

## **Lament For Zenocrate by Christopher Marlowe**

**Black is the beauty of the brightest day,  
The golden belle of heaven's eternal fire,  
That danced with glory on the silver waves,  
Now wants the fuel that inflamed 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.  
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,  
As sentinels to warn th'immortal souls,  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps  
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,  
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The crystal springs whose taste illuminates  
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,  
Like tried silver runs through Paradise  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins  
That sing and play before the King of Kings,  
Use all their voices and their instruments  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
And in this sweet and curious harmony,  
The God that tunes this music to our souls,**

**Holds out his hand in highest majesty  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts,  
Up to the palace of th'imperial heaven:  
That this my life may be as short to me  
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.**