

## 1: The Masque of Queens: Textual Essay | The Cambridge Works of Ben Jonson

*The Masque of Queens, Celebrated From the House of Fame is one of the earlier works in the series of masques that Ben Jonson composed for the House of Stuart in the early 17th century.*

Because of course he is. And he can be so damn charming when he wants to be. Think of like a Breaking News! Oliver, but with less angst and more sass. The man has a supernatural ability to network with everyone. And people generally like him. Literally anyone you can imagine owes Oliver Queen a favor or two. His last heist went bad. One of his former team members, Slade Wilson, sold him out, so Oliver has been in jail for five years, brooding and manipulating. This betrayal costs him five years of his life and his wife. Laurel divorces him approximately 2. This gives him more time to plan his revenge. Because he is going to get revenge. So if you screw him, he is going to make you regret the day you were ever born. So he has to recruit new ones. New faces make Oliver nervous, but he knows a few who have a solid reputation. Tommy Merlyn First, Oliver immediately leaves jail to meet his friend Tommy at his office. Tommy might not be a criminal, but he makes a lot of money managing his multiple businesses. And Tommy is always willing to help. Oliver smiles at him. Or I will make you pay. What are friends for? If you can finance it, I can guarantee you a return of around fifteen million. After all, a good magician never reveals his tricks. After he makes his way to the back table, Oliver drops five hundreds on the table in front of his empty chair. John Diggle nods once before motioning to the empty chair. Oliver introduces himself in turn as one of the kids deals to the right, like an idiot. Oliver tries not to smile. Queen was my father. Diggle glances to him immediately. He throws down his other four hundreds. When he flips over his cards, all he has is a pair of twos. When it turns to him again, he pulls every last dime he owns on the table as though it was nothing more than pocket change. Once the round finishes, Oliver flips over his cards. The moment they see the four nines, they all groan and toss their cards. Diggle laughs before taking a drink from his bottle of beer. Rene Ramirez Oliver is at a blackjack table in Las Vegas, playing his third hand in a row when finally the dealer gathers her cards and chips, flashing him a pretty smile. Oliver extends a hand. My name is Javier. You have a job? Dinah Drake The two women are in yet another argument when Oliver walks up. One of them is an unfamiliar face, but the other is perhaps too familiar. Oliver focuses on her with a hesitant smile. Could you stop calling me that? Oliver swears in three languages under his breath as he walks away. When he takes a seat in the cafe, Oliver slides into the booth across from him, saying nothing. D-Do I know you? My name is Oliver Queen. You are definitely not old. Curtis tugs at his collar again. Several people turn to look at them, but Oliver just flashes them a smile. Speedy is always willing to work my jobs. Sara Lance Oliver pretends to peruse the jewelry. As he looks up at her, Oliver smiles. She reaches into the counter to pull out a diamond ring worth more than her Maserati parked out back. Her mouth opens, but no words come out. Leaning over, he whispers the details in her ear before passing her a card. He needs an explosives expert, not a pickpocket. Maybe he needs eleven. Thirty minutes later, the kid shows up, pulling the hood of his red jacket down. He drops the card on the table. He holds up the wallets the kid pulled. Fifteen million is the expected payoff. The first two men look like garden variety bank robbers, but the third is a small woman dressed all in black, blonde hair falling out of her ponytail. You had one job to do! The large man stumbles and grunts, nearly taking the tiny police officer down to the ground with him. After a long moment, he sighs. Wanted in twelve states and five countries. Likes to blow things up. Blew a hole in a Russian embassy vault and made out with all their classified documents. Ransomed the documents back to the Russian government. Someone told me she made over five billion rubles on that job. Hogging up to the officer holding her, Oliver adjusts his coat over his suit. All he has to do is flash the fake ATF badge to get across the line. She leans in closer to him. You might lose a hand. Both of them turn to him at once as he flashes his badge. Quick fuse with a drag under twenty feet. The minute the cop is out of earshot, he leans over the top of her, slipping some items from his jacket into her hands. He leads her by the shoulder out of the crime scene. Oliver smiles down at her. The police car she planted it on goes up, but four more in the vicinity turn into balls of flame. Felicity cackles as she turns back to watch it. Take is fifteen million.

## 2: The Masque of Queens - Wikipedia

*The Masque of Queens. Masques. T H E M A S Q U E I had an Anti-masque of Boys: and therefore now, devis'd, that twelve Women, in the habit Islington, of.*

Development[ edit ] The masque tradition developed from the elaborate pageants and courtly shows of ducal Burgundy in the late Middle Ages. Masques were typically a complimentary offering to the prince among his guests and might combine pastoral settings, mythological fable, and the dramatic elements of ethical debate. There would invariably be some political and social application of the allegory. Such pageants often celebrated a birth, marriage, change of ruler or a Royal Entry and invariably ended with a tableau of bliss and concord. Masque imagery tended to be drawn from Classical rather than Christian sources, and the artifice was part of the Grand dance. Masque thus lent itself to Mannerist treatment in the hands of master designers like Giulio Romano or Inigo Jones. At times, the political subtext was not far to seek: The Triumph of Peace , put on with a large amount of parliament-raised money by Charles I , caused great offence to the Puritans.

Dumbshow[ edit ] In English theatre tradition, a dumbshow is a masque-like interlude of silent mime usually with allegorical content that refers to the occasion of a play or its theme, the most famous being the dumbshow played out in Hamlet III. Dumbshows were a Medieval element that continued to be popular in early Elizabethan drama , but by the time Pericles c. In English masques, purely musical interludes might be accompanied by a dumbshow. Origins[ edit ] The masque has its origins in a folk tradition where masked players would unexpectedly call on a nobleman in his hall, dancing and bringing gifts on certain nights of the year, or celebrating dynastic occasions. Spectators were invited to join in the dancing. At the end, the players would take off their masks to reveal their identities. A particularly elaborate masque, performed over the course of two weeks for Queen Elizabeth, is described in the novel Kenilworth , by Sir Walter Scott. Later, in the court of James I, narrative elements of the masque became more significant. Plots were often on classical or allegorical themes, glorifying the royal or noble sponsor. At the end, the audience would join with the actors in a final dance. Ben Jonson wrote a number of masques with stage design by Inigo Jones. Their works are usually thought of as the most significant in the form. Sir Philip Sidney also wrote masques. William Shakespeare wrote a masque-like interlude in The Tempest , understood by modern scholars to have been heavily influenced by the masque texts of Ben Jonson and the stagecraft of Inigo Jones. Reconstructions of Stuart masques have been few and far between. Part of the problem is that only texts survive complete; there is no complete music, only fragments, so no authoritative performance can be made without interpretive invention. There is a detailed, humorous and malicious account by Sir John Harington of a masque of Solomon and Sheba: As far as we can ascertain the details of the masque, the Queen of Sheba was to bring gifts to the King, representing Solomon, and was to be followed by the spirits of Faith, Hope, Charity, Victory and Peace. Unfortunately, as Harington gleefully reported, the actress playing the Queen tripped over the steps of the throne, sending her gifts flying; Hope and Faith were too drunk to speak a word, while Peace, annoyed at finding her way to the throne blocked, made good use of her symbolic olive branches to slap anyone who was in her way.

Legacy[ edit ] The most outstanding humanists , poets and artists of the day, in the full intensity of their creative powers, devoted themselves to producing masques; and until the Puritans closed the English theatres in , the masque was the highest artform in England. But because of its ephemeral nature, not a lot of documentation related to masques remains, and much of what is said about the production and enjoyment of masques is still part speculation. Later masques[ edit ] While the masque was no longer as popular as it was at its height in the 17th Century, there are many later examples of the masque. During the late 17th century, English semi-operas by composers such as Henry Purcell had masque scenes inset between the acts of the play proper. In the 18th century, William Boyce and Thomas Arne , among other composers, continued to utilize the masque genre mostly as an occasional piece, and the genre became increasingly associated with patriotic topics. There are isolated examples throughout the first half of the 19th century. With the renaissance of English musical composition during the late 19th and early 20th century the so-called English Musical Renaissance , English composers turned to the masque as a way of connecting to a genuinely

English musical-dramatic form in their attempts to build a historically-informed national musical style for England. Masques also became common as scenes in operettas and musical theatre works set during the Elizabethan period. In the 20th century, Ralph Vaughan Williams wrote several masques, including his masterpiece in the genre, *Job*, a masque for dancing which premiered in 1931, although the work is closer to a ballet than a masque as it was originally understood. His designating it a masque was to indicate that the modern choreography typical when he wrote the piece would not be suitable. His title he took from Thomas Nash, whose masque [3] was probably first presented before the Archbishop of Canterbury, perhaps at his London seat, Lambeth Palace, in *List of notable masques*[ edit ].

## 3: Literary Encyclopedia | The Masque of Queens

*The Masque of Queens has 18 ratings and 0 reviews: Benjamin Jonson was an English Renaissance dramatist, poet and actor. A contemporary of William Shakespeare, he is best known for his satirical plays, particularly Volpone, The Alchemist, and Bartholomew Fair, which are considered his best, and his lyric poems.*

Knights mine, all that be in hall, I have a counsel to you all, Because of this thing God lets fall Among us for a sign. For some days hence as I did eat From kingly dishes my good meat, There flew a bird between my feet As red as any wine. This bird had a long bill of red And a gold ring above his head; Long time he sat and nothing said, Put softly down his neck and fed From the gilt patens fine: Sir, note this that I will say; That Lord who maketh corn with hay And morrows each of yesterday, He hath you in his hand. By Satan I hold no such thing; For if wine swell within a king Whose ears for drink are hot and ring, The same shall dream of wine-bibbing Whilst he can lie or stand. Peace now, lords, for Godis head, Ye chirk as starlings that be fed And gape as fishes newly dead; The devil put your bones to bed, Lo, this is all to say. Yea, my good knave, and is it said That I can raise men from the dead? Et percutiat eum in capite. I wis men shall spit at me, And say, it were but right for thee That one should hang thee on a tree; Ho! I rede you have no fear of this, For, as ye wot, the first good kiss I had must be the last of his; Now are ye queen of mine, I wis, And lady of a house that is Full rich of meat and bread. I would that he were hanged and dead Who hath no joy to see your head With gold about it, barred on red; I hold him as a sow of lead That is so scant of wit. Because herein ye did not right, To take the fair one lamb to smite That was of Urias the knight; Ye wist he had but one. Full many sheep I wot ye had, And many women, when ye bade, To do your will and keep you glad; And a good crown about your head With gold to show thereon. This Urias had one poor house With low-barred latoun shot-windows And scant of corn to fill a mouse; And rusty basnets for his brows, To wear them to the bone. Nathless he had great joy to see The long hair of this Bersabe Fall round her lap and round her knee Even to her small soft feet, that be Shod now with crimson royally And covered with clean gold. Likewise great joy he had to kiss Her throat, where now the scarlet is Against her little chin, I wis, That then was but cold. No scarlet then her kirtle had And little gold about it sprad; But her red mouth was alway glad To kiss, albeit the eyes were sad With love they had to hold. Hic Diabolus capiat eum. This knave hath sharp fingers, perfay; Mahound you thank and keep alway, And give you good knees to pray; What man hath no lust to play, The devil wring his ears, I say; There is no more but wellaway, For now am I dead. Certes his mouth is wried and black, Full little pence be in his sack; This devil hath him by the back, It is no boot to lie. All queens made as this Bersabe, All that were fair and foul ye be, Come hither; it am I. I am the queen Herodias. For that one dancing of my feet, The fire is come in my green wheat, From one sea to the other sea. I am the queen Aholibah. My lips kissed dumb the word of Ah Sighed on strange lips grown sick thereby. God wrought to me my royal bed; The inner work thereof was red, The outer work was ivory. I am the queen of Ethiope. Love bade my kissing eyelids ope That men beholding might praise love. The latter triumph in my breath Bowed down the beaten brows of death, Ashamed they had not wrath enough. I am the queen of Tyrians. My hair was glorious for twelve spans, That dried to loose dust afterward. Like the first noise of rain leaves catch One from another, snatch by snatch, Is my praise, hissed against and marred. I am the queen of Amorites. My face was like a place of lights With multitudes at festival. Between my brows and hair there was A white space like a space of glass With golden candles over all. I am the queen of Amalek. There was no tender touch or fleck To spoil my body or bared feet. My words were soft like dulcimers, And the first sweet of grape-flowers Made each side of my bosom sweet. My raiment was as tender fruit Whose rind smells sweet of spice-tree root, Bruised balm-blossom and budded wheat. I am the queen Ahinoam. Like the throat of a soft slain lamb Was my throat, softer veined than his: My lips were as two grapes the sun Lays his whole weight of heat upon Like a mouth heavy with a kiss: I am the queen Sidonian. My face made faint the face of man, And strength was bound between my brows. Spikenard was hidden in my ships, Honey and wheat and myrrh in strips, White wools that shine as colour does, Soft linen dyed upon the fold, Split spice and cores of scented gold, Cedar and broken calamus. I am the queen Semiramis. I am the queen Hesione. I had the summer in my hair; And all the

pale gold autumn air Was as the habit of my sense. I am the queen of Samothrace. God, making roses, made my face As a rose filled up full with red. My prow made sharp the straitened seas From Pontus to that Chersonese Whereon the ebbd Asian stream is shed. I am the queen of Scythians. My fame was felt in the extreme land That hath sunshine on the one hand And on the other star-shining. Yea, and the wind there fails of breath; Yea, and there life is waste like death; Yea, and there death is a glad thing. I am the queen of Anakim. In the spent years whose speech is dim, Whose raiment is the dust and death, My stately body without stain Shone as the shining race of rain Whose hair a great wind scattereth. Now hath God turned my lips to sighs, Plucked off mine eyelids from mine eyes, And sealed with seals my way of breath. I am the queen Arabian. A harsh thirst made my soft mouth hard, That ached with kisses afterward; My brain rang like a beaten bell. As tears on eyes, as fire on wood, Sin fed upon my breath and blood, Sin made my breasts subside and swell. I am the queen Pasiphae. Not all the pure clean-coloured sea Could cleanse or cool my yearning veins; Nor any root nor herb that grew, Flag-leaves that let green water through, Nor washing of the dews and rains. I am the queen of Lesbians. The intolerable infinite desire Made my face pale like faded fire When the ashen pyre falls through with heat. I am the queen of Italy. I am the queen of Persians. My breasts were lordlier than bright swans, My body as amber fair and thin. Strange flesh was given my lips for bread, With poisonous hours my days were fed, And my feet shod with adder-skin. In Shushan toward Ecbatane I wrought my joys with tears and pain, My loves with blood and bitter sin. I am the queen of Rephaim. God, that some while refraineth him, Made in the end a spoil of me. My rumour was upon the world As strong sound of swoln water hurled Through porches of the straining sea. My hair was like the flag-flower, And my breasts carven goodlier Than beryl with chalcedony. I am the queen of Cypriotes. Mine oarsmen, labouring with brown throats, Sang of me many a tender thing. My maidens, girdled loose and braced With gold from bosom to white waist, Praised me between their wool-combing. All that praise Venus all night long With lips like speech and lids like song Praised me till song lost heart to sing. I am the queen Alaciell. My mouth was like that moist gold cell Whereout the thickest honey drips. Mine eyes were as a grey-green sea; The amorous blood that smote on me Smote to my feet and finger-tips. My throat was whiter than the dove, Mine eyelids as the seals of love, And as the doors of love my lips. I am the queen Erigone. Within mine eyes and in mine ears Were music and the wine of tears, And light, and thunder of the tides. Behold, Lord, this child is grown Within me between bone and bone To make me mother of a son, Made of my body with strong moan; There shall not be another one That shall be made hereof. Lord God, alas, what shall I say? Lo, thou art as an hundred men Both to break and build again: The wild ways thou makest plain, Thine hands hold the hail and rain, And thy fingers both grape and grain; Of their largess we be all well fain, And of their great pity: The sun thou madest of good gold, Of clean silver the moon cold, All the great stars thou hast told As thy cattle in thy fold Every one by his name of old; Wind and water thou hast in hold, Both the land and the long sea; Both the green sea and the land, Lord God, thou hast in hand, Both white water and grey sand; Upon thy right or thy left hand There is no man that may stand; Lord, thou rue on me. For it fell in the hot May I stood within a paven way Built of fair bright stone, perforce, That is as fire of night and day And lighteth all my house. Therein be neither stones nor sticks, Neither red nor white bricks, But for cubits five or six There is most goodly sardonyx And amber laid in rows. It goes round about my roofs, If ye list ye shall have proofs There is good space for horse and hoofs, Plain and nothing perilous. This I say now by my case That spied forth of that royal place; There I saw in no great space Mine own sweet, both body and face, Under the fresh boughs. In a water that was there She wesshe her goodly body bare And dried it with her own hair: Both her arms and her knees fair, Both bosom and brows; Both shoulders and eke thighs Tho she wesshe upon this wise; Ever she sighed with little sighs, And ever she gave God thank. Yea, God wot I can well see yet Both her breast and her sides all wet And her long hair withouten let Spread sideways like a drawing net; Full dear bought and full far fet Was that sweet thing there y-set; It were a hard thing to forget How both lips and eyes met, Breast and breath sank. So goodly a sight as there she was, Lying looking on her glass By wan water in green grass, Yet saw never man. So soft and great she was and bright With all her body waxen white, I wote nigh blind to see the light Shed out of it to left and right; This bitter sin from that sweet sight Between us twain began. Now, sir, be merry anon, For ye shall have a full wise son, Goodly and great of flesh and bone; There shall no king be such

an one, I swear by Godis rood. Therefore, lord, be merry here, And go to meat withouten fear, And hear a mass with goodly cheer; For to all folk ye shall be dear, And all folk of your blood.

### 4: The Masque of Queens - Vicipaedia

*Staging The Masque of Queens As part of a conference in Oxford dedicated to the pre-eminent non-royal woman patron and masque-dancer of early Stuart England, Lucy Harington Russell (), Countess of Bedford, the Masque of Queens by Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones was staged at New College, Oxford on 11 August*

### 5: The Masque Archive | The Cambridge Works of Ben Jonson

*This chapter focuses on The Masque of Queens, which formally introduces the theory of antimasque to the English audience. The masque can be seen as a pivotal work in Jonson's career: crowning the experimentalism of the earlier masques with a new firmness of technique and execution at the same time as it paved the way for the new, more 'dramatic', concept of masque that formed the focus of.*

### 6: Masque - Wikipedia

*The Masque of Queens, Celebrated From the House of Fame is one of the earlier works in the series of masques that Ben Jonson composed for the House of Stuart in the early seventeenth century.*

### 7: The Masque of Queens, : Ben Jonson: Poetry and Architecture - oi

*Show Summary Details Preview. This chapter focuses on The Masque of Queens, which formally introduces the theory of antimasque to the English www.enganchecubano.com masque can be seen as a pivotal work in Jonson's career: crowning the experimentalism of the earlier masques with a new firmness of technique and execution at the same time as it paved the way for the new, more 'dramatic', concept of.*

### 8: Third Charm from Masque of Queens by Ben Jonson - Poems | www.enganchecubano.com

*The Masque of Queens was the third masque Ben Jonson wrote for Queen Anne. It was presented at Whitehall in and when it was published Jonson wrote that.*

### 9: The Masque of Queen Bersabe - Algernon Charles Swinburne, Book, etext

*Nonetheless, compared with Haddington, the masque in which the highest number of 'y' spellings, allied to classical preferences, is to be found, the printed text of Queens seems, in both, to be distinctly more sparing. This might mean that the copy was scribal, rather than authorial.*

*Algorithms and Complexity* *Wayward wizard* by Mary Kay McComas. *Select eulogies of members of the French academy* *The Story of the Glittering Plain* *Child Christopher* (The William Morris Library Series) *Apologia peregrinatiej do Kraiow Wschodnych* *Welcome to Tranquility* *Eating for Autism* *The Pub Guide 2006* (AA Pub Guide) *Proper recipients* *Visit XI* *Jesus in the Tabernacle* *our Help in all Necessities* 174 *The Surgeons Mate* (Aubrey/Maturin Novels) *Aboriginal plant collectors* *Where you go is not who youll be* *Birthnight* *Guests* *The Crown Is Removed* *Oracle* *Web applications* 101 *My grandmother* *Millard and General Bedford Forrest and the Battle of Harrykin Creek* *Heap* *Profiling of a Lazy* *Functional Compiler* *C. Runciman and D. Wakeling* *The cathedral of the Black Madonna* *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (Everyman Paperback Classics) *Advances in structural engineering* *Dear theodosia* *sheet music guitar* *Earth an introduction to physical geology* 9th edition *Vocational training for students with severe handicaps* *Introductive elements* *Stepping Outside Your Comfort Zone* *Statistical mechanics of interacting systems : the method of quantized fields* *Democracy in perspective* *Teachings of Jesus* (Pulse 4) 2. *Contract labour in the clothing industry* *Make yourself accountable* *Puzzle #6* *Gods glory : in weakness or in strength?* *Multiplication chart* *.printable-multiplication-times-table-chart.jpg* 7. *Medical literature, publishing, and informatics* *Valentine to a flying mouse* *Experience Teaches* *When Jesus confronts the world* *Walter enders applied econometric time series* 3rd edition *Map of Illinois* 274 *Food and nutrition book by swaminathan*