

# First Canto.

## STANZA 1.

Armes, and the men above the vulgar file,  
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore  
Past ev'n beyond the Trapobanian-Isle,  
Through seas which never ship had sayld before;  
Who (brave in action, patient in long toyle,  
Beyond what strength of humane nature bore.)  
Mongst nations, under other stars, acquir'd  
A modern scepter which to Heaven aspir'd.

## 2.

Likewise those Kings of glorious memory,  
Who sow'd and propagated where they past  
The faith with the new Empire (making dry  
The breasts of Asia, and laying waste  
Black Affrick's virious glebe; and those who by  
Their deeds at home left not their names defac't,  
My song shall spread where ever there are men,  
If wit and art will so much guide my pen.

## 3.

Cease man of Troy, and cease thou sage of Greece,  
To boast the navigations great ye made;  
Let the high fame of Alexander cease,  
And Trajan's Banners in the East display'd:  
For to a man recorded in this peece  
Neptune his trident yielded, Mars his blade.  
Cease all, whose actions ancient bards exprest:  
A brighter valour rises in the West:

4.

And you (my Tagus's nymphs) since ye did raise  
My wit t'a more then ordinary flame;  
If I in low, yet tuneful verse, the praise  
Of your sweet river always did proclame:  
Inspire me now with high and thund'ring lays;  
Give me them cleer and flowing like his stream:  
That to your waters Phebus may ordaine  
They do not envy those of Hyppocrene.

5.

Give me a mighty fury, nor rude reeds  
Or rustick bag-pipes sound, but such as war's  
Lowd instrument (the noble trumpet) breeds,  
Which fires the breast, and stirs the blood to jars.  
Give me a poem equal to the deeds  
Of your brave servitors (rivals of Mars)  
That I may sing them through the Universe,  
If, whom that held not, can be held in verse.

6.

And you, a present pawn to Portugale  
Of the old Lusitanian-libertie;  
Nor the less certain hope t'extend the pale  
One day, of narrow Christianitie:  
New terrour of the Moorish arsenale:  
The foretold wonder of our centurie:  
Giv'n to the world by God, the world to win,  
To give to God much of the world agin.

7.

You, fair and tender blossom of that tree  
Belov'd by Him, who dy'd on one for man,

More then whatever Western maiestie  
Is styl'd most Christian, or caesarean.  
Behold it in your shield! where you may see  
Orique's battaile, which Alphonso wan,  
    In which Christ gave for arms, for you t'emboss,  
    The same which He himself bore on the cross.

8.

You (pow'rful King), whose Empire vast the sun  
Visits the first as soon as he is born,  
And eyes it when his race is half-way run,  
And leaves it loath when his tyr'd steeds adjourn.  
You, who we look should clap a yoke upon  
The brutish Ishmaelite, become your scorn;  
    On th'Eastern Turk, and gentil who still lies  
    Sucking the stream which water'd Paradise.

9  
That majestie which in this brow appears  
(This tender one) suspend for a small time,  
Already such, as in your perfect years  
When fame's immortal temple you shall climbe  
Those milder eys, with which you banish feares,  
Bend to the ground: on which, by num'rous ryme,  
    You'l see in me a passion overgrown,  
    To make the Portugal-atchievements known.

10.

You'l see a strange love to my native-soyle,  
Not mov'd with vile but high immortal meed:  
For, to be compted is a meed not vile  
The trumpet of the nest where I was bred.  
By that, their names drawn great, and laid in oyl  
You'l see, of whom you are the sov'raign head:

And judge, which is the greater honour then  
To be King of the world, or of such men.

11.

Hear me, I say, for not for actions vaine,  
Fantastick, fabulous, shall you behold  
Yours prais'd, though forraigne muses (to obtaine  
Name to themselves) have ev'n feign'd names extold.  
Your subjects true acts are so great, they staine  
And credit all the lyes of others told.

Stain Rhodomont, that puffe Rogero too,  
And mad Orlando, grant their deeds were true.

12.

For These, I give you a fierce Nunnio  
Who King and country propt, almost alone,  
An Egas, a Don Fuas, whose worths to show  
I wish my voice could reach great Homer's tone.  
For the twelve peers, I other twelve bestow  
That past to England, and Mayrizzo one.

Th'illustrious Gania in the reare I name,  
Who rob'd the wandring Trojan of his fame.

13.

Then (if to match with Charls the Great of France,  
Or one you seek to rival Caesar's name)  
The first Alphonso see, who with his lance  
Eclipses whatsoe're outlandish Fame!  
And him, who by successful valiance  
Rescu'd and snatcht his realm from civil Flame!

The second John, unconquer'd by the sword!  
The Fourth and Fift Alphonso, and the Third!

14.

Nor shall my verses in oblivion leave  
Those chiefs, who, in the Kingdoms of the morn,  
Their name in armes unto the starres did heave,  
By whom your ever-conqu'ring flag was born:  
Matchless Pacheco: two Almeyda's brave,  
Whom weeping Tagus will for ever mourn:  
    Terrible Albuquerque: Castro bold:  
    And more, whom death had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I these do sing, and dare not you,  
Great King (for I aspire not to that height)  
Take you your Kingdomes reynes your hand into,  
And furnish matter for a loftier flight,  
Whilst your new worth may meet a vein as new.  
Your num'rous fleets, and armies pond'rous weight,  
    Let the World groan with, and their terrour seize  
    The Affrick-lands, and oriental-seas.

16.

On you with fixed eys looks the cold Moore,  
In whom he reads his ruine prophecy'de:  
The barb'rous gentile (viewing you) is sure  
You'l yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.  
The silver Thetys offers you in dow're  
All her blew realm, and doth the same provide.  
    Took with your face (where love is mixt with awe)  
    She seeks to buy you for her son-in-law.

17.

In you, out of their blissful bow'rs above  
Your grandsires souls (both famous in their way,

The one in golden peace, which angels love,  
T'other in bloody war) themselves survey.  
In you they hope their glories shall improve,  
Their vertues be recoynd with less allay:  
And wide they sit, to keep for you a roome  
In Heav'n's eternal temple 'gainst you come.

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly an  
To rule your people, who much wish it so;  
Play with the new attempt of a bold man,  
That up with you this infant-muse may grow;  
And you shall spye ploughing the ocean  
Your Argonauts, that they may also know  
You see them tost upon the angry brine:  
And use your self to be invok'd betime

19.

They now went sayling in the ocean vast,  
Parting the snarling Waves with crooked bills:  
The whispering zephyre breath'd a gentle blast,  
Which stealingly she spreading canvas fills:  
With a white foam the seas were overcast,  
The dancing vessels cutting with their keels  
The waters of the consecrated deep,  
Where Protheus's flocks their rendezvouses keep.

20.

When in the Heav'n of Heav'ns the deities,  
That have of humane things the government,  
Convene in glorious council, to advise  
On future matters of the Orient.  
Treading in clusters the diaphane skyes  
Thorough the Milky Way their course they bent,

Assembled at the Thunderer's command  
By him that bears the caduceian wand.

21.

They leave the patronage of the seav'n spheres  
Which by the highest pow'r to them was giv'n:  
The highest pow'r, who with an eye-brow steers  
The Earth, the raging ocean, and the Heav'n.  
There, in a moment, every one appears;  
Those, where bootes's waine is slowly driv'n,  
Those, who inhabit South, and where the sun  
Is born, and where his golden race is don.

22.

With an austere and high majestick grace  
Upon a chrystal throne, with stars imboss,  
Sublime The Father sate (worthy that place)  
By whom the bolts, due Vulcan forg'd, are tost.  
An oderiferous ayre blew from his face,  
Able to breathe new life in a pale ghost:  
A scepter in his hand, and his head crown'd  
With one stone, brighter then a diamownd.

23.

On glitt'ring chairs (imbroyd'red richly o're  
With infinite of pearles and finest gould)  
The other deities were placed low'r,  
As reason and the herald order would:  
The seniours first, to honor them the more,  
And after them those who were not so ould:  
When thus the most high Jove the silence brake,  
With such a voice as made Olympus shake.