

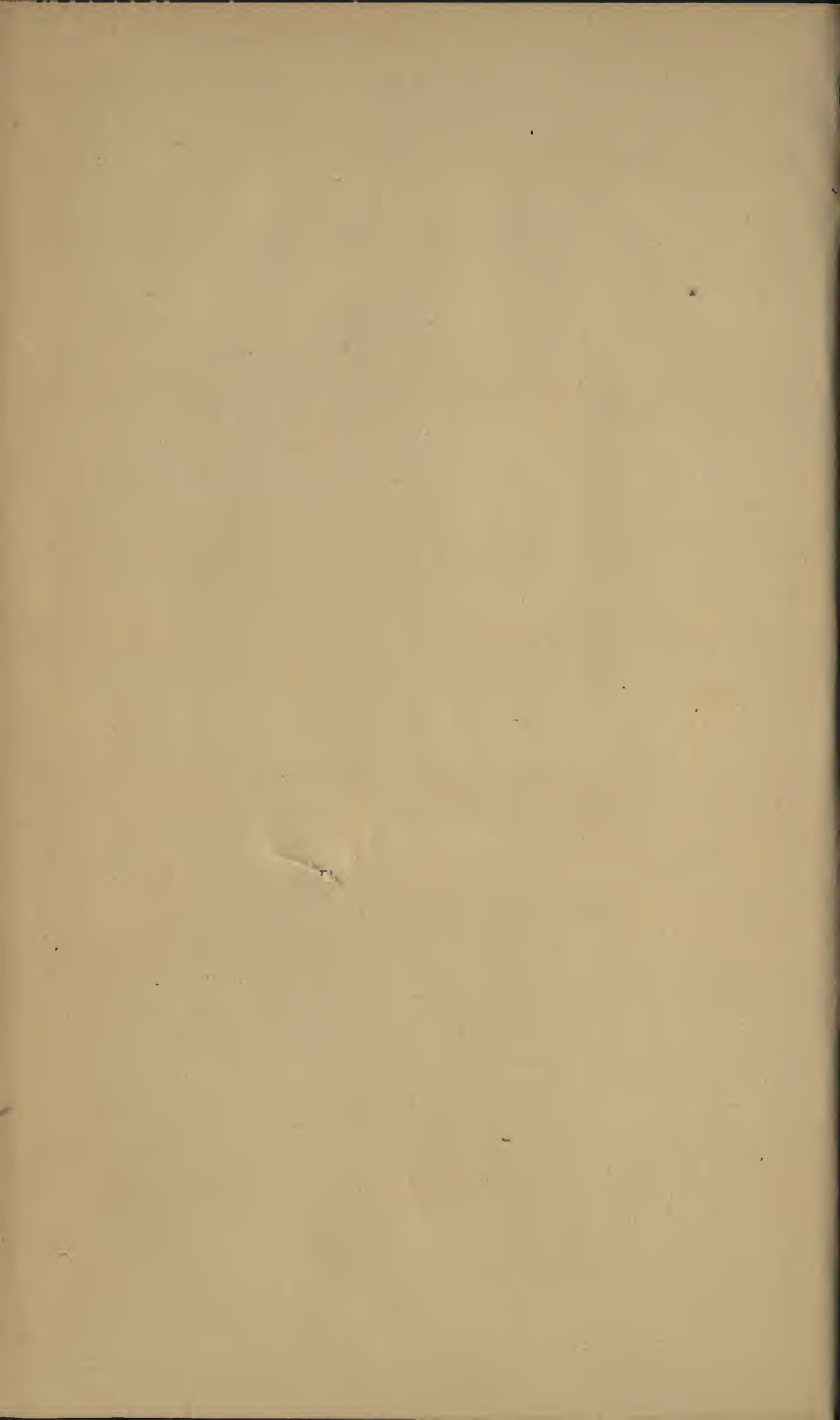
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MICROFILMED  
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*Duarte de gaud*



In the Revd. John Linn's biography  
of Wickle, - he says -

Wickle was assisted in his  
translation of the Lucian of Carthage,  
by the Revd. Dr Browne of Oxford -  
who compiled the notes. J. O. W.



A critique on Fanshawe's version will be  
found, in the Quarterly Review, ~~xxvii~~. 26-9



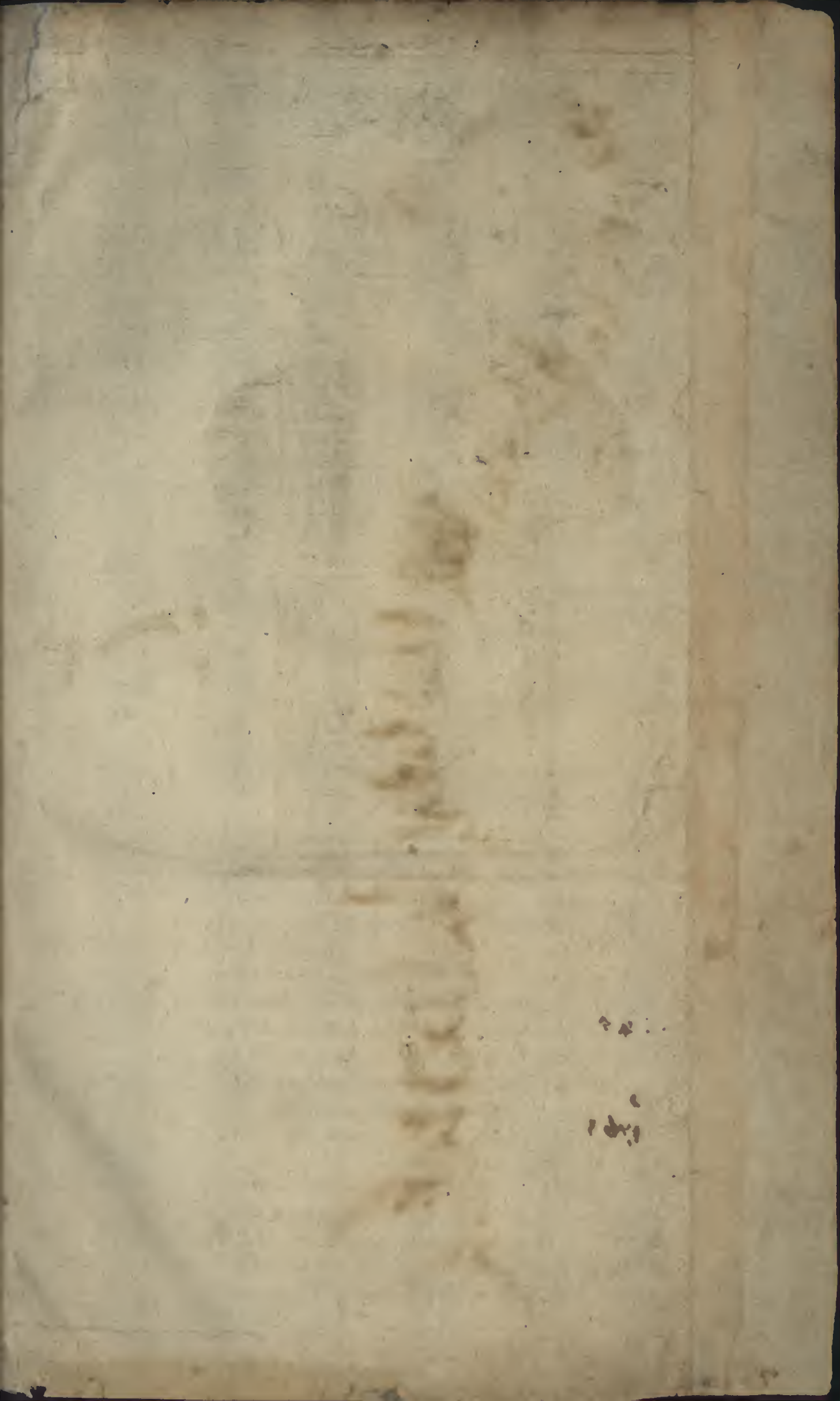
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~~B. 49~~

F. 1



LVIS DE

CAMOENS



SPAINE gave me noble Birth: Coimbra, Arts:  
LISBON, a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:  
AFFRICK, a Refuge when the Court did frowne:  
WARRE, at an Eye's expence, a faire renowne  
TRAVAYLE, experience, with noe short sight  
Of India, and the World; both which I write  
INDIA a life, which I gave there for Lost  
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) tost  
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand  
Whilst with the other I swam safe to land.  
TASSO, a sonet; and (what's greater yit)  
The honour to giue Hints to such a witt  
PHILIP a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see!)  
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee  
My Country (Nothing — yes) Immortall Prayse  
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.



THE  
**LUSIAD,**  
 OR,  
 PORTUGALS  
 Historicall Poem:

(†)

WRITTEN  
 In the PORTINGALL Language

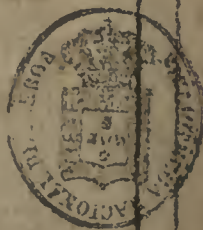
BY  
 LUIS DE CAMOENS;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;



HORAT.

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

LONDON,

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

CAMI  
35

THE

LIST

OF

HISTORICAL RECORDS

WRITTEN

In the ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

BY

J. O. S. DE CAMOENES

AND

Now newly translated into English

BY

RICHARD BROWNE, Esq.

LONDON

Printed for J. O. S. de Camoens, at the ...

LONDON

Printed for J. O. S. de Camoens, at the ...





To the Right Honorable

W I L L I A M

E A R L of

S T R A F F O R D, &c.

*My good Lord;*



Can not tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language, as that of PORTUGALL, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved TASSO, How *himself* took it, I can; for he was heard to say (his great JERUSALEM being then an Embrio) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a *Sonet* in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superior; yet, as *He* (with some anger) of GUARINI, when he saw, by the unquestionable *Verdict* of all ITALY, so famous a LAUREATE as *himself* by that man's PASTOR FIDO outstript in the *Dramatick* way of Poetry; SENON HAVUTO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA — (because indeed the *younger*, for a *List* in this kind, was *beholding* to the *Elder*): So, and for the same

cause;

---

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

---

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELL'D IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to *his* potent friend LOLLIO for the *profits* of those vacant hours, which *he* past in his *proper Villa*, whilst LOLLIO lay *Ledger* in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITIE of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.  
Epist. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
Dum Tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi :*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIO) in ROME dost plead,  
I, in PRÆNESTE, have all HOMER Read :

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the *second life*, or rather *Being*, it hath from me in the *English-Tongue*) is so truly a *Native* of YORKSHIRE, and *holding* of your *Lordship*; that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of *these Walls* ?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plenius ac melius Chrysisso & Crantore, dicit :*

Who, what is *Right*, what *not*, what *brave*, what *base*,  
*Clearer* and *better* then the STOICKS, says :)

Whether this *Poet* also (however *dis-figur'd* in the *translating*, yet still retaining the old *materials*, both *Politically* and *Moral*, on a *truer* and more *Modern Frame* of *Story* and *Geography* then *that* of HOMER

— *Et, quamvis plebeio reclusus Amiclu,  
Indocilis privata loqui)*

---

*The Epistle DEDICATORIE.*

---

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to your Lordship, whose *devoted* (since he turn'd *Englisbman*) he is, by the *title* I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

*From your Lordships  
Park of Tankersley  
May 1. 1655.*

*Your Lordships*

*humble servant*

**RICHARD FANSHAW.**

---

*Petronii*

---



Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON :

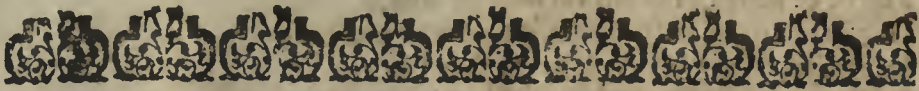
pag. 48.



Ultos, inquit *Eumolpus*, O juvenes, *carmen* decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensumque teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuò in *Helliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus Ministeriis exercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugerunt: credentes facilius *Poema* extrui posse, quam *controversiam* sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugiendum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) utilitate, & sumendæ voces à plebe summotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*. Præterea curandum est, ne sententiæ emineant extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto Vestibus colore niteant. *HOMERUS* testis, & *Lyrici*, Romanusque *VIRGILIUS*, & *HORATII* curiosa sælicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut versum timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli civilis* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides: Tanquam si placet hic impetus etsi nondum recepit ultimam manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat :  
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua sidus currit utrumque:  
Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis  
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis Sinus abditus ultra,  
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,  
Hostis erat : fatisque in tristia bella paratis  
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgò nota placebant  
Gaudia : non usu plebeio trita voluptas.  
Æs Ephyræum laudabat miles : in udâ  
Quæsitus tellure nitor certaverat ostro :  
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera feres,  
Atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.  
Ecce aliæ clades, & læsæ vulnera pacis.  
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera : & ultimus Hammon  
Afrorum excutitur : nè desit bellua dente  
Ad mortes pretiosa : fames premit advena classes :

Tygris



Out of the Satyr of *Petronius Arbitr*, pag 48.

**Y**oung men, young men, (said Eumolpus) this same thing called Poetry hath deceived many: for if a man have but set a Verse upon it's feet, and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himself presently over head and eares in Helicon. Therefore, those who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publike, have frequently fled to the tranquility of versifying; as to a gentler port: believing it easier to compile a Poem, than an Argument embelish'd with little sparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words, and such language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their distance. Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang out like tassels from the body of the matter, but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment; witness HOMER, and the Lyricks, and Roman VIRGIL, and HORACE his curious felicity. For others either saw not the way of Poetry, or (seeing) feared to tread it. Behold a great Task, THE CIVIL WAR? Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it. For not things done should be comprehended in verse, (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions, and in personatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetick truths, amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies, from a breast inflamed with fury; than a deposition, as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: As for example, this rapture, though it have not received the last hand.

Now conquering Rome did all the world conrole,  
From East to West from one to th'other pole:  
Yet was not satisfied. The plough'd-up Sea  
With brazen keels, was made her commom way.  
If any nook were hid, if any Land  
(Which yellow Gold afforded) lay beyond,  
It was a foe, and covetous anger seiz'd  
Whatever weakh. No vulgar pleasure pleas'd:  
No worn plebeian joy. The Soldiers dist  
Their meat in Silver: and (from Rivers fish)  
The Purple of the Land rivall'd the Sea's.  
Here Lybian stones, there silks (the new disease)  
And their perfum'd fields, ARABIANS fleece.  
Lo other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace!  
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast,  
And AFRICKS farthest Hammon hunted, least

That

## Furor Petroniensis.

Tigris, & auratâ gradiens vectatur in aulâ,  
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruorem.  
Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata!  
Perfarum ritu male pubescentibus annis  
Suri puère viros, exectaue viscera ferro  
In venerem fregère: atque ut fuga mobilis ævi  
Circumscripta morâ properantes differat annos:  
Quærit se natura, nec invenit: omnibus ergo  
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore gressus  
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina vestis,  
Quæque virum quærunt. Ecce Afris eruta terris  
Citrea mensa, greges servorum, ostrumque renidens  
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum:  
Quæ turbant censum, hostile, ac male nobile lignum  
Turba sepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis  
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.  
Ingeniosa gula est: Siculo scarus æquore mersus  
Ad mensam vivus perducitur: inde Lucrinis  
Erura littoribus condunt conchyliæ cænas:  
Ut renovent per damna famem: jam Phasidos unda  
Orbata est avibus, multoque in littore cantum  
Solæ desertis aspirant frondibus auræ.  
Nec minor in campo furor est: emptique Quirites  
Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.  
Venalis populus: venalis curia Patrum:  
Est favor in pretio: senibus quoque liberâ virtus  
Exciderat: sparsisque opibus conversa potestatas:  
Ipsaque majestas auro corrupta jacebat.  
Pellitur à populo victus Cato: tristior ille est  
Qui vicit, fascesque pudet rapuisse Catoni.  
Namque hoc dedecus est populi, morumque ruina.  
Non homo pulsus erat, sed in uno victa potestas,  
Romanumque decus: quare tam perdita Roma  
Ipsa sui merces erat, & sine vindice præda.  
Præterea gemino deprensam gurgite prædam,  
Fænoris ingluvies, ususque exederat æris.  
Nulla est certa domus: nullum sine pignore corpus:  
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,  
Intra membra furens, hiris latrantibus errat.  
Arma placent miseris, detritaue commodo luxu  
Vulneribus reparantur: inops audacia tuta est.  
Hoc mersam cæno Romam, somnoque jacentem  
Quæ poterant artes sanâ ratione movere,  
Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido:  
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes  
Armorum strue diversâ feralis Enyo.  
Crassum Parthus habet: Libyco jacet æquore Magnus:  
Julius ingratham perfudit sanguine Romam.  
Et, quasi non posset tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,  
Divicit cineres: hos gloria reddit honores.



## Petronius his Rapture.

*That Monster should be wanting, which is slain  
Because his tooth sells deare, instead of Graine.  
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,  
To be led stalking in a gilded Court :  
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.  
I blush to speak, and broach Fates violent flood.  
In Persian guise (yeares ripening to their harm)  
They grab man up, and with a knife disarm  
The apt for Venus wars : and, whiles this checks  
Time's horse in his full speed, lost nature seeks  
And cannot find her self : so all approve  
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move  
Broke to a pace : Love-locks and Cloaths which speak  
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break  
Numidian ground : a Citrian board comes out  
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about  
A Troop of waiters stand : and, drown'd in wine,  
Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine.  
A Tree which did a Patrimony cost,  
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boast  
A new Nobility, did counterfeit  
With spots the cheaper gold : On which were set  
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd  
His Arms aside) the Spoils of all the world.  
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive  
In Corfick Seas, rose at his Board alive,  
There Oysters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,  
Onely for Sauce to lure his hunger back.  
Now Phasian waves are of their birds bereft :  
And the dumb banks (save winds) have nothing left  
To sing amongst the widowed leaves : As dire  
Is the field's fury : The base Romans hire  
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold.  
A venal people : venal Senate sold  
Favour : even Age let her free vertue fall,  
And right by bribes was justled to the wall :  
And Majesty lay flat, with gold sought out,  
Cato himself repuls'd was by the rout.  
He that o'recame more sad, who blusht to see  
That Cato should have fewer votes than he.  
For 'twas the people's, and the time's disgrace :  
'Twas not a man, but vertue lost the place,  
And the old Roman honor : here then lyes  
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandise :  
Besides now use on use, mens principals  
So swell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls  
His house his own. None uningag'd : but debt  
Like to a lingering disease, doth fret  
Into their barking bowels, being pain'd  
They cry to Arms : and wealth with ryot drayn'd  
Must heal with wounds : safe W A N T sets on fire.*

## *Furor Petroniensis.*

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu,  
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicharchidos arva,  
Cocytâ perfusus aquâ, nam spiritus extra  
Qui furit effusus funesto spargitur æstu.  
Non hæc Autumnno tellus viret, aut alit herbas  
Cespite lætiss ager : non verno persona cantu  
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur :  
Sed chaos, & nigro squallentia pumice faxa  
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupressu ;  
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,  
Bulstorum flammis & canâ sparsa favillâ :  
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce laceffit.

Rerum humanarum, divinarumque potestas,  
Fors cui nulla placet nimium securo potestas,  
Quæ nova semper amas & mox possessa relinquis :  
Ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam ?  
Nec posse ulterius perituram extollere molem ?  
Ipsa suas vires odit Romana juventus,  
Et quas struxit opes, male sustinet, aspice latè  
Luxuriam spoliatorum & censum in damna furentem.  
Ædificant anro sedesque ad sidera mittunt.  
Expelluntur aquæ faxis : mare nascitur arvis,  
Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.  
En etiam mea regna petunt, professâ dehiscit  
Molibus insanis tellus, jam montibus haustis  
Antra gemunt : & dum varios lapis invenit usus,  
Inferni manes coelum sperare jubentur.  
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vultum  
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis.  
Jam pridem nullo perfundimus ora cruore,  
Nec mea Tisiphone sitientes perluit artus,  
Ex quo sullanus bibit ensis & horrida tellus  
Extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram  
Conatus, rupto tellurem solvit hiatu.  
Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces :  
O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetrantia parent  
Si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,  
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat  
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.  
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi ;  
Muneribusque meis irascor : destruet istas  
Idem, qui posuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi  
Quippe cremare viros, & sanguine pascere luxum.  
Cerno equidem geminâ jam fratros morte Philippos,  
Thessaliæque rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.  
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures.  
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia claustra  
Ætiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.  
Pande age terrarum sitientia regna tuarum ;

## Petronius his Rapture.

Cast in this sleep, and rowling in this mire  
What reasons can make Rome, but war and blood ?  
Which till th' are felt, are never understood.

Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feel  
In several ways Enyo's mortal steel.

In Asia Crassus ; Affrick Pompey slain :  
Ungrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain  
And Earth, to poiſe her load by portions just,  
(Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.

A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-hall,

'Twiſt great Dicarchis fields, and Naples wall,  
Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the heath  
About is blasted with a Sulph'rous breath :

Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,  
Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb shoots,  
No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,  
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues :

But Chaos, and rocks sweating with black dew,  
Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.

Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,  
And with these words light Fortune did provoke ;

Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,  
Fortune, that likeſt no height thar's too secure,  
That lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,  
Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,  
Unable longer to support the Tower

Of Romes recoyling Greatness ? Their own Power

The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles

Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoyles,  
And riches curs'd into a punishment :

They build in Gold, and to the Firmament

Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,

There let them in with Sluces, and rebel

Against inverted Nature. Not I'scape :

The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doth gape ;

The Mountains shovell'd down : the caves now groan

There, whilst for several uses they dig stowe.

Th' Infernal Ghosts are bid to hope for day :

Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful frow :

Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng

Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long

Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrew'd,

Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood

Her thirsty limbs : since Sylla's sword was drunke,

And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunkes

This said, and striving to give her his hand,

With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land :

Then Fortune thus from fickle bosome says,

O Sire, whom all on that side Styx obeys,

If without danger I the truth may tell,

Thy wish is granted thee : nor to rebel

## *Furor Petroniensis.*

Atque animas arcesse novas. Vix navita Porthmeus  
Sufficiet simulacra virum traducere cimba,  
Classe opus est. Tuque ingenti satiare ruina  
Pallida Tisiphone, confisâque vulnera mande.  
Ad Stygios manes laceratus ducitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta corusco  
Intremuit nubes, elisosque abscidit ignes.

Subfedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducto  
Telluris, pavitans fraternos palluit ictus.

Continuo clades hominum venturaque damna  
Auspiciis patuere Deum, namque ora cruento  
Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit.

Civiles acies jam tum spirare putares.

Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,

Et lucem sceleri subduxit. rupta tonabant

Verticibus lassis montis juga, nec vaga passum

Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.

Armorum strepitu coelum furit & tuba Martem

Sideribus transmissa ciet, jamque Ætna voratur

Ignibus insolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.

Ecce inter tumulos atque ossa carentia bustis

Umbrarum facies diro stridore minatur.

Fax stellis comitata novis incendia ducit;

Sanguineoque recens descendit Juppiter imbre.

Hæc ostenta brevi solvit Deus. Exiit omnes

Quippe moras Cæsar, vindictæque actus amore

Gallica projecit, civilia sustulit arma.

Alpibus aeriis, ubi Graio nomine pulsa

Descendunt rupes, & se patiuntur adiri,

Est locus Herculeis aris sacer; hunc nive dura

Claudit hiems, canoque ad sydera vertice tollit:

Coelum illinc cecidisse putes. non solis adulti

Manfuescit radiis, non verni temporis aura:

Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemisque pruinis

Totum ferre potest humeris minitantibus orbem.

Hæc ubi calcavit Cæsar juga milite læto,

Optavitque locum, summo de vertice montis

Hesperia campos late prospexit, & ambas

Intentans cum voce manus ad sidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus

Armis læta meis, olimque onerara triumphis:

Testor ad has acies invitum arceslere Martem,

Invitas me ferre manus, sed vulnere cogor,

Pulsus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum sanguine vinco,

Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia nostra petentes

Alpibus excludo: vincendo, certior exul:

Sanguine Germano, sexagintaque triumphis,

Essè nocens coepi, quanquam quos gloria terret,

Aut qui sunt, qui bella volunt? mercædibus emptæ,

Ac viles operæ; quorum est mea Roma noverca,

## Petronius his Rapture.

Have I less mind then thou: or boyles my womb  
With a less rage. All I bestow'd on Rome  
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:  
The God that rais'd these walls, the same shall slight.  
The sweet of burning Towns, of sucking blood,  
Is by me also fully understood.  
I see Philippi with two Chiefs there slain:  
Theffalian tombs: and funerals of Spain.  
The clash of Arms now strikes my trembling eare:  
The groans of Libya: and her Nile I heare:  
And Actian waves: and Sor cry, on. Expand  
The thirsty Kingdoms of thy silent Land:  
And get more Furies help. A boat's too small  
For Charon to waft o're his souls withal:  
It asks a FLEET: and pale Tisiphone  
With the great ruine do thou gorged be:  
With ragged tusshes chaw the tender wounds:  
The mangled world descends to Stygian sounds.  
Scarce had she spoke, when (cleft with lightning shreen)  
Trembles a cloud, and darts squeez'd, fire between.  
The King of Shades into earth's bosome sunk:  
And from his Brother's thunder frighted, shrunk,  
Forthwith the fates of men, and ills to come  
Heaven shows by signes: for the deformed Sun  
Veils with a mist his blushing face, as far  
From giving count'nance to a civil war.  
The Moon at full (to leave them groaping) pops  
Her light out too. The palsy'd Mountain-tops  
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.  
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,  
To dye a natural death. Armies appeare  
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own speare)  
Alarum Mars. Now hotter Ætna burns,  
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.  
Lo! 'Mongst the Tombs and disinterred bones,  
The Gasty shadows send up baleful groans!  
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train:  
And a new Jove descends in bloody rain:  
Heav'n soon these signes expounds: for Cæsar drove  
With his own speed, and sweet revenges love,  
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.  
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,  
The rocks made passable by Græcian hands,  
A Temple sacred to Alcides stands.  
'Tis thatch'd with crusted Snow, and blends its gray  
Head to the Stars: how like the milky way!  
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rays,  
Nor with the Spring's warm breath: but pav'd with lays  
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it beares:  
For it both threatens and supports the spheares.  
When He (the Soldier glad) these cliffs did tread,

And

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc sine vindice dextram  
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,  
Ite mei comites, & causam dicite ferro.  
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una  
Impendet clades. reddenda est gratia vobis :  
Non solus vici. quare, quia poena trophæis  
Imminet, & sordes meruit victoria nostra,  
Judice fortuna cadat alea sumite bellum,  
Et tentate manus, certe mea caussa peracta est.  
Inter tot fortes armatus nescio vinci.

Hæc ubi personuit, de cœlo Delphicus ales  
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.  
Nec non horrendi nemotis de parte sinistra  
Insolita voces flamma sonuere sequenti.  
Ipse nitor Phœbi vulgato lætior orbe  
Crevit & aurato præcinxit fulgure vultus.  
Fortior ominibus movit Mavortia signa  
Cæsar; & insolito gressu, prior occupat haustus.  
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina  
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit :  
Sed postquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,  
Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,  
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis  
Vndabant modo nata : sed hæc quoque jussa putares.  
Stabant & vincta fluctus stupuere pruina :  
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.  
Tum vero malefida prius vestigia lusit,  
Decepitque pedes. passim turmæque virique,  
Armaque congesta strue deplorata jacebant.  
Ecce etiam rigido concussæ flamine nubes  
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti  
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine cœlum :  
Ipsæ jam nubes ruptæ super arma cadebant,  
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.  
Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque cœli  
Sidera, victa suis hærentia flumina ripis :  
Nondum Cæsar erat : sed magnam nixus in hastam  
Horrida securis frangebatur gressibus arva :  
Qualis Caucaæa decurrens arduus arce  
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,  
Quum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi,  
Et periturorum disjecit tela Gigantum.  
Dum Cæsar tumidas iratus deprimit arces :  
Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis  
Fama volat, summique petit juga celsa Palati :  
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia signa :  
Jam classes fluitare mari, totasque per Alpes  
Fervere Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.  
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella  
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulsata tumultu

## Petronius his Rapture.

And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head  
stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)  
And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Cæsar said.

All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land  
Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,  
Witness I come unwilling to this warre,  
Unwilling Clash : but such my proud wrongs are,  
Expuls'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood  
The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,  
Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exil'd  
Farther by conquering more : the Germanes foyl'd,  
And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who  
Denounce this war ? Blind with our beams a crew  
Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,  
But they (I think) shall know too upon whom  
Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.  
Go mine : Go victors : plead the Cause with Swords.  
We all are in one fault : one shame threatens all :  
You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall  
On them that beat, if this our triumph be,  
Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.  
Take up the war they throw you : try your force :  
If overcome, my case can be no worse.

But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap.

This said, the Delphick bird her wings did clap,

(An Omen good) and in a wood beside  
A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was spy'd.

APOLLO's self shone brighter then he us'd,  
And had a golden glory circumfus'd.

Stronger then Omens, Cæsar did advance,

And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.

First bound with ice, and candyed with the drisse

The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe :

But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,

And trembling horses the waves fetters brake,

The heat snows melted; streight new rivers burst

Out of the hills : these also streight were forc't

To make a stand : whilst (lo) new ice appeares,

And liquid late make work for Pioneers.

Then first deceiv'd the feet the slipp'ry ground,

And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,)

In heaps deplor'd : big clouds with tempest's stroke,

Their burthens threw. Nor blasts with whirle-winds broke,

Were wanting there, or vollyes of gross haile.

The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mayle,

Like showres of Arrows from a Pärthian bow :

The Earth was overcome with a deep snow :

The Lamps of heaven o'recome ; with Christal bit

The Rivers overcome ; Cæsar not yet :

But leaning on his speare, that would not yield,

With secure steps he brake the horrid field :

## Furor Petroniensis.

Pectora per dubias scinduntur territa causas.  
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.  
Et patria est Pontus; jam tutior est imago arma  
Qui tentata velit: fatisque jubentibus actus.  
Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipse  
Hos inter motus populus, miserabile visu,  
Quo mens icta jubet, desertâ ducitur urbe.  
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatque Quirites  
Rumoris sonitu mærentia tecta relinquunt  
Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates  
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.  
Limen, & absentem votis interficit hostem.  
Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,  
Grande vosque patres: onerisque ignara juvenus  
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia secum  
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia ducit.

Ac velut ex alto quum magnus Inhorruit Auster,  
Et pulsas evertit aquas non arma ministris,  
Non regimen prodest: ligat alter pondera pinûs,  
Alter tuta sinu tranquillaque littora quærit:  
Hic dat vela fugæ Fortunæque omnia credit.  
Quid tam parva queror? Gemino cum consule Magnus  
Ille tremor Ponti, sævi quoque terror Hydaspis  
Et piratarum scopulus: modo quem ter ovantem  
Juppiter horruerat; quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,  
Et veneratus erat submissâ Bosphorus undâ  
Proh pudor! Imperii deserto nomine fugit,  
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videret.

Tergo tanta lues Divûm quoque numina vidit;  
Consensitque fugæ cæli timor. Ecce per orbem  
Mitis turba Deûm, terras exosa furentes  
Deserit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen  
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos  
Abscondit galeâ victum caput, atque relicto  
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.  
Huic comes it sincera Fides, & crine soluto  
Justitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.  
At contra, sedes Erebi quâ rupta dehiscit,  
Emergit latè Ditis chorus horrida Erynnyes,  
Et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megæra:  
Læthumque Infidiæque, & lurida mortis imago.  
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis  
Sanguineum latè tollit caput, oraque mille  
Vulneribus confossa cruentâ casside velat.  
Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,  
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagranti  
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.  
Sentit terra Deos, mirataque sydera pondus  
Quæsvivere suum, namque omnis regia cæli  
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dione



## Petronius his Rapture.

As when Alcmena's son marched apace,  
Down Caucasus: or with an angry face  
When Jove descended the Olympian hill,  
With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill:  
' Mean while swift Fame is born with frighted wings,  
And perching on the Capitol, sad things  
Tells the affrighted Romans: that the Maine  
Is swarm'd with ships: The Alps of a light flame  
With Troops; yet reeking with Sicambrian gore,  
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before  
Their eyes from head to foot: which makes them erre,  
And see their danger double through their feare.  
This flies by land, this by, and that to Sea,  
So for no land his native changes he.  
He's safest now, the Chance of war that tryes,  
And follows fates instinct: He farthest flies  
Whose feare is longest winged: (A grief to say!)  
The people led by wild amazement, stray  
They know not whither: Rome delights in flight;  
And scar'd Quirites their sad mansions quite;  
At the bare rumour of approaching Arms;  
Those clasp with trembling hand their tender barnes:  
These in their bosomes hold their Houshold-Gods:  
And hurry from their desolate aboads:  
And in their prayers kill the absent Foe:  
There are that to their wives sad bosomes grow,  
And bedrid parents: youths impatient heat  
Takes onely her, on whom his soul is set.  
Some all, and to the war unwisely sweep  
The prey, for which 'tis made. —

— As when the deep  
Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her roul'd hills  
Are knock'd together: And the Seamen's skills  
Avail not now, one binds the splitting mast,  
Another to the quiet shore doth hast,  
A third to Sea and Fortune trusts with all.  
What talk I of small things: the Generall  
With both the Consuls The great Pompey, He  
Terror of dire Hydaspes, and the Sea,  
The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)  
Jove trembled at, lest he should shake his state:  
Whom Pontus (having crush'd it's watry braves)  
And Bosphorus ador'd with crouching waves:  
(Oh shame) deserting the State's rudder, fled:  
That fickle Fortune might t'have seen be sed  
Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight authoriz'd so,  
Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did show:  
See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage  
That regins in mortals) take a pilgrimage,  
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings: And first Peace  
(Beating her snowy Arms) her vanquish'd face



## Petronius his Rapture.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,  
seeks the hush'd mansions of eternal Night:  
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)  
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.  
On th'other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,  
Grim Pluto's train springs rife: Erinny's dire,  
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girl Megeare,  
And Death and Fraud, and multiplying Feare.  
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reins broke)  
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloak  
A thousand ugly faces digg'd with wounds  
With heavy shafts: a Martial Target sounds  
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd  
A blazing fire-brand terrifies the world.  
The stars are pos'd: light-headed Atlas reels,  
Wond'ring to miss the weight that poys'd heaven's wheels,  
The fastious Gods come down on earth to side.  
And Venus first her Cæsar justify'de,  
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a whole  
Oak for a speare; and with his Sister, SOL:  
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found  
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,  
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head  
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes shed  
Instead of tears a blotted show'r of blood:  
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood:  
Her tongue o'reflows with gore: her snaky locks  
Hang down over her face: and through her Frocks  
Wide-gaping Rent, thrusting a bloody hand  
About her head she tost a flaming brand.  
She leaving Hell, and where sad rivers joyne,  
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine:  
From whence each realm and sea she might command,  
And view the Troops that roule on every Land:  
Then burst into these words, with fury warm,  
Arm all the world with fell intentions: arm:  
Shoot flames in midst of Towns (who e're he be  
That stands a Newter, is the Victor's fee.)  
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men neer your end.  
Quake Earth, and shattered stones rebel. — Defend  
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach  
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach  
Thy Martial spirits working. — What mak'st thou  
Julius the while freezing in Armour? now  
Enter the gates, or scale the walls, and break  
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak  
To keep Rome's Towers? to EPIDAMNUM pass  
The Ominous Scene, and dye Theffalian grass  
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD said,  
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done: and her command obey'd.

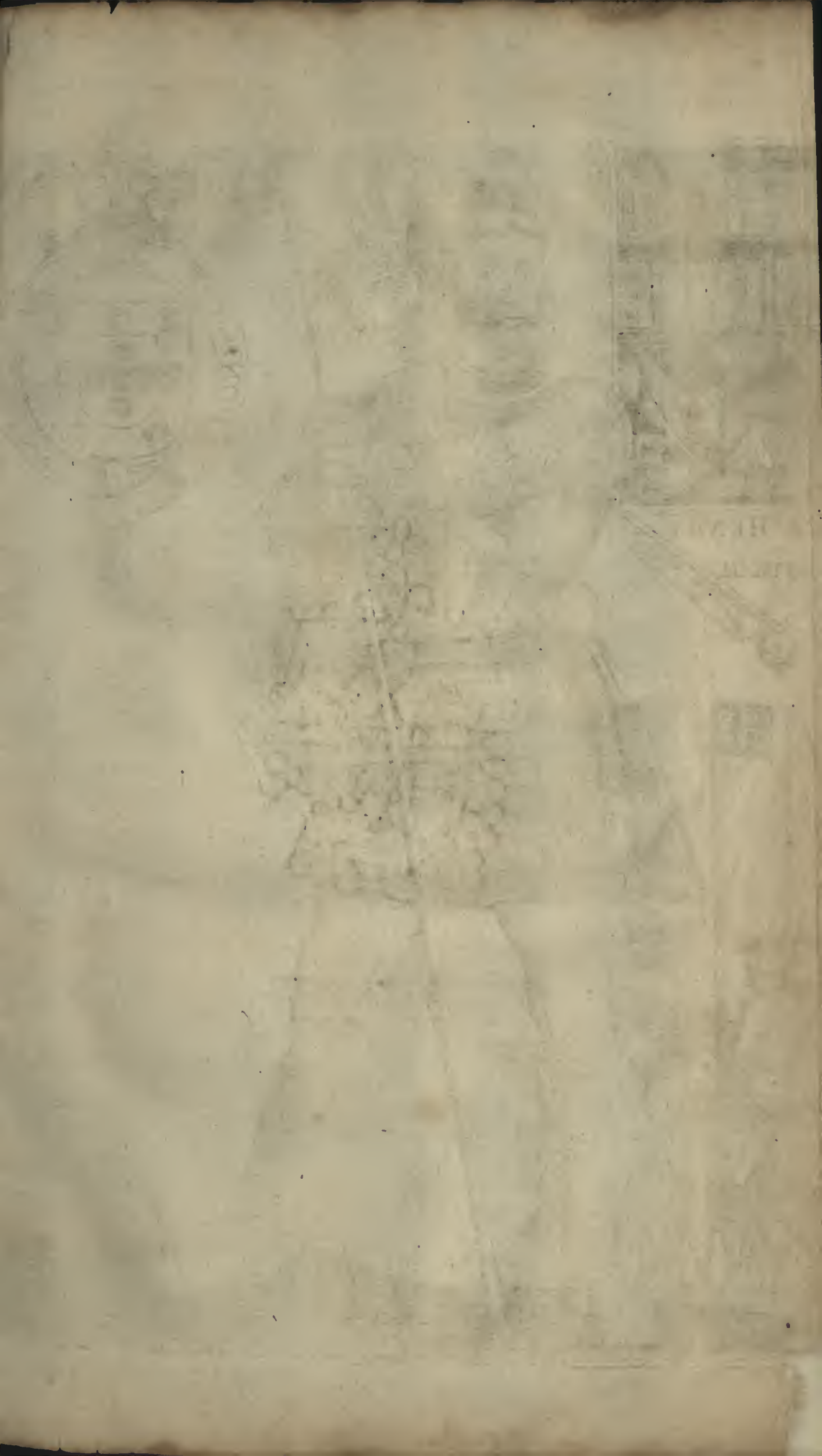


The Translator's *POSTSCRIPT.*

**H**ERE *PETRONIUS* breaks off abruptly, *thereby* as well as in many *imperfect* places of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had *not added thereto the last hand.* In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added *mine* to the *English*: onely making so much use thereof, as to shew the *Rule and Model*, which (*indubitably*) guided our *CAMOENS* in the raising his *GREAT BUILDING*, and which (except *himself*) that I know of, no *POET* ever followed that wrought in great, whether *ancient*, or *modern*. For (to name no more) the *Greek HOMER*, the *Latin VIROIL*, our *SPENCER*, and even the *Italian TASSO* (who had a *true*, a *great*, and *no obsolese story*, to work upon) are in effect wholly *fabulous*: and *LUCAN* (though *worthily* admired) is as much censured by *some* on the other side, for sticking too close to *truth*. As *FABIUS* for one; — *LUCAN* full of *flame and vigour*, and most *perspicuous* in his *Sentences*: yet (*that I may speak what I think*) rather to be reckoned amongst the *ORATORS* than the *POETS*. And *SERVIUS* for another, with less manners in his expression; *That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story, is certain*: for *LUCAN* deserved not to be in the number of *POETS*, because he seems to have compiled a *HISTORY*, rather than a *POEM*. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the *Introduction* to this *Essay* (which glanceth particularly at *LUCAN*) and mended (as the *Author* thereof conceived) by the *Essay* it self, which is of a *mixt nature* between *Fable* and *History*.

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PRINCE HENRY  
OF  
PORTUGALL

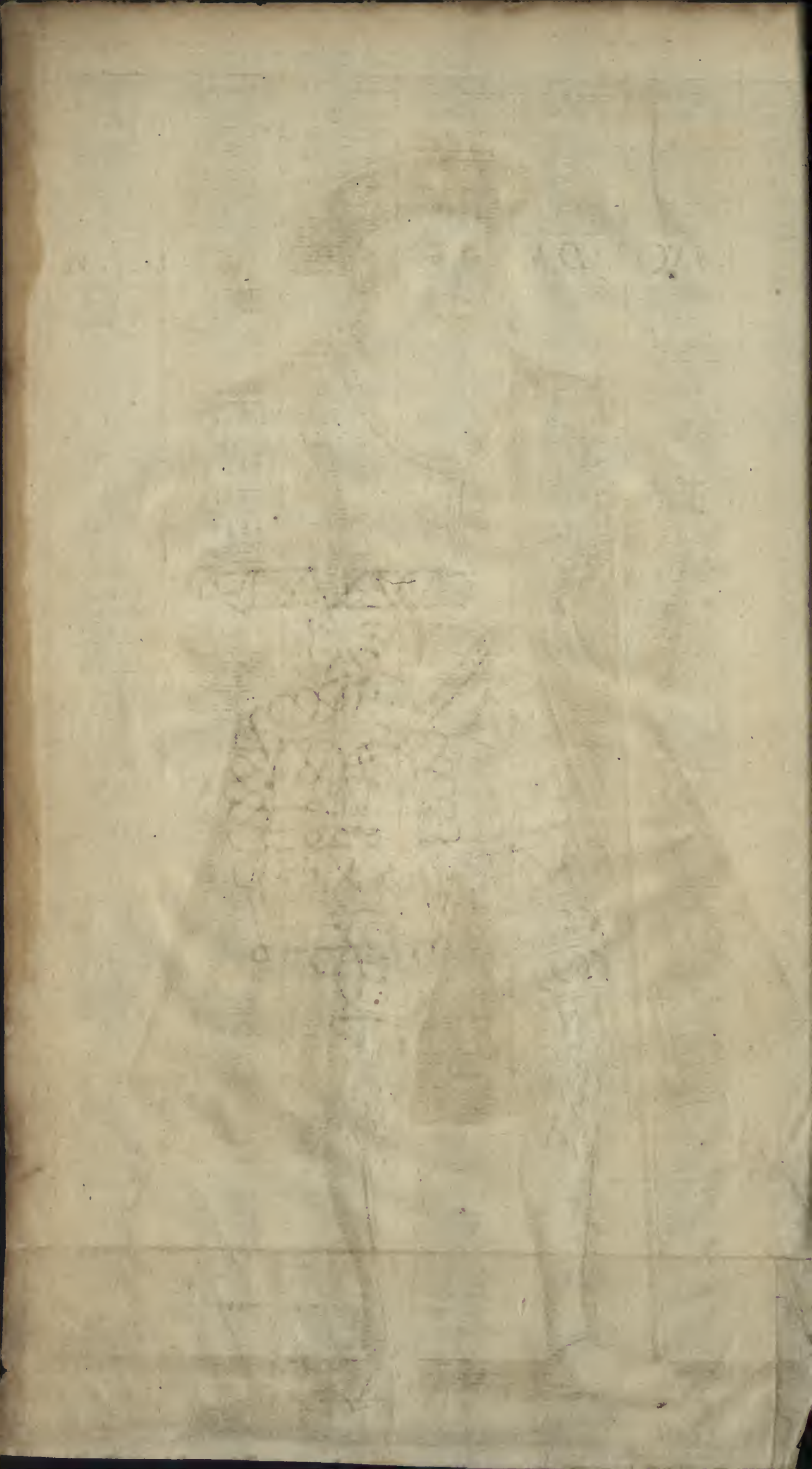


CEUTA

VASCO DE

GAMA









TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part.  
fol. 47.

VASCO, te cui felici ardite Antenne  
Incontro al Sol, che ne riporta il giorno,  
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,  
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne :  
Non piu di Te per aspro mar sostenne  
*Quel*, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & scorno:  
Ne chi turbo l' Arpie nel suo soggiorno,  
Ne diè piu bel Subgetto. a Colte penne.  
Et hor quella del colto, e buon LUIGI  
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo  
Che j tuoi spalmati Legni andar men lunge.  
Ond' a quelli, a cui S'alza il nostro polo,  
Et a chi ferina incontra j suoi vestigi,  
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

VASCO, whose bold and happy ships against  
The Rising Sun (who fraights them home with day)  
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc'd  
To where in Seas all Night he steeps his Ray:  
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,  
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;  
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPYES where they dwelt,  
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.  
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS  
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,  
That thy breath'd Sables went a less Journey, Whence  
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,  
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast  
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.

11/10/11  
K. S. Co.

THE  
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V  
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THE  
L V S I A D  
OF  
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. I.



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

2.

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

B

Cease

3.

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

4.

And you (*my TAGUS'S Nymphs*) since ye did raise  
 My *Wit* t'a more then ordinary flame;  
 If I in *low*, yet *taneful 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 *CESAREAN*.  
 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 yoaik upon  
 The brutish I S H M A E L I T E, become your scorn;  
 On th' *Eastern* T U R K, and G E N T I L who still lies  
 Sucking the *stream* which water'd P A R A D I S E.

## 9.

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

## 10.

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

## 11.

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

## 12.

For *These*, I give you a fierce N U N N I O  
 Who *King* and *Country* propt, almost alone.  
 An E G A S, a *Don* F U A S, whose worths to show  
 I wish my *Voice* could reach great H O M E R's tone.  
 For the *twelve Peers*, I other *twelve* bestow  
 That past to E N G L A N D, and M A G R I Z Z O one.  
 Th' *illustrious* G A N I A in the Reare I name,  
 Who rob'd the *wandering Trojan* of his Fame.

13.

Then (if to Match with CHARLS THE GREAT of FRANCE,  
 Or one you seek to rival CESAR'S name)  
 The first ALPHONSO see, who with his Lance  
 Eclipses whatso'e'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 ALBURQUERQUE: CASTRO bold:  
 And more, whom *death* had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I *These* do sing, and dare not *you*,  
 Great *King* (for I aspire not to that height)  
 Take *you* your *Kingdoms* 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 *terror* seize  
 The *AFRICK-Land's*, 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 *Grandfires* souls (both famous in their way,  
 The *one* in golden *peace*, which *Angels* love,  
 T'other in bloody *War*) themselves survey.  
 In *you* they hope their *glories* shall improve,  
 Their *Vertues* be recoynd with less *Allay*:  
 And wide they sit, to keep for *you* a roome  
 In *Heav'n's* eternal *Temple* gainst you come.

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly 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 invoc'd betime.

19.

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

20.

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

21.

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

22.

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

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.

24

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

25.

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

26.

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

27:

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



28.

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

29.

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

30.

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

31.

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

32.

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

Faite

33.

Fair VENUS holds up the contrary Theam  
 Affected to the *Lusitanian-Nation*,  
 For the much likeness she observ'd in Them  
 To her old ROME, for which she had such passion,  
 In their great hearts, in the propitious beam  
 Of their to-AFFRICK-fatal constellation,  
 And in the charming musick of their *Tongue*,  
 Which she thinks *Latine* with small *drofs* among.

34

These things did CYTHEREA move: But more  
 Because from FATE of truth she heard it fed  
 That at those LANDS her *Altars* should adore  
 Where this Victorious *People* should be spread.  
 So *one*, to keep what was *his own before*,  
 T'other, to gain *new honors* to her head,  
 Contest and stickle for their *several ends*,  
 And *Both* are backt and favour'd by their *Friends*.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,  
 Have got into the thickest of a WOOD,  
 Breaking the Boughs to force a passage forth  
 Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;  
 The Air that yells, and all the *mountain* roar'th,  
 The *Leaves* are scattred, and the strong *Rocks* mov'd:  
 Such was the tumult which amongst the GODS  
 Was raised then in the *Supream Aboads*.

36.

But MARS, who, with more cordialness did take  
 Then any of the rest, the GODDES's part;  
 Whether it were for old *Affection-sake*,  
 Or for this valiant *People's own* desert  
 (His look contest him vext before he spake)  
 Amongst the GODS upon his feet did start.  
 His heavy *Target*, at his shoulder hung,  
 (Displeas'd, and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37:

Lifting a little up his *Helmet-sight*  
 (Twas *Adamant*) with confidence enough  
 To give his *Vote* himself he placed right  
 Before the Throne of JOVE, arm'd, valiant, tough:  
 And (giving with the butt end of his *Pyke*  
 A great thump on the floor of purest stuffe)  
 The *Heav'ns* did tremble, and APOLLO's light  
 It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said; O *Sire*, whose will (whate're)  
 All which thou hast created must obey:  
 If *These*, who seek another *Hemisphere*,  
 Thou wouldst not have to perish in the way,  
 Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,  
 And did'st of old ordain what they assay:  
 Then hear no more (since thou'rt a *Judge* upright)  
 Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if found *Reason* did not plainly show  
 It self here vanquish't by excess of *Feare*,  
 'Twere proper *BACCHUS* should his pains bestow  
 For *Lusus's* Race, who was his *Minion* deare.  
 But let this spleen of his at present goe;  
 "Tis an *ill stomach* rising at *good cheare*:  
 "And *envy* never found the way in fine  
 "To do *Man* right, or what the *God's* designe.

40.

And *Thou* (the Father of great *Constancy*)  
 From the determination thou hast tooke  
 Recoyle not. "It is imbecility  
 "When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.  
 But since in speed the winged *MERCURY*  
 Outstrips the *Winds*, a *Shaft*, the swiftest *Brooke*.  
 Let *Him* now shew them to some *Countrey*, where  
 They may refresh, and news of *INDIA* heare.

41.

The pow'rful *Father* having said the same,  
 Gave with a nod the *SOVERAIGN Assent*  
 To that which *MARS* said here with greater flame,  
 And over *All* his holy *Nectar* spent.  
 Streight through *the milky way*, by which they came,  
 The *GODS* to their respective *Stations* went,  
 Making a low obeysance to the *Throne*  
 As they past by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the *HIGH-COURT* is passing now  
 And beautiful *OF HEAV'N* Omnipotent;  
 The *warlike People* the salt *Ocean* plough  
 Leaving the *South*, and face the *Orient*,  
 'Twixt *MADAGASCAR'S* Isle, where all things flow,  
 And *ETHIOPIA'S* barren Continent.  
 'Twas in that month, when *SOL* the *Fishes* fries  
 To which fear'd *BRONTES* turn'd two *DEITIES*.

43

So pleasantly they went before a Wind  
 As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.  
 Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind :  
 No Clowd, nor ought that danger might portend.  
 The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,  
 Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,  
 NEPTUNE disclos'd *new Isles* which he did play  
 About, and with his billows danc't the *Hay*.

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant *Guide*,  
 Born and pick't out for that great *Enterprise*,  
 Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'de,  
 Who FORTUNE to him by his *Boldness* tyes)  
 Stands off, to leave this *Land* upon one side,  
 Thinking, that uninhabited it lies;  
 And on his course determines to proceed :  
 But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that *Isle* which seem'd most neer  
 Unto the *Continent*, Behold a number  
 Of little *Boats* in companie appeer,  
 Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea funder !  
 The *men* are rapt with joy, and, with the meer  
 Excess of it, can onely look, and wonder.  
 What *Nation's* this (within themselves, they say) ?  
 What *Rites* ? what *Laws* ? what *King* do they obay ?

46.

Their coming, thus : in *Boats*, with finns ; nor flat,  
 But apt to're-set (as being pincht and long)  
 And then they'd swim like Rats. The *Sayles*, of Mat  
 Made of *Palm-leaves*, wove curiously and strong.  
 The Mens *Complexion*, the self-same with that  
 HE gave the *Earth's* burnt parts (from *Heaven* slung.)  
 Who was more *brave*, then wise ; That this is True  
 The Po doth know, and LAMPETUSA rue.

47

The *Cloaths*, they came in, were a Cotton-Plad  
 With divers *Colours* strip'd, and white the ground ;  
 Which some cast queintly under one arm, had ;  
 Others, about their *Middles* streightly bound ;  
 All else from the wasse up remain'd unclad :  
 Their *weapons*, *Skeyns*, and crooked *Faulchions* : Round  
 Terbants upon their heads ; and, as they row'd,  
 Resounded *Timbrels* in an antick *Mode*.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, *These* made signe  
 To those of LUSITANIA to stay:  
 But the swift *Prows* already did incline  
 To come to Anchor in the *Island's* Bay.  
*Land-men*, and *Sea-men* in this work *All* joyne,  
 As all their labours should have end that day.

They haule the Roapes; *strike, strike*, the crew resounds:  
 The salt Sea (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke  
 Already by the Cordage did ascend.  
 Their jovial countenances *wellcome* spoke,  
 To whom the Lordly *Chiefe* did (courteous) bend,  
 Bids streight the Boards be spread, the Bottles smoke,  
 With that rich juice which is the *Poet's* frend.

*ours* pow'r it into Bowles, and All *They* fill  
 The burnt by PHAETHON spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)  
 In the *Arabick-language*, WHENCE THE FLEET?  
*Who*, and of *whence*, the *men*; and WHITHER BOUND,  
 And through what Seas *It* came where now they see't:  
 Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found  
 Such answers as were proper, and discreet:

We are the PORTUGHESES of the WEST,  
 We go to seek the Countreys of the EAST.

51.

All the great OCEAN have we sail'd, and crost,  
 To the *Antartick* from the *Artick* Strand  
 Gone all the Round of AFRICK'S spacious Coast;  
 We have felt many a *Clyme*, seen many a *Land*.  
 We serve a potent *King*, who hath ingroft  
 His *Peoples* loves so, that, at his command,  
 With cheerful faces, not vast *Seas* alone,  
 But we would pass the Lake of ACHERON.

52.

And 'tis by *that* comand we travel now  
 To seek the *Eastern Land* which INDIES laves:  
 By *that* this distant *Ocean-Sea* we plough,  
 Where none but *Monsters* say'd the horrid Waves.

But now 'tis reason, *We* should likewise know

(If *Truth* have found a Harbour in your Caves)

Who *you* are: what this *Land* in which you dwell?

Or, if of INDIA you can Tydings tell?

## 53

*We are* (one of the *Isle* replying said)  
 Strangers unto this *People, Law, and Place*;  
 The *Natives* being such, as *Heav'n* hath made  
 Without the light of *Reason, or of Grace*.  
 We have a *Law* of *TRUTH*, which was convey'd  
 To *Us* from that *New-light* of *ABRAM'S* Race,  
 Who holds the *World* now in subjection due,  
 By *Father, GENTILE*; and, by *Mother, JEW*.

## 54.

*This little Isle* (a barren healthless Nook)  
 Of all these *Parts* is the most noted *Scale*  
 For such as at *QUILOA'S* Traffick look,  
 Or to *MOMBASSA, and SOPALA, sayle*.  
 Which makes *Us* here some inconvenience brook,  
 To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:  
 And (to inform you in one word of All)  
*This little Isle* Men *MOZAMBIQUE* call.

## 55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle  
*INDIAN-HYDASPES, and the Spicy Strand*)  
 You shall have such a *Pilot* from this *Isle*,  
 As through the waves the way doth understand.  
 'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,  
 And took in *fresh provisions* from the Land;  
 And that *our Governour* did come Aboard,  
 To see what else may need for Him t' afford.

## 56.

This the *Barbarian*, and retreated then  
 Into his Boates with all his companie,  
 Departing from the *Captaine*, and his Men,  
 With demonstrations of due Courtesie.  
 Mean time *A POLLO* in the Sea did pen  
 The golden day, and down to sleep doth lye  
 Leaving his *Sister* so much Torch to burn  
 As may suffice the *World* till he return.

## 57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,  
 Bliethly they pass the Night in the tyr'd *Fleet*;  
 To think that in a Country so remote  
 The news so long desired they should meet.  
 Within themselves they ruminat, and noate  
 The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,  
 Or how a People of their damned way  
 Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

58.

The silver *Moon's* reverberated Ray  
 Trembled upon the *Chrystal Element*;  
 Like *Flow'rs* in a great *Meade*, at middle *May*,  
 The *stars* were in the azure *Firmament*.  
 The furious *Winds* all hush'd and sleeping lay  
 In drowzy *Hyperborean* Caves dark-pent  
 Yet those of the *Armada* do not sleep,  
 But in their turns accustom'd watches keep.

59.

And when *AURORA* left her Spicy Bed,  
 Shaking her dewy locks the Earth upon;  
 And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red  
 Transparent Curtains of the waking *Sun*,  
 To work go *All*; over the Decks to spread  
 The shadowing *Sailes*, and all their Streamers down,  
 To entertain with feasting and with joy  
 (Advancing in his Barge) the *Isle's* VICE-ROY.

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see  
 The *Lusitanian-Frigates* in the Road,  
 With fresh provisions from the Land: For *Hee*  
 Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,  
 Which, from their *mountains* near the *CASPIAN SEA*,  
 The fruitful *Lands* of *ASIA* overflow'd;  
 And, by permission of the *POWR DIVINE*,  
 Usurpt the *Empire* of *GREAT CONSTANTINE*.

61:

The *Captaine*, with a meen benevolent,  
 Receives the *MOORE*, and all his company.  
 Things of great price he doth to *Him* present,  
 For such Occasions carryed purposely:  
 Gives him *Preserves*, and gives him of that queint  
 Unusual liquor which gives jollity.  
 The *MOORE* receives it *all* in courteous part,  
 But what he *Eats* and *Drinks* most glads his heart.

62.

The nimble *Lusitanian* Mariners  
 Upon the shrowds in admiration hung,  
 To see a *mode* so different from theirs,  
 And barb'rous gibbrish of that *broken Tongue*.  
 No less confus'd the subtle *MOORE* appears,  
 Eying their *colour*, *habit*, and *ships* strong.  
 Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,  
 If happily they came from *TURKIE*, prest.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee  
 The *Books* of their *Religion*, *Law*, and *Faith* :  
 To see, if with his *own* the same agree  
 Or *that* of *CHRIST* (as he suspects) he faith.  
 And (that he *All* may note, and *All* may see)  
 He prays the *Captain*, shew him what he hath  
 Of *Armes*, which by his *Nation* used are  
 When with their *Enemies* they go to War.

64.

To *whom* the valiant *Captaine* made reply  
 By one well versed in that *Bastard-Tongue* :  
*Illustrious Lord*, I shall to thee descry  
 My *Self*, my *Faith*, and th' *Armes* I bring along.  
 Neither of *Turkish-blood* nor *breed*, am I ;  
 Nor of a *Country* that delights in wrong.  
 In fair and warlike *EUROPE* was I born,  
 I seek the famous *Kingdoms* of the *MORN*.

65.

We worship *HIM*, who is by *every* Nature,  
 (*Invisible*, and *visible*) obay'd,  
*HIM*, who the *Hemispheres*, and *every* Creature,  
 (*Insensible*, and *sensible*) hath made :  
 Who gave Us *his*, and took on Him *our* feature :  
 Whom to a shameful death *his own* betray'd :  
 And *who* from *HEAV'N* to *Earth* came down in fine,  
 That *Man*, by *HIM* from *Earth* to *HEAV'N* might climb.

66.

Of this *GOD-MAN* sublime, and infinit,  
 The *Books* which thou desirest I have not brought,  
 For that in *Books* we need not bring that Writ,  
 Which (written in our *Hearts*) we have by rote.  
 For th' *Arms*, whereof thou hast desired to git  
 A fight, with all *my* heart I do allow't,  
 To see them as a *Friend*; For well I know,  
 Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a *Foe*.

67.

This having said, the ready-*Officers*  
 He doth command to shew the *MagaZeen*.  
 Out come the *Backs*, and *Breasts*, glittering and terse ;  
 Fine *Mayles*, safe *Coats*, with quilted plates between ;  
*Bucklers*, where various *Imagerie* appears ;  
*Ball*, *Lead*, and *Iron* ; *Muskets* of *Steel* sheen ;  
 Strong *Bows*, and *Quivers* with barbd *Arrows* wedg'd ;  
 Sharp *Partesans* ; and *Halberts* double edg'd.



68.

The *morter-pieces* come; and with *them* came  
 (Confounding where they light) *Granadoes* dire;  
 Yet would he not permit the sons of Flame  
 Unto the dreadful *Cannon* to give fire.  
 For *valiant spirits* (which are still the same  
 With *generous*) to boast their utmost Ire,  
 To few, and timid *soules*, cannot indure  
 "To be a L Y O N among *Sheep*, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the M O O R E from what he heard and view'd,  
 (All which he did observe attentively)  
 Conceiv'd within his Breast a certain *feud*,  
 A root of *Envy*, and *Malignity*;  
 Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd:  
 But, with a smiling hollow *Courtesie*,  
 He with himself resolves to treat them faire,  
 Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

*Pilots* the *Captain* at his hands doth pray;  
 His *Ships* as far as I N D I A to guide:  
 Assuring him they shall with ample pay  
 For all their pains therein be satisfy'de.  
 The M O O R E consents; but still the *poyson* lay  
 Close, where it was, *invenoming* his side:  
 For, had he pow'r of *blasting* with his breath,  
 Instead of *Pilots*, he would give him death.

71.

So great the *hate* was, and so great the *spight*,  
 Which to the *strangers* suddainly he took;  
 Knowing they follow that *unerring light*,  
 The S O N O F D A V I D holds out in his B O O K.  
 "O the deep secrets of that I N F I N I T E  
 "Into the which no mortal eye can look!  
 "That *They*, whom T H O U to be thy *friends* hast chose  
 "Should never be without *perfidious Foers*.

72.

The trech'rous M O O R E, when he his fill had seen,  
 Departeth from the *Frigates* with his *Crew*  
 (As false in heart, as flatt'ring in his meen)  
 And feign'd Regards on all the *Sea-men* threw.  
 Through the short *Traverse* of the *humid Green*  
 The *Boats* had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to  
 The shore, and met by an *obsequious Train*,  
 To his known *House* they wait him back again.

73.

The famous THEBAN from th' *athercal Hall*  
 (He, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)  
 Seeing this meeting with the PORTINGALL  
 Is an abomination to the MORE;  
 Hath in his Brain a *Stratagem*, which shall  
 (He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.  
 Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,  
 Unto himself these angry words he sed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,  
 That so great *Victories*, and so renown'd,  
 Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd  
 On *warlike* People, and on *Indian* Ground?  
 And I (son of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd  
 With *carnal* mixture, and in whom are found  
 Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer FATE  
 To a meer man *my* honors to translate?

75.

Unto the son of PHILIP it is true  
 Such pow're the GODS did in those parts afford,  
 'Twas one with *Him*, to *See*, and to *subdue*,  
 And MARS himself did homage to his *Sword*.  
 But can it be indur'd, that to so *Few*  
 FATE such stupendious puissance should accord,  
 That *that* of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,  
 The LUSITANIAN GLORY should *out-shine*?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before  
 This *Swabber* shall arrive the wished Land,  
 I'll spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,  
 That he shall never see the *Eastern*-strand.  
 I'll down to *Earth*, and spur th'inraged MORE:  
 "The Iron cooles that suffer'd is to stand.  
 "And who so means a business sure to make,  
 "He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (vext, and little less then mad)  
 Upon the *Affrick*-shore he did descend,  
 Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,  
 To neighb'ring PRASSUS he his course doth bend.  
 The shape he took on him (thereby his bad  
 And false *designe* the better to commend)  
 Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,  
 Old, wise, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78.

And (entring to his *Patron* when he spy'de  
 The fittest season to infuse his guile)  
 He tells him, *These*, who in the Harbour ride,  
 Are men That live by robberie and spoyle:  
 That *Fame*, from *Nations* rang'd on the Sea side,  
 With *hue and crye* pursu'd them to their *Isle*,  
 Of whom these *Vagabonds* a *Boatie* made  
 When they had anchor'd with pretence of *Trade*.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)  
 These bloody *CHRISTIANS* (as I understand)  
 With *Flames* and *Pyracies* have fill'd the *Sea*,  
 As well as with their *Robberies* the *Land*;  
 And that they have it in designe, how *Wee*  
 May be reduc't too to their proud command:  
 How they may rob *us* of our *goods*, and *lives*,  
 And take for *Slaves* our *children*, and our *Wives*.

80.

And *this* I know, to morrow by day-breake  
 To come on shore for water they intend,  
*Arm'd*, with their *Captaine*: Can Men plainer speake?  
 "They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend.  
*Thou*, arm'd with *thine*, the same advantage take;  
 Them in close *ambush* quietly attend:  
 Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,  
 Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, should it so fall out, that by this feat  
 They should not wholly be destroy'd, and slain;  
 Another *Plot* (the which will give thee great  
 Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.  
 Send them a *Pilot*, skill'd so in deceit,  
 And how to lay an undiscern'd Train,  
 That he may lead them blinded, where they may  
 Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by *Him*, who plaid so well the *M O O R E*  
 Whom *years* and *Fraud* made wise to obviate *Harmes*;  
 Thanking him much for his advice mature,  
 About his Neck the *Z E Q U E* throws his armes.  
 And from that instant bids his *Bands* be sure  
 To be all ready for the *Morn's* Allarmes.  
 That so, when land the *LUSITANIAN* shou'd,  
 He may convert their *water* into *blood*.

D

Farther

82.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)  
 A *Moorish Pilot* he did ready git,  
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,  
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.  
*Him*, through such *Seas*, where such and such *Coast* lyes,  
 He bids to guide the *Lusitanian Fleet*,  
 That, should the danger in one place be past,  
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' *Apollinean* Ray.  
 The *Nabathéan* mountains with a smile,  
 When *GAMA* with his *men* themselves aray  
 To go and fetch *fresh-water* from the *Isle*.  
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,  
 As he had known of the intended guile;  
 And in a sort he did so: "For the *Wife*  
 "Have a *divining* soul that never lyes.

85.

Moreover for the *Pilot* he had sent  
 To land before, in need whereof he stood;  
 To which the sound of *Warlike Instrument*  
 Was all the answer he had understood.  
 For *this*, As likewise, to be confident  
 Of a false *Nation* being never good,  
 He went as well provided as he could  
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen *MOORS* (pickeering on the Strand  
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,  
 With Buckler on one *Arm*, and dart in *hand*,  
 Another with bent *Bow*, and poyson'd *Shaft*)  
 Stay for the valiant *PORTINGALLS* to land,  
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft:  
 And send (to make them think the business sure)  
 A small *Forlorn*, as *Faulkners* throw their *Lure*.

87.

On the white Beaches the black *Warriours* prance,  
 Waving and vap'ring all the *Levell* o're;  
 And with heav'd *Target*, and with threat'ned *Lance*,  
 Dare the bold *PORTINGALLS* to come on shore.  
 The noble people have not patience  
 To see the *doggs* grin at them any more.  
 But spring in *Covey*, with such equal hast  
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

## 88.

So a brisk *Lover* in the bloody PLACE  
 (His beauteous *Mistress* by in a *Balcon*)  
 Seeks out the *Bull*, and (planted face to face)  
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on;  
 But the stern *Bruite*, ev'n in a moment's space  
 (His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run  
 Bellowing about like mad; and (his eys shut)  
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

## 89.

Loe, from the *ships* the Flames out of the hard  
 And furious *Cannon* roll'd, to Heaven rise!  
 The *Bullets* murder, whom the *Sound* but scar'd:  
 The hissing Aire, struck, bandies back the noise.  
 The *MOORS* hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd;  
 And the same passion chills their blood to Ice.  
 Now *He*, That lay in hidden ambush, flies:  
 And *He*, That ventur'd the Incounter, dyes.

## 90.

The *Lusitanian* People rest not here:  
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.  
 The *Wall-less-Town*, and *timber-Houses* there,  
 They waste with fire, and flat with *Cannon* lay.  
 His sally now the *MOOR* repents full deer,  
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.  
 Now he blasphemes the *War*, curses *ill luck*,  
 Th'old *devil*, and the dam that gave him suck.

## 91.

The flying *MOORS* their *Javelins* backward threw  
 Faintly, through feare, and haste of their Retreat  
 The *Flint*, the *Stake*, the *Stone* in *folio* flew.  
 "Anger makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat."  
 Now, to the *Victor* leaving the *Iste* too,  
 Unto the *Continent* they frighted get.  
 The *Sea's* small Arm, that doth their *Iste* imbrace,  
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

## 92.

Some leap with their best goods into the *Boats*;  
 Some with their natural *Oars* swim to the shore;  
 This sinks into the crooked waves, then floats;  
 That puffs the *Sea* out, he new drank before.  
 The showed *Bullets* from the *Cannon-Throats*  
 The *brutish* peoples brittle *Vessels* tore.  
 Thus did the *PORTINGALLS* in fine chastise  
 The falshood of malicious *Enemies*.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return  
 With the rich spoils and booty of the War.  
 Water they may have now to serve their turn  
 At their own time without controle, or bar.  
 The M O O R S (fresh smarting with their losses) burn  
 With greater malice then before by far:  
 And, seeing so much unrevenged shame,  
 Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Governour* of that infamous Land  
 To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.  
 Nor do the L U S I T A N I A N S understand  
 That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant:  
 For the desired *Pilot* (underhand  
 Instructed in his trecherous intent)  
 In token of the Peace which he did crave  
 He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood  
 'Twas time to go his discontinued way,  
 And that the weather and the wind are good  
 To carry him for wished I N D I A)  
 Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:  
 And th' *Envoyé*, who did his answer stay,  
 Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)  
 To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flyc.

96.

Departed in this wise; the azure Waters  
 Of A M P H I T R I T E cuts the warlike Fleet,  
 Attended by a Troop of N E R E U S 's daughters  
 (sweet Friends, and no less constant, then th'are sweet)  
 The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters  
 Which in his Brain the subtile M O O R doth knit)  
 Touching all I N D I A, and the Coasts they pass,  
 Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the M O O R well instructed in deceit  
 (To whom his lesson spiteful B A C C H U S gave)  
 Prepares for Him, e're he to I N D I A get,  
 New Ills, either of *Thraldome*, or a *Gravel*.  
 Giving accompt of *Indian* Harbours yet,  
 He shews him All that ever he did crave;  
 That (judging Truth what he in *that* confest)  
 The valiant People may not doubt the rest

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent  
 With which false *SYNON* witcht the men of *TROY*)  
 There is an *Isle*, not far from where they went,  
 Which ancient *CHRISTIANS* from all times enjoy.  
 The *Captain* (who to *all* he told him lent  
 Attentive Eare) at *this* so sprang with joy,  
 That he conjur'd him with a golden spell  
 To guide him speedy where those *CHRISTIANS* dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous *MOOR* design'd  
 Which the deluded *CHRISTIAN* doth intreat,  
*Those*, who possess this *Isle*, being the blind  
 Disciples of the filthy *MAHOMET*.  
 Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde  
 (As he believes) for a far more strong and great,  
 Then *MOZAMBIQUE*, is this *Isle*; by name  
*QUILOA*: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To *It* the joyful *Fleet* he did incline.  
 But *Shee*, whose *Altars* in *CYTHERRA* steam;  
 (Seeing him go astray from his right line,  
 To meet a death of which he doth not dream)  
 Permits not those in so remote a *Clyme*  
 To perish, whom *she* doth so much esteem:  
 And puts them, with contrary winds, besides  
 The *Place* to which the tray'rous *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the base *MOOR*, when he did plainly finde  
 He could not work the Villany he meant;  
 Spawning another mischief in his minde,  
 And always constant to his black intent:  
 Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde  
 To put them *by* the *Port* to which they bent,  
 There lyes another *Island* hard before,  
 Where mixed live the *CHRISTIAN*, and the *MORR*.

102.

Likewise in *this* the shameless Villain ly'de  
 (As his *Instructions* were in fine to do)  
 For not a *Christian-Soul* did there reside  
 But *All* of *MAHOMET*'s detested Crew.  
 The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)  
 Made a short *task* to bring his ships thereto;  
 But (his *protecting Angel* saying, *no*)  
 Past not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This *Isle* lay to the *Continent* so neer  
 That a small *Chanel* onely ran between:  
 In front thereof a *City* did appeer  
 Upon the Margent of the *OCEAN* green:  
 Fair and Majestical the *Buildings* were,  
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:  
 Rul'd by an aged *King*. *MOMBASSA*, all  
 The *Isle*; the *Town* too they *MOMBASSA* call.

104.

And neer the same the *Captain* being come  
 Is much rejoyc't: *There* looking to behold  
 People, That had receiv'd their *Christendome*,  
 As the false *Pilot* promis'd him he should.  
 When loe, Boats coming from the *King*, with some  
*Provisions* to the *ships*! For *He* was tould  
 Of such a *Fleet* by *BACCHUS* long before  
 Taking the figure of another *More*.

105:

Such the *Provisions* were, as *Friends* send *Friends*,  
 But there is poyson hidden in the Baite.  
 Of *Enemies* their *thoughts* are and their *ends*,  
 As will be too much manifested straight.  
 "O the perpetual danger which attends  
 "The lot of *Mortals*! O uncertain *State*!  
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,  
 "We are not *safe*, although we are *secure*.

106.

"By *Sea*; how many *Storms*, how many *Harms*,  
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions drest!  
 "By *Land*; how many *Frauds*, how many *Allarms*,  
 "Under how many *wants* sunk, and opprest!  
 "Where may a fraile *man* hide him? in what *Arms*  
 "May a short *life* enjoy a little *Rest*?  
 "Where *Sea*, and *Land*, where *Guile*, the *Sword*, and *Dearth*,  
 "Will not *all* arm 'gainst the least *worm* o'th' *Earth*?

End of the first Canto.



## Second Canto.

### STANZA. 1.

**N**OW was the glorious *Guilder* of the *Pole*,  
 Who into *hours* distinguishes the *DAY*,  
 Come to his temp'rate and desired *Gole*,  
 From *Mortals* hiding his *celestial Ray*;  
 And *GOD NOCTURNUS* to descending *SOUL*  
 Of *THEBY'S*'s private Chamber turn'd the *Kay*:  
 When to the *ships* the *faithless People* row'd  
 Which were new-anchor'd in *MOMBASSA'S* Road.

### 2.

Amongst them *One* (who had it in command  
 To Sugar o're the poyson) thus began.  
 Undaunted *Captain*, That with *Keel* hast span'd  
 The spaces of the briny *OCEAN*;  
 The noble *King* of this renowned *Land*  
 At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man:  
 The sum and height of whose *Ambition* is,  
 But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

### 3.

And, for he longs indeed thy *Face* to see,  
 As *One's*, whose name *Fame* glories to repeat;  
 Within the *Barr*, without suspicion, *Thee*  
 With all thy *ships* to come, he doth intreat.  
 Also, because thy *Men* must wearied beee  
 Through so long *Toyle*, and so excessive great,  
 He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore  
 Which *humane Nature* doth delight in more.

### 4.

Moreover, if thou seek for *Merchandise*  
 Product by the Auriferous *LEVANT*;  
*Cloves*, *Cinnamon*, and other burning *Spyce*;  
 Or any good or salutiferous *Plant*;  
 Or, if thou seek bright *Stones* of endless price,  
 The flaming *Ruby*, and hard *Adamant*:  
 Hence thou may'st *All* in such abundance beare,  
 That thou may'st bound thy *wish* and *Voyage* Here.

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return  
 His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said ;  
 Because the Sun already did adjourn  
 His Royal pleasure was not streight obeyd :  
 But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,  
 Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,  
 With all assurance he would Enter, since  
 He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He asks him afterward, if in the *Isle*  
 Are CHRISTIANS, as the *Pilot* certify'de ;  
 The subtle *Messenger*, (who smelt the Wile)  
 Most of the *Isle* believe in CHRIST, reply'de.  
 With this, all jealousy he did exile,  
 And wise suggestion of the soul decide  
 In the strange *Captaine* ; Resting now secure,  
 In a false *Nation*, and a *Sect* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd  
 For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)  
 Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end  
 For desperate services with *Him* to come,  
 Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to send  
 With the deceitful MOORS, he pick't: By whom  
 To spy the Town, and what their strength might be,  
 And note those CHRISTIANS, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by *them* sent presents to the *King*,  
 • Through which the Friendship to himself pretended  
 Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,  
 Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.  
 Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.  
 Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.  
 The two of the *Armada*, with a fain'd  
 Alacrity, on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*  
 The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,  
 They walkt the *Town* : But no discovering  
 The half of what to have observ'd they thought:  
 For the suspicious *Moors*, not every thing  
 Would shew to them, which They to see besought.  
 " Where *malice* reigns, there *Jealousie* doth nest,  
 " Which doth suppose it in Anothers Brest.

But

## 10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*  
 In his plump Cheeks, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,  
 And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth;  
 Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine;  
 Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,  
 Was in a House within the *City's* line,  
 Feigning himself a man of *Christian* lore,  
 And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore:

## 11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac'd  
 In which the HOLY SPIRIT did alight:  
 The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)  
 On the BLEST VIRGIN's head, so chaste, so white.  
 The SACRED TWELVE fate figur'd all aghast,  
 More wondring at *themselves*, then at the *sight*;  
 As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire  
 Their various *Tongues*, was those *faln* TONGUES OF FIRE.

## 12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design  
 Where BACCHUS was in this deceitful guize)  
 Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,  
 And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the *skyes*.  
 Gums of the oderiferous and divine  
 PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the PHENIX dyes,  
 LYEUS burnt: from whence it doth insue;  
 That the *false* God came to adore the *true*.

## 13.

Here entertained and carest that night,  
 With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,  
 Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the slight  
 By which with *holy* shew deceiv'd they were.  
 But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light  
 (Having dispatc'd before him through the *Ayre*  
 Old TYTHON's youthful Consort, to proclame  
 With Blushes to the world her *Gallant* came.)

## 14.

The MOORS return, who to the *City* went,  
 With Orders from the *King* for entering There:  
 With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* sent,  
 To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend sincere.  
 So that (assur'd there is no Evil-meant  
 To PORTINGALLS, which he should need to feare,  
 And that CHRIST hath some *Sheep* amongst those *Wolves*)  
 To enter the salt River he resolves.

## 15.

His own ENVOYEEs say, they saw on shore  
 Religious *Altars*, and a holy *Priest*;  
 That they were nobly treated, and did snore  
 Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,  
 Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,  
 By *King*, or *People*, could they see exprest:  
 So that to doubt a thing so fair, and cleer,  
 No ground of reason did to them appeer.

## 16.

Therefore the noble GAMA did receive  
 With open arms the MOORS That came aboard:  
 For wariest minds 'tis easie to deceive  
 When words and deeds so seemingly accord.  
 His *Ship* is cram'd with faithless folk, who leave  
 The Boats which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.  
 Blithe they are *all*, as Those that understand  
 They have the *Prey* as sure as in their hand.

## 17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,  
 They have on Land prepared secretly;  
 That, when the *Ships* are anchor'd past the *Bar*,  
 They may invade them, bold, and suddainly,  
 And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are  
 To ruine Those of LUSUS totally;  
 Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,  
 The score which they in MOZAMBIQUE owe.

## 18.

Hoysting the holding *Anchors*, the ships Men  
 In the accusom'd *Nautick* clamour joyn'd.  
 To thrid the *Barr's Land-marke* they bord it then,  
 Giving the *fore-sails* onely to the Wind.  
 But fair DIONE (never absent, when  
 The gallant Folk need her in any kind)  
 Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,  
 From HEAV'N to th'OCEAN like an Arrow flies.

## 19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,  
 With all the azure Flock That haunts the *deeps*;  
 (For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters  
 In her obedience as their *Queen* she keeps)  
 And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,  
 With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps  
 Where the *ships* are, to warn them come, *no nigh*,  
 Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

## 20.

Now through the *Ocean* in great haste they flunder,  
 Raising the white foam with their silver Tayles.  
 C L O T O with bosom breaks the waves in sunder,  
 And, with more fury then of custom, sayles;  
 N I S E runs up an end, N E R I N E (younger)  
 Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales:  
 The crooked *Billows* (yielding) make a lane  
 For the feard N Y M P H S to post it through the *Maine*.

## 21.

Upon a T R I T O N'S back, with kindled Face,  
 The beauteous E R I C Y N A furious rode.  
 He, to whose fortune fell so great a grace,  
 Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.  
 Now were they almost come upon the place  
 Where a stiff gale the *warlike Navy* blow'd.  
 Here they deuide, and in an instant cast  
 Themselves about the *Ships* advancing fast.

## 22.

The *Goddeſs*, with a party of the rest,  
 Lays her self plum against the *Am'ral's Prow*,  
 Stopping her progress with such main contest  
 That the swoln sayl the Wind in vain doth blow.  
 To the hard Oak she rivets her soft Brest,  
 Forcing the strong *ship* back again to go.  
 Others (beleaguering) lift it from the Wave,  
 It from the *Bar* of *Enemies* to save.

## 23

As to their *Store-House* when the Houſwife *Ants*,  
 Carrying th' unequal Burthens plac't with slight  
 To their small shoulders (lest cold *Winter's* wants  
 Surprize them helpless) exercise their might;  
 This tugs, that shoves, one runs, another pants;  
 Strength far above their size, they *All* unite:  
 So toyl the *Nymphs*, to snatch and to defend  
 The men of *L u s u s* from a dismal end.

## 24.

The *ship* (inforced *contre*) goes back, back,  
 In spite of those she carries, who with *Cries*  
 Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack;  
 From side to side the shifted *Rudder* flies.  
 The skillful *Master* from the *Poop* doth crack  
 His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he spies  
 A horrid Rock just just before the *ship*,  
 Threatning a Wreck should she advance a step.

25.

Here the rude saylors raise a *Cry* indeed,  
 As they are busie at their work. The *MORE*  
 This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,  
 As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* rore.  
 From *them* the cause of all this fury's hid:  
 Nor whom t'approach know *They*, or what t'implore.  
 They think their *treacherie* is made appeer,  
 And that for *it* they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe! in the twinckling of an *Eye* some dart  
 Themselves into their speedy *Boats* agin:  
 Others betake them to their swimming *Art*,  
 Making the *Sea* leap up as they plump in.  
 They vault o're the ship-fides from ev'ry part,  
 So mainly are they frighted with the dyn:  
 Advent'ring rather to the *OCEAN*, so,  
 Then to the hands of a provoked *Fo*.

27.

As *Froggs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,  
 Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)  
 If, basking heedless on the *Banks*, or *Rocks*,  
 Some *Person* on the suddain they have spy'de,  
 Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,  
 Flying the danger which they have descride;  
 And (scaping to their *Sanctuary* known)  
 Shew above *Water* their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the *MOORS*. And so the *Pilot* (who  
 To this great peril had mislead the *Ships*)  
 Thinking *his* Treason was discovered too,  
 Into the briny water, flying, skips.  
 But that fixt *Rock* to scape and to exchue,  
 Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,  
 The *Admiral* threw streight an anchor out;  
 And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing *GAMA*, seeing the great fright  
 And unexpected of the *MOORS*; withal  
 The *Pilot's* suddain and accusing flight,  
 Found what the bruitish Folke hatcht in their gall:  
 And seeing, how in spight of *wind*, in spight  
 Of *Tyde* (both with him) and in spight of all  
 Their *Art*, the *Ship* would not advance a *head*  
 (Holding it for a miracle) thus sed;

30.

O great, undreamt of, strange *deliverance* !  
 O *Miracle* most clear and evident !  
 O *fraud* discover'd by blind *Ignorance* !  
 O faithless *Foes*, and *Men* dev'lishly bent !  
 "What *Care*, what *Wisdom*, is of suffisance  
 "The stroake of *Secret* mischief to prevent,  
 "Unless the SOVRAIGN GUARDIAN from on high  
 "Supply the strength of frail *Humanity* ?

31.

Well into Us hath PROVIDENCE infus'd  
 What little safety in *these* Ports is known:  
 Well have we found how much we were abus'd  
 With *shows* of *Friendship*, and *Religion*.  
 But since to *humane Prudence* is refus'd  
 To pierce *intents*, and where such *masks* are on;  
 O thou (GUARDIAN DIVINE) to guard *Him* daigne,  
 Who without *Thee* doth guard *himselfe* in vain.

32.

And since *thy* heart is toucht with so great *Ruth*  
 For a poor *People* wandring on the *Seas*,  
 As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth  
 Proceed) to save us from such *Wolves* as these;  
 Unto some *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,  
 Resolve to lead us for a little *Base*;  
 Or shew us to the long desired *Coast*,  
 If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.

*These pious* words the fair *DIONA* heard  
 And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)  
 Goes from among the *NYMPHS*, who sad appear'd  
 That they must lose so soon her company.  
 Now doth she pierce the *Stars*; now in the *therd*  
*Sphere*, she is entertain'd: whence by and by  
 (Having repos'd her) she doth forward move  
 Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father *JOVH*.

34.

And (ruffled with her motion) *now* so fair,  
 So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her *look*;  
 That *Starrs*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfused *Ayre*,  
 And *All* That see her are with passion took.  
 Her *Eyes* (the Nests of *CUPID* whom she bare)  
 Breath'd such quick *Spirits*, and such *fire* they strook;  
 They burn the *World* again like *PHABTON*,  
 And to the *torrid* turn the *frigid* *Zone*.

And

35:

And (to bewitch her *Sov'raign Sire* the more,  
 Whose *dearling* she was always, and his joy.)  
 She comes to *Jove*, as she had done of yore  
 In the *Idean Grove* to *Him* of *Troy*.  
 The *Huntsman* who the *Horns* (transformed) wore,  
 For seeing thus that other *GODDESS* coy;  
 Had he seen *this*, had ne're been torn afunder  
 By his own *doggs*: But di'de of *love*, and *wonder*.

36.

The golden *Tresses* on her *shoulders* fell,  
 Whose whiteness smuts the *Fleece* of *innocent Snow*:  
 Her *Breasts* (and those ev'n their own milk excel)  
 Playd with by unseen *CUPID*, trembling go:  
 Her *Cestæ's* white doth mounting flames expel,  
 Which, that *Boy* kindling; those white *bellows* blow:  
 Of this fair *Pyle* the *Pillars* smooth, and round,  
*Desires*, like *Ivy*, have about them wound.

37.

Those parts, of which *Shame* is the natural *Screen*,  
 In a thin *Veile* of *Sarcenet* she doth fold;  
 Not wholly *shew'd*, nor wholly left *unseen*,  
 Not *Prodigal*, nor *niggard*, of *that* *Gold*.  
 But this transparent *Curtain* draws between,  
 To double the desire, by being control'd.  
 Now *HEAV'N* is fill'd with *jealousie*, and *love*:  
*This* mov'd in *MARS*, in *VULCAN* that did move.

38

And then, discover'ing in her *Angels* face  
 A *Sadness* temper'd with a little smile,  
 Like some nice *Dame*, who by the rude embrace  
 Of heedless *Lover* got a bruise, or soyl;  
 She's *pleas'd* and *angry* in one instant space,  
 And one while *chides*, and *laughs* another while:  
 So spake the *GODDESS* who admits no *Peer*  
 Less *sad*, then *Minion*, to her *Father* deer.

39.

O *pow'rful Father*, I had always thought  
 That, for such things on which my heart were set,  
 Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,  
 Though some *opposer* should the same regret.  
 But since I see, without neglect, or fault  
 Of mine, thy love is bated in the heat;  
 What remedy? let *BACCHUS* have his will:  
 In fine, *his* luck was *good*, and *mine* is *ill*.

This



40.

This *People* (who are *mine*, for whom I pore  
 These tears out, which I see in vain distill)  
 The more I *love*, I seem to *hate* the more;  
*Thou* being resolv'd to break me of my will.  
 For *Them* I weep to thee, for *them* implore,  
 And 'gainst my *Fate* in fine am fighting still.  
 Well then, because I *love* them they re misus'd,  
 I'll *hate* them, then they will be better us'd.

41.

But let them dye by brutish Peoples hands;  
 For since *I* was ——— and heer with pearly drops  
 (As when the *morning's-dew* on *Roses* stands)  
 Making a salt *Parenthesis*, she stops:  
 As if her words obey'd not her commands,  
 Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.  
 Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)  
 The mighty *T H U N D' R E R* lets her say no more.

42.

And, mov'd by that dumb *Rhet'rick* (which would move  
 A *Tygers* flinty Breast) with the same *Face*  
 Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove  
 The Clouds from *that* of *H E A V' N*, and Tempests chace,  
 He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with nevv love)  
 Kisses her *Cheek*, her vvhite *Neck* doth embrace.  
 Who, had he hated *P O R T U G A L* before,  
 Would novv have lov'd it meerly on *her* score.

43.

And (pressing her *lov'd* face vwith *his*) *S H E* burst  
 Into fresh Tears, and faster then before:  
 As vwhen, a child being beat by mother curst,  
 The more one moans it, it vwill sob the more.  
 Novv, to allay this Passion, He is forc't  
 To tell her much vvhich he till then forbore:  
 And, vwith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb  
 Of pregnant *F A T E*, rips many things to come.

44.

Fair *daughter* mine, fear no adversitie  
 Which to thy *L U S I T A N I A N S* may betide;  
 Nor *Any*, to have greater povv're vwith *me*  
 Then the sweet Tears vvhich from these cleer *Springs* glide  
 For, let me tell thee (*daughter*) thou shalt see  
 Both *G R E E K S* and *R O M A N S* (so much magnify'de)  
 Forfeit their *ancient Honours* by the *New*  
*Acts*, vvhich this *People* in the *East* shall do.

45.

For if the *Eloquent* ULYSSES fled,  
 The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO'S spell;  
 And if ANTENOR with his ship did thred  
 Th'*Illyrian-Sleeve*, and reacht TIMAUS'S Well;  
 And if 'twixt SCYLLA, and CHARIBDIS dread,  
 Pious ENEAS with his *Navy* fell:  
 How much worfe dangers pass *Thine* dayly over,  
 Who, sayling round the *world*, new *worlds* discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (*daughter*) *Cities*, and strong *Ports*,  
 And lofty *Walls*, which *These* shall build, and found;  
 Thou shalt see warlike TURKS, and *their* proud *Forts*,  
 By *These* destroy'd and level'd with the ground:  
 The INDIAN KINGS (*secure* in their free *Courts*)  
 By a more potent KING Thou shalt see bound.  
 He, in conclusion holding *All* in awe,  
 Unto that LAND shall give a *better* Law.

47.

This very *Man*, who *now*, through so much fright  
 And misty *Errour*, stumbles to the YND,  
 Thou shalt see NEPTUNE tremble at his sight;  
 Curling his waves without a breath of wind.  
 O wonderful, nor seen by mortal Wight,  
 The *Winds* lockt up, and yet a *Storm* to find:  
 O valiant *People*, and for great things made,  
 Who makes the ELEMENTS themselves affraide.

48.

That LAND, which *water* late to *Him* deny'de,  
 Thou shalt behold it a commodious *Port*,  
 • Where in their way to rest them shall abide  
 The *Ships* that (*weary*) from the WEST: resort.  
 All this wyl'd *Coast* in fine (*which now* hath try'de  
 By wicked trechery to cut him short)  
 Shall pay him *Tribute*; knowing they must down,  
 If they wichstand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou shalt see the ERYTHREAN, lose  
 It's native *red*, and *pale* with *Terrour* look:  
 And see the potent *Kingdom* of ORMUSE,  
 Twice taken, twice subdu'de unto their yoke:  
 And see the furious MOOR stand in a Muze  
 With his *reverberated* *Arrows* strook:  
 That he may learn, if against *Thine* he fight;  
 His *Treacherie* on his *own* pate shall light.

50.

The famous *Fort* of *DIO* Thou shalt see,  
 Being twice besieg'd, thy People *twice* defend.  
 There will their prowess manifested be,  
 There will their name in *Arms* to *HEAV'N* extend;  
 There will they bring great *MARS* under their *Lee*  
 With deeds which, told, would set the *Hayr* on end.  
 There will the falling *MOOR* blaspheming ban,  
 And dam with his last breath the *ALCORAN*:

51.

Thou shalt see *GOA* taken from the *MOOR*,  
*GOA*, That by her loss at last shall gain;  
 When, on the wings of Conquest made to soare,  
*Shee*, as the *QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST* shall raigne;  
 The stubborn *GENTILES* (who the *Sun* adore)  
 High and triumphant *then*, she shall restrain  
 With a rough *Bitt*, and *All* who in that *LAND*  
 Against *thy* People dare to lift a *Hand*:

52.

Slenderly mann'd, and in poor order put,  
 Thou shalt see held the *Fort* of *CANANOWR*;  
 And shalt see won the *City CALICUT*,  
 In *People* infinite, boundless in pow'r;  
 And in *COCHIN* shalt see such honor got  
 By one, shall stand in battail like a *Tow'r*,  
 That never *Lyre* a *Victor* did resound,  
 Who so deserv'd to be with *Lawrel* crown'd:

53.

Never was so *LEUCATE* of a flame  
 With shocking *Fleets*, when gilding with their *Trim*  
 The *Aetian* waves) Hence young *OCTAVIUS* came,  
 Bringing *Italian* pow'rs along with *Him*;  
 Thence *ANTHONY* (with a fresh *Victor's* name)  
*Barbarians* from the *ORIENT*, from *NYLE's* brim,  
 And from the farthest *BACTRIAS*; and (the bane  
 Of *All!*) th' *Egyptian* *Mistress* in the *Train*:

54.

As thou shalt see the *Sea*, and neighb'ring *Shores*,  
 Fire with *thy* Peoples *Battails*. Who, in bands  
 Shall coupled lead *IDOLATERS* with *Mores*  
 (Triumphing over many *Tongues* and *Lands*)  
 And (*GOLDEN CHERSONESUS's* precious stores  
 To farthest *CHINA* conquer'd by their hands  
 With the *EAST's* outmost *Islands*, in the end  
 Make all the *OCEAN* to their *TAGUS* bend.

55.

In so much (daughter *mine*) that, at the rate  
 This *Nation's* valour passes humane bound,  
 The *WORLD* hath not to match them in debate,  
 From silver *GANGES*, to th'*HERCULEAN SOUND*;  
 Nor, from the *Northern ocean*, to that *straight*  
 Which the *affronted LUSITANIAN* found;  
 Though all the ancient *HEROES* (deside)  
 Should rise again to have the *mastry* try'de.

56.

This having said, his *consecrated Poast*  
 (The son of *MAY*) down to the *Earth* he sends,  
 To finde some peaceful *Port* upon that *Coast*  
 Where the *Armada* may repose with *Friends*.  
 And (lest the valiant *Captain* should be lost,  
 If longer time he at *MOBASSA* spends)  
 He gives his *Legate* farther in command  
 To shew him in his sleep that friendly *Land*.

57.

Now swift *CYLLENIUS* cuts it through the *Ayre*:  
 Now to the *Earth* his winged feet declin'd.  
 Badge of his office, the *black Rod* he bare:  
 This *HELL's* sad *Pris'ners* doth release, and *bind*:  
 This lays asleep the *Eye* oppress'd with *Care*:  
 Whisking with *this* he doth outstrip the *Wind*:  
 His *Hat of maintevance* upon his *Crown*:  
 And thus he comes into *MELINDE'S TOWN*.

58.

With him he carries *FAME*, that *she* may tell  
 The *Lusitanian* prowes, and rare parts:  
 "For an illustrious *Name* is a strange *Spell*  
 "To attract *Love*, and good *Reput* hath darts.  
 Thus he prepares their way with a sweet smell,  
 And takes up lodgings in the *Peoples* *bearss*.  
 Now all *MELINDE* is on fire, to see  
 What kind of men these valiant souls should bee.

59.

From *thence* he parteth to *MOBASSA* straight,  
 Where, what to do, the *Ships* uncertain stand;  
 To bid them, without question or debate,  
 Leave that *Foes Harbour*, and suspected *Land*.  
 "For wicked plottings of infernal hate  
 "In vain are *Force* and *Courage* to withstand:  
 "In vain, to extricate our selves, is *Wit*,  
 "If *HAV'N* do not both prompt, and second, *it*.

Now

## 60.

Now sable NIGHT had finish'd half her Race,  
 And in the *Heav'n* the *Stars* with borrow'd light  
 Supply'd the *Moon's*, as *She* her *Brother's*, place;  
 And sleeping now was *Mortals* whole delight.  
 Th'illustrious *Captain* (who had all that space  
 Been kept awake about the last day's fright)  
 Gave then to his tyr'd *Eys* a little sleep:  
 The rest by *Quarters* did their *Watches* keep:

## 61.

When in a *Vision* he did *HERMES* see.  
 And fly (*he bid him*) *LUSITANIAN* fly  
 The Ambush of a *wicked*. King, which Hee  
 Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:  
 Fly, for the wind and *Heav'n* *Both* favour Thee.  
 Thou hast the *ocean* calm, serene the *skye*,  
 And not far of another *King*, to friend,  
 On whose reality thou mayst depend.

## 62.

Look for no better entertainment *here*,  
 Then what was giv'n by *THRACIAN* *DIOMED*;  
 Whose *Horses* (us'd to bloody *Provendere*)  
 He with the *Bodies* of his *strangers* fed.  
 Th'infamous *Altars* of *BUSIRIS* (where  
 His *Guests* inhumane *humane* *offerings* bled)  
 Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:  
 Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

## 63

Steer straight alongst the *Coast*, and thou shalt light  
 Upon a *Country* where more *Truth* resides;  
 Close there, where burning *SOL* at constant height  
 The *night* and *day* with equal *line* divides.  
 Then shall a *King* receive with much delight  
*Thee*, and thy *men*; and give to you (besides  
 Safety, and Treatment worthy of a *King*)  
 One, who the *Fleet* shall unto *INDIA* bring.

## 64.

Thus *HERMES*; and the *Captain* (parting) woke.  
 He, rowz'd out of his *Nest* in a great fright,  
 Perceives the circumfused darkness broke  
 With a shot *Ray* and *stream* of *divine* light.  
 And (seeing it imports *Him*, and his *Folke*,  
 From that infamous *LAND* to take their flight)  
 Commands the *Master*, with a spirit new,  
 To hoise the *sayles* unto the *Wind* that blew.

65.

Set *sayl* (he cride) set *saille* to the large Wind:  
*Heav'n* is our Guide, and GOD our course directs.  
 These Eys saw the *Express*, he was so kind  
 To send from his high *Court* to guard our steps:  
 At this, the *Mariners* before, behind,  
 As with one motion spring upon the Decks.  
 They towe the *Anchors* in to the ship-side  
 With that rude strength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The self-same time they did their *Anchors* weigh,  
 (Hid in the mask of night) the trech'rous *MORR*  
 Sawing their *Cables* husht and silent lay,  
 So to destroy them being run ashore.  
 The *CHRISTIANS* (though there shone not the least *Ray*,  
 Yet) in their heads the Eys of *Lynxes* wore.  
 The *other*, finding how they were awake,  
 With *Wings*, and not with *Oares*, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp *Keels* go cutting through  
 The liquid *Element* of silver pure:  
 The *Wind* ('twas a *side-wind*) gently it blew  
 With motion calm, and steddly, and secure.  
 Discourfing, on their dangers past they chew  
 As they sayl on: for 'tis not easie sure.  
 To pass in silence a *deliverance*  
 So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning *Sun* had finisht *one* Career,  
 Began *another*, of his annual Race;  
 When, as far off as they could *ken*, appear  
 Two *Vessels* creeping on the *Water's* face.  
 Knowing they must be *MORRS*, who coast it there,  
 Forthwith ours *veer* their *Sayles* to give *those* chace.  
*One* (as more nimble, or as frighted more)  
 To save her *People* ran *herself* ashore.

69.

Her *Fellow* (not so light to make away)  
 Into the hands of those of *Lusus* falls,  
 Without or *MARS* to board her; or, to play  
 On her bruiz'd sides black *VULCANS* horrid Balls:  
 For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)  
 At sight of his own Men the *Master* falls.  
 His *courage*, and his *sayles* (His wisest course)  
 Had he resisted, he had far'd the worse.

Then

70

Then GAMA (who did this but to procure  
A *Pilot* for the *INDIES* so long fought)  
Amongst those *MOORS* thought to have found one sure,  
But found he was deceived in that thought.  
There's not a man of *them*, That can assure  
Under what part 'tis of the *heav'nly* Vault.

This *All* can tell him; That *MELINDE's* nigh,  
Where he may finde a *Pilot* certainly.

71.

The *goodness* of that *KING* the *MOORS* extol,  
His *bounteous* nature, and his *Breast sincere*,  
The *greatness* like the *goodness* of his *Soule*,  
With other *parts*, which win him *love*, and *fear*.  
The *Captain* easily believes the whole,  
Concurring with that very *Character*.

*HERMES* had given in his sleep before:  
So goes, bid by the *dream*, and by the *MORE*.

72.

That gladsome season 'twas, in which returns  
Into *EUROPA'S* *Ravisher* the *Sun*;  
Putting new lights in *both* his gilded *Horns*  
Whilst *FLORA* pours out *AMALTHEA'S* one.  
And now that glorious *Planet* turn'd the *Morn's*  
*Red-finger*, to that *moving Feast*; whereon  
*HE*, who was *dead* the *soul-sick world* to heal,  
To it's *Redemption* rose to put the *Seal*:

73:

When, to that distance from the which their *Eys*  
Might reach *MELINDE*, the *Armada* came;  
Adorn'd with *Tapistrie* triumphant-wife,  
As that *day's holiness* it well became.  
The *Standart* trembles, and the *Streamer* flies,  
The *Scarlet-Waft-cloaths* at a distance flame,  
The *Drums* and *Timbrels* sound. Thus they that *BAR*,  
Like *CHRISTIANS* enter, and like *MEN OF WAR*.

74.

With *People* hid is the *Melindian* shore,  
That come to see the joyful *Fleet*. More kind  
Are *These*, more *humane*, and of *truth* have more,  
Then *Those* of all the *Countreys* left behind.  
The *Lusitanian Navy* drops, before,  
The heavy *Anchors*, which fast rooting find.  
One, of the *MOORS* they took, is sent on *Land*:  
To let the *KING* their coming understand.

The

## 75.

The KING (who was already by report  
Of those of *Lusus's* gallantry possess'd)  
The *Captain's* so frank entrie in his *Port*  
Takes as a favour from so brave a *Guest*:  
And with *true* heart, and in most *courteous* sort  
(*Both* individual from a *noble* *Brest*)

Bids the man pray them much to come on *Land*,  
Where they shall have his *Realms* at their command.

## 76.

Th'offer as real is as it appears,  
The *words* full of unfeign'd *Sinceritie*,  
Which the KING sent the noble *Cavaleers*,  
Who had past so much *Land*, and so much *Sea*.  
He sends them more, *Live-sheep* aboard, fat *Steers*,  
And *Poultry* cram'd by *Houf-wives* industrie,  
With all such *Fruit* as then in season was:  
And the *good will* the *Present* did surpass.

## 77.

The well-pleas'd *Moor*, who with this *Errand* went,  
The *Captain* pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;  
And instantly another *Present* sent  
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:  
Illustrious *Scarlet* (colour of content)  
Brancht *Coral* fine, for *Nobles* greatly sought:  
Of double nature under water soft  
And *velvet-horn'd*, *hard-pen'd* when 'tis aloft.

## 78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' *Arabick-Tongue*,  
To treat a firm *League* with the *ROYAL MORK*,  
•Excusing him he did not leave his strong  
And lofty *Ships*, to kits his hand on shore.  
Unto the noble KING, led through a *Throng*  
Presents himself the fit *Ambassadore*,  
And with these words (which *PALLAS* herself dips  
In her own *Nectar*) disunites his lips.

## 79.

*Most high and mighty King*, to whom the pure  
And incorrupt *JUSTICE* from Above  
Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty *MOR*;  
Nor more to *force* his *Feare*, then *win* his love:  
As to the strongest *Port*, and most secure  
Of all the *EAST*, Hither we flye, to prove  
What *FAME* reports, and find in *It* and *Thee*,  
A *certain* *Port* in our necessitie.



80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak *Town*  
 Or careless, as we pass along the shore,  
 Murder the *Folks*, and burn the *Houses* down,  
 To make a *booty* of their thirsted store:  
 But (by a *KING* we have, of high renown,  
 Sent from fair *EUROPE*, never to give o're  
 Our compassing the *World*, till we have found  
 The wealthy *INDIA*) thither are we bound.

81.

How *stony* yet some Race of People was!  
 What *barb'rous* guize! what stile of a *Man-Hater*!  
 To bar not their *Ports* onely (let that pass)  
 But the cold *Hospitalitie* of *Water*!  
 To whom have we done wrong? wherein (alas!)  
 Have we discover'd such a *savage* nature,  
 To make so many of so few afraid?  
 That *Traps* and *Pisfals* should for us be made.

82.

But *Thou* (O gracious *KING*) from whom, to have  
*True dealing* we are sure; and *hope*, we may  
 That certain help too, which *ALCINOUS* gave  
 Unto the wandring *Prince* of *ITHACA*:  
 To *Thee* secure we come, as boldly crave  
 Of *Thee*, conducted by the *Son* of *MAY*:  
 For, since *JOVES* Harbinger was ours; 'tis cleare,  
 Thy *Heart* is large, is *humane*, is *sincere*.

82.

Nor think (O *KING*) our noble *Chiefe* declin'd  
 Coming, to see and serve thee personally,  
 For any thing he scrupled of unkind;  
 Or hollow dealing possible in *Thee*:  
 But the true reason, why he stayd behind,  
 Was, that in all he might obedient be  
 Unto his *KING*; who gave him this command  
 In *Port*, or *Roade*, never to go on Land.

84.

And, because *subjects* are the self-same Thing  
 With *Members* govern'd by the *Head*, or *Crown*;  
 Thou, bearing here the *Office* of a *KING*,  
 Wouldst not that *Any* disobey'd his own.  
 But, he doth promise an *acknowledging*  
 Of thy great *Grace* and *favours* now bestown,  
 With all That can by *Him* and *His* be done,  
 So long as *Rivers* to the *Sea* shall run.

Thus

## 85.

Thus He *harangu'd*: And, with one Voice, the whole  
*Presence* (comparing notes there where they stand)  
 The matchless courage of the *men* extol,  
 Who traverse so much *Sea* and so much *Land*.  
 But the wise KING (revolving in *his* Soul  
 The PORTINGALLS's obedience to command)  
 In Scales of *wonder* and of *rev'rence* weigh'd  
 A KING, who so far off could be obey'd.

## 86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene  
 Th' *Ambassadour*, to whom inclin'd he seem'd:  
 Wipe all suspicion from your Bosoms cleane;  
 Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or teem'd:  
 For such your *worths* are, and your *deeds* have been,  
 To make you over all the *world* esteem'd.  
 And *They* who injur'd *you*, We will be bold,  
 Know not what price *Vertue* and *Honor* hold.

## 87.

That all your People do not come on shore  
 Observing the respect due to our *Port*,  
 Though in our *own* regard it grieve us sore,  
 Yet our esteem of *them* is greater for't.  
 For if *your* Rules permit it not, no more  
 Shall *we* permit, that (onely to comport  
 With *our* desires), such *loyal* excellence  
 Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

## 88.

But when to morrows light shall come, to *greet*  
 And *shew*, the *WORLD*; with our own *Barges*, *Wee*  
 Shall go in person to the warlike *Fleet*,  
 Which we so many days have long'd to see.  
 And, if it need any convenience meet,  
 Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at *Sea*,  
 A *Pilot* it may have, and *Victuals* here,  
 And *Ammunition*, with intention cleere.

## 89.

This was his language, And *LATON*'s Boy  
 Into the *Ocean* divid'd. The *Messenger*  
 (Returning with this *Embassie* of joy)  
 To the *Armada* rows with merry cheer.  
 Out of all Breasts is banisht black Annoy,  
 Seeing the proper remedie is heer  
 To find the *Land* whereof they sayl in quest:  
 So all that night they keep a double *Feast*.

There

90.

There wants not *there* the *artificial star*  
 Like trembling *Comet* (nor less cause of wonder)  
 The *Gunners* do *their Part*, making the *Ayre*,  
*Water*, and *Earth*, resound with *Mortalls's Thunder*.  
 The *CYCLOPPS* (practising for t'other War  
 On *JOVE*) with *Bullets* rend the *Clouds* in sunder.  
*others* on lofty *Cornets* (singing) playd:  
 And *These* with *Musick* did the *SPHERE'S* invade.

91.

They answer from the *shore* at the same time  
 With *Squibs* that crack amongst the *Rout*: In gyres  
 The whizzing *Vapours* up to *HEAVEN* climbe:  
 Th'imprison'd *Powder* with a bounce expires:  
*Heaven's* brazen *Vault* echoes the *Voyces's* chyme:  
 The *sea's* clear *Glass* reflects the joyful fires:  
 The *Earth* is not behind them. In this sort  
 Both sport in earnest, and Both fight in sport.

92.

But *now* the restless *Heav'n*, wheeling about,  
 To their day-labours mortals doth incite;  
 And *MEMNON'S* mother (fair *APOLLO'S* scout)  
 Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light;  
 With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,  
 In a cold sweat upon the *Flowers* light;  
 When the *MELINDIAN KING* (embarqued) plide  
 To see the *Ships* That in his Harbour ride.

93

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire  
 To be *Spectators* onely of the *show*)  
 The *Scarlet* Coates flame with the *dye* of *TYRE*:  
 The glossie *Silks* with all *May's* flow'rs do blow:  
 Instead of *Arrows* (part of *Warr's* Attire)  
 And of the horn'd *Moon-imitating Bow*;  
*Palm* in their *hands*, in sign of *Peace*, they bear:  
 Which on their *Heads* victorious *HEROES* wear.

94.

In a *Canoe* (which was both long and broad,  
 And glissend in the Sun with *Cov'rings*, made  
 Of mixed *Silks*) *MELINDE'S KING* is row'd:  
 Wayted by *Princes* mongst their own obay'd.  
 In rich *Attire* (according to the *mode*  
 And custom of that Land) he comes arayd.  
 Upon his Head he weares a *Terbant*, roll'd,  
 Of *silk* and *Cotton*, with a *CROWN* of gold.

95.

A *Roabe*, of *Scarlet-damask*, (high-extold  
By Them, and worth the wearing of a KING)  
About his *Neck* a *Collar* of pure *gold* :  
The *work* worth twice the substance of the Thing.  
A *Velvet* sheath a *dagger* keen did hold,  
With *Diamond-hilt*, hang'd by a *golden* string.  
*Sandals* of *Velvet* on his Feet he wore,  
With *Gold* and *pearl* imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're *Him* a round *Silk-Canopy* he had  
Advanc't aloft upon a *gilded* Pole;  
With which a *Boy* behind to *burn* forbad  
Or *trouble* the Great KING, the beams of SOL.  
*Musick* ith' Prow, so *merry* that 'twas *mad*,  
Grating the Eare with a harsh noise. The whole  
*Consort*, is onely crooked Horns, wreath'd round,  
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the LUSITANIAN  
From the *Armada* in his *Boats* doth dance,  
To meet *Him* of MELINDE with a *Train*  
Whom *much* their *cloaths*, but *more* their *deeds* advance:  
GAMA comes clad after the use of SPAIN,  
But wears a *Cassock ala mode de France* :  
The *Stuff*, a *Florence-Satin* ; and the *dye*,  
A perfect *Crimson*, glorious in *their* Eye.

98.

The *Sleeves* have *golden* Loops, which the *Sun-shine*  
• Makes too too bright and slippry for the *Eyes* :  
His close *Camp-Trowzes* lac't with the *same* myne,  
Which *Fortune* to so many men denyes:  
*Poynts* likewise of the *same*, and *Tagging* fine,  
With which his *Doublet* to his *Hose* he ties.  
A *Sword* of massive *Gold*, in *Hanger* tyde;  
A *Cap* and *Plume*; the *Cap*. set a *toe* side.

99.

Mong't his *Camrades*, the noble *Tyrian dye*  
(Not *liv'ry-wise*, but) sparcl'd here, and there,  
The sev'ral *Colours* recreate the *Eye* :  
So do the different *Fashions* which they weare.  
Such their inamel'd *Cloathes* Varietie  
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear  
The painted *Bow*, in *water-colours* laid,  
Of JUNO's Minion, the *Thaumantian* Mayd.

100.

The ratling *Trumpets*, *now*, their joy atgment  
 As, *other times*, they had their courage done.  
 The *Moorish* Boats cover'd the Sea, and went  
 Sweeping the Water with their silks Anon.  
 The *Clouds* of H E A V'N the thund'ring *Cannon* rent,  
 And with new *Clouds* of *Smoak* put out the *Sun*.  
 Before the *Blow* the winged lightning flies:  
 The M O O R S' s *hands* stop their *Eares*, the *lids* their *Eyes*.

101.

Into the *Captain's* Boate the K I N G doth come  
 (Folding him in his *Arms*) And He agin  
 With such respect and rev'rence, as become,  
 Doth both receive, and speak unto, the K I N G.  
 A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,  
 The M O O R on G A M A stands considering,  
 As He That highly doth esteem the Man  
 Who came so far to seek the *Indian* Stran:

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of what're  
 To do him good his *Kingdom* can afford;  
 And that he freely would demand it *there*  
 As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.  
 Adds, though till now he saw the L U S I A N S ne're  
 Yet he from F A M E had heard much of their S W O R D;  
 And how, in other *Parts* of A F F R I C A,  
 They have had wars with People of *his* way:

103.

And how through all that spacious *LAND* resown  
 The glorious *Actions* of that N A T I O N,  
 When they therein did gain that *Kingdom's* *Crown*,  
 Where the H E S P E R I D E S of old did won.  
 And *most* of That, which to the K I N G was known  
 (Although the least the P O R T I N G A L L S had done)  
 He spread our thin in words, and magnifide:  
 But to the K I N G de G A M A thus reply'de.

104.

O great and gracious K I N G, who dost (alone)  
 The *Lusitanian* People's sad estate,  
 (By N E P T U N E's rage, and *adverse* *Fortune*, thrown  
 Into so many freights) Commiserate:  
 The K I N G O F K I N G S (who, from th'eternal *Throne*,  
 Turning H E A V'N round, did the round *Earth* create,  
 Since *Mercy* is his chiefest *Attribute*)  
 Reward thee for it, for *We* cannot do't:

105.

*Thou* onely, of all Those *APOLLO* blacks,  
 In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast:  
 In *Thee*, from peril of *Eolian* Wracks,  
 We find a *Refuge* kind, sincere, and fast.  
 Whilst the *Sun* lights, whilst *Night* his presence lacks,  
 In *HEAVN'S* blew *Meade* whilst *Stars* take their repast,  
 Where're I go, in either *Hemisphere*,  
 Thy *Name*, and *Praises*, shall be founded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the *Fleet* they row,  
 (The *KING* requesting that he *now* may see't).  
*Ship* after *Ship* about it round they go:  
 That he of *All* may note *all* he thinks meet.  
 Lame *VULCAN* walks on *Eynstocks* to and fro,  
 With which the *Guns* salute him from the *Fleet*.  
 The *Trumpets* play unto him in shril notes:  
 The *MOORS* with *Cornets* answer from the *Boates*.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had caest to Noate  
 All That he would, nor heard with little wonder  
 Th'unusual *Instrument* with the wide Throat  
 That speaks so big, and tears the *Clouds* in sunder;  
 He bids them (in the *Sea* anch'ring the *Boate*)  
 Suspend their *Oars*, as they had done their *thunder*:  
 That he may know *at large* of brave *DE GAME*  
 Those things, which *lightly* he had heard from *FAME*.

108.

The *MOOR* doth into sev'ral questions run,  
 With *gust* inquiring, sometimes of the great  
 And famous *Wars* between our *NATION*,  
 And *Those* who do believe in *MAHOMET*.  
*Now* of the *LAND* we dwell in, which the *Sun*  
 Bids last *good night*, when he makes hast to set;  
*Now*, of the *NATIONS* which therewith confine;  
*Now* of his ploughing through the *Gulphs* of *Brine*.

109.

But rather, valiant *Captain* (quoth the *KING*)  
 Make us a full and orderly *narration*  
 Under what *Part* of the *CELESTIAL RING*,  
 Under what *Clyme* ye have your *Habitation*;  
 Also your ancient *Generation's* spring,  
 And, of a *REALM* so potent the *Foundation*;  
 With the successes of your *Warrs*: For (though  
 I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

## 110

Tell us besides, of all that tedious *maze*  
 Through which thou hast been tost with angry flaws  
 On the salt *Seas*, observing the strange ways  
 Of our rude *AFFRICK*, and the *barb'rous* Laws.  
 Tell; For the *Horse* of the new *Sun*, the *DAY*'s  
 Imbroydered *Coasts* with golden *traces* draws,  
*Postillon'd* by the *MORN*: The *Wind*'s asleep,  
 And the curst *Billowes* couch upon the *DEEP*.

## 111.

And if the *Winds* and *Seas* are husht, to hear  
 The *story* thou shalt tell: no less are *Wee*.  
*Who* would not lend *your* *Acts* a *greedy* *Eare*?  
*Who* hath not heard of *Lusus*'s *Progenie*?  
*SOL* (who the *Brain* of *man* doth *purge* and *cleer*).  
 Drives not his *Coach* thus nigh us as you see,  
 To have *MELINDIANS* thought so dull a *Breed*,  
 As not to value an *Heroick* deed.

## 112.

A daring *War* the haughty *GYANTS* made  
 Upon *OLYMPUS* permanent and pure:  
 Rash *THESEUS*, and *PERITHOUS*, did invade  
 Grim *PLUTO*'s *Kingdom* horrid and obscure.  
 If such *high* *Boys* as these the world hath had,  
 'Tis not less *hard*, nor will less *Fame* procure,  
 Then the attempting *HEAV'N* and *Hell* by *Them*,  
 That *others* should attempt the *Watry* *Ream*.

## 113.

*DIANA*'s *Temple* built by *TESIPHON*  
 (Rare *Architect*!) *HOROSTRATUS* burnt down:  
 To be talkt of, though for a *Thing* ill done,  
 And *dye* *defam'd*, rather than *live unknown*.  
 If on so false, and vile *Foundation*,  
 The sweet desire deceives us of *Renown*;  
 How much more lawful is't to seek a name  
 By deeds deserving everlasting *FAME*.

*End of the second Cantō.*

## Third Canto.

## STANZA. I.

Now what illustrious GAMA, near the *Line*,  
 Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPH:  
 Breathe an immortal *Song*, and *voice* divine,  
 Into this mortal *Breast*, that's big with *Thee*:  
 So, never the great God of *Medicine*,  
 (To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'st) love CLYCIH,  
 Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHON Friend,  
 Since *Thou* in Beauty doest them *All* transcend.

2.

Thou, *Nymph*, promote my pious just desire  
 To pay my Country what to *It* I owe;  
 That the whole *world* may listen, and admire  
 To see from *Tagus* AGANIPPA flowe.  
 Leave PINDUS's flow'rs: For (Loe!) the MUSE's Sire  
 Bathes me in *Sacred* dew from top to toe.  
 If not, I swear thou hast some jealousy  
 ORPHEUS (thy joy) should be eclips'd by me.

3.

To hear the noble GAMA, In a *Ring*  
 Gather'd was all th'attentive *Companie*;  
 When (having sat a while considering)  
 Raising his manly *Visage*, thus said *He*.  
 Thou doest command me to unfold (O KING)  
 My noble NATION's *genealogie*:  
 Thou bid'st me not to tell a *foreign story*,  
 But of my *Own* thou bid'st me tell the glory.

4.

Upon *Another's* Prayses to dilate  
 Is usual, and that which Friends doth raise:  
 But of One's *Own* the Prayses to relate,  
 Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.  
 Besides, to praise *ours* to the worth, the date  
 Would first expire of six the longest days.  
 But (to serve *Thee*) a double fault I'll do:  
 I'll praise my own, and crop their praises too.



## 5.

Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,  
 I'm sure of *Lying* I shall run no danger:  
 For of such *deeds* say what I can, I wis  
 I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.  
 But (to pursue that *method* in all this  
 Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)  
 First, of the *Territory* large I'll tell;  
 Then, of the bloody *Battailes* that befell.

## 6

Between the *Zone* where *Cancer* bends his clutch  
 (To the bright *Sun* a Bound *Septentrional*)  
 And *that* which for the *Cold* is shun'd as much,  
 As for the *Heate* the middle *Zone* of all,  
 Prowd *EUROPE* lyes: whose *North*, and parts which touch  
 Upon the *Occident*, have for their Wall  
 The *OCEAN*; and, with unreturning *Waves*,  
 Her *South*, the *SEA-MEDITERRANEAN* lyes.

## 7.

Upon the *East* she neighbours *ASIA*:  
 But that *cold River* with the *doubling* stream,  
 (Which from *Riphean Mountains* plough his way,  
 To the *Meotick Lake*) divideth Them:  
 So doth that furious and that horrid *Sea*  
 Which with their *Fleet* th'incens'd *GREEKS* did steme;  
 From whence the *Sayler* now with his *mind's eye*  
 Sees the name onely of once glorious *TROY*.

## 8.

Where she is most beneath the *Antick Pole*:  
 The *Hyperborean Mountains* she doth see;  
 And *those*, where *EOL* rains without controle,  
 Owing to blustering their *Nobility*.  
 The *Sun*, That spreads his lustre through the *Whole*,  
 His rays have *here* such imbecility,  
 That a deep snow is *still* upon the *Mountains*,  
 The *Sea* *still* frozen, frozen *still* the *Fountains*.

## 9.

Here *SCYTHS*, and *TARTARS*, in great numbers, live;  
 Who were engag'd in a sharp *war* of old,  
 About their *Pedigrees* prerogative,  
 With those who *then* th'*E OYPTIAN-LAND* did hold,  
 But, where the justice of the *Cause* to give  
 Being hard by erring *Mortals* to be told,  
 To get more certain information, look  
 In the *Clay-Office* from which *Man* was took.

## 10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)  
 Are the cold LAPLAND; NORWAY comfortless;  
 SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant ROME  
 (Which her proud ruines to this day confests).  
 Here, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,  
 With *Winters* Ice glazing the BALTICK-SEAS,  
 That *Arm* of the SARMATICK OCEANE  
 Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

## 11.

Betwixt *this* Sea, and TANAI'S, live strange *Nations*:  
 RUTHENI, frozen MUSCOVITES, LIVONIANS,  
 That were in former Ages the SARMATIANS,  
 And, in th'HERCINIAN FOREST, the POLONIANS.  
 Held of the GERMAN EMPIRE are ALSATIANS,  
 SAXONS, BOHEMIANS, HUNGARS, or PANNONIANS:  
 With divers *other*, whom the RHINE'S cold waves,  
 The ELVE, the MOZELL, and the DANOW laves.

## 12.

'Twixt wandring ISTER, and that NARROW-SEA  
 Where, with her life, fair HELLE left her *name*;  
 The warlike THRACIANS dwell: who lay a plea  
 To MARS his Sword, as from whose loyns they came.  
 Here HEMUS, and ORPHEAN RHODOPE,  
 Obey the OTTOMAN; and (to the shame  
 Of Christendom) BYSANTIUM'S noble Seat,  
 A proud affront to CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

## 13.

The next in order MACEDONIA stands,  
 Bath'd with the *Actian* (now LEPANTO'S) Sea:  
 And likewise *you*, O admirable LANDS,  
 Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;  
 Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,  
 Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,  
 With which *Thou* (famous GREECE) unto the skies  
 As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

## 14.

DALMATIANS follow *Them*: and, in that Bay  
 ANTENOR chose for his new *City's* Syte,  
 VENICE (like VENUS) rises from the *Sea*;  
 From low beginnings swoln to that proud hight.  
 That *Sea*, an *Arm* of *Land* doth over lay,  
 Which the whole WORLD subjected by its might.  
 That *Arm* (no less then GREECE) to HEAVEN soar'd  
 With the two *wings* of LEARNING, and THE SWORD.

## 15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn  
 Unto the ALPS thick shoulders: NEPTUNE barrs  
 The rest with his salt waves: THE APPEININE  
 Cuts ith'middle: where your LYBIAN MARS  
 Wan him such Fame. But *now*, since the *divine*  
*Porter* hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)

'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:

"So much is GOD delighted with the *poet*."

## 16.

Pass we from thence to FRANCE, so much of old  
 With CÆSAR'S triumphs through the World renown'd.  
 'Tis water'd with the ROYAL SEYN, the *cold*  
 GAROON, the pleasant LOYRE, the RHINE *profound*.  
*Now* those high Mountains in the clouds behold  
 Which still the lost PYRENE'S name resound:  
 From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)  
 Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

## 17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious SPAIN,  
 As *Head* there of all EUROPE: In whose strange  
 Successes of their *Wars*, and ways of *raign*,  
 FATE'S wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.  
 But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, shall fix a stain  
 (Through *Fortune*'s humor always giv'n to range)  
 But SPAIN will finde a time to wipe it out,  
 And make her blasted *honors* freshly sprout.

## 18.

She faces TINGITANIA: and There  
 (As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Isle*)  
 The well-known STREIGHTS to close their jaws appear  
 Innobled with the THEBAN'S latest *Toyle*.  
 With different *Nations* she her head doth reare  
 (*Sea-girt* three sides, the fourth with *Hilly Pyle*)  
 Of such Nobility and Valour *All*,  
 That *each* pretends to be the *principal*.

## 19.

She has the ARRAGONIAN, so renown'd  
 For conqu'ring twice stubborn PARTHENOPE:  
 Those of NAVAR: ASTURIANS, who did bound  
 The MOORS, broke in upon us like a Sea.  
 She has the shrewd GALLEGO, many-crownd  
 CASTILIAN, whom his *Star* reserv'd to be  
 SPAIN'S great *Restorer* and her *Lord*: SEVILIA,  
 GRANADA, LEON, MURCIA, with CASTILIA.

## 20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,  
 Plac't as the *Crown* upon fair EUROPE's Head:  
 Where (the *Land* finishing) begins the *Sea*,  
 And whence the *Sun* steps to his watry Bed.  
 This, first in *Arms* (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)  
 Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:  
 Throwing him out of *Her* to his old Nest  
 In burning AFFRICK; nor *there* let him rest.

## 21.

That, That, the loved EARTH where I was born!  
 To which if kinder HEAV'N do so dispose  
 That I (this *Task* perform'd) alive return:  
 With *It*, my dying Eyes, *there* let me close.  
 From LYSUS (which the *Latines* LUSUS turn)  
 Old BACCHUS's *Camrade*, or (as some suppose)  
 His *Son*, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,  
 When in that *Countrey* his *Plantation* thriv'd,

## 22.

Here was that *Shepherd* born, who in his *Name*  
 (As well as in his *Actions*) did write MAN;  
 Whom none must hope to equal in his *Fame*  
 Since that of ROME he to eclipse began.  
 This *Spot*, through shuffling of light *Fortune's* Game,  
 TIME (who devours his *children*) saw, Anan,  
 On the *WORLD's* *Theater* a great *Part* play  
 Rays'd to a *Kingdom*: and it was this way.

## 23.

There was in SPAIN a *King* (ALPHONSO high)  
 Who made so close a *War* upon the *MORE*,  
 • That (what with *policy*, and what with *might*)  
 Many he slew, and many a *Town* he bore.  
 This *KING's* sublime *Renown* taking her flight  
 From *Streights* *Herculean* to the *Caspian* *Shore*,  
*Diverse* (affecting an *immortal* name)  
 To *Him* and *Death* to offer themselves came.

## 24.

*Others* (more fir'd with an *intrinsick* love  
 Of *Christian* *Faith*, then Honour *popular*)  
 Flock from all *Corners*: willing to remove  
 Both from sweet *Countrey*, and from private *Lar*.  
 But, when their names, by *Actions* rais'd above  
 The vulgar pitch, they *All* advanc't in *War*;  
 The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallant deeds,  
 Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These HENRY (saith the History)  
 A younger son of FRANCE, and a brave Prince,  
 Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the *World's* eye  
 Not *then* so glorious; nor so large, as *since*.  
 And the same KING did his own *daughter* tye  
 To *Him* in Wedlock, to infer from thence  
 His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,  
 The *Livery and Seisin* of that LAND.

26.

He (when against the *Off-spring* of the Hand-  
 Maid HAGAR mighty Conquests he had won,  
 Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,  
 And doing what was comely to be done)  
 Obtains from *Him*, who doth high *Heav'n* command  
 In a short time (to guerdon All) a *Son*:  
 Who (adding to his *Father's* worth, his *owne*)  
 Shall first erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,  
 And Conquest of enslav'd IERUSALEM;  
 Having seen consecrated IORDAN'S Strand,  
 That saw the flesh of GOD bath'd in his stream;  
 For, GODFREY finding nothing could withstand  
 After IUDEA was subdu'd by *Him*,  
 Many, who in that *War* had giv'n him Ayd,  
 Their wisht return to their *Dominions* made:

28.

When, come to the last *Exit* of his Age  
 The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)  
 Pull'd by DEATH'S hand down from this mortal Stage,  
 His *Spirit*, unto *Him*, that gave it, gave.  
 His *Son* remain'd in tender *upillage*,  
 True *Copy* of his *Sire* that's in the Grave:  
 Then whom more excellent the world had none,  
 For such a *Father* must have such a *Son*.

29.

But *old* Report (how *true* I cannot say:  
 For things so distant with much night are spread).  
 Tells, how the *Mother*, taking all the way,  
 Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed:  
 And, for herself an *After-Game* to play,  
 Her *Fatherless-Son* disinherited:  
 Claiming for *Hers* the *Land*, and *Princely Pow're*,  
 As giv'n her by her *Father* for a *dow're*.

110  
 110  
 110

30.

Then young ALPHONSO (so the *Prince* they call,  
 Inheriting his *Grandfire* in his Name)  
 Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,  
 For that the *Mother*, and her *Groom*, the same  
 Usurp, and mean from *Him* to give it All:  
 (His bosom boyling with a *Martial* flame)  
 By force to seize it in his mind revolves,  
 As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.

The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,  
 With *one-same* blood of *War intestine* dide;  
 In which the *Mother* (whose *deeds* spake her *none*)  
 The *Son* her *love*, and his own LAND deny'de:  
 Now stands against him in *battalion*,  
 And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)  
 How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and *natural Love*:  
 But in her Breast the *sensual* swims above.

32.

O Witch MEDEA! APROGNE, with blood-stain!  
 If for their *Fathers*, not their *own* misdeeds,  
 By you your *children* in *Revenge* were slain,  
 Behold, TERESA'S *Sin* ev'n *yours* exceeds!  
*Incontinence*, the sacred *Thirst* of *Raign*,  
 These are the *Causes* whence her *Crime* proceeds.  
 SCYLLA her aged *Father* slew through *one*:  
 Through *Both* TERESA goes against her *Son*.

33

But the brave *Prince* a perfect conquest had  
 O're an *ill mother*, and a *Father-in-Law*.  
 Forthwith, the *Victor*, all the LAND obey'd  
 That did before their swords against him draw.  
 Then (by his *Wrath* his *judgement* overstay'd)  
 Fast laid in *Irons* he his *Mother* saw:  
 Which GOD'S avenging Hand did soon pursue.  
 "Such *Reverence* is to *all Parents* due.

34.

Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all  
 (To be reveng'd for sad TERESA'S wrong)  
 Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:  
 But, though his *Troops* be *weake*, his *Heart* is strong.  
 His mortal Head with Shield *Angelical*  
 Hid in the day of *Battail* from a throng  
 Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands  
 Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

25.

Yet, not long after, was this valiant *Prince*  
 In the same *ARADUCA* (his chief Nest)  
 Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since  
 Their late defeat, the angered *Foes* increast.  
 But by his faithful Tutor *E G A S*, thence  
 (Offering himself to death) he was releast.  
 Else (of all needful matter ill bested)  
 He in that streight had, surely perished.

26

But the best *Servant* ever *Master* found,  
 Seeing his *Prince* can no resistance make,  
 That he should hold of *Him* the Countrey round  
 To the *CASTILIAN KING* did undertake.  
 He (having honest *E G A S*, *MONIZ* bound)  
 The dreadful siege did presently forsake.  
 But the *Illustrious youth* cannot afford  
 To pay low *Homage* to another *Lord*.

27.

The time prefixed was arrived now  
 When the *CASTILIAN MONARCH* made account  
 To do him homage that *the Prince* would bow  
 As to his *Founder*, and *Lord Paramount*.  
*E G A S* (who knew *that* would not be, and how  
 Because of *Him CASTEEL* rely'de upon't)  
 Resolves his broken promise, at the rate  
 Of his sweet life's expence to expiate.

28.

And, with his *children*, and dear *Wife*, he went  
 T'unpawnd and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,  
 Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent  
 To th'Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.  
 If my rash *confidence* thou have intent  
 To scourge as it deserves (O *K I N G*) he saith;  
 Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord  
 A *life*, in lieu of ill-accomplisht *ward*!

29.

Loe here (to piece out *mine*) the innocent  
 Lives, of my *Wife* and *Babes*, before thy *Eyes*!  
 If *Bosoms* generous and excellent  
 Accept so frail and dire a *Sacrifice*.  
 Loe here the guilty *Hands*, and *Tongue*! invent  
 All sorts of *pains* and *deaths* to exercise  
 On *These*: such as may prove fierce *SCINIS* dull  
 In mischief; and out-roare *PERILLUS's Bull*.

Just

40.

Just as before the *Heads-man* one condemn'd,  
 Who doth in *life* his *death* anticipate,  
 And now upon the *Block* his Neck extend,  
 For the fear'd stroak which must dispatch him straight:  
 So *E G A S* look't, expecting the worst end  
 Could be pronounc't by *K I N G*'s deserved Hate.  
 But the *K I N G* seeing such stupendious *Faith*,  
*Mercy* at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and *Portingal-Fidelitie*,  
 Payd by a *Subject* to his *Prince*! What more  
 Perform'd the *P E R S I A N* in that *Project* high,  
 When *Nose* and *Face* he carbonado'd o're,  
 Which made the great *D A R I U S* (fighting) cry,  
 His brave *Z O P Y R U S*, such as he was once,  
 H'had rather have, then twenty *B A B I L O N S*?

42.

But now the Prince *A L F O N S O* did provide  
 The happy *Hoast* of *L U S I T A N I A*  
 Against the *M O O R S*, who, on the other side  
 Of *T A G U S*'s delectable River, lay.  
 Now in the fam'd *O R I Q U E*'s *Champion* wide  
 The proud and warlike *Troops* he doth aray,  
 Just in the beard of the confronted *M O O R*:  
 As rich in *courage*, as in *numbers* poor.

43.

His *Trust* is not in *Flesh*, but placed all  
 In the eternal *G O D*, That *Heav'n* doth steer:  
 For the *baptiz'd* Army was so small,  
 To his one man an hundred *M O O R S* there were.  
 Those, who consider things by *Reason*, call  
 It *madness* rather, then th'effect of cleer  
 And sober *heate*, on such vast *Heapes* to run,  
 Where there's an *hundred* *Horsemen* to his *one*.

44.

Five *M O O R I S H K I N G S* he hath that day defy'de  
 Of whom the *Chief* hath *I S M A R* to his name:  
 All with the style of *S O L D I E R* dignify'de,  
 By which is purchas'd immortal *Fame*.  
 Each had his *Mistress* fighting by his side,  
 Like that, as beautiful, as warlike, *D A M E*  
 Who helpt so long to prop up falling *T R O Y*;  
 And Those, who streams of *T H E R M O D O N T* enjoy.

Now



45.

Now did AURORA, beautiful and clear,  
 Out of the *Welkin* chase the *golden Fry* :  
 When MARYSON, ALPHONSO'S heart to cheer,  
 Appear'd to him upon *t'ie Cross* on high.  
 Whom worshipping, That thus vouchsaf't t'appear,  
 All of a fire with *Faith*) the *Prince* doth cry,  
 Not to *me* LORD, but to the INFIDEL:  
 Not unto *me*, who know thy pow'r so well.

45.

This *miracle* of mercy so inflam'd  
 The POTINGALLS, and did their minds erect,  
 That they the gallant *Prince* their KING acclam'd,  
 Whom with such cordial love they did affect;  
 And (*drawing up* before the *Foe*) proclam'd  
 To HEAV'N, and to the *World*, their new *Elect*:  
 Crying aloud; THE ARMY, CROWN AND ALL,  
 FOR GREAT ALPHONSO KING OF PORTUGALL.

47.

As a fierce *Mastiffe* in in the woody CHACE  
 (Whom *shouts*, and *Hunters Instruments* incite)  
 Attacks a *Bull*, the which his Trust doth place  
 In his sharp *Horns's* irrefragable might;  
 Now fastning on his flank, now on his Face,  
 More nimble at the turn, then strong in fight;  
 Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the *Beast*,  
 The groaning *Mountain* with his weight oppress:

48

So the *new* KING (with courage no less *new*  
 Inflam'd by GOD, and by the *People*, Both)  
 Upon the *barb'rous Hoast*, before him, flew  
 With his bold Troops, impetuous, and wroth.  
 With this, the *doggs* take up a Howle and rue-  
 Full Cry, the *people* rowze, th'*Alarum* goeth:  
 They snatch their *Spears*, and *Bowes*, the *Trumpets* found;  
 Low'd *Instruments* of war go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in Stubble dry begun  
 (The whistling *Boreas* hapning then to blow)  
 Fann'd by the *Bellows* of the *Wind*, doth run  
 To the next which *Field*, *Furzes* overgrow;  
 And *there* a knot of *Sheepherds* (who upon  
 The grassie ground sweet slumbers undergo)  
 Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick *Brake*,  
 Snatch up their *Hooks*, and to the *Village* make:.

50

So the surprized *MOORS*, and thunder-strook,  
 Catch up their *weapons*, which lye round about.  
 Yet fled not, *these*; but to their *Arms* they took,  
 And spur'd their warlike *Barbs*, resolv'd and stout.  
 The *PORTINGALL* incounters them unshook,  
 He makes his *Lances* at their *backs* come out.

*Some* drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,  
*Others* invoke the *ALCORAN*, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Incounters, *there*, resound;  
 Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:  
 When those fierce *Beasts*, the *Trident*-strooken ground  
 Product (with their more furious *Burthens*) shock.  
 No *Nook* exempt, the *war* is kindled round,  
 Vast *wounds* are giv'n, *Neither* hath cause to mock:  
 But those of *Lusus*, *Armours*, *Males*, and all,  
 Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maule.

52.

*Heads* from the *shoulders* leap about the *Field*;  
*Arms*, *Leggs*, without or *Sence*, or *Master*, flye.  
*Others* (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;  
*Earth* in their bloodless *cheek*, *death* in their *Eye*.  
 Th'*impious Army* now the *day* doth yield:  
 Rivers of *Blood* flow from their wounds, whereby  
 The *Field* it self doth lose *its* colour too,  
 And into *Crimson* turns the *verdant* hew.

53.

The *PORTINGALL* victorious doth remain,  
 Reaping the *Trophies* and the wealthy *Prey*.  
 Having discomfited the *MOOR* of *SPAIN*,  
 Three days the *GREAT KING* on the *place* doth stay.  
 In his broad *Shield* (which he till then bore plain)  
 A *Badge* eternal of this glorious *day*,  
*Five* small *Shields* *azure* he doth now include,  
 In sign of these *five Kings* by *Him* subdu'de.

54.

In these *five Shields* he paints the *Recompence*  
 For which *THE LORD* was sold, in various *Ink*  
 Writing *his* history, who did dispence  
 Such favour to him, more then *Heart* could think.  
 In every of the *Five* he paints *Five-pence*,  
 So sums the *Thirty* by a *Cinque-fold Cinque*;  
 Accounting that which is the *Center*, twise,  
 Of the *five Cinques*, which he doth place *Cross-wise*.

Some

55.

Some time after *he* gave this grand defeat  
 Th'illustrious KING (whose Thoughts to Heaven soate)  
 To take in LEYRIA marcht; which Those, *He* bear,  
 Had took from *Him* a little while before.  
 To boot, the strong ARRONCHEZ he doth get:  
 And, with her pleasant *Vale*, the evermore  
 Glorious SCABELICASTRO (Santaréne)  
 Which *Thou*, sweet TAGUS, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble Towns reduc't, he soon  
 Adds MAFRA, dar'd by his victorious Wings;  
 Then, in the famous Mountains of the Moon  
 Cold SYNTRA (forc'd) to his obedience brings:  
 Syntra, in which the NAYADES do run  
 From the sweet Snare, hiding themselves in Springs.  
 But LOVE hath Nets will there too serve their turn:  
 And in the water will his wild-fire burn.

57.

And *Thou*, fair LISBON (worthy to be crown'd  
 Of all the Cities of the WORLD the Queen)  
 Which that great Prince of Eloquence did found,  
 Who by his wit TROY-TOWN had ruin'd seen;  
*Thou* (whom obeys the Ocean-Sea profound)  
 By the brave PORTINGALLS wer't taken in,  
 Helpt by a potent Fleet, which at that time  
 Happen'd to come out of the Northern Clime:

58.

Thence, from the German ELVE, and from the RHENE,  
 And from the Brittain-Sea-commanding THEAMES,  
 Sent to destroy th'usurping SARACEN,  
 And free their sister JORDAN's captive streames.  
 These, entring TAGUS's pleasant mouth, and then  
 With great ALPHONSO joyn'd (whose Glory's beames  
 Attract all Hearts, but those his name appalls)  
 A Seige is laid to th'ULYSSEAN WALLS.

59.

Five times the Moon did hide her horned head,  
 And other five her face at full displayd;  
 When by main force the City entered  
 The will of the Beleaguerer obeyd.  
 Fierce was the Battail, much the blood there shed,  
 As needs they must be (circumstances waigh'd)  
 Between rough Conquerours, That all things dare,  
 And conquer'd People driven to despaire.

I

Thus

## 60.

Thus *Shee*, was after some few Months expence  
 Compell'd to stoop to this *new Victor's* law;  
 Whom in *old time* to *their* obedience,  
 With all their might cold *Vandals* could not draw:  
 Whose *pow'r* (which own'd no *bound*, stuck at no *Fence*)  
*EBRE*, and *GOLDEN TAGUS*, trembling saw:  
 And *BETIS* *they* did so entirely tame,  
 They did *that Land* *VANDALUSIA* name.

## 61.

If noble *LISBON* could not stand it out,  
 Where is that *City* so resolv'd, and strong,  
 That can resistance make to such a stout  
 And warlike people (*FAME's* immortall song)  
 Now all *ESTREMADURA's* at his Foot,  
*OBIDOS* fair, *ALENQUER* proud (among  
 Whose pleasant *Groves* runs many a *River* sweet,  
 Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)  
 And *TORRESUEDRAS*.

## 62.

You likewise, O ye fair *TRANS-TAGAN LANDS*  
 (Which golden *CERES* with her Bounty crowns)  
*Hee*, who brings more then *Mortall* strength, commands  
 Out of your *Forts*, and *Arms*. And you (the *Clowns*  
 Of *AFRICA*) who plough'd them with *your* hands,  
 Hope not to reap the *Fruits*: For the good *Towns*  
 Of *MOURA*, *SERPA*, *YELVES*, by assault  
 Are taken, and *ALCACER OF THE SALT*.

## 63.

Lo! now that noble *City* (certain *Seat*  
 Of the brave *Rebell* in old time, *SERTORIUS*;  
 Where still his far-fetcht *Water* pure and neat,  
 To serve the place b' an act so meritorious  
 Through *Arches* on *Two* hundred *Pillars* set  
 Doth pass, with *Royall* *restoration* glorious)  
 Ev'n *Her*, the bold *GERARDO's* prowess brings  
 To own, and serve, the *LUSITANIAN KINGS*.

## 64.

Against the *City* now of *Beya*,  
 To take revenge for spoyl'd *TRANCOS's* *Town*,  
*ALPHONSO* goes; who cannot rest a *Day*  
 For ymping a *short* *life* with *long* *Renown*.  
 Before this *City* long he doth not stay;  
 And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)  
 Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,  
 His hungry *Steel* he in the *Bowels* sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with *these*, PALMELA doth he win;  
 Fishy CIZIMBRA too: nor wins alone,  
 But (his good *star* assisting him therein)  
 A potent *Army* there hath overthrowne.  
 The *Town* saw his intent, so did her *King*:  
 Nor was he backward to relieve the *Towne*.  
 Careless he marcht along the Mountain-side,  
 Little imagining what did betide.

66:

'Twas He of BADA'CHOZ (a haughty MORE)  
 Four thousand furious *Spirits* were his HORSE,  
 Of INFANTRY innumerable store,  
 With gilded Arms (*Gallants*, and *Warriors*)  
 But, as in *May* a jealous *Bull* (before  
 He is perceiv'd) rushes with all his force  
 Upon a *Travailer*, and runs him over,  
 (Twice mad, both as a *Beast*, and as a *Lover*):

67.

Just so ALPHONSO, from an *Ambush* close,  
 Assaults the people that securely past;  
 Strikes, overturns, and kills; The *Field* he mows;  
 The MOORISH KING flies for his life in hast.  
 Struck vvith a *Pannick* fear, the *Remnant* throwvs  
 Avvay their *Arms*; and followvs him as fast:  
 They That made all this *Havock*, being a *Force*  
 (Good God!) consisting but of sixty *Horse*.

68.

The *Victory* vvithout delay, the great  
 And indefatigable KING pursues,  
 Causing his *Drums* through all the *Realm* to beat  
 (Conqu'ring of *LANDS* he as his *Trade* doth use)  
 Besiegeth BADA'CHOZ, and soon doth get  
 The end of his desire: For *there* he shevvs  
 So much of *Souldier*, and a *Soul* so high;  
 That keep, *It* must the *others* company.

69.

But the great GOD (vvho keeps his *Rods* in store,  
 For such as merit them, till his ovvn time;  
 Whether, for *Sinners* to amend, before  
 They fall; or *CAUSES*, *Man* can not divine)  
 If he, *till now*, the valiant KING forbore,  
 And (through all dangers leading) gave him *line*:  
 Yet *now*, he vvill no longer let him be,  
 From his imprison'd MOTHER'S curses, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,  
 The *LEON-MEN* besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,  
 'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their* Hand,  
 Being of *LEON*, and not *PORTUGAL'S*.  
 Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy stand,  
 As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:  
 For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst  
 Against an *IRON*) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous *POMPEY*! Be Not *Thou* in pain  
 To see thy *Glories's* sad *Catastrophic*;  
 Or that just *NEMESIS* should pre-ordain  
 Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;  
 Though frozen *PHASIS*; and *BOOTES'S* *Wayn*;  
 The *Land* under the *BURNING AXLE-TREE*;  
 And strange *SYENE*, where no *oblique Sun*  
 A *Shadow* casts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

720

And *ENICHIANS* fierce; and *ARABS* rich;  
 And *COLCHOS*, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;  
 And *CAPPADOCEANS*; and *JUDEANS*, which  
 Abolish't *Rites* so obstinately keep,  
 And soft *SOPHENA*, scurf't with pleasures Itch;  
 And (with *SILICIAN-ROBBERS* on the *DEEP*)  
*ARMENIA*, That *two Rivers* boasts, which came  
 From *PARADISE*; All trembled at thy name:

730

And though, in fine, from the *ATLANTICK-SEA*  
 To *SCYTHIAN-TAURUS* which erected *Crown*,  
*Victorious*: Wonder not, that thou shouldst be  
 In the *PHARSALIAN BATTAIL* overthrown.  
 For *high* and *great* *ALPHONSO* thou shalt see  
 Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.  
 By a *Cross-match* of *FATE* were *Both* undon,  
*Thou* by a *FATHER-IN-LAW*, *He* by a *SON*.

74

The noble *KING* thus courg'd by *HEAVN*, at length  
 Restor'd was to his *PORTUGAL* again.  
*There* (after he had been; by a vast strength  
 Of *MOORS*, in *SANTAREN* besieg'd in vain;  
 And, after that the *Corps* of *St. VINCENTH*  
 The *Martyr*, from that *Head of Land* in *SPAIN*  
 Which by his name to all the world is known,  
 Translated was to th'*ULYSSEAN TOWN*.)

To



75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,  
 The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command  
 With men and warlike preparation  
 To march into the ALENTEIAN-LAND.  
 SANCHO (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)  
 Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:  
 And makes the *River* of GUADALQUIVÉR  
 Run *Moorish blood*, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Fleht with his *winnings*, the young *Gamester* grows  
 Now Covetous; and cannot rest, before  
 He in a second Battail overthrowes  
 (In sight of BEIA) the beleagu'ring MORE.  
 Nor long with this *design* in labour goes  
 Ere he the *Bays* by *Him* desired Wore.  
 The MOOR (on both sides justled to the Wall)  
 Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which MEDUSA star'd  
 Out of *that* Body which the HEAV'N sustayn'd,  
 From AMPELUSA'S *Promontory*; hard  
 They march; from TANGER, where ANTEUS reign'd.  
 Of AVILA the *dwellers* are not spar'd:  
 Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)  
 At the harsh *Mauritanian* Trumpet's sound  
 Of noble JUBA all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge mass of men his inroad made  
 The great MIRAMOLIN in PORTUGAL.  
 Twelve *Moorish Kings* he carried in his Ayd,  
 'Mongst whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.  
 These, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,  
 And, where they could, destroy'd the *Countrey* all,  
 In SANTAREN Don SANCHE close impound:  
 But a sad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *assaults* th'incens'd MOOR doth make:  
 A thousand *Stratagems* in practice puts.  
 In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:  
 In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Rambuts*.  
 ALPHONSO'S *Son* is everywhere awake,  
 Here his *Care* *Sbeilds*, and there his *courage cuts*.  
 So what with *these*, and what with *martial Art*,  
 Stopt is each *Meuse*, and guarded in each *part*

But

## 80.

But the *old man* (whose burthen'd *Lims*, and *Head*,  
 With *years*, and *Cares*, oblig'd him to repose)  
 Retir'd into that *City*, whose fair Mead  
 To sweet *MONDEGO's* streams its verdure ows;  
 Hearing his *Son* is close beleaguere'd  
 In *SANTAREN* by blind and barb'rous Foes,  
 Flies from that *City* to his *Ayd*: For *Age*  
 Cramps not his wonted *speed*, nor cools his *rage*.

## 81

*He*, with his *Troops* inur'd to warlike Feats,  
 Thund'ring the *Reare*, and his *Son* salying out;  
 The *PORTINGAL* (who now of custom bears)  
 In a short space the *MOORS* doth wholly rout.  
 With *Terbants*, *Cassacks*, *Faulcbions*, *Coverlets*,  
*Cloaks* with wrought *Capes*, the Field is strew'd about:  
*Horses*, and their *Caparisons* (rich Prey)  
 And by the *Horses* their dead *Masters* lay.

## 82.

The *Lusitanian* Bounds the rest forego,  
 Put to a hasty and disordred flight.  
 The great *MIRAMOLIN*, he flies not though:  
 For before *he* could flye, he fled the light.  
 To *HIM*, who did this *Victory* bestow  
 Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite:  
 For in so great, and so apparent odds,  
 The part *man* acts is the dumb shew to *GOD's*.

## 83:

This was the great *ALPHONSO's* latest wreath  
 Of *Victory* (a *Prince* of vast Renown)  
 When *He* who forg'd it with his *Sword* (his breath  
 Deserting him) exchange'd his *MORTAL CROWN*.  
 The *hand* of *sickness* ush'ring that of *death*,  
 Toucht his weak *Body*, and so pusht it down.  
 Thus, whom so many had paid *Tribute* to,  
 Paid the last tribute unto *Nature* due.

## 84.

*Him* did the lofty *Promontories* moan:  
 With all their streams the widow'd *Rivers* wept,  
 And (overflowing the *Fields*, newly sown,  
 With rueful *Tears*) the next years *Harvest* swept.  
 But through the world his living *FAME* is blown:  
 And, where he reign'd, his *name* so fresh is kept;  
 That *there* each *Hill*, and ev'ry echoing *Plain*,  
*ALFONSO* calls, *ALPHONSO* — But in vain.



85.

SANCHO succeeds (*valiant*, and in his *Spring*)  
*True Copy* of his *Sire*, examin'd well  
 By the *Original*, alive yet being  
 When he with barb'rous blood made BETIS swell;  
 And overturn'd the *Andalusian King*  
 Of the accursed Race of ISHMAEL:  
 But *better*; when at BEJA'S siege he made  
 Them feel the weight of his *Victorious Blade*.

86.

After he ware the LUSITANIAN CROWN  
 (Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)  
 Before the City SILVES he sat down  
 Then in possession of the AFRICAN:  
 Assisted was he to take in this Town  
 By Strangers from the Northern Ocean,  
 With Men, and Arms, for ASIA bound: to joyne  
 In rescue of distressed PALESTINE.

87.

They sayld, to second in the *Holy Cause*  
 RED FREDRICK; who with a potent Hoast  
 To the defence of that plagu'd City draws,  
 By which the LORD OF LIFE his own life lost:  
 When GUIDA with his Troops (having their jaws  
 Parcht up with drowth) to the GREAT SOLDAN forst  
 Were to surrender, where the *Miscreants*  
 Have prepossess'd the Springs which GUIDO wants.

88.

But the fair *Narvie* (forc't upon our shore  
 By adverse Winds, though SANCHE's prosperous Star)  
 Assists him willingly against the MORE,  
 Since *one* and *another* is a *Holy War*.  
 As thy great *Father*, LISBON took before;  
 Just so, and with the same *Auxiliar*,  
 From the fierce dwellers tak'st Thou, SILVES: This  
 Also, a noble *Realm's* METROPOLIS.

89.

And, if from the MAHUMBTANS thou hast  
 So many trophies; neither didst thou let  
 The men of LEON (though in Mountains plac't,  
 And nurs't in bloody Battail) quiet set:  
 Till thou a Yoke upon the Neck hadst cast  
 Of their proud TUR, adding a Coronet  
 Of Towns her Neighbours, on which Thou didst put  
 (Renowned SANCHE) thy triumphant Foot.

But

90.

But *death* (like a bold *Thiefe*) did *Him* assault  
 In his *Career* of *glory*. He was *heyrd*  
 B'a *Son* whom many *Vertues* did exalt:  
*Second ALPHONSO*, of our *Kings* the *Therd*.  
 In his *Raign* was *ALCACER OF THE SALT*  
 Subdu'de again in *spight* of the *MOOR's* *Beard*;  
 By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great  
 Destruction of them, and four *Kings's* defeat.

91.

*ALFONSO* dead, The *Second SANCHE* came  
 To hold the *Scepter*; Tame, and negligent:  
 To that degree both negligent, and tame,  
 That for the shadow of *Himself* he went.  
 Then did *Another* (fitter for the same)  
 Wrest from his hands that *pow'r*, he was content  
 To delegate. And why? He having none  
*Himself*, his *Minion's* Crimes were call'd his *owne*.

92.

No, no, our *SANCHE* was not of that mood  
 Lewd *NERO* was, who married with a *Boy*;  
 And after (with less guilt he shed her blood)  
 His mother *AGRIPPINA* did enjoy:  
 Nor (like the self-same *NERO*) piping stood,  
 Then clapt his hands to see his burning *TROY*:  
 Nor did his *daughter*, like one *King*, devour:  
 Nor change his *Sex* like t'other *Emperour*.

93

He did not o're his *People* tyrannize,  
 Like *Those* who *Kings* in *SYRACUSA* were:  
 Nor *hyrd* he men, strange *Tortures* to devise,  
 Like *PHALARIS*, one of the *Tyrants* there.  
 But the proud *Realm*, which too indulgent *skyes*  
 Had us'd to *Kings*, who would indure no *Peere*;  
 That likewise to such *nicesness* did arrive  
 T'indure no *King*, who had his *Peer* alive.

94.

Therefore *BOLONIA's* *Earl* the *Helm* did guide:  
 Which he did after in his own right hold,  
 When his still-sloathful Brother *SANCHE* dy'de.  
 He (nam'd *ALPHONSO*, and furnam'd *the Bold*)  
 After he had the *Kingdom* pacify'de;  
 And all sharp humors settled, or controll'd;  
 Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit:  
 Too *small* a *Circle* for so *great* a *spirit*.

95.

Of the ALGARVES's land (the conquering  
Whereof was giv'n him with his *Queen* in dow'r)  
He gains in much, outing the *Moorish King*;  
On all whose *Actions* now curst MARS did low'r.  
But out of PORTUGAL did wholly fling  
(By *Prudence* part; and part by *martial* pow'r.)  
That pertinacious People, and did chace  
From that *good Land* which Lusus left his Race.

96.

Now, DENIS! worthy his own *Parentage*:  
And for whom *such a Father* should make room.  
DENIS! Who strikes (in the way of *Patronage*)  
The fame of ALEXANDER's bounty, dumbe.  
The *Land* got breath, and flourish'd in that *Age*  
(Mild *Peace*, and, with peace, *Justice* from *Heav'n* come)  
With *Constitutions*, *Laws*, and *Customes* right:  
Of a calm *Kingdome* LUMINARIES bright.

97.

He, was the first That made COYMBRA shine  
With *Lib'ral Sciences* which PALLAS taught;  
By *Him*, from HELICON the *Muses Nine*  
To bruize MONDEGO's grassie brink were brought;  
*Hither* transferr'd APOLLO that rich *Mine*,  
Which the old GRECKS in learned ATHENS wrought;  
*Here* Ivy-Wreaths with *Gold* he interweaves,  
And the coy DAPHNE's never-fading leaves.

98

Now noble *Cities* from the ground ascend,  
*Castles*, and warlike *Fortresses* secure;  
Scarce any *Corner* but this *Prince* doth mend:  
*Convents* he builds, and *Towns* he doth immure.  
But ATROPOS (the *Best* must have an *End*)  
Shearing his golden *Thrid* in years mature,  
His *Son* succeeds; not *dutiful* (the *Fourth*  
ALPHONSE) but of high *courage*, and much *worth*.

99.

On proud CASTEEL he still with *Scorn* did look:  
Yet free from *malice* as 'twas free from *feares*,  
Onely men have a custom, in that *Nook*,  
To dread no *pow'r* for being more then *theirs*.  
For when the MAURITANIAN undertook  
HESPERIA's second *Conquest*, and appears  
Just ready now CASTILIANS to invade:  
The brave ALPHONS's pow'rs in to their *Ayd*:

K

Never

100.

Never SEMIRAMIS with such an *Host*  
 Did swarm HYDASPES's banks, his Sands out-number;  
 Nor ATTILA (He, who *Himself* did boast  
 The *Scourge* of GOD, and was the *fright*, and *wonder*  
 Of ITALY) so many GOTHs ingroft  
 And *Northern People*: As of MOORS were under,  
 The AFFRICK-MOOR (with Those GRANADA yields)  
 At that time mustred in *Tartessian* Fields.

101.

Then the CASTILIAN KING (who saw so great  
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend;  
 Nor weigh'd his *life*, but the intire *defeat*  
 Of SPAIN it self (once lost) did apprehend)  
 Help from the valiant PORTINGALL t'intreat,  
 His dearest *Consort* to that *Court* did send:  
 His *Wife* from whom the *Embassie* is sent,  
 And his dear *daughter* unto whom it went.

102.

Vertuous MARIA, and as *fair as good*,  
 Enters her Father's *Palace* (glorious dame!)  
*Lovely*, in *Grief*; nor, though the water flood  
 In her sweet eyes, did *that* suspend their flame,  
 Her *Angel's* Tresses with a *golden* flood  
 Coverd her *Ivory* shoulders: When she came  
 Before her *Sire* (He overjoyd and kind)  
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many *Nations* as all AFFRICK bred  
 (A People *barbarous* and *inhumane*)  
 Hath the great King of the MOROCIO's led  
 To take possession of illustrious SPAIN.  
 So vast a pow'r ne're marcht under one *Head*  
 Since the dry *Earth* was compast by the *Main*.  
 It terrifies the *living* where it rolls,  
 And ev'n alarms their dead *Father's* Souls.

104.

His frighted subjects to protect and skreen,  
 He, whom *thou* hast my *Lord* and *Husband* made,  
 Stands with small strength exposd to the keen  
 And thirsty edges of the *Moorish* Blade;  
 And I shall soon depriv'd of *all* be seen,  
 If thou afford him not thy present ayd:  
 A *sad* and *private* Woman, *Husbandless*.  
 Without a *Crown*, or *Him*, or *Happinefs*.

There-

## 105.

Therefore (O King) for very fear of whom  
 The streams of hot MALUCO do congeale;  
 Succour, O! quickly to the succour come  
 Of miserable and despis'd CASTELE.  
 If that deare *smile* be an assenting dumb,  
 If *that* thy fatherly affection seal.  
 Run Father, if thou do not, by the MORE  
 I fear thou'lt find it *over-run* before.

## 106.

This with the self-same tone MARI A said  
 To King ALPHONSO on her trembling knees,  
 With which sad VENUS once her Father pray'd  
 For her ENEAS tost on Lybian Seas;  
 At which, with sence of the deep moan she made,  
 Such tender pitty did JOVE'S bowels seize,  
 (Indulgent Sire!) he let his Thunder fall,  
 And (griev'd she askt no more) granted her all.

## 107.

Streight armed Squadrons, glitt'ring in the Sun,  
 Are mustred in the Fields of EBORA:  
 Scowr'd is the Sword, the Lance, the Murrion:  
 In rich Caparisons the Horses neigh.  
 The Trumpet shrill, with pendant Banner done,  
 Rowzes from peaces down (where long they lay)  
 Their tickled Hearts to disaccustomed Arms;  
 And concave Drums go thund'ring fresh Alarms.

## 108.

Amongst them and above them All appears  
 Higher by head and shoulders then the rest  
 (And where He goes the Royal Standart veers)  
 Valiant ALPHONSO with erected Crest.  
 His very look, it animates and cheers  
 (If there are any) ev'n the Coward's Brest.  
 Into CASTEEL thus marching is he seen  
 With his fair daughter, the Castilian Queen.

## 109.

The two ALPHONSO'S in conclusion joynd,  
 Inwide TARYFA'S Fields confronting stood  
 The endless numbers of the people blind  
 For vvhom too narrow are both Plain and Wood.  
 Of ours not one so hardy, but did find  
 Somevvhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,  
 Save onely such as cleerly understands  
 CHRIST fights the battail vvhith his People's hands.

## 110.

Derided are the thin-spread *Christian-Bands*  
 By Bond-Mayd H A O A R's Progeny unclean;  
 Who, by anticipation, all *their* lands  
 Divide amongst the Army *Hazarene*,  
 Which by false Title in possession stands  
 Of the illustrious Name of *Saracene*;  
 Just as *Another's* noble Land they boast  
 Now, for their *own*; reck'ning without their Host.

## 111

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous *Gyant* (whom  
*King SAUL* so fear'd, and all his *Army* worse)  
 Seeing a simple *Swain* against him come,  
 Onely with *peebles* arm'd, and a *clean* force,  
 With haughty language (arrogant and grum)  
 Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his Nurse;  
 Whom rounding with his sling, *He* taught at length  
 The difference betwixt *Faith*, and *humane* strength.

## 112.

So the perfidious M O O R (advancing) cracks  
 Over the *Christian* Hoast; nor understands  
 What P O W R it is that their weak *Powers* backs,  
 Which *Hell* with all its *Fiends* in vain withstands.  
 Helpt by that P O W R, *He* of C A S T E E L attacks  
 M O R O C C O's King, who *there* in *Chief* commands:  
 The P O R T I N G A L (who sleights their whole *Armada*)  
*He* takes to Task the Kingdom of G R A N A D A.

## 113.

Now crack the *Lances*, and the *Swords* cry clink  
 Upon the *Armours*, Pow'rs incountring Pow'rs;  
 Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)  
*Theirs* M A H O M E T, and S t. I A G O *ours*.  
 The strook strike *Heav'n* with Cries, making a sink  
 And standing Pool with thick Vermilion show'rs:  
 Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood  
 In too much *now*, who fell for want of blood.

## 114.

With so great blood-shed did the P O R T I N G A L  
 Make Spoyl and Havock of the G R A N A D I N E,  
 That in small space he kills, or routs, them *All*,  
 'Spight of their *Mayles* and *breast-plates* of steel fine.  
 His hungry *Blade* which will to supper fall  
 I N F E Z, if in th' A L H A M B R A it did dine)  
 The brave C A S T I L I A N helps to end the Fray:  
 Who hath the M A U R I T A N I A N at a Bay.

## 115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat  
 To THE TY S's grotts, and the bright *Ev'ning Star*  
 Drawing that glorious day to it's red *Set*,  
 Whose memory no time shall ever bar:  
 When the two *Kings* consummate the defeat  
 Of the MOORS'S Powers assembled in this War,  
 With so much Tragick slaughter, as no *Age*  
 Beheld before, or since, on the World's Stage.

## 116.

Not a fourth part rough MARIUS slew, of Those  
 That lost their lives in this day's Victory,  
 When water dash't with blood of their dead Foes  
 He made his *Army* drink, which then was dry:  
 Nor He of CARTHAGE (sworn, a child, to oppose  
 With Fire and Sword the Pride of ITALY)  
 When he so many *Knights* kill'd famous ROME,  
 That their *Rings* tane did to three Bushels come.

## 117.

And if *Thou* (noble TITUS) couldst alone  
 So many souls to black COCYTUS send,  
 When thou the *Holy City* didst unstone  
 Of that stiff *People*, never to be wean'd  
 From their abolish't *Rytes*: This GOD did owne,  
 And christned it *his Act*, that what was pen'd  
 By the OLD PROPHETS might be verify'de,  
 And JESUS said too, whom *they* Crucify'de.

## 118.

After this great and prosperous event  
 (ALFONSO come to PORTUGALL again,  
 There to enjoy in *peace* and sweet content  
 The spreading Glories he in *War* did gain)  
 A black and lamentable accident  
 (Worthy in FAME'S *Memorials* to remain)  
 Was on a miserable *Lady* seen,  
 Who, after she was dead, was made a *Queen*.

## 119.

*Thou*, onely *Thou* (pure LOVE) with bended bow,  
 Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,  
 As if thy *perjur'd Subject*, or *Sworn Foe*,  
 Didst cause her death whom all the World condol'd.  
 If *Tears* (which from a troubled Fountain flow)  
 Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old;  
 It is, that such is thy *tyrannick mood*,  
 'Thou lov'st thy *Altars* should be bath'd in *blood*.

Thou

120.

Thou wer't (fair *YNEs*) in Repose, of *LOVE's*  
 Reflected Fires fott'ring the sweet heat; young;  
 In that sweet *Error*, that worse *Fates* removes,  
 Which *Fortune* never suffers to last long:  
 In sweet *MONDEGOS's* solitary *Groves*,  
 Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among:  
 Teaching the lofty *Trees*, and humble *Grass*,  
 That *Name* which printed in thy bosom was.

121.

Thy pensive *Prince*, with *thine* did sympathize  
*Remembrances*, which in his Soul did swim,  
 Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,  
 When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banisht *Him*:  
 By night, in *dreams*; that cheat him with sweet lyes:  
 By day, in thoughts; that pencil *thy* each *lim*:  
 And all he mus'd, and all he saw in fine,  
 Were dear *IDEA's* of thy *Form* divine.

122.

Of other *Ladies* fair, and *Princesses*  
 The tend'red Matches he did vilifie;  
 For, of a *Heart* 'tis hard to dispossess  
 True *Love*, that hath had time to fortifie.  
 Upon these highly am'rous passages  
 The *Father* looking with an old man's Eye  
 (Enrag'd with what the common-people sed  
 And his *Son's* resolution not to wed)

123.

*YNEs* determines from the *World* to take,  
 His *Son* from *Her* to take, and to remove:  
 Believing, with her *blood's* ill let-out Lake,  
 To quench the kindled flames of constant love.  
 O! that sure *Sword* (which had the pow'r to make  
 The *Moorish* Rage strike faile) what Rage could move  
*Thee*, from the honor'd *Sheaths*, where thou did'st rest,  
 To be new sheath'd in *Lady's* gentle Brest:

124.

The horrid *blood-hounds* dragg'd her to the *King*:  
 Whose bowels now to mercy stood inclin'd.  
 But *ill-Advisers* with false reasoning  
 To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.  
*Shee* (with Heart-breaking language which did spring  
 Onely from sense of *Those* she left behind  
 In solitude, her *Prince*, and children deare,  
 Whose *Griefe* she more, then her own *death* did feare:)

Lifting



125.

Lifting unto the azure *Firmament*  
 Her *Eyes*, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd;  
 Her *Eyes*, for one of those malevolent  
 And bloody *Instruments* her *hands* had bound;  
 And then, the same on her dear *Infants* bent,  
 Who *Them* with smiling innocence surround  
 By whom poor *Orphans* they will streight be made  
 Unto their cruel *Grand-Father* thus said.

126.

If *Beasts* themselves (*wild Beasts*) whose use, and way,  
 By *Nature's* dire instinct, is not to spare;  
 And vagrant *Birds*, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,  
 And chace their *Quarrey* through the yielding Ayre;  
 The world hath seen take *Babes* expos'd, and play  
 The tender *Nurses* to them with their care,  
 As *NINUS's* mother once it did befall,  
 And the *Twinn-Founders* of the *Roman Wall*:

127.

O *Thou*, whose *Superscription* speaks thee, *Man*  
 (That the *Contents* were suited to the *Cover*!  
 A feeble Maid thou wouldst not murder than  
 Onely for loving *Him*, who first did love her)  
 Pitty these *Babes* (*the babes about him ran*)  
 In thy hard doom since *I* am spot all over.  
 Spare, for *their* sakes, *their* lives, and *mine*: And see  
*Whiteness* in *Them*, though thou wilt not in *Me*:

128.

And if (subduing the presumptuous *MORE*,  
 How to give *death* with fire and sword thou know'st,  
 Know, to give *life* too, to a *damsel* poore,  
 Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.  
 Let my hid *Innocence* thus much procure:  
 Exile me to some sad *intemperate Coast*,  
 Cold *SCYTHIA*, or burn't *LYBIA*, to remain  
 A weeping *Tomb*, and never more see *SPAIN*.

129.

Plant me where nothing grows but *Cruelty*,  
 'Mongst *Lions*, *Bears*, and other *Savage Beasts*:  
 To see, if *They* that mercy will deny  
 Which *I* in vain implore from *humane Breasts*.  
*There*, in firm love to *Him* for whom *I* dye,  
 I'll breed his *Pieces*, thou here seest, *their guests*  
 And my *Companions*; to slide off with *Those*  
 Part of the burthen of their *mother's* woes.

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious *King*,  
 Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn:  
 But *Fate*, and *whisperers* (That fresh Fewel bring)  
*They* would not pardon. 'Tis those mens concern  
 (Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.  
 They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).

Out Villains! Butchers! What? imploy your spights,  
 Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights*?

131.

As at the breast of fair *POLIXENA*  
 Condemn'd to death by dire *ACHILLES*'s shade  
 (The last dear stake of Aged *HECUBA*)  
 Revengeful *PYRRHUS* bent his cruel *Blade*;  
 But with a *look* that drives ill Ayrs away  
 (Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,  
 On her mad *Mother* casting up her Eys,  
 Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes:

132.

So gentle *YNE*'s brutish Murtherers,  
 Ev'n in that *Neck* (white *ATLAS* of that *Head*)  
 Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs  
 Of *Him*, That crow'd her after she was dead)  
 Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the *flow'rs*  
 Which her fair Eyes had newly watered  
 (Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood  
 Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou *PHEBUS* from an Act so dire  
 (*PYRUS* starting) have reverst thy look;  
 As from *THYESTES*'s Table, when the *Sire*  
 Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the Cook.  
*You*, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,  
 From her cold lips the dying accentstook)  
 Hearing her *PEDRO* nam'd with her last breath,  
 Form'd *PEDRO*, *PEDRO*, after *YNE*'s death.

134.

Like a sweet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)  
 By *Virgin*'s hand beheaded in the Bud  
 To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,  
 When (sever'd from the stalk on vvhich it stood)  
 Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:  
 So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,  
 Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravisht from the Root  
 Both red and white, and the sweet life to boot.

135.

This Act of horrou, and black night obscure,  
 MONDEGO's daughters long resent'd deep;  
 And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure  
 Fountain, transform'd the *Teares* which they did weep:  
 The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)  
 WASYNE's loves, whom PEDRO there did keep.

No wonder, such sweet *Streams* water those *Flowers*:  
 TEARES, are the substance; and the *Name*, A-MOURS.

136.

It was not long ere PEDRO found the way  
 To that *Revenge* which in his breast did boyle;  
 For, taking in his hands the *Kingdom's* sway  
 Hee takes it on the Murd'ers (who chang'd foyle)  
 With licence of another PEDRO. They  
 (Partners in mischief) having made that vile  
 And bloody pact, AUGUSTUS did with those  
 He was new *Friends* with, of exchanging *Foes*.

137.

A rigorous *Chastizer* was this King  
 Of *Thefts*, of *Murthers*, and *Adultries* blind,  
 The Ill to condigne punishment to bring  
 Was the delight and banquet of his mind.  
 Restraining *Cities* with rough *disciplin*,  
 From *Vice* and *Insolence* of every kind,  
 He gave more *Robbers* their deserved meed  
 Then wandring THESUS, or ALCIDES, did.

138.

From the just PEDRO, and severe (Behold  
 How *Nature* sometimes can prevaricate!)  
 Sprang the remisse, the Carelesse, the sheep-fold  
 FERNANDO: who set all of a Flame straight.  
 Whence the CASTILIAN entring uncomptrold,  
 Went wasting so the weake disterv'd *State*,  
 That at last gaspe it lay: For its seen oft,  
 "A soft KING makes a valiant *People*, soft.

139.

Whether it were GOD's Judgement, for his sin  
 Of taking from her Husband LEONORE,  
 And marrying Her; befotten with her *win-*  
*Ning looks*, and by his Flattring *Casuits* more;  
 Or that faynt *Vice* (through custom soaking in  
 Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)  
 Made him all *Pap* within: For, tis as true,  
 "Unlawfull fires make Valiant KING's soft too.

L.

" Lust

140.

“ *Lust oft hath brought great men to great mishap :  
 GOD that permitting, and ordaining thus.  
 Witness th’A B E T T O R S of fair H E L E N’s Rape :  
 King-T A R Q U I N, and Triumvir-A P P I U S.  
 Why could not holy D A V I D judgement scape ?  
 Why was destroy’d the T R I B E illustrious  
 O F B E N J A M I N ? D I N A H cost S I C H E M deer :  
 Nor (S A R A H onely wisht) went P H A R O A H cleer.*”

141.

Then, whether *manly* Bosoms melt, or not,  
 With *fires* that are not kindled from *Above* ;  
 A L C M E N A’s Son (who ware a *Petticot*  
 To please O M P H A L E) well may serve to prove :  
 And A N T H O N Y, who lost the fame he got,  
 And the *World’s Crown* for C L E O P A T R A’s love.  
 And *Thou* of C A R T H A G E, in full conquest stayd  
 By stumbling on a mean *Appulian* mayd.

142:

But *who* is priviledg’d from the sweet-snare !  
 Which *Love* so subt’ly weaves, and hides it (oh !)  
 In *Damask* Roses, in bright *auburn* haire,  
*Transparent* alabaster, and *warm* Snow ?  
*Who*, from the poyson’d Arrows of the *Faire* ?  
 From a M E D U S A’s head (I term it so)  
 That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,  
 Not into *Stone* (then it were well) but *flame* ?

143.

*Who* sees a *crystal* Brow, a *piercing* look,  
 A *lushious*, and *Seraphick* excellence,  
 (Transforming *Soules* into it) That can brook  
 The *object*, or pretend the least defence ?  
 All That have swallow’d L O V E’s bewitching Hook,  
 With poor F E R N A N D O’s frailty will dispence :  
 And some (as when M A R S seen in courser snares  
 The *Gods* did once) ev’n wish *his* case were *Theirs*.

*End of the third Canto.*

## Fourth Canto.

## STANZA. 1.

**A**fter a pitchie, and a dripping *night*,  
 Poor *Travailleurs* confounding in their way,  
 A glorious *Morn* (succeeding) glads the fight;  
 And, with the long'd-for *Sun*, returns the *day*:  
 After the whistling winds have spent their spight,  
 On the calm'd Sea the wanton *Dolphins* play:  
 So the afflicted *Kingdom* it befell  
 When soft *FERNANDO* bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a *Champion*, to fullfil  
 Their Vengeance upon *Those*, from whom alone  
 (Using remis *FERNANDO*'s favours ill)  
 They make account that all their *Ills* are grown.  
 Now they I have one according to their will,  
 Putting illustrious *JOHN* into the *Throne*,  
 As *PEDRO*'s onely Son they could come at:  
 And his *true* Son, though *Illegitimat*.

3.

That this was *Heaven's* Ordinance divine  
 By most cleer Tokens evident became,  
 When a young girl, speaking before her time,  
 In *EBORA* distinctly form'd his name.  
 And as a *Herald-Angel* sent in fine  
 The *Portingall Successour* to proclame  
 Lifting i'th' *Cradle Body, Hand, and Tone*,  
 Cry'd, *PORTUGAL FOR THE NEW KING DON JOHN*.

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate  
 Of the poor *Realm*, and the mad *People's* spleen;  
 That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)  
 Flat *Cruelties* in ev'ry part were seen:  
 Killing the Kin, and all that did relate  
 To the adult'rous *Earl*, and to the *Queen*,  
 With whom her lewdness (they affirm'd) was more  
 In widowhood, then it had been before.

## 5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave  
 Forfeits his *Head* (and rightly) to the *Axe*.  
 He dyes for't in her presence: Others have  
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.  
 One, whom religious *Orders* could not save,  
 Thrown from a *Steeple* like *ASTIANAX*:  
 A *Second*, *Orders*, *Sex*, nor th' *Altar's* Horn:  
 A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

## 6.

In long forgetfulness may now be laid  
 Those horrid *Massacres*, which *ROME* beheld,  
 By bloody *SYLLA*, and fierce *MARIUS*, made,  
 When one another they by turns expel'd.  
 Then *LEONÓRE* (whom th'unrevenged shade  
 Of her dear *Count* with open fury swell'd)  
 Invites *CASTEEL*, who did her *daughter* wed:  
 Saying, the *CROWN* belongeth to *her* head.

## 7.

Her daughter *BEATRICE* was *she*, as due  
 To whom, *he* of *CASTEEL* that *Crown* might clame:  
 Reputed daughter of *FERNANDO* too,  
 With the permission of her *mother's* *Fame*.  
 Into the *Field* *CASTILIA* therefore drew,  
 To seize the *Kingdom* in his *Consort's* name,  
 Amassing men (our *Spot* to overwhelm)  
 From every *Province* of his spacious *Relm*.

## 8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that *LAND*  
 To which one *BRIGUS* gave his name of yore:  
 From *Lands* recover'd (by their *GREAT FERNAND*,  
 And greater *CID*) from the usurping *MORE*.  
 Nor *those*, who high in *MARS* his favour stand,  
 Who with their *Ploughs* (laborious) *travaile* o're  
 The *Hills* of *LEON*, slowly did advance:  
 The ancient *Terror* of the *Moorish* *Lance*.

## 9.

The *VANDALS* came, who to this day confide  
 In *Valour* which of old they made appear.  
*SEVILIA* came (*ANDALUZIA's* *Pride*)  
 So sweetly water'd by *GUADALQUIVEER*,  
 The noble *ISLAND* (which was *colonied*  
 Sometime by *TYRIANS*) was not wanting here,  
 Who, on their *Banners* in those days of yore  
 The famous *Pillars* of *ALCIDES* bore.

10.

Came likewise Troops from old TOLHDO's Reame,  
 Whose nimble *Tongue* the neatest *Spanish* trolls :  
 And TAGUS clasps her with his amorous streame,  
 Which from the *Hills* of CUENCA sweetly rolls.  
 Nor fear kept you from being joyn'd to Them,  
 Sordid GALLEGOS (refractory Souls!)  
 That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,  
 Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the war drives an  
 The BISKAYNER, A mortal enemy  
 To *Complement*; nor of a Heart, that can  
 From any stranger brook an injury :  
 He of GUIPUSCUA, and th'ASTURIAN:  
 Fam'd for their *Iron-Indies* far and nigh :  
 These (arm'd with their own *Mines*) conducted are  
 To serve their LORD in the denounced War.

12.

JOHN, from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew  
 That courage, SAMPSON borrow'd of his hairs,  
 Though all his men amount but to a Few,  
 To play the best of a bad Game prepares.  
 Nor, that he's unresolv'd what to do,  
 Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires ;  
 But, to observe how every one inclines :  
 " For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that Cause  
 They follow, Reasons do insinuate :  
 Whose sence with a *Castilian* Byas draws  
 From all that's *Portingal* degenerate.  
 Whom Fear so freezes, and so overaws,  
 That *natural love* it doth exterminate.  
 Their King, and Countrey, they deny : and wou'd  
 With PETER too, for fear deny their GOD.

14.

DON NUNIO (to be sure) was none of Those :  
 But though his Brothers (whom he deerly lov'd)  
 Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,  
 Them whose Faith staggers sharply he reprov'd ;  
 And at these People with their *I's*, and *No's* ;  
 Laying his Hand upon his Hilt (more mov'd  
 Then *Eloquent*) these words abruptly hurl'd :  
 Threatning the Earth, the Ocean, and the world.

## 15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portingal*-Nobility  
 Shall there be any less then *Sons* of *MARS*?  
 What? in *this* Realm (victorious far and nigh)  
 Shall there be born, That shun *defensive* wars?  
 That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny  
 At such a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?  
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,  
 Will see their *Countrey* in subjection brought.

## 16.

What? Are not *you* then of those *worthies* bred,  
 Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)  
 Under the great *HENRIQUEZ* Standart led,  
 O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?  
 When *Them* so many routed *Squadrons* fled,  
 So many *Flags*, that (besides thousands more  
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent *Prey*)  
 Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

## 17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down  
*These*, That are now so dreadful in your view,  
 By *DENIS*, and, his *Son*, of *high* Renown,  
 But with your *Sires*, and *Grandsires*? and if *you*  
*Were* (by the *Sins*, or *weakness*, of the *CROWN*)  
 Kept under, in *FERNANDO*'s days; Renew  
 Your strength with the *new* King: "For 'tis not strange  
 "(You see) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

## 18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage rose  
 Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,  
 Ye might o'rethrow the *World*, how much more *These*,  
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?  
 And if, in short, with *Him* ye cannot lose  
 Those fears, that seem t'have turn'd you into *stone*;  
 Stand but like *stones* (I ask you not one stroke)  
 Whilst I alone resist a *forraign* yolk.

## 19

I onely, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* —  
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)  
 Will save from *force*, and all that shameful is,  
 This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a *Maid*.  
 By the *King's* fire, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):  
 Our *Countrey's* Tears: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):  
 Not onely *These* upon their knees I'll bring;  
 But *All* that ever shall oppose *my* King.



20.

As when, despairing now, the *Youth* of ROME  
 (All that survived CANNÆ's fatal Field)  
 Stood ready (rallyed in CANUSIUM)  
 Themselves unto the *Conquerour* to yield,  
 But young CORNELIUS doth amongst them come,  
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compel'd;  
     That they the *Roman wars* shall never leave,  
     Till *life* leave them, or *Those* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So, NUNIO animates, whom he did force.  
 Whose boyst'rous *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,  
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,  
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.  
 And presently they call *to Horse, to Horse,*  
 Tossing about their heads Lances, and Darts.  
     They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)  
     *The famous King that gives us Liberty!*

22.

Amongst the fiercer *Commons*, some up-cry  
 This war, by which their *Countrey* is assoyl'd:  
*Others* scowr up their *Armours*, and supply  
 What with the rust of *peace* was eat, and 'spoyl'd:  
*These*, stuff old *Murrions*; *Those*, new breast-plates try:  
 Each takes those *Arms*, he hath most skill to wield.  
     With sev'ral colour'd *Garments*, others flaunt:  
     *Others*, Love-Motto's, and *devices* paint:

22.

With all this well-appointed Company,  
 Doth valiant JOHN from fresh ABRANTES go:  
*Abrantes*, which enjoys abundantly  
 The streams, from CUENCA's frozen Caves that flow.  
 The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by  
 One, who was fit t'have led against a Foe  
     Those *oriental* Forces without Compt,  
     With which *King* XERXES past the HELLESPONT.

24.

DON NUNIO ALVAREZ, I mean: the true  
 And fatal scourge of proud CASTILIANS,  
 No less, then once the valiant HUN was to  
 The ancient GAULLS, and the ITALIANS.  
 Another *Knight* (to whom much praise is due)  
 Leads the *right wing* of LUSITANIANS:  
     As skillfull to conduct, as bold in fight,  
     OF VASCONCETOS MEM RODRIGUEZ, hight.

The

25.

The *other wing*, that corresponds with *this*,  
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMAAD commands,  
 Who after *Conde* of Abranchez is:  
 And *Hee* comes up with the *Sinestre* Bands.  
 In the *Reer-Gard* the *Standart* none can miss,  
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILIA Stands;  
 With JOHN, accomplished in every part:  
 Who makes a *dunce* of MARKS in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een  
 Cold (betwixt *hope* and *feare* suspended now)  
*Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Mistresses*, are seen.  
*Prayers* they prefer: *Fasts, Pilgrimages*, vow.  
 Our *Troops* (advancing with undaunted meen)  
 Down by the *Foe* they fit them, brow to brow;  
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the *Firmament*:  
 Yet *one*, & *t'other*, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall *Trumpets* challenge, and accept:  
 The *Drumms*, and whistling *Fifes* in consort joyne.  
 The dusty *Field* the flourish'd *Ensigns* swept,  
 Where all the Colours of the *Rainbow* shine.  
 It was the time, when, CERE's fruits being reapt,  
 She lends her *Lab'ers* to the God of *Wine*:  
 When (into *Libra* entred *August's Sun*)  
 Plump BACCHUS put sweet *Must* into the Tun.

28.

*Castilian* Trumpets did the On-set sound,  
 Loud, furious dismall, terrible, and hoarse  
 Heard it ARTABOR's *Mount*, and underground  
 Her way did frighted GUADIANA force:  
 Heard it the DVVERE, and ALENTECHO round:  
 TAGUS looks back, then hastens on his course:  
 And *Mothers* (who that baylefull noyfedid heare)  
 Claspe to their *Breasts* their tender *Babes* for feare.

29.

How many *Cheeks* were there discolour'd seen,  
 Whilst to the *Heart* the frendlie blood repair'd:  
 "In great *Incouners* greater Is I ween  
 "The feare of danger, then the danger feard:  
 "But, when the first *brunt's* over, *Rage*, and *Teen*,  
 "Desire of *honour*, and to *Plume* the *Beard*  
 "Of a proud *Foe*; *These* take away the fence  
 "Of losing *limbs*, or dearest *life's* expence.

30.

On either side the first *Battalions* move :  
 The doubtfull war on either side began :  
*These* fighting for their *Country*, which they love ;  
*Those*, to possess *another's* if they can.  
 The great P E R R E Y R A, first his force did prove :  
 Summing an *Armie's* valour in one *Man*.  
 Hee shocks, strikes down, in fine he makes, their *Grave*,  
 And with their *Corpses* sows the *Land* they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows flier,  
 Javelins, with other shott, fly whizzing round ;  
 Vnder the fiery *Coursers's* yron Feet  
 The *Earth* doth tremble, and the Vales resound :  
 Lances are crackt, and ( dropping thick as Sleet )  
 The *Horsemen* armd come thundring to the ground.  
 Vpon fierce N U N I O's Few, fresh Foes are pact :  
*Their Art*, to multiply ; *his*, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his *Brother's* swords against him bent  
 ( Cruell, and ougly ) ! But *Hee* wonders not.  
 For they, who 'gainst their *King*, and *Country* went,  
 Would never stick to cut a *Brother's* Throat.  
 Of these *Revolters* many did present  
 Themselves in the first Ranks : And *who* so hot  
 To kill their *Frjends*, as *They* : so kindred Hoasts  
 Of yore incountred in *Pharsalian* Coasts.

33.

O C A T A L I N E, and Thou *Sertorius* bould,  
 Noble C O R I O L A N U S, with the rest,  
 Who 'gaynst your *Country* drew your swords of ould  
 From an *Impious*, though *provoked*, Brest !  
 If in the darke *Abyffe* of P L U T O's Hould  
 Ye find your selves with F U R I E S's whipps opprest,  
 Tell them ( to cloake the horrour of your sin )  
 Some *Portingalls* sometimes have *Traytors* bin.

34.

Ore-whelmd with growing *Foes's* impetuous flood,  
 Now were the formost of our *Squadrons* burst,  
 There N U N I O, like a *rampant Lyon*, stood,  
 Whom in her neighb'ring Mountains C U T A nurst ;  
 But now he is invironed with a wood  
 Of H U N T E R S speares, ore *Tetuan* plains that court ;  
*Those* All are bent at *Him*, His Brows *Hee* draws,  
 Nor is it *Feare*, but *Anger* makes him pause.

M

Musty

35.

Musty he looks; nought pleased with the sight,  
 Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted he art  
 Incompetible with ignoble flight)  
 Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart:  
 So with the blood of *Aliens* dyes our Knight  
 The *Lusitanian* Grass. Some fall, some start  
 Ev'n of his *own*. For, where there is such *odds*,  
*Strength* often fails, and firmest *Vertue* nods.

36.

JOHN saw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't:  
 (For, as a wise and careful *General*,  
 His *Eye* was in *all* parts, in *all* his *Foot*,  
 His *Presence*, and his *words*, gave life to *All*)  
 As a *She-Lyon*, and a *Nurse* to boot,  
 That finds, whilst *Hunger*, *Her* from home did call,  
 (Leaving her whelps unto themselves) a bold  
*Massylian* shepherd lurcht them from her Hold;

37.

Raving she runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends  
 The SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice:  
 So JOHN, so runs he (to assist his Friends)  
 To the *Head-Squadrons* with some soldiers choice.  
 O brave *Camrades*, noble as are your Ends,  
 (How in your matchless *Valour* I rejoyce!)  
 Defend your *Country*, and defend your *Lands*:  
 The Hope of *Freedom* in your *Lances* stands.

38.

See me, your *King*, your *Fellow*, and your *Head*,  
 'Mongst *Darts*, 'mongst *Arrows*, and thick *Pikes* among,  
 Rush on the Foe! Nor are you sent, but led.  
 Shew, fighting, to what *Country* ye belong.  
 The irrefragable *Warriour* fed;  
 Who, four times poyning a sharp *Lance*, and strong;  
 Throws it with force: and through this *Throw* alone  
 Many a *Soule* out of her House is throwne.

39.

For (loe!) his men with honorable shame  
 Are kindled new and with a noble Ire.  
 Who shall bet most at MARS his bloody Game,  
 Is th'onely Thing to which they *All* aspire.  
 They *Vye*, *revye*, and dip their steel in flame:  
 Break stubborn *Mayles*, nor leave thick *Plates* intire.  
 Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,  
 Nor doth it grieve them, slaying, to be slain.

Many

40.

Many are posted to the *Stygian* Wave,  
 Into whose Bodies entred *Steel*, and death.  
 Of St. IAGO there the M A S T E R brave  
 Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.  
 Another M A S T E R dire of C A L A T R A V E  
 Pulls *Troops* down with him to the shades beneath.  
 The *Renegade* P E R E Y R A S likewise dye  
*Reneaguing* H E A V E N and their *Destiny*.

41:

Went thousands of the *Vulgar* without noat,  
 And *nobles* too, unenter'd in F A M E'S rolls,  
 Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,  
 Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.  
 And (more to humble *them*, who, when on float,  
 Thought the whole World must stoop to their controll)  
 The high *Castilian Standart* now doth fall,  
 And kiss the foot of that of P O R T U G A L I.

42.

With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,  
 The battail cruel above measure grows.  
 The multitude of men, that here expire,  
 Makes *all the Flow'rs* in colour like the *Rose*.  
*All fly*, or *dye*: Now out of breath was *Ire*:  
 Now *Valour* lost an *Arm* for want of Foes:  
 Now routed sees himself C A S T I L I A'S *King*,  
 And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.

The *Field* he leaves unto the *Conquerer*,  
 Glad that he did leave him his life too.  
 The poor remainder follow: To whom Feare  
 Gave *wings*, not *Feet*: nor did they run, but flew.  
 The loss of so much men, and Treasure there,  
 Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue:  
 Hiding the smart, the sorrow; and the soyle,  
 To have *Another* triumph in *their* spoyle.

44:

Some *Him* with open' mouth blasphem'd, and curst,  
 Who first invented *War* mankind to quell;  
 In whose obdurate Breast *Ambition* first,  
 And *Covetise* of others goods did dwell;  
 Nor car'd for feeding his *hydropick* Thirst  
 How many silly soules were pack't to *Hell*;  
 Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,  
 To orphan *Children*, and to widow *Wives*.

45.

Victorious JOHN upon the place stays out  
 In martial glory the accustom'd days :  
 With *Offerings* then, and *Pilgrimage* devout,  
 To *Him*, That gave the *Conquest*, gives the Praise.  
 But NUNIO (minding what he was about,  
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raise,  
 No way like *Arms*, which all the world command)  
 Passes his *Troops* to the *Trans-Tagan* Land.

46.

To *Him* his stars so favourable were,  
 That the success applauded the *design* :  
 For he both conquers, and the spoils doth weare  
 Of *Andalusian* Countreys That confine.  
 The *Betick Standard* of SEVILIA there,  
 Under which divers neighb'ring *great ones* joyn,  
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,  
 Quell'd by the *force*, and *name*, of PORTINGALS.

47.

With *these*, and *other* Victories opprest  
 A tedious while were the CASTILIANS brave,  
 When *Peace*, and *now* by both desired *Rest*,  
 The *vanquish'd* People from the *Victors* have :  
 After the KING OF HEAV'N, for ever blest,  
 To the *Foe-Kings* in holy marriage gave  
 Of ENGLISH SISTERS the unequall'd pair,  
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,  
 To live without a *Foe*, could not sustain ;  
 So (having *none* upon the *Land* to toyle)  
 Goes to extend his *Conquests* o're the *Maine*.  
 This is our first of *Kings*, who doth exile  
 Himself from SPAIN, to make the AFRICANE  
 By force of *Arms* perceive the difference great  
 Betwixt CHRIST's *Law*, and *that* of MAHOMET.

49.

Behold on curled THETYS's silver flood  
 Their wings a thousand *swimming Eagles* beat,  
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving *wood*).  
 Where the *World's* utmost bounds ALCIDES set,  
 MOUNT AVILA he takes, and the Walls good  
 Of noble CEUTA, outing MAHOMET  
 With his blind *Worship* : and secures all SPAIN  
 From *Treason* of another JULIANE.

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGALL  
 As to enjoy the Ages it desires  
 This worthy *Prince*; and takes him from *Earth's* Ball,  
 To add a new *Voice* to the *Angells's Quires*.  
 But that GOOD POW'R, which *Him* to *Heav'n* did call,  
 Left his large *off-spring* to supply their *Sire's*  
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,  
 Augment, and with *new* Vertues deck the *Land*.

51.

King EDWARD was not of the *happiest*, though,  
 The while that *He* the *Regal Throne* did fill:  
 "For moody TIME goes blending joy with *woe*:  
 "And with *alternate* Hand gives *good* for *ill*.  
 "Who ever *Happiness* did *constant* know?  
 "Or FORTUNE with *one* face continue still?  
 Yet to this KINGDOM *she*, and ev'n this KING,  
 More of her *honey* gave, than of her *sting*.

52

He saw his *Brother* Captive (good FERNAND)  
 Who had a *Soul* so *publike*, and so *brave*,  
 That, for his *Troops*, distressed in AFFRICK-LAND,  
 Himself a *Pawn* unto the MOORS he gave.  
 Where, when his *ransome* was in his own Hand,  
 He (born a *Prince*) would rather dye a *slave*:  
 Then that for *Him* we CEUTA should restore:  
 Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his *Countrey* more.

53.

CODRUS, because the *Foe* should not o'ecome;  
 Deviz'd a noble *Stratagem* to dye:  
 To save the martial *discipline* of ROME  
 Did REGULUS to *Death* with *Torments* flye:  
 Ours, distant fear to keep his *Countrey* from,  
 Invites himself to *endless* slavery.  
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'd at)  
 Nor loyal DECIUS, did so much as *That*.

54.

But EDWARD'S onely *Son*, ALPHONSO hight,  
 (A lucky *Name* to our HESPERIA)  
 Who, the *prowd* threatnings of *Barbarian* night  
 In bord'ring *Lands*, low as the *dust* did lay;  
 Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd *Knight*,  
 Had he forborn t'invade IBERIA.  
 AFFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible  
 To overcome a *King* so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the *golden Apples* was *his hap*,  
 Which none before him, but *ALCIDES* bit,  
 On the feirce *MOOR* he such a *Yoake* did clap  
 From which they cannot rest their *Necks* out yit.  
 The *Palme* and *Lawrell* green his *Temples* wrap,  
 Of *Victories*, he at the *Seige* did git  
 Of Pop'lous *TANCER*, Strong *ALAGER'S* Towers,  
 And tough *ARZILA*, o're the *Barb'rons* Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring *PORTINCALL'S*  
 (The succours beaten) entring *These* by force,  
 Threw to the ground the *adamantine* walls,  
 And *All* that thwarted their *Victorious* course.  
*Wonders* (deserving *Pens* whence liquor falls  
 Immortalizing with it's *Nectar* source)  
 Wrought *private Swords* in this *Exployt* of fame:  
 Exalting more the *Lusitanian* name.

57.

But *after* taynted with *Ambition*,  
 And *Rule's* sweet *Thirst* (though *soure* to *Him* at last)  
*FERNANDO* he invades of *ARRAGON*,  
 About the *Kingdom* of *CASTILIA* vast.  
 Of the proud *NATIONS* (which depend thereon)  
 A num'rous *Hoast*, t'oppose him, is a *masst*,  
 From *CADIZ* to the lofty *PERYNEE*:  
 All which the *King FERNANDO* did obey.

58.

The young *PRINCE JOHN* disdayns it should be said,  
 Hee is the only idle Man in *SPAINE*;  
 And therefore. his ambitious *Sire* to ayd  
 Resolves forth with: nor is his *Ayd* in vaine.  
 The *Battayle's* bloody period, undismayd,  
 Hee sees; and with a brow serene and plaine.  
 The warlike *Father* put to totall *Rout*,  
 Yet leaves the *Son* the *Victory* in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly *Royall* son  
 (Gay *Knight* undaunted, confident, and high)  
 Having vast spoyle to the *Adversary* done,  
 Stays one whole day the *Field* to justify.  
 Thus was *OCTAVIUS CAESAR* overthrowne,  
 And *Victor* his companion *ANTHONY*:  
 When *They* or *Those*, who noble *IULIUS* kil'd,  
 Reveng'd themselves in the *philippick* Feild.



60.

ALPHONSO mounted to high *Heav'n* serene;  
 The Prince, That then the *Scepter* swayd of right,  
 Was *Second* JOHN, who made of *KING*s fifteen  
*Hee* (to attain to *Glory's* utmost hight)  
 Began a *Taske*, exceeding strength terrene  
 (Whose *weight* is now by *my* weake shoulders born)  
 To seek the *Cradle* of the purple *MORN*.

61.

*He* sends fit *Messengers* from his owne *Court*  
 Through *SPAIN*E, *FRANCE*, celebrated *ITALY*:  
*There* to imbarque in that illustrious *Port*  
 Where was interr'd, of old, *PARTHENOPE*.  
*NAPLES*; which *Fortune* made her *Tennis-Court*,  
 By severall *NATION*s held successively,  
 To place it *glorious* (no more change to feel)  
 In sov'raign *SPANIARDS*, who can fix *her* wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the *CALAERIAN DEERF*;  
 Passe by the *RODIAN ISLAND*'s sandy Bay:  
 Along the Coast of *ALEXANDRIA* keep,  
 For *POMPEY*'S death infamous to this day.  
 They travayle *MEMPHIS*, and those *Lands* which steep  
 Themselves in *NYLE*. TO *ETHIOPIA*  
 They mount, which *EGYPT*'s upper part doth lock,  
 Where *CHRIST* hath feeding an out-lying *Flock*.

63.

The *ERYTHREAN SEA* they likewise crost:  
 Which, dry-foot past the seed of *ISRAEL*.  
 The *NABATHEAN MOUNTAYN*'s sight they lost,  
 So named from the *Son* of *ISHMAEL*.  
 The oderiferous *SABBAN-COAST*  
 (Inricht with *Teares* which from the *Mother* fell  
 Of fayre *ADONE*.) and *BLEST ARABIA* tract  
 Throughout (the *STONY* balking; and the *WAST*;) )

64.

The *PERSIAN GULPH* they enter. To *This* neer,  
 Great *BABEL*'s Ruines are yet visible.  
 Swift *TIGRIS* mingles with *EUPRATES* heer:  
*Brothers*, That with their *Fountain*'s glory swell.  
 Hence they proceed in quest of *INDUS* cleer:  
 From which great things *Posteritie* shall tell,  
 Of *Troops*, that through long *Seas* shall passe thereto:  
 Which, even by *Land* nigh *TRAIAN* durst not doe.

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS;  
 The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld:  
 Noating the sev'rall *Customes*, sev'rall *Skills*,  
 Which sev'rall *Regions* doe produce, and yeild.  
 But from such *Distant* parts (joynd to the Ills  
 Of *rough* journeys ) Men return but feld.  
 In fine, *there* did *These* dye; they stuck fast *there*:  
 For back they come not to their *Country* deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for *Thee* alone,  
 EMANUEL, and for thy great defart  
 So *hard* a worke: For *Thee* with thoughts *high-flown*  
 Inspir'd, and cut out fit to *act* this part.  
 MANUEL ( succeeding IOHN, both in the *Throne*,  
 And in the haughty *purpose* of his Heart )  
 When first he *took* on *Him* the *Kingdoms* Charge,  
 The Conquest *undertook* oth' OCEAN large.

67.

*Hee*, as a person, whom the noble thought  
 Of th' obligation he inherited  
 From his *Fore Fathers* ( who intirely fought  
 The *Realm's* advancement ) hourly combated;  
 When PHEBUS, quitting the *supernal Vault*,  
 Vnto the *low ANTIPODES* was fled,  
 And setting *starrs* ( which in his place arose )  
 With twinkling eyes invited to repose:

68.

Extended now upon his *golden Nest*  
 ( Such are the *Beds* where thoughts *tumultuous* brood )  
 And *there* revolving in his silent Brest  
 The *obligation* of his place, and blood:  
 Slumber possessest his *Eyes*, nor dispossessest  
 His *Heart* of *Cares*, which made *that* station good:  
 For his tyr'd *Lids* whilst sleep ( resisted ) shuts,  
 MORPHEUS a thousand *shapes* before him putts.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,  
 That his proud *Crown* the *Firmament* doth peirce:  
 From whence *new worlds* before his eyes appear,  
 Nations of num'rous people strange and fierce:  
 And *yonder* ( to the springing MORNING neer )  
 As through the Ayre his *visual Raies* disperse,  
 Hee sees, farr off, from high and antient *Mountains*,  
 Melt down a payre of deep and crysell *Fountains*

Wich

70.

With *Birds* of monstrous Forms, *wild-beasts* and *Flocks*,  
 One of those *Mountains* was inhabited;  
 Where thousand savage *Trees* with leavie *Locks*  
 The intercourse of people hindered  
 The shaggie *Forrest*, and the craggie *Rocks*'s  
 Inextricable *Knots*, demonstrated,  
 That to those days of *ours* from *A D A M*'s sin,  
 No humane *Foot* had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these *Waters* (as to *Him* appears)  
 Addressing towards him their hasty pace,  
 Two *Fathers* rise, both wondrous struck in years,  
 With *Rustick* both, yet *venerable*, Face.  
 Their *Snowy* Curles distill in *silver* Teares  
 Which bathe their *Bodies* down in every place.  
 Taun'd were their *Skins*, and rusty: Their *Beards* kept  
 Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they swept.

72.

The *Temples* of their heads, were trimly bound  
 With health-restoring *Druggs*, and *Fruits* unknown.  
 The *one* lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,  
 As if a longer voyage *Hee* had gone;  
 And ( fierce, ev'n at his *Fountain* ) underground  
 Seem'd to have stoln from a *remoter* one:  
 As from *Arcadian* plains *A L P H E O* fly  
 To *ARETHUSA*'s bed in *SICILY*.

73.

*This* ( as the more authoriz'd of the *Twain* )  
 Spake thus ( farr off ) unto the *King*. O *Thou*  
 For whose high *Crown*, and *Empire* soveraign;  
 Much *World* is kept, that's hid from the *world*, now.  
 Wee ( through the *Earth* so fam'd, whose *Necks* in vain,  
 Strave *others* wholly to their *yoaks* to bow )  
 Are come to wish thee send some *Men*. That may  
 Receive large *tributes*, we to *Thee* must pay.

74.

I am illustrious *G A N G E S*: born and nurst  
 In *P A R A D I C E*: where is my *mother-Spring*.  
 My *Mate* ( That from the *Cliffes* thou seest, doth burst;  
 Nor other *Cradle* knows ) is *I N D U S K I N G*.  
 Yet a severe *Warr* shall we cost thee first:  
 But *Thou* ( persisting ) in the end shalt bring,  
 By *Victories prodigious*, to the *Bitt*,  
 All these *viend Nations* humbly to submit.

75  
35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed  
 No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.  
 E M A N U E L L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,  
 And earthquake in his Bosome. P H E B U S goeth  
 In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spred  
 Over the W O R L D, buried in *downe*, and *sloath*.  
 A U R O R A came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,  
 Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

76  
36:

The K I N G in hast to councell calls his *Lords*,  
 To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;  
 To *them* repeats the Holy *Elder's* Words :  
 Whence in them *all* great admiration grow's.  
 A N A V Y is resolv'd on by the B O A R D'S  
 Vnanimous *Voate* : In which ( *magnanimous* ) *Those*,  
 Whom *hee* shall find to plough the O C E A N blew,  
 Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

77  
37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect  
 What had so long been tumbling in my mind :  
 ( For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt  
 From prompting great things to mee of this kind )  
 Comprize not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,  
 Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find ;  
 But the good *King* was pleas'd to pick out *mee*  
 To be this weightie *enterprize's* Key.

78  
38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard* phraise  
 ( Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of K I N G S )  
 He sayd to me. " Through *deep*, and *rugged* ways,  
 " V E R T U E attains the *best* and *noblest* things.  
 " A *Life* well *lost*, or *hazarded*, to *Bays*  
 " Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :  
 " For ( if to *sordid Feare* it never bends )  
 " The *shorter* 'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

79  
39:

You have I chose ( and all the rest set by ) :  
 To a *Taske* fit for you to undergoe :  
 A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,  
 Which ( for my sake ) you will think light, I know.  
 I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,  
 O my dread L E I G E ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,  
 For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*  
 When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as *those* of yore  
 Suborn'd EURISTEUS to ALCIDES gave;  
 The fruitful HYDRA, ERIMANTHIAN BORE,  
 The HARPIES dire, NEMEAN LYON brave.  
 In short, to visit the *infernal shore*  
 Where *Styx* moats PLUTO's House with its black Wave:  
 For Thee (O KING) worse *dangers*, and worse *Toyls*,  
 My Spirit leaps at, nor my *Flesh* recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous *Boons*; and *words*, that *those* exceed;  
 My good will He doth praise, and gratifie:  
 "For *Virtue*, spur'd with praise, doubles her speed;  
 "And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.  
 To second me in this *Exployt*, agreed  
 (Oblig'd by *Nature's*, and by *Friendship's Tye*,  
 Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame*)  
 My dear and loving Brother PAUL DE GAME.

82.

NICH'LAS COELLIO makes a *Third*: for pains  
 Most indefatigable. And *These* are  
 My *two Supporters* strong of *Hand*, and *Brains*:  
 Experienc't *both*, *both* no less bold in warr.  
 I get me a young *Crew* of sturdy *Swains*,  
 Whose budding *Valour* itcht for *martial jarr*:  
 All metled *Lads*; And so, it well appears,  
 That came to such a *business Volunteers*.

83.

These too have *gifts* from MANUEL's hand, c'equip  
 Themselves, and make the love they bear him more:  
 And with the *praising* bounty of his *Lip*,  
 Are arm'd 'gainst *All*, hard *Fates* can have in store.  
 Thus man'd KING PELIAS that *prophetick ship*  
 In which (through *Euxine Seas*, unsayl'd before)  
 With ÆSON's Heyre the vent'rous *youth* of GREECE  
 He sent to COLCOS for the *Golden Fleece*.

84.

Now in the famous *Port* of LISBON-TOWN  
 (Where golden TAGUS mingles his *sweet Flood*  
 With the Salt OCEAN, and his *Sands* doth drown)  
 With noble *longings*, and *transported mood*,  
 The SHIPS lye ready. *There* no sullen *frown*,  
 No frosty *Fear*, benmms the *youthful blood*:  
 For both the *Sea-men*, and the *Land-men there*,  
 Will go with *me* about the WORLD, they swear.

## 85.

Upon the *shore* the strutting *souldiers* sayle  
 In cloathes of sev'rall *colour*, sev'rall cutt,  
 Their *minds*, more brave : bent to extend our *pale*,  
 And plant in *lands unknown* their daring foot.  
 The gentle *wind* breathing a tempting Gale,  
 On the tall *Shipp*s the *Standarts* ope and shutt.  
 The *Shipp*s expect, for this *new Navigation*,  
 To bee (like *ARGO*) made a *Constellation*.

## 86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with All  
 That such a *Voyage* doth require and crave )  
 To fit our *soules* for *death* devoutly fall:  
 Which *Saylers* see in ev'ry rounding Wave.  
 From *Him*, whose presence *Beatificall*  
 Is all the Food that *Saints* and *Angels* have,  
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,  
 And to conduct us with his *heavenly Ray*.

## 87.

Thus of *that Temple* took we a long leave,  
 Which (on the Margent of our Ocean plac't)  
 From the *blest City* did it's name receive  
 Where *GOD* was born (a *Gem* in *Clayenchac't*)  
 I promise thee (O *KING*) how wee did heave  
 Our *Anchors* from that shore, when I recast;  
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,  
 Scarce can my *bridled* eyes from *Tears* refrain.

## 88.

Th'Inhabitants of *LIZBON*, that sad day  
 (For *Frendship* some, and some for *Kindreds Tyes*)  
 Others, as meer *spectators*, flockt: *dismay*,  
 And *solitarinesse*, writt in their *Eyes*.  
 And *wee* (whom thousand *Priests* upon our way  
 Did bring with *Psalms*, and all solemnities  
 Of grave *procession*) praying to our *GOD*,  
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

## 89.

In so long *Voyage*, and so doubtfull ways,  
 The gazing people give us All for lost,  
*This*, by their *Tears* the softer *sex* bewrays:  
 The *Men* by *Sighs*, as they would yeild the Ghost,  
*Sisters*, and *Mothers*; And poor *Wives* (always  
 Where there is most of *love*, there *feare* reigns most.)  
 Increase the doubt upon the *gen'rall* score,  
 That she shall never see our *Faces* more.

90.

One, following, Cryes : O Son ! ( the only gage,  
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,  
 Of this my weake unprofitable Age,  
 Which Floods of bitter Tears drown in Annoy )  
 Why leav'ft thou mee in this sad equipage ?  
 Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee ( my deare Boy ! )  
 To make the greedy Seas thy Sepulchere,  
 And Fishes feed That take their pastime there ?

91.

Another ( with loose Hayr ) O my deer Mate,  
 Without whom Love tells mee my roote must pine !  
 Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate  
 That life to G U L P H S, which is not thine but mine ?  
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,  
 The chaste embraces of thy constant Vine ?  
 Our loves, our joyes ( in vain how sweet ! ) must They  
 To Sea ? and with this wind be blown away :

92.

In these and other speches of this kind  
 ( Which from deer love, and soft compassion rose )  
 Old men and children ( to like Ruth inclin'd  
 By diff'rent Ages ) imitated Those  
 The neighb'ring mountayns in dull consort joyne :  
 And, melting, bare the burthen of their woes.  
 The golden Sands the Silver Tears bedew'd :  
 Which seemd to strive with them in multitude.

93.

W H E ( not so much as lifting once our Eyes  
 On Wife, or Mother: though our Soules it grinds )  
 Whereby in vain laments to Sympathize,  
 Or change the purpose of our fixed minds )  
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,  
 Without those Farewells to which custom binds :  
 Which ( though it bee Love's most indeering way )  
 Galls more, both Those That goe, and Those that stay.

94.

But an Ould man of Venerable look  
 ( Standing upon the shore amongst the Crowds )  
 His Eyes fixt upon us ( on ship-board ) shook,  
 His head three times ore-cast with sorrows clowds :  
 And ( streining his Voyce more, then well could brook  
 His aged lungs : It rattled in our shrow'ds )  
 Out of a science, practise did Attest,  
 Let fly these words from an oraculous Brest.

## 95.

O *Glory* of commanding ! O *vain* Thirst  
 Of that same empty *nothing*, we call *Fame* !  
 O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurs't  
 With *vulgar* breath ( and *this* we *Honour* name ) !  
 What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what secret *scourges* curst,  
 Torment those *Bosoms* which *thou* doest inflame !  
     What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what impetuous *storms* !  
     What *cruelties* on *them* thy Hand performs !

## 96.

Fell *Tyrant* of the *soules* ! *life's* swallowing *Wave* !  
 Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchast !  
 The *secret miner*, and the *open Grave*,  
 Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !  
 They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :  
 (Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast ! )  
     They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* *soveraign* :  
     Titles, with which the foolish *Rout* is tane.

## 97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest *Thou*  
 To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?  
 What *deaths*, what *Horrours* must they swallow now,  
 Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?  
 What *holdings* forth of *golden Mines*, and how  
 Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a *Few* ?  
     What *Fames* do st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?  
     What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories* .

## 98.

But *Thou* ( the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who *twice*  
 Undid thee by his *disobedience* :  
 Not only when he lost thee *PARADICE*,  
 Into this *Vale* of *Teares* exild from thence ;  
 But when by growth of his *infectious* *Vice*  
 He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,  
     And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld  
     Into an *Iron* and *contentious* world. )

## 99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing *vanity*  
 Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewicht, and drown'd ;  
 Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,  
*Valour*, and *Brav'rie*, in thy language sound ;  
 Since thou doest vauw, and esteem so high,  
 The *disesteem* of *life*, which we are bound  
     To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :  
     ( Since so much fear'd to loose it, *Hee* who *gave* it )



## 100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the ISHMAELITE  
 To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe?  
 If for the *sacred Law* of CHRIST thou fight,  
 Th' ARABIAN'S *false one* does not He pursue?  
 Hath Hee not thousand *Citties*, Infinite  
 Of *Land*, if *Power's* availe, if *Wealth's* one too?  
 Hath not Hee got in *Arms* a mighty Name,  
 If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be *ihy* Ayne?

## 101.

Leav'st thou a *growing Foe* just at thy dore,  
 To goe and seek *another Foe* so farr,  
 Dispeopling an *ould Realm*, wasting *her* store,  
 Quitting thy *Countrey*, and thy private *LAR*?  
 That flatt'ring *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,  
 Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr*?  
 In thy *swoln Style* in words at length to find,  
 ARABIA, PERSIA, ETHIOPIA, YND?

## 102.

Accurst be Hee, who first forsook the Ground,  
 And fastned *canvas wings* to a *dry Tree*!  
 Worthy, in endlesse darknes to be bound;  
 If that, which I was taught, RELIGION bee.  
 May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,  
 May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,  
 Retrive his *memory*, adorn his *Fame*:  
 But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

## 103.

The son of IAPET stole from PHEBUS'S *Cart*  
*Fire*, which in *humane* Breast he did infuse;  
*Fire*, which the *world* did kindle into *Warr*,  
*Plagues*, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse!)  
 PROMETHEUS, had it not been better farr  
 For *Us*, and for the *world* (which *wee* misuse)  
 Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,  
 Which made it with *Ambition's* wings aspire?

## 104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving  
 His *Sire's* gilt *charet*; nor that great *contriver*  
 Through th'empty *Ayre* sayld with his *Son* (*This* giving  
 The *sea* a *name*, Hee *Fame* unto a *River*)  
 Nothing so *high*, nothing so barrd the living,  
 Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold*: what ever:  
 Which *MAN* projecteth, and attempteth not,  
 A *strange Condition*! an *unquiet Lot*!

End of the fourth Canto.

## Fifth Canto.

## STANZA. I.

THE rev'rend *Father* stood inculcating  
 These *Sentences*; when *Wee* to a serene  
 And gentle Gale expand our *Canväs* wing:  
 When from the loved Port our selves we weane:  
 And sayles unfurling make the *Welkin* ring  
 ( After the manner of *Sea-faring* Men )  
 With *BOON VOYAGE*. Immediatly the *Wind*  
 Does on the *Trunks* his Office and his kind.

## 2.

The ever burning *Lamp*, that rules the day,  
 In the *Nemean Bruite* began to rage;  
 And the *great world* ( which doth with time decay )  
 Limpt in his *Sixt* infirm, and crooked *Age*:  
 Thereof ( accompting in the *CHURCH* 's way )  
 Of *Sol's* incessant *Race* the *THOUSAND* stage  
*Four hundred, Ninetic* *Seav'nth*, was running whan,  
 In all their *trim* the *Shipp's* to faile began.

## 3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide  
 Parts of our *Countrey*, which abode behind.  
 Abode deer *TAGUS*: and we *then* did hide  
 Fresh *SYNTRA* ( About *this* our eyes did wind )  
 In the *low'd* Kingdom likewise did abide  
 Our *Hearts*, whose strings could not be thence untwind,  
 And, when as *all* the *Land* did now withdraw,  
 The sea and *Firmament* was *all* wee saw.

## 4

Thus went we opening those seas, which ( save  
 Our *own* ) no *Nation* open'd ere before:  
 See those new *Isles*, and clymates near, which brave  
*PRINCE HENRY* shewd unto the *world* before.  
 The *Mauritanian Hills*, and *Strand*, which gave,  
*ANTEUS* birth, who *there* was King of yore,  
 Upon the *left hand* left ( for there is none  
 Upon the *right*, though now suspected, known )

5.

We the great *Island* of MADERA pass,  
 Which from it's *Wood's* abundance took the name;  
 The first, which planted by our *Nation* was,  
 Of which the *worth* is more than the great *fame*:  
 Nor (though the last place in the *world* it has)  
 Doth any, VENUS loves, excel the same:  
 Who (rather) were it *Hers*, would lay aside  
 For *This*, CYTHERA, CYPRUS, PAPHOS, GNIDE.

6.

We leave adust MESSILIAS barren Coast;  
 Where AZENEGUES's lean *Heards* take their repast:  
 A People, That want *water* to their *Roast*;  
 Nor *Herbs* it self in any plenty tast:  
 A LAND in fine, to bear no *Fruit* dispos'd:  
 Where *Birds* in their hot stomachs Iron-waste:  
 Suff'ring of all things great *Necessitie*:  
 Which ETHIOPIA parts from BARBARIE.

7.

We pass the *Bound* that hedges out the *Sun*  
 When to the frozen *North* he bends his way:  
 Where *people* dwell, whom CLYMENE's rash Son  
 Deny'de the sweet *Complexion* of the *day*.  
 Here NATIONS strange are water'd one by one  
 With the fresh *Currents* of black SENEGA.  
 Here ARSINARIUS Aloof is seen,  
 That lost his name: confirm'd by Us. CAPE GREEN.

8.

CANARIAN ISLES (the same men call'd of old  
 THE FORTUNATE) declined: After *These*  
 Among the *Daughter-Islands* we did fall  
 Of aged HESPER, term'd HESPERIDS.  
 Locks, in the which the *Fleets* of PORTUGAL  
 To *wonders* new before had turn'd the *Keys*.  
 There did we touch with favourable wind,  
 Some *fresh provisions* for our *Ships* to find.

9.

It's *Name* the *Isle* on which we *Anchor* cast  
 Did from the warlike St. IAGO take.  
 The *Saint* That help the SPANIARD in times past  
 Such cruel havock of the MOORS to make.  
 Thence, when the *North* renew'd his kinder blast,  
 We cut again the circumfused *Lake*  
 Of the salt *Ocean*; And that *Store-House*: leave,  
 From which *Refreshment* sweet we did receive.

O

Winding

## 10.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,  
 Where to the EAST (like a *half-moon*) it bends;  
 About JALOFFO'S Province (which doth store  
 The world with BLACKS, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)  
 The large MANDINGA that affords the Ore  
 The which doth make Friends Foes, and of Foes Friends;  
 (Which suck't GABMEA'S crooked water laves  
 That disimbogues in the *Atlantick Waves*)

## 11.

We pass the GORGADS, peopled by faire  
*Sisters*, in ancient time residing there:  
 Who (rob'd of seeing) did amongst them share  
 One onely Eye, which they by turns did weare.  
 Thou onely, Thou (the Net of whose curl'd Haire  
 Caught NEPTUNE, like a Fish, in his own Were)  
 I turn'd of them all at last the ugliest *Lout*,  
 With *Pipers* sow'dst the burning sands about.

## 12.

Ploughing in fine before a *Northern Wind*  
 In that vast GULPH the *Navy* went embayd;  
 LEONA'S craggie mountains left behind,  
 The CAPE OF PALMS (so call'd from *Palmie shade*)  
 And that great RIVER, where the *Sea* (confin'd)  
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd:  
 With th' *Ile* that boasts his name, who would not trust  
 Till in the side of GOD his Hand he thrust.

## 13.

There lyes of CONGO the wide-spreading *Ream*,  
 By *Vs* (before) converted to CHRIST'S Law;  
 Through which long ZAYRE glides with crystal stream:  
 A River, this, the Ancients never saw.  
 In fine through this vast *Ocean* from the Team  
 Of known BOOTES I apace withdraw:  
 Having already past upon the *Maine*  
 The BURNING LINE that parts the *World* in twain.

## 14.

There we before us saw by it's own light  
 In this new EPICICLE a *Star* new:  
 Of which the other Nations ne're had sight,  
 And (long in darkness) no such matter knew.  
 The world's *Antartick* Henge (less gilt, less bright,  
 For want of Stars, then th' *Artick*) we did view:  
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,  
 Whether more *Land* begins, and the *Sea* ends.

15.

Past in this sort those *equinoxiall* clymes  
 By which his steeds *twice* yearely drives the sun;  
 Making two *Summers, Winters, Autumns, Trimes,*  
 Whilst he from one to to'ther *Pole* doth run:  
 Now *tost,* now *calm'd* (A sufferer in all *Times*:  
 By *want,* and *plenty,* equally undone.)  
 I saw both *BEARES* (the *little* and the *Great*)  
 Despight of *IUNO* in the *Ocean* set.

16.

To tell thee all the *dangers* of the *DEEP*  
 (Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)  
 Suddain and fearfull *storms,* the *Ayre* that sweep;  
*Lightnings,* that with the *Ayre* the *Fire* doe blend;  
 Black *HURRACANS;* thick *Nights;* *THUNDERS,* that keep  
 The *World* alarm'd, and threaten the last *End*:  
 Would be too tedious: indeed vain and mad,  
 Though a *brasse* Tongue, and *Iron* lungs I had.

17:

I saw those things, which the rude *Mariner*  
 (Who hath no *Mistresse,* but *Experience*)  
 Doth for unquestionable *Truths* aver,  
 Guided belike by his *externall* sence:  
 But *ACADEMICKS* (who can never err,  
 Who by pure *Wit,* and *LEARNING's* quintessence,  
 Into all *NATURE's* secrets dive and pry)  
 Count either *Lyes,* or *cozynings* of the *Eye.*

18.

I saw (as plain as the *sun's* midday light)  
 That fire the *Sea-man* faints (shining out faire  
 In time of *Tempest,* of teirce *winds* despight,  
 Of *over-crowded* Heaven's. and black' despayre:)  
 Nor did wee all lesse wonder (and well might,  
 For twas a *sight* to bristle up the *Hayre*)  
 To see a *sea-born* Clowd with a long *Cane*  
 Suck in the *sea,* and spout it out againe.

19.

I saw with these *two eyes*) not can presume  
 That these deceiv'd mee) from the *Ocean* breathed  
 A little *Vapour,* or a *eriall* *Fume,*  
 With the curld *wind* (as by a *Turnor*) wreathed:  
 I saw it reach to *Heaven* from the salt *spume,*  
 In such thin *Pipe,* as those where *springs* are sheathed;  
 That by the *Eye* it hardly could be deemed:  
 Of the same substance which the *Clowds* it seemed.

## 20.

By little *this* and little did augment,  
 And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick *Mast*.  
*Streightning* and *widening* (like a *Throat*) it went,  
 To gulp into it self the water fast.  
 It wav'd upon the *wavy* Element.  
 The top thereof (impregnated at last  
 Into a *Cloud*) expanded *more*, and *more*,  
 With the great load of *Water* which it bore.

## 21.

As a black *Horse-leech* (mark it in some *Pool*!)  
 Got to the *Lip* of an unwary *Beast*,  
 Which (*drinking*) suck't it from the *water* cool,  
 Upon *another's* blood *it self* to feast;  
 It swells and swells; and feeds beyond all Rule,  
 And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsober, *Guest*:  
 So swell'd the *Pillar* (vvith a hideous *Crop*)  
*It self*, and the black *Clovd* vvhich it did prop.

## 22.

But, vvhen that novv 'tis full, the *Pedestal*  
 Drawvs to it self, vvhich in the *Sea* vvas set;  
 And (flutt'ring through the *Ayre*) in show'rs doth fall:  
 The *couchant* *Water* vvith *new* *vwater* vvet.  
 It pays the vvaves the *borrow'd* *Waves*, but all  
 The *Salt* thereout did first extract and get.  
 Novv tell me, *SCHOLARS*, by your *Books*; vvhat skill,  
 Dame *NATURE* us'd these *waters* to distil?

## 23.

If old *PHILOSOPHERS* (vvho travayld through  
 So many *Lands*, *her* secrets out to spye)  
 Had view'd the *Miracles* vvhich *I* did vievv,  
 Had sayld vvith so many *winds* as *I*;  
 What *writings* had they left behind! vvhat nevv,  
 Both *Starres*, and *Signs*, bequeath'd to *Us*! What high  
 And strong *Influxes*! What *hid* *Qualities*!  
 And all pure *Truths*, vvithout *allay* of *Lyes*!

## 24

But vvhen that *Planet* (vvhich her *Court* doth keep  
 In the *first* *sphere*) five times vvith speedy *Race*,  
 Had, since our *Fleet* vvas vvand'ring on the *DEEP*,  
 Shevv'd sometimes *half*, and sometimes *all* her *Face*:  
 A quick-eyd *Lynx* cries, from the *Scuttle* steep,  
*LAND! LAND!* vvith *that*, upon the *decks* apace  
 Leaps the transported *Crew*: their *Eyes*, intent  
 On the *Horizon* of the *ORIENT*.

25.

At first the  *dusky Mountains* ( of the  *Land*  
*Wee made* ) like congregated  *Clouds* did look :  
 Seen  *plain*, the heavie.  *Anchors* out of hand  
*Wee* ready make :  *Approach'd*, our  *sailes* we strook,  
 And ( that we might more cleerly understand  
 The parts  *remote* in which we were ) I took  
 The  *ASTROLABE*, a modern  *Instrument* :  
 Which with sharpe  *Judgment*  *SAGES* did invent :

26.

We disembarked in the most open space:  
 From whence, themselves the rasher  *Land-men* spread  
 ( Greedy of Novelties ! ) through the wyld Place:  
 Which never  *Stranger's* Foot before did tread.  
 But  *O* ( not passing the  *Land's* sandie Face )  
 To find out where we are, with  *Sea-men* bred  
 Stay taking the  *Sun's* heigth by th  *OCEAN* curld;  
 And with my  *Compasse* trace the  *painted* World.

27.

We found, we had already wholly past  
 Of the  *halfe-Goate*, halfe  *Fish*, the noted  *Gole* :  
 Between the  *same*, and  *that* cold  *Countrey* plac'd  
 ( If such there be beneath the  *SOUTHERN* Pole.  
 When, loe ! ( lockt in with my  *Companions* fast )  
 I see a  *NATIVE* come, black as the  *Cole* :  
 Whom  *they* had took perforce, as in the  *Wood* -  
 Getting out  *Honey* from the  *Combe* he stood.

28.

He comes with  *horrour* in his  *looks* : as  *Hee*  
 Who of a  *snare*, like this, could never dreame.  
 *Hee* understood not  *Us*, neither  *Him*  *VVee* :  
 More savage then the brutish  *POLYPHEMUS*.  
 Of  *COLCOS's* glistring  *Fleece* I let him see  
 The  *mettle* which of  *mettles* is supreme :  
 Pure  *Silver* ; sparckling stones ( continuing suite ; )  
 But in all  *these* was unconcern'd the  *Bruite*.

29.

I bid them shew him lower prized Things,  
 *Beades* of transformed  *crystall* ; a fine  *noyse*  
 Of little  *Bells*, thridded on  *tawdry* strings,  
 A red  *Cap*, Colour which  *Contents*, and  *joys*.  
 Streight saw I by his  *looks* and  *beckonings*,  
 That he was wondrous taken with these  *Toys*.  
 Therewith I bid them they should set him free :  
 So to the  *Village* nigh away went  *Hee*.

But

30.

But the next *morn* ( whilst yet the skyes were dim )  
 All *naked*, and in colour like the *shades*,  
 To seek such *Knacks* as had been given to *Him*,  
 Loe, by the *Craggs* descending his *Camerades*!  
 Where now their carriage to us is so trim,  
 So tractable, and plyant; as perfwades

VELOSO with them to venture through the *Cover*,  
 The *Fashions* of the *Countrey* to discover.

31.

VELOSO says, his pledge shall be his *Blade*,  
 And walks secure in his own *Arrogance*,  
 But, having now away a good while stayd  
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance  
 To see what *signs* for our *Adventurer* made,  
 Behold him comming with a vengeance

Down from the *Mountain-top* towards the *shipp*!  
 And faster homeward, then he went, he skips.

32.

The *long-boate* of *COELLIO* made hast  
 To take him in : but, ere arrive *that* could,  
 An *ETHIOPIAN* bold his weapon past  
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.

*Another*, and *Another* too! Thus chac't  
 VELOSO, and *those* farr off That help him would,

I run, when ( just as I an *Oare* lift up )

A *Troop* of *Negroes* hides the *mountain-top*.

33.

A *Clowd* of *Arrows*, and sharp *Stones* they rain,  
 And hayle upon us without any stint:  
 Nor were *These* uttered to the *Ayre* in vain,  
 For in this leg I *there* receiv'd a dint.

But *wee* ( as prickt with *smart*, and with *disdayne* )

Made them a ready answeare, so in print,

That ( I believe in earnest ) with our *Rapps*

Wee made their *Heads* as *crimson* as their *Capps*.

34.

And now ( *VELOSO*, off, with safety brought )  
 Forthwith repayre we to the *Fleet* agin,  
 Seeing the ougly *Malice*, the base *Thought*,  
 This false and brutish people hid within:

From whom of *INDIA* ( so desired ) nought  
 Of *Information* could we pick, or win,

But that it is remote, So once more I

Vnto the *Wind* let all the *Canvas* fly.

Then



35.

Then to VELOSŌ said a Jybing lad  
 (The rest all laughing in their sleeves ) Ho ! Friend  
 VELOSŌ: the Hill (it seems) was not so bad  
 And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.  
 True (quoth th' *Advent'rer* bold) Howe're, I had  
 Not made such haste, but that the DOGS did bend  
 Against the *Fleet*: And I began to doubt me  
 It might go ill, that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was  
 The *Mountain's* top, but that the people black  
 Forbid him any farther on to pass  
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back;  
 And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grass  
 In *Ambuscade*, whereby they *Us* might pack  
 To the dark Realm, when we in haste should rally  
 To rescue *Him*, before we well could rally.

37.

The *Sun* five times the *Earth* had compassed  
 Since *We* (from thence departed) *Seas* did plough  
 Where never Canvas-wing before was spread,  
 A prosp'rous Gale making the *top-yards* bow:  
 When on a *night* (without suspect, or dred,  
 Chating together in the cutting *Prow*)  
 Over our Heads appear'd a fable *Clowd*,  
 Which in thick darkness did the *Welkin* shrowd.

38.

So big it lookt, such stern *Grimaces* made,  
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appall,  
 Black was the *Sea*, and at long distance brayd  
 As if it roar'd *through* Rocks, *down* Rocks did fall.  
 O *Pow'r* inhabiting the *Heav'ns*, I said!  
 What divine threat is? What *mystical*  
 Imparting of thy will in so *new form*,  
 For this is a Thing greater then a *Storm*?

39.

I had not ended, when a *humane* Feature  
 Appear'd to us ith' *Ayre*, Robustious, ralli'd  
 Of *Heterogeneal* parts, of *boundless* Stature,  
 A *Clowd* in's *Face*, a *Beard* prolix and squallid:  
*Cave-Eyes*, a *gesture* that betray'd ill nature,  
 And a worse mood, a clay *complexion* pallid:  
 His crispt *Hayre* fill'd with *earth*, and hard as *Wyre*,  
 A *mouth* cole-black, of *Teeth* two yellow *Tyre*.

40.

Of such *portentous* Bulk was this *COLOSSI*,  
 That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)  
 Of that of *RHODES* it might supply the loss  
 (One of the *WORLD'S Seav'n Wonders*) out of this  
 A *Voyce* speaks to us ; so profound, and grosse,  
 It seems ev'n torn out of the vast *ABYSS*.

The *Hayre* with horror stands on end, of mee  
 And all of us, at what we *hear*, and *see*.

41.

And *this* it spake. O *you*, the boldest Folke  
 That ever in the world great things assaid;  
 Whom such dire *Wars*, and infinite, the *smoke*  
 And *Toyle* of *GLORY* have not weary made;  
 Since these *forbidden* bounds by *you* are broke,  
 And *my* large Seas *your* daring *keeles* invade,  
 Which I so long enjoy'd, and kept *alone*,  
 Unplough'd by *forreign* Vessel, or our *owne*.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye  
 Of *NATURE* and the *humid* Element;  
 Never reveal'd to any *MORTAL'S* Eye  
*Noble*, or *Heroes*, that before you went:  
 Hear from *my* mouth, for your presumption high  
 What *losses* are in store, what *Plagues* are meant,  
 All the wide *OCEAN* over, and the *LAND*,  
 Which with hard *War* shall *bow* to your command.

43.

*This* know ; As many *Ships* as shall persever  
 Boldly to make the *Voyage* *you* make now,  
 Shall finde this *POYNT* their enemie for ever  
 With *winds* and *tempests* that no bound shall know:  
 And the first *FLEET OF WAR* that shall indeaver  
 Through these *inextricable* Waves to go,  
 So fearful an *example* will I make,  
 That men shall say I *did* more then I *spake*.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have ly'de)  
 On my *discov'rer* full *Revenge* to have;  
 Nor shall *He* (onely) all the *Ills* abide,  
 Your *pertinacious* confidences crave:  
 But to your *Vessels* yearly shall betide  
 (Unless, provoked, I in vain do rave)  
*Shipwracks*, and *losses* of each kinde and *Race*;  
 Amongst which, *death* shall have the lowest place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom  
 With heighth of *Fortune*, heighth of *Fame* shall meet)  
 I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,  
 Through *God's* unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet  
 He shall drop *all his Glories*, and inhume  
 The glitt'ring *Trophies* of a *Turkish Fleet*.  
 With *me* conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,  
 Destroyd *QUILOA*, and *MOMBASSA'S* Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good *fame*,  
 A *Knight*, a *Lover*, and a *lib'ral Hand*;  
 And with him bring a fair and gentle *dame*,  
 Knit *his* by *LOVE*, and *HYMEN'S* sacred Band.  
 In an ill hour, and to your loss and shame,  
 Ye come within the *turlaws* of *my* land;  
 Which (kindly cruel) from the *sea* shall free you,  
 Drown'd in a *sea* of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their *Children* deare;  
*Begot*, and *rear'd*, in so great *love*. The black  
 Rude *CAPRES* (out of *Avarice*) shall teare  
 The *Cloathes* from the *Angellick Lady's* back.  
 Her dainty limbs of *Alabaster* cleare  
 To *Heate*, to *Cold*, to *Storm*, to *Eyes's* worse *Rack*  
 Shall be laid *naked*; after she hath trod  
 (Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this; *Their Eyes* (whose happier lot  
 Will be to scape from so much miserie)  
 This *Toake* of *LOVERS*, out into the hot  
 And unrelenting *Thickets* turn'd shall see.  
 Ev'n *there* (when *Teares* they shall have squeez'd and got  
 From *Rocks* and *Desarts*, vvhether no *waters* be)  
 Embracing (*kind*) their *souls* they shall exhale  
 Out of the faire, but miserable, *Tayle*.

49.

The ugly *Monster* vvent to rake into  
 More, of our *Fate*; vvhether, starting on my feet,  
 I ask him, *Who art Thou?* (for to say true  
*Thy hideous Bulk amazes me to see't.*)  
*H E E* (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threvv  
 His savvcer-Eyes: And (as his soul vvould fleet)  
 Fetching a dismal groan, *replide* (as *sory*,  
 Or *vext*, or *Both*, at the *Intergatory*.)

50.

I am that great and secret **H E A D** of **L A N D**,  
 Which *you* the **C A P E** of **T E M P E S T S** well did call;  
 From **S T R A B O**, **P T O L O M E E**, **P O M P O N I U S**, And  
 Grave **P L I N Y** hid, and from the **A N T I E N T S** all.  
 I the *but-end*, that knits wide **A F F R I C K**'s strand;  
 My *Promontory* is her *Moun'd* and *Wall*,  
 To the **A N T A R T I C K P O L E** which (neverthelesse)  
*You*, only, have the boldness to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough *sons* oth' **E A R T H**, was *I*: and *Twin*,  
*Brother* to *Him*, that had an hundred *Hands*,  
 I was call'd **A D A M A S T O R**, and was in  
 The *Warr* 'gainst *Him*, That hurls hot **V U L C A N**'s Brands.  
 Yet Hills on Hills *I* heapt not: but (to win  
 That *Empire*, which the **S E C O N D J O V E** commands)  
 Was **G E N E R A L L** at *Sea*; on which did sayle  
 The *Fleet* of **N E P T U N E**, which *I* was to quayle.

52.

The *love* I bare to **P E L E U S**'s spouse divine  
 Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an *Enterprize*.  
 The fayrest **G O D D E S S E** that the *Heav'ns* inshrine  
*I*, for the *Princesse* of the *Waves* despise.  
 Vpon a day when *out* the *Sun* did shine,  
 With **N E R E U S**'s daughters (on the *Beach*) these eyes  
 Beheld her *naked*: streight *I* felt a *dart*  
 Which *Time*, nbr *scorns*, can pull out of my *Heart*.

53.

I knew't impossible to gain her *Love*  
 By reason of my great deformitie  
 What *force* can doe *I* purpose then to prove:  
 And, **D O R I S** call'd, let *Her* my purpose see.  
 The *Goddeſs* (out of feare) did **T H E T Y S** move  
 On my behalfe: but with a chaste smile *shee*  
 (As *vertuous* full, as *she* is *fayre*) replide;  
 What **N Y M P H** can such a heavy *love* abide?

54.

How ever *Wee* (to save the *ſea* a part  
 In so dire *War*) will take it into thought  
 How with our *honour* we may cure his smart.  
 My *Messenger* to mee thus answer brought:  
*I*, That suspect no *stratagem*, no *art*,  
 (How easily are purblind *Lovers* caught)  
 Feel my ſelfe wondrous light with this *Return*;  
 And fann'd with *Hopes*, with fresh *deſire* doe burn.

Thus

## 55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warr begun,  
 On a time ( *DORIS* pointing where to meet )  
 I spy the glitt'ring forme, ich'evening dun,  
 Of snowy *THEY'S* with the silver feet,  
 With open Armes ( farr off' ) like mad I run  
 To clip therein my *Joy*, my *Life*, my *Sweet* :  
 And ( *clip* ) begin those orient *Eyes* to kis,  
*That Face, that Hayre, that Neck, that All that is.*

## 56.

O, how I choake in utt'ring my disgrace !  
 Thinking I *Her* embrac'd whom I did seek,  
 A *Mountain* hard I found I did embrace.  
 O'regrown with Trees and Bushes nothing sleek.  
 Thus ( grappling with a *Mountain* face to face,  
 Which I stood pressing for her *Angel's* cheek )  
 I was no *Man* : No but a stupid *Block*  
 And grew unto a *Rock* another *Rock*.

## 57.

O *Nymph* ( the fayrest of the *OCEAN'S* Brood ) !  
 Since with my *Features* thou could'st not be caught,  
 What had it cost to spare me that *false* good,  
 Were it a *Hill*, a *Clowd*, a *Dreame*, or *Thought* ?  
 Away fling I ( with *Anger* almost wood,  
 Nor lesse with *shame* of the *Affront* distraught )  
 To seek *another* World : That I might live,  
 Where *none* might *laugh*, to see me *weep*, and *grieve*.

## 58.

By this my *Brethren* on their Backs were cast,  
 Reduc'd unto the depth of misery :  
 And the *vain Gods* ( all hopes to put them past )  
 On *Those*, That *Mountayns* pyl'd, pyl'd *Mountains* high.  
 Nor I, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,  
 "( *HEAU'N*, *HANDS* in vain *resist*, in vain *FERT* fly,  
 For my *design'd* Rebellion, and Rape,  
 The vengeance of pursuing *Fate* could scape:

## 59.

My *solid flesh* converteth to *tough Clay* :  
 My *Bones* to *Rocks* are metamorphosed :  
 These *leggs*, these *thighs* ( behold how large are *they* ! )  
 O're the long *sea* extended were and spred.  
 In fine into this *CAPE* out of the way  
 My monstrous *Trunk*, and high-erected *Head*,  
 The *Gods* did turn : where ( for my greater payn )  
*THEY'S* doth *Tantalize* me with the *MAYN*.

## 60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a *Well*  
 Of *Tears*) forthwith he vanish from our sight.  
 The black *Cloud* melting, with a hideous yell  
 The OCEAN sounded a long way forthright.  
 I (in *their* presence, who by *miracle*  
 Had thus far brought us, ev'n the ANOELLS bright)  
 Besought the LORD to shield his *Heritage*  
 From all that ADAMASTOR did presage.

## 61.

Now PHLEGON and PYROUS pulling come  
 (With other *Two*) the *Charet* of the DAY:  
 When that *high* LAND (to which this *Gyant* grum  
 Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it self display.  
*Doubling the point*, we take another *Rumb*;  
 And (coasting) plough the *Oriental* Sea.  
 Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath  
 A little) in a *Second Port* we breath.

## 62.

The *People* That this *Countrey* did possess  
 (Though they were likewise ETHIOPAINS All)  
 Did more of *humane* in their *means* express,  
 Then *Those*, into whose hands we late did fall.  
 Upon the sandy *Beach*, with cheerfulness  
 They meet us, and with *Dances* Festival.  
 With *them*, their *Wives*: and their mild Flocks of *Sheep*  
 Which *fat* and *faire*, and *frisking* they did keep.

## 63.

Their *Wives* upon straw-Pillions (black as *Jet*)  
 Slow-paced *Oxen* (like EUROPA) ride:  
 • *Beasts*, upon which a higher price *they* set  
 Then all the *Cattle* of the *Field* beside.  
 Sweet *madrigalls* (in *Ryme*, or *Prose* compleat,  
 In their own *Tongue*) to *rustick-Reed* apply'de,  
 They sing in *Parts*, as gentle *Shepherds* use,  
 That imitate of TYRIRUS the *Muse*.

## 64.

*These* (and no less was written in their *Faces*)  
*Love* and *Humanity* to Us afford:  
 Bringing us *Hens*, and *Muttons*, in the places  
 Of *Merchandizes* which we had Aboard.  
 But, for (in fine) our men could spye no traces  
 (By any *Sign* they made, or any *word*  
 From their dark *Tongue*) of what we wisht to know:  
 Our *Anchors* weigh'd, to *Sea* again we go.

65

Now had we giv'n the to her demi-wheel  
 About black AFRICK, And (the burning Hoope,  
 That girts the *World*, inquiring with my Keel)  
 To the ANTARTICK POLE I turn'd my *Poope*.  
 By that small *Isle* (such emulous Thoughts we feel)  
 Discover'd by a former *Fleet*, we Soope;  
 Which fought the CAPE OF TEMPESTS, and (*that* found)  
 Pitcht here a CROSS: our *then* DISCOVERIES'S Bound.

66.

Thence, many *nights*, and many sadder *days*,  
 Betwixt rough *Storms*, and languid *Calmes*, we grope  
 Through the great *Ocean*, and explore, *new ways*:  
 No *Lantern* to pursue, but our high *Hope*.  
 One time above the rest (as *danger* Plays  
 At *Sea* the PROTHERUS) with strange *Waves* we cope.  
 So strong a *Current* in those parts we meet,  
 As ev'n obstructs the passage of our *Fleet*.

67.

More violent without comparifon  
 (As our *reculing* *Vessels* plain did shew)  
 The *Sea* was, That did there *against* us run,  
 Then the fresh *Gale*, that in our *favour* blew.  
 NOTUS (disdaining much to be out-done  
 By *That*; and, as he thought, on purpose too  
 To affront *Him*) puffs, blusters, reinforces  
 His angry Blasts: and so we pass THE COURSES.

68.

The *Sun*, reduc'd the solemnized *Feast*,  
 On which, a KING laid in a *Cratch* to find,  
 Three *Kings* did come *conducted* from the EAST,  
 In which ONE KING, three *KINGS* at once are joyn'd.  
 That day took *we* another *Port* (possest  
 By *People*, like to *Those* we left behind)  
 In a great *River*: Giving it the Name  
 Of that *great-day* when thereinto we came.

69.

Here *fresh Provisions* of the *Folks* we take:  
*Fresh-water* from the *River*. But, in summ,  
 No guess concerning INDIA could we make,  
 By *People*, unto *Us* as good as dumb.  
 See (*King*) how many *Countries* we did rake  
 Without a *door* found out from that *rude scum*,  
 Without descrying the least *Track*, or *Scent*,  
 Of the so much desired ORIENT!

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, *Sir*, in what *distress* of *mind*,  
 How *lost* we went, how much *perplex* with *Cares*,  
*Broken* with *Storms*, and *All* with *Hunger* pin'd,  
 Through *Seas* unknown, through *disagreeing Ayres*,  
 (So far from *hope*, the wish'd *LAND* to find,  
 As, ev'n with *hoping*, plung'd into *despaires*)  
 Through *Climates* rul'd by other heav'nly *SIGNS*;  
 And where no *Star*, of our *acquaintance*, shines.

71.

The food we have too, *spoyl'd*; and what we crave  
 As *nutriment*, ev'n turn'd into our *Bane* :  
 No *Entregens*, no *news*, to make us wave  
 Our *Griefs*; or feed us with a *hope*, though vaine.  
 Think'st *Thou*, if this choyce *band* of *soldiers* brave  
 Were *other* then of *Lusitanian* straine,  
 They had obedient held to this degree  
 Unto their *King*, and his *Authoritie* ?

72 :

Think'st *Thou*, they had not risen long ago  
 Against their *GENERAL* (cross to their desire)  
 Turning *Free-booters*, forced to be so  
 By black *despair*, by *Hunger*, and by *Ire* ?  
 If ever *Men* were *try'de*, These are : since *no*  
*Fatigue*, no *suffrings*, were of force, to tyre  
 Their *great* and *Lusitanian* excellence  
 Of *loyalty*, and firm *Obedience*.

73.

Leaving, in fine, the sweet fresh-water Flood,  
 And the salt *Waves* returning to divide ;  
 Off from the *Landa* prety space we stood,  
 Our whole *Fleet* bent into the *Ocean* wide :  
 Left the cold *Southern* wind (increasing) shou'd  
 Impound us in the *Bay* and furious *Tyde*  
 Made in that *Quarter* by the crooking shore,  
 Which to *SOFALA* sends the *golden Ore*.

74.

*This* part (and the swift *Rudder* streight up resign'd  
 To good *St. NICH'LAS*, as in case deplor'd)  
 Towards that *Part* we steered, where the *Wind*-  
 Possessed *Waves* against the *Beaches* roar'd :  
 When the 'twixt *hope* and *fear* suspended mind,  
 And which confided in a *painted Board*,  
 (Faln from *small hope* to *absolute dispaire*)  
 Lookt up by an *Adventure* rare.



75.

'Twas *thus*. When to the *Coast* so nigh we drew  
 As to see plain the *Cóuntry* round about :  
 A *River* broacht into the *Sea* we view,  
 Where *Barks* with *Sails* went passing *in* and *out*.  
 To meet with Men, That *Navigation* knew  
 Surpriz'd us with great *joy*, thou canst not doubt :  
 For amongst *them*, of things from *Vs* so hid,  
 We hop't to hear some *News* : and so we did.

76.

*These* too are *ETHIOPS* : yet it should appeare  
 They had in better company been bred.  
*Arabick* words we pickt out here and there,  
 By which was reacht the scope of what they fed.  
 A kind of *Terbant* each of them did weare,  
 Of *Cotton* fine, pres't close unro his head :  
 Another *Cotton-cloth* (and *this* was blew)  
 About those-parts that should be kept from *view*.

77.

In the *Arabick-Tongue* (which *They* speak ill,  
 But *FERNAND MARTYN* understandeth though)  
 They say ; in *Ships* as great as *these* we fill,  
 That *Sea* of theirs is travers't to and fro ;  
 Even from the rising of the *Sun*, untill  
 The *Land* makes *Southward* a *FULL POINT*, and so  
 Back, from the *South*, to *East* : conveying, *thus*,  
*Folks*, of the colour of the *DAY*, like *Vs*.

78.

If with the *sight* of *These* so joy'd we were,  
 The *news* they give us makes us much more glad.  
*This* (for the *signes* by us collected *there*)  
 We call *THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNS*. We add  
 The *Land-mark* of A *CROSS*, the which we reare,  
 Whereof some number in our *Ships* we had  
 For such Intents : *This* bar the fair *Guides's* name  
 Who, with *TOBIAH* unto *GABAE*L came.

79.

Of *Slyme*, *scales*, *shell-fish*, and such filthy stuff,  
 (The noysome *Generation* of the *DEEP*)  
 The *Ships* (that come therevwith fordid, and rough,  
 Through so long *Seas*) *there* do vve cleanse ; and sweep.  
 From our kind *Hofts* vve had supply'de, enough  
 Of the *Provisions* usual (as *sheep*,  
 And *other* things) vwith smooth, and jocund *meen*,  
 And as cleer *hearts* : vwhich through their *eyes* vvere seen.

But

## 80.

But the high pregnant *Hopes*, we *there* embraced,  
 Bred not a joy unmixt with some *Allay*.  
 To *ballance* it, in t'other *scale* was placed  
 A new *disaster* by *RHAMNUSIA*.  
 " Thus gracious *HEAV'NS* their *Boons* have interlaced :  
 " *These* are the *interfearings*, *This* the way,  
 " Of *humane* Things. *Black* sorrow holds the *Eye* :  
 " *Light* joy fades in the twinkling of an *Eye*.

## 81.

And *this* it was. The loathsom'st, the most fell  
*Disease*, that ever these sad eyes beheld,  
 Rest many a *life*, and left the *Bones* to dwell  
 For everlasting in a *forreign* Field.  
 Who will believe (*unseen*) what I shall tell ?  
 In such dire manner would the *gumms* be swell'd  
 In our mens *Mouths* ; that the black flesh thereby  
 At once did *grow*, at once did *putrifie*.

## 82.

With such a horrid *stench* it *putrified*,  
 That it the neighb'ring *Ayre* infected round.  
 We had no circumspect *PHYSITIAN* try'de :  
 No *Lady-handed* *SURGEON* was there found.  
 But by a *CARVER* might have been supply'de  
 The *last*. 'Twas handling of a *dead-man's* wound.  
 The rawest *NOVICE*, with his *Instrument*  
 Might *cut*, and never *hurt* the *PATIENT*.

## 83.

In fine, in this wild *LAND*, *adieu* we bid  
 To our *brave* Friends (never to see them more)  
 Who in such *Ways*, in such *Adventures* sad,  
 With *Us* an equal burthen ever bore :  
 " How easily a burying place is had !  
 " The least wave of the *Sea*, any strange *shore*,  
 " Serve, as to put our *Fellows's* *Reliques* in,  
 " So of the bravest *Men* that e're have bin.

## 84

Thus, from this fatal *Haven* we disjoine  
 With *more* of joy then what we brought, and *less* :  
 And (coasting upward) seek some farther *signe*  
 Of *INDIA*, to make out our present *gues*.  
 At *MOZAMBIQUE* we arriv'd in fine ;  
 Of whose *false* dealing, and *hard-heartedness*,  
 Thou must have heard : as also of the *Vile*  
 And *barb'rous* dealing of *MOZASSA'S* *Ile*.

Then

## 85

Then to the *Sanctuary* of thy *Port*  
 ( Whose soft and Royall *Treatment* may suffice  
 To *heale* the sick, to *cheer* the *Alamort*, )  
 We were conducted by *propitious* Skyes.  
*Heer* sweet Repose, *Heer* sovereign support,  
*Heer* Quiet to our Breasts, Rest to our Eyes,  
 Thou doest impart. Thus ( if thou hast attended )  
 Thou hast thy wish; my NARRATIVE is ended.

## 86.

Judge now ( O *King* ) if ever *Mortalls* went  
 Upon so long, upon so *desprate* ways.  
 Think'st Thou *ENEAS*, and the eloquent  
*VLYSSES* travayld so much *World*, as *These* ?  
 Durst *either* ( of the *watry* *element*,  
 For all the *Verses* written in their prayse )  
 See so much through his *Prowesse*, through his *Art*,  
 As I have seen, and shall, or the *eighth* part ?

## 87.

THOU, who didst drink so deep of *HELICONE*,  
 For whom *sev'n* *Cities* did contend in fine,  
 Amongst themselves, *RHODES*, *SMYRNA*, *COLOPHONE*,  
 Wise *ATHENS*, *Chyos*, *Argos*, *SALAMINE*,  
 And THOU, whom *ITALY* is proud to owne,  
 Whose *Voyce*, first *low*, then *high* ( always *divine*,  
 And *sweet* ) thy native *MINCIUS* ( hearing ) fell  
 Asleep, but *TIBER* did with glory swell :

## 88.

Sing, and advance with praises to the skye  
 Your *DEMI-GODS*, stretching your twanging lungs  
 With *WITCHES*; *CIRCES*; *GYANTS OF ONE EYE*;  
*SIRENS*, to rock and charm them with their *songs* :  
 More, *give them* ( both with *Sayls*, and *Oars* ) to fly  
*CICONIANS*; and that *Land*, where there *mates* *Tongues*  
 With *LOTTO* toucht, makes them forget they're *slaves*;  
 Give them, to drop their *pilot* in the waves :

## 89.

Project them *winds* ( carried in *baggs* ) to take  
 Out, when they list, Am'rous *CALYPSOE*s bold ;  
*HARPIES*, their *meat* to force them to forsake ;  
 Hand them to the *Elysian* shadowes cold :  
 As *sine*, and as *re-fin'd*, as ye doe make  
 Your *Tales* ( so sweetly *dreampt*, and so well told )  
 The *pure* and *naked* *Truth*, I tell, will git.  
 The hand, of all the *Fabricks* of your Wit.

90.

Upon the *Captain's* honyed lips depends  
 Each gaping *Hearer* with fresh Appetite;  
 When his long *Story* he concludes and ends,  
 Fraught with *high deeds*, with *Horror*, and delight.  
 The vast *Thoughts* of our *KINGS*, the *King* commends:  
 And their *Warrs*, known where're the *Sun* gives light:  
 The *NATION's* ancient *Valour* he extols:  
 The *loyalty*, and *Bravery*, of their *Souls*.

91.

The *PEOPLE* tell (with *admiration* strook)  
 To one another, what they noted most.  
 Not one of them can off those *People* look,  
 That came so *far*, That such dire *Seas* have crost.  
 But *now* the *Youth* of *DELOS*, who re-took  
 The reins, which *LAMPETUSA's* Brother lost,  
 Turns them, to sleep with *THEYYS* in the *DEEP*:  
 The *KING* leaves *that*, in his *own* House to sleep.

92.

“How sweet is *PRAYSE*, and justly purchas't *GLORY*  
 “By one's *own* *Actions*, when to *Heav'n* they soare!  
 “Each *nobler* *Soul* will strain, to have his story  
 “*Match*, if not *darken*, All That went before.  
 “*Envy* of other's *Fame*, not *transitory*,  
 “Screws up *illustrious* *Actions* more, and more.  
 “Such, as contend in *honorable* *deeds*,  
 “The *Spur* of high *Applause* incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things *ACHYLLES* did in *War*  
 With *ALEXANDER* sank not half so deep,  
 As the *GREAT TRUMPET* That proclam'd them, far  
 And neer; He envies *this*, *This* makes him weep.  
 The *Marathonian* *Trophies* *Larums* are,  
 Which suffer'd not *THEMISTOCLES* to sleep:  
 He said, no *Musick* pleas'd his ear so well,  
 As a *good* *Voyce*, that did his *prayses* tell.

94.

*VASCO DE GAMA* takes great payns, to show  
 Those *NAVIGATIONS* which the *World* up-cries  
 Deserve not in such gorgeous *Robes* to go,  
 As *his*, which doth astonish *Earth*, and *Skyes*.  
 True: But that *WORTHY* (who did foster so  
 With *Favours*, *Gifts* *Rewards*, and *Dignities*  
 The *MANUAN MUSE*) made *that* *ENEAS* sing,  
 And set the *ROMAN* *GLORY* on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOS, and CÆSARS, *Portugal* doth yeild;  
 Yeilds ALEXANEDRS, and AUGUSTUSSES:  
 But with those *lib'ral Arts* it doth not guil'd  
 Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.  
 OCTAVIUS made compt *Verses* in the Feild,  
 Fiilling up so the *blanks* of *Business*,  
 Forsaken FULVIA will not let me lye  
 Through CLEOPATRA'S charms on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CÆSAR marches conquering all FRANCE;  
 Nor was his *Learning* silenc't by his drumme:  
 But (in *this hand* a *Pen*, in *that* a *Lance*)  
 To th' *eloquence* of TULLY he did come.  
 SCIPIO (whose *Wit* in other's *Socks* did dance)  
 Wrote *plays*, ev'n wirth that *Hand*, which had sav'd Rome.  
 Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so,  
 That th' I LIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been *famous* for COMMAND,  
 Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned All:  
 In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most *barb'rous* Land,  
 But only in unhappy PORTUGALL.  
 I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand  
 POETS adorn our *Countrey*, is the small  
 Incouragement to such: For how can *He*  
 Esteem, That *understands not* POETRIE?

98.

For *This*, and not for want of *Ingenie*,  
 VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with *Us*:  
 Nor will ENEAS, and ACHYLLES, bee,  
 ( *This feirce*, *Hee pious* ) if the World hould *thus*,  
 But ( which is worst of all ) for ought I see,  
 FORTUNE hath shapt our *Lords*, so *boysterous*,  
 So *rude*, so carelesse to be *known*, or *know*,  
 That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the *Muses* be, by our DE GAME,  
 To my deer *Countrey* that my zeale was such,  
 As to commend her *noble Toyles* to FAME,  
 And her great *deeds* with a bould hand to touch:  
 For *Hee*, That's like him ( only in his *name* )  
 Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,  
 Or TAGU'S Nymphs; That They their golden Loom  
 Should leave, to carve his ANCESTORS a Tomb.

100.

Love to my Brethren, and to do things just,  
 Giving all *Portingal-Exploits* their dues,  
 To serve the Ladies, to procure their gusts,  
 Are th'onely spurr, and int'rest of the Mus.  
 Therefore, for fear of black *Oblivion's* Rutt,  
*Heroick Actions* let no man refuse:

For by my hand, or some more lofty strain,  
 VERTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S Fane.

*End of the fifth Canto.*

## Sixth Canto.

### STANZA. I.

THE *Pagan King* could never entertain  
 The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought,  
 The friendship of the *Christian King* to gain  
 Of men, whose courage had such wonders wrought.  
 It troubled him, his lot should be, to reign  
 So far from EUROPE, with all good things fraught:  
 And that his happy Station had not bin  
 Where HERCULES the *Mid-Land-Sea* let in.

2.

With Games, Masks, Revels, Gambals on the Green;  
 With Moorish-Dances (their sport natural);  
 With jovial Fishings (such as EGYPT'S Queen  
 Pleas'd the out-witted ANTHONY withal,  
 When Carbonadoed Fish were hang'd unseen  
 On her dropt Hooks) he treats the PORTINGALL  
 Each day; with Bauquets, of unusual Fare;  
 With Frits, with Foules, with Flesh, with Fishes rare.

3.

But now the Captain (seeing time spend fast,  
 And that the fresh Wind woos him to be gon)  
 From the indulgent Land taking in hast  
 Th'appointed Pilots, and Provision,  
 Resolves to quit it: of the Ocean vast  
 Having no little Portion yet to run.

His leave now takes he of the PAGAN free,  
 Who prays from All a lasting Amicie:

He

4.

He prays them more, that *Port* (such as it is)  
 That all their *Fleets* would visit, when they pass:  
 For, greater good he doth not wish, then *this*;  
 To give such men his *Realm*, and all he has.  
 And, whilst he breathes, whilst, what he has, is his;  
 Whilst the least sand is running in his *Glass*;  
 He will be always ready to lay down  
 For such a *King*, and *People*, *Life*, and *Crown*.

5.

*GAMA* went not behind, in *Complement*;  
 And, *weighing Anchor* without more delay,  
 To the rich *Kingdoms* of the *ORIENT*  
 (Which he so long had sought) pursues his way.  
 Now a *direct* and *certain* Course he went:  
 The *Fleet*, this *pilot* means not, to *betray*.  
 Which (therefore) from the *hospitable* shore  
 Goes now securer, then it *came* before.

6.

The *Oriental* Billows they divide  
 Now in the *Indian* Seas: and (spying than  
 Th' *Alcove*, whence *PHEBUS* rose as from a *Bride*)  
 See their desires fullfill'd within a span.  
 But spiteful *THYONEUS* (grudging the *Tyde*  
 Of *Happiness*, which *then* to smile began  
 On *PORTINGALS*, who well had earn'd the same)  
 Repines, fumes, curses, and with *Rage* doth flame.

7.

He saw the *Stars* unanimous, to make  
 Of *LISBON*, a new *ROME*; and that in vain  
 It was for *Him* to hope (alone) to shake  
 That, which the *SUPREME POWER* did ordain.  
 Desperate, in fine, *OLYMPUS* doth forsake,  
 To seek *below* what *There* he could not gain.  
 Enters the *humid Realm*; and to the *Court*  
 Of *Him*, that bears the *Trident*, doth resort.

8.

In the abstrusest *Grottoes* of the *DEEP*,  
 Where th'*OCEAN* hides his head far under ground;  
 There, whence to play their pranks the *Billows* creep,  
 When (mocking the lowd *Tempests*) they resound,  
*NEPTUNE* resides. *There*, wanton *Sea-Nymphs* keep;  
 And other *Gods* That haunt the *Seas* profound:  
 Where *arched* Waves leave many *Cities* dry,  
 In which abides each *watry* Deity.

## 9.

The never fadom'd *Bottom* doth expand  
 A *Levell*, gravell'd o're with *Silver* fine;  
 Where lofty *Turrets* rise from *drayned* Land,  
 Of *Massive* stuff, *Transparent*, *crystalline* :  
 To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,  
 The less will you be able to define  
 If it be *crystal* which your *Eye* su'vays,  
 Or *diamond*, which cast such *glorious* Rays.

## 10.

The *Gates* are *Massive Gold*, richly imboft  
 With ragged *Pearlez* in their *Mother-shell*;  
 In goodly *Sculpture* wrought, of wondrous cost,  
 On which vext *LIBER'S* eyes did feed and dwell.  
 Where first old *CHAOS* (in it own selfe lost)  
 Varied with proper *shadows*, doth excell.  
 Then the *FOVVR ELEMENTS* (transcribed *faire*  
 From that *foule*) *Copy* in their *Colours* are.

## 11.

There active *FIRE* got highest on the wing,  
 Which without *matter* did it selfe sustayn,  
 Till (to give *Soules* to ev'ry *living* Thing)  
 By bold *PROMETHEUS* from the *Sun* twas tane.  
 Next, subtle *AIR* with the *invisible Ring*,  
 Gaping for *places* (importuning, vain)  
 Now *vacant* in the *world*, which *that* doth not  
 Step streight into, though nere so *cold*, or *hot*.

## 12.

Warted with *Mountains* (then) was the low *EARTH*  
 In her *green gown* shadow'd with fruitfull *Trees*:  
 Giving those *Creatures*, to which she gave *hirth*,  
 Such *sustenance* as best with each agrees.  
 The carved *WATER* serves her for a *Gyrth*,  
 And *brancht* (like *Veyns*) ore all her *Body* is:  
 Innumerable sorts of *Fishes* breeding;  
*Men* with her *Fish*, *Earth* with her *moysture* feeding.

## 13.

Another *door* upon it carved has  
 The *War*, between the *Gods*, and *Gyants* bold,  
 Beneath great *ETNA* crusht *TIPHIOUS* was,  
 Whence crackling *flames* in *sulphur* *Barts* are roll'd.  
*NEPTUNE* himself stood *heer*, of *breathing* *Brass*,  
 Striking the *ground*, in that *contention* old,  
 When the first *Horse*, to the rude world, gave *Hee*;  
 And *PALLAS* the first *peacefull olive-Tree*.



## 14.

LYEUS's Choler would not let him stay  
 To view the rest; and, passing through this *Gate*,  
 The GOD, who (told of his Approach) did stay  
 At th inner Court, receiv'd him there in state:  
 Accompanied with *Nymphs* in bright Array;  
 Of whom, *each* seems to wonder, with her *Mate*,  
 To see the *Water's King*, paid *one* in fine,  
 Of many *Visits* made the *King* of Wine.

## 15.

NEPTUNE (quoth *he*) O! never think it strange,  
 That BACCHUS comes *thy* succour to implore:  
 "For *highest pow'rs*, and most secure of change,  
 "'Tis envious FORTUNE's pride, to triumph o're.  
 Call all thy *Peers* that in the *Ocean* range,  
 Ere *more* I speak (if thou wilt hear me *more*)  
 Down-weight of *miser*y they shall discern.  
 Let them *All* hear the wrongs which *All* concern.

## 16.

NEPTUNE (presuming it some hideous thing  
 He would impart) doth TRITON streight command  
 To call the DEITIES inhabiting  
 The frigid *Waves*, on one; and t'other hand.  
 TRITON, who vaunts himself son of the *King*  
 By SALACEE (ador'd in *Lusus's Land*)  
 Was a great nasty *Clown* with all that boast:  
 His *Father's Trumpet*, and his *Father's Poast*.

## 17.

His thick *bush-beard*, and his *long hair* (which hung  
 Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)  
 Were spongy *Weeds*; so wet, they might be wrung:  
 Which never *Comb* seem'd to have harrowed.  
 The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were strung  
 With dark blew *Mussels*, of their own filth bred.  
 He had (for a *Montera*) on his Crown  
 The shell of a red *Lobster* overgrown.

## 18.

His *Body* naked, and his *genitals*,  
 That he might swim with greater speed, and ease:  
 But with *Maritime* little *Animals*  
 By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid, vvere *these*;  
 As *Crayfish*, *Shrimps*, and other *Fish* that cravvles,  
 (Receiving *theirs* from the pale *Moon's* increase)  
*Oysters*, and *Periwinkles* vwith their flyme;  
*Snayles*, vwith their *Houses* on their backs that climbe.

19.

His great wreath'd *Shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,  
 With all the *might* he had, he now did sound;  
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide  
 O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.  
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d  
 To the bright *Palace*, from their *Quarters* round,  
 Of that moist *God*, who built the *Walls* of *TROY*,  
 Which angry *GREEKS* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father OCEAN* first (with all the *sons*  
 And *Daughters*, he begat, environ'd) went:  
*NEREUS* (That married was to *DORIS*) runs,  
 Who peopled all the *Crystal Element*:  
 The Prophet *PROTHEUS* (his *Flocks* left for once  
 To range the *bitter Meade* at full content)  
 He likewise came; but He already knew  
 What, *FATHER BACCHUS* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *NEPTUNE'S* snowy *Wife*  
 (*URAN* and *VESTAS* daughter sovereign)  
*Grave* in her *Gate* (yet had her *Graveness life*)  
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.  
 A *Robe* of *Lawn* (whose *Spinster* had a strife  
 With *Her*, That with *MINERVA* strove in vain)  
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid*:  
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *AMPHITRITE* (then the flow'rs in *May*  
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee:  
 The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obey  
 The love of the *Seas KING*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.  
 The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*.  
 To *either's Eyes* (more worth then all they see).  
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)  
 For *Both*, the Spouses of *one Husband*, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *ATHAMAS* run mad,  
 Came *so* to compass an *immortal State*)  
 Went; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.  
 (*Him* too, the *Gods* did to their *Ranks* translate)  
 Toying before his *Mother* tript the *Lad*  
 With painted *Cockles*, which salt *Seas* create:  
 Whom when the looser sand molests and harms;  
 Fair *PANOPEA* bears him in her *Arms*.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,  
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,  
 Was chang'd t' a *Fish*; so from that loss began  
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last;  
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,  
 Still weeping the lewd Tricks by *CIRCE* past  
 On his lov'd *SCYLLA* (*Hee* below'd by *This*):  
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*  
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine;  
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Goddesses*,  
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *crystall* fine,  
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please;  
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King* of *Wine*.  
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred masse,  
 Which doth *Arabian Frankinsence* surpass.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast  
 And *ceremonies* done between the *Kings*:  
 Burst *THYONEUS* began from hidden Breast  
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.  
 Knitting his brow a little (which confest  
 His leaded *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)  
*Hee*, that with *other's* weapons he may slay  
 The men of *L u s u s*, thus his cards did play.

27.

*PRINCE*, who (*of right*) from one to t'other pole  
 The angry *sea* dost awe, and dost command,  
*Thou* that all *earthly* creatures dost comptroll,  
 And bridlest *Nations* with a roape of *sand*;  
 And (*Father OCEAN*) *Thou* whose *Billows* roll  
 About the *world*, and circumscribe the *Land*,  
 Least those meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decreed,  
 It's proper *dwellers* should presume t' exceed.

28.

And you, *SEA-GODS*, that wont not to permit  
 Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke;  
 But, who so dar'd to trespass upon *It*,  
 Felt, what it was, *your* vengeance to provoke:  
 What *sameness* this? what dull *lethargick* Fit?  
 Who had such pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,  
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,  
 Frayle as the *Glasse*, yet venturing at *All*:

R

You

29.

*You saw*, with what unheard of Insolence  
 The highest HEAV'NS they did invade of yore:  
*You saw*, how (against *Reason*, against *sense*)  
 They did invade the SEA with *Sail* and *Oare*:  
*Actions* so *Proud*, so *daring*, so *immense*,  
*You saw*; and *We see* dayly more, and more:  
 That in few years (I *fear*) of *Heav'n* and *Sea*,  
*Men*, will be called *GODS*; and but *men*, *WEE*.

30.

*You see* a little *Generation now*  
 (Call'd by the *name* of one that *serv'd* me *too*)  
 With haughty *Bosom*, with undanted *Brow*,  
 Both *you*, and *me*, and all the *World* subdue.  
*You see*, your *Sea* with *winged* *Oak* they *Plough*.  
 Farther, then *ROMAN EAGLES* ever *flew*.  
*You see*, your *Wealth* how they propose to *drayn*,  
 Your *Statutes* cancel, and your *walks* profane.

31.

When first the *MYNIA* went about (ye know)  
 To cut away through the forbidden *Flood*,  
 How *BOREAS*, and his Fellow *AQUILO*,  
 (With all the rest) the *Trespas*s then withstood?  
 If *They* so *storm'd*, if *they* concern'd were *so*,  
 That, as their own, *your* wrong they understood;  
*You* (whom it touches in a *neerer* way)  
 Why sit ye *still*? for what do ye *delay*?

32.

Nor think (O *Gods*) that, for your *sole* concern,  
 And for the great *Affront* which put I see  
 On *you*, I have forsok the *COURT SUPERN*:  
 But for *That* likewise which is offer'd *me*.  
 For, all those *Honours* which my *sword* did earn,  
 When (as the *World*, and *you*, can witness be)  
*INDIA* I quell'd, and quell'd the *ORIENT*;  
 I by *this* *People* see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the *HIGH RULER*, and his *Fates* (who deale  
 The *under-world*, as pleases best their *mood*)  
 Have markt these men for *Glory*, *Pow'r*, and *Weale*;  
 Greater then ever, in the *Ocean-Flood*.  
 And (*Gods*) from *you* I must not *now* conceale,  
 That they teach *sorrow*, ev'n to *Gods*. 'Tis good:  
*We* too, are *slaves* to their *prepostrous* *Will*;  
 Which gives *Ills* to the *Good*, *Goods* to the *Ill*.

Now

34.

Now therefore from OLYMPUS am I tost,  
 To seek some Cure, some Balsome for my wound:  
 To see, if that esteem, I there have lost,  
 May happily within your Seas be found.  
 More would have said: But Tears the passage crost,  
 Which (trickling down his Cheek in Ropes, that bound  
 His words) with suddain fury did inspire  
 And set the watry Deities on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went;  
 So swiftly and so high their rage did mount;  
 That no mature advice it did consent,  
 Permit no pause, no weighing, no discount.  
 Orders from NEPTUNE are already sent  
 To mighty EOLUS, that without Count  
 He slipt the strugling Winds from their strong Caves,  
 And let no Vessel live upon the waves.

36.

PROTHEUS rose twice to speak, and went about  
 His judgement in the matter to propound:  
 Nor Any who were present, made a doubt  
 But that it was some Prophecy profound.  
 But still a rising tumult put him out,  
 And in their sence the Gods did so abound,  
 That THETYS stuck not to exclaime; Will you  
 Be teaching NEPTUNE what he hath to do?

37.

Then doth the proud HIPPOTADES enlarge  
 From their close prison the enraged Winds;  
 And them with animating words discharge  
 Against the Men of never-daunted minds.  
 For a thick clowd hides Heav'n (as with a Targe)  
 And ARGUS's hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.  
 The swelling blasts have in a trice o'rethrown  
 Tow'rs, Mountains, Houses. — But of that Anon.

38.

Whilst in the DEEP was held this Parliament,  
 The wearied Fleet (yet free from sad dismay)  
 Before a gentle Wind pursuing went  
 Thorough the tranquil Ocean their long way.  
 That Time it was, when from the ORIENT  
 Removed is the Lamp that rules the Day:  
 Those of the first did lay them down to sleep,  
 And others come the second Watch to keep.

39.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)  
 Repose their nodding heads against a saile.  
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make  
 To the *Night's Ayre*, which blows a nipping Gale.  
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;  
 With their *seal'd Eyes* to ope can scarce prevaile.

*Cures against sleep they practise, they devise:*  
 Tell thousand *Tales*, tell thousand *Histories*.

40:

What better *spur* (said one) to *post away*,  
 Or *pastime* to *deceive* the hours, that creep;  
 Then by some *pleasant Tale*, wherewith we may  
 Knock off the *leaden shackles* of dull *sleep*?  
 Quoth LEONARDO then (who, whilst a day  
 He hath to live, will faith to CUPID keep)  
 A *pleasant Tale*? then what can do so well  
 As *one of Love*? and *That*, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'de VELOSO; 'tis not *fit*, not *just*,  
 To treat *soft* subjects in so *hard* extreams.  
 For a *Sea-life* (replenisht with *disgust*)  
 Permits not *love*, permits not *melting Theames*.  
 Our *Story* be of WAR, bloody, Robust;  
 For *we* (the *Wests*, and *Pilgrims* of the *streames*)  
 Are onely born to *horror*, and *distress*:  
 Our *future* dangers whisper me no less.

42.

To *This* they *All* agreed: and pray'd VELOSE,  
 What he *commended*, that *himself* would *doe*.  
 I shall (quoth *He*); then listen to my *Prose*:  
 I promise you an *old Tale*, and a *true*.  
 And (to incite, with apt *examples*, Those  
 That hear me, *great Beginnings* to pursue)  
 Of our own *Countray-men* shall treat my *story*:  
 And let it be the *Twelve* of ENGLAND'S glory.

43.

When JOHN the son of PEDRO rul'd our Land  
 (Temp'ring his *People's* mouths with a *soft Bit*)  
 After he had with a *victorious* Hand  
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;  
 In merry ENGLAND (which, from *Cliffs* that stand  
 Like Hills of *snow*) once ALBION'S name did git)  
 ERYNNIS dire rank *seeds* of *strife* did sow,  
 Whence *Lusitanian Lawrels* chanc't to grow.

44.

'Twixt the *fair damsels* of the ENGLISH COURT,  
 And *Barons bold* That did attend the same,  
 A hot *dispute*, beginning but in *sport*,  
 To end at last in *down-right-earnest* came.  
 The *Courtiers* (though the *Courtship* is but short  
 That gives reproachful terms to any *Dame*)  
 Said: They would prove, that such, and such of Them,  
 Had been too lavish of their *Honor's* gem.

45.

And if with *Lance* in *Rest*, or *Blade* in *Fist*,  
 To take their parts they had, or *Knights*, or *Lords*;  
 That *They*, in *open Field*, or *closed List*,  
 Would do them dye, with *Spears*, or else with *Swords*.  
 The weaker *Sex* (unable to *resist*  
 With *deeds*, and less to *swallow* such *base words*)  
 Condemning *Nature*, That deny'de them *force*,  
 Unto their *Kin*, and *servants*, had recourse.

46.

But their *Accusers* (mark you?) being *great*  
 And *potent* in the Kingdom, neither *Kin*,  
 Nor *humble servant*, durst their *Cause* abet,  
 As their *Fame's Champions*, which they should have bin,  
 With *beauteous Tears* (which, from their blisful seat,  
 Might all the *Gods* to their assistance win)  
 Distilling down each *Alabaster Cheek*,  
 Unto the DUKE OF LANCASTER they seek.

47.

This puissant *Branch*, of ENGLAND'S *royal Tree*,  
 Had warr'd against CASTLE with PORTUGALL;  
 Where his *Camrades's great Hearts* he try'de did see,  
 And their *good stars* which bare them out in *All*;  
 Like proof of their *respect* to *Dames* had *He*,  
 When to that *Land* his daughter he did call;  
 With whole bright *Beautie's* beams our *Monarch* strook,  
 The vertuous *Princess* for his *Consort* took.

48.

*He* (loath to give them ayd with his own Hand,  
 Left, so, he should foment a *civil flame*)  
 Says: when I past to the IBERIAN LAND,  
 To the CASTILIAN CROWN to lay my clayme;  
 Such *heavenly parts* in PORTINGALLS I scand,  
 Such *Courtship*, *Courage*, such high thirst of *Fame*,  
 That they alone (unless I much mistake)  
 With fire and sword your just defence can make.

49.

To *them* then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please  
*Ambassadors* from *me* (for *you*) shall go,  
 Who, with meet *Letters* and *smooth Sentences*,  
 The wrong which *you* sustain to *them* may show.  
 Let *Letters* likewise from *your selves*, your *Seas*  
 Of *Tears* indeare; and from your *Pens* let flow  
     *Nectar* of *Words*, to charm them to your *Ayd*:  
 For *there's* your *Tow'r*, *There* all your *hopes* are laid.

50.

Th' *experienc't Duke* the *Dames* this counsell gave,  
 And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did name;  
 And, that each *Dame* may know her *Champion* brave,  
 Bids them cast *Lots*, their number being the same:  
 And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have  
 Descry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;  
     To her own *Knight*, in *varied* phrase, each writes;  
     The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The *messenger* arives in *Portugal*:  
 The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:  
 The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,  
 Might it with *Regal Majesty* comport.  
 Each *Courtier* longs, it to *his* chance would fall  
 In such a brave *Adventure* to consort;  
     And each one's glory doth in *this* consist,  
     To hear his name from the *Lancastrian* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took  
 Was the eternal name of *PORTUGALE*;  
 He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,  
 Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with *Oare*, and *Sayle*.  
*Armours* and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)  
*All*, of the fashion that did then prevail,  
     The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crests*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.  
     *Horses*, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their sayles to losen  
 And pass out of the celebrated *DWERE*,  
 By *Them* that had the honor to be chosen  
 Of famous *JOHN OF GAUNT*, who knew them *there*.  
 A *better*, or a *worse*, in all the *dozen*  
 (For *skill*, or *force*) there was not: *Peers* they were.  
     But one (*MAGRYSF*) in whom new thoughts did rise,  
     Bespake his valiant *Fellows* in this wise.

Brothers



54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me  
 A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range;  
 More *Streams*, then *T E J O's*, and fresh *D W E R E's*, to see;  
*Strange Nations*, *Cities*, *Laws*, and *Manners*. *Strangers*.  
 Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,  
 And now I find this purpose cannot change;  
 I'll go before by *Land* (with your good leave)  
 To meet in *E N G L A N D*, traversing the *S L B E I V E*.

55.

And if (arrested by *his Iron Mace*  
 Who is the period of each mortal thing)  
 I hap to fail th' appointed time and place;  
 To *you* small damage can my failing bring.  
 Fight for *your selves*, and *me* to, in that case.  
 But in my *ang'ring* Eare a Bird doth sing;  
*Chance*, *Rivers*, *Mountains* (all their malice meeting)  
 In *L O N D O N - T O W N* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast  
 (In fine) his *Armes*; and, licenc't, went his ways.  
 He past rough *L E O N*: both *C A S T E E L S* he pass:  
*T o w n s*, won by *L u s i t a n i a n* *A r m s*, surveys:  
*N A V A R R E*: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't  
 'Twixt *S P A I N*, and *France*, as if to part their *Frays*);  
 Survay'd (in fine) all that is rare in *F R A N C E*,  
 To *B E L G I A S* great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether *sickness* 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,  
 Advancing not) He many days did stay.  
 But our lev'n *Worthies* the salt *Ocean* enter,  
 And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.  
 Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*  
 Of populous *E N G L A N D* (*London*) travail'd They  
 Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *T H A M E S*,  
 Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The day was come, and now the hour at hand,  
 When with the dozen *E N G L I S H* they must fight:  
 The *King* secur'd the *Lists* with an arm'd *Band*:  
 In *compleat Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:  
 Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand  
 A *S P A N I S H M A R S* in dazeling *Armour* bright:  
 Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,  
 With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

But

59

But *she*, to whom *MAGRISO* (who was not  
Arrived) fell; in *mourning* Rayment came;  
Because to have, it was *her* hapless lot,  
No *Knight*, to be the *Champion* of her *fame*.  
Howe're: th' *Elev'n* (before they leave the *Spot*)  
That they will so behave themselves, proclame;  
As that the *Ladies* shall victorious be,  
Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high *Tribunal* took his place  
*THE ENGLISH KING*, with all his *Court* about.  
The *Combattants* by *Three* and *three* did face,  
And *fowre*, and *fowre*, their *Foes*; as it fell out.  
The *Sun*, from *GANGES*, till he ends his *Race*,  
Sees not another *Twelve* more *strong*, more *stout*,  
More highly *daring*, then those *ENGLISH* were,  
Who the lev'n *PORTINGALLS* confronted there.

61.

The golden *Bits* the foaming *Palfreys* champ:  
Upon the glitt'ring *Armes*, the *Sun* curvets,  
As when roll'd *Cakes* of *Ice* reflect his *lamp*;  
Or (mingling *Rays*) on *Daneers* gems it beats.  
Now in the *Ladies's* hearts some little damp  
(The *Troops* prepar'd to charge) the odds begets  
Of *Twelve* t' *eleven*; when (Loe!) incontinent;  
A murm'ring uproare round the *Scaffolds* went.

62.

Unto that common *Center*, where the *Rout*  
Began this tumult, ev'ry *Face* inclines.  
Enters a *Knight* on *Horse-back*, arm'd throughout,  
As one, who battail presently designs:  
Salutes the *King*; the *Dames*; faceth about;  
And, with th' *Elev'n*, the great *MAGRISO* joynes:  
His greedy *Arms* upon his *Friends* he throws  
(*Sure Card*) to lay them next upon his *Foes*.

63.

Then she that well perceiv'd this was the *Knight*  
Who came *her* honour to defend and raise,  
Cloathes too with *Helle's* *Fleece*, which (more then bright  
*Vertue*) the *brutish* soule loves, and obays.  
The signall giv'n, the *Trumpets* blasts, incite  
The warlick *minds*, inflam'd with *rage* and *praise*.  
*Spurrs* are clapt to, *Reyns* slackned in a trice,  
*Speares* coucht in *Rest*, *Fire* from the struck ground flies.

The

64.

The furious *Genets* seem, in their Career,  
 To make an Earth-quake with their thund'ring Hooves.  
 The *Shock*, in *All* that then *Spectators* were,  
 At once *Fear*, *Pleasure*, *Admiration*, mooves.  
*This*, doth not fall, but *flye* (dismounted *cleer*);  
 That, *Sieed*, and all (*He* better *Horseman* proves):  
     *One*, his *white Armour* in *Vermillion* washes:  
     *One*, with his *Helmet's plumes* his horse-croop lashes.

65.

There fell asleep for ever, *more* than one,  
 And a short step from *life* to *death* did make:  
 Here, runs a *Horse* (the *Man* strook down) alone:  
 There, stands a *Man*, whose *Horse* the *Foe* down strake.  
 The *English Honor* tumbles from it's *Throne*:  
 For two or three of *them* the *Lifts* forsake.  
     With *Shields*, *Arms*, *Maile*, Those who to *Arms* appeale,  
     And *Hearts* of *Spanish mettle*, have to deale.

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry *gash*,  
 Each cruel *thrust* in that most bloody *Fight*,  
 Is of those *Prodigals* of *Time*, and *Trash*,  
 That tell you *stories* which they dreamt last night.  
 Suffice it, I inform you at one dash,  
 Through *courage* high, through never-equall'd *might*,  
     The *Victory* went on the *Ladies's* side:  
     *Curs* crop the *Bays*, and *They* are *justifide*.

67.

With *Balls* the *Duke*, with *Feastings*, and with *joy*,  
 Treats the *twelve Victors* in his *Palace faire*,  
 With *Cooks*, the *Bevy* of bright *Dames* imploy  
*Nets*, *Hounds*, and *Haulks*, in *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*.  
 For *These*, their brave *Compurgators*, would cloy  
 Each *day*, and *hour*, with thousand *banquets* rare,  
     Whilst they in *ENGLAND* are content to roam,  
     Without reverting to their *dearest* *Home*.

68.

But great *MAGRISO* (if we trust reports)  
 Great things abroad still greedy to behold,  
 Clung to those parts: where at the *Gallick Courts*  
 Highly he serv'd the *Flandrian Countess's* bold.  
 For *there* (as one unpractis'd in no sports,  
 To which *Tbou MARS* inur'd thy *Scholler's* old)  
     *He*, hand to hand a *FRENCH-MAN* in the *Field*  
     (Like *ROME'S TORQUATUS*, and *CORVINUS*) kill'd.  
     S  
     Another

69.

Another of the *Twelve* launcht out, into  
 HIGH GERMANY: where with an ALMAN He  
 Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue  
 Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.  
 V E L O S O come to a full point; the *Crew*  
 Pray him, he would not with such brevitie  
 Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact  
 Therein: as likewise, in the *German Fact*.

70.

Just *here* (to drink his words, *they list'ning All*)  
 The *Master* (Loe! (who in the *Skye* did peepe)  
 His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry Corner crawl  
 The *Saylors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;  
 And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall  
 The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Scuttle* steep.  
 Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your Eyes:  
 From yon black clowd, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully *lor'd* the windy *Top-sayles* were  
 When a great *Gust* upon a suddain came.  
*Strike*, cry'd the *Master*, (so that all might hear)  
*Strike, strike*, the *Main-sheet*; thrice he did exclaim.  
 The hasty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no Eare)  
 Ere *struck* it could be, rushing thwart the same,  
 Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rash,  
 As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clash.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike HEAV'N with a joynt-groane,  
 Themselves with *horror* struck, and pale dismay:  
 For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,  
 A pow'r of *Water* scoops up from the *Sea*.  
*Lighten* (the *Master* cryes with mournful tone)  
*Lighten the Ship*: if ye would *live*, obay,  
 Run others *to the Pumpe* (w'are at the Brink  
 Of perishing) *unto the Pumpe*: We sink:

73.

*Unto the Pumpe* th'undanted *Soldiers* ran:  
 To which *no* sooner come, *their parts* to do:  
 But the *Ship* (stagg'ring like a drunken Man)  
 Their heels tript up, *them* to the *Larbord* threw.  
 Not three the sturdiest of the *Saylors* can  
 Manage the *Helm*, with all their strength put to.  
 The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:  
 The *Land-men* lose their *strength*, *Sea-men* their *Art*.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have shown  
 More *force*, and *fury*, they could not devise;  
 Had they at *once* from *all* the *Quarters* blown  
 To throw down *BABELI*, which did threat the skyes.  
 The *AMMIRALL* upon the overgrown  
*Mountains of water*, shrinks into the size  
 Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring *her selfe*, how  
 She did to *live* in such a *sea* till now.

75

The *second ship* ( in which was *PAUL DE GAME* )  
 Had her *main mast* snapt in the midst and broke :  
 The *people* in her ( almost drown'd ) the name  
 Of *Him*, that came to save the *world* invoke,  
 With like vain *Ecchoes* to the *Ayre*, exclaime  
 In the *Third*, all *COBLLIOS* daunted folk ;  
 Although that *master* so good *order* took,  
 That, e're the *storm* ariv'd, her *sayles* were strook.

76.

Now *All* to *Heaven* are hoysted by the *fury*  
 And rage of *NEPTUNE*, terrible and fell :  
 Now to the bottom of *his waves* *All* hurry,  
 As if their keels would knock the *Gates of Hell*.  
 The *East*, *VWest*, *South*, and *Northern* winds ( to woory  
 The *world* by turns ) from ev'ry corner swell.  
 Her self with *Torches* the deformed *Night*  
 ( Wich which the *Pole* is all on fire ) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling shore  
 With *strayned* voyce cryes in a *dolefull* Key,  
 Rubbing with *this* the overplayst' red soare  
 Of her own-los; by *like* tempestuous sea,  
 The *amorous Dolphins* hide them, which before  
 Did friske and dance about the *watry* sea;  
 Flying the cruell storm in *Caves* obscure,  
 Nor in the very *bottom* are secure

78.

Never such red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,  
 Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,  
 By that *foule Smith*, who ( by his *faire wife* pray'd )  
 Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *son in law* :  
 Nor ever ( by the *Thunderer* displayd )  
 That frighted *paire* such flakes of *lightning* saw  
 In the great *FLOOD* ( *they* only left to mourn )  
 Who *stones* to *people* ( a *hard race* ) did turn.

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves* uncrown,  
 Bouncing against them like a batt ring *Ram* !  
 How many aged *Trees* the *wind* rusht downe,  
 Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !  
 Little thought *They*, the *earth* swept with their crowne,  
 To turn their *Heels* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,  
 As little thought the *sands*, which there were hid,  
 To floate upon the *top*, as *then* they did.

80.

VASCO DE GAMA (seeing his *Hopes* crost,  
 Just at the *Butt* and *end* of his desire,  
 Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe post,  
 Now with fresh fury unto *Heav'n* aspire:  
 Confus'd with *horror* giving *All* for *lost*,  
 Seeing no *humane* Fence against such *Ire*)  
 To that HIGH POVVRE (who is the *sov'rain*' *Ayd*,  
 And can *Impossibilities* (thus prayd.

81.

Protector of the *Quires Angelicall*,  
 Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth* and angry *seas* obey;  
 Thou, who the *Read-sea* mad'st a double wall,  
 Through which *thy* flying *IS'RAEL* to convey;  
 Thou, who didst keep and save thy servant *PAUL*  
 From *open* *Rocks*, and *Shelvs* that *hidden* lay.  
 And sav'dst (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd  
 The second *PLANTER* of the drowned *WORLD*:

82.

If we have past *new* dangers numerous  
 Of other *SCYLLA'S* and *CHARIBDEES*;  
 Other dire *Syris*, and *Quicksands*, *infamous*  
*ACROCE RAUNIAN* *ROCKS*: in other *seas*;  
 Why, in the *Close*, doest thou *relinquish* us?  
 Why, throw us *off*, after such *scapes* as *these*,  
 If with our *labours* thou art not offended,  
 If thy sole service be *thereby* intended?

83.

O *happy* men, whose lot it was to dye  
 On whetted point of *Mauritanian* *Lance*;  
 Whilst, smear'd with *beauteous* *dust* of *AFRICK*  
 The *CHRISTIAN* *FAITH* they (*fighting*) did advance  
 Whose *glorious* *deeds* remain in *History*,  
 Or carv'd in everlasting *Verse* perchance,  
 Who loosing a *short* *life*; a *long*, did git:  
 Depth sweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilst

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roare  
 Like two *wild Bulls* when one with t'other copes)  
 Augment the *horrid Tempest* more and more,  
 And (*rattling*) whistle through the *Spiny Ropes*.  
 The *flashing Lightning* never does give o're;  
 The *thund'ring* such, that there are now no hopes  
 But that *HEAV'N'S Axles* will be streight unbuilt:  
 The *ELEMENTS* at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the *amorous* star, with twinkling Ray,  
 Conspicuous in the *EASTERN HEMISPHERE!*  
 Fair *Harbinger*, and *Usher* of the *Day*,  
 It visits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead cleare.  
 She, from whom arm'd *ORION* flinks away,  
 And who this *Star* sits guiding in his *Spheare*;  
 Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,  
 At once with *Anger*, and with *feare*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been *BACCHUS* (says she) I am sure:  
 Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.  
 He shall not *wag* the Ruine to procure  
 Of *mine*, but I will have him in the Train.  
 She stoops like *Lightning* from *OLYMPUS* pure  
 Upon the troubled *Kingdom* of the *MAYN*;  
 Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids  
 With *making ROSES* that new ope their lids.

87.

With *thousand-colour'd* Garlands she commands  
 Their flowing *locks* a little be comptroll'd:  
 (*Who* would not judge, *LOVE* there, with his own hands,  
 Inamell'd *painted flow'rs* upon *true gold*?)  
 Her purpose is, to fetter in those *bands*  
 Th' *inamour'd Winds*, where *there* they wander *bold*:  
 The *Faces* of those loved *Nymphs* to shew them  
 (*More faire* then *Stars*) to charm and to subdue them.

88.

And so it prov'd. For she no sooner did,  
 But presently they faint, they dye away.  
 Under their wings their bashful heads they hid:  
 In humble posture at those feet they lay.  
 The slip, *Those* take them up in, is the thrid  
 Of that bright *Hair*, which scorns the mid-day's Ray.  
 Then, to her servant *BOREAS*, thus did say  
 His sweet and bosom friend, *ORYTHIA*.

89.

Fierce BOREAS, *This* is not the way to prove  
 That e're thou *lov'dst*, as thou pretend'st to doe,  
 For meek, and soft as his *wings* down, is LOVE:  
 And *fury* ill befeems a *Lover* true,  
 Either this *madness* from thy mind remove.  
 ( What shall I say? couldst thou indure a *shrew*?  
 I shall be frighted with it, *wee* must sever:  
 " *Feare* choler may ingender, but *love* never.

90.

Fayre *Galatea* likewise lays the case  
 To blustering NOTUS, who, full well she knows,  
 Hath many a *long* sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,  
 And is at her *devotion* doth suppose.  
 The *Raunter* ( scarce believing such a grace )  
 His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.  
 The pleasure of his *Mistresse* to fullfill,  
 He thinks it a cheap bargain, to sit still.

91.

The *others* take the *other* winds' aside,  
 And her too boystrous *lover* each reproves.  
 They give them to the Queen of *Beautie*, tyde,  
 Calme as the *Lambs* and gentle as *her* doves.  
*she* gives them back to *them*, and ( their *faith* tryde )  
 Promis'd return eternall of their loves:  
 Worn on the *Nymphs*'s white hands, e're thence they stir,  
 In the *whole* voyage to be true to *Hir*.

92.

Now rising SOL with gold those *Mountayns* lips  
 Which GANGES ( *murmuring* ) washes: when a Boy  
 From the tall *Amrall's* scuttle shews the shipp  
 LAND, to the prow, with *that* ( late *storm's* Annoy,  
 And halfe their *Voyage*, over ( each heart skips,  
 Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,  
 The *Pilot* ( whom MELINDIANS' to them put )  
 Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

*This* is that *Land* ( I'm sure ) for which y'are bound:  
*This*, the true INDIA, which we see before:  
 Then ( if your vast desires *one* world can bound )  
 Quiet your *Hearts*, ye have what ye explore.  
 Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found  
 ( To his high joy ) the *pilot* knew the shore,  
 With *Knees* sticht to the *decks*, *Hands* spread to Heaven,  
 Eternall thanks by *him* to GOD are given.

Thanks



94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)  
 Who was not onely pleas'd, to *Him* to show  
 That LAND, which he had fought through so great fright,  
 And for the same such *shocks* did undergo:  
 But snatcht him with *strong Hand* that very night  
 From *watry Grave*, through *winds* that rag'd so,  
 Through *Thunder's* stroke, through blasting *Lightning's* beame  
 As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful *dangers*, by such *Brunts* as these,  
 By such *Herculean* labours, and vast *toyles*,  
 They That in *GLORIE'S* Schools take their *degrees*,  
 Acquire *immortal* *Lawrels* and *fat spoils*,  
 Not wholly leaning, against rotten *Trees*  
 Of *ancient Houses*, not, on empty *Styles*;  
 Not, on rich *Couches*, wrapt in *Sables* soft,  
 Of the *Muscovy Merchant* dearly bought.

96.

Not, by *new-fangled dishes* exquisite;  
 Not, by eternal *Visits* tedious;  
 Not, by *successive pleasures* infinite,  
 Effeminating *Bosomes* generous;  
 Not, by a never quenched *Appetite*:  
 Whereby, *old Wantons* *FORTUNE* makes of us  
 To that degree, We know not how to rise,  
 Or step, to any *Vertuous Enterprize*.

97.

No, but by tearing out of *Horror's* mouth  
*Honours*, which we may truly call our owne;  
 By cloathing *Steel*, incountring *Hunger*, *Drowth*,  
*VVatchings*, *high winds*, and *Billows overgrown*;  
 Conqu'ring dull *cold*, in *Bosome* of the *South*,  
 T'other *extreme* of the inflamed *Zone*;  
 Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,  
 The *Spice*, and *Sawce*, with which the *Valiant* eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a *Face* (where doubt  
 Sate once) *secure*, *serene*, fearless of *Harm*,  
 To march through *Bullets* whizzing round about,  
 And taking *here* a leg, and *there* an *Arm*.  
 These (*HONOUR'S* *Brawn*) make a man proof throughout,  
 Make him scorn *Money*, and *false Honour's* charm:  
 : *Money*, and *Honours*, which light *FORTUNE* made;  
 Not *VERTUE*; who is *just*, *solid*, and *stayd*:

99.

SHEE, shapen an understanding *round*, and *cleer*,  
 EXPERIENCE the *Hammer* and the *File*:  
 SHEE constant sits (as in a *Throne* or *Spheare*)  
 Regarding bulie *Mortalls* with a *smyle*:  
 SHEE (where *discretion* doth a *Kingdom* steer,  
 Nor partiall *Favour* merit doth beguile)  
 Is suddainly caught up; *High Rooms* to fill:  
 Not, by her seeking; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

## Seventh Canto.

### STANZA. 1.

VVellcom, O wellcom (*Friends*) to that good *LAND*  
 Which by so many hath been coveted,  
 'TwiXt *INDUS*, and the silver *GANGES*'s strand,  
 In the *Terrestriall Heav'n* that hides his head.  
*Valiant* and *Happy* men, put forth a *Hand*  
 To crop the *Lawrells* which from *others* fled:  
 For (*loe!*) ye see; before your faces, *loe!*  
 The *Territory* where *all Riches* flow.

2.

To you I speake, ye *sons* of *Lusus* old;  
 Who, of the *world* compose so *small* a stake.  
 What talk I of the *world*? of that *small* fold  
 Belov'd by *him*, who the *round* world did make.  
 You, whom from conquering of *Natiens* rold  
 In *Vice* not only *dangers* did not take;  
 But neither *avarice*, or want of love  
 To Holy *CHURCH*, whose *Head* is crown'd *Above*.

3.

You (*PORTINGALLS*) as *stout*, as ye are *Few*;  
 Who never care how *small* your numbers be:  
 You, who are *Usurers* of *losses*: you,  
 Who *frayle* life chaffer for *eternitie*.  
 Thus *PROVIDENCE* was pleas'd That *him* (who drew  
 The *shortest* *lott*) we of more use should see  
 T'extend the *Fayth*, then all the *CHRISTIAN* *KINGS*:  
 "So much thou (*CHRIST*) exaltest little Things!

4.

The haughtie GERMANS, a great Flock ( behold!  
 In a large pasture, into Factions broke,  
 Who ( not to be restrayn'd within one Fold,  
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke  
 Of Argument what sev'rally they hold )  
 Some for, and some against the Roman Yoke,  
 Their fatall pistols in that Quarrell span,  
 Which should be all discharg'd at OTTAMAN.

5.

See ENGLAND'S Monarch, styling himself yit  
 For deeds long past KING of the HOLY TOWNES;  
 The filthy ISMAELITE possessing it  
 ( What a reproaching Title to a CROVNE ! )  
 How in his frozen Confines he doth sit,  
 Feeding on empty smoake of old Renown;  
 Or gets him new, on Christian Foes alone,  
 Not, by recov'ring what was once his own !

6.

Meane time an UNBELIVER is for Him  
 Head of IERUSALEM on earth, whilst love  
 Of Earth, hath made him an unusefull Lim  
 Of the IERUSALEM which is Above:  
 Of the FRENCH then, what shall we say, or deem,  
 Who ( call'd MOST CHRISTIAN ) doth his style disprove:  
 Who doth not only in her Ayd not come :  
 But evn invites the scourge of CHRISTENDOME ?

7.

To CHRISTIAN'S Lands findest thou thy Title good  
 ( Having so fayre a Kingdom of thine own )  
 Not to CYNIFIUS, and NYL'E's sev'nfold Flood,  
 Old Enemies to true Religion ?  
 There shouldst thou vent the heate of thy French blood,  
 'Gainst the Rejectors of the Corner-stone.

LEVVIS, and CHARLES, left thee their Name and seat :  
 Not that which styl'd one SAINT; the other GREAT

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of Them,  
 Who by base sloath, and Ryot ( rather Rot )  
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,  
 Their ancient Valour, buried, and forgot ?  
 From Lux, Oppression springing; from this stem,  
 Dissensions in a people giv'n to plot :

I speake to Thee ( O ITALIE ) brought loe  
 With thousand Vices. and thine own worst Foe.

T

Ah

9.

Ah, foolish CHRISTIANS! are you, happilie,  
 Those *Teeth* which CADMUS did to Earth commit,  
*Self-Bane* (for *Children* of one *wombe* ye bee,  
 And *All* one heav'nly *Father* did begit):  
 The HOLY SEPULCHER do ye not see  
 Possess'd by *dogs*? how *Those*, themselves can knit,  
 To wrest from you your *old Inheritance*,  
 And on your shames their name in *Arms* advance?

10.

Ye see it is a *principle of state*,  
 A rooted custome, in the HAGARENE,  
*Armies* on *Armies* to accumulate  
 Against the *people* That on CHRIST doe leane.  
 But, amongst you, doth low rank *seeds of Hate*,  
 And *Tares* of *strife*, the *Enemie unclean*.  
 How can ye sleep *secure*, how can ye close  
 Your *Eyes*, having both *them*, and you, your *Foes*?

11.

If love of *powre*, and *empire* uncomptroll'd.  
 Set you a work to conquer *others Lands*; ;  
 Both HERMUS and PACTOLUS's streams behold,  
 Rouling into the Ocean *golden sands*!  
 ASSYRIA spins, and LYDIA, thrids of gold;  
 AFFRICK's rich *Mynes* imploy her *Negroes* hands.  
 Against THE TURKE let Bootie league you all:  
 If not, to see THE HOLY CITY Thrall,

12.

That *Hellish project* of the IRON AGE,  
 Those *Thunderbolts of Warr* (the *Cannon-Ball*)  
 At TURKISH GALLEYS let them spit their Rage,  
 And batter prou'd CONSTANTINOPLE's Wall.  
 Thence, to their *Holes* in *Caspian Clifles*, ingage  
 The frighted *monsters* back again to crawl,  
 And *Scythian Wains*, that in your EUROPE build,  
 With *barb'rous spawn* her *ciwill Countreys* filld.

13.

The THRACIAN, GEORGIAN, GREEK, ARMENIAN,  
 Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay  
 (*Sad Tribute!*) to the brutish ALCORAN  
 Their *Christian-children*, to be bred that way:  
 To scourge the arrogant MAHUMETAN  
 Your *hands* unite, your *heads* together lay.  
 Unwise, ungodly, *Glory*, cease pursuing:  
 By being *valiant* to your *own* undoing.

But

14.

But whilst (*mad People*) you refuse to see,  
 Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts you All;  
*Christian-Indeavours* shall not wanting be  
 In this same little *House* of PORTUGALL.  
*Strong places* upon AFRICK's Coast has she;  
 In ASIA a *Style Monarchicall*;  
*Dominions* in AMERICA she has,  
 And, were there more *Worlds*, Thither she would pass.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,  
 To our *Sea-faring Worthies* what befell;  
 After that gentle VENUS, with a *File*  
 Of BEAUTIES, the *inamour'd Storm* did quell:  
 After they came in sight of that vast *soyle*,  
 Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,  
 The CHRISTIAN FAITH into the same to bring;  
 To introduce *new Laws*, and a *new King*.

16.

No sooner come at that *new Land*, a sort  
 Of little *Fisher-barks* they light among,  
 Directing them the way into the *Port*.  
 Of CALICUT, whereto the same belong.  
 Thither they bend their *Prows* (being the *Court*  
 Of MALABAR) A *City* fair, and strong:  
 In which a *King* his Residence did hold,  
 Who, round about, a spacious LAND comptroll'd.

17.

On this side GANGES and the YND beyond  
 A large and famous Province is markt forth;  
 On the *South* bounded by the *Ocean-Strand*,  
 By the *Emodian Mountain* on the *North*,  
 Sundry both *Laws* and *Kings* obeyth this *Land*,  
 Sundry pretended *Deities* ador'th:  
 Some, beaſtly MAHOMET; some, *Idols* dead;  
 Some, *Living Creatures* in that *Region* bred;

18.

In that *long Mountain*, which all ASIA laces  
 (Running athwart so vast a *Continent*),  
 And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places  
 Through which it runs) Two *Fountains* have their vent;  
 Whence YND, and GANGES (starting for *two Races*  
 At the same *Post*, and at the same length spent)  
 Dye in the INDIAN SEA: Now *This*, and *They*,  
 Make the true INDIA a *Pen-Insula*.

19.

'Twiſt theſe expiring *Rivers's* Mouthes wide  
 From the broad *Country* a long *point* extends,  
 In faſhion not unlike a *Piramide*,  
 Which (fronting *CEYLAN's* *Iſle*) in th'*Ocean* ends.  
 And where (firſt thruſt out of the *Mountain*-ſide)  
 The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richneſs* lends,  
*Tradition* ſays; the *Folk*, That there *did* dwell,  
 Of dainty *flow'rs* were nourisht with the ſmell:

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That now are found  
 (In names and manners differing from the old)  
 Are *DELIIS*, the *PATANs*, who moſt abound  
 In *People*, and in *Countreys* which they hold;  
 The *DECANIES*, the *ORIASs*; That found  
 Their hopes of being fav'd, in what th'are told  
 Of founding *GANGES*. Then, *BENGALA's* Land;  
 With which can none in *Competition* ſtand.

21.

*CAMBAYA's* Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore  
 Held great *KING PORUS*, as the fame doth goe):  
 The *Kingdom* of *NARSINGA*; pow'rful more  
 In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then againſt a *Foe*.  
 Here (from the *INDIAN OCEAN's* *Billows* hoare)  
 Diſcerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rowe*;  
 Serving for *Nat'ral Walls* to *MALABAR*,  
 Inroads of thoſe of *CANARA* to bar.

22.

*GATE* the *Country's* *Natives* call this *Ridge*:  
 From foot whereof ſkirts out a narrow *Down*,  
 Which (*backt* by that) is by a natural *Seige*  
 Of angry *Seas* affronted. Here the *Town*  
 Of *CALICUT* (undoubted *Sov'rain* *Liege*)  
 Of all her *Neighbours*) rears her lofty *Crown*:  
*Seat* of the *EMPIRE*, Fair, and Rich; and *Him*  
 That's *Lord* thereof, they ſtile the *SAMORIM*.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving cloſe to that rich ſtrand,  
 A *PORTINGALL* is ſent in a *long-Boate*  
 To let the *Pagan Monarch* underſtand  
 Their coming from a *Region* ſo remote.  
 He (through the *River* entering the *Land*,  
 Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*):  
 With his ſtrange *Colour*, *Phyſnomy*, *Attire*,  
 Makes all the flocking *multitude* admire.

Amongſt

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,  
 Comes *one*, trayn'd up in the ARABIAN'S Lore,  
 Having been born in Land of BARBARIE,  
 There, where ANTEUS was obey'd of yore.  
 Whether, the *Lusitanian* People, *He*  
 Knew meerly as a *neighbour* to that shore;  
 Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far  
 On FORTUNE'S errand by the chance of War:

25.

The *Messenger* with jocund Face survey'd,  
 He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*;  
 How, to *this World*, in name of Heav'n (*Cam'rade*)  
 So distant from thy native *Portugale*!  
 Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (he said)  
 Which never *mortal* *Wight* before did sayle,  
 We come to seek of INDUS the great streame,  
 Whereby to propagate the GOSPEL'S beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood  
 The MOOR (his name MONSAYDE) briefly told  
 Their sad *disasters* on the *azure Flood*,  
 And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this same LUSIAN bold.  
 But since, his main *Affair* (he understood)  
 Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;  
 He tel's *Him*, *He* at present is not there:  
 Being retir'd into the *Countrey* neer.

27.

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin  
 Of their prodigions passage through the *MAYN*)  
 P'ease him, to make his homely *Nest*, his *Inne*;  
 With *Victuals* of the *Land* hee'l entertain  
*Him* *There*: and, being well refresh'd therein,  
 Himself will bring him to the *Fleet* again.  
 For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet;  
 Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The PORTINGALL with *Bosome* not ingrate  
 Accepts the Offer, kind MONSAYDE made.  
 As if their friendship were of ancient date,  
 With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.  
 Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:  
 Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survey'd.  
 They climbe the *Amiral*: where both Man and Boy,  
 Receive MONSAYDE with a gen'ral joy.

29.

The *Captain* (rapt) *Him* in his Arms did squeeze,  
 Hearing the *Musick* of the *Spanish Tongue*;  
 And (seated by him) Shreives him by degrees  
 Touching the *Land*, and things thereto that long.  
 But, as in *THRACIAN RHODOPE* the *Trees*,  
 And *Bruits*, to hear his golden *Lute* did throng  
 Who did his lost *EURIDICE* deplore:  
 So throng'd the *common-men* to hear the *MORF*.

30.

He thus begins. *Omen!* whom *NATURE* plac't  
 Neer to the *Nest* where I my birth did take;  
 What *Chance*, or stronger *Destiny*, so vast  
 So hard a *Voyage*, made you undertake?  
 For some *hid cause* from *TAGUS* are ye past,  
 And unknown *MINIUS*, through that horrid *Lake*  
 On which no *Barke* before did ever floate,  
 To *Kingdoms* so conceal'd, and so remote:

31.

*GOD, GOD* hath brought you: *He* hath (sure) some grand  
 And special buis'ness *here* for you to do.  
 For *this* alone, he leads you by strong *Hand*  
 Through *Foes, Seas, Stormes*, and with a *heav'nly Clew*.  
*INDIA* is *this*, with sev'ral *Nations* man'd:  
 Great *NATURE*'s bounty *All* beholding to  
 For glist'ring *Gold*, for sparkling *Stones* of price,  
 For oderiferous *Gums*, for burning *Spice*.

32.

The *Province* ye are anchor'd now upon,  
 Is called *MALABAR*: In the old way  
 It worships *Idols*: The *Religion*  
 That bears in all *these* parts the greatest sway,  
 Held 'tis, by *sev'ral Kings*: yet onely one  
 Rul'd it of old, as their *Traditions* say:  
 The last *King*, was *SARAMIA PERIMAL*,  
 Who in one *Monarchy* posselt it *All*.

33.

But, certain *strangers* coming to this *Ream*  
 From *METCHA* in the *Gulph* of *ARABIE*,  
 Who brought the *Law* of *MAHOMET* with Them  
 (In which my *Parents* educated me)  
 It so befell, with their great *skill*, and stream  
 Of *Eloquence*, *These* to that hot degree  
 This *PERIMAL* unto their *Faith* did win,  
 That he propos'd to dye a *Saint* therein.



34.

*Ships* he provides and therein (curious)  
 For *Off rings* lades his richest Merchandize;  
 To turn *Monastick*, and *Religious*,  
 There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHECY lies.  
 Having no *Heir*, left of the *Royal House*;  
 Before he parted, he did *cantonize*  
 His *Realm*. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings  
 From *want*, to *wealth*; from *Subjects*, to be *Kings*.

35

To *one*, COCHIN; t'*another*, CANANOUR;  
 CHALE, t'*a Third*; t'*a Fourth*, the PEPPER-ISLE;  
 To *This*, COULAN; To *That*, gives CRANGANOUR;  
 The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.  
 One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r  
 On his Affections) was forgot the while.  
 For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,  
 A *City* since; Rich, great, by *Traffick* growne.

36.

*This* gives he *Him*: and (to eke out the same)  
 A shining Title *Paramount* the Rest.  
 That done, his *Voyage* takes; his life to frame  
 So, as to reign hereafter with the *Blest*.  
 And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name  
 (By which *imperial pow'r*, and *heights* exprest)  
 To that *young man* and to his *Heirs*: from whom  
 This (who the EMPIRE now injoys) is come.

37.

The NATIVES'S manners (*poor*, as well as *rich*)  
 Are made up all of *Lyes*, and *vanitie*.  
 Naked they go: onely a *Cloth* they stich  
 About those *Parts* which must concealed be.  
 Two *Ranks* they have, of *People*; *Nobles*, which  
 Are *NAYRES* stil'd: and *Those* of *base degree*  
 Call'd *POLEAS*. To *Both* the *Law* prescribes  
 They shall not marry out of their own *Tribes*.

38.

And *Those* That have been bred up to *one Trade*,  
 Out of *another* may not take a *Wife*;  
 Nor may their *Children* any thing be made,  
 But what their *Parents* have been all their life.  
 To touch a *NAYRU* with their *Bodye's shade*,  
 A scandal is to his *Prerogative*.  
 If *themselves* chance to touch them as they meet,  
 With thousand *Rytes* himself he washes sweet:

Just

39.

Just so the *JEWISH PEOPLE* did of yore  
 The touch of a *SAMARITAN* Eschew.  
 But, when ye come into the *Country*, more,  
 And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.  
 The *NAYRES* onely go to *war*: Before  
 Their *King*, they onely stand a Rampire trew  
 Against his Foes. *A Sword* they alway weild  
 With their *right-hand*, and with the *left* a *Shield*.

40.

Their *Prelates* are call'd *BRAMENS* (an *old* name,  
 And (amongst *them*) of great *Preheminence*):  
 Of his fam'd *Sett*, who *Wisdom* did disclame,  
 And took a *stile* of a more *modest* sence.  
 They kill no *living thing*, and highly blame  
 All *flesh* to eat with wondrous abstinence:  
 But *other* flesh their Law doth not forbid,  
 Yet *They* as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their *Wives* are common: but are so to none  
 Save those, who of their *Husbands's* Kindred are.  
 (O blessed *lot*, blest *Generation*,  
 On whom fierce *jealousie* doth wage no war!)  
 These are the *Customes*, but not *these alone*,  
 Which are receiv'd by Those of *MALABAR*.  
 The *LAND* abounds in Trade of all things; *Isle*,  
 Or *firm-Land* yields from *CHINA* unto *NYLR*.

42.

Thus did the *MOOR* recount. But Gossip *FAME*  
 Crying the *Newes* about the *City* went  
 Of a *strange people* come, with a strange name:  
 To be inform'd the truth when the *King* sent.  
 Now, through the gaping streets, inviron'd came:  
 With either *Sex*, and *Ages* different,  
 The *noble Men* dispatched by the *King*  
 The *Gen'ral* of the *Fleet* to *Him* to bring.

43.

And *Hee* (thus licenc't by the *SAMORIM*  
 To disembarque) departs without delay,  
 The noblest of his *LUSIANS* hon'ring *Him*  
 As his bright *Trayn* (*himself* more bright than *They*)  
 The sweet variety of colours trim  
 Dazles the ravisht people all the way,  
 The compass *Oare* strikes, leisurely the *water*  
 Of the *Sea* first; of the fresh *River* after.

Upon

44.

Upon the *Key* a potent *Officere*,  
 Whom in *their Tongue* the *CATUAL* they call,  
 Begirt with *NAYRES*, stood to welcome *There*  
 The brave *DE-GAME* with *Pompe* unusuall:  
 Whom in his *Arms* himselfe to land did beare,  
 Then points him to a *Cowch Pontificall*:  
 On which (*their custome* of most antient date)  
 Upon *mens shoulders* he is born in state.

45.

Thus *Hee* of *Lusus*, *Hee* of *MALABAR*,  
 Move to the place where *them* expects the *King*.  
 The other *PORTINGALLS*, and *NARYES* are  
 Their *Infantry* advancing in a *Ring*.  
 The *multitudes* (like *Baggage* in a *War*)  
 Confused, pester one and t'other *Wing*.  
 They would aske questions, but have not the pow'r:  
 Their mouths were stopt for *that* in *BABEL'S* Tow'r

46.

Ride talking *GAMA*, and the *CATUAL*,  
 Of things which the *Occasion* ministred:  
*MONSAYDE* the *Interpreter* of *All*,  
 As understanding what by each is sed.  
 Thus marching, and ariving where the tall  
 And sumptuous *Fabrick* did erect it's head  
 Of a rich *TEMPLE* in the *Citie's Center*,  
 At the large two leav'd door abreft they enter.

47.

*There* stand the *Figures* of their *Deities*  
 Carv'd in cold *stone*, in dull and stupid *wood*:  
 In various *shapes* presented to the *Eyes*,  
 In various *postures* as the *Feind* thought good:  
 Some, in yet more *abominable* wise,  
 (*CHIMERA*-like) with *shapes repugnant* stood.  
 The *CHRISTIANS* (us'd t'adore *GOD-MAN*) deride  
 To see *Men Beasts*, and *Monsters* deifide.

48.

*One's humane* Head a paire of *Horns* disgraces  
 (*JUPITER HAMON* stood in *LYBIA* so):  
*Another* had one *Body*, and *two Faces*,  
 (Thus the old *ROMANS* did old *Fanus* show):  
*A Third*, with hundred *Hands*, fifty *embraces*  
 (Like *BRIAREUS*) pretends at *once* to throw:  
*A Fourth* *Hee* grins with a *dogs Face* (the plain.  
 Ador'd *ANUBIS* in *MEMPHITICK FANE*).

49.

Here, by the *barb'rous* people of that *Sect*  
 Their *Superstitious Worship* being paid;  
 Their course, without digression *Both* direct  
 To where the *King* of these vain *GENTILES* stayd.  
 The *Trayn* augments; through *Those*, who the aspect  
 Of the strange *Captain* to behold, assay'd.

*Women*, and *Boys*, from all the *Houses* gaze:  
 These tyle the *Roofs*; *Their Eyes*, the *Windows glaze*.

50.

Now they approach with slow and solemn pace  
 The beautiful and oderiferous *Bow'rs*,  
 Which barr'd the prospect of the *Royal Place*;  
 In *structure* sumptuous, though not high in *Tow'rs*.  
 For *They* their nobler *Buildings* interlace  
 With fanning *Groves*, and aromattick *Flow'rs*.  
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude *people's King*  
 In *City*, *Countrey*; and in *Winter*, *Spring*.

51.

On the fair *Frontispieces*, *Ours* descry  
 The subtlety of a *Dadalian* Hand,  
 Fig'ring the most remote *Antiquity*  
 In lasting *Sculpture* of the *INDIAN-LAND*.  
 So lively are presented to the Eye  
 Those *Ancient Times*; That *They*, who understand  
 From learned *Writers* what the *Actions* were,  
 May read the *Substance* in the *Shadow* There.

52.

Appears a copious *Army*, which doth tread  
 The *oriental* Land, *HYDASPES* laves.  
 By a sleek ruddy *Warriour* was it led,  
 Fighting with *leavy Favelins* curl'd in waves.  
*NYSA* stood by her *Founder*: by *Her*, slid  
 The *River's* self, washing her *winy* Caves.  
 So right the *God*, that *THEBAN-SEMEL*  
 (Had she been present) would have cry'de; 'Tis *HBE*.

53.

*Farther*, a vast *Affyrian* multitude,  
 That drank whole *Rivers* e're they quencht their thirst.  
 A *Woman* Captain, with rare Form indude;  
 And of a *Valour*, great, as was her *Lust*.  
 By her side (never cold) her *Palfrey* chew'd  
 The foaming *Bit*, and (fiery) paw'd the dust,  
 (Her *NINUS's* *Rival*) with whom yet 'twas done  
 More innocently, then she lov'd her *Son*.

Yet

53.

Yet farther; trembled in the *fancied* wind  
 The glorious *Ensignes*, G R E E C E triumphant bore  
 (The world's T H I R D M O N A R C H Y ) spreading from Y N D  
 One con'qu'ring *wing* to the *Gangetick* shore.  
 A *young man* led them, of a *boundless* mind,  
 From head to foot with *Lawrells* cover'd ore:  
 Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)  
 The son of P H I L I P, but the *son* of I O V E.

54.

The L U S I A N S feasting with these *Acts* their eyes,  
 The C A T U A L unto the *Captaine* sayd,  
 The time draws neer, when *other Victories*,  
 Shall blot *these* out, which thou hast *now* surwayd,  
*Heer* shall be graven, *modern Histories*  
 Of a *strange people*, that shall *us* invade.  
 Such our deep *Sages* find to be our doom,  
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.

By the *black Art* they doe moreover tell;  
 That, to prevent so great approaching *Ill*  
 By *humane wisdom*, tis impossibel:  
 "For vaine, is *earthly wit*, against *Heav'n's will*.  
 But, say withall; Those *strangers* shall excell  
 So much in *Martiall* and in *civill* skill;  
 That through the *World* it will in after story,  
 Be fed: The *conqu'ers* are the *Conquer'd's* glory.

56.

Discourfing thus they enter the gilt Hall,  
 Where leans that E M P E R O R magnificent  
 On the rich *Cowch* (which take it worke, and all)  
 Could not be matcht beneath the *Firmament*.  
 His *Face* and *posture* (that *Majesticall*;  
 And this *secure*) his *Fortune* represent:  
 His *Robes* are *cloth of gold*: A *diadem*  
 Upon his *head*, with many a *flaming gem*.

57.

An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen  
 Upon the knee did ever and anon  
 Of a hot *plant* present him a leaf green;  
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.  
 Then did a *Bramen* of no mean esteem,  
 Approach D E G A M A with slow motion;  
 To present *Him* unto the M O N A R C H great:  
 Who *there* before him, nods him to a seate.

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed  
 (His, keeping off) with quick and hungry Eyes,  
 The SAMORIM upon the *Habit* fed  
 Of his new *Guests*, their uncouth *hew*, and *Guyse*  
 With an *emphatick* *Voyce* from a deep head  
 (Which much his *embassie* did authorize  
 Both with the *King*, and all the *People* there)  
 The *Captain* thus accosts the *Royall* eare.

60.

A potent *King* (who governs yonder, where  
*Heav'n's* ever-rolling wheles the *day* adjourn,  
 Benighting earth with earth; that *Hemisphere*  
 Which the *sun* leaves mourning till his Return)  
 Hearing from FAMB (which makes an *Ecchoe* there)  
 How this IMPERIALL CROWN by Thee is worn.  
 (The sum'd up *Majestie* of INDIAN LAND)  
 Would enter with thee into *Friendship's* Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT sent me;  
 To let the know; that *whatsoever* stores  
 Goe on the *Land*, or goe upon the *sea*,  
 From TAGUS there, to NYLBS inriched shores:  
 All that by *Zeland* Merchants laden be:  
 By tributary *Ethiopian-MORBS*:  
 From *seething* River, or from *frozen* Barr:  
 Heapt up and centerd in his *Kingdom*, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with *leagues* and *mutuall* Tyes  
 Of *Peace* and *Freindship* (stable and divine)  
 Allow commerce of *superfluities*,  
 Which bounteous NATURE gave his *Realms* and *Thine*,  
 (For *Trade* brings *Opulence* and *Rarieties*,  
 For which the *Poor* doe *sweat*, the *Rich* doe *Pine*)  
 Of two great fruits, which will from thence redound,  
 His shall the *glory*; *thine*, the *Gain* be found.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot  
 Of *Amitie* be knit between you two).  
 He will assist thee in all adverse lot  
 Of *Warr*, which in thy *Kingdom* may insue,  
 With *Soldiers*, *Arms* and *Shippes*; and coldly, not,  
 But as a *Brother* in that case would doe:  
 It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,  
 What he may trust to touching this *propose*.

This

64.

This was the *Errand* of the *Captain* bold,  
 To whom the *Pagan Monarch* answer'd thus:  
*Ambassadours* from such farr *parts*, we hold  
 No little honour to our *Crown*, and *Us*,  
 Yet shall not in this case our *will* unfold )  
 Till with our **COUNCELL** we the thing discuss:  
 What this *King* is, informing our self well,  
 The *people* and the *Land* whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the *Quoyle*  
 Of labour past, and nauseating *Seas*:  
 Whom we will back dispatch, within a while,  
 With such an *answer* as shall not displease.  
 Now *Night* ( *Task-mistresse* of all *earthly* *Toyle* )  
 Gives *humane labours* wonted stint; to ease  
 Exhausted *lims* with sweet *Vicissitude*:  
*Eyes*, with the *leaden* Hand of *sleep* subdude

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the *Court*,  
 The **PRIMERE MINISTER** of **INDIAN LAND**  
 ( With the Applause of people of each sort )  
 Did feast **DE GAMA**, and his valiant *Band*:  
 The **CATUALL** ( that he may make report  
 To his *dread Leige*, who gave him in command  
 To find it out; which *way* the strangers came,  
 What *Laws*, what *Faith*, what *Countrey*, and what *name* )

67.

Soon as he spies the fired *Axel-tree*  
 Of the fayre *Delian* youth the *day* renew,  
 Sends for **MONSAYDE**; upon *Thorns*, to bee  
 At large informed of this **NATION** new.  
 Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if *Hee*  
 Can give him full *Intelligence* and *trew*,  
 What these strange people are ( for he did heare,  
 That to his *Country* they are neighbours *deer*.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing  
 He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford;  
 As that which was a service to the *King*,  
 Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.  
**MONSAYDE** answers: That which I can bring  
 Of light thereto, is spoken in a *Word*.  
 Thus much I know; *they* are of yond same **SPAYN**,  
 Where **PHEBUS**, and my *Nest*, bathe in the *Mayn*.

69.

By *them*, a certain *Prophet* is ador'd,  
 Born of a pure and incorrupted *Mayd*,  
 Conceiving by the *Spirit* of the *Lord*,  
 The *Lord* of life, by whom the *world* is swayd.  
 Of *them*, that which *my Parents* did Record,  
 Was that of bloody *Warr* the noble Trade  
 To it's full pitch by their strong *Arm* is wound:  
 Which to our cost *their predecessors* found.

70.

*Them* (arm'd with *vertue* above humane strayne)  
 They threw out of their delectable *Seates*  
 By golden *TAGUS*, and fresh *GUADIANE*,  
 Through glorious and memorable *Feats*:  
 Nor so content (ploughing the stormy *Mayn*  
 Toth' *Affrick side*) ev'n in our owne *Retreates*  
 Let us not live secure: but pull us out  
 From our Strong *walls*; and *there* our *Armies* rout.

71.

Nor have they shown lesse strength of *Hand* and *Brayn*,  
 In whatsoever *other* warrs did chance  
 With many warlick *Nations* of their *SPAYNE*,  
 And some that fell down by the way of *FRANCE*.  
 So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,  
 That ever they were quell'd by *forreign Lance*;  
 Nor for those *HANNIBALS* (I will be bound)  
 As yet, was ever a *MARCELLUS* found.

72.

But if this *Information* (as I make  
 Accompt it does) appear to *Thee* too short,  
 Of *them*, let *them* inform thee. Thou mayst take  
 (So doe they hate a *lye*) their *own* report.  
 Goe view their *Fleet*, their *Arms*, and how they rake  
 With *founded Brass*, which tames the strongest *Fort*:  
 And it will please thee, of the *PORTINGALL*  
 To see the *civill Arts*, and *Martiall*.

73.

To see the things the *MOOR* exalted so,  
 Now the *IDOLATER* is of a flame,  
 Calls for his *Barge* in hast, for he will goe  
 To view the *ships* in which *DE GAMA* came.  
 Together from the cover'd *shore* they rowe:  
 Cov'ring the *sea*, the *NAYRES* doe the same.  
 They climbe the strong and goodly *Ammirall*:  
 By her long side aboard doth hand them *PAUL*.

Her



74.

Her *waste-cloaths* Scarlet, and her *Banners* are  
 Of the rich *Fleece* which by a *worm* is bred:  
 In *them* are painted glorious deeds, in War  
 Atchiev'd by valiant Hands of W O R T H I E S dead.  
 Here a *pitch-Field* and there a *single jar*;  
 Fierce one, and t'other: *Pictures* full of dread!  
 From which, since *them* the *Pagan* first did spye,  
 He never could recal his greedy *Eye*.

75

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.  
 But first, D E G A M A prays him sit, and prove  
 A little of those delicacies, which  
 Those of the *Sect* of E P I C U R U S love.  
 The foaming *Goblets* with the *Liquor* rich,  
 Devis'd by N O A H, swell, their banks above.  
 The *Pagan* sits; but cannot *Eat* (he saith)  
 Truth is, it crost a *præcept* of his *Faith*.

76.

The *Trumpet* (which in *Peace* doth represent  
 War, to the Fancy) rends the Ayre. In Thunder  
 The fired *Diabolick-Instrument*  
 Speaks audibly to it's infernal *Founder*.  
 The *Pagan* observs *All*: but (most intent  
 On the *Defunct*) seems to confine his wonder.  
 To those brave *Deeds*, which in a little *Spheare*  
 Are by *Mute Poetry* described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet; with *Him* (betwixt  
 Whom, he was plac't both the D E G A M E S: and, from  
 V A S C O S ride side C O B L L I O. The M O O R fixt  
 His Eyes, upon the warlike *Transcript* dumb  
 Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt  
 Something divine, nor, till the *World's* one Tomb,  
 Shall ever dye. Clad in the *Greekish mode*.  
 A *Bough* in his right hand, what he was show'd.

78.

His right hand held a *Bough* — But O blind man  
 I! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew  
 (*Nymphs* of M O N D E G O, and the *Tagan Stran*)  
 A course so long, so intricate, pursue.  
 I lanch into a boundless *Ocean*,  
 With *Wind* so contrary; that, unless you  
 Extend your favours, I have cause to think  
 My brittle Barke will in a moment sink.

Behold

## 79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs*  
 Your *TAGUS* singing, and your *PORTUGALE*;  
*FORTUNE* (new *Toyles* presenting, and new *Sow'rs*)  
 Through the *World* drags me at her *Charets-Tayle*):  
 Sometimes committed to *Seas's* rolling *Tow'rs*,  
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Marteale*!

Thus I (like desperate *CANACEE* of old)  
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

## 80.

Now by declin'd and scorn'd *poverty*  
 Degraded, at Another's Board to eat.  
 Now (in possession of a *Fortune* high)  
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.  
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by  
 A single *Thrid* (ev'n *that* a load too great):  
 That 'tis no less a wonder, I am here,  
 Then *JUDA's King's* new lease of fifteen yeere.

## 81.

Nay more (*my Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Ise*  
 And *Rock of wans* (surunded by my *Woes*)  
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,  
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.  
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,  
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):  
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,  
 Which laid me in a miserable *Jayle*.

## 82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your *TAGUS* breeds!  
 What *Patrons* of good *Arts* we live among!  
 Are *these* the *favors*, and are *these* the *meeds*,  
 For *Him* That makes *them* glorious with his *Song*:  
 What *Precedents* are *these*, what likely feeds  
 To raise in future curious *WITS* and strong,  
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,  
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen*?

## 83.

Then in this *Flood* of *Ills* let it suffice  
 That *your* sole grace and favour I obtain;  
 And chiefly *here*, where such *Varieties*  
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.  
 Give it me onely *you*: For (by your *Eyes*)  
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain  
 I will not spend: not flatter *Dukes*, nor *KINGS*,  
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred Springs*.

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'll waste your pretious *Fame*  
 On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Countrey's* weal  
 Prefers his *private interest* (The same  
 Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).  
 No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame  
 Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale  
 More largely to his *Lusts*, and exercise  
 His *Office*, not, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,  
 Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd:  
 Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,  
 Changeth as oft as *PROTHEUS*, or the *Wind*.  
 Nor (*MUSEs*) fear, that ever sing will I  
 Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find  
 (To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)  
 Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)  
 The *King's* *Laws* should be kept in ev'ry thing:  
 But does *not* find it just (and that's amis)  
 To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.  
 Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*  
 (Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring  
 All to his *Rules*: and, with a niggard *Hand*,  
 Rates *services*, he doth not understand.

87.

*Those* (and those *WORTHIES* *only*) will I sing,  
 Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,  
 First for their *GO D*, and after for their *KING*;  
 To be repaid with *use* in due renown.  
 Help me *APOLLO*, and the *Muses's* Ring,  
 With doubled *Rage* their *Lawrell'd* heads to crown:  
 Whilst (almost tyr'd) I *here* take breath a while,  
 So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my *Toyle*.

End of the seventh Canto.

# Eighth Canto.

## STANZA I.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGARENE,  
 Which in the waving *Flag* did come and go :  
 Upon a *leavie staffe* it seem'd to leane,  
 With a long combed Beard, white as the snow.  
 Who this grave *Warriour* is, and what should meane  
 That same *device* he bears, he longs to know.

PAUL tells him : whose wise words which here insue,  
 MONSAYDE rendred, who both *Idioms* knew.

2.

These *FIGURES* all (which, *moving, seem alive*)  
 As fierce and warlike as they show, for here ;  
 By the bright fame that doth of them survive,  
 In truth, and *Fact*, more fierce and warlike were.  
 They stand *far off* in time : Through *perspective*  
 Of cleer *WITS* yet, they loom both great and neer.

This thou now seest, is *Lusus*, from whom *Fame*  
 Gives to our *Kingdom* *Lusitania's* name.

3.

He was that *THEBAN'S Son*, or else *Camrade*,  
 Who in so many *Lands* did *Lawrels* gaine.  
 Following the *Wars* (which he did make his *Trade*)  
 This *Lusus* built at length a *Nest* in *SPAINE*,  
 With those delicious *Fields* so well apaid

(Th'*Elysian* once) 'twixt *DWERE*, and *GUADIANE*;  
 That there he set up his long Rest. He gave  
 A *Name*, to *Those* ; and *Those*, to *Him*, a *Grave*.

4

The *leavy staffe* (he bears for his *Device*)  
 The *Thyrsus* is, That *BACCHUS* self did beare ;  
 Which is to *Us*, a letter of *Advice*  
 And this was his own *Son*, or *Friend* as deare.  
 Seest Thou *Another*, who long *Seas* did slice  
 With wand'ring *Keele*, and *Lands* by *TAGUS* there,  
 Where he a *Fane* to *PALLAS* sacred calls,  
 And is the *Author* of *eternal Walls* ?

5.

It is *Ulysses* : who that *Temple* founded  
 For *Her* with Eloquence his *Tongue* that gilded.  
 If he in *ASIA* here fair *TROY* confounded,  
 In *EUROPE* there great *LISBON* hath he builded.  
 Who may this *other* be, which *dead* and *wounded*  
 That sows the *field* (his sword with both hands weilded)  
*Death* and *Destruction* on great *Hoasts* that flings ;  
 W here *painted Eagles* flye with *true ones* wings ?

6.

Thus said the *Pagan*. Thus replies. *DE GAME*.  
*This*, thou *now* see'st, a keeper was of *Ewes*  
 (And know, that *VIRIATUS* was his name)  
 But, better then a *Hook*, a *Sword* could use.  
 With *this*, he did affront the *Roman Fame*,  
 Invincible : nor *Fame* once got, did loose.  
 No, *ROME* had ne're with *Him*, nor shall (that's more)  
 That luck, with *PYRRHUS* which she had before.

7.

By *Valour* not, but creeping *trechery*,  
 They rob'd him of his life. Why doest thou wonder ?  
 In desp'rate *Cafes* *MAGNANIMITY*  
 It self, doth teare it's proper laws in sunder.  
 Behold *Another* (for *Indignity*  
 Receiv'd) with *Us* that did his *Countrey* thunder !  
 To gain immortal *Honour* he chose well  
 With *whom* to do it, if he must *rebell*.

8.

With *Us*, behold, *He* likewise puts to flight  
 Those *Birds* that are the *Favourites* of *JOVE* !  
 So long ago, *Nations* of greatest might  
 Knew how to yield, when *against ours* they strove.  
 See with what *myle*, and artificial *Slight*,  
 Our *People* he to fight his *Quarrel* drove,  
 Th' *inspiring Hind*, that helpt him with *Advice* !  
 He, is *SERTORIUS* : she, is his *DEVICIE*.

9.

Behold that *other* Flag ! *There* painted, see,  
 Of our first *Kings* the great *Progenitor* !  
 We make him an *HUNGARIAN* ; but, there bee,  
 That do affirm, he was a *LORRAIGNOR*.  
 After that overcome the *MOORS* had he,  
*GALLGOS*, and the *LEON-WARRIOR*,  
 Went holy *HENRY* to the *Holy War* :  
 To *sanctifie* the *Trunk* whence our *Kings* are.

## 10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)  
 Tell me, *who this is* (cryes the C A T U A L L)  
 That doth, so many *Troops*, so many *Bands*,  
 Destroy and scatter with a *Force* so small:  
 So many *Battailes* strikes with his own hands:  
 With whose fierce *Rams* so many strong *Tow'rs* fall:  
 That fights in *blood* up to the *Saddle-bow*,  
 Whilst *Flags* and *Crowns* fall at his feet like snow:

## 11.

'Tis first *ALPHONSO* (doth *DE GAME* return)  
 Who from the *MOOR* all *PORTUGALL* did take.  
*FAME* by the waters of black *STYX* hath sworn  
 Ne're more to sing of *ROMAN* for his sake.  
 He, lov'd of *Heav'n*, with love of *Heav'n* did burn;  
 Whom *GOD* the scourge of *MOORS* (his Foes) did make:  
 Their *Throne* and *Walls* broke down to let *CHRIST* in,  
 And nothing left there for his *Heyrs* to win.

## 12.

Had *CÆSAR* fought, had *ALEXANDER GREAT*,  
 With such thin *Troops*, so slender, and so short,  
 Against such num'rous *Armies*, as were beat  
 By this brave *King*, of every kind, and sort:  
 Believe t nor *He*, nor *He*, with *JOVE* had eat;  
 Nor their proud *Fames* made such a lowd report.  
 But leave his *Acts* (too glorious to unfold!)  
 His *Vassails* deeds are worthy to be told.

## 13.

*This*, whom thou seest upon his *pupil* (broke)  
 All patience lost, casting an angry *Face*;  
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'ed *Folke*,  
 And turn again to justify the place;  
 Turns the *young man*, turns the *old man* That spoke,  
 And turns with *them* the *day* in a small space:  
*E G A S* the name, which the brave old man hath,  
*Tutor* of *MARS*, *myrrour* of *Subjects* faith.

## 14.

*There*, how he marcheth with his children, look,  
 (Barefoot, and *Ropes* about their *Necks*) t'his end;  
 Because the *young man*, as he undertook,  
 To pay *CASTELL* low *Homage* could not bend!  
 He rays'd the *Seige* with *Craft*, and *Oaths* he took,  
 When vain were *Arms* the *Rampire* to defend.  
 He pays the *forfeit* with his *Babes*, and *Wife*:  
 And, to preserve his *Master*, gives his *life*.

15

Less did that CONSULL, who through folly was  
Caught at the CAUDINE GALLOWS in a Trap,  
When *Him* insulting *Samnites* forc't to pass  
Under that *shameful yoke* they there did clap.  
*He*, (brave and constant) did *himself* disgrace,  
To save his *Army* in so sad mishap:

*This* gives to *shame*, and *death*, *himself*, his *dear*  
*Children*, and *guiltless Spouse*: the last goes near.

16.

Seest thou *this man*, who from an *Ambuscade*  
Beats up a *King*, besieging a strong *Town*,  
The *Leaguer's* rays'd, the *King* his pris'ner made:  
A *deed* great. *MARS* could wish had been his own!  
See him again (now *Head* of an *Armada*)  
Massacring *MOORS* upon the watry *Down*!  
Boarding their *Galleys*, carrying clear away  
*PORTUGAL'S* maiden *Victory* at *Sea*!

17.

It is *DON FUAS ROUPINIO*; on the *Land*,  
And on the *Ocean*, gaining equal *Fame*:  
Which from the *fired Galleys* (near the *Strand*  
Of *AVILA*) shines glorious in *their* flame.  
See, how content he falls by the same *Hand*,  
*The Fortune* alter'd, but *the Cause* the same!  
Like *Palme* (deprest in vain) through shafts of *MORIS*:  
His happy *Son* to *Heav'n* triumphant soars.

18.

Seest thou not, landing *there* in strange *Attire*  
From a great *Navy*, Troops *Auxiliar*;  
Not without which, our first *King* did acquire  
*LISBON* (their *Prologue* to the *Holy-War*)!  
Of *these*, did *HENRY* (famous *Knight*.) expire.  
Behold *Palms* sprouting from his *Tomb*! They are  
*CHRIST'S* supernatural *Badge*, for *Him* to wear  
Who, born a *GERMAN*, dyed a *Martyr* there.

19.

See a *Priest* brandish (not in vain) his *Blade*  
Against *ARRONCHEZ*, with revenge sharp whet,  
To quit for *LEYRIA*, which They taken had  
Who couch the *Speare* in *Rest* for *MAHOMET*!  
'Tis *PRIOR TEUTON*. — But, a *Seige* is laid  
To *SANTAREN*. Look, how *Secure*, and *Great*,  
That *FIGURE* plants upon her scaled wall  
The ever-winning *Cinques* of *PORTUGALL*!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where SANCHE overthrows  
 In a fierce war the ANDALUSIAN MOORE.)  
 He kills th' *Alferex* charging *through* the Foes,  
 And makes SEVILLIA'S *Standard* mat the floore.  
 MEMMONIZ 'tis; (How like his *Sire* he shows,  
 The *Phenix* of his *Ashes*?) worthy sure  
 The *Royal Flag*, and *This*; who *his*, did put  
 Up, with his *Hand*; the *Foe's* field at his *foot*.

21.

See *Him*, that by his *Lance* descending slid  
 With the two *Centenells's* two *heads* by night,  
 To where he hath his men in *ambush* hid,  
 With whom he gains the *Town* by *force* and *sight*!  
 That takes for *Arms* the *Knight*; who take *that* did,  
 And the cold *Heads* in one *hand* of the *Knight*.  
 He, That atchiev'd this unexampled *deed*,  
 His *name*, is GERRARD: *Surname*, without *dreed*.

22.

Doest thou not see a wrong'd CASTILIAN  
 By their *ninth* King ALPHONSO (for old gall  
 To those of LARA) to the MOORS That ran,  
 Making himself a Foe to PORTUGALL?  
 ABRANTES with those *Infidels* he wan  
 With whom into our Countrey he did fall:  
 But a bold PORTINGALL, with a small Force,  
 Here takes him pris'ner; routed Foot and Horse.

23.

DON MARTIN LOPEZ is the man, that crops  
 The *Lawrels* he was grasping. But behold  
 An *Apostollick Warriour*, That chops  
 For *Lance* of *Steel* his *Crosiers staffe* of *gold*!  
 See, how *erect* the *stagg'ring* minds he props!  
 How *hot* to fight the MOOR, his men grown cold!  
 Behold his *Vision* in auspicious skyes,  
 With which the *few* he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then SEVILL'S *King*, and *He* of CORDOVA,  
 With other *two*, Loe routed! Nor alone  
 Routed, but *sain*! The strength that got this *Day*,  
 Was not of *Man*: GOD claim'd it as his owne.  
 See now ALCACER hath no more to say,  
 Though, lin'd with *steel*, her *Battlements* of *stone*.  
 To MATTHEW (LISBON'S *Bishop*) she submits:  
 Who *Sprigs* of *Palme* into his *Miter* knits.

Behold



29.

Behold a *Master* poud'ring from CASTEEL  
 (A PORTINGALL by Birth) ALGARVES Land  
 How he does conquer, his devouring Steel  
 Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.  
 Strong Towns (by broad day scal'd) see, what they feel:  
 Such his good *star*, so certain is his *Hand*,  
 Big with Revenge (Loe!) TAVILA he takes;  
 And makes it smart for the SEVEN HUNTERS's fakes.

20.

See, how of SYLVES Master he became  
 By *Stratagem*! (the MOOR paid dearer for't)  
 CORREA DON PELAYO is his name,  
 In whom (to envy) *Wit* and *Force* consort.  
 But the PAYR-ROYAL thou o'reseest of FAME,  
 That did such Fears in French and Spanish Court.  
 By *Fasts*, and *Tournaments*, and *Duels*, there,  
 Immortal *Lawrels* they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of KNIGHTS ADVENTURERS,  
 Into the Kingdom of CASTEEL they come;  
 Where, in BELLONA'S sports, not one but beares  
 The *prize* away (they prove true jests to some)!  
 See, dead, the prow'd Castilian Cavaleers,  
 That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!  
 RIVERS GONZAGUE was He. Propt with his sword,  
 His *Gyant-Fame* did LETHR'S River ford.

32.

Mark well that *Knight*, by FAME so lov'd and sung,  
 That her old *Theames* are scorn'd; are out of date!  
 Of his dear *Country*, by one thrid that hung,  
 On his strong shoulders he sustayn'd the weight,  
 See, where (with *Anger* dide) a peale he rung  
 To a cowl *People*, and degenerate,  
 That they a *stranger's yoke* might from them sling,  
 And take the *sweet one* of their *native King*.

33.

See, through this *Counsel*, and his *proves* too,  
 Guided by GOD, and his good *star* alone,  
 What was *impossible* in humane view,  
 The vast *Castilian Army* overthrown!  
 See, through his *Valour*, *force*, and *care*, a new  
*Cleer Victory* (inferiour unto none)  
 Over a *People*, fierce as num'rous, Here  
 'Twixt GUADOANA and GUAPALQUIVEER!

20.

Seest thou not *There* how almost routed is  
 The *Lusitanian Hoast*, through the retreat  
 Of this *Religious Leader* (whom they miss)  
 Th'assistance of the *Lord of Hoasts* t'intreat?  
 See, with pale haste he's now found out by *his*,  
 Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great  
 A *Pow'r*; that he *himself* would look thereto,  
 And with his presence cheer his fainting *Crew*!

31.

But see, with what a *holy carelessness*  
 He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:  
 As who, by *Faith*, already did possess  
 The *Victory* which *GOD* will streight bestow.  
*POMPILIUS* thus (his *Kingdom* in distress  
 By suddain inroad of a potent *Foe*)  
 To Them That bring him the *ill News*, replies;  
 And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)  
 That with such boldness on his *GOD* did seize:  
 The *LUSITANIAN SCIPPIO* it should bee,  
 Were not a greater *NUNIO ALVAREZ*.  
 O *Countrey* blest in such a *Son* as He,  
 Indeed thy *Father*! whilst *SOL* compasses  
 This *Globe* of *NEPTUNE*, and of *CERES* yellow,  
 To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Victorious, see, in the same *war*, and *Cause*,  
 Another *Captain* of a *Squadron* small!  
 He routs *Commendum'd Knights*, and lays his paws  
 On the great *Prey* they marcht away withal.  
 See where his reeking *Blade* again he draws,  
 Rescuing his *Friend* from *Foes* That lead him Thrall:  
 His *Friend*, a martyr for his loyalty!  
*PEDRO RODRIQUEZ LANDROAL* was *Hee*.

34.

See yon *Faith-breaker*, paying an old score  
 And the base *pelfe* he up at int'rest took!  
*GIL-FERNAND-ELVAS* plays his *Auditore*,  
 And with the *Debtor's* death crosses the *Book*.  
 Here drowns, in their *Castilian* Owners gore,  
 The *SHERREZ-Fields* (their *sacks* they may go look).  
 But see *PEREYRA*; who, like *Lightning* thrown  
 Upon the *Foe's Armada*, shields his own!

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor *seventeen* of PORTUGALL  
 (Upon a *Mountain*) brave resistance make  
 Against *four hundred* of CASTEEL, That wall  
 Them in on ev'ry side, to sweep the Stake!  
 But (to their cost) *these* find a crew so small  
 More then *Defendants* in that bloody *Wake*.

A deed deserving everlasting *Rimes*:  
 Match it *elsewhere*, in *old* or *modern* Times.

36.

Of *Ours* (I grant) *three hundred* did ingage  
 And rout a thousand ROMANS, in that Time  
 When VIRIATUS came upon the Stage,  
 Aud his *Fame* lightned through each wond'ring *Clime*.  
 Whence *Those*, who follow'd *him* in that brave *Age*,  
 Left to their *Race* this *Legacie* sublime,  
 Never to fear a *Foe* for *multitude*:  
 Which, that we do not, pretty well w'have shew'd.

37.

Two *Princes* here (PEDRO, and HENRY) see  
 Generous *Progenie* of our first JOHN!  
 The *one*, forc'd FAME into HIGH GERMANIE  
 To lacquay him (defrauding death of *one*):  
 T'*other*, to trumpet *Him* through the wide SEA  
 For *it's* discov'rer; and (his *Pen* by thrown)  
 Makes enter'd CEUTA see on't other side  
 His *Lance* can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the Earle DON PEDRO, holding out  
 Two *Seiges*, 'gainst the pow'r of BARBARIE!  
 Behold *another* Earle, as strong, as stout,  
 As MARS himself, and fam'd for *Chevalrie*!  
 Who, not content (with Foes clapt round about)  
 ALCACER to defend most gallantly,  
 Of his KING too the pretious *life* defends;  
 And (as his *Bulwark* there) his *own* expends.

39.

Many a FIGURE, in these *Flags* that wants,  
 The PAINTER (truly) did to add intend,  
 But *Pencils* he doth lack, lacks *Oyle*, and *Paints*:  
 "Meed, Honour, Favour, are *Arts's* Life, Nurse, Friend.  
 The fault in our degenerating *Plants*  
 From those high *Trunks* of which they do descend.  
 Of *Vanitie* we see sufficient *Flow'rs*:  
 But where's the good *Fruit* of their *Ancestours*?"

Y

Those

40.

Those *truly noble Ancestors* of theirs  
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's *Rise*)  
 For VERTUE's love, digested bitter Cares,  
 And of their *Houses* to inhance the Price:  
 Blind! to *intaile* (with wealth) *sloath* on their *Heirs*  
 (VERTUE supplying *fewel* unto *Vice*)  
 Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this case,  
 "The *Founder's Glory* is his *Seed's disgrace*."

41.

*Others* there are, with *wealth*, and *Pow'r* that flow  
 Above their *Banks*; nor *nobly born*, nor *faire*.  
 The fault of *KINGS*: who on one *Minion* throw  
 (Sometimes) more then a thousand *worthier* share.  
 Of *These* wouldst thou behold the *Pictures*? No:  
 It is a *vanity* their *Friends* can spare.  
 As *monstrous* Creatures *MYRRORS* fly, or break:  
 So *these men* hate the *PICTURE*, that doth *speak*.

42.

I not deny, but *some* (whom I could name)  
 Deriv'd from *great* and *worthy* Ancestry;  
 By high and honorable *Parts* proclame,  
 And correspond with, their *nobility*:  
 Who, if the *light* of their *Fore-Fathers* Fame  
 Their brighter *Vertue* do not *clarify*;  
 Yet, keep it *in* they do. But, of this *Crew*,  
 The *PAINTER* tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus *PAUL DE GAMA* blazons those great deeds  
 Which *there* in various *Ink* are written *faire*;  
 Which by a *Master's hand* (whose skill exceeds)  
 In so clear *Perspective* there painted are.  
 Th' *intensive* *CATUAL* distinctly reeds  
 The *History*, as legible, as rare:  
 A thousand times he *askt*, a thousand *heard*,  
 The *Battails* *delicate* which *there* appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the *Sun's* ambiguous light  
 Between the one and t'other *Hemisphere*;  
 In neither was it *day*, in neither *night*,  
 But *morning's twilight* here, and *Ev'nings* there:  
 When, from the warlike *Ship*, the *FAVOURITE*  
 And noble *NAYRES*, to the *City* steer  
 To court dull *sleep*; which *broods* all living Things  
 Of fable *Night* under the downy wings.

45

Mean time the famous *Augurs* of the Land  
 (Who falsely think, or so are thought at least,  
 To see by *magick* all things beforehand  
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)  
 Do their *black office*, at the King's command,  
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the EAST  
 By the arrival through the hantsell'd *Maine*,  
 Of these unheard of *Guests* from unknown *SPAIN*.

46.

Of *Lyes* the *Father* shews them *here* signes true;  
 That a strong *yoake*, which they should ne're remove,  
 Their endless *Bondage*, shall, this *People* new,  
 The *wealth's* consumption, and *their* people's prove.  
 The frighted *AUGURS* with pale horror flew  
 To tell the *KING*, that which infernal *Jove*  
 Made legible by their astonisht Eyes  
 In the *red letters* of the *Sacrifice*.

47.

Confirming *This*, T' a *Priest* (a *Zealous* one,  
 And pillar of the *Law* of *MAHOMET*,  
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run  
 Wherewith both *Sects* against *CHRIST's* *Law* are set,  
 In that *false Prophet's* shape, who from the Son  
 Of Bond-mayd *HAGAR* did descend) the yet  
 Inraged *BACCHUS*, and who never cleers  
 His filthy stomach, in a *Dream* appeers.

48.

And, *guard you, guard you*, *People mine* (quoth *He*)  
 From *Ills* provided for you by the *Foe*,  
 That cuts a passage to you through the *Sea*:  
*Guard you*, before the danger neerer *row*.  
 Th'amazed *MOOR* starts from his *Rest*, to see  
 Who gave him this *larum*. Thinking *Tho*,  
 'Tis but a *Dream* (like common *Dreams*), in deep  
 Of *Night*) returns into the *Arms* of *sleep*.

49.

*BACCHUS* returns, and says. Know'st thou not (*MORE*)  
 The great *Law-Giver*, who the *ALCORAN*  
 Shew'd thy *Fore-Fathers*, without which Thy *store*  
 Would fail, and half thy *Flock* be *CHRISTIAN*?  
*Rude*, do I watch for *Thee*, and dost thou snore?  
 Well, those *white Guests* (I'd have thee to know, than)  
 Shall bring great dammage to that *Law*, my *Pen*  
 Deliver'd over unto *stupid* Men.

50.

Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,  
 Think how ye may resist them by all ways.  
 For, when the *Sun* is in his *nonage* yit,  
 Upon his *morning Beauty* Men may gaze;  
 But let him once up to his *Zenith* gir,  
 He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays*:  
     So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too t,  
     If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.

This said: both *he*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.  
 The *MOOR* remains: rockt in his *Bed* with fright.  
 Th'infused *poyson* working in his sconce,  
 He starts, and to his servants cries a *light*.  
 When the new light (which doth precede the *Sun's*)  
 Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white*:  
     The *Chief* of that vile *SECRET* he did convoke,  
     To whom his *Dream* in every point he spoke.

52.

Then sev'ral, and cross Reasons they discourse;  
 As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.  
 Secret *way-layings*, open *Feud*, and *Force*,  
 And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.  
 But, when *those* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,  
 To take a middle way is their intent.  
     To do *their* buis'ness with *another's* Hand,  
     They mean to bribe the *Grandees* of the *Land*.

53.

With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,  
 The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gain;  
 Giving them *speciously* to understand,  
 These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne*:  
 That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,  
 Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,  
     Live on *Pyratick* spoyle, without (in fine)  
     Or *KING*, or *LAWs*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.

O how a Perfect *KING* it doth behove  
 To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNCELL* such  
 As are lin'd through with *VERTUE*, and *her* love;  
 As feel of *CONSCIENCE* a true *inward* touch!  
 For *He* (who in the *highest Orb* doth move)  
 Of things *remote* can onely have so much  
     Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*  
     That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.

Nor ev'n on VERTUE let him so much dote,  
 T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controule*  
 T'employ't; as some, who in a simple Coat  
 Have trust an *Hypocrite* (a *preying Fowle*)  
 And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l speak by rote  
 In *worldly* matters: For the *Dove* like soule  
     Seeld with an ANGELL'S *Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find  
     The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.

But *here*, these avaritious CATHALS,  
 Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and sway,  
*Brib'd* by *infernal* People to play false,  
 The *Portugal-Dispatches* did delay.  
 Now the wise *Leader* of the PORTINGALS,  
 Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or say,  
     Caring for nothing back with him to bring  
     But *news* of this *discov'rie* to the King:

57.

In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,  
 When he should carry back *this news alone*,  
 That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *soldiers* would insue  
 From MANUEL, who fills the *Regal Throne*;  
 With which to CHRIST, and *Him*, he would subdue  
 The *Globe* of *Earth*, and *Sea*: That *Himselfe's* one  
     Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurld,  
     To *spy*, and *sound*, this OCEAN, and this WORLD.

58.

Resolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,  
 And pray *dispatch*, that he may take his leave;  
 Which *now* he sees, those *spightful* People mind  
 (If *they* can help it) he shall ne're receive.  
 The *King*, who with *suggestions* of that kind  
 Was *shook* and *startled* you must needs conceive  
     (Too *credu'ous* to ev'ry AUGUR'S word,  
     Much more to *All*, and when the MOORS concurr'd):

59.

*Freez'd* with this fear hath his ignoble Brest.  
 On t'other side the *sacred Thirst* of *Gain*  
 (A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the rest)  
 Kindles a *fire* which *thaws* that *Frost* againe.  
 For his *advantage* he sees manifest,  
 If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,  
     And with *firm Actions* cherish, and pursue,  
     The *League* which PORTUGAL invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCELL then commanded to attend,  
 He found no *one* that did in this comply :  
 Because on *Those*, who should their judgements spend,  
*Money* had done it's office pow'rfully.  
 For the magnanimous *Captain* he doth send.  
 To whom (arriv'd) with a *Majestick* Eye;  
 If, *here*, the pure and naked *Truth*, to me  
 Thou wilt *confess*; I pardon thee (quoth *He*).

61.

I am assur'd, th' *Ambassage* thou hast done  
 To *me* in thy *King's* name, is meerly coyn'd :  
 For that, nor *King*, nor *Countrey* doest *Thou* own,  
 But (*vagabonding*) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.  
 From farthest *SPAIN'S* remotest *Region*  
 Would any *King*, or *Prince* (in his right mind)  
 A *single ship* much less a *Navy* send,  
 Through so *incertain* ways to the *WORLD'S* end ?

62.

And, if *thy King* support his Majesty  
 Which great and potent *Realms*, which he commands ;  
 Thy *unknown Truth* to prove and testifie,  
 What pretious *presents* knit this *friendship's* bands ?  
 " In *presents* rich, in sumptuous *Gifts* and high,  
 " *Kings* speak their loves : *Their Rhet'rick's* in their *Hands*.  
 A *Hand*, that gives not *Any* falsifies :  
 Nor will a *Sea-man's* testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy *native soyle* thou be  
 (As many a *man* hath been of great *Renown*)  
 Welcom, by *Jove*, both to my *Realms*, and *me* :  
 " For to the *Valiant* ev'ry *Land's* his own.  
 Or if, a *Pyrat*, thou infest the *Sea* ;  
 Spare not through *fear*, or *shame*, to make *that* known :  
 " For in all times, a vital breath to draw,  
 " *NECESSITIE* hath been exempt from *Law*.

64.

He said. *DE GAMA* (finding this *new Face*  
 Of *Things*, is from the greedy *CATUALLS* ;  
 Suborn'd, by *ISHMAEL'S* malicious Race,  
 The *Royal Ear* to poyson with things false)  
 With such a high *assurance*, as the *Cafe*  
 Requir'd, instead of fresh *Credentials*,  
 (Which *VENUS ACIDALIA* did inspire)  
 To his wife *Breast* (surcharged) thus gave fire.

IF



65.

If the gilt *Cup of Lyes* (which M A N betrayd  
 Out of his *Paradice*) had not pledg'd bin  
 By our *first Parents*, and by them conveyd  
 From *hand to hand* through foul *original sin*;  
 Till in the *hand* of M A H O M E T it stayd,  
 Who suckt the very *dreggs* that were therein:  
 Most mighty *King*, thou never had'st receiv'd  
 This *Calumny* by that damn'd *Sect* conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no *good* that's *great*  
 Done without *great Contract*; and *Actions tall*  
 (For man his bread in his *Brows* sweat must eat.)  
 That stand *ontiptoe*, are tript at by *All*;  
 Therefore *they* brand me for a *Counterfait*,  
 Therefore doest *Thou* my *Truth* in question call,  
 Although so *cleer*, that *see it* needs thou must,  
 Didst thou not *credit* whom thou shouldst M I S T R U S T.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the *Sea*,  
 Or (wreck of *Fortune*) banisht my dear *Home*;  
 What need I go so far to seek my *Prey*?  
 For unknown *Mansions* need I hither roam.  
 What *gain*, what *hopes*, could make me in this way  
 To tempt the fury of the *waves* that foam,  
*Antartick* colds, Heats of the *burning line*,  
 Where *Aries* hangs, the *Equinoxial sign*?

68.

If on great *Gifts* of estimation high  
 The *credit* due to me thou pin and cast;  
 My comming now was onely to descry  
 Where N A T U R E hath thy ancient *Kingdome* place:  
 But to my *Countrey*, and *Dread Leige*, if I  
 Through *Fortune's* goodness get, long *Seas* re-past;  
 At my return I promise thee (O *King*)  
 That such C R E D E N T I A L S never man did bring.

69.

If unto *Thee* an uncouth thing it show,  
 That, where her farthest Arm H E S P E R I A flings,  
 A *King* should send me to thee, *Thou* should'st know  
 That nothing possible is hard to *Kings*.  
 Then *Kings* of P O R T U G A L S (if *this* be so)  
 May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,  
 Something of greater, and of larger scope,  
 Then what is giv'n for *common Kings* to hope:

Know

70.

Know, that for sev'ral *Generations* past  
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,  
 With all those *Toyles* and *Dangers* to contrast  
 Wherewith *Heroick* deeds whole *NATURE* thwarts:  
 And (Enemies to *slouth*) of th'*OCEAN* vast  
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,  
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where  
 The farthest *Countries*, which it washes, were.

71

The *worthy Project* of the *learned Branch*  
 Of that *victorious King*, who, to displant  
 From his dear *Nest*, did through the *Sea* first lanch,  
 Of *AVILA* the last *Inhabitant*  
 He joining *one* unto *another* planch,  
 (As far from *Idle* as from *Ignorant*.)  
 Discover'd all those *Parts*, which lighted are  
 By *Argo*, *Hydra*, th'*Altar*, and the *Hare*.

72.

Gath'ring fresh courage *then* from the event,  
 In that those first *endeavours* prov'd not vain,  
 Discov'ring farther new *Advent'ers* went  
 Successively the secrets of the *Maine*.  
 Th'*Inhabitants* of *AFFRICK*, That frequent  
 Her *SOUTHERN CAPE*, and never saw *CHARLS WAYN*,  
 Were seen by *These*: leaving behind each *Ile*,  
 And *Continent*, which Both the *Tropicks* broyle.

73.

With this so high *Resolve*, and fixt therein,  
 Our *Nation* quell'd, and triumpht over *Chance*:  
 Till *I*, now ending what *Those* did begin,  
 The farthest *Pillar* in thy *Realm* advance.  
 Breaking the *Element* of molten *Tyn*,  
 Through horrid storms *I* lead to *thee* the *Dance*;  
 From whom (to carry to my *King*) I ask  
 Onely a *sign* that I have done my *Task*.

74.

This is *Truth* (*King*) For, for so *doubifull gain*  
 So *inconsiderable* a *Content*,  
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain  
 A *lye*, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.  
 No, on the *restless Bosome* of the *MAYN*,  
 To set my *Rest* up, I would first consent  
 Forever; and by *tyracy* to get  
 An unjust living out of others *swet*.

75.

So that, O KING! if my great *Veritie*  
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere;  
 Dispatch me to my *Prince* with brevity,  
 Hold me no longer from my *Country* deare.  
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,  
 Ponder the *Reasons* I have render'd *Here*;  
 I lay them in thy piercing judgements *scale*  
 Secure: "For great is *truth*, and will prevail.

76.

The *King* markt all along the *Confidence*  
 Which *DE GAME* ev'n proved his discourse.  
 A full assurance of his *Innocence*,  
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.  
 He weighs the copious *Words's* magnificence,  
 Th'authoritie with which they fetch their source:  
 Thinks now the *CATUALL* deceived is;  
 But He is *brib'd*: and so he thinks amis,

77.

Added to this, his avaritious Eye  
 Upon the gainful Trade of *PORTUGALL*  
 Makes him obey; and rather to comply  
 With the brave *Captain*, then the *Moorish* gall.  
 In short, he bids *DE GAMA* presently  
 Get him aboard his *Fleet*; and, without all  
 Suspect of harm, whatever *Merchandise*  
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for *Spice*.

78.

In fine, he bids him send of every thing  
 That in *Gangetick Kingdoms* is not met;  
 If ought that fits them from that *Land* he bring  
 Where the *Land* ends begins the *Ocean* great  
 Now, from the awful presence of the *King*,  
 Illustrious *GAMA* parteth; to intreat  
 The *CATUALL*, That of the *Ports* had charge,  
 (His *Own* from shore) to order him a *Barge*.

79.

A *Barge* he prays from this illustrious Lord:  
 But this is more, then he is well content  
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford:  
 Pretending this and that impediment.  
 Yet (as in order to his going aboard)  
 Far from the *Royal Court* with *Him* he went,  
 Where *he* (unnoted by the *King*) may write,  
 To *Avarice* what *malice* did indite.

Z

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He  
 Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn;  
 Or that to morrow it may better be,  
 If he till then his going will adjourn.  
 Now did abused GAMA plainly see,  
 By this *put off* unto another morn,  
 The *great one* too is in the *Moorish* plot:  
 Which t'l that instant he suspected not.

81.

This CATAL was *one* (and *first*) of Those  
 That were corrupted by that crooked *Señ*:  
 And whom the SAMORIM (that lov'd him) chose  
 Th' Affairs of all his *Empire* to direct.  
 In *Him alone* those *devils* now repose.  
 To bring their plotted Treason to effect.  
 He (who consents to break his *Master's* faith)  
 Steps not an inch beside *their* chalked path.

82.

To be dispatcht DE GAMA begs, and prays,  
 But begs in vain, in vain he pray'rs lets fall:  
 Protests th' *Embargue*; now will this please (he says)  
 The noble *Successor* of PERIMAL.  
 Why these *Impediments*, why these *delays*,  
 When he should fetch the *Goods* of PORTUGAL?  
 Since, what commands the *Sov'raign* of a *Land*,  
 None hath authority to countermand.

83

The bribed CATAL small reck'ning made  
 Of this *Protest*: rather in spiteful mood  
 Some never-heard of *Treason* (to be waigh'd  
 Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.  
 Or, how he may imbrew his cursed Blade  
 In those detested veins, confid'ring stood:  
 Or, how the *Ships* he may blow up, or burn.  
 That they may never into SPAIN return.

84.

That's it (ev'n that they never see SPAIN more)  
 For which the MOORS infernal *Funta* bribe:  
 That so they may not wealthy INDIA's shore  
 Unto the *King* of PORTUGAL describe.  
 In fine DE GAME goes not: the REGIDOR  
 Forbids, in favour of that barb'rous *Tribe*.  
 Nor without his permission can it be:  
 For a stop laid on all the Boats had He.

85.

To all the *Captain's* importunities,  
 The *Pagan* bids him in a word, command  
 (For the more ready truck of Merchandize)  
 To have his *Ships* brought close up to the Land.  
 It is the way of *Thieves*, and *Enemies*  
 (He says) at distance with their *Fleets* to stand.  
 "No sign so sure of one that *Ill* intends  
 "As to suspect *ill dealings* from his *Friends*.

86.

Wife *GAMA* understood by half a word,  
 The Cause the *CATUAL* did ne'er desire  
 To have the *Ships*, was, that with *fire* and *Sword*  
 He *openly* might wreake on them his *Ire*.  
 'Twas time (he thought) he *now* himself bestir'd,  
 That he assemble *now* his *Wits* intire.  
 His *Fancy* musters, to defeat all plots:  
 All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a *Mirror*, the reflected light,  
 Of burnisht *Steel*, or *Cristal* without stain,  
 Which struck by *SOL* (as if in fell despight)  
 Strikes the next *man* it meets, or *Thing* again:  
 And (mov'd by nimble *Hand* of some young *spright*)  
 About the *House*, who is in gamesome *vain*)  
 Skips on the *Floor*, the *Roof*, the *Wall*, the *Chaire*;  
 And has you *here*, and *There*, and *ev'ry where*.

88.

So shot the wav'ring *Fancy* to and fro  
 Of circumspect *DE GAMA*; imagining  
 That possibly the *Boats*, *COBLLIO*  
 Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.  
 Back to the *Navy* (if that were) to row,  
 He sends to Him forthwith advertizing;  
 On *Him*, or *That*, left ought attempted be  
 By the *MOOR'S* cruel *Infidelitie*.

89.

Such should be *All*, who in *war's* Trade profound  
 Would imitate and match illustrious men;  
 Fly like the *Needle* all the *Compass* round,  
 First divine *Dangers*, and prevent them *then*,  
 With martial skill try *ev'ry* depth, and ground,  
 And for the *Foe's* one fence play shew Him *ten*;  
 Believe all *is*, that *maybe*: For (in briefe)  
 "To say, *I thought* is ugly in a *CHIEFE*.

90.

The MALABAR protests, that he shall rot  
 In prison, if he send not for the *Ships*.  
 He (*constant*, and with noble *Anger* hot)  
 His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.  
*All*, that base *malice* dares or do, or *plot*,  
 When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,  
 Alone hee'l bear, e're he will dis-ensure  
 His King's *Armada* which he hath secure.

91.

*All* that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held  
 Of the next day, when to the SAMORIM  
 He means again to go: but was withheld  
 By a strong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.  
 The *Pagan* (seeing how he still rebell'd,  
 And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*  
 In case he knew, as know he must e're long,  
 If this restraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,  
 Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought;  
 That men may buy and truck in open scale:  
 "For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is fought;  
 DE GAMA (though he pierce through this thin vaile  
 And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thought*)  
 Consents thereto: because he well doth see  
 That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*.

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find  
 Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,  
 For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind  
 To be *embarqu'd*, or *sunk* by *Enemies*:  
 To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in *YND*,  
 Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.  
 The *Captain* to his *Brother* writes, to lade  
 The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be payd

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please  
 The *CATUAL*'s infamous *Avarice*:  
 Therewith doth *DIEGO* stay, and *ALVAREZ*'s  
 With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.  
 That (*more*, then *KING*, *Pray'rs*, *Honor*, or *All these*;  
 Upon a soul infected with that *Vice*  
 A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* heer doth show:  
 Who, for the *Goods* did let *DE GAMA* go.

For

95.

For *Those*, he lets *Him* go : before he quit  
 The *Pawn*, on which he *now* hath layd his hand,  
 Meaning a better penny thence to git  
 Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land.  
*He* (scapt out of the *Trap*) thinks it no wit  
 On t'other side, to come within command  
 Again : but (safely got aboard his *Fleet*)  
 In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet

96.

At leisure *then* he walks upon his *Decks*  
 To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.  
 No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex :  
 Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.  
 Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*  
 The *Idol Gold* (which all the *World* ador'th)  
 Plays both in *Poor* and *Rich* : by *Money's* Thurst  
 All *Laws* and *Tyes* (Divine, and *Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian King*, to seize a vast  
 Intrusted Treasure, *POLIDORO* was.  
 When stern *ACRYSIUS* thought his *Daughter* fast,  
 A *Show'r* of gold did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.  
 The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast  
 Such tempting beams on the *TARPEIAN LASS*,  
 That she, for *Those*, the *Tow'r* of *ROME* unbar'd :  
 Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98

*This* strongest *Forts* subverts, and overthrows :  
 Makes *Kindred*, *Kindred*, and *Friends*, *Friends* betray,  
*This* noble-men ignobly doth dispose :  
 Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a *Prey*.  
*This* blasts of pure *Virginitie* the *Rose* :  
 Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.  
*This* bribes ev'n *LIBRALL ARTS* (it's pow'r is such)  
 Makes *JUDGEMENT* have no *sight*, *CONSCIENCE* no *touch*.

99.

*This*, in unheard of *Sences Text* doth take :  
*This* makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case :  
*This* perjures *Subjects*, and *This* *KINGS* doth make  
 Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.  
 Ev'n *golden minds* (of *those* That *All* forsake  
 For *GOD*) this *Antichrist* doth debase  
 To vilest mettle : with this *Diff'rence* though,  
 That still *These* glister with a *holy show*.  
 End of the eighth Canto.

## Ninth Canto.

## STANZA. 1.

LONG in the *City* the Two *Factors* lay,  
 Without dispatching off the *Merchandise*.  
 So many *rubbs* are scatter'd in their way.  
 By the false *INFIDELS*, that no man buyes.  
 All, *These* design thereby; is to delay  
 INDIA'S *Discov'ers* There (whom *they* call *spyes*)  
 Arriv'd till they the Fleet of *Mecha* see,  
 With which this *other* overwhelm'd may be.

## 2.

At the far end o'th' *ERITHREAN SEA*  
 Where (calling it by his dear *Sister's* name)  
 The goodly *City* of *ARSINOE*  
 (Which afterwards to be call'd *SUEZ* came)  
 Was founded by *EGYPTIAN PTOLOME*,  
 The Port of *Mecha* lyes: which hath it's fame  
 From *Mahom's* superstitious *Lavatory*,  
 Promising *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

## 3.

*GIDDA* the Port is call'd; in which did meet  
 The *Trade* of that *RED SEA* and flourish't most:  
 The *Gain* whereof was not a little sweet  
 To *EGYPT'S Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coast*.  
 From hence to *MALABAR* a warlike *Fleet*  
 Of *INFIDELS* the *Indian Ocean* crost  
 Each yeer; in that *EMPORIUM* to find  
 Health-giving *Drugs*, and *Spices* of each kind.

## 4

The *Ships* expected by the *MOORS*, are *These*,  
 With which (not onely great, but built for *Fight*)  
*Them*, who supplant their *Traffick* in those *Seas*,  
 To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.  
 In this *Sure Card* themselves they so much please,  
 That, all they wish to gorge their *Appetite*,  
 Is, that the *Strangers* will but stay so long  
 Till from fam'd *Mecha* come this *Navy* strong.

But



5.

But the GREAT GOVERNOR of *Heav'n* and *Earth*  
 (Who, for what *He* before all Time did doom,  
 Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth  
 Should bring the same when the full Time should come)  
 Kindled unlikely love on the cold *Hearth*  
 Of a MOOR'S breast (*MONSAYDES*) sending whom  
 Before, *He* to *DE GAMA* gave advice  
 Of *All*, and for his payns had *PARADICE*.

6.

This man (of whom the MOORS had no suspicion,  
 Being *one* himself, but on the contrary  
 To all their secret *junta's* gave admission)  
 Did to the *Captain* this *foule play* descry.  
*He* visits oft the *Fleet*, and repetition  
 Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:  
 To heart he lays the danger it is in,  
 Through the black *Project* of the *SARACIN*.

7.

He tells the cautious *GAMA* of the *Fleet*.  
 Which from *ARABIAN MECHA* comes each yeere.  
 And how those *Countray* men do thirst to see t,  
 As a sure *Engin* to destroy him there.  
 That it comes stuf't with *Soldiers*, and in *It*  
 Doth horrid *Thunderbolts* of *VULCAN* beare:  
 So that confid'ring, how his own is brusht.  
 It may thereby be overpowr'd and crusht.

8:

*DE GAMA*, besides *this*, considering  
 That now the time it self calls him away;  
 And that for better answer from the *King*  
 (Who loves the MOORS) he may till doomsday stay:  
 Sends one ashore, the *Factors* summoning  
 To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that *They*  
 Be stopt, if their intent perceiv'd should be;  
 Commands them do it with all secrecie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went  
 (And it fell out to be a rumour true)  
 That the two *Factors* were to prison sent,  
 'Cause from the *City* they by stealth withdrew.  
 The *Captain*, seeing which way the world went,  
 Seiz'd (by *Reprisal*) without more ado  
 Some, That were then aboard his *ship*, lin'd well  
 With *Precious Stones* which they desir'd to sell.

## 10.

Grave *Citizens*, and wealthy were *These* all,  
 Well known, and well allide in CALICUT:  
 Therefore, to see them bound for PORTUGALI,  
 Into an uproare did the City put.  
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall:  
 The *Capstone* roles, their *sev'ral* strengths set to't  
     In *sev'ral* manners: *some* the *Cable* halling,  
     With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

## 11

*This*, hangs by the *main-yard*; and now untyes  
 The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* displayd:  
 When to the SAMORIM with greater *cries*  
 Is told how hastily the CAPTAIN waigh'd.  
*Their Wives* and *Children* (trust up in this wise  
 That are) a noyse, as they were murther'd made  
     In the KING's hearing; screaming they should lose,  
     *These* their dear *Fathers*: their deare *Husbands*, *Those*.

## 12.

The *Lusitanian Merchants*; with the *Ware*,  
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,  
 Although thereat the MOORS do stamp and stare,  
 Or else his *own* must visit uncouth Lands.  
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,  
 Sends to his King. DE GAME (who understands  
     The *Restitution*, better then the *Cringe*)  
     Returns some BLACKS, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

## 13.

He *coasts* it homewards, fully satisfy'de  
 That he in vain solicits with *that* King  
 A *peace* and *friendship*, to be ratify'de  
 By mutual Trade, as he propos'd the thing.  
 But, having now that noble Land descry'de  
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning's* wing,  
     For his deare *Countrey* with this *news* is bound:  
     Carrying sure *signes* of that which he hath found.

## 14.

He carries MALABARS, retain'd by Him  
 Perforce, of *Those*, who the stopt *Factors* brought  
 Aboard from the inforced SAMORIM.  
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought;  
*Nutmegs* (the which their own dry'de flow'rs up trim)  
 From BANDA; the black *Clove* (for which is sought  
     MOLUCO'S ISLE) and *Cinnamon*, through which  
     CYLAN is noble, beautiful, and rich.

15.

All these provided by the diligence  
 Of good MONSAYDE, whom he carries too :  
 Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence,  
 To have his name writ in CHRIST'S book doth sue.  
 O happy AFRICAN! whom PROVIDENCE  
 DIVINE, out of *infernal darkness* drew;  
 And, so far from thy *Countrey*, found a way  
 To thy *true Countrey* to reduce thee, stray.

16.

Thus vanish from the spicy Territory  
 The happy *ships*, whose *Prows* directly stand  
 OF GOOD HOPE pointing at THE PROMONTORY  
 (*South-Bound* of NATURE fixt by her own Hand);  
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story  
 To LISBON of the *oriental Land*:  
 Once more committed to the rude annoy  
 Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt *fear* and *joy*.

17.

That they are going to their *Countrey* deare,  
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboads* at last,  
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,  
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past;  
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,  
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to tast;  
 Is such a joy as cannot be *express*  
 By their faint *Tongue* pent in their narrow *Brest*.

18.

But CYPRUS'S *Queen*, who by the *King* of HEAVN  
 Was made the LUSITANIANS'S *Patrones*,  
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,  
 To whom she many yeers hath prov'd no less;  
*Glory*, for which they have so *bravely* striv'n,  
*Amends* for their so *well* *indur'd* distres,  
 Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand;  
 And in sad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.

Having a while revolved in her thought  
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to pass,  
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought  
 In AMPHIONIAN THEBES twice-born that was:  
 It is her purpose, *joys*, so dearly bought  
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass;  
 To cook them some *delights*, find them some nest,  
 Where in the rolling *Empire* they may rest.

## 20.

In fine an *Inn* of pleasure by the way  
 To bait and strengthen tyr'd *Humanity* :  
 To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pay*,  
 But) the use here of fair *ETERNITY*.  
 She means to tell't her *Son*, and well she may ;  
 For, with *his shafts* it is, she makes the *high*  
     *GODS*, stoop to the *base ground* : and, with *his fire*,  
     *Unworthy mortals* to bright *Heav'n* aspire.

## 21.

*This* well digested, she resolves in fine  
*There*, in the middle of the *briny frost*,  
 To have in readiness an *Iste Divine*,  
 With flow'rs on green inameld and imboist :  
 For she hath many in those *Seas*, which joyne  
 To that *blest Land* which our *first mother* lost ;  
     Besides those sweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,  
     Impounded by the Gates of *HERCULES*.

## 22

*There* will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare  
 To these rare men their graces to impart ;  
 All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*  
 (The *glory* of the *Eye*, *Bane* of the *Heart*)  
 With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre* :  
 For she inspires into their breasts the dart  
     Of secret love, that *they* with all their might  
     Of their *Gallants* may study the delight.

## 23

Such once her *Project*, for the man she bare  
 To *TROY'S ANCHISES* near to *SIMOIS'S* flood ;  
 To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair  
 Which in the compass of an *Oxe-hide* flood.  
 Her *boy* she seeks (for, without *Him*, her rare  
*Beauty* is nothing) *CUPID* giv'n to blood :  
     That, as to *Him of yore* she recommends  
     Her *sayling son*, so *now*, her *sayling Friends*..

## 24.

She yokes those *Birds* unto her *Coach* of gold  
 Which sing their own sad *Dirge* with long white necks :  
 And *those*, into the which was turn'd of old  
*PERISTERA*, That gather'd flow'rs by pecks.  
 The flying *Goddess* *These* in *Rings* enfold,  
 Exchanging kisses with lascivious *Beaks*.  
     *She*, where she passes, makes the *Wind* to lye  
     With gentle motion, and serenes the *skye*.

25.

Over *Idalian Mountains* now she hung,  
 The *winged Boy* residing in that Land,  
 To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.  
 For a great *War* which he hath then in hand  
 Against the rebel *WORLD*; where late have sprung  
 Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to understand:  
 Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,  
 To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees *ACREON* hunting, so inclin'd  
 To that mad *sport*, and brutal *exercise*,  
 That a deform'd *wild-beast* to follow (blind)  
 The Beauty of a *humane* Face he flies:  
 And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)  
 Shews stript *DIANA* to his gazing eyes.  
 Now, let him take good heed he do not prove  
 A *Prey*, ev'n to those *Hounds* he doth so love.

27.

He sees the *great ones* of each Land, that none  
 Have *Publike Good* so much as in their *Eye*:  
 Sees they love nothing but themselves alone;  
 Which is part *Intrest*, and part *Philautye*.  
*Courtiers* he sees (men That besiege a *Throne*)  
 How for *true Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.  
 'Tis husbandry *these* like not in a *King*  
 To weed the *Flow'rs* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He sees, how *Those* that owe a *vowed* love  
 To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,  
 Love *Riches* onely, and to floate Above,  
 Pretending *justice*, and a *Conscience* clean.  
 They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove;  
 O B E D I E N C E, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*:  
*Laws* they set up in favour of the *CROWN*,  
*Laws* in the *People's* favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should  
 But onely what complies with some vain lust:  
 Therefore his hands can *be* no longer hold  
 From *punishments* that may be *sharp*, yet *just*.  
 His *Captains* prickt, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd  
 Fit for a *War* which undertake *he* must,  
 With the misgovern'd *World*: wherby to quell  
 All that persist against him to rebel.

## 30.

*Swarms* of these little *Hov'ers* (newly flown)  
 At severall *works*, busie as *Bees*, are all:  
 Some whetting *Arrow-Heads* on bloody *Hone*,  
 Others the shafts of *Arrows* shaving small.  
*Working* they sing, and sing of love alone,  
 And then that *Love* it is *Seraphical*:  
 In *Parts*; and in the *burthen* all do joyne;  
 The *Ditty*; excellent, the *Tune* Divine.

## 31.

On the immortal *Anvils* (where their Arts  
 They use, the *steeled points* to forge, and fit)  
 Instead of *Embers* there are burning *Hearts*,  
 Which bring their *Bellows* with them (panting yit):  
 The *streams*, with which they temper their *steel'd darts*,  
*Tears*, which from miserable *LOVERS* flit:  
 The sparckling *flame*, the never-*quenched fire*,  
 (Which *burns*, and not *consumes* them) is *desire*.

## 32.

Some of these *Archers* exercise their *Hand*  
 On the hard *Bosomes* of the *Vulgar* rude;  
 The *bor'd Ayre his't* (by this we understand  
 The *fighings* of the wounded *multitude*);  
 For *Sugeons*, *Nymphs* to *Cure* them ready stand,  
 With *Sov'raign Vertue* to this end indu'd:  
 Who, to the *Hurt*; not onely life can give,  
 But make, ev'n *them* that ne're were *born to live*.

## 33.

Some of these *Nymphs* are faire, and some are not,  
 According to the *Nature* of the *Wound*:  
 Into the *blood* if once the *Taint* be got,  
 Oft ugly *Treacle* gives the *Patient* found.  
 There are, whom *Spells* and *Philters* do besot;  
*Nayl'd* to their *Seates*, they wifs not how and bound:  
 Where *this* is, *LOVE* hath us'd against fraile *Hearts*  
*Unlawful weapons*, shooting *poyson'd darts*.

## 34.

From these *raw Soldiers*, out of *ranke* and *life*,  
 A thousand rash, and senceless *Darts* are sped:  
 A thousand senceless *loves* are born the while  
 In the low *People*, to be pittied.  
 Ev'n amongst *Those* in *highest Forms*, of *vile*  
 And *horrid Love* are thousand *patterns* read:  
*BIBLIS*, and *MYRRA*, for *one sex*; for *t'other*,  
*Th'ASSYRIAN SON*, and the *JUDEAN BROTHER*.  
 And

35.

And *you* (Great *Lords*) by *shepherdeses* meane  
 Under the *yoke* of *L O V E* have oft been brought,  
 And *you* (great *Ladies*) with rude *Clowns* uncleane  
 In *V U L C A N*'s subtle *Nets* have oft been caught :  
*Some*, watching the dim fall of the *Serene* ;  
*Some*, pitchie *Night*, o're *Tiles*, or *Walls* to vault.  
 Though for these *sordid fires* (if *right* we *did*)  
 More then the *Son* the *Mother* should be chid.

36.

But the swift *Coach* now softly on the *Green*  
 The white *Swans* (ballanc't in their *Harness*) put ;  
 On which *D I O N E* (in whose *Cheek* is seen  
 The *Snow-mixt Rose*) sets light her milky foot.  
 The *Archer* meets her with a jocund meen  
 Who shoots at *H E A V ' N*, and doth not miss the *But*.  
 With *Him* in *Squadron* his *S U B - C U P I D S* move,  
 To do their *Homage* to the *Q U E E N O F L O V E*.

37.

*she* (not to spend the pretious time in vain)  
 Snatching her *Child* up, confidently said ;  
 Dear *Son*, in *whom*, and whose strong *Arm*, I raign ;  
 And the *Foundations* of my *Pow'r* are laid ;  
*Son*, in *whom* all my *strengths* always remain ;  
 Who feard st not *Them* ; That made great *J O V E* afraid ;  
 I have a special *buis'ness* to be done,  
 In which I greatly need *thy pow'r* my *Son*.

38:

The *L U S I T A N I A N S*, harast out, behold !  
 Who are *my Care* of long *Antiquity* ;  
 Because my *Friends* (the *Fates*) to me had told,  
 Wheree're *They* go, my worshipt name should fly :  
 And, for they imitate my *R O M A N S* old  
 In all *Heroick* *Actions*, therefore I  
 Resolve, for them to do a *Guardian's* duty,  
 And raise the *Pesse* of the *Realm* of *Beauty* :

39.

And, since the malice of the *God* of *Wine*  
 Spun them new troubles upon *Indian-ground*,  
 When from the *turies* of the swelling *Brine*  
 They crope out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd ;  
 Therefore in middle of the *Sea* (in fine)  
 Which they their bitter enemies have found,  
 And neer that *I N D I A*, I would have them breathe,  
 And of their *Labours* the *first-fruits* receive.

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,  
 So do *Thou* strike the fair *NEREIDES*;  
 That on these *LUSITANIANS* they may look  
 With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys  
 Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook  
 Let them on shore an *Isle*; an *Isle* (in *Seas*  
*Immense*) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs  
 Or *ZEPHYRUS* breathes, out; or *FLORA*, pow'rs.

41.

*There* with a thousand *dishes* delicate,  
 With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,  
 In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,  
 In *lille sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)  
 In fine with thousand joys past *Vulgar* rate,  
 Let the obliging *Nymphs* their *Heroes* meet  
 (wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,  
 To be all ranfackt at the *Victor's* pleasure.

42.

In *NEPTUNE'S* Realm (to which I owe my birth)  
 A fair and manly *Off-spring* would I have;  
 To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,  
 Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave:  
 That men may know, From *Thee*, the Foe of mirth  
*Hypocrisie*, nor *walls of brass* can save.  
 Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,  
 If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son  
 Prepares himself to do as he was told:  
 Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingrav'd upon,  
 Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.  
 Ravisht with joy the *CYPRIAN PARRAGON*  
 Sets the *Boy* by her, in her *Coach*, which troll'd,  
 The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*  
 The death of *PHAETHON* laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary  
 Woman, to broke between them *CUPID* said;  
 Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,  
 Yet, of his side, he had as often made:  
*Rash*, *Boaster*, who both *Lyes* and *Truths* doth carry,  
*Sister* to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,  
 Who with a thousand *Tongues* spreads where she flies,  
 That which she saw but with a *hundred eyes*.

Her



45.

Her find they out, and make her go before :  
 Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclame  
 The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more  
 Then of all else she e're vouchsaf't to name.  
 Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,  
 And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of *FAME*.  
*Truth* she relates, and *Trash* esteem'd to be,  
 For with the *Goddeſs* went *CREDULITIE*.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,  
 The *Gods* (whom *BACCHUS* so inflam'd had erst  
 Against these gallant men, in *NEPTUNE'S COURT*)  
 With passion for them are a little pierc't.  
 The *female Breasts* (that quit with leſs *effort*  
 The prejudices they receiv'd at first)  
 Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a *cruel mind*,  
 Which to ſuch *Vertue* made them prove *unkind*.

47.

The bloody *Boy* ſtrikes while the *Iron's* hot.  
 Shafts, follow ſhafts, the *Sea* roares with his ſhoots.  
*Some*, through the fickle *Waves* point blanck are ſhot :  
*Some*, hit on *Rocks*; nor, to be rocks, it boots.  
 Down drop the *Nymphs*, each hath her deaths wound got,  
 All dart our burning *ſighs* from their heart-*Roots*;  
 No *Face* yet ſeen: " For *Shafts*, which *LOVE* lets flye,  
 " Kill in the *Eare* as ſure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With *doubled* force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,  
 Makes the two *horns* meet of his *Iv'ry Moon*.  
 More, then of *All*, he ayms at *THE TY'S*'s *Liver* :  
 For more then *All* hath ſhe againſt him done.  
 Now not *one* *ſhaft* is left in *all* his *Quiver*,  
 In all the *Sea* *NYMPH* left alive not one:  
 Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,  
 That they may feel how ſweet ſuch *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure *Billows* of the *DEEP* :  
 Loe! *VENUS* comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her !  
 The pregnant *Sayles* on *NEPTUNE'S* ſurface creep ,  
 Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-cheſt*, and *Fether*.  
 That their *deſires* like *equal* pace may keep,  
 And *neither* to great *LOVE* complain of *either*,  
 The *Mens* bold *fires* ſhall prefs chafte *HYMENS* bands;  
 The *Female-Bluſh* do *BEAUTIE'S QUEENS* commands.

## 50.

All the faire *Quire* of the *NEREIDES*  
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty *Dance*  
 (After their *loving* custome) through the *Seas*  
 To th' *Isle* by *VENUS* shew'd, at once advance.  
 The skilful *Goddeſs* there erudiates *Theſe*  
 In all she did, when *LOVE* her *Breaſts* did lance.  
*They*, whom the *Sea* had conquer'd, are not nice  
 To listen to the *Mother's* sweet advice.

## 51

The lofty *ſhips* went cutting the vast *Sea*  
 In their long *Voyage* to their *Countrey* deare,  
 Least *that*, they had, should fail them by the way,  
 Prolling about for water *fresh*, and *cleare*.  
 When (to their suddain joy) at break of day  
 Th'*inamour'd* *Isle* doth to them *All* appeare.)  
 Streight *MEMNON's* mother, delicate and faire,  
 Spread all her sweetness through the purged *Ayre*.

## 52.

They see *Aloofe* the *Island* fresh, and green,  
 Which *VENUS* carries floating on the *Main*,  
 Just as the *Wind* does their white *Sayles*; and seen  
 The *ſhips* are from the *Isle* too, but not plain.  
 For, lest by *Them* o'reshot it should have been,  
 Making her *Wish*, and *Preparations*, vain;  
 (What cannot *VENUS ACIDALIA* do?  
 She mov'd it *plum* in the *Armada's* view.

## 53.

But fixt it; when she saw, *They* saw, and fought  
 The *Island* with their *Keels*: so, on the *Floods*  
 Was *DELOS* fixt, when forth *LATONA* brought  
*APOLLO*, and the *GODDESSE OF THE WOODS*.  
 Thither through sliced *Seas* their way they wrought  
 Where a calm *Bay* the crooking *ſhore* includes,  
 Whose glifs'ning *Sands* with intertufed *vains*  
 Of purple *Cockles* *CYTHERA* stains.

## 54.

Three goodly *Mountains* with a graceful pride  
 Thrust their majestick *Heads* into the *Ayre*  
 (With green imbroydred *Hangings* beautify'de)  
 In this gay *Isle* delicious, fresh, and faire.  
 From their three *Tops* three crystal *Springs* did glide,  
 Lacing the *Liv'ry* their rich *Margents* ware.  
 Jumping on *pebbles* while their *Crystals* brake:  
 Such *Musick* never *Water-works* did make.

55.

In a pure *Valley* which those *Hills* divides,  
 As by appointment the three *Currents* meet,  
 Shaping a *Table* with proportion'd sides,  
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.  
 A *Frenge* of *Trees* hangs over it, and prides  
 It self, in so cleer *Glass* it self to greet:  
*Now* prancks its *locks* therein, and *now* retires;  
*Now* looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant *Trees* to *Heav'n* up-shoot  
 With *Apples*, odoriferous, and faire:  
 The *Orange-tree* hath in her sightly *fruit*  
 The colour *DAPHNE* boasted in her *Haire*:  
 The *Citron-tree* bends almost to her *Root*  
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:  
 The goodly *Lemmons* with their *button-Caps*,  
 Hang imitating *Virgins* fragrant *Paps*.

57.

The *savage-trees* (That doe the *Forest* there  
 With *leavie-Haire* innoble and adorn)  
 Are, *Poplars* of *ALCIDES*; *Laurels*, deare  
 In vain unto the *GOLDEN GOD UNSHORN*;  
*Myrtles* of *VENUS*; the proud *Pine* severe,  
 That *CYBELLE* for meaner love did scorn.  
 The speared *Cypress*, from this *vale* of *Vice*,  
 Stands pointing at *CELESTIAL PARADICE*:

58

The fruit *POMONA* gives, *NATURE* bestowes  
*Heer* lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;  
 Better then *elsewhere* it in *Gardens* growes,  
 'Tis *heer* undrest, unplanted in the *Wood*;  
 The *Cherry*, that begs *outside* from the *Rose*;  
 The *Mulberry*, stain'd with *true-Lovers* blood;  
 The *Peach*, translated from its *Mother-soile*  
 In *PERSIA*, and made better by *Exile*.

59.

Th'ingenuous *Pomgranat* shews his *Heart*,  
 With which *Thou*, *Rubie*, lovest thy esteem:  
 From her lov'd *Elme* the *Vine* doth not depart,  
*Her* Clusters loading *Him*, some red, some green:  
 And, *Pear* pyramidall, if loth thou art  
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between  
 The *Leaves*; for to anticipate thy *Fate*  
 Ten thousand *feather'd-Minstrels* lye in waite.

## 60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which *there*  
 Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)  
 Make those of *PERSIA*, *course*; and *pleasanter*  
*These* of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.  
*NARCISsus*, there, over the water cleere  
 Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.  
*There* haunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *CYNARAS*,  
 For whom *Thou*, *PAPHIAN QUEEN*, cry'st yet, *alas!*

## 61.

It was not easie to be understood  
 (The self-same *colours* seen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'rs*)  
 Whether *AURORA* lent the *Flowers* blood,  
 Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'rs*  
*There*; *ZEPHYRUS* and *FLORA* painting stood  
 The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;  
 The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,  
 Just *such*, as in a *Virgin's* *check* it blows.

## 62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure snow the print  
 Sits of the *Morning's* *Tears*: and *Marjorame* :-  
 The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;  
 A *Flow'r* *LATONA's* son loves for the name.  
*FLORA* bets high *POMONA* knows no stint;  
*She* *Vyes* with *Flow'rs*, with *fruits* This sees the *Game* :-  
 Nor *Flow'rs*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;  
 The *Earth* hath *Beasts* besides, and the *Ayre* *Birds*.

## 63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did sing,  
*Him* *PHILOMELA* answers from a *Bough*;  
*ACTEON* drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,  
 Nor fears the *shadow* of his *horned* *Brow*.  
*Here* the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)  
 Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row* :-  
 The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*  
 Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

## 64.

The *second* *ARGONAUTS* now disembarke  
 From the tall *ships* into an *EDEN* green.  
*There*, in this *Isle*, this *Forest*, or this *Parke*,  
 The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be seen.  
*Some* touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,  
*Some* the sweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeens* :-  
*Others* with golden *Cross-bows* make a show  
 To *hunt* the *Bruits*, but do not *hunt* them though.

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistress*, and her *Art's*:  
 That so, the more their own desires they Master,  
 And seem a *flying prey* to their *sweethearts*,  
 It might make *them* to follow on the faster.  
*Some* (who are *Conscious* that their *skins* have darts,  
 And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*)  
 Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,  
 And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand  
 Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.  
 (For not a man of them but came a land  
 To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)  
 Dreamt not to finde *Game* ready to their hand,  
 In that sweet *Forest* (without snare, or Hound)  
 So *Debonayre*, so *tender*, so *benigne*,  
 As was *there* hurt by means of *ERICINE*.

67.

*Some* (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account  
 The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)  
 Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,  
 And lofty *Forest*; where no *Foot-path* lay.  
*Others* in *Shades* (which *PHIBUS's* *Arrows* blount)  
 Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away  
 By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they past  
 Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,  
 Variety of *Colours* they descry;  
*Colours*, which soon the judging eye perceives  
 Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'rs* the dye:  
 But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:  
 Of which *LOVE* makes his *Lure*, and *Sawces* high;  
 Of which their *Garments* *Humane* *Roses* make,  
 To make the *Bird* fell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd *VELOSO* with a lowd voice cry'd;  
 Strange *Game* (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:  
 The ancient *Poets* *Tales* are verify'd,  
 And this *Isle* sacred to the *DERTIS*.  
 Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd  
 To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!  
 And see, what *wonders*, what great *blings* then,  
 The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar* men!

70.

Chafe we these *Goddesses*; it shall be seen  
 If they be *Real* or *Fantastical*.  
 This said (more swift then *Bucks* o're *Pastures* green)  
 Through the rough *Brakes* and *Woods* darted they *All*.  
 The *Nymphs* went flying the thick boughs between,  
 Yet not so *Swift*, as *Artificial*.  
 Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,  
 They let the *Greyhounds* gain upon the *Does*.

71.

*One's* golden *Tresses* up the wind did blow,  
 The light *coats* of *Another* as she fled:  
 The *desire*, kindled by the *naked Snow*,  
 Upon the dainty *Prospect* (greedy) fed.  
*This* falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go  
 To rise (with *kindness*, more then *Anger*, red)  
 He that *pursues*, falls over her; like *one*.  
 That rubs the *Mistress* when his *Bowle* is *gone*.

72.

*Others* (who *Game* in other *Parts* did seek)  
 Chop on the *Goddesses* that bathing were.  
*These* suddainly begin a fearful shreek  
 As if they wonder'd to see *Mortals* there.  
*Some* (sliding through the *Laund* their *Bodies* sleek,  
 As who should say; *shame* less, then *force* We fear)  
 Scud to the *Cops*, exposing to the *Eye*  
 What to the greedy *Hand* they did deny.

73:

There *is*, That (hiding with a *Veile* of *Glass*  
 (*DIANA*-like) if not her *Lims*, her blushes)  
 Sinks where she stands: There *is*, That (on the grass  
 Snatching her *Cloaths* that lye) shoots through the *Rushes*.  
 Amongst the *Rest*, an eager *Lad* there *was*,  
*Rayments* and all, into the *Bath* that brushes  
 (For, whilst he stript, he feard to lose the *Game*)  
 To quench in *water* his tormenting *flame*.

74.

As a rough *Water-dog*, to fetch and seek  
 That's us'd, and wait upon his *Master's* *gun*,  
 Seeing *him* lay the *Steel-Cane* to his *Cheek*,  
 Aym'd at a *Duck*, or *Teal*, to *him* well known;  
 Before the *blow*, into the *stream* or *creek*.  
 (Sure of the *Quarry*) doth impatient run,  
 And, barking, swims: The *Lad* so, from the shore  
 Swam to the *Nymph* whom *Love* had shot before.

Another

## 75.

Another (L E O N A R D) whom *Books* adorn,  
 Stout, noble, handfom, amorous, and young;  
 On whom G O D C U P - I D had not cast *one* scorn,  
 But *all* his *gall* into *his* *potion* wrung;  
 So that he well might think, he was not born  
 To any luck in loving; yet, among  
     His *faults*, 'twas *one*, that *on* he still would play  
     (As *Gamesters* use) in hope 'twould turn one day.

## 76.

'Twas *here* his fortune, in pursuit to fall  
 Of fair E P H Y R E (L O V E's own *sister-Twin*)  
 But *one*, who would give dearer than they *All*,  
 What *Nature* gave to *Her* to give *agin*.  
 On *Her*, *He* (spent with running) lowd doth call.  
 O *Cruelty*, lodg'd in too fair an *Inn*,  
     If to thy *Shrine* (quoth *he*) I'm vowed whole,  
     Stay for my *Body*, since thou hast my *soul*!

## 77.

All (out of breath, and weary) *Nymph* divine,  
 Are yielding to the pressing *Enemy*.  
 Through *Bryers* and *Thorns* *Thou* onely still fly'st *Thine* :  
 Who told thee, I am *I*, that follow thee ?  
 If thou werest told it by that *star* of mine,  
 Which, wheresoe're I fly, *shoots* after me;  
     Ah! do not credit *That* : For when as *I*  
     Did so, thou canst think how it would lye.

## 78.

I tire with tiring *Thee*, my *spirits* wast;  
 And if thou *fly*, thereby to flye my touch,  
 I can assure thee (fair one) *stay* thou may'st,  
 And yet I ne're the neer, my *star* is such.  
 Stay, if thou please; and see but (if thou *stay'st*)  
 The *sight of hand*, tho which my *Fate* (so much  
     In vain deplor'd) will finde at last, to reare  
     A *Wall*, between the *Sickle* and the *Eare*.

## 79.

O flye me not! So may *Time* never flye  
 Thy *Beauty* out of fight. For, do but turn;  
 Dabht with the beams of thy *Majestick Eye*,  
 No *sawcy* fire in me will dare to burn.  
 What *K I N G* could break the force of *destiny*?  
 What *A R M Y* conquer it? and *mine* hath sworn  
     To thwart *me* still. Yet *stay* : I'm happy than :  
     And thou shalt do what *K I N G S*, nor *A R M I E S* can.

## 80.

With my *malignant star* doest *Thou* take part?  
 To help the stranger is not *nobly* done.  
 Carriest *Thou* with thee my *Grief-loaden* heart?  
 Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.  
 That *Soul* of mine, grown heavy with long smart,  
 Hang'd in those *Tresses* which out-shine the *Sun*,  
 Does it not *clog* them? Or, since it came *there*,  
 Hath it chang'd *mood*, and weighs but for one *Here*?

## 81.

With this *hope* onely thy white feet I trace,  
 That either *Thou* her weight will not indure,  
 Or *she*, by being in that *heav'nly* place,  
 Will change her *luck*, and *better stars* procure.  
 And, if *that* change, flye never such a pace,  
 L O V E can hit *flying* I am very sure;  
 And, if he hit, *Thou't* stay; and, on *this* score,  
 If thou do stay, of *Heav'n* I ask no more.

## 82.

The fair *Nymph* now fled not so much to fell  
 The *Jewel* dear, for which the *Lad* pursu'd her;  
 As, the sweet *Tunes* to *hear*, that from him fell,  
 And amorous *laments* with which he woo'd her.  
 Her *Eyes* (now bath'd in *smiles* and *tractabell*)  
 Turn'd upon *Him*, who with his *charms* subdu'd her;  
 All melted in pure *love*, languidly *sweet*,  
 She lets her self fall at the *Victor's* feet.

## 83:

O what *devouring Kisses* (multiply'd)  
 What *pretty whimp'rings*, did the *Grove* repeat!  
 What *flattering Force!* What *Anger* which did *chide*  
*Itself*, and *laught* when it began to *threat!*  
 What more then this the blushing M O R N I N G spy'd,  
 And V E N U S (adding *Her's* to the N O O N's heat)  
 Is better *try'd*, then *guess'd*, I must confess:  
 But *Those* who cannot try it, let them *guess*.

## 84.

For first with all the *Rites* of *wedlock* joyn'd  
 Were the lov'd *Sea-men* to th' A Q U A T I C K P O W ' R S :  
 What gentle *Tongue*, and what white *Hand* could bind,  
 The *Nymphs* had added in those *sacred Bow'rs*.  
 And now their *Lovers* heads they crowned (kind)  
 With *gold*, and *Lawrel*, and abounding *Flow'rs* :  
 Promise, to keep them company for ever;  
 Whom *life*, or *death* with *honor*, shall not sever.



## 85.

The *Chief* of them (whom all the *rest* went after,  
 And did obey in all things her behest,  
 Of URANUS and Holy VESTA Daughter,  
 As by her Face was easie to be guest,  
 Filling with wonderment both *Earth*, and *Water*)  
 Th'illustrious *Captain*, worthy of the Best,  
 With *grave* and *Royal Ceremonies* took:  
 Shewing her *Greatness* in her *Pompe* and *Look*.

## 86.

HIM (whom she first acquainted with her *name*,  
 Then, in a kind *exordium* mixt with state,  
 Gave him to understand she *Thither* came  
 By the immutable decree of *Fate*;  
 To *Him* of the promiscuous *Globe* and *Frame*  
 Of the vast *EARTH*, and *OCEAN*, to relate  
*Parts* undiscover'd, by *Prophetick Spirit*:  
 Which *He* alone, and his brave *SPANIARDS* merit)

## 87.

Taking up with her by the hand, she led  
 Unto a *Mountain's* top, high and divine;  
 Where a rich *Pyle* erected the proud head,  
 Of crystal all, with massive gold and fine.  
*Here* all the live-long day they rioted  
 In full delight. and sports to sports that joyn.  
 Within the *Palace* she enjoys her love:  
 The others *theirs* within the flow'ry *Grove*.

## 88:

*Thus*, the fair *Bevy*, *thus* the *Valiant Crew*,  
 Divide the *Hon'rs* by innocent, by chaste  
*Delights*, and such as *Mortals* never knew,  
 In recompence of so long labours past.  
 And *thus* the *meed*, to such high *Actions* due  
 Of noble *Prowess*, ev'n the *World* at last  
 Pays (in despite of *Envy*) with the sound  
 Of a great *Name*; which *Time*, nor *Place* shall bound.

## 89.

For these fair *Daughters* of the *OCEAN*,  
*THE TYS*, and the *Angellick* pensil'd *ISLE*,  
 Are nothing, but sweet *Honour*, which *These* wan;  
 With whatsoever makes a *life* not vile.  
 The *priviledges* of the *MARTIAL MAN*,  
 The *Palm*, the *Lawrell'd Triumph*, the rich *spoile*;  
 The *Admiration* purchac't by his sword;  
*These* are the joys, this *Island* doth afford.

90.

So those *false Godships* which ANTIQUITY,  
To all *illustrious Men* a zealous Friend,  
In *Starry Heav'ns* created, to which *shee*  
Made them on towering wings of *Fame* t'ascend,  
For honorable *Acts* they did, for free  
And noble *Suff'rings* (VERTUE'S path, the end  
Whereof, is *smooth* and *pleasant* like our *Isle*,  
Though it self *craggie*, *steep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*  
Giv'n by the *World* for *Actions* Sovereign,  
To *such* as ARTS, or ARMS, advanc'd t'a high  
And *heav'nly* pitch, being born of *humane* strain?  
For JOVE, APOLLO, MARS, and MERCURY,  
ÆNEAS, ROMULUS, the THEBANS TWAIN,  
JUNO, DIANA, CERES, PALLAS; All  
Dwell (as you doe) in brittle *Earthen* Wall.

92.

But FAME (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)  
Gave them *new* Names and *Titles* on the Earth;  
GODS of the *whole*, and GODS of the *half-blood*,  
GODS by *Adoption*, and GODS by *Birth*.  
If ye love *Fame* then, if make *These* ye wou'd,  
(As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *Gods*) your *Mirth*,  
Fly *Sloth*; by *which* the *Soule*, which *Heaven* gave  
To be the *Body's* *Queen*, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, AVARICE;  
AMBITION curb, to which y'are too too prone;  
And curb the black and detestable *Vice*  
Of TYRANNY, and base OPPRESSION.  
" For these *vain Honours*, this *false Gold*, give price  
" (Unless he have it in *himself*) to none;  
" Better *deserve* them, and to goe *without*;  
" Then *have* them *undeserved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall* *Laws*,  
That so *great* *Fish* devour not the *small* *Fry*;  
Or (armed) tear out of the *Great* *TURKS* jaws  
The *Christians* *prey*, on which he stretch doth lye.  
The *Kingdom's* *greatness*, by this means ye'll cause;  
Nor *lessen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.  
In *Riches* *merited* ye will abound;  
And with *true* *Honor* have your *Temples* crown'd.

And

95.

And to your KING ye so pretend to prize,  
Ye shall bring honour; now, with *Councils* grave:  
Now, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize  
You, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.

I ask you not *Impossibilities* :

“ He That will, always can. Then, each shall have  
A HERO'S place : or (if that more may move)  
Be *Denizen'd* into this ISLE OF LOVE.

*End of the ninth Canto.*

## Tenth Canto.

### STANZA. I.

But now the *Lariffean* Lasses Friend  
(Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe  
The *God of Verse*) his setting Steeds did bend  
O're the great *Lake* of silver MEXICO;  
SOL'S burning Rays FAVONIUS did suspend  
With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow,  
Becalmed *Fesamines* erect their heads,  
And naked *Lillies* sit up in their *Beds* :

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreast,  
Now Friends and well contented, hand in hand  
Towards the *Palace* bright their steps address,  
Which upon *Pillars* of pure gold did stand;  
To a most splendid and *Opiperous* Feast  
All summon'd thither, by the *Queen's* command  
Who had prepar'd it for them, to repair  
Consumptive *Nature* with delicious Fare.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of substance *crystalline*  
They sit by *Two's* and *Two's*, *Gallant* and *dame*.  
At th' upper end, in *osher* of gold fine,  
Sits the fair *GODDESS* with renown'd *D* G A M E R I  
With *Viands* delicate in *sawce* divine  
(Such as to *CLEOPATRA'S* Board ne're came)  
Are heapt the *dishes* of red burnisht gold:  
Part of the *Treasure* which their *Sens* infold.

C c

The

4.

The *fragrant Wines* not onely are above  
*Falernian Liquor* of *Italian* growth,  
 But that *choice-Nectar* sent about by *JOVE*  
 When *Rebel Gyants* felt *IMMORTALS* wroth.  
 In *Di'mond-Cups* (tempting to *mirth*, and *love*)  
 The *Ruby* sparckles : bubbles the curl'd froth  
 With the powr'd spring. Thus, of their *Lovers* true  
 The greatest *Foe*, the *watry Nymphs* subdue.

5.

A thousand pleasant *Arguments* they touch,  
*Still-laughters* pass, quick witty *Repartees*,  
 'Twixt *dish* and *dish*; whereby, without too much  
 Of *Those*, to whet the appetite to *These*.  
*Musical Instruments* not wanting (such,  
 As to the *damm'd spirits* once gave ease  
 In the dark *Vaults* of the *Infernal Hall*)  
 Joyn'd with a *SIREN'S Voice* *Angelical*:

6.

The fair *MUSE* sang, and with her shrill *Accents*  
 (Which from the lofty *Battlement* rebound)  
 In equal harmony the *Instruments*,  
 Keeping just time, their softer *Notes* confound.  
 A suddain *Silence* curbs the *Winds*, indents  
 With the hoarse *waves* to whisper under ground.  
 And the *bruit Creatures* in their *Houses* (made  
 By *Nature's* hand) asleep are *sung* and *playd*.

7.

With a sweet *Voyce* she raises to the skies  
 Rare men to come into the world; whose clear  
*Ideas* were beheld by *PROTHEUS* wise  
 In a *Diaphane* and *Phantastick Sphere*,  
 Which in a *Dream* *JOVE* shew'd to his shut *Eyes*;  
 And after, *He*, by *Prophecy* appear  
 Made it *humid Realms*: where this *Nymph* (took  
 Therewith) got the brave story without book:

8.

Matter for *Buskin*'tis, and not for *Sock*,  
 In the *VAST LAKE* that which the *Mermaid* heard;  
 Beyond what *POPAS* knew, or *DEMODOKE*:  
 This King *ALCINOOS*'s, That Queen *DIDO'S* *Bard*,  
 Now, my *CALIOPE*, I Thee invoke  
 To my *last Labour*: begging, for reward  
 Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)  
 I may come off with a good *sang* it's end:

9.

I sink into the *Vale* of years ; and, past  
 My *Summer's* pride, to *Autumn* speed amain.  
 And my *Wit* (more then years) MISFORTUNES blast ;  
 Which *Wit* I own not now, nor boast my *Vein*.  
*Sighs* blow me to that *Port*, where all must cast  
 The *Anchor* never to be weigh'd again.

Yet, great *Queen* of the *MUSES*, grant that I  
 May close my *NATION's* *Poem*'re I dye.

10.

The *SIREN* fang, how from the *Tagan* shore,  
 Through *Seas* first open'd by *De Gama*, now  
 Should *Navies* come ; which all within the *Rore*  
 Of *Indian Seas* shall to that *Empire* bow :  
 And how each *Pagan King*, who the sweet *Lore*  
 And *yeak* those *Guests* will bring, shall from them throw ;  
 With *fire* and *sword* by their brave *Arm* so bit  
 Shall be, that they shall yield to *Death*, or *It*.

11.

She sang of *One*, who (being dignify'd,  
 With the *High-Priesthood* of all *MALABAR*)  
 Because, the knots of *Friendship* he had ty'd,  
 He would not break with men so singular ;  
 Shall let his *Fields* and *Cities* be destroy'd  
 With *fire* and *sword*, and all the rage of *war*,  
 Before him, By the potent *SAMORIM* :  
 So hateful shall those *strangers* be to *Him*.

12.

And sings, in *BETHLEM* there, how shipt shall be  
 The *Sov'raign* remedie of this *Disease* ;  
 The great *PACHECO* knowing not, that He  
 Carries with *Him* the *Pelian Lance* through *Seas*.  
 But the *Sea* shall ; when, to such great *Guests* she  
 Unus'd, shall feel his *weight* : The *groaning* *Trees*  
 Of his *proud ship* shall know't, which two foot more  
 Shall draw of water, then it did before.

13.

But, treading now the *Oriental* Strand,  
 And left, the *Pagan King* of spoyld *COCHIM*  
 Toayd, of *PORTINGALS* with a small Band,  
 Upon the salt and crooked *River's* Brim ;  
 Rout shall he, at the pass of *CAMBALAND*,  
 Th'*infernal* *NAYRES*, That *there* set on *Him* :  
 Turning with fear the burning *ORIENT* cold,  
 So much done with so little to behold.

## 14.

The SAMORIM shall raise an Army new;  
 The *Kings* shall come of BIPUR and TANORE  
 From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do  
 For their *chief Lord*, making large Brags before.  
 All the arm'd NORTH he shall assemble too,  
 Which lyes 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,  
 Of both *Religions*, 'gainst the *True* that band,  
 The MOORS by *Sea*, the PAGAN POWR's by *Land*.

## 15.

And once more *All* defeats on *Land* and *Mayn*  
 The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War;  
 The multitude unnumberd of the slain  
 Amazing all the *Realms* of MALABAR.  
 The undespairing *Emperor* again  
 Shall hast to try his Fortune militar;  
 Rating his *Men*, pouring vain *prayrs* and *tears*  
 To his vain *Gods* That have nor *eyes* nor *ears*.

## 16.

Your *Troops* shall *passes* now no more defend,  
 But burn the PAGAN's *Houses*, *Towns*, and *Fanes*.  
 The *Dog* (inrag'd to see they make no end  
 Of laying flat his goodly *Towns*) ordains  
 His *Men*, whom he doth prodigally spend,  
 PACHECO's then divided in two *Lanes*,  
 To charge between them. *He* together brings  
 His *Faws*, and makes two *Pincers* of his *Wings*.

## 17.

In person then the SAMORIM shall come  
 To see what's done, and reinforce his men.  
 Dasht (by a shot which through the Aire doth humme)  
 In his high *Chair* with blood he shall be then.  
 That *Force*, nor *Policy* can overcome  
 This *Warriour*; now he shall to see begin.  
*Treasons*, and *Poisons* base he shall invent;  
 Which *Heav'n* (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

## 18.

That a *sev'nth* time he shall return, she sings,  
 To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;  
 Whom no *Toyls* tyre, who dreads no dreadfull Things,  
 Yet this a little *discompose* him shall.  
 To horrid battail the fell *Tyrant* brings  
*Engines* of *Wood*, dire and unusuall,  
 To board the *Caravels* upon the *Mayn*,  
 Which he till then shall have assay'd in vain.

## 19.

*Mountains of Fire* shall on the water float  
 The little *Navy* to consume with flame.  
 The great P A C H I C O (like himself) this hot  
 And fierce *Bravade* shall in a trice make vain.  
 No *Master* in the *Art of War* (That got  
 Never so high upon the wings of *Fame*)  
 With all his *Palms* can neer this W O R T H Y come:  
 Pardon me noble G R E C E, and nobler R O M E.

## 20.

For with a hundred men, or little more,  
 Unto the end so many *Battails* fought;  
 With such high *Stratagems*, unseen before,  
 On *Warlike-Hoasts* so many wonders wrought;  
 Seem either *Fables* dreamt by men that snore,  
 Or that *celestial Quires* (with *Pray'rs* down brought)  
 Their *Champion* in those *Exigencies* Ayd  
 With *Wit*, *Sleight*, *Force*, and courage undismayd.

## 21. . 2

*He*, who in *Marathonian* Fields of old  
 O're vast D A R I U S's pow'rs victorious was;  
 Nor *He*, who, with three hundred S P A R T A N S bold,  
 Of fam'd T H E R M O P I L E E maintain'd the *Pass*;  
 Nor R O M E's young C O C L E S, who at bay did hold  
 All the proud *Tuscan* pow'r, till cut he has.  
 The *Bridge* behind him: nor old F A B I U S is  
 Or *wise*, or *valiant*, when compar'd with *This*.

## 22:

But at this point, her high and rattling tone  
 The *Nymph* abasing, made it hoarse and sad;  
 And with low *Voyce* (drown'd in her *Tears* did moan  
 Of so strange *Valour* a *Requital* bad.  
 O B E L I S A R I U S (said she) That art *One*  
 Who by the M U S E will still in price be had;  
 If M A R S himself *affronted* were in *Thee*,  
 Here is a man that may thy *Comfort* be.

## 23.

Here thou a *Rival* hast, as in thy *Deeds*,  
 So in their cruel and unjust *return*;  
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, misused V E R T U E bleeds:  
 In *Thee*, and *Him*, doth begging V A L O U R mourn:  
 Both Bulwarks of your K I N G S, Both of your C R E E D S:  
 Both dye in H O S P I T A L S ragged and torn.  
 This those *Kings* do, whose *justice* is their *will*;  
 Their *Evidence* what M A L I C E shall instill.

24.

*This* those *Kings* do, who (with smooth *Tales* misled  
 Of *Flatterers*, by whom asleep th'are sung,  
 Give the *Rewards* by *A J A X* merited  
 Unto the fraudulent *U L Y S S E S*'s *tongue*.  
 But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,  
 They deal their *Boons* those *S Y C O P H A N T S* among:  
 By *whom*, of their ill choice they will be made  
 Ashamed first, and afterwards betraid.

25.

But *Thou*, That such a man couldst leave, to *S C O R N*  
 And *W A N T*, O *K I N G* unjust in *this alone*!  
 If *Thou*, to build *his Fortunes* were't, not born,  
 He was, to give to *Thee* a potent *Throne*.  
 And (credit me) whilst *P H E B U S*'s locks unshorn  
 To light the *Earth* and *Heaven* shall be known,  
 Like that *Sun* glorious shall *P A C H E C O* be,  
 And *Thou* in *this Eclipse* thy *Majestic*.

26.

*Another*, loe! (proceeding in her *Song*)  
 Comes, with a *Regal Title*, and his *Son*;  
 Who, on the *Sea* shall do such things e're long,  
 As by no antient *R O M A N* were out-done.  
 They *Both*, shall *win* by armed *Hand* and *strong*  
 Wealthy *Q U I L O A*, and shall sack it, *won*:  
 Placing therein a mild and loyal *King*  
 For a false *Tyrant*, whom they out shall fling.

27:

Also, the *City* of *M O M B A S S A* (Crown'd  
 With sumptuous *Houses*, and aerial *Spires*)  
 Shall by them *Both* be levell'd with the ground,  
 For an *old fault* which a *new rod* requires.  
 But, afterwards, upon the *INDIAN SOUND*  
 (Cover'd with *Ships* and *Artificial Fires*  
 T'o'whelm the *P O R T I N G A L L S*) with *Oare*, and *Sayle*,  
 Alone the young *L O R E N Z O* shall prevaile.

28.

The *C A R A C K S* of the potent *E M P E R O R E*  
 (Peopling the scorched *Ayre* with *Iron Ball*  
 Which from the burning *Brafs*, like *Thunder*, roare)  
 Tear shall he, *Canvas*, *Rudder*, *Mast* and all.  
 His *grappling-books* thrown resolutely o're  
 Her lofty *Decks*, *Himself* their *Admiral*  
 Shall enter first; and cleer, with *Lance* and *Sword*  
 Four hundred *M O O R S* she will have then aboard.

But



29.

But GOD (whose secret *doom* is over *All* :  
 Best judge, of what's his service, and *Man's* good)  
 Shall bring him *then*, where *Wis* nor *Promes* shall  
 Have pow'r to stop his Foes prevailing Flood.  
 Neer CHOU L (where cheaply yet he shall not fall :  
 The purpled Sea *there* boyling o're with blood)  
 He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,  
 By *Fleets* of EGYPT and CAMBAYA joyn'd;

30

There shall *ennumerable* Enemies  
 (Who, with *great* force alone, *great* *Vertue* tire)  
 The *Wind* that fails, *Danger* that multiplies,  
 Upon the *Sea* ; against him *All* conspire.  
 Now from their *Graves* let all the *Antients* rise,  
 A *pattern* to behold of noble *Ire* :  
 They shall behold another *SEVA*, skill'd  
 How to *dye* piece-meal, but not how to *yield*.

31.

Rob'd of a *Thigh* (which an unlucky *shot*  
 In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)  
 Still does he use his *Arms* ; These fail him not,  
 Nor his great *Heart*, uncapable of *Feare* :  
 Until another *Bullet* breaks the knot  
 Wherewith his *Soul* and *Body* marryed were.  
 The *prison* open, she escapes : and straight  
 Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

SOUL E, go in *Peace* ; from furious *War* retire,  
 In midst of which *Thou* inward *Peace* shalt find.  
 The BODY, *Him* who got it will inspire  
 With *high* revenge, when he shall see't disjoyn'd.  
 I hear a rumbling *storm*, I see the *fire*  
 Of *Sacres*, *Drakes*, and *Basiliks*, combin'd  
 With fell and home-destruction to rebuke  
 The fierce CAMBAYAN and black MAMALUKE.

33.

Behold ! the *Father* comes a mad man like,  
 In whom for ma st'ry *Grief* with *Fury* vyes ;  
 Whilst at one time paternal love doth *strike*  
*Fire* on his *Heart*, pumps *water* from his *Eyes*.  
 A noble *Anger* whispers him, his *Pyke*  
 Shall blood his *Foes*, so that the *Tyde* shall rise  
 In their drown'd *Decks* knee-deep : *NYLU* : shall bear,  
*INDU* : shall see his *Blows*, and *GANGA* : hear.

34.

As a *Corrival'd Bull*, That (practising  
 For a fierce *duel*) fences with the *Oakes*;  
 Or, at the Trunck of a broad *Beech*, doth fling  
 In Thrusts, and with his *Horns* the Ayre provokes:  
 So DON FRANCISCO (e're his *Fleet* he bring  
 In swoln *CAMBAYA's Gulph* to desp'rate strokes)  
 On *DAEUL's* wealthy City whets his Blade,  
 The *Mountain* of her *Pride* a *Level* made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with *her blood*) the *Bay*,  
 Of *DIO*: fam'd for *Sieges*, and *pitch-Fields*:  
 The great but *Coward-Fleet* his look doth fray  
 Of *CALICUT*: which *Oars* for *Lances* weilds.  
 That of *MELIQUE YAZ* (which makes away  
 More flow) with *Bolts* of *VULCAN*, he unbuilds;  
 To the low *bottom* of the *OCEAN* sent:  
 Cold *matrice*, of the *humid Element*.

36.

But that of *MIR HOZEM* (which with close *bords*  
 The rowzed wrath of the *Avenger* stands)  
 Shall swimming see, ith' *Ocean* of their *Lords*,  
*Hands* without *Bodies*, *Bodies* without *Hands*.  
 The rage-blind *Victors*, waving their bright *Swords*,  
 Shall seem to tofs so many *flaming Brands*.  
 What *there* shall be perceiv'd by *Ears*, and *Eyes*,  
 Will be *Smoke* onely, *Iron*, *Fire*, and *Cryes*.

37.

But ah! Of a defeat great *MARS* might boast  
 (Bound for his Native-*Tagus* back again)  
 The Fame and glory shall he lose almost  
 By a sad traverse I foresee too plain.  
 The *CAPE OF STORMS* (which in it's *Desert Coast*  
 His *Bones* and *Memory* shall ay retain)  
 Shames not to ravish from the world a *Soule*  
 Whole *INDIA* could not, and *EGYPT* whole.

38.

By savage *CAPRES*, there, shall *that* be done  
 Which dext'rous *Enemies* could not perform:  
 And by rude *Clubbs* (hardned with fire) alone,  
 What *Arrows Show'r* could not, *Bullet's* storm.  
*GOD's* secret *judgements* are not to be known.  
 Vain *GENTILES* (being a *Book* above their *form*)  
 Call it ill *Fate*, cross *Fortune*, *star* maline;  
 Being solely, purely, *PROVIDENCE DIVINE*.

29.

O! What *new light* beginneth *there* to bud  
 (The SIREN said, and rais'd her Voyce thereat)  
 From the *Melindian Sea*, dy'd with the blood  
 Of LAMO, OCHA, BRAVA, all laid flat  
 By great DE CUNIA; who through all the *Flood*  
 Which laves the *Southern-Isles* and *shores* (but *That*  
 Of MADAGASCAR chiefly) the wide mouth  
 Of FAME shall fill, and threat the unknown *South*.

40.

This *light* is of those *flames* and glit'ring *Arms*  
 Wherewith the stubborn PERSIANS of ORMUZE,  
 Spurning the *yoake*, and valiant to their harms,  
 Fierce ALBURQUERQUE afterwards subdues.  
*There* shall the hissing *Shafts* (like living swarms)  
 Turn'd in the Ayre, their *shooters* Helmets bruize;  
 That they may see, with Eyes though ne're so dim,  
 How GOD will fight for *Them*, that fight for *Him*.

41.

The MOUNTAINS then of SALT will not be able  
 To keep those *Bodies* from corruption  
 Which on the *Coasts* shall lye out (miserable)  
 Of CALAYAT, MASCATE, and GERUN;  
 Until the easie *yoake* and honorable  
 They learn (with all their fierceness) to put on:  
 Forc't by the *Conquerours*, to pay to *Them*,  
 Rich Tribute of their *Pearles* of BAHIREM.

42.

What glorious *Palms* do I see weaving *There*,  
 With which his forehead VICTORY will crown  
 When without shadow or least touch of fear  
 He shall win GOA's Isle of bright renown!  
 But then (the *Storm* obeying) will not bear  
 So great a *Sayle*, and takes that *Bones* down:  
 To reattempt the thing in fitter season:  
 "FORTUNE and MARKS fear *Valour* joyn'd with Reason:

43.

And (see) he does it; charges undismay'd  
 Through *walls*, through *Pykes*; through *Bullets*, and through *fire*;  
 Opens the quilted *Squadrons* with his *Blade*  
 Of MOORS and PAGANS knit in *Leagues* intire!  
 His gallant *Soldiers* in more blood shall wade  
 Then *Lions* pin'd, *Bulls* prickt with love and Ire;  
 Upon the *Feast* (as pat as by designe)  
 Of EGYPT'S *Virgin Martyr*, KATHERINE.

44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and flye,  
 (Though shelter'd in the Bosome of the *Morn*)  
 MALACCA (and the Apple of her Eye)  
 Prou'd of thy wealthy Dow'r as her *first-born*.  
 Thy *poys'on'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*  
 CRYSES I see (thy *Pay* That do not scorn)  
 MALACCANS *amorous*, valiant JAVANS;  
 Shall all obey the LUSITANIANS.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the *SIREN* in the praise  
 Of the illustrious *ALBUQUERQUE* sung;  
 But she remembers one harsh *Act*, which weighs  
 Him down, though through the *world* his *Fame* be rung.  
 "A *great Commander* (whom to crop bright *Bays*  
 "On precipitious *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)  
 "Should to his *Men* a *Camrade* rather be,  
 "Then a *Judge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,  
 Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,  
 Of *Season sad*, of *discommodious soyle*,  
 And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;  
 It seems to me of *Savage Breasts* the style,  
 Of an *inhumane* and *insulting Gall*,  
 To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye  
 As *Love* and *humane frailty* qualifie.

47.

*Incest's* detested *Brand* it shall not be,  
 Nor boyst'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin pure*,  
 Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,  
 But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.  
 Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,  
 Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,  
 Against his *own* he give his rage the reins,  
 With a *black Action* his *white Fame* he stains.

48.

With his *CAMPASPE ALEXANDER* spy'd,  
*APELLES* took, and upon *Him* bestows  
 Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier try'd*  
 Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rate *Foes*.  
 That sower *ARASPAS* in the *Rays* is fride  
 Of his fair Charge *PANTHEA*, *CYRUS* knows;  
 Having profess't to be her *Guardian true*,  
 And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

But

49.

But the illustrious PERSIAN, seeing love.  
Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)  
Acquits him streight, and onely doth remove,  
Where he may serve him well in recompence.  
The Iron BALDWIN (much his Rank above)  
By stealth Espouses JUDITH; yet th'offence  
Her great Sire pardons (needing such a man)  
And gives them FLANDERS, whence those Earls began.

50.

But her long Song the Nymph continuing,  
Of SUAREZ (who his Standard doth display  
On the red coast of ARABIE) did sing:  
ABASIA's hindmost shore, and BARBORA  
(Neighb'ring ZEYLA's Emporium) fear the Thing  
She feels; nor less then Mecca, and GIDDA,  
Filthy MEDINA quakes, where MAHOMET  
In his Steel-Hamac lies in a cold swer.

51.

Also the noble Isle of TAPORANE:  
For by that name it was as fam'd of yore  
As by another now 'tis Sovereign  
Of the hot fragrant Barke, of which 't has store.  
Of which, she to the STANDART LUSIANE  
Shall pay sweet Tribute: when (percht proudly o're  
COLUMBO's highest steeple) that shall be  
More fear'd by Her, then by her Neighbours, she.

52.

Through the Red-Sea SREQUEYRA a new way  
To Thee, vast Land of PRESTER JOHN, shall show;  
CANDACE'S Nest, and Her's, who, to survay.  
The Wisdome of great SOLOMON; did go.  
From Cisterns water'd, He, shall see MACUA:  
Shall see her neighb'ring Port of ARCHICE:  
And cause new Isles to be discover'd, which  
With Modern wonders shall the World enrich.

53.

MENESES comes the next, whose sword shall serve  
In AFFRICK for the wreaths he here shall wear.  
He prowd ORMOOZ (That from her faith will swerve)  
A double Tribute shall constrain to beare.  
Thou GAMA too (who wilt it well deserve  
Which two exiles) the third time thou com'st there  
(An Earl, Vice-Roy, and Admiral) the Land,  
Which thou hast now discover'd, shalt command:

54.

But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none  
 Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)  
 Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,  
 Where thou shalt out the person of thy *King*.  
 Streight will another *MENNES* (old alone  
 In *wisdome*) have the *Sov'raign* managing  
 Of the *Affairs*: (And *Happy HENRY* shall  
 Behind him leave a name perpetual.

55.

For he shall quell not onely *MALABARS*,  
 Razing *PANANE* and *COULET'S* walls,  
 Incountring *Cannon*, clapping on *Petars*,  
 And hurling *wild-fire* in sulphureous *Balls*;  
 But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of *MARS*;  
 Quell the *SOULE'S* *Enemie's* sev'n *Generals*:  
 Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,  
 In a *young man* the sum of excellence.

56.

His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,  
 Thou, valiant *MASKARENIA'S* shouldst succeed:  
 But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*  
 It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.  
 Thy courage, *Admiration* and *Esteem*  
 (Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,  
 If unjust *FORTUNE* shall deny the *might*,  
*VERTUE* will give the *merit*, *LAW* the *Right*.

57:

Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of *BINTAN*.  
 Thou shalt perform, *MALACCA'S* *Foe*: her *score*  
 Of *Ills* in one day *paying*, which *That* ran  
 Into, for many a hundred year before.  
 With patient courage, more then of a man,  
*Dangers*, and *Toyles*, sharp *Spikes*, *Hills* always hoare,  
*Spears*, *Arrows*, *Trenches*, *Bulwarks*, *Fire* and *Sword*,  
 That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.

Meane while *Ambition*, *Avarice* to boot,  
 In *INDIA* setting up with open face  
 Against *GOD*, and his *justice*, are a *Root*  
 Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.  
 "To trample on *weak Right* with a *prowd Foot*,  
 "Presuming on the *pow'r*, and upper place,  
 "No *Conquest* is: *He* conquers with *Renown*.  
 "Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a *CROWN*."

59.

Yet I deny not, but SAMPAYO shall  
 Be of rare Valour for all this; on *Seas*  
 Shewing himself a thund'ring GENERALI,  
 Which he shall people with Foes Carcasses.  
 In BACANORE begins he to appall  
 The MALABAR, that he may after tease  
 (Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)  
 Bold 'CUTIALE, and his num'rous *Fleet*:

40

Ev'n *that* of DIO (so *resolv'd* and *great*  
 That *his* at CHOUL will give it self for lost)  
 By HECTOR OF SILVEYRA shall he beate,  
 And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.  
 The LUSTANIAN HECTOR: who shall get,  
 Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck* Coast,  
 A name, that *He* doth GUZARATS annoy,  
 No less then GREEK: the HECTOR did of TROY.

41.

CUNIA is fierce SAMPYO's successfour.  
 The *Ship of State* he long doth wisely steer.  
 Of CHALE he erects the lofty Tower,  
 Whilst famous DIO quakes to be so neer.  
 The strong BAZAIN shall render to his pow'r,  
 But with much blood; MELIQUE groaning here  
 To see a way o're his prow'd *Rampire* made.  
 By the sole dint of *Lustanian* Blade.

42.

After *Him* comes NORONIA, whose good *Star*  
 From DIO the fierce RUMES packing sends:  
 DIO, which the through-practis'd Breast in War  
 Of ANTHONY SILVEYRA well defends.  
*Death's Writs* upon NORONIA served are:  
 When a brave Branch of Thine (O GAMA!) bends  
 His shoulders to the *Government*; the fright  
 Of whose great name shall turn the *red Ses* white.

43.

Out of thy STEPHEN'S hand shall take the rain  
 One in BRASILE before high fame that wan;  
 The great *French Pyrat* overcome and slain,  
 Who shall be terrour of that *Ocean*.  
 Made after *Gen'ral* of the INDIAN MAIN  
 The no less prow'd, then fortifide DAMAN,  
 He enters first: where, having made a *breach*,  
 'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way t'impeach,

To

64.

To *Him* *CAMBAYA'S* King, proud above measure,  
 Of wealthy *DIO* gives the famous *Fort*;  
 Against the *GREAT MAGUL*, mighty in treasure,  
 To ayd him his *Dominions* to support.  
 Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,  
 The Pagan King of *CALICUT* take short  
 That would have past him: with no little loss  
 Sending him home again by weeping cross.

65.

Destroy shall *He* the City *REPULIM*  
 Making her *King* with many quit the place,  
 And after by the *Cape* of *COMORIM*  
 Perform a deed that shall the *Nine* disgrace.  
 The *Navy Royal* of the *Samorim*,  
 That thinks it may to all the world give chace,  
 With fire and sword he overcomes, and breaks.  
 In *BRADALA* shall his *Blade* play *Rex*.

66.

*INDIA*, thus weeded with his *Sword* of *Foes*,  
 He comes to rule with *Scepter* afterward;  
 Finds dangers *none*, finds none so bold t'oppose.  
 All hush, All tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.  
 Onely *BATICALA* a longing shows  
 To fare as well as *BRADALA* far'd.  
 She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps cast:  
 With fire and *Ball* disfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This shall be *MARTIN*, or a little *MARS*,  
 From whom his *Deeds* he'll take, as well as *name*:  
 As stout for execution in all wars,  
 As wise to play the fairest of his Game.  
*CASTRO* succeeds; advancing to the stars  
 Of *PORTUGAL* the *Standard* and the *Fame*.  
 Fit successeur to *MARTIN*: *DIO'S Fort*  
 The one shall raise, the other shall support.

68.

Fierce *PERSIANS*, *Abassins*; *RUMES* (who boast  
 Their name from *ROME*) complexions various,  
 And various *Modes* (for to this *Leaguer* post  
 A thousand *Nations* keen and furious)  
 Heav'n to the world accuse with labour lost,  
 That so few men should nestle in their House.  
 In blood of *PORTUGALLS*, by their *no faith*  
 They swear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

Drakes



69.

Drakes, horrid Basilisks, Engines of Wood  
 As bad as either, secret Mines and Plots,  
 Hath MASCARENIA S with his Men withstood,  
 Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:  
 When, in the utmost stress of Flesh and Blood,  
 CASTRO (their Freer) his two Sons devotes,  
 That everlasting Honour they may gain,  
 And Sacrifices to their GOD be slain.

70.

FERNAND (this lofty Cedar's highest Bough,  
 Where with a hideous crack a close Mine sprung  
 Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)  
 Shall in a sheet of Fire to Heav'n be flung.  
 ALVAR, when Winter swathes the Earth in Snow,  
 And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung;  
 These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,  
 And fights the Elements to fight the Foes.

71.

Loe, now the Father follows with full sail,  
 And the Remainder of the Lusian force!  
 He with strong Hand and Head of more avail,  
 Gives a brave lucky Battail to the MORE S.  
 Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail;  
 And where there is, the Rampires are his dore S.  
 Such that day's Feates, so terrible the Blowes,  
 They will not stand in Verse, nor lye in Prose.

72.

Then (loe!) he to the great CAMBAYAN KING  
 Presents himself a Victor in the Field:  
 Pale Fear into the Face of him doth fling,  
 And of his furious Horse, which ground shall yield.  
 Nor HYDALCAN shall from the Conquering  
 Army, with all his might, his Country sheild.  
 DABUL sack'd on the Coast; Inland PONBANDIT  
 Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all Quarters hurl'd,  
 (All worthy wonder, and Fame's strongest blast)  
 Making themselves brave MARBS in the World;  
 The joyes of VENUS's Isle shall fitly tast;  
 Trayling triumphant standarts through the curl'd  
 Amphitheater of the Ocean vast:  
 And they shall find those Nymphs, these furnish'd Bords,  
 Which are the Harvest of Victorious Swords.

74.

Heer the *Nymph* ended: And the others *All*  
 Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse;  
 Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:  
 Where, look how many *Hearts*, so many *joys*.  
 THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOT'RING BAL  
 (They all reiterate as with one Voyce)  
 RENOWNED PEOPLE YOU SHALL NEVER LACK,  
 WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HINGES CRACK:

75.

When now Corporeall Necessity  
 Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;  
 And seen the Acts the *Nymph* did prophecy  
 In *Musickall Poetick Raptures* clad:  
 THIRTYs, adorn'd with grace and gravity;  
 (That shee of *glory* may new *quilas* add  
 To the high blifs of that triumphant day)  
 Unto the *Happy GAMA* thus did say.

76.

The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchsaf'd thee, *Knight*,  
 The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes  
 What the *vain Science*, what the *erring Light*,  
 Of miserable *Man* cannot comprize.  
 Thou, with the rest, up this dark *Cops* forth-right  
 Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise.  
 This having said, shee hands him through a *Wood*,  
 Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.

They marcht not long, when of the arduous *Hill*  
 They gain the top; where an inameld *Flat*  
 (In a *Field Em'rauld*) powdred *Rubies* fill,  
 Making them think old *PARADICE* was *That*  
 Heer, in the Ayre a *GLOBE*, (by wondrous skill  
 So fram'd with *Thorough Lights*) they contemplat,  
 That th'unresisted Eye the *Center* sees,  
 As plainly as the *superficies*.

78

The matter of it did their Eye-sight pose:  
 That it consisted yet discern'd they well  
 Of *Orbs*, which the *Divine Hand* did compose,  
 And in the middle did the *Center* dwell.  
 Rouling, it *sometimes fell*, and *sometimes rose*,  
 And yet it *never rose*, it *never fell*:  
 Throughout *one Face*, throughout its *period*,  
 Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of *God*,  
 Infinite,

79.

Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd;  
 Brief, like the ARCHITECT that made the same.  
 Seeing this admirable *Globe*, surpriz'd  
 With wonder and desire was our DE GAME.  
 To whom the GODDESS thus; Epitomiz'd  
 I shew thee heer the UNIVERSALL FRAME,  
 That thou maist read, in *Print* and *Volume* small,  
 Whether Thou goest, and shalt goe, and Thine shall.

80.

The WORLD'S great *Fabrick* thou dost heer descry  
*Heav'nly* and *Elementall*: for just so  
 'Twas made, by that *All-wisdome*, that *All-eye*,  
 Which no *beginning* knew, no *end* shall know:  
 Which *interweaved* in each *part* doth lye,  
 And round the fair *Work* like a *Border*. goe:  
 'Tis GOD: But what GOD is, poses *Man's* wit,  
 Nor can *short Line* fathome the INFINIT.

81.

*This*, which is *first*, and doth (as in a *Nest*  
 of *Boxes*) all the other *Orbs* comprize,  
 Darting such radiant *Beames*, as *Mortall Brest*.  
 Cannot *conceive*, much less *behold* *Mans* *Eyes*;  
 Is call'd the EMPYREAN, where the *blest*  
 Enjoy that *good*, the *World* wants *similies*  
 To cast a shadow of, and which *good* None  
 Can understand, except *it self* alone.

82

There is no *true*, no glorious GOD, but *There*:  
 For SATURN, JANUS, JUNO, JOVE, and I,  
 Vain *Creatures* only, and blind *Figments* were  
 Berwixt *Mans* *pride*, and *Mans* *Idolatri*,  
 To stick as *Stars* in the *Poetick* *Sphere*:  
 From whence again w' are borrow'd, by and by,  
 For to distinguish the *true* *Stars* in *Heav'n*,  
 To which ASTRONOMERS our Names have giv'n.

83

As likewise because HOLY PROVIDENCE  
 (Which shadow'd is by JUPITER in Verse)  
 Doth by a thousand *Ministers* dispence  
 His *Gifts* to the supported UNIVERSE,  
 And sacred *Prophets* oft impart their sence  
 In *mystick* *Parables* which they reherse;  
 And tell us Men are favoured by the *good*,  
 By the *ill* *spirits* hurt, unless withstood:

## 84.

Now comes **T H E P O E T**, who would *teaching please*,  
 And *pleasing teach*, and mix *variety*;  
 And *He* the self-same Names bestows on *These*  
 The **H E A T H E N S** did upon their *Genii*  
 And *feigned Gods*; for I can shew with *Ease*,  
 That **A N G E L L S** ev'n in *holy Poetry*  
 Are called *Gods*; nor *Sacred Writ* denies  
 That ev'n the *Ill* this *glorious Name* belyes.

## 85.

In fine **A L M I G H T Y G O D** (who rules the round  
*World*, by his *Second Causes*) He commands.  
 But (to return to open the profound  
 And heav'nly *operations* of his *Hands*)  
 Within this *Sphære*, where the *pure Soules* abound  
 In endless *Bliss* (which *sphere* *unmoved* stands)  
 Another runs so *swiftly*; and so *still*,  
 'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the **F I R S T M O V A B I L**.

## 86.

The *motion rapt* of this **F I R S T M O B I L** draws  
 All the rest after, which with it are linkt.  
 The hurried *Sun* from his own bent and laws  
 Makes *Night* and *day* by this **R A P T O R E**'s instinct.  
 The **N I N T H** moves next, so curb'd, with so great pawse,  
 That whilst **S O L**'s lamp (which never is extinct)  
 Ends it's *true course* about the **Z O D I A C E**  
 Two hundred times, *This* but one step doth make.

## 87:

Behold the **E I G H T H** goes under *That*, imbost  
 With *Sleek* and *radiant Bodies*! These likewise  
 Besides the *motion rapt* with which they post.  
 Move on their *proper Axe* with twinkling *Eyes*.  
 See with how rich a *Belt* this *Orb* is crost!  
 How broad, how glitt'ring with *Embroideries*!  
 Where the twelve *Starry Animals* do make  
 The *Sun's twelve Houses* in the **Z O D I A C E**.

## 88.

Behold in other *Parts* what knots of *Gold*  
 This **F I R M A M E N T** displays! the **D R A G O N** there  
 Behold! **C H A R L E S - W A Y N**, and **C Y N O S U R A** cold!  
**A N D R O M E D A**, and her old *Sire* severe!  
**C A S S I O P E A**'s sparckling eyes behold!  
 And turbulent **O R I O N**, *Sea-mens* feare!  
 Behold the **S W A N**, which dying is not mute,  
 The **H A R E**, the **D O O S**, the **S H I P**, and the sweet, **L U T E**.  
 Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,  
 Loe, in the SEV'NTH dull SATURN takes his place!  
 Propitious JOVE inthron'd in the SIXT sky:  
 Next (Foe to Man) MARS rides with fiery Face:  
 Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:  
 The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:  
 Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEAR:  
 Three-shapt DIANA marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these PLANETS motions different  
 Thou maist perceive, some *speedy*, and some *slow*:  
 Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,  
 Now stooping closer to the Earth below,  
 As seem'd best to the OMNIPOTENT,  
 Who made the Fire and Ayre, the Wind and Snow:  
 Those (clos'd within the Heav'ns) each other enter,  
 And both the Waves, and Earth: the common Center.

91.

Upon this Center is the seat of MAN:  
 Who, not content in his presumptuous pride  
 T'expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,  
 Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean wide.  
 Behold the various Parts that Ocean  
 With interfused dangers doth divide!  
 Where various Nations dwell, various Kings raign,  
 Who various Worships, various Laws maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head  
 In Arms and civill Arts then all the rest!  
 See untill'd AFFRICK, covetous, ill-bred,  
 Wanting ev'n things whereof shee is possfest,  
 With her great CAPE (by you discovered)  
 Which NATURE towards the South-Pole address'd  
 See all this Neck with People infinite  
 Almost, who neither *doe* nor *know* what's right!

93.

See the great Empire of MONOMOTAPÉ,  
 With naked savage People black and grim;  
 In which the good GONSALVO shall not scape  
 A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for Him!  
 In this blinde HEMISPHERE (short of the CAPE)  
 The Mettle grows for which pale Mortals swim  
 Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake  
 From whence, with QUAMA, NYLÉ this way doth make!

94.

Behold the NEGROES Houses, without doores,  
 Whom both the Poverty of their *Straw-nests*,  
 The *Laws*, and *justice* of their King secures,  
 And the black *Candor* of their Neighbours Brests.  
 Loe, a vast Army of these bruitish MOORES,  
 Like a dark Band of *Stares* (devouring Guests)  
 Against SOFALA'S batter'd Fort will bend  
 Their strength, which NAYA bravely shall defend.

95.

See *there* the very Spring, and Head of NYLE,  
 Which fled (though dearly fought) the ANTIENS eyes!  
 See how it laves (spawning the CROCODYLE)  
 The ABBASIN, who upon CHRIST relies!  
 See where (a better Fence then Walls) a File  
 Of Hills they *man* against their Enemies!  
 See MEROE, an *Isle* of ancient Fame:  
 Which now NOVA the Natives of it name!

96.

In this *In-land* a Son of Thine great fame  
 Shall win against the proud CIRCASSIAN;  
 And DON CRISTOVAL shall be *that Son's* name:  
 But against Fate can stand no mortal man.  
 See, see, that way thy shatter'd Navy came  
 MELINDE'S dear and hospitable stran!  
 Mark well the RAPTO (Natives call't OBE)  
 Which at QUILMANCE roul's into the Sea.

97:

See the Cape call'd of old AROMATA,  
 But GUARDAFU which now the *Dwellers* call;  
 Where the RED-SEA (so famous) doth Embay,  
 Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the Wall  
 Or running *Boundarie*, which ASIA  
 Divides from AFFRICK: And the principal  
*Cities*, that on the *Affrick-side* are seen,  
 Are ARCHICHO, MACUA, and (chief) SUANQUEN.

98.

See farthest SUEZ, HEROPOLYS of old,  
*City of Heroes* (so do some conceive)  
*Others*, that this was the ARSINOE hold:  
 But EGYPT'S Navies it doth now receive!  
 The very place great MOSES past, behold,  
 When with his Rod he did the Waters cleave!  
 ASIA begins. Her self she doth present  
 In *limits* vast, in *Kingdoms* opulent.

## 99.

Mount S I N A I see, and tremble ev'ry lim,  
 From whence when M O S E S came his face did shine!  
 See T O R O, and G I D D A, in *wealth* that swim,  
 Yet want *Spring-water* pure and *crystalline*!  
 See the *Streight's* other jaw, having for Brim  
 The Realm of dry A D E N; which doth confine  
 With *Mountains* of A R Z I R A, which (they tell)  
 Are all one Rock, whereon *Raine* never fell.

## 100

Behold the T H R E E A R A B I A S, so wide-spread,  
 All *Tawny-Moors*, All *Thieves* therein that dwell:  
 Whence come the *Horses* for the *Warriour* bred,  
 Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.  
 Behold the *Coast* by which thine Eyes are led  
 T'another *Gulph* (the *Persian*) there to swell  
 Into a C A P E; which by F A R T A Q U E's name  
 (Ow'd to the *there known City*) shuts the 'same!

## 111.

See famous D O F A R, which did ever boast  
 The sweetest *smoke* to make the *Altar* steam.  
 Mark *here* (where R O S O L G A T your eye hath lost  
 And barren shores) begins A R M U Z A's *Ream*!  
 It lyes extended all on the *Sea-Coast*,  
 And shall fit F A M E with an immortal *Theam*,  
 When T U R K S's fierce *Fleet*, and blushing *Moons* dismayd,  
 Shall see unsheathed C A S T E L B R A N C O's *Blade*.

## 112.

Behold the C A P E O F A S A B O R, they call  
 At present M O S A N D A N who sail that way;  
 At bottom of the *Gulph*, which hath for wall  
 Rich P E R S I A here, There B L E S T A R A B I A!  
 Mark well B A R E M, an *Island* bord'rd all  
 With *Pearls*, whose colour mocks the springing day.  
 In the salt waves commanded by her eye  
 The famous T I O R I S and E U F R A T E S *dye*!

## 113.

The noble *Empire* of great P E R S I A see,  
 Always on horse-back, always in the War:  
 Who think it base to have *Artillerie*,  
 Or Hands not hardned with the *Cymetar*!  
 But mark the Isle G R R U N, what a proof *she*  
 Is of the pow'r of T I M E to *make*, and *mar*!  
 Of O R M U Z E City (which was once elsewhere)  
 She *now* the *glory* and the *name* doth beare.

104.

Heer DON PHELIP OF MENESSE: shall  
 Approve himself a glorious *Man at Arms*,  
 When with a very few of PORTUGALL  
 He shall at LARA quell whole *Persian* swarms.  
 Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,  
 Give them bold *charges*, give them sharp *Allarms*,  
 And the *Reversion* of that *Sword*, whose dint  
 Struck fire before, on raz'd AMPAZA'S flint.

105.

But let us leave the *Streight*, and *Cape* well known  
 Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)  
 With all that *Land* (which *Nature* doth not own  
 By any Act of *Liberality*)  
 Whilom CARMANIA, Habitation  
 Of the old ITIOPHAGUES. Now wipe thine *Ey*,  
 And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder *Mountain*,  
 Near which flows GANGES from a higher *Fountain*:

106.

See heer, where *Nature* prodigall hath bin,  
 The *Kingdom* of ULCINDE; and the long  
 Bay of JAQUETE, where the *Waves* flow in  
 With speed incredible, as fast out-throng!  
 CAMBAYA see, where this *Gulph* doth begin,  
 In *wealth* and *people* infinite and strong!  
 A thousand *Cities* here un-nam'd I leave,  
 Which shall the *yoake* of PORTUGALL receive.

107.

See where the celebrated *Indian* shore  
 Runs *Southward* to the CAPE of COMORRE  
 (Call'd in old time COREE) which lyes right ore  
 Against CRYLAN (TRAPROBANE anciently)  
 Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more  
 Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)  
 Lands, *Victories*, and *Cities* shall obtain,  
 In which they many *Ages* shall remain.

108.

Behold in various *Countreys* (plac'd betwixt  
 These *Rivers*) *Nations* almost infinite:  
 Some *Pagans*, some *Mahumetans* (well mixt)  
 To whom the *Devil* did their *Laws* indite!  
 Behold NARSINGA'S *Realm*, to which is fixt  
 A *holy Relique* of a blessed *Wight*,  
 St THOMAS'S body, who was not deny'de  
 To thrust his *Fingers* into JESUS'S side!

Here



## 109.

Heer stood the City call'd MELIOPORR,  
 Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;  
 The Idols ancient she did adore  
 As still doe those of her prophane descent:  
 Farr was she seated then from the Sea-shore,  
 Whenas the Gospel through the whole world sent,  
 THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same  
 In all the Provinces through which he came.

## 110.

Arrived preaching, and administering  
 Life to the dead, and health unto the sick;  
 The sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring  
 A floating Tree, unmeasurably thick,  
 For a vast Pyle in hand desires the King  
 To frame a Beame of this prodigious stick;  
 And makes accompt. on shore to drag it then,  
 By force of Engines, Elephants, and Men.

## 111.

So heavy 'tis, All these have not the might  
 To stir the Log that on the Water lyes.  
 But the true CHRIST's true Nuntio hath a slight  
 To doe it without trouble, without noyse.  
 He draws it to him like some Matter light  
 With a small Cord, which to the Trunk he tyes:  
 Wherewith a sumptuous House for GOD to raise,  
 To stand a pattern for succeeding days.

## 112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee  
 Should say unto a Mountain deaf, Remove;  
 Ev'n that deaf Mountain would removed bee:  
 As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove,  
 This doe the people stand aghast to see,  
 The BRAMENS know it must be from Above:  
 Seeing his Miracle, seeing his life,  
 These fear the fall of their prerogative.

## 113

They are the HEATHENS PRIESTS, in whom alone  
 Envie the bowels of her Gall hath shed.  
 A thousand plots and Trains they think upon,  
 How THOMAS may be silenc'd, or be dead.  
 A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,  
 The Chief of These That wear the Triple-shred:  
 Which proves, "No Foe so bloody, so severe,  
 As Hypocritick Vertue to sincere.

114.

He murders his own Son, and charges it  
 Forthwith on THOMAS who was innocent:  
*False witness* brings (There nothing hard to git)  
 Through which, the *Man's* condemn'd incontinent,  
 The *Saint* (having no way to be acquit,  
 But by *Appeal* to the OMNIPOTENT)  
 Resolves, in presence of the *King* and *Court*,  
 To work a *Miracle* of the great fort.

115.

He bids the *Corps* be laid in view of *All*,  
 That it may rise and be examin'd There  
 Touching the question'd *Fact*, and whom *that* shall  
 Accuse, let *him* be held the *murtherer*.  
 In name of *JESUS* crucifi'd, i' th' *Hall*  
 They see the *Youth* stand up, record to bear:  
 Who (thanking THOMAS for his life) descride  
 His *Father* to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*  
 The *King* receives, and *many* with the *King*.  
*Some* kiss the *Hem* of THOMAS garment, *Some*  
 The praises of the *God* of THOMAS sing.  
 The *BRAMENS* swell with such an *odium*,  
 Through *Envy's* now imposthumating sting,  
 That (thereunto perswading the blind *Rout*)  
 They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,  
 They feign'd a quarrell' mongst the multitude  
 (For *CHRIST* himself hath sign'd him now his *Pass*  
 To climbe to *Heav'n* by way of *Martyr-hood*)  
 A showre of *Stones*, which *GOD's* commission has,  
 Flyes in his *Face*: who all their *Tempest* stood.  
 One (whose *Bloud-thirstiness* could not abide  
 Delay) with cruell *Spear* did broach his side.

118

GANGES and *INDUS* did Thee, THOMAS, weep;  
 Wept thee the *Countreys* all which thou hadst trod:  
 But, *holy Shepherd*, wept thee most thy *sheep*,  
 Whom thou didst deck with *Faith*, (the *Cloth* of *GOD*).  
 Only the *ANGELS* holy-day did keep  
 For Thee, whom *God* did comfort with his *Rod*:  
 Laughing, and Singing, These thy *Soule* transport  
 With *golden sailes* to her *celestiall Port*.

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this *Saint*)  
 To be the great *Ambassadors* of GOD;  
 (Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,  
 When with your *Errand* ye should go abroad?  
 If, y' are the *Salt* oth' *Earth*, and at home taint  
 (No *Prophet* being esteem'd in his *Aboad*)  
 Who now shall falt (I bayte you *Paganism*)  
 So much of *Hereſie*, ſo much of *Sciſm*.

120.

But tread we light a bog ſo dangerous,  
 Returning to the *Coaſt* from whence we ſtray'd.  
 With this great *City* and illuſtrious,  
 Begins the *GULPH GANGETICK* to be made;  
*NARSINGA*, next, lies rich and populous;  
 Next *ORYXA* her cloth of gold doth lade;  
 Fam'd *GANGES*: at the bottom of the *Bay*  
 To the *Salt-Realm* doth *Silver-Tribute* pay:

121.

*GANGES*, in which his Borderers dye lav'd;  
 Holding it as a certain principle  
 That (be they ne're ſuch *Sinners*) they are fav'd,  
 Bath'd in thoſe ſtreams that flow from *Sacred Well*.  
 The *City CATHIGAN* would not be wav'd;  
 The faireſt of *BENGALA*: who can tell  
 The plenty of this *Province*: but *it's poſt*  
 (Thou ſeeſt) is *Eastern*, turning the *South-Coaſt*.

122:

The *Realm* of *ARRACAN*; *That* of *PEGU*  
 Behold, with *Monſters* firſt inhabited!  
*Monſters*, which from a ſtrange commixtion grew:  
 Such ill effects oſt *Solitude* hath bred.  
 Here (though a barb'rous miſbegotten Crew)  
 Into her way was erring *Nature* led  
 By an invention rare, which a *Queen* fram'd,  
 To cure the *Sin*, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the *City* of *TAVAY*, with which  
 The ſpacious *Empire* of *SIAN* begins!  
*TENASSERI*! *QUEDA*: with pepper rich  
 For which the praiſe ſhe from all other wins!  
*MALACCA* ſee before, where ye ſhall pitch  
 Your great *Emporium*, and your *Magaſins*:  
 The *Rendezvous* of all that *Ocean* round  
 For *Merchandiſes* rich that *there* abound.

124.

From *this* (\*tis said) the Waves impetuous course,  
 Breaking a passage through, from *Main* to *main*,  
 SAMATRA's noble *Isle* of old did force,  
 Which *then* a Neck of Land therewith did chain:  
 That *this* was CHERSONESE till that divorce,  
 And from the wealthy *mines*, that *there* remain,  
 The *Epithite* of GOLDEN had annex:  
*Some* think, it was the OPHYR in the Text.

125.

But, at that *Point* doth CINGAPUX appeare:  
 Where the pincht *Streight* leaves *Ships* no room to play:  
*Heer* the *Coast*, winding to the *Northern Beare*,  
 Faces the fair AURORA all the way.  
 See PAN, PATANE (ancient *Realms* that were)  
 And long SYAN, which *These*, and *more*, obey!  
 The copious *River* of MENAM behold,  
 And the great Lake CHIAMAY from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast *Traet* see an *Infinite*  
 Of *Names* and *Nations* to your WORLD unknown!  
 LAOS, in *Land* and *men* That potent bee!  
 AVAS, BRAINAS, in those long *Hills* o'regrown!  
 In yon far MOUNTAINS other *Nations* see  
 (GUEOS they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!  
 They eat *Mans flesh*, and paint their *own* in knots  
 With *fire*, as ye doe *Rooms* with *watring-pots*.

127.

The River MECON (which they *Captain* style  
 Of *Waters*) see; CAMBOYA on his brink!  
 He overflows the *Land* for many a mile:  
 So many other *Rivers* doth he drink.  
 Set times he hath of *flowing* (like cool NYLI):  
 The near *Inhabitants* *brutishly* think,  
 That *pain* and *glory*, after this *Life's* end  
 Ev'n the *brute* *Creatures* of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable Brim  
 The wet and ship-wrackt SONO receive shall *Hee*  
 Which in a lamentable plight shall swim  
 From shoals and Quickfands of tempestuous *Sea*,  
 (The dire effect of *Exile*) when on *Him*  
 Is executed the unjust Decree:  
 Whose repercussive LYRI shall have the Fate  
 To be *renowned* more then *Fortunate*.

Heer

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coast that's call'd CHAMPA,  
 Whose Groves smell hot of Calambuco wood:  
 Heer CAUCHINCHINA, and heer AYNAM's Bay,  
 Both *One* and t'*Other* little understood.  
 Heer the great Empire (famous for large sway,  
 And its vast Wealth's unfathomable Flood)  
 Of CHINA runs: calling *all this* her *owne*  
 From burning Cancer to the frozen Zone.

130.

See the stupendious *Mönster* of a WALL  
 'Twixt *this* and the TARTARIAN EMPIRE set:  
 A witness to the World perpetuall  
 Of Regall Pow'r immeasurably great!  
 The KING these have, was *born* no Prince, nor shall  
 Reign after him the Children he shall get:  
 But one chose by the People of Renown  
 For *qualities* proportion'd to a CROWN.

131.

Much of the WORLD being now conceal'd from *you*  
 A time will come when it shall *all* be show'd.  
 But by all means the *Islands* thou must view,  
 Where Nature seems most cost to have bestow'd.  
 This, shadow'd half, which CHINA answers to,  
 (By which, at distance flanking it, 'tis Wood)  
 JAPAN is, yeelding the best *Silver-mine*:  
 Which th'*Evangellick Furnace* shall refine.

132.

Through all these *Oriental* Seas behold,  
 Sown infinite of *Isles* that have no name!  
 TIDORE see! TERNATE, whence are roll'd  
 (Holding black *Night* a Torch) thick *Plumes* of Fame!  
 See *Trees* of burning Cloves, that shall be sold  
 For LUSIANS blood, and water'd with the same!  
 Heer are those *golden Birds*, which to the ground  
 Never descend, and only *dead* are found.

133.

See BANDA'S *Isles*, inameld curiously  
 With various *Colours* which the *red fruit* paints;  
 With various *Birds*, from Tree to Tree that fly,  
 To take their *tribute* of the NUTMEG-PLANTS!  
 Behold BORNEO likewise, in which dry  
 Coagulated Liquor never wants  
 From a fat Tree which CAMFORA they name,  
 For which this *Isle* is in the *Book* of FAME!

134.

There (look you!) is *TIMOR*, that sends the Wood  
 Call'd *Saunders*, *Physicall* and *Odorous*.  
 See *SUNDA*, painted at half face; so broad  
 That the *South-side* lies now quite hid from *Us*!  
 The *Natives* here (and *Those* who from abroad  
 Travail the *Land*) of a miraculous  
*River* report; which, where it slides alone,  
 The *wood* that falls therein, converts to *Stone*.

135.

In *that* (which *TIME*, I told you, made an *Isle*;  
 Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expels)  
 Two wonders see, a *Fountain* that runs *Oyle*;  
 And *Balsamum* that from *Another* wells,  
 Sweeter then *that*, *ADONIS* Mother vile  
 Weeps in the *BLEST ARABIA* where she dwels.  
 And see, how having *these* (which none else have)  
 Shee with soft *silk* too, and fine *Gold* is brave!

136.

See in *CEYLAN* a *mountain* whose proud Head  
 Above the *Cloudy Region* doth appear!  
 The *Natives* count it *holy* for the tread  
 Of a *Man's* foot which on a *Stone* is *there*.  
 In the *MALDIVA ISLES* a *Plant* is bred  
 (Of vertue under-water) which doth bear  
 The *COCO-APPLE*, against working *Bane*,  
 An *Antidote* approved *Soveraign*.

137.

Against the *RED-SEA'S* mouth *SOCOTORA*  
 Fam'd for the bitter *Aloes* behold!  
 See other *Isles* of sandie *AFRICA*,  
 Whose *Coast* too ye shall conquer! Hither roll'd  
 That *Lump* is, which Divine *PANCHAYA*  
 Out-smels: of unknown birth, more rare then *Gold*.  
 Behold *St LAWRENCE* his renowned *Isle*,  
 Which otherwise they *MADAGASCAR* stile!

138.

Thus hast thou all the *Regions* of the *EAST*,  
 Which by *Thee* giv'n unto the *WORLD* is now:  
 Opening a way with an undaunted Brest  
 Through that vast *Sea* which none before did plough.  
 But it is likewise reason, in the *WEST*  
 That of a *LUSIAN* too *one* Action Thou  
 Shouldst understand; who (angry with his *King*)  
 Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

See

139

See *there* another *WORLD*, which from the *North*  
 Extends it self to the oppos'd *Pole*,  
 And shall be one day proud to have brought forth  
 The *Ore*, that imitates the beams of *SOL!*  
 Your Friend *CASTEEL* (as *guerdon* of her worth)  
 Shall throw the *Collar* on this ragged *Foale*:  
 Where various *Nations* dwell, various *Kings* raigh,  
 Who various *worships*, various *Laws* maintain.

140.

But *PORTUGALL* shall have her share there too,  
 Mark't with *red wood*, and *SANTACRUZ* call'd than;  
 Descry'd by the first Fleet, *she* after *you*  
 Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that *stran*.  
 Alongst this *Coast* (to find out, and to view  
 The end thereof) shall wander *MAGELLAN*;  
 Who in reality of *Fact* shall be  
 A *PORTINGALL*, but not in *loyaltie*.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way  
 Towards the *POLE ANTARTICK* from the *LINE*;  
 Men of *Gigantick* bulk he shall survey,  
 Inhabiting the *parts* which *there* adjoin;  
 And (farther on) that *STREIGHT*, which shall for ay  
 Be honor'd with his name. *This* leads in fine  
 To a *new sea*, and by a *new Land* brings,  
 Which the *South-wind* will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O *PORTINGALS* ye are allow'd  
 Your *Nation's* future *Actions* to survey,  
 Which through the *Sea* by *you* left ope, her proud  
 And never wearied *Ensigns* shall display.  
 Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd  
 Under *Herculean labours*, is the way  
 To please your *Angell-Spouses* bright and fair,  
 That knit immortal Garlands for your *Hair*.

143.

Ye may embarque (for *Wind* and *Weather* fit,  
 And the *Sea* courts you) for your *Counirey* dear.  
 Thus said *shee* to them; and *they* forthwith quit  
 The *Isle of Love*, the *Harbour* of good chear.  
 Noble *Provisions* they take out of It;  
 Take their desir'd desirous *Nymphs* to bear  
 Them company: Whom nothing shall divorce,  
 Whilst in the *Heav'n's* the *Sun* shall run his course.

Thus

144.

Thus went *They* ploughing the appeas'd *MAIN*  
 With always *prosperous Gale*, and always *fair*;  
 Till fight long wight, much long'd for, they obtain  
 Of that dear *Earth* where first they suck't the *Ayr*.  
 Sweet *TAGUS's* Mouth they enter once again:  
 Where to their *King*, and *Master* (whom they *fear*  
 And *love*) for having sent them, the *Renown*  
 They give; and add *new titles* to his *CROWN*.

145.

No more, my *MUSE*, no more; my *Harp's* ill strung,  
 Heavy, and out of tune, and my *Voyce* hoarse:  
 And, not with *singing*, but to see I've sung  
 To a deaf people and without remorse.  
*Favor* (that wont t'inspire the *POET's* tongue)  
 Our *Countray* yeilds it not, she minds the *Purse*  
 Too much; exaling from her *gilded Mud*  
 Nothing but *gross* and *melancholy* blood.

146.

Nor know I by what *fate*, or duller *Chance*,  
*Men* have not *now* that *life*, and gen'ral *rust*,  
 Which made them with a cheerfull countenance  
 Themselves into perpetuall *Action* thrust.  
 You then, O *KING!* whom *Heav'n* reserv'd t'advance  
 At this time to the *Throne* to scoure our *Rust*;  
 Behold (mark else what other *Nations* doe)  
 The Best of *Subjects* doe belong to *You!*

147.

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,  
 Like *fearlesse Lions* and *wilde Bulls* they run;  
 Expos'd to *watch* whole *Nights*, to *fast* whole *days*,  
 To *fire* and *sword*, the *Arrow* and the *Gun*:  
 To *torrid Regions*, and to *frozen Bays*,  
 To *MOORS*, and People that adore the *Sun*;  
 To unknown perils a *new World* to find;  
 To *Whales*, to *shipwracks*, to *tempestuous Wind!*

148.

To *doe* and *suffer* All for *You* prepar'd;  
 And to obey in the remotest *Land*  
 (Though ne'r so *bitter*, and though ne'r so *hard*,  
 Without *Reply*, or *stop*) what *You* command.  
 With *You* they'll charge the *Devill* and his *Guard*  
 Ev'n to the *Gates of Hell*, did *You* but stand  
 A meer *Speſtator* by: and never feare  
 But they will make you too *Victorious there*.

Then



149.

Then warm and glad them with your *present* Rayes,  
*Sweetly majestick*, and severely kind:  
 Their shoulders of their heavie *Taxes* ease:  
 Thus, thus, the path to *Honour* you shall find.  
 Men of *Experience* to your COUNCELL raise,  
 If with *Experience* they have goodnes joyn'd:  
 For such have a more certain *Rule* to tell  
 The *How*, the *When*, the *Where* to do things well.

150.

In their respective *PLACES* count'nance *ALL*;  
 But choose Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.  
 Let *REVEREND CHURCHMEN* to their *Prayers* fall,  
 That *GOD* would bless the *Government* in *you*;  
 And (for the *NATION'S* sins in generall)  
 To *Disciplines* and *Fastings*: for the true  
*CHURCHMEN* (exempted from *Ambition's* heat)  
 Seeks neither to be *Rich*, nor to be *Great*.

151.

Your *NOBLES* and your *GENTRY* highly prize,  
 For *they* their boyling blood undaunted spend,  
 Thereby not only *Christianitie's*;  
 But ev'n your *Empire's* limits to extend:  
 And *He* who to a *Clyme* so distant flies  
 Your *Royall Service* duely to attend,  
 O'recomes *two* *Enemies*; the *Living first*;  
 Excessive *Toile* the *second* and the worst.

152.

*Great Sir*, let never the astonisht *GALL*,  
 The *ENGLISH*, *GERMAN*, and *ITALIAN*,  
 Have cause to say, the fainting *PORTUGALL*  
 Could not *advance* the *GREAT WORK* he *began*.  
 Let your *ADVISERS* be *experienc'd All*,  
 Such as have seen the *World*, and studied *man*:  
 For, though in *SCIENCE* much contained bee;  
 In speciall *Cases PRACTICE* more doth see.

153

*PHORMIAN* (an elegant *Philosofhar*)  
 You may have read how *HANNIBALL* did foole,  
 When, in *his presence*, of the *ART OF WAR*  
 He made a long *Discourse* by *Square* and *Rule*.  
 No, no, the brave *PROFESSION MILITAR*  
 Is not learnt, *SIR*, by *Fancy* in the *Schoole*,  
*Dreaming*, *contemplating*, to *spelling* held;  
 But *seeing*, *sweating*, *fighting* in the *FIELD*.

But

154

But I, who speak in rude and humble *Rhyme*,  
 Not known nor dreamt of by my *Liaisons* at all;  
 Know yet from *mouhths of little ones* sometime  
 The praise of *GREAT ONES* doth compleady fall.  
 I want not *honest studies* from my *Prime*;  
 Nor *long Experience* since to mix withal;  
 I want not *Wit* (such as in *this* you see)  
 Three things, which rarely in *Conjunction* be.

155.

An *Arm* (to serve you) trayn'd in *War* have I,  
 A *Soul* (to sing you) to the *Muses* bent:  
 Onely I want acceptance in your *Eye*,  
 Who owe to *VERTUE* fair encouragement.  
 If *HEAV'N* afford me, *This*; and *you*, some high  
 And brave *EXPLOIT*; worthy a *Monument*  
 Of *Verses*, as my *prophetick* Thoughts presage  
 By what I see now in your tender *Age*:

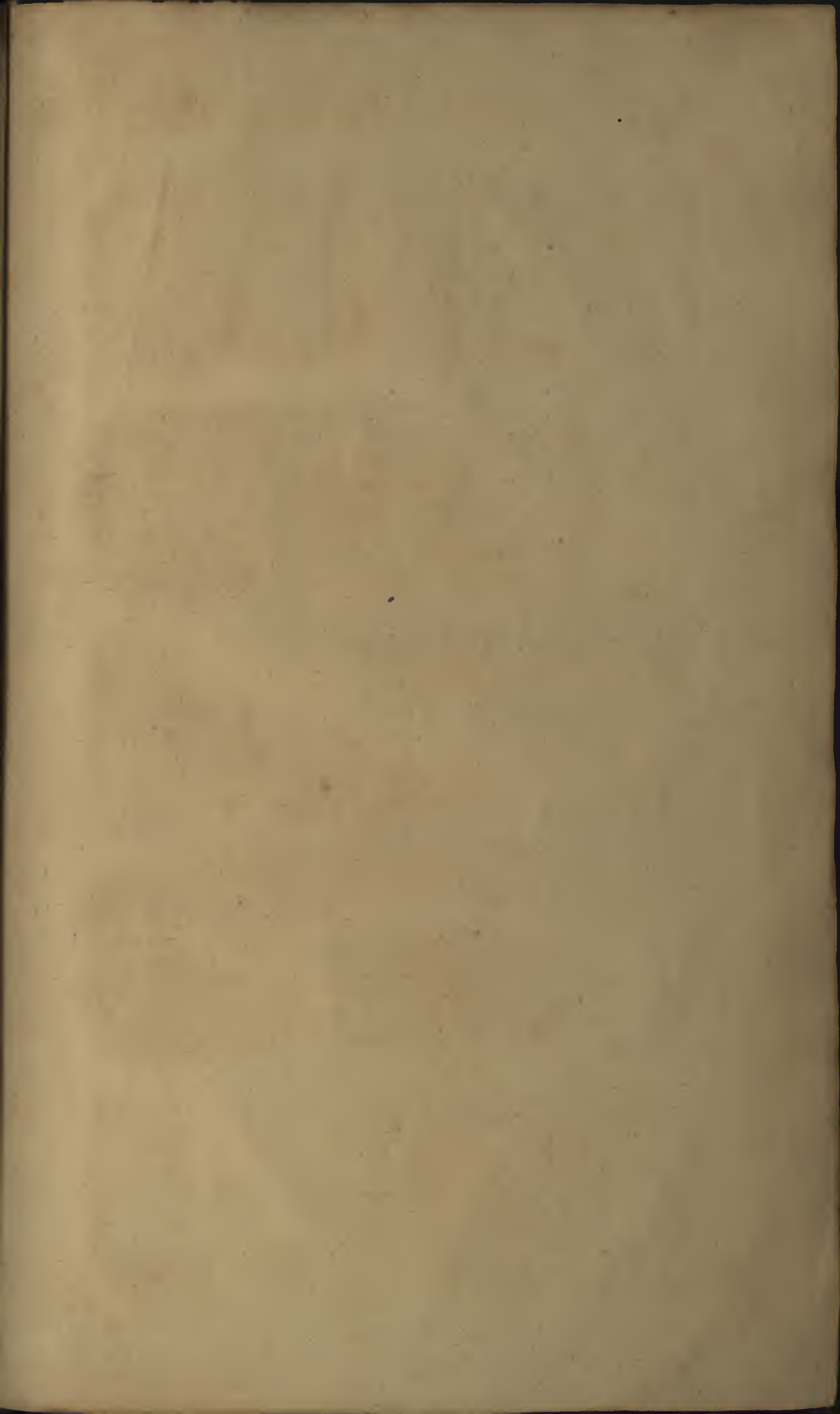
156.

Making *MOUNT-ATLAS* tremble at your sight,  
 More then at *that* of dire *MEDUSA'S* Head;  
 Or putting in *AMPLEUSIAN FIELDS* to flight  
 The *MOORS* in *FIZ* and black *MOROCCO* bred;  
 I'll gage my *MUSE* (then in *esteem* and *plight*)  
 You in such manner through the *WORLD* shall spread,  
 That *ALEXANDER* shall in *you* respire,  
 Without envying the *MEONIAN LYRE*.

FINIS.



35





MICROFILMADO  
12 / 1d / 85

*Duarte de Jesus*

