

C H R I S T O

P H E R M A R L O W E

1564 – 1593

Tamburaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Blacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden ballle of heavens eternal fire,
That danced with glorie on the silver waves,
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames:
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endless night:

Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their Ivory bowers,
And tempered every soule with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose jealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breathe
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 – 1593

Tamburlaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Blacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden ballle of heavens eternal fire,
That danced with glorie on the silver waves,
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames:
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endless night:
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their Ivory bowers,
And tempered every soule with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose jealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breathe
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 – 1593

Tamburlaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Blacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heavens eternal fire,
That danced with glorie on the silver waves,
Now wants the fellow that enflamde his beames:
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endless night:
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eies shot fire from their Ivory bowers,
And tempered every soule with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose jealousie admits no second Mate,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breathe
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 – 1593

Tamburlaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Black is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden ball of heavens eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that enflames his beams:
And all with faintness and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night:
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
And tempered every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 – 1593

Tamburlaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Blacke is the *Beauty* of the *Brightest* day,
The golden *Balle* of heavens eternal *Fire*,
That danced with *Glorie* on the *Silver* waves,
Now wants the *Fewell* that enflamde his *Beames*:
And all with *Faintnesse* and for *Foule* disgrace,
He *Bindes* his temples with a frowning *Cloude*,
Ready to *Darken* earth with endless *Night*:
Zenocrate that *Gave* him *Light* and *Life*,
Whose *Eies* shot *Fire* from their *Ivory* bowers,
And tempered every soule with lively *Heat*,
Now by the *Malice* of the angry *Skies*,
Whose *Jealousie* *Admits* no second *Mate*,
Drawes in the comfort of her latest *Breathe*
All *Dazzled* with the hellish *Mists* of *Death*.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 – 1593

Tamburlaine the Great Part II Act ii Scene iv

Blacke if the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden balle of heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glorie on the silver waves,
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames:
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,
He bindef his templef with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darken earth with endleff night:
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eief shot fire from their Ivory bowerf,
And tempered every foule with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry fkies,
Whose jealousie admitf no fecond Mate,
Drawesf in the comfort of her latest breathe
All dafled with the hellifh mifts of death.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 1593

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT PART II ACT II SCENE IV

BLACKE IS THE BEAUTY OF THE BRIGHTEST DAY,
THE GOLDEN BALLE OF HEAVENS ETERNAL FIRE,
THAT DANCED WITH GLORIE ON THE SILVER WAVE,
NOW WAITS THE FEWELL THAT ENFLAMDE HIS BEAME:
AND ALL WITH FAINTNESSE AND FOR FOULE DIRGRACE,
HE BINDES HIS TEMPLES WITH A FROWNING CLOUDE,
READY TO DARKEN EARTH WITH ENDLESSE NIGHT:
ZENOCRATE THAT GAVE HIM LIGHT AND LIFE,
WHOSE EYES SHOT FIRE FROM THEIR IVORY BOWER,
AND TEMPERED EVERY SOULE WITH LIVELY HEAT,
NOW BY THE MALICE OF THE ANGRY SKIES,
WHOSE JEALOUSIE ADMITS NO SECOND MATE,
DRAWS IN THE COMFORT OF HER LATEST BREATH
ALL DARLED WITH THE HELLISH MIST OF DEATH.