouse
—All weaving glorious chaplets for your brows—

CXLI.

‘ Ye can embark, for ye have breezes kind
And ocean tranquil, for your country dear.’
E’en thus she spake, and soon upon the wind
Forth from the joyful, amorous, isle they steer :
Refreshment and a noble store they find,
And the desired companionship is near
Of nymphs, who shall for ever be their charm,
Long as the genial sun the earth shall warm.

CXLIV.

Assi foram cortando o mar sereno
Com vento sempre manso, e nunca irado,
Até que houveram vista do terreno,
Em que nasceram, sempre desejado.
Entraram pela foz do Tejo ameno,
E á sua patria, e Rei temido e amado
O premio e gloria dão ; porque mandou,
E com titulos novos se illustrou.

CXLV.

No mais, Musa ! no mais : que a lyra tenho
Destemperada, e a voz enrouquecida,
E não do canto, mas de vêr que venho
Cantar a gente surda, e endurecida.
O favor, com que mais se accende o engenho,
Não no dá a Patria, não ; que está mettida
No gosto da cubiça, e na rudeza
D'huma austera, apagada, e vil tristeza :

CXLVI.

E não sei, por que influxo de destino
Não tem hum led o orgulho, e geral gosto,
Que os animos levanta de contino,
A ter para trabalhos led o rosto.
Por isso vós, ó Rei, que por divino
Conselho estais no regio solio posto,
Olhai que sôis (e vêde as outras gentes)
Senhor só de vassallos excellentes !

CXLVII.

Olhai, que ledos vão por varias vias,
Quaes rompentes leões, e bravos touros,
Dando os corpos a fomes, e vigias,
A ferro, a fogo, a settas, e pelouros :
A quentes regiões, a plagas frias,
A golpes de Idolátras, e de Mouros,
A perigos incognitos do mundo,
A naufragios, a peixes, ao profundo :

CXLIV.

Thus went they forth, cleaving the sea serene,
The wind benignant always, ne'er in ire,
Until they sighted that sweet land again
Where they were born, their ever fond desire.
By gentle Tagus' mouth they entered in,
And to their land and loved and honoured Sire
The prize and glory give, for he ordained,
And with new titles new renown obtained.³³

CXLV.

No more, my Muse ! no more ; for now my lyre
Is out of tune, and harsh has grown my voice,
Though not by song ; but that of song I tire
To people deaf, insensible to choice.
That favour, which doth genius most inspire,
My country grants not, no : doth but rejoice
In tastes for avarice and untutored style
Of sullenness, worn out, morose and vile.

CXLVI.

I know not by what stroke of destiny
Have ceased the joyful pride and general grace
Which lead the manly soul, with constancy,
To cope with labours, with a cheerful face.
Therefore, O mighty King ! whom the decree
Of Heaven Divine upon thy throne did place,
See that thou art (and other nations view)
Lord but of vassals, excellent and true.

CXLVII.

Lo ! joyfully they travel far and wide,
E'en as wild bulls or lions to explore,
Famine and watch their bodies will abide,
Fire, sword, and arrows, and the cannon's roar ;
Hot regions and cold climates are defied,
Blows from Idolaters and from the Moor,
Dangers unknown, which in the world abound,
Shipwrecks, sea-monsters, and the deep profound ;

CXLVIII.

Por vos servir a tudo aparelhados,
De vós tão longe sempre obedientes
A quaesquer vossos asperos mandados,
Sem dar resposta, promptos e contentes :
Só com saber que são de vós olhados,
Demonios infernaes, negros, e ardentes
Commetterão comvosco, e não duvido,
Que vencedor vos façam, não vencido.

CXLIX.

Favorecei-os logo, e alegrai-os
Com a presença, e leda humanidade :
De rigorosas leis desalivai-os ;
Que assi se abre o caminho á sanctidade :
Os mais exprimentados levantai-os,
Se com a experiencia tem bondade
Para vosso conselho ; pois que sabem
O como, o quando, e onde as cousas cabem.

CL.

Todos favorecei em seus officios,
Segundo tem das vidas o talento :
Tenham Religiosos exercicios
De rogarem por vosso regimento ;
Com jejuns, disciplina pelos vicios
Communs, toda ambição terão por vento ;
Que o bom Religioso verdadeiro
Gloria vã não pretende, nem dinheiro.

CLI.

Os Cavalleiros tende em muita estima ;
Pois com seu sangue intrepido, e fervente
Estendem não somente a Lei de cima,
Mas inda vosso imperio preeminente ;
Pois aquelles, que a tão remoto clima
Vos vão servir com passo diligente,
Dous inimigos vencem, huns os vivos,
E (o que he mais) os trabalhos excessivos.

CXLVIII.

Prepared in all to honour thy decree,
Always, though far away, obedient
To whatsoe'er thy hard commands may be,
No question asking, ready and content :
If only knowing they are watched by thee,
Demons infernal, black, malevolent
With thee they will assail, nor do I doubt
Victor, not vanquished, they would bring thee out !

CXLIX.

Hasten thy favours and their hearts delight,
With cheerful mildness and thy presence sway :
Of rigorous laws relieve them from the weight,
For this will show to sanctity the way :
Thy most experienced men, promote them straight,
If with experience goodness they display,
Unto thy council, for 'tis they that know
The how, when, where, things properly should go.

CL.

Protect them all where'er their office lies,
According to their living and their mind :
Give the Religious Orders exercise,
In asking that thy reign may blessing find :
With fastings, discipline 'gainst general vice,
Let them cast all ambition to the wind ;
For the Religious Orders, good and true,
Will neither glory vain nor wealth pursue.

CLI.

Do thou the Cavaliers esteem and love,
Who, with their blood intrepid, are intent
Not only to spread forth the Faith of Above,
But e'en to make thine empire permanent :
For they who to such distant climate rove,
To serve thee with devotion diligent,
Two foes they slay, those that contend alive,
And, more, the excessive toils 'gainst which they strive.

CLII.

Fazei, Senhor, que nunca os admirados
Alemães, Gallos, Ítalos, e Inglezes,
Possam dizer, que são para mandados
Mais, que para mandar, os Portuguezes.
Tomai conselhos só d'exprimentados,
Que viram largos annos, largos mezes ;
Que, postoque em scientes muito cabe,
Mais em particular o experto sabe.

CLIII.

De Phormiã, philosopho elegante,
Vereis como Annibál escarnecia,
Quando das artes bellicas diante
Delle com larga voz tratava, e lia.
A disciplina militar prestante
Não se aprende, Senhor, na phantasia,
Sonhando, imaginando, ou estudando ;
Senão vendo, tratando, e pelejando.

CLIV.

Mas eu, que fallo humilde, baixo e rudo,
De vós não conhecido, nem sonhado ?
Da bôca dos pequenos sei com tudo,
Que o louvor sahe ás vezes acabado :
Nem me falta na vida honesto estudo,
Com longa experiencia misturado,
Nem engenho, que aqui vereis presente,
Cousas, que juntas se acham raramente.

CLV.

Para servir-vos, braço ás armas feito :
Para cantar-vos, mente ás Musas dada :
Só me fallece ser a vós acceito,
De quem virtude deve ser prezada.
Se me isto o Céu concede, e o vosso peito
Digna empreza tomar de ser cantada,
Como a presaga mente vaticina,
Olhando a vossa inclinação divina :

CLII.

Act, Sire, that none of high admired degrees,
Of French, Italian, English, German, land,
Can venture to assert the Portuguese
Are more to be commanded than command.
Let counsel only of the experienced please,
Who from long years have learned to understand ;
For though the scientific much can show,
The experienced doth, in practice, much more know.

CLIII.

Phormio, philosopher of learning fine,
How bitterly did Hannibal disdain,
When of the arts of warfare, line by line,
He read, and ventured loudly to explain.
The genuine military discipline
You cannot, Sire, by theory obtain,
By dreaming, thinking, studying day and night—
But seeing, practising, and in the fight.

CLIV.

But do I speak—I, humble, rude and low,
Not known, or dreamed of e'en, by thee indeed ?
Still, from the mouths of little ones, I know
That sometimes truthful praises will proceed :
Nor honest study fails my life to show,
Which long experience, too, has served to feed,
Nor genius, which here present thou shalt see,
Matters united rarely found to be.

CLV.

To serve thee—arm inured to warlike art :
To sing thee—mind devoted to the Muse :
But one thing needs—that thou shouldst bear thy part,
Whose warm protection virtue ne'er should lose.
If Heaven concede me this, and if thy heart
Some deed well worthy of my song will choose,
As doth the presage of the mind foretell,
Knowing thy tendency divine so well :

CLVI.

Ou fazendo, que mais, que a de Medusa,
A vista vossa tema o monte Atlante ;
Ou rompendo nos campos de Ampelusa
Os muros de Marrocos, e Trudante :
A minha já estimada, e leda Musa,
Fico, que em todo o mundo de vós cante
De sorte, que Alexandro em vós se veja,
Sem á dita de Achilles ter inveja.

CLVI.

Doing what more than e'en Medusa slain,
By thine own look Mount Atlas shall affright,
Or putting, on the Ampelusan plain,
Morocco's and Trudante's Moors to flight ;
My Muse, rejoiced thine auspices to gain,
Shall sing thy glory o'er the world, so bright,
That Alexander shall be seen in thee,
Nor of Achilles' fortune envious be.

NOTES.

CANTO VII.

Note 1, Stanza V. This title, it seems, was only offered to Robert, son of William the Conqueror, and declined by him.

Note 2, Stanza VI. This refers to Saladin.

Note 3, Stanza VI. Francis I. who in his war with Charles V. entered into an alliance with the Sultan Solymán.

CANTO X.

Note 1, Stanza I. Mexico.

Note 2, Stanza VII. Alluding to a common device, practised by Professors of magical science, who filled glass globes with water, and pretended to discover manifestations in them.

Note 3, Stanza XI. Trimumpara, King of Cochin.

Note 4, Stanza XXII. Alluding to the ultimate fate of Duarte Pacheco Pereira. Having arrived from India and been treated with all honours, he was appointed Governor of the town of St. George, in Africa. There, charges of misconduct were made against him, and he was brought back in irons. Although honorably acquitted, he remained impoverished for the rest of his life. He was called the Conqueror of the Indies. He sailed with the great Albuquerque in 1503.

Note 5, Stanza XXVI. Dom Francisco de Almeida and his son Dom Lorenzo (1505). They both perished. Some of the Stanzas relating to them are in Camoens' best style.

Note 6, Stanza XXXIII. The second Decade of João de Barros contains a very eloquent and animated account of all these heroic achievements.

Note 7, Stanza XXXVII. See stanza XLV., Canto V. Dom Francisco de Almeida was the first Portuguese Viceroy in India. On his return thence he put into the Bay of Saldanha, to obtain water : but, a quarrel ensuing with the Caffres, he and some fifty of his men were slain.

Note 8, Stanza XLIII. Goa surrendered for the second time to Albuquerque, on Saint Catherine's day, 1510.

Note 9, Stanza XLVII. Alluding to the hanging of Ruy Dias, a brave, valiant and tried officer.

Note 10, Stanza L. Lopo Soares was sent to India in 1515.

Note 11, Stanza LII. Diogo Lopez Sequeira, the fourth Governor of India, invested in 1518. He was the first Portuguese that entered the Red Sea and opened a communication with Abyssinia.

Note 12, Stanza LIII. Dom Duarte Menezes was Governor of India in 1521. He had already distinguished himself in Tangier.

Note 13, Stanza LIII. See Introduction. He was buried in the monastery of St. Francis at Cochín, but subsequently his remains were removed to Portugal, and deposited in a vault in Vidigueira, the place whence his title of nobility was taken. He is described by Barros as a man of middle stature, of a noble deportment, daring in every enterprise, harsh in command, and of fearful violence in anger, patient in arduous undertakings, and severe in the infliction of punishment, for the sake of justice. The banishment referred to means only the second voyage.—MUSGRAVE.

Note 14, Stanza LIV. Dom Henrique Menezes succeeded Gama. He was only twenty-eight years of age.

Note 15, Stanza LVI. Lope Naz de Sampaio assumed the government, *ad interim*, promising to deliver it up to Dom Pedro Mascarenhas on his arrival, but instead of doing so he put Dom Pedro under arrest.

Note 16, Stanza LXI. Nuno da Cunha was nominated Viceroy of India in 1528. The fourth Decade of De Barros details his memorable administration of ten years. But he, in his turn, was unjustly superseded, persecuted and degraded.

Note 17, Stanza LXII. Dom Garcia de Noronha. The siege was raised upon the mere report of his near approach. He was appointed Viceroy of India in 1538.

Note 18, Stanza LXII. Dom Estevão da Gama, second son of the great navigator. The Red Sea was the scene of his principal exploits.

Note 19, Stanza LXIII. Martim Afonso de Souza, Governor of India, 1542. He conducted a successful expedition to the coasts of Brazil.

Note 20, Stanza LXVII. Viceroy of India 1545. Perhaps the greatest of all. His biography has been very gracefully written by Jacinto Freire de Andrada.—MUSGRAVE.

Note 21, Stanza LXIX. Governor of Dio while it was besieged.

Note 22, Stanza XCIII. Dom Gonzalo da Silveira was a member of the Society of Jesuits, and in 1553 obtained permission to go to India, where, after a long and successful mission, he was sacrificed.

Note 23, Stanza XCIV. Pero de Nhái, or Nhaia, a valiant Castilian, repelled some six thousand Cafres who besieged him in Sofala, with only some forty soldiers.

Note 24, Stanza XCVI. Aided the Abyssinians against the King of Zeila, but, after many successes, was entrapped in a too hasty attack, tortured, and slain by the king's hand.

Note 25, Stanza XCIX. Saint Catherine of Alexandria was put to death by the Emperor Maximin, about the middle of the third century, and her body is said to have been carried off by angels and buried on Mount Sinai.

Note 26, Stanza CXIII. The skein was triple, and is supposed to have been emblematic of the Brahmin Trinity. It belonged only to the High Priesthood. De Barros mentions this miracle.

Note 27, Stanza CXXVIII. This circumstance has already been detailed.

Note 28, Stanza CXXXI. Evidently pointing to the use of silver in the Sacred Cups and Pattens, &c.

Note 29, Stanza CXXXVI. A very high, rocky and almost inaccessible mountain called Adam's Peak. The Singalese are said to have connected it with the name and legend of Adam; to have fixed it as the place of his entombment, and to have found his footmarks there.

Note 30, Stanza CXXXVIII. This, as will be presently seen, again refers to Magallães or Magellan. See Note 2, Canto II.

Note 31, Stanza CXL. This refers to Brazil, originally called Santa Cruz; and also to its red wood, whence its present name is derived, as the Portuguese called the wood 'brasido,' i.e. something bearing the colour of 'brasas,' or hot coals.

Note 32, Stanza CXLI. This alludes to the Patagonians. I have seen only one, and he was at Sandy Point, in the straits. He was not gigantic. I shall never forget my passage through to the Pacific, with my good friend Captain Shannon, then of the *Illimani*, in 1874, and all the murky majesty of the forlorn and frowning scenery, beginning at about Cape Froward. This towering headland, with all its ragged groups around it, is almost of exactly the same latitude to the south as that of Liverpool to the north. Upon the subject of the difference of climate between the two, my much esteemed friend Mr. Darwin is almost more than usually entertaining in that charming book which I had with me, his '*Voyage round the World in the Beagle*.'

Note 33, Stanza CXLIV. The following most interesting particulars as to the arrival of Vasco da Gama are copied from a note to Musgrave's *Translation of the Lusiads*:—

'After stating that Nicolão Coelho, separated in a storm from Vasco da Gama off Cape Verde Islands, entered the port of Lisbon on July 10, 1499, exactly two years and two days from the departure of the expedition from the Tagus, Barros gives the following account of the return of the Great Discoverer to his native land.

After the storm, Vasco da Gama proceeded to the Island of St. Jago. In consequence of the extreme illness of his brother, Paulo da Gama, he appointed João de Sá to the command of his ship, and

ordered him to proceed to Lisbon. In the hope of restoring his brother's health, he took him to the island of Terceira, in a vessel which he hired for the purpose ; but he was reduced to such a state of debility, that he died shortly afterwards, and was buried there in the monastery of St. Francis. His death was deeply deplored by Vasco da Gama ; for, besides losing a brother, Paulo da Gama possessed qualities calculated to make him regretted by all to whom he was known, and the loss occurred, too, at the very moment when he was about to receive the reward due to his meritorious labours. Vasco da Gama left the island of Terceira, and reached Lisbon on August 29, 1499 ; and, instead of entering the city, he went to the chapel of the Virgin Mary, whence he had proceeded on this voyage of discovery, in order that he might, for a few days, devote himself to the religious offices appointed for her celebration. There he was visited by all persons of distinction in the capital, until he made his public entry, which was solemnized with great pomp and ceremony. A variety of splendid entertainments were commanded by the king, in order that he might testify his great satisfaction at the illustrious service performed by Vasco da Gama, which was one of the greatest that could be rendered by a subject, and accomplished in so short a time, and at so inconsiderable an expense. The king, in consequence, added to his crown the titles of lord of conquest, navigation, and commerce, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India. In further satisfaction of this great service, the king immediately bestowed on Vasco da Gama other distinctions :—giving to him and his brothers the title of Don, allowing him to quarter on the shield of his arms a part of the royal arms of the kingdom, and conferring upon him the title of admiral of the Indian seas, and a pension of three hundred milreis ; with permission to employ annually in Indian commerce two hundred crowns, which regularly produced a profit of two thousand eight hundred milreis. Subsequently he received the title of Count of Vidigueira, when the state of affairs in India proved to be of more importance than in the earlier years that succeeded its discovery.' *Decada* i. liv. iv. cap. xi.

'The epilogue addressed to Don Sebastian, with which the poem concludes, does honour to the noble heart, and to the patriotism of Camoens. It is a didactic apostrophe in harmonious verse, full of the most zealous loyalty, of love of truth and justice, and expressed with a degree of liberty becoming his elevated character. A poem, inspired by a burst of patriotism, written with so much elegance and simplicity of diction, abounding with passages conspicuous either for their invention, by the fertile variety of the descriptions, or by the sublimity of the thoughts, in which are also found elevation of sentiment and grace of expression, doubtless secures to our author an undeniable right to be placed among the best epic poets.'—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens*, by JOHN ADAMSON, F.S.A. Vol. ii. p. 55.

The following Chronological Table is copied from Murray's 'Hand-book of Portugal':—

- 1095. Count Henrique receives the Earldom of Portugal from Affonso VI. of Leon : Guimarães is the capital of his territory.
- 1112. Affonso Henriques succeeds his father as Count.
- 1128. Battle of S. Mamede, or Arcos de Valdevez : Affonso VII. of Castile defeated.
- 1139. Battle of Campo D'Ourique : Affonso Henriques proclaimed King of Portugal.
- 1147. Lisbon is taken.
- 1158. Battle of Alcacer do Sal.
Dom Affonso Henriques extends his kingdom beyond the Tagus.
- 1185. Dom Sancho I., 'the Father of his country.'
Conquest and subsequent loss of Algarve.
- 1211. D. Affonso II., 'the Fat.'
- 1217. Battle of Alcacer do Sal.
Great part of Alemtejo conquered.
- 1223. D. Sancho II. 'Capello.' Conquest of Algarve completed.
Civil war between the King and his son Affonso.
- 1248. D. Affonso III. 'of Boulogne.'
Quarrels with the See of Rome.
- 1279. D. Diniz, 'the Husbandman : ' marries S. Isabel.
- 1284. University of Lisbon founded.
- 1308. Removed to Coimbra.
- 1318. Military Order of Christ founded.
Civil wars between the King and his son Affonso.
- 1325. Affonso IV., 'the Brave.'
War between Castile and Portugal.
- 1340. Battle of the Salado : the Moorish power in Portugal finally crushed.
- 1355. Murder of Ignez de Castro, wife of the Infante D. Pedro.
Civil war between D. Affonso IV. and D. Pedro.
Portugal ravaged by the Black Death.
- 1357. D. Pedro I., 'the Severe.'
Coronation of Ignez de Castro.
- 1367. D. Fernando I., 'the Handsome.'
The Infanta, Dona Brites, marries D. Juan I., King of Castile.
- 1383. Interregnum. D. Juan I. of Castile claims the kingdom in right of his wife. D. João, Master of Aviz, illegitimate son of D. Fernando, is elected King by the Cortes at Coimbra.
D. Nuno Alvares Pereira, Grand Constable of Portugal, distinguishes himself on the national side.
Battle of Atoleiros : the Spanish defeated.

- 1385. Battle of Trancoso : the Spanish again defeated.
- 1385. August 14th. Battle of Aljubarrota : the Castilians utterly routed : D. João acknowledged as King.
- 1387. D. João I., 'of good memory.'
- 1387. D. João marries Philippa of Lancaster, and founds the royal convent of Batalha.
- 1415. Conquest of Ceuta ; first settlement in Africa.
- 1420. Discovery of Madeira.
- 1432. Discovery of the Açores.
The Infante D. Henrique lays the foundation of the maritime greatness of Portugal.
- 1433. D. Duarte, 'the Eloquent.'
- 1436. Battle of Tangere : defeat of the Portuguese : captivity and martyrdom of the Infante D. Fernando.
- 1438. D. Affonso V., 'the African.'
D. Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, Regent.
Civil war between the King and the Regent.
- 1449. Battle of Alfarrobeira : defeat and death of D. Pedro.
Rise of the House of Bragança.
African conquests extended.
Affonso resigns and re-assumes the crown.
- 1481. D. João II., 'the Perfect.'
The feudal system gradually weakened.
Conspiracies against D. João.
- 1483. The Duke of Bragança beheaded ; the Duke of Viseu stabbed by the King.
Conquests in Guinea.
- 1487. The Cape doubled by Bartolomeo Dias.
- 1490. D. João drinks of a poisoned fountain.
- 1491. Death of the Infante D. Affonso.

HOUSE OF VISEU.

- 1495. D. Manoel, 'the Fortunate.'
- 1497. Vasco da Gama discovers Ocean Passage to India.
- 1501. Pedro Alvares Cabral discovers Brazil.
- 1509. Affonso Albuquerque Viceroy of India : rapid conquests there by the Portuguese ; Goa made its capital.
- 1513. Conquests in Africa.
- 1521. D. João III., 'the Pious.'
Portugal attains the height of its glory.
The Indian empire increases ; that in Africa declines.
Towards the end of this reign Portugal passes the highest limits of its power.

1557. D. Sebastian, 'the Regretted.' The Infante Cardinal Henrique Regent.
1574. First expedition to Africa.
1578. Second expedition. Sebastian and Muley Hamet advance against Muley Moluc, Emperor of Morocco.
1578. August 4th. Battle of Alcacer Quibir : defeat and death of D. Sebastian : utter destruction of the Portuguese army. Portugal never recovers the blow.
The Cardinal King Henrique, 'the Chaste.'
Negotiations respecting the succession.
1580. The Cardinal King dies.
The succession disputed by Philip II. of Spain ; Antonio, Prior of Crato ; João, Duke of Bragança ; Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy ; the Prince of Parma ; Elizabeth of England ; and the Pope.
The claimants resolve themselves into Philip of Spain and the Prior of Crato.
The Duke of Alva invades Portugal.
Accession of Philip.

CASTILIAN USURPATION, CALLED BY THE PORTUGUESE 'THE
SIXTY YEARS' CAPTIVITY.'

1580. Philip I. (Second of Spain), 'the Prudent.'
Various impostors give themselves out as D. Sebastian.
Rapid decline of the Portuguese empire.
1598. Philip II. (Third of Spain), 'the Idle.'
The Dutch ruin the Portuguese empire in Asia, and conquer nearly the whole of Brazil.
1621. Philip III. (Fourth of Spain), 'the Rei Olivares,' or 'desditoso.'
1640. Conspiracy at Lisbon for the emancipation of Portugal. The Duke of Bragança heads it.
December 1st. The Spanish government compelled to leave Lisbon. D. João of Bragança arrives there.

HOUSE OF BRAGANÇA.

1640. D. João IV., 'the Restorer.'
Portuguese India and Brazil expel the Spaniards.
War with Spain.
1644. Battle of Montijo ; the Spaniards defeated.
The Portuguese kingdom gradually re-established.

- The Pope refuses bulls for the consecration of the Portuguese bishops, through fear of offending Spain. One prelate alone survives.
1656. D. Affonso VI., 'the Victorious.' The Dutch expelled from Brazil.
1659. The lines of Elvas ;
1663. Ameixial ;
1665. Montes Claros.
The King, from indulging his passions, loses his senses, and is deposed.
1667. D. Pedro Regent, and succeeds as
1683. D. Pedro II., 'the Pacific.'
Spain renounces all claims on Portugal.
1706. D. João V., surnamed 'the Magnanimous.'
Lisbon made a Patriarchate.
Erection of Mafra.
D. José, 'the Most Faithful.'
1755. November 1st. The great earthquake.
1758. Conspiracy of the Duke of Aveiro.
Reforms of the Marquis de Pombal ; the Jesuits expelled.
1777. Dona Maria I. : marries her uncle D. Pedro III.
1799. The Queen loses her senses : the Infante D. João Regent.
1807. Napoleon proclaims that the House of Bragança has ceased to reign : the Court escapes to Brazil.
The Peninsular war.
1816. D. João VI.
The King resides in Brazil.
1820. The Constitution proclaimed. He arrives in Portugal, and accepts it.
He surrenders Brazil to the Infante D. Pedro.
1826. D. Pedro IV.
He resigns Portugal to his daughter,
Dona Maria II., 'Da Gloria.'
Civil war.
1827. D. Miguel proclaimed King at Lisbon.
1832. The Duke of Terceira's expedition from the Açores. D. Miguel's troops everywhere defeated.
1833. Sir Charles Napier annihilates his fleet ; on which
Dona Maria II. is acknowledged Queen by England and France.
1834. Convention of Evora Monte : D. Miguel resigns the kingdom.
1836. An outbreak for a modification of the Constitution.
1853. D. Pedro V. under the Regency of his father, the King-Consort, D. Fernando.

1855. D. Pedro V. assumed the reigns of government.
1861. D. Pedro V. died Nov. 11.
- D. Luiz I., who, within the brief term of two months, not only lost his truly attached brother D. Pedro V., but likewise his brothers D. Fernando and D. João, at whose approaching decease the Camara of Lisbon sent a deputation to the King, D. Luiz, on Christmas Day, to implore him to quit the palace, in the hope of preserving his now more than ever valued life ; and how touching to him and to his father was the sight of thousands upon thousands accompanying him in the dead of night, with lighted torches, to see him in safety in the palace of Caxias ! Never did city witness such lamentation, woe, and mourning as did Lisbon on the night of Dec. 25, 1861, when it was but too truly believed that D. João's days were fast coming to an end. D. João died on December 27, 1861.

THE END.

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