The Lusiads

01

The feats of Arms, and famed heroick Host,
from occidental Lusitanian strand,
who o'er the waters ne'er by seaman crost,
farèd beyond the Taprobáne-land,
forceful in perils and in battle-post,
with more than promised force of mortal hand;
and in the regions of a distant race
rear'd a new throne so haught in Pride of Place:

02

And, eke, the Kings of mem'ory grand and glorious,
who hied them Holy Faith and Reign to spread,
converting, conquering, and in lands notorious,
Africk and Asia, devastation made;
nor less the Lieges who by deeds memorious
brake from the doom that binds the vulgar dead;
my song would sound o'er Earth's extremest part
were mine the genius, mine the Poet's art.

03

Cease the sage Grecian, and the Man of Troy
to vaunt long Voyage made in bygone day:
Cease Alexander, Trajan cease to 'joy
the fame of vict'ories that have pass'd away:
The noble Lusian's stouter breast sing I,
whom Mars and Neptune dared not disobey:
Cease all that antique Muse hath sung, for now
a better Brav'ry rears its bolder brow.

04

And you, my Tagian Nymphs, who have create
in me new purpose with new genius firing;
if 't was my joy whilere to celebrate
your founts and stream my humble song inspiring;
Oh! lend me here a noble strain elate,
a style grandiloquent that flows untiring;
so shall Apollo for your waves ordain ye
in name and fame ne'er envy Hippokréné.

The Lusiads

05

Grant me sonorous accents, fire-abounding,
now serves ne peasant's pipe, ne rustick reed;
but blast of trumpet, long and loud resounding,
that 'flameth heart and hue to fiery deed:
Grant me high strains to suit their Gestes astounding,
your Sons, who aided Mars in martial need;
that o'er the world be sung the glorious song,
if theme so lofty may to verse belong.

06

And Thou! O goodly omen'd trust, all-dear
to Lusitania's olden liberty,
whereon assurèd esperance we rear
enforced to see our frail Christianity:
Thou, O new terror to the Moorish spear,
the fated marvel of our century,
to govern worlds of men by God so given,
that the world's best be given to God and Heaven:

07

Thou young, thou tender, ever-flourishing bough,
true scion of tree by Christ belovèd more,
than aught that Occident did ever know,
"Cæsarian" or "Most Christian" styled before:
Look on thy 'scutcheon, and behold it show
the present Vict'ory long past ages bore;
Arms which He gave and made thine own to be
by Him assumèd on the fatal tree:

08

Thou, mighty Sovran! o'er whose lofty reign
the rising Sun rains earliest smile of light;
sees it from middle firmamental plain;
and sights it sinking on the breast of Night:
Thou, whom we hope to hail the blight, the bane
of the dishonour'd Ishmaëlitish knight;
and Orient Turk, and Gentoo-misbeliever
that drinks the liquor of the Sacred River:

The Lusiads

09

Incline awhile, I pray, that majesty
which in thy tender years I see thus ample,
E'en now prefiguring full maturity
that shall be shrin'd in Fame's eternal temple:
Those royal eyne that beam benignity
bend on low earth: Behold a new ensample
of hero hearts with patriot pride inflamèd,
in number'd verses manifold proclaimèd.

10

Thou shalt see Love of Land that ne'er shall own
lust of vile lucre; soaring towards th' Eternal:
For 't is no light ambition to be known
th' acclaimèd herald of my nest paternal.
Hear; thou shalt see the great names greater grown
of Vavasors who hail thee Lord Supernal:
So shalt thou judge which were the higher station,
King of the world or Lord of such a nation.

11

Hark; for with vauntings vain thou shalt not view
phantastical, fictitious, lying deed
of lieges lauded, as strange Muses do,
seeking their fond and foolish pride to feed:
Thine acts so forceful are, told simply true,
all fabled, dreamy feats they far exceed;
exceeding Rodomont, and Ruggiero vain,
and Roland haply born of Poet's brain.

12

For these I give thee a Nuno, fierce in fight,
who for his King and Country freely bled ;
an Egas and a Fuas ; fain I might
for them my lay with harp Homeric wed!
For the twelve peerless Peers again I cite
the Twelve of England by Magriço led:
Nay, more, I give thee Gama's noble name,
who for himself claims all Æneas' fame.