OS LUSIADAS (THE LUSIADS); VOL. I

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Os Lusiadas (The Lusiads); Vol. I by Richard Francis Burton & Isabel Burton

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RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON & ISABEL BURTON

OS LUSIADAS (THE LUSIADS); VOL. I



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Campens, Luis de

OS LUSIADAS

(THE LUSIADS):

ENGLISHED

BY

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON:

(EDITED BY AS WIFE,
ISABEL BURTON).

IN TWO VOLUMES-VOL. I.

393993

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BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 PICCADILLY, W.

1880.

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WYMAN AND SOMS, FRINTRIES,

CREAT OURLA STRIKE, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,

LONDON, W.C.

H. I. M.

DOM PEDRO DE ALCANTARA.

(D. PEDRO II.)

Constitutional Emperor, and Perpetual Defender

of

THE BRAZIL:

ÉE

the Man rather than the Monarch

this Bresion of a Poem,

so dear to the heart of overy Bragilian,

is offered

by

Dis Emperial Majesty's

most obedient

humble Serbant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Il far un libro è meno che niente, Se il libro fatto non rifà la gente.

GIUSTI.

Place, riches, favour,
Prives of accident as oft as merit.
Shakspeare.

Ora toma a espada, agora a penna (Now with the syond-hill, then with pen in hand). CAM., Sonn. 192.

Bramo assai, —poco spero, —nulla chiede. Tasso.

Tout cela prouve enfin que l'oscorage est plein de grandes beautés, puisque depuis deux cents ans il fait les délices d'une nation spirituelle qui doit en connôître les fautes.

VOLTAIRE, Essai, etc.

TO MY MASTER

CAMOENS:

(Tu se' lo mio maestro, è I mio autore).

Great Pilgrim-poet of the Sea and Land;
Thou life-long sport of Fortune's ficklest will;
Doomed to all human and inhuman ill,
Despite thy lover-heart, thy hero-hand;
Enrollèd by thy pen what marv'ellous hand
Of god-like Forms thy golden pages fill;
Love, Honour, Justice, Valour, Glory thrill
The Soul, obedient to thy strong command;
Amid the Prophets highest sits the Bard,
At once Revealer of the Heav'en and Earth,
To Heav'en the guide, of Earth the noblest guard;
And, 'mid the Poets thias the peerless worth,
Whose glorious song, thy Genius' sole reward,
Bids all the Ages, Camoens! bless thy birth.

R. F. B.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

I FELT that I had no light task before me when I undertook to edit my Husband's Translation of Camoens' "Lusiads." The nearer I come to that work the more mountainous does it appear, instead of dispersing as most work does when one sets one's shoulder to the wheel.

Yet, I feel that no other than myself should do this office for him; for I shared his travels in Portugal, his four years up country in Brazil, learnt the language with him, and I have seen for nineteen and a-half years the Camoens table duly set apart—the bonne bouche of the day. I have been daily and hourly consulted as to this expression, or this or that change of word, this or that peculiarity of Camoens.

What, then, are those difficulties, you, the reader, will ask me? Let me try to explain. So many enterprising poet-authors have translated Camoens, and received their meed of praise and popularity. In old times, Fanshawe,