

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE TRAGEDY OF DIDO
QUEENE OF CARTHAGE

Christopher Marlowe

**The Tragedy of Dido
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Christopher Marlowe

The Tragedy of Dido Queene of Carthage

This play is facsimiled from the Bodley copy. Other examples (says Sir Sidney Lee, but unrecorded by Greg) are at Bridgewater House and at Chatsworth; the Devonshire Collection of Plays has recently been disposed of to an American collector.

For other and bibliographical details see D.N.B. I have included in this facsimile the page of manuscript in the Bodley example inasmuch as it contains matter of interest to the student.

The reproduction from the original was made by The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

JOHN S. FARMER.

[Transcriber's Note: The following paragraphs have been transcribed from a handwritten page. Some text is illegible, and this has been marked with asterisks where appropriate.]

The tragedy of *Dido* is one of the scarcest plays in the English language. There are but two copies known to be extant; in the possession of D^r Wright and M^r Reed.

M^r Warton speaks in his *Hist. of Eng. Poet* (III. p. 435) of an Elegy being prefixed to it on the death of Marlowe; but no such is found in either of those copies. In answer to my inquiries on this subject he informed me by letter, [crossed-out text] that a copy of this play was in Osborne's catalogue in the year 1754, that he then saw it in his shop (together with several of M^r Oldys's books that Osborne had purchased), + that the elegy in question—"on Marlowe's untimely death" was inserted immediately after the title page; that it mentioned a play of Marlowe's entitled *The Duke of Guise* and four others; but whether particularly by *name*, he could not recollect. Unluckily he did not purchase this rare piece, + it is now God knows where.

Bishop Tanner likewise mentions this elegy in so particular a manner that he must have seen it. "Marlovius (Christopherus), quondam in academia Cantabrigiensi musarum alumnus; postea actor scenicus; deinde poeta dramaticus tragicus, paucis inferior Scripsit plurimas tragedias, sc. Tamerlane.-Tragedie of Dido Queen of Carthage. Pr. Come gentle Ganymed. Hanc perfecit + edidit Tho. Nash Lond. 1594. 4^{to}.—Petrarius in præfatione ad Secundam partem Herois et Leandri multa in Marlovii commendationem adfert; hoc etiam facit Tho. Nash in *Carmine Elegiaco Tragidiæ Didonis præfiso in obitum Christop. Marlovii*, ubi quatuor ejus tragidiarum mentionem facit, nec non et alterius *de duce Guisio*." *Bib. Britan.* 1740.

I suspect M^r Warton had no other authority than this for saying that this play was left imperfect by Marlowe, and completed + published by Nashe; for it does not appear from the title page that it was not written in conjunction by him + Marlowe in the lifetime of the former. Perhaps Nashe's Elegy might ascertain this point. Tanner had, I believe, no authority but Philippses, for calling Marlowe an actor.

There was an old Latin play on the subject of Dido, written by John Rightwise and played before Cardinal Wolsey + again before Queen Elizabeth in 1564. There is also another Latin play on this subject *Dido*, tragedia nova so quatuor pri*ibus ***

***** Virgilii disampla Antwerp ed, 1559.

THE Tragedie of Dido *Queene of Carthage*:

Played by the Children of her *Maiesties Chappell*.

Written by Christopher Marlowe, and *Thomas Nash. Gent.*

Actors

Iupiter. Ascanius. Ganimed. Dido. Venus. Anna. Cupid. Achates. Iuno.
Ilioneus. Mercurie. Iarbas. Hermes. Cloanthes. Æneas. Sergestus.

The Tragedie of *Dido* Queene of *Carthage*

Here the Curtaines draw, there is discovered Iupiter dandling Ganimed upon his knee, and Mercury lying asleepe.

Iup. Come gentle *Ganimed* and play with me, I loue thee well, say *Iuno* what she will.

Gan. I am much better for your worthles loue,
That will not shield me from her shrewith blowes:
To day when as I fild into your cups,
And held the cloath of pleasance whiles you dranke,
She reacht me such a rap for that I spilde,
As made the bloud run downe about mine eares.

Iup. What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By *Saturnes* soule, and this earth threatning aire,
That shaken thrise, makes Natures buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frowne on thee more,
To hang her meteor like twixt heauen and earth,
And bind her hand and foote with golden cordes,
As once I did for harming *Hercules*.

Gan. Might I but see that pretie sport a foote,
O how would I with *Helens* brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:
Sweet *Iupiter*, if ere I pleasde thine eye,
Or seemed faire walde in with *Egles* wings,
Grace my immortall beautie with this boone,
And I will spend my time in thy bright armes.

Iup. What ist sweet wagge I should deny thy youth?
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I exhal'd with thy fire darting beames,
Haue oft driuen backe the horses of the night.
When as they would haue hal'd thee from my sight:
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Controule proud Fate, and cut the thred of time,
Why are not all the Gods at thy commaund,
And heauen and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall daunce to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine Daughters sing when thou art sad,
From *Iunos* bird Ile pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fannes wherewith to coole thy face,
And *Venus* Swannes shall shed their siluer downe,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall shew the world his wings,
If that thy fancie in his feathers dwell,

But as this one Ile teare them all from him,
Doe thou but say their colour pleaseth me:
Hold here my little loue these linked gems,
My *Iuno* ware vpon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy necke my owne sweet heart,
And tricke thy armes and shoulders with my theft.

Gan. I would haue a iewell for mine eare, And a fine brouch to put in my hat,
And then Ile hugge with you an hundred times.

Iup. And shall haue *Ganimed*, if thou wilt be my loue.

Enter Venus.

Venus. I this is it, you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my *Aeneas* wanders on the Seas,
And rests a pray to euery billowes pride.
Iuno, false *Iuno* in her Chariots pompe,
Drawne through the heauens by Steedes of *Boreas* brood,
Made *Hebe* to direct her ayrie wheeles
Into the windie countrie of the clowdes,
Where finding *Aeolus* intrencht with stormes,
And guarded with a thousand grislie ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charg'd him drowne my sonne with all his traine.
Then gan the windes breake ope their brazen doores,
And all *Aeolia* to be vp in armes:
Poore *Troy* must now be sackt vpon the Sea,
And *Neptunes* waues be enuious men of warre,
Epeus horse to *Atnas* hill transformd,
Prepared stands to wracke their wooden walles,
And *Aeolus* like *Agamemnon* sounds
The surges, his fierce souldiers to the spoyle:
See how the night *Ulysses*-like comes forth,
And intercepts the day as *Dolon* erst:
Ay me! the Starres supprisde like *Rhesus* Steedes,
Are drawne by darknes forth *Astræus* tents.
What shall I doe to saue thee my sweet boy?
When as the waues doe threat our Chrystall world,
And *Proteus* raising hils of flouds on high,
Entends ere long to sport him in the skie.
False *Iupiter*, rewardst thou vertue so?
What? is not pietie exempt from woe?
Then dye *Aeneas* in thine innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompence.

Iup. Content thee *Cytherea* in thy care,

Since thy *Aeneas* wandring fate is firme,
Whose wearie lims shall shortly make repose,
In those faire walles I promist him of yore:
But first in bloud must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the Lord of *Turnus* towne,
Or force her smile that hetherto hath frownd:
Three winters shall he with the *Rutiles* warre,
And in the end subdue them with his sword,
And full three Sommers likewise shall he waste,
In manning those fierce barbarian mindes:
Which once performd, poore *Troy* so long suppress,
From forth her ashes shall aduance her head,
And flourish once againe that erst was dead:
But bright *Ascanius* beauties better worke,
Who with the Sunne deuides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starrie towers,
That earth-borne *Atlas* groning vnderprops:
No bounds but heauen shall bound his Emperie,
Whose azured gates enchased with his name,
Shall make the morning halt her gray vprise,
To feede her eyes with his engrauen fame.
Thus in stoute *Hectors* race three hundred yeares,
The Romane Scepter royall shall remaine,
Till that a Princesse priest conceau'd by *Mars*,
Shall yeeld to dignitie a dubble birth,
Who will eternish *Troy* in their attempts.

Venus. How may I credite these thy flattering termes,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And *Phæbus* as in stygian pooles, refraines
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhen maine?

Iup. I will take order for that presently: *Hermes* awake, and haste to *Neptunes* realme, Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate, Besiege the ofspring of our kingly loynes, Charge him from me to turne his stormie powers, And fetter them in *Vulcans* sturdie brasse, That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsmans peace. *Venus* farewell, thy sonne shall be our care: Come *Ganimed*, we must about this geare.

Exeunt Iupiter cum Ganimed.

Venus. Disquiet Seas lay downe your swelling lookes,
And court *Aeneas* with your calmie cheere,
Whose beautious burden well might make you proude,
Had not the heauens conceau'd with hel-borne clowdes,
Vaild his resplendant glorie from your view,
For my sake pitie him *Oceanus*,
That erst-while issued from thy watrie loynes,
And had my being from thy bubling froth:
Triton I know hath fild his trumpe with *Troy*,

And therefore will take pitie on his toyle,
And call both *Thetis* and *Cimodoce*,
To succour him in this extremitie.

Enter Æneas with Ascanius, with one or two more.

What? doe I see my sonne now come on shoare:
Venus, how art thou compast with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought for ioyes:
Great *Iupiter*, still honourd maist thou be,
For this so friendly ayde in time of neede.
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my *Æneas* spends himselfe in plaints,
And heauen and earth with his vnrest acquaints.

Æn. You sonnes of care, companions of my course,
Priams misfortune followes vs by sea,
And *Helens* rape doth haunt thee at the heeles.
How many dangers haue we ouer past?
Both barking *Scilla*, and the sounding Rocks,
The *Cyclops* shelues, and grim *Cerantias* seate
Haue you oregone, and yet remaine aliuie!
Pluck vp your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And chaunging heauens may those good daies returne,
Which *Pergama* did vaunt in all her pride.

Acha. Braue Prince of *Troy*, thou onely art our God,
That by thy vertues freest vs from annoy,
And makes our hopes suruiue to cunning ioyes:
Doe thou but smile, and clowdie heauen will cleare,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy browes:
Though we be now in extreame miserie,
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:
Yet shall the aged Sunne shed forth his aire,
To make vs liue vnto our former heate,
And euery beast the forrest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scanted foode.

Asca. Father I faint, good father giue me meate.

Æn. Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we haue fire to dresse the meate we kild:
Gentle *Achates*, reach the Tinder boxe,
That we may make a fire to warme vs with,
And rost our new found victuals on this shoare.

Venus. See what strange arts necessitie findes out, How neere my sweet *Æneas*
art thou driuen?

Æn. Hold, take this candle and goe light a fire, You shall haue leaues and windfall bowes enow Neere to these woods, to rost your meate withall: *Ascanius*, goe and drie thy drenched lims, Whiles I with my *Achates* roaue abroad, To know what coast the winde hath driuen vs on, Or whether men or beasts inhabite it.

Acha. The ayre is pleasant, and the soyle most fit
For Cities, and societies supports:
Yet much I maruell that I cannot finde,
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

Venus. Now is the time for me to play my part:
Hoe yong men, saw you as you came
Any of all my Sisters wandring here?
Hauing a quiuer girded to her side,
And cloathed in a spotted Leopards skin.

Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such:
But what may I faire Virgin call your name?
Whose lookes set forth no mortall forme to view,
Nor speech bewraies ought humaine in thy birth,
Thou art a Goddesses that delud'st our eyes,
And shrowdes thy beautie in this borrowd shape;
But whether thou the Sunnes bright Sister be,
Or one of chaste *Dianas* fellow Nymphs,
Liue happie in the height of all content,
And lighten our extreames with this one boone,
As to instruct us vnder what good heauen
We breathe as now, and what this world is calde,
On which by tempests furie we are cast,
Tell vs, O tell vs that are ignorant,
And this right hand shall make thy Altars crack
With mountaine heapes of milke white Sacrifize.

Venus. Such honour, stranger, doe I not affect:
It is the vse for Turen maides to weare
Their bowe and quiuer in this modest sort,
And suite themselues in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly ore the lawndes,
And ouertake the tusked Bore in chase.
But for the land whereof thou doest enquire,
It is the punick kingdome rich and strong,
Adioyning on *Agenors* stately towne,
The kingly seate of Southerne *Libia*,
Whereas Sidonian *Dido* rules as Queene.
But what are you that aske of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you goe?

Æn. Of *Troy* am I, *Aeneas* is my name,
Who driuen by warre from forth my natie world,

Put sailes to sea to seeke out *Italy*;
And my diuine descent from sceptred *Love*,
With twise twelue Phrigian ships I plowed the deepe,
And made that way my mother *Venus* led:
But of them all scarce seuen doe anchor safe,
And they so wrackt and weltred by the waues,
As euery tide tilts twixt their oken sides:
And all of them vnburdened of their loade,
Are ballassed with billowes watrie weight.
But haples I, God wot, poore and vnknowne,
Doe trace these Libian deserts all despisde,
Exild forth *Europe* and wide *Asia* both,
And haue not any couerture but heauen.

Venus. Fortune hath fauord thee what ere thou be,
In sending thee vnto this curteous Coast:
A Gods name on and hast thee to the Court,
Where *Dido* will receiue ye with her smiles:
And for thy ships which thou supposest lost,
Not one of them hath perisht in the storme,
But are ariued safe not farre from hence:
And so I leaue thee to thy fortunes lot,
Wishing good lucke vnto thy wandring steps. *Exit*.

Æn. *Achates*, tis my mother that is fled,
I know her by the mouings of her feete:
Stay gentle *Venus*, flye not from thy sonne,
Too cruell, why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiu'st mine eye so oft?
Why talke we not together hand in hand?
And tell our griefes in more familiar termes:
But thou art gone and leau'st me here alone,
To dull the ayre with my discoursie moane. *Exit*.

Enter Illioneus, and Cloanthes.

Illio. Follow ye Troians, follow this braue Lord, And plaine to him the summe
of your distresse.

Iar. Why, what are you, or wherefore doe you sewe?

Illio. Wretches of *Troy*, enuied of the windes,
That craue such fauour at your honors feete,
As poore distressed miserie may pleade:
Saue, saue, O saue our ships from cruell fire,
That doe complaine the wounds of thousand waues,
And spare our liues whom euery spite pursues.
We come not we to wrong your Libian Gods,
Or steale your houshold lares from their shrines:

Our hands are not prepar'd to lawles spoyle,
Nor armed to offend in any kind:
Such force is farre from our vnweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weale of victorie forsooke,
Forbids all hope to harbour neere our hearts.

Iar. But tell me Troians, Troians if you be, Vnto what fruitfull quarters were ye bound, Before that *Boreas* buckled with your sailes?

Cloan. There is a place *Hesperia* term'd by vs,
An ancient Empire, famous for armes,
And fertile in faire *Ceres* furrowed wealth,
Which now we call *Italia* of his name,
That in such peace long time did rule the same:
Thither made we,
When suddenly gloomie *Orion* rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas the Southerne winde with brackish breath,
Disperst them all amongst the wrackfull Rockes:
From thence a fewe of vs escapt to land,
The rest we feare are fouled in the flouds.

Iar. Braue men at armes, abandon fruitles feares, Since Carthage knowes to entertaine distresse.

Serg. I but the barbarous sort doe threat our ships,
And will not let vs lodge vpon the sands:
In multitudes they swarme vnto the shoare,
And from the first earth interdict our feete.

Iar. My selfe will see they shall not trouble ye,
Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,
And euery Troian be as welcome here,
As *Iupiter* to sillie *Vausis* house:
Come in with me, Ile bring you to my Queene,
Who shall confirme my words with further deedes.

Serg. Thankes gentle Lord for such vnlookt for grace,
Might we but once more see *Aeneas* face,
Then would we hope to quite such friendly turnes,
As shall surpasse the wonder of our speech.

Actus 2

Enter Æneas, Achates, and Ascanius.

Æn. Where am I now? these should be Carthage walles.

Acha. Why stands my sweete *Æneas* thus amazde?

Æn. O my *Achates*, Theban *Niobe*,
Who for her sonnes death wept out life and breath,
And drie with griefe was turnd into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Me thinkes that towne there should be *Troy*, yon *Idas* hill,
There *Zanthus* streame, because here's *Priamus*,
And when I know it is not, then I dye.

Ach. And in this humor is *Achates* to,
I cannot choose but fall vpon my knees,
And kisse his hand: O where is *Hecuba*,
Here she was wont to sit, but sauing ayre
Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

Æn. O yet this stone doth make *Æneas* weepe,
And would my prayers (as *Pigmaliions* did)
Could giue it life, that vnder his conduct
We might saile backe to *Troy* and be reuengde
On these hard harted Grecians; which reioyce
That nothing now is left of *Priamus*:
O *Priamus* is left and this is he,
Come, come abourd, pursue the hatefull Greekes.

Acha. What means *Æneas*?

Æn. *Achates* though mine eyes say this is stone, Yet thinkes my minde that this is *Priamus*: And when my griued heart sighes and sayes no, Then would it leape out to giue *Priam* life: O were I not at all so thou mightst be. *Achates*, see King *Priam* wags his hand, He is aliue, *Troy* is not ouercome.

Ach. Thy mind *Æneas* that would haue it so Deludes thy eye sight, *Priamus* is dead.

Æn. Ah *Troy* is sackt, and *Priamus* is dead, And why should poore *Æneas* be aliue?

Asca. Sweete father leaue to weepe, this is not he: For were it *Priam* he would smile on me.

Acha. *Æneas* see here come the Citizens, Leaue to lament lest they laugh at our feares.

Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Illioneus.

Æn. Lords of this towne, or whatsoeuer stile
Belongs vnto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell vs who inhabits this faire towne,
What kind of people, and who gouernes them:
For we are strangers driuen on this shore,
And scarcely know within what Clime we are.

Illio. I heare *Æneas* voyce, but see him not, For none of these can be our
Generall.

Acha. Like *Illioneus* speakes this Noble man, But *Illioneus* goes not in such
robes.

Serg. You are *Achates*, or I deciu'd.

Acha. *Æneas* see *Sergestus* or his ghost.

Illio. He meanes *Æneas*, let vs kisse his feete.

Cloan. It is our Captaine, see *Ascanius*.

Serg. Liue long *Æneas* and *Ascanius*.

Æn. *Achates*, speake, for I am ouerrioyed.

Acha. O *Illioneus*, art thou yet aliue?

Illio. Blest be the time I see *Achates* face.

Cloan. Why turnes *Æneas* from his trustie friends?

Æn. *Sergestus*, *Illioneus* and the rest,
Your sight amazde me, O what destinies
Haue brought my sweete companions in such plight?
O tell me, for I long to be resolu'd.

Illio. Louely *Æneas*, these are Carthage walles,
And here Queene *Dido* weares th'imperiall Crowne,
Who for *Troyes* sake hath entertaind vs all,
And clad vs in these wealthie robes we weare.
Oft hath she askt vs vnder whom we seru'd,
And when we told her she would weepe for grieffe,
Thinking the sea had swallowed vp thy ships,
And now she sees thee how will she reioyce?

Serg. See where her seruitors passe through the hall Bearing a banket, *Dido*
is not farre.

Illio. Looke where she comes: *Æneas* viewd her well.

Æn. Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

Enter Dido and her traine.

Dido. What stranger art thou that doest eye me thus?

Æn. Sometime I was a Troian mightie Queene: But *Troy* is not, what shall I say I am?

Illio. Renowmed *Dido*, tis our Generall: warlike *Æneas*.

Dido. Warlike *Æneas*, and in these base robes? Goe fetch the garment which *Sicheus* ware: Braue Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me, Both happie that *Æneas* is our guest: Sit in this chaire and banquet with a Queene, *Æneas* is *Æneas*, were he clad In weedes as bad as euer *Irus*

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