

Christopher Marlowe

Elizabeth I of England



1533 - 1603

Elisabeth Tudor



Mary Stuart



MARY STUART.

1542 - 1587

Mary Stuart



Francis Walsingham



1530-1590

Christopher Marlowe



1564 - 1593

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

Electronic Telegraph

Charles Spenser

Никто не знал больше Марлоу о
притягательной силе запретного

1307 - 1327

The troublefome
raigne and lamentable death of
Edward *the second, King of*
England: with the tragicall
fall of proud Mortimer :

As it was fundrie times publiquely acted
in the honourable citie of London, by the
right honourable the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.
Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.



Imprinted at London for *William Iones,*
dwelling neere Holbourne conduit, at the
signe of the Gunne. 1594.



Edward II

Enter GAVESTON, reading on a letter that was brought him from the KING

Gaveston.

“MY FATHER is deceas’d! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend,”
Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
Might have enforc’d me to have swum from France...

Перевод А. Радловой

Улица в Лондоне. Входит Гевестон, читая письмо. Он одет очень изысканно, у него вычурные манеры.

Гевестон

"Отец мой умер! Гевестон, приди
И раздели с любимым другом власть"
Я упоен блаженством этих слов!
Возможно ль счастье большее, чем то,
Что выпало на долю Гевестона?
Он жив, и он любимец короля?
Спешу, мой нежный принц! Вот эти строки
Любовные заставили меня
Приплыть из Франции.