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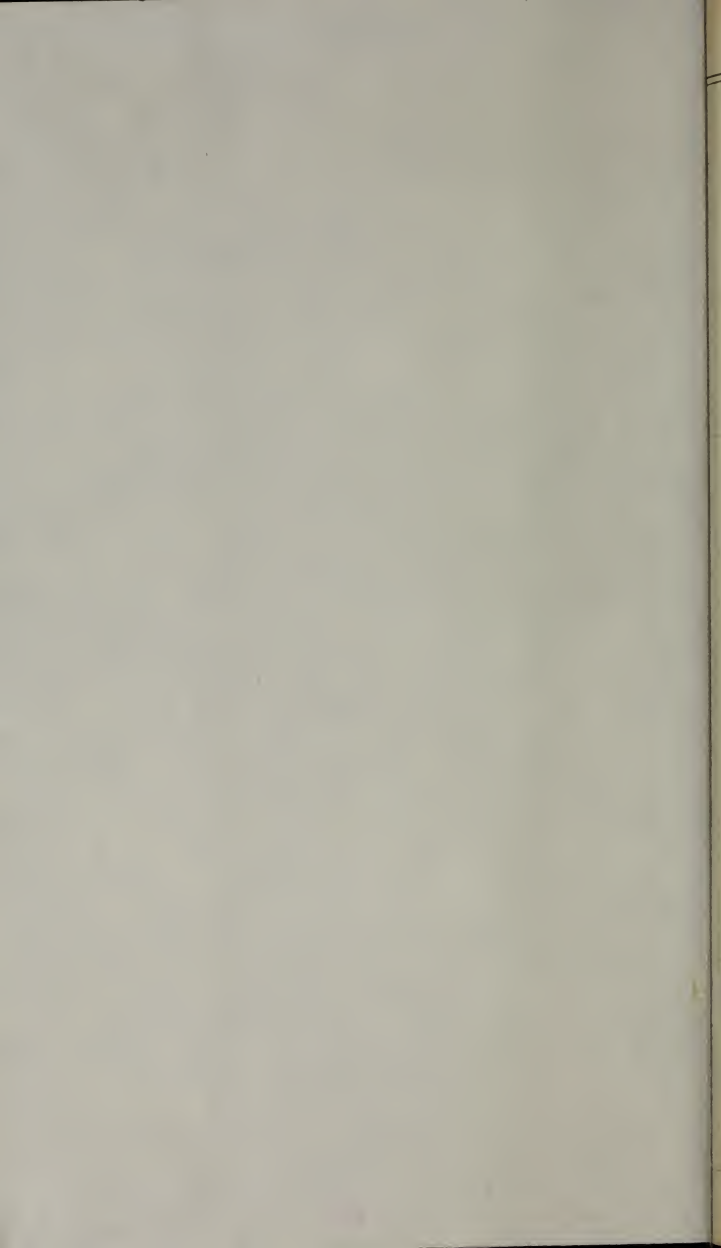
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*Congreve, William*  
BELL'S EDITION.



THE *Dramas*

# MOURNING BRIDE;

A TRAGEDY, by Mr. CONGREVE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

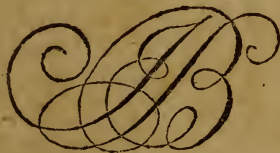
Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

—*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,  
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

OVID, de Arte Am.



L O N D O N :

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To her Royal Highness the

# P R I N C E S S.

MADAM,

**T**HAT high station, which, by your birth, you hold above the people, exacts from every one, as a duty, whatever honours they are capable of paying to your Royal Highness: but that more exalted place, to which your virtues have raised you, above the rest of princes, makes the tribute of our admiration and praise, rather a choice, more immediately preventing that duty. The public gratitude is ever founded on a public benefit; and what is universally blessed, is always an universal blessing. Thus, from yourself we derive the offerings which we bring; and that incense which arises to your name, only returns to its original, and but naturally requires the parent of its being.

From hence it is, that this poem, constituted on a moral whose end it is to recommend and to encourage virtue, of consequence, has recourse to your Royal Highness's patronage; aspiring to cast itself beneath your feet, and declining approbation, 'till you shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it, as on a creature of your influence.

It is from the example of princes, that virtue becomes a fashion in the people; for even they who are averse to instruction, will yet be fond of imitation.

But there are multitudes who never can have means nor opportunities of so near an access, as to partake of the benefit of such examples. And, to these, tragedy, which distinguishes itself from the vulgar poetry by the dignity of its characters, may be of use and information. For they who are at that distance from original greatness, as to be deprived of the happiness of contemplating the perfections, and real excellencies of your Royal Highness's person in your court, may yet behold some small sketch-

es and imagings of the virtues of your mind, abstracted, and represented on the theatre.

Thus poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by precepts which persuade, but also by examples which illustrate. Thus is delight interwoven with instruction; when not only virtue is prescribed, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the liveliness of a feigned representation of great and good persons and their actions, how must we be charmed with beholding the persons themselves? If one or two excelling qualities, barely touched in the single action and small compass of a play, can warm an audience with a concern and regard even for the seeming success and prosperity of the actor, with what zeal must the hearts of all be filled for the continued and encreasing happiness of those who are the true and living instances of elevated and persisting virtue? Even the vicious themselves must have a secret veneration for those peculiar graces and endowments which are daily so eminently conspicuous in your Royal Highness; and, though repining, feel a pleasure, which, in spite of envy, they per-force approve.

If, in this piece, humbly offered to your Royal Highness, there shall appear the resemblance of any of those many excellencies which you so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit your least approbation, it has the end and accomplishment of its design. And however imperfect it may be in the whole, through the inexperience or incapacity of the author; yet if there is so much as to convince your Royal Highness, that a play may be, with industry, so disposed (in spite of the licentious practice of the modern theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the ambition, and recompense the endeavours of

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, and

Most humbly devoted servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PRO-

## P R O L O G U E.

*T*HE time has been, when plays were not so plenty,  
 And a less number, new, would well content ye.  
 New plays did then like almanacks appear,  
 And one was thought sufficient for a year :  
 Though they are more like almanacks of late ;  
 For in one year, I think, they're out of date.  
 Nor were they, without reason, join'd together ;  
 For just as one prognosticates the weather,  
 How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,  
 What peals of thunder, or what showers of rain ;  
 So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,  
 What crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.  
 In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,  
 Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.  
 The dearth of wit they did so long presage,  
 Is fallen on us, and a'most starves the stage.  
 Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw  
 Poor actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw ?  
 Toiling and lab'ring at their lungs' expence,  
 To start a jest, or force a little sense ?  
 Hard fate for us, still harder in th' event ;  
 Our authors sin, but we alone repent.  
 Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse ;  
 'Twere some amends, if they could reimburse ;  
 But there's the devil, tho' their cause is lost,  
 There's no recovering damages or cost.  
 Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,  
 Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.  
 But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,  
 Take your revenge upon the coming scenes :  
 For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother,  
 As one thief 'scapes that executes another.  
 Thus far alone does to the wits relate ;  
 But from the rest we hope a better fate.  
 To please, and move, has been our poet's theme,  
 Art may direct, but nature is his aim ;



*And nature mis's'd, in vain he boasts his art,  
 For only nature can affect the heart.  
 Then freely judge the scenes that shall ensue;  
 But as with freedom, judge with candour too.  
 He would not lose, thro' prejudice, his cause;  
 Nor wou'd obtain, precariously, applause.  
 Impartial censure he requests from all,  
 Prepar'd, by just decrees, to stand or fall.*

---

## D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.

## M E N.

<i>Manuel</i> , the king of Granada,	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Gonsalez</i> , his favourite,	Mr. Packer.
<i>Garcia</i> , son to <i>Gonsalez</i> ,	Mr. Davies.
<i>Perez</i> , captain of the guards,	Mr. Norris.
<i>Alonzo</i> , an officer, creature to <i>Gonsalez</i> ,	Mr. Wrighten.
<i>Osmyn</i> , a noble prisoner,	Mr. Smith.
<i>Heli</i> , a prisoner, his friend,	Mr. Hurst.
<i>Selim</i> , an eunuch,	Mr. Fawcett.

## W O M E N.

<i>Almeria</i> , the princess of Granada,	Mrs. Yates.
<i>Zara</i> , a captive queen,	Miss Younge.
<i>Leonora</i> , chief attendant on the princess,	Mrs. Johnston.

Women, eunuchs, and mutes attending *Zara*, guards, &c.

## S C E N E,   G R A N A D A.

# T H E M O U R N I N G   B R I D E.

---

## A C T I.

SCENE, *a room of state.*

*The curtain rising slowly to soft music, discovers Almeria in mourning, Leonora waiting in mourning.*

*After the music, Almeria rises from her chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

**M**USIC has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.  
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,  
And as with living souls, have been inform'd,  
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.  
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown  
Than trees or flint? Oh, force of constant woe!  
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.  
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night  
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old king;  
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd  
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.  
Why am not I at peace?

*Leon.* Dear Madam, cease,

Or moderate your grief; there is no cause——

*Alm.* No cause! Peace, peace; there is eternal cause,  
And misery eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell—thou hast indeed no cause.

*Leon.* Believe me, Madam, I lament Anselmo,  
And always did compassionate his fortune;  
Have often wept, to see how cruelly  
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:

## 3 THE MOURNING BRIDE.

And oft, at night, when all have been retir'd,  
Have stol'n from bed, and to his prison crept ;  
Where, while his gaoler slept, I thro' the grate  
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his health ;  
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance ;  
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

*Alm.* Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature.  
That thus could melt to see a stranger's wrongs.  
Oh, Leonora, hadst thou known Anselmo,  
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his sufferings !  
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

*Leon.* Love of my royal mistress gave me cause ;  
My love of you begot my grief for him ;  
For I had heard, that when the chance of war  
Had bless'd Anselmo's arms with victory,  
And the rich spoil of all the field, and you,  
The glory of the whole, were made the prey  
Of his success ; ' that then, in spite of hate,  
' Revenge, and that hereditary feud  
' Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,'  
He did endear himself to your affection,  
By all the worthy and indulgent ways  
His most industrious goodness cou'd invent ;  
Proposing, by a match between Alphonso  
His son, the brave Valentian prince, and you,  
To end the long dissention, and unite  
The jarring crowns.

' *Alm.* Alphonso ! O, Alphonso !  
' Thou too art quiet—long hast been at peace—  
' Both, both——father and son are now no more.  
' Then why am I ? Oh, when shall I have rest ?  
' Why do I live to say you are no more ?  
' Why are all these things thus ?—Is it of force ?  
' Is there necessity I must be miserable ?  
' Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n  
' That I shou'd be afflicted thus ?——If not,  
' Why is it thus contriv'd ? Why are things laid  
' By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence,  
' They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,  
' The last distress of life, and sure despair ?

' *Leon.* Alas ! you search too far, and think too deeply.'

*Alm.* Why was I carry'd to Anselmo's court ?



## THE MOURNING BRIDE. 9

Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly ?  
 Why not ill treated, like an enemy ?  
 For so my father wou'd have us'd his child.  
 Oh, Alphonso, Alphonso !  
 Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight.  
 No time shall raze thee from my memory ;  
 No, I will live to be thy monument :  
 The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb :  
 But in my heart thou art interr'd ; there, there,  
 Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd ;  
 My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.

*Leon.* Husband ! Oh, Heav'ns !

*Alm.* Alas ! what have I said ?

My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.  
 I wou'd have kept that secret ; though I know  
 Thy love, and faith to me deserve all confidence.  
 ' But 'tis the wretch's comfort still to have  
 ' Some small reserve of near and inward woe,  
 ' Some unsuspected hoard of darling grief,  
 ' Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,  
 ' And, glutton-like, alone devour.

*Leon.* Indeed,

' I knew not this.

*Alm.* Oh, no, thou know'st not half,

' Know'st nothing of my sorrows—if thou didst—

' If I shou'd tell thee, would'st thou pity me ?

' Tell me ; I know thou would'st ; thou art compassionate.'

*Leon.* Witness these tears——

*Alm.* I thank thee, Leonora——

' Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad mistress :

' For 'tis, alas ! the poor prerogative

' Of greatness to be wretched, and unpitied——

' But I did promise I wou'd tell thee—What ?

' My miseries ? Thou dost already know 'em.

' And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,

' It was because thou didst not know Alphonso :

' For to have known my loss, thou must have known

' His worth, his truth, and tenderness of love.'

*Leon.* The memory of that brave prince stands fair  
 In all report—

And I have heard imperfectly his loss ;

But

But fearful to renew your troubles past,  
I never did presume to ask the story.

*Alm.* If for my swelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.  
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,  
E'en on the day when Manuel, my father,  
Led on his conqu'ring troops high as the gates  
Of king Anselmo's palace; which in rage,  
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.  
The good king flying to avoid the flames,  
Started amidst his foes, and made captivity  
His fatal refuge—Wou'd that I had fall'n  
Amidst those flames—but 'twas not so decreed.  
Alphonso, who foresaw my father's cruelty,  
Had borne the queen and me on board a ship  
Ready to sail; and when this news was brought  
We put to sea; but being betray'd by some  
Who knew our flight, we closely were pursu'd,  
And almost taken; when a sudden storm  
Drove us, and those that follow'd, on the coast  
Of Afric: There our vessel struck the shore  
And bulging 'gainst a rock, was dash'd in pieces;  
But Heav'n spar'd me for yet much more affliction!  
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun  
The shore, and save me floating on the waves,  
While the good queen and my Alphonso perish'd.

*Leon.* Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonso?

*Alm.* That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.  
For when my lord beheld the ship pursuing,  
And saw her rate so far exceeding ours,  
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,  
I wou'd consent the priest shou'd make us one;  
That whether death or victory ensu'd  
I might be his, beyond the power of fate:  
The queen too did assist his suit—I granted;  
And in one day was wedded and a widow,

*Leon.* Indeed 'twas mournful——

*Alm.* 'Twas—as I have told thee——  
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;  
Nor will I change these black and dismal robes,  
Or ever dry these swoln and watery eyes;

Or ever taste content, or peace of heart,  
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonso.

‘ *Leon.* Look down, good Heav’n, with pity on her sorrows,

‘ And grant that time may bring her some relief.

‘ *Alm.* Oh, no ! time gives increase to my afflictions.

‘ The circling hours, that gather all the woes

‘ Which are diffus’d thro’ the revolving year,

‘ Come heavy laden with th’ oppressing weight

‘ To me ; with me, successively, they leave

‘ The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,

‘ And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight :

‘ They shake their downy wings, and scatter all

‘ The dire collected dews on my poor head :

‘ Then fly with joy and swiftness from me.’

[*Shouts at a distance.*

*Leon.* Hark !

The distant shouts proclaim your father’s triumph.

O cease, for Heav’n’s sake, assuage a little

This torrent of your grief, for, much I fear,

’Twill urge his wrath, to see you drown’d in tears,

When joy appears in ev’ry other face.

*Alm.* And joy he brings to ev’ry other heart,

But double, double weight of woe to mine :

For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom

I must be sacrific’d, and all the vows

I gave my dear Alphonso basely broken.

No, it shall never be ; for I will die

First, die ten thousand deaths—Look down, look down,

Alphonso, hear the sacred vow I make ; [Kneels.

‘ One moment, cease to gaze on perfect bliss,

‘ And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me ;’

And thou, Anselmo, if yet thou art arriv’d

Thro’ all impediments of purging fire,

To that bright Heav’n, where my Alphonso reigns,

Behold thou also, and attend my vow.

If ever I do yield, or give consent,

By any action, word, or thought, to wed

Another lord ; may then just Heav’n show’r down

Unheard of curses on me, greater far

(If such there be in angry Heaven’s vengeance)

Than

Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising.*]  
 My heart has some relief; having so well  
 Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.  
 Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

*Leon.* My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.

*Alm.* I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all  
 Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy,  
 Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me  
 Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.

*Leon.* Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.

*Alm.* No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,  
 Nor violence—I feel myself more light,  
 And more at large, since I have made this vow.  
 Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.  
 'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,  
 Upon my word, no more.

*Leon.* I will attend you.

*Enter Alonso.*

*Alon.* The lord Gonfalez comes to tell your highness  
 The king is just arriv'd.

*Alm.* Conduct him in.

[*Exit Alon.*]

That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,  
 To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;  
 And gild and magnify his son's exploits.  
 But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,  
 Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

*Enter Gonfalez.*

*Gon.* Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.  
 The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,  
 Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,  
 And bless this day with most unequal lustre.  
 Your royal father, my victorious lord,  
 Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,  
 Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace.  
 Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,  
 Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.  
 Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,  
 Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,  
 White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,  
 That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,  
 As they disdain'd the victory they grace.  
 Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:

And



And captains of the noblest blood of Afric  
 Sweat by his chariot wheels, 'and lick and grind,  
 ' With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise.'  
 The swarming populace spread every wall,  
 ' And cling, as if with claws they did enforce  
 ' Their hold; thro' cleft stones stretching and staring,  
 ' As if they were all eyes, and every limb  
 ' Would feed its faculty of admiration:'

While you alone retire, and shun this sight;  
 This sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice  
 The multitude should gaze) in absence of your eyes.

*Alm.* My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold  
 The gilded trophies of exterior honours.  
 Nor will my ears be charm'd with sounding words,  
 Or pompous phrase, the pageantry of souls.  
 But that my father is return'd in safety,  
 I bend to Heav'n with thanks.

*Gon.* Excellent prince's!  
 But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age  
 With dying words to offer at your praise.  
 Garcia, my son, your beauty's lowest slave,  
 Has better done; in proving with his sword  
 The force and influence of your matchless charms.

*Alm.* I doubt not of the worth of Garcia's deeds,  
 Which had been brave, though I had ne'er been born.

*Leon.* Madam, the king. [Flourish.]

' *Alm.* My women. I wou'd meet him.'

[Attendants to Almeria enter in mourning.

*Symphony of warlike music. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several officers. Files of prisoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels: afterwards Gonfalez kneels and kisses the King's hand, while Garcia does the same to the prince's.*

*King.* Almeria, rise—My best Gonfalez, rise.  
 What, tears! my good old friend—

*Gon.* But tears of joy.  
 Believe me, Sir, to see you thus, has fill'd  
 Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

*King.* By Heav'n, thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou  
 dost;

Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice

To see thee weep on this occasion—Some  
 Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!  
 Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,  
 Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?  
 In opposition to my brightness, you  
 And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

*Alm.* Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.  
 The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,  
 In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance  
 From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

*King.* Your zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your debt:  
 Yet something too is due to me, who gave  
 That life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd  
 In filial duty, had atton'd and given  
 A dispensation to your vow—No more.

'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.  
 Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,  
 To see that sable worn upon the day,  
 Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,  
 Hated Anselmo, was interr'd—By Heav'n,  
 It looks as thou didst mourn for him: just so  
 Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,  
 Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,  
 But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.  
 Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that!

*Gon.* Have patience, royal Sir; the princess weeps  
 To have offended you. If fate decreed,  
 One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,  
 And her deliverance, is she to blame?

*King.* I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted  
 When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,  
 Such detestation bears my blood to his;  
 My daughter should have revell'd at his death,  
 She should have made these palace walls to shake,  
 And all this high and ample roof to ring  
 With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!  
 Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by Heav'n,  
 There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,  
 But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,  
 And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

*Gon.* What she has done, was in excess of goodness;

Betray'd by too much piety, to seem  
As if she had offended.— Sure, no more.

*King.* To seem is to commit, at this conjuncture.  
I wo't not have a seeming sorrow seen  
To-day.—Retire; divest yourself with speed  
Of that offensive black; on me be all  
The violation of your vow; for you  
It shall be your excuse, that I command it.

*Gar.* [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,  
As to remind you of your gracious promise.

*King.* Rise, Garcia—I forgot. Yet stay, Almeria.

*Alm.* My boding heart!—What is your pleasure, Sir?

*King.* Draw near, and give your hand, and, Garcia,  
yours:

Receive this lord, as one whom I have found  
Worthy to be your husband, and my son.

*Gar.* Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take---  
But to devote, and yield myself for ever  
The slave and creature of my royal mistress.

*Gon.* O let me prostrate pay my worthless thanks---

*King.* No more; my promise long since pass'd, thy  
services

And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.

This day we triumph; but to-morrow's sun,  
Garcia, shall shine to grace thy nuptials——

*Alm.* Oh!

[*Faints.*]

*Gar.* She faints! help to support her.

*Gonf.* She recovers.

*King.* 'A fit of bridal fear.' How is't, Almeria?

*Alm.* A sudden chillness seizes on my spirits.

Your leave, Sir, to retire.

*King.* Garcia, conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the door, and returns.*]

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears,

'I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,

'And make it sin, not to renounce that vow

'Which I'd have broken.' Now, what would Alonzo?

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,

And with a train as if she still were wife

To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.

*King.* It is our will she should be so attended.

'Bear hence these prisoners.' Garcia, which is he,  
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

*[Prisoners led off.]*

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,  
Great Sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;  
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,  
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,  
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born  
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;  
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such fullness, and in a man so brave,  
Must have some other cause than his captivity.  
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,  
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps  
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

*Enter Alonzo, Zara and Osmyn bound, conducted by Perez  
and a guard, and attended by Selim and several mutes  
and eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous  
Zara,

A king and conqueror can give, are yours.  
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;  
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,  
That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,  
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen  
The monarch enter not triumphant, but  
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zar. If I on any terms could condescend  
To like captivity, or think those honours,  
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,  
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule  
And native right to arbitrary sway,  
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train  
With usual homage wait: but when I feel  
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,  
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid  
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should  
How durst you, Perez, disobey?

*[be free.  
Perez.]*



*Perez.* Great Sir,  
Your order was she should not wait your triumph ;  
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

*King.* 'Tis false ; 'twas more ; I bid she should be free ;  
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.  
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers  
With speed——yet stay——my hands alone can make  
Fit restitution here——Thus I release you,  
And by releasing you, enslave myself.

*Zar.* Such favours, so conferr'd, tho' when unfought ;  
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.  
Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——  
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,  
I offer.

*King.* Born to excel, and to command !  
As by transcendent beauty to attract  
All eyes, so by preheminance of soul  
To rule all hearts.

*Garcia*, what's he, who with contracted brow,  
[*Beholding Osmyn as they unbind him.*]  
And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes ;  
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty ?

*Gar.* That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke ; that's Osmyn.

*King.* He answers well the character you gave him.  
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man  
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,  
So hardly can endure captivity,  
The common chance of war ?

*Osm.* Because captivity  
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.

*King.* I understand not that.

*Osm.* I would not have you.

*Zar.* That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,  
Whom more than life he lov'd ; and the regret,  
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,  
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

*King.* She does excuse him ; 'tis as I suspected.

[*To Gonf.*]

*Gon.* That friend may be herself ; seem not to heed  
His arrogant reply : she looks concern'd.

*King.* I'll have enquiry made ; perhaps his friend  
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name ?

*Zar.* Heli.

*King.* Garcia, that search shall be your care :  
 It shall be mine to pay devotion here ;  
 At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,  
 And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.  
 Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more ;  
 Nor will I victory in camps adore :  
 ' For, ling'ring there, in long suspense she stands,  
 ' Shifting the prize in unresolving hands ;  
 ' Unus'd to wait, I broke through her delay,  
 ' Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.  
 ' Now late I find that war is but her sport ;  
 ' In love the goddess keeps her awful court ;'  
 Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,  
 But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes. [Exit.]

The END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE, *representing the isle of a temple.*

' Garcia, Heli, Perez.

' GARCIA.

- ' **T**HIS way, we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk ;  
 ' Choosing this lonely mansion of the dead,  
 ' To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.  
 ' *Heli.* Let heav'n with thunder to the centre strike me,  
 ' If to arise in very deed from death,  
 ' And to revisit with my long-clos'd eyes  
 ' This living light, cou'd to my soul or sense  
 ' Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,  
 ' In least proportion to the vast delight  
 ' I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name ; to hear  
 ' That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.  
 ' *Gar.* I've heard, with admiration, of your friend-  
     ship.  
 ' *Per.* Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.  
 ' *Hel.* Where ? Where ?  
 ' *Gar.* I saw him not, nor any like him——  
 ' *Per.* I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,  
 ' And striding with distemper'd haste ; his eyes  
 ' Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance ;  
     ' Then

- ‘ Then forward shot their fires which he pursu’d,  
 ‘ As to some object frightful, yet not fear’d.  
 ‘ *Gar.* Let’s haste to follow him, and know the cause.  
 ‘ *Heli.* My lord, let me intreat you to forbear :  
 ‘ Leave me alone, to find and cure the cause.  
 ‘ I know his melancholy, and such starts  
 ‘ Are usual to his temper. It might raise him  
 ‘ To act some violence upon himself,  
 ‘ So to be caught in an unguarded hour,  
 ‘ And when his soul gives all her passions way,  
 ‘ Secure and loose in friendly solitude.  
 ‘ I know his noble heart would burst with shame,  
 ‘ To be surpriz’d by strangers in its frailty.  
 ‘ *Gar.* Go, generous Heli, and relieve your friend.  
 ‘ Far be it from me, officiously to pry  
 ‘ Or press upon the privacies of others.

[*Exit Heli.*

- ‘ Perez, the king expects from our return  
 ‘ To have his jealousy confirm’d, or clear’d,  
 ‘ Of that appearing love which Zara bears  
 ‘ To Osmyn ; but some other opportunity  
 ‘ Must make that plain.  
 ‘ *Per.* To me ’twas long since plain,  
 ‘ And ev’ry look from him and her confirms it.  
 ‘ *Gar.* If so, unhappiness attends their love,  
 ‘ And I could pity ’em. I hear some coming.  
 ‘ The friends, perhaps, are met ; let us avoid ’em.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Almeria and Leonora.*

*Alm.* It was a fancy’d noise, for all is hush’d.

*Leon.* It bore the accent of a human voice.

*Alm.* It was thy fear, or else some transient wind  
 Whistling through hollows of this vaulted isle.  
 We’ll listen——

*Leon.* Hark !

*Alm.* No, all is hush’d, and still as death—’tis dread-  
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile, [ful !  
 Whose antient pillars rear their marble heads,  
 To bear aloft its arch’d and pond’rous roof,  
 By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,  
 Looking tranquility. It strikes an awe  
 And terror on my aking sight ; the tombs

And

And monumental caves of death look cold,  
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.  
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;  
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

*Leon.* Let us return; the horror of this place  
 And silence will increase your melancholy.

*Alm.* It may my fears, but cannot add to that.  
 No, I will on; shew me Anselmo's tomb,  
 Lead me o'er bones and skulls, and mould'ring earth  
 Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,  
 Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse  
 Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride  
 Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought  
 Exerts my spirit; and my present fears  
 Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,  
 Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on  
 Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again  
 To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.

*Leon.* I go; but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Excunt.*]

*Enter Heli.*

I wander through this maze of monuments,  
 Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the voice  
 Of one complaining—There it sounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*]

*The SCENE opening discovers a place of tombs: one monument fronting the view greater than the rest.*

*Enter Almeria and Leonora.*

*Leon.* Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb  
 The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,  
 Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.  
 What do I see? Oh, heav'n! either my eyes  
 Are false, or still the marble door remains  
 Unclos'd; the iron grates, that lead to death  
 Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,  
 And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

*Alm.* Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;  
 And that dumb mouth, significant in show,  
 Invites me to the bed, where I alone  
 Shall rest; shews me the grave, where nature, weary

And

And long oppress'd with woes and bending cares,  
 May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers  
 Of peace eternal. ' Death, grim death, will fold  
 ' Me in his leaden arms, and press me close  
 ' To his cold clayie breast : ' my father then  
 Will cease his tyranny ; and Garcia too  
 Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.  
 My soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,  
 And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,  
 ' Of that refulgent world, where I shall swim  
 ' In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss )  
 To my Alphonso's soul. Oh, joy too great !  
 Oh, extasy of thought ! Help me, Anselmo ;  
 Help me, Alphonso ; take me, reach thy hand ;  
 To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonso :  
 Oh, Alphonso !

*Osmyn ascending from the tomb.*

*Osm.* Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso ?

*Alm.* Angels, and all the host of Heav'n, support me !

*Osm.* Whence is that voice, whose shrillness, from the grave,

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up  
 Alphonso ?

*Alm.* Mercy ! Providence ! Oh, speak,  
 Speak to it quickly, quickly ; speak to me,  
 Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,  
 Leonora, in thy bosom, from the light,  
 And from my eyes.

*Osm.* Amazement and illusion !

Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs,

*[Coming forward.]*

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.  
 Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve  
 That tender, lovely form of painted air,  
 So like Almeria. Ha ! it sinks, it falls ;  
 I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her shade.  
 'Tis life ! 'tis warm ! 'tis she, 'tis she herself !  
 Nor dead, nor shade, but breathing and alive !  
 It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife !

*Enter Heli.*

*Leon.* Alas ! she stirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes ;

He



He too is fainting—Help me, help me, stranger,  
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raise  
These bodies.

*Hcl.* Ha! 'tis he! and with—Almeria!  
Oh, miracle of happiness! Oh, joy  
Unhop'd for! does Almeria live!

*Ofm.* Where is she?  
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure  
'Tis she; 'shew me her face, and let me feel  
'Her lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;  
'I taste her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.'  
Look up, Almeria, bless me with thy eyes;  
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy husband.

*Alm.* I've sworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye force  
Is this a father? [me.]

*Ofm.* Look on thy Alphonso.  
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:  
Nor am I what I seem, but thy Alphonso.  
'Wilt thou not know me?' Hast thou then forgot me?  
'Hast thou thy eyes, yet canst not see Alphonso?'  
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,  
That seeing my disguise, thou seest not me?

*Alm.* It is, it is Alphonso; 'tis his face,  
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.  
'Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,  
'Back to the bottom of the boundless deep,  
'To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.  
Oh! how hast thou returned? How hast thou charm'd  
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this?  
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back  
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

*Ofm.* Oh, I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why  
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,  
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,  
Is knowing more than any circumstance,  
Or means, by which I have thee——  
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,  
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,  
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,  
Or trifle time in thinking.

*Alm.* Stay a while——  
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

' *Ofm.*

‘ *Osm.* What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.

‘ *Alm.* Yes.

‘ *Osm.* And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

‘ *Alm.* I know not; ’tis to see thy face, I think—

It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see thee thus again is such profusion

Of joy, of bliss—I cannot bear—I must

Be mad—I cannot be transported thus.

*Osm.* Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav’n of love!

*Alm.* Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?

‘ How is all this? All-pow’rful Heav’n, what are we?

‘ Oh, my strain’d heart—let me again behold thee,

‘ For I weep to see thee—Art thou not paler?

‘ Much, much; how thou art chang’d!

‘ *Osm.* Not in my love.

‘ *Alm.* No, no, thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

‘ Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,

‘ Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

‘ *Osm.* Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.

‘ No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;

‘ Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

‘ Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,

‘ My arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow

‘ To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

‘ *Alm.* I will, for I should never look enough.

‘ They would have marry’d me; but I had sworn

‘ To Heav’n and thee, and sooner would have dy’d—

‘ *Osm.* Perfection of all faithfulness and love!

‘ *Alm.* Indeed I wou’d—Nay, I wou’d tell thee all,

‘ If I could speak; how I have mourn’d and pray’d:

‘ For I have pray’d to thee, as to a saint;

‘ And thou hast heard my pray’r; for thou art come

‘ To my distress, to my despair, which Heav’n

‘ Could only, by restoring thee, have cur’d.

‘ *Osm.* Grant me but life, good Heav’n, but length of days,

‘ To pay some part, some little of this debt,

‘ This countless sum of tenderness and love,

‘ For which I stand engag’d to this all excellence:

‘ Then

' Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,  
 ' Snatch me from life, and cut me short unwarn'd :  
 ' Then, then 'twill be enough—I shall be old,  
 ' I shall have liv'd beyond all æras then  
 ' Of yet unmeasur'd time ; when I have made  
 ' This exquisite, this most amazing goodness,  
 ' Some recompence of love and matchless truth.

' *Alm.* 'Tis more than recompence to see thy face :  
 ' If Heav'n is greater joy it is no happiness,  
 ' For 'tis not to be borne—What shall I say ?  
 ' I have a thousand things to know and ask,  
 ' And speak—That thou art here beyond all hope,  
 ' All thought ; that all at once thou art before me,  
 ' And with such suddenness hast hit my sight,  
 ' Is such surprise, such mystery, such extasy,  
 ' It hurries all my soul, and stuns my sense.'

Sure from thy father's tomb thou didst arise ?

*Osm.* I did ; and thou, my love, didst call me ; thou.

*Alm.* True ; but how cam'st thou there ? Wert thou alone ?

*Osm.* I was, and lying on my father's lead,  
 When broken echoes of a distant voice  
 Disturb'd the sacred silence of the vault,  
 In murmurs round my head. I rose and listen'd,  
 And thought I heard thy spirit call Alphonso ;  
 I thought I saw thee too ; but, Oh, I thought not  
 That I indeed should be so blest to see thee——

*Alm.* But still, how cam'st thou thither ? How thus ?  
 ——Ha !

What's he, who, like thyself, is started here  
 Ere seen ?

*Osm.* Where ? Ha ! what do I see, Antonio !  
 I'm fortunate indeed—— my friend too, safe !

*Heli.* Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

*Alm.* More miracles ! Antonio too, escap'd !

*Osm.* And twice escap'd ; both from the rage of seas  
 And war : for in the fight I saw him fall.

*Heli.* But fell unhurt, a pris'ner as yourself,  
 And as yourself made free ; hither I came,  
 Impatiently to seek you, where I knew  
 Your grief would lead you to lament Anselmo.

' *Osm.*



*Omf.* There are no wonders, or else all is wonder.

*Heli.* I saw you on the ground, and rais'd you up,  
When with astonishment I saw Almeria.

*Osm.* I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

*Alm.* Nor I ; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.

*Osm.* What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,  
That persevering still, with open hand,  
It scatters good, as in a waste of mercy !  
Where will this end ? But Heav'n is infinite  
In all, and can continue to bestow,  
When scanty number shall be spent in telling.

*Leon.* Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpse  
Of two in shining habits cross the isle ;  
Who by their pointing, seem to mark this place.

*Alm.* Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

*Osm.* I wish at least our parting were a dream,  
Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

*Heli.* Zara with Selim, Sir, I saw and know 'em :  
You must be quick, for love will lend her wings.

*Alm.* What love ? Who is she ? Why are you alarm'd ?

*Osm.* She's the reverse of thee ; she's my unhappiness.  
Harbour no thought that may disturb thy peace ;  
' But gently take thyself away, lest she  
' Should come, and see the straining of my eyes  
' To follow thee.'

Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet  
To part no more ; my friend will tell thee all ;  
How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus ;  
How I'm not call'd Alphonso now, but Osmyn ;  
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,  
Ere next we meet——

*Alm.* Sure we shall meet again——

*Osm.* We shall ; we part not but to meet again.  
Gladness and warmth of ever-kindling love  
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in absence.

[*Exeunt Alm. Leon. and Heli.*]

Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.  
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,  
So shall you still behold her—'twill not be.

' Oh, impotence of sight ! Mechanic sense !  
' Which to exterior objects ow'it thy faculty,  
' Not seeing of election, but necessity.

' Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,  
 ' Successively reflect succeeding images :  
 ' Not what they would, but must ; a star, or toad ;  
 ' Just as the hand of chance administers.  
 ' Not so the mind, whose undetermin'd view  
 ' Revolves, and to the present adds the past :  
 ' Effaying farther to futurity ;  
 ' But that in vain. I have Almeria here  
 ' At once, as I before have seen her often—

*Enter Zara and Selim.*

*Zar.* See where he stands, folded and fix'd to earth,  
 Stiff'ning in thought, a statue among statues.  
 Why, cruel Osfyn, dost thou fly me thus ?  
 ' Is it well done ? Is this then the return  
 ' For fame, for honour, and for empire lost ?  
 ' But what is loss of honour, fame, and empire ?  
 ' Is this the recompence reserv'd for love ?  
 ' Why, dost thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,  
 ' To find this place of horror and obscurity ?'  
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the grave,  
 ' That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun  
 My love ? But to the grave I'll follow thee—  
 He looks not, minds not, hears not ; barb'rous man !  
 Am I neglected thus ? Am I despis'd ?  
 Not hear'd ! Ungrateful Osfyn !

*Osf.* Ha, 'tis Zara !

*Zar.* Yes, traitor ; Zara, lost, abandon'd Zara,  
 Is a regardless suppliant, now, to Osfyn.  
 The slave, the wretch that she redeem'd from death,  
 Disdains to listen now, or look on Zara.

*Osf.* Far be the guilt of such reproaches from me ;  
 Lost in myself, and blinded by my thoughts,  
 I saw you not till now.

*Zar.* Now then you see me—  
 But with such dumb and thankless eyes you look,  
 Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

*Osf.* What would you from a wretch who came to  
 mourn,  
 And only for his sorrows chose this solitude ?  
 Look round ; joy is not here, nor chearfulness.  
 You have pursu'd misfortune to its dwelling,  
 Yet look for gaiety and gladness there.

*Zar.*

*Zar.* Inhuman ! Why, why dost thou rack me thus ?  
And, with perverseness, from the purpose, answer ?  
What is't to me, this house of misery ?

What joy do I require ? If thou dost mourn,  
I come to mourn with thee, to share thy griefs,  
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

*Ofm.* Oh, that's the greatest grief—I am so poor,  
I have not wherewithal to give again.

*Zar.* 'Thou hast a heart, tho' 'tis a savage one ;  
Give it me as it is ; I ask no more  
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd :  
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,  
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coast,  
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,  
Thou and thy friend, till my compassion found thee ;  
Compassion ! scarce will't own that name, so soon,  
So quickly, was it love ; for thou wert godlike  
E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,  
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks, then chaf'd  
Thy temples, till reviving blood arose,  
And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.  
Oh, Heav'n ! how did my heart rejoice and ake,  
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,  
And felt the balm of thy respiring lips !

' *Ofm.* Oh, call not to my mind what you have done ;  
' It sets a debt of that account before me,  
' Which shews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.

*Zar.* ' The faithful Selim, and my women, know  
' The danger which I tempted to conceal you.  
' You know how I abus'd the cred'lous king ;  
' What arts I us'd to make you pass on him,  
' When he receiv'd you as the prince of Fez ;  
' And as my kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.'

Oh ! why do I relate what I have done ?  
What did I not ? Was't not for you this war  
Commenc'd ? Not knowing who you were, nor why  
You hated Manuel, I urg'd my husband  
To this invasion ; where he late was lost,  
Where all is lost, and I am made a slave.

*\* Osm. You pierce my soul—I own it all—But while  
The power is wanting to repay such benefits,  
'Tis treble anguish to a generous heart.*

*Zara. Repay me with thy heart—What, dost thou start?  
Make no reply! Is this thy gratitude?*

Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery;  
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me;  
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:  
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,  
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara,  
And now abandon'd——Say, what then is Osmyn?

*Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin,  
That tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,  
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.*

*Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,  
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;  
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more  
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,  
But larger means to gratify the will?  
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach  
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding  
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've serv'd their  
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd. [end,*

*Osm. Why was I made the instrument to throw  
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?*

*Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;  
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,  
And can unwind and strain him as I please.  
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.*

*Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require  
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,  
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.*

*Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.*

*Osm. Alas! you know me not.*

*Zara. Not who thou art:  
But what this last ingratitude declares,  
This groveling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know  
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name:*

---

\* The lines printed in Italics are not in the original, but are now given to the reader as delivered in the representation at Drury-lane Theatre.

By something so unworthy and so vile,  
 That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,  
 Than all the malice of my other fate.  
 Traitor, monster, cold perfidious slave;  
 A slave not daring to be free; nor dares  
 To love above him; for 'tis dangerous.  
 ' 'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with eyes  
 ' Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.  
 ' I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,  
 ' And thrill'd thee through with darting fires; but thou  
 ' Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish.' The king!  
 There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

*Sel.* Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

*Zara.* As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

*Enter the King, Perez, and attendants.*

*King.* Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw  
 Her shining from the day, to gild this scene  
 Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?  
 Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.  
 What's he that dares be rival to the king,  
 Or lift his eyes to like where I adore?

[*slave.*

*Zara.* There, he, your prisoner, and that was my  
*King.* How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse  
 him?

[*Aside.*

*Zara.* Am I become so low by my captivity,  
 And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,  
 That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?  
 And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld  
 Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,  
 Presume to-day to plead audacious love,  
 And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

*King.* Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,  
 And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand  
 Of him that thunders, than but to think that insolence.  
 ' 'Tis daring for a god.' Hence to the wheel  
 With that Ixion, who aspires to hold  
 Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons  
 Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn, and exeunt.*

*Zara.* Compassion led me to bemoan his state,  
 Whose former fate had merited much more;



And, through my hopes in you, I undertook  
He should be set at large; thence sprung his insolence,  
And what was charity, he constru'd love.

*King.* Enough; his punishment be what you please.  
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,  
'To one where young delights attend, 'and joys,  
' Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,  
' Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,  
' And spread, like roses, to the morning sun :'  
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,  
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.  
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:  
What we refuse to him, to death we give;  
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Exeunt.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a prison.*

OSMYN, *with a paper.*

**B**UT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb  
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,  
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.  
Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,  
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.  
In a dark corner of my cell I found  
This paper; what it is this light will shew.

" If my Alphonso"—Ha! [*Reading.*

" If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;

" Give me more weight, crush my declining years

" With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;

" But bless my son, visit not him for me.

It is his hand; this was his pray'r—yet more:

" Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [*Reading.*

" Tears from my hoary and devoted head,

" Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:

" Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious—

'Tis wanting what should follow—Heav'n shou'd follow,  
 But 'tis torn off—Why shou'd that word alone  
 Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,  
 But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,  
 Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,  
 So did it tear the ears of mercy from  
 His voice, shutting the gates of pray'r against him.  
 If piety be thus debarr'd access  
 On high, and of good men the very best  
 Is singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,  
 What is reward? Or what is punishment?  
 But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!  
 Yet I may think——I may, I must; for thought  
 Precedes the will to think, and error lives  
 Ere reason can be born. 'Reason, the power  
 ' To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp  
 ' Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,  
 ' Fooling the follower, betwixt shade and shining.'  
 What noise! Who's there? My friend? How can'st  
 thou hither?

*Enter Heli.*

*Heli.* The time's too precious to be spent in telling.  
 The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's power,  
 Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

*Osmin.* How does Almeria? But I know she is  
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her?

*Heli.* You may. Anon, at midnight, when the king  
 Is gone to rest, and Garcia is retir'd,  
 ' (Who takes the privilege to visit late,  
 ' Presuming on a bridegroom's right)' she'll come.

*Osmin.* She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.  
 She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh, Heav'n!  
 To a vile prison, and a captive wretch;  
 To one, whom, had she never known, she had  
 Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature  
 Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?  
 Why does she follow, with unwearied steps,  
 One, who has tir'd misfortune with pursuing?  
 ' One driven about the world, like blasted leaves  
 ' And chaff, the sport of adverse winds; 'till late,

' At

- ‘ At length imprison’d in some cleft of rock,
- ‘ On earth it rests, and rots to silent dust.’

*Heli.* Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.  
I’ve learn’d there are disorders ripe for mutiny  
Among the troops, who thought to share the plunder,  
Which Manuel to his own use and avarice  
Converts. This news has reach’d Valentia’s frontiers,  
Where many of your subjects, long oppress’d  
With tyranny, and grievous impositions,  
Are risen in arms, and call for chiefs to head  
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

*Osm.* By Heav’n thou’st rous’d me from my lethargy,  
The spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,  
And the loud cries of my dead father’s blood,  
‘ Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus’d to hear  
‘ The piercing sighs and murmurs of my love  
‘ Yet unenjoy’d; what not Almeria could  
‘ Revive or raise,’ my people’s voice has waken’d.

*Heli.* Our posture of affairs, and scanty time  
My lord, require you should compose yourself.

*Osm.* Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;  
My soul is up in arms, ready to charge  
And bear amidst the foe with conquer’ing troops.  
I hear ’em call to lead ’em on to liberty,  
To victory; their shouts and clamours rend  
My ears, and reach the Heav’ns. Where is the king?  
Where is Alphonso? Ha! where? where indeed?  
Oh, I could tear and burst the strings of life,  
To break these chains. Off, off, ye stains of royalty;  
Off, slavery. Oh, curse! that I alone  
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I  
Would soar and sloop at victory beneath.

*Heli.* Abate this ardour, Sir, or we are lost.  
Zara, the cause of your restraint, may be  
The means of liberty restor’d. That gain’d,  
Occasion will not fail to point out ways  
For your escape. Mean time, I’ve thought already  
With speed and safety to convey myself,  
Where not far off some malcontents hold council  
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; some, who love



Anselmo's memory, and will, for certain,  
When they shall know you live, assist your cause.

*Osm.* My friend and counsellor, as thou think'st fit,  
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.

*Heli.* When Zara comes, abate of your aversion.

*Osm.* I hate her not, nor can dissemble love :  
But as I may I'll do. ' I have a paper  
' Which I would shew thee, friend, but that the sight  
' Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.  
' Within I found it, by my father's hand  
' 'Twas writ ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears  
' Paternal love prevailing o'er his sorrows ;  
' Such sanctity, such tendernefs, so mix'd  
' With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.  
' *Heli.* The care of Providence sure left it there,  
' To arm your mind with hope. Such piety  
' Was never heard in vain. Heav'n has in store  
' For you those blessings it withheld from him.  
' In that assurance live ; which time, I hope,  
' And our next meeting will confirm.

*Osm.* Farewel,  
My friend ; the good thou dost deserve, attend thee. [Exit Heli,

I've been to blame, and question'd with impiety  
The care of Heav'n. Not so my father bore  
More anxious grief. This should have better taught me ;  
' This lesson, in some hour of inspiration  
' By him set down, when his pure thoughts were borne,  
' Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,  
' And wafted thence, on angel's wings, thro' ways  
' Of light, to the bright source of all. For there  
' He in the book of prescience saw this day ;  
' And waking to the world and mortal sense,  
' Left this example of his resignation,'  
This his last legacy to me : which, here,  
I'll treasure as more worth than diadems,  
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

*Enter Zara, veil'd.*

*Osm.* What brightness breaks upon me thus through  
And promises a day to this dark dwelling ? [Shades,  
Is it my love ?—

*Zara.*

*Zara.* Oh, that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*]  
Thy tongue that saying !

*Ofm.* *Zara !* I am betray'd by my surprize.

*Zara.* What, does my face displease thee ?  
That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes  
Away, as from deformity and horror ?  
If so, this sable curtain shall again  
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,  
And unseen. Is it my love ? Ask again  
That question ; speak again in that soft voice ;  
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.  
Oh, no ! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,  
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause  
Of these thy wrongs ; as she whose barb'rous rage  
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.

‘ Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness ;  
‘ Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd ?  
‘ No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,  
‘ And detestation, that could use thee thus.  
‘ So dost thou think ; then do but tell me so ;  
‘ Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge  
‘ Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear  
‘ This heart of flint, 'till it shall bleed ; and thou  
‘ Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.\*

*Ofm.* You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe  
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,  
‘ As still to meditate revenge on all  
‘ Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,  
‘ Has made, per-force, subservient to the end ;  
‘ The heav'nly pow'rs allot me ;' no, not you,  
But destiny and inauspicious stars  
Have cast me down to this low being. Or  
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

*Zara.* Canst thou forgive me then ? wilt thou believe  
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness ?  
Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,  
And call it passion ! then, be still more kind,  
And call that passion love.

*Ofm.* Give it a name,  
Or being, as you please, such I will think it. [ness,

*Zara.* Oh, thou dost wound me more with this thy good-  
Than

Than e'er thou couldst with bitterest reproaches;  
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.

*Osm.* Yet I could wish——

*Zara.* Haste me to know it; what?

*Osm.* That at this time I had not been this thing.

*Zara.* What thing?

*Osm.* This slave.

*Zara.* Oh, Heav'n my fears interpret  
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,  
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,  
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.  
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

*Osm.* Time may have still one fated hour to come,  
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake  
Occasion past.

*Zara.* Swift as occasion, I  
Myself will fly; and earlier than the morn,  
Wake thee to freedom. 'Now 'tis late; and yet  
'Some news few minutes past, arriv'd, which seem'd  
'To shake the temper of the king—Who knows  
'What racking cares disease a monarch's bed?  
'Or love, that late at night still lights his lamp,  
'And strikes his rays thro' dusk and folded lids,  
'Forbidding rest, may stretch his eyes awake,  
'And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.  
'I'll try.

*Osm.* I have not merited this grace;  
Nor, should my secret purpose take effect,  
Can I repay, as you require, such benefits.

*Zara.* Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more  
To give, than I've already lost. But now,  
So does the form of our engagements rest,  
Thou hast the wrong till I redeem thee hence;  
That done, I leave thy justice to return  
My love. Adieu.

[Exit.

*Osm.* This woman has a soul  
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,  
And challenges, in spite of me, my best  
Esteem; 'to this, she's fair, few more can boast  
'Of personal charms, or with less vanity  
'Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings;'

But

But she has passions which outstrip the wind,  
 And tear her virtues up, as tempests root  
 The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,  
 Some swift and dire event of her blind rage  
 Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes  
 For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,  
 The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

*Enter Almeria.*

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!  
 How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?  
 How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?  
 How run into thy arms, withheld by fetters;  
 Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled  
 And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?  
 Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,  
 And stain thy bosom with the rust of these  
 Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

*Alm.* Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.  
 Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet  
 To part no more——Now we will part no more;  
 For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

*Osm.* Hard means to ratify thy word!—Oh, cruelty!  
 ' That ever I should think beholding thee  
 ' A torture!—Yet, such is the bleeding anguish  
 ' Of my heart, to see thy sufferings——Oh, Heav'n!  
 ' That I could almost turn my eyes away,  
 ' Or wish thee from my sight.

*Alm.* Oh, say not so!  
 ' Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,  
 ' On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.  
 ' No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together  
 ' Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes  
 ' With mutual appetite; and mingling in  
 ' One cup the common stream of both our eyes,  
 ' Drink bitter draughts, with never-flaking thirst;  
 ' Thus better, than for any cause to part.  
 ' What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly  
 ' Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms——  
 ' Thou canst not; thy poor arms are bound, and strive  
 ' In vain with thy remorseless chains, which gnaw  
 ' And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs  
 ' With rankling rust.'

*Osm.*



*Osm.* Oh ! O——

*Alm.* Give me that sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs ?  
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start ;  
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

*Osm.* For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast  
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.

*Alm.* Why ? why ? To know it, cannot wound me more  
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,  
—Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

*Osm.* And thy excessive love distracts my sense.  
Oh, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,  
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

*Alm.* Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my  
If there he shoot not every other shaft ; [heart,  
Thy second self shou'd feel each other wound,  
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.  
I am thy wife—

*Osm.* Oh, thou hast search'd too deep :  
There, there I bleed ; there pull the cruel cords,  
That strain my cracking nerves ; engines and wheels,  
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm  
To that soul-racking thought.

*Alm.* Then I am curs'd  
Indeed, if that be so ; if I'm thy torment,  
Kill me, then, kill me, dash me with thy chains,  
Tread on me : ' What, am I the bosom-snake  
' That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart ;  
' Oh, that thy words had force to break those bonds,  
' As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder ;  
' So shou'dst thou be at large from all oppression.'  
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst ?

*Osm.* My all of bliss, my everlasting life,  
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,  
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,  
' And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings ?  
' Why dost thou ask ? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly ?'  
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,  
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

*Alm.* Didst not thou say that racks and wheels were  
balm  
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife ?

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*Osm.* No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that hell  
 Or hell-born malice can invent, extort  
 A wish or thought from me to have thee other.  
 But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart :  
 Thou'art my wife——nay, thou art yet my bride——  
 The sacred union of connubial love  
 Yet unaccomplish'd : ' his mysterious rites  
 ' Delay'd ; nor has our hymeneal torch  
 ' Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice ;  
 ' But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swal'd with sighs,  
 ' Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.'  
 Is this dark cell a temple for that god ?  
 Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings ?  
 This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes ;  
 ' Is this our marriage bed ? are these our joys ?'  
 Is this to call thee mine ? Oh, hold, my heart !  
 To call thee mine ? Yes ; thus even thus to call  
 Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest extasy.  
 But, Oh, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery ;  
 And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,  
 As to be wretched with thee.

*Alm.* No ; not that  
 Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder :  
 That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,  
 As on the leavings of calamity.  
 There we will feast and smile on past distress,  
 And hug, in scorn of it, or mutual ruin.

*Osm.* Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,  
 Because not knowing danger. But look forward ;  
 ' Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn  
 From these weak, struggling, unextended arms :  
 ' Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,  
 ' To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands :  
 ' Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush,  
 ' To follow thee, my separating soul.'  
 Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia !  
 Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure  
 And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,  
 Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,  
 And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,  
 ' Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,'  
 And bury me alive.

*Alm.*



*Alm.* Heart-breaking horror !

*Ofm.* Then Garcia shall lie panting on thy bosom,  
Luxurious, revelling amidst thy charms ;  
' And thou per-force must yield, and aid his transport.'  
Hell ! Hell ! have I not cause to rage and rave ?  
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this ?  
' Are they not soothing softness, sinking ease,  
' And wafting air to this ?' Oh, my Almeria !  
What do the damn'd endure, but to despair,  
But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever ?

*Alm.* Oh, I am struck ; thy words are bolts of ice,  
Which shot into my breast, now melt and chill me.  
' I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling fears.  
' No, hold me not——Oh, let us not support,  
' But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,  
' Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,  
' But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth  
' With rivers of incessant scalding rain.'

*Enter Zara, Perez, Selim.*

*Zar.* Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom ?  
Dare you dispute the king's command ? Behold  
The royal signet.

*Per.* I obey ; yet beg  
Your majesty one moment to defer  
Your ent'ring, 'till the princess is return'd  
From visiting the noble prisoner.

*Zar.* Ha !  
What say'st thou ?

*Ofm.* We are lost ! undone ! discover'd !  
' Retire, my life, with speed——Alas, we're seen :'  
Speak of compassion, let her hear you speak  
Of interceding for me with the king ;  
Saying something quickly to conceal our loves,  
If possible ——

*Alm.* —— I cannot speak.

*Ofm.* Let me  
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,  
But till she's gone ; then bless me thus again.

*Zar.* Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth !  
Confusion in his face, and grief in hers !  
'Tis plain I've been abus'd——' Death and destruction !  
' How shall I search into this mystery ?

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' The bluest blast of pestilential air  
' Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes ;'  
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

*Osm.* This charity to one unknown, and thus

[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out.*

Distress'd, Heav'n will repay ; all thanks are poor.

[*Exit Almeria.*

*Zar.* Damn'd, damn'd dissembler ! Yet I will be calm,  
Choak in my rage, and know the utmost depth  
Of this deceiver——You seem much surpriz'd.

*Osm.* At your return so soon and unexpected !

*Zara.* And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.  
Confusion ! Yet I will contain myself.

You're grown a favourite since last we parted ;  
Perhaps I'm saucy and intruding ——

*Osm.* —— Madam !

*Zara.* I did not know the princess' favourite.  
Your pardon, Sir——mistake me not ; you think  
I'm angry ; you're deceiv'd. I came to set  
You free ; but shall return much better pleas'd,  
To find you have an interest superior.

*Osm.* You do not come to mock my miseries ?

*Zar.* I do.

*Osm.* I could at this time spare your mirth.

*Zar.* I know thou couldst ; but I'm not often pleas'd.  
And will indulge it now. What miseries ?  
Who would not be thus happily confin'd,  
To be the care of weeping majesty ;  
'To have contending queens, at dead of night,  
Forfake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,  
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of rest ?  
Oh, curse ! I cannot hold ——

*Osm.* Come, 'tis too much.

*Zar.* Villain !

*Osm.* How, Madam !

*Zar.* Thou shalt die.

*Osm.* I thank you.

[*live.*

*Zar.* Thou ly'st, for now I know for whom thou'dst

*Osm.* Then you may know for whom I die.

*Zar.* Hell ! Hell !

Yet I'll be calm —— Dark and unknown betrayer !

But

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But now the dawn begins, and the slow hand  
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the veil, and leave  
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.

*Osm.* You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r —  
*Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs*  
*And free myself, at once, from misery,*  
*And you of me.*

*Zar.* Ha! say'st thou—but I'll prevent it—  
Who waits there? As you will answer it, look this  
slave [To the guard.

Attempt no means to make himself away.  
I've been deceiv'd. The public safety now  
Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,  
No, not the princess, suffer'd or to see  
Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the king.  
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent  
The base injustice thou hast done my love:  
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past distress,  
And all those ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;  
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd. *Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

SCENE, *a room of state.*

Zara, Selim.

ZARA.

**T**HOU hast already rack'd me with thy stay;  
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:  
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?  
*Sel.* Your accusation highly has incens'd  
The king, and were alone enough to urge  
The fate of Osmyn; but to that, fresh news  
Has since arriv'd, of more revolted troops.  
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him  
(Which breeds amazement and distraction) some  
Who bore high offices of weight and trust,  
Both in the state and army. This confirms  
The king in full belief of all you told him

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Concerning Osmyn, and his correspondence  
With them who first began the mutiny.  
Wherefore a warrant for his death is sign'd ;  
And order given for public execution.

*Zar.* Ha ! haste thee ! fly, prevent his fate and mine ;  
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight  
More than his crown t' impart ere Osmyn die.

*Sel.* It needs not, for the king will straight be here,  
And as to your revenge, not his own int'rest,  
Pretend to sacrifice the life of Osmyn.

*Zar.* What shall I say ? Invent, contrive, advise  
Somewhat to blind the king, and save his life,  
In whom I live. ' Spite of my rage and pride ;  
' I am a woman, and a lover still.  
' Oh ! 'tis more griet but to suppose his death,  
' Than still to meet the rigour of his scorn.  
' From my despair my anger had its source ;  
' When he is dead I must despair for ever.  
' For ever ! that's despair——it was distrust  
' Before ; distrust will ever be in love,  
' And anger in distrust ; both short-liv'd pains.  
' But in despair, and ever-during death,  
' No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.  
' Oh, torment, but to think ! what then to bear ?  
' Not to be borne'——Devise the means to shun it,  
Quick ; or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

*Sel.* My life is yours, nor wish I to preterve it,  
But to serve you. I have already thought.

*Zar.* Forgive my rage ; I know thy love and truth.  
But say, what's to be done ? or when, or how,  
Shall I prevent or stop th' approaching danger ?

*Sel.* You must still seem most resolute and fix'd  
On Osmyn's death ; too quick a change of mercy  
Might breed suspicion of the cause. Advise  
That execution may be done in private.

*Zar.* On what pretence ?

*Sel.* Your own request's enough.  
However, for a colour, tell him, you  
Have cause to fear his guards may be corrupted,  
And some of them bought off to Osmyn's interest,  
Who at the place of execution will  
Attempt to force his way for an escape ;

The state of things will countenance all suspicions.  
 Then offer to the king to have him strangled  
 In secret by your mutes; and get an order,  
 That none but mutes may have admittance to him.  
 I can no more, the king is here. Obtain  
 This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

*Enter King, Gonfalez, and Perez.*

*King.* Bear to the dungeon those rebellious slaves,  
 'Th'ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,  
 'And spend their mouths in barking tyranny.'  
 But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,  
 Let 'em be led away to present death.  
*Perez,* see it perform'd.

*Gonf.* Might I presume,  
 Their execution better were deferr'd,  
 'Till Osmyn die. Mean time we may learn more  
 Of this conspiracy.

*King.* Then be it so.  
 Stay, soldier; they shall suffer with the Moor.  
 Are none return'd of those that follow'd Heli?

*Gonf.* None, Sir. Some papers have been since discovered

In Roderigo's house, who fled with him,  
 Which seem to intimate, as if Alphonso  
 Were still alive, and arming in Valentia:  
 Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,  
 They who are fled have that way bent their course.  
 Of the same nature divers notes have been  
 Dispers'd to amuse the people; whereupon  
 Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour:  
 That being fav'd upon the coast of Afric,  
 He there disclos'd himself to Albucacim,  
 And by a secret compact made with him,  
 Open'd and urg'd the way to this invasion;  
 While he himself, returning to Valentia  
 In private, undertook to raise this tumult.

*Zar.* Ha! hear'st thou that? Is Osmyn then Alphonso?  
 'Oh, heav'n! a thousand things occur at once  
 'To my remembrance now, that make it plain.'  
 Oh, certain death for him, as sure despair  
 For me, if it be known——If not, what hope  
 Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest baseness now,



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To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,  
And try the force of yet more obligations.

*Gonf.* 'Tis not impossible. Yet it may be  
'That some impostor has usurp'd his name.  
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,  
If such an one, so 'scaping, was receiv'd,  
At any time in Albucacim's court.

*King.* Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:  
An unforeseen, unwelcome hour of business,  
Has thrust between us and our while of love;  
But wearing now apace with ebbing sand,  
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

*Zar.* You're too secure: the danger is more imminent  
Than your high courage suffers you to see;  
While Osmyn lives, you are not safe.

*King.* His doom  
Is pass'd, if you revoke it not, he dies.

*Zar.* 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,  
I find I can unfold what yet concerns  
You more. One, who did call himself Alphonso,  
Was cast upon my coast, as is reported,  
And oft had private conference with the king;  
To what effect I knew not then: but he,  
Alphonso, secretly departed, just  
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.  
What I know more is, that a triple league  
Of strictest friendship was profess'd between  
Alphonso, Heli, and the traitor Osmyn.

*King.* Public report is ratify'd in this.

*Zar.* And Osmyn's death requir'd of strong necessity.

*King.* Give order strait, that all the pris'ners die.

*Zar.* Forbear a moment, somewhat more I have  
Worthy your private ear, and this your minister.

*King.* Let all, except Gonfalez, leave the room.

[Exit Perez, &c.]

*Zar.* I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;  
And in return of that, tho' otherwise  
Your enemy, 'I have discover'd Osmyn  
'His private practice and conspiracy  
'Against your state: and fully to discharge  
'Myself of what I've undertaken, now'  
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards

Are



Are tainted ; some among 'em have resolv'd  
To rescue Osmyn at the place of death.

*King.* Is treason then so near us as our guards ?

*Zar.* Most certain ; tho' my knowledge is not yet  
So ripe, to point at the particular men.

*King.* What's to be done ?

*Zar.* That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my train some mutes,  
A present once from the sultana queen,  
In the grand signior's court. These from their infancy  
Are practic'd in the trade of death ; and shall  
(As their custom is) in private strangle  
Osmyn.

*Gonf.* My lord, the queen advises well.

*King.* What off'ring, or what recompence remains  
In me, that can be worthy so great services ?  
To cast beneath your feet the crown you've sav'd,  
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

*Zar.* Of that hereafter : but, mean time, 'tis fit  
You give strict charge, that none may be admitted  
To see the pris'ner, but such mutes as I  
Shall send.

*King.* Who waits there ?

*Enter Perez.*

*King.* On your life, take heed  
That only Zara's mutes, or such who bring  
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.

*Zar.* They, and no other, not the princess' self.

*Per.* Your majesty shall be obey'd.

*King.* Retire.

[*Exit Perez.*]

*Gonf.* That interdiction so particular  
Pronounc'd with vehemence against the princess,  
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.  
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds  
It not. [*Aside.*]—Your majesty sure might have spar'd  
The last restraint : you hardly can suspect  
The princess is confed'rate with the Moor.

*Zar.* I've heard her charity did once extend  
So far, to visit him at his request.

*Gonf.* Ha !

*King.* How ! She visit Osmyn ! What, my daughter ?

*Scl.* Madam, take heed ; or you have ruin'd all.

*Zar*

*Zar.* And after did solicit you on his  
Behalf.—

*King.* Never. You have been misinform'd.

*Zar.* Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some  
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.

I will retire and instantly prepare  
Instruction for my ministers of death.

[*Exit Zara and Selima.*]

*Gonf.* There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;  
Her words and actions are obscure and double,  
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree;  
I like it not.

[*Aside.*]

*King.* What dost thou think, Gonfalez?  
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

*Gonf.* I am a little slow of credit, Sir,  
In the sincerity of woman's actions.  
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor  
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem  
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.  
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd  
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards  
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?  
I'th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight  
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;  
I'th' morning he must die again; ere noon  
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll  
Escape. This put together suits not well.

*King.* Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd  
Is manifest from every circumstance.  
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,  
Are confirmation;—that Alphonso lives,  
Agrees expressly too with her report.

*Gonf.* I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage  
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what  
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.  
But why that needless caution of the princess?  
What if she had seen Osmyn? Tho' t'were strange;  
But if she had, what was't to her? Unless  
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's  
Affection to revolt.

*King.* I thank thee, friend.

There's

There's reason in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.—  
But think'st thou that my daughter saw this Moor?

*Gonf.* If Osmyn be, as Zara has related,  
Alphonso's friend, 'tis not impossible  
But she might wish, on his account, to see him.

*King.* Say'st thou? By Heav'n, thou hast rous'd a  
thought,

That like a sudden earthquake shakes my frame.  
Confusion! then my daughter's an accomplice,  
And plots in private with this hellish Moor.

*Gonf.* That were too hard a thought—but see, she  
'Twere not amiss to question her a little, [comes—  
And try, how'er, if I've divin'd aright.  
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd  
For Osmyn's death, as he's Alphonso's friend :  
Urge that, to try if she'll solicit for him.

*Enter Almeria and Leonora.*

*King.* Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;  
I had determin'd to have sent for you.  
Let your attendant be dismiss'd; I have [*Leonora retires.*  
To talk with you. Come near; why dost thou shake?  
What mean those swell'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look  
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night  
In waking anguish? Why this on the day  
Which was design'd to celebrate thy nuptials;  
But that the beams of light are to be stain'd  
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?  
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites;  
Nor shall the guilty horrors of this day  
Profane that jubilee.

*Alm.* All days to me  
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,  
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows  
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong  
One hated line of more extended woe.

*King.* Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the  
And look thou answer me with truth; for know [cause;  
I am not unacquainted with thy falshood.  
Why art thou mute? Base and degen'rate maid!

*Gonf.* Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

*Alm.* What is't to speak? Or wherefore should I speak?  
What mean these tears but grief unutterable?

*King.*

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*King.* They are the dumb confessions of thy guilty mind ;

They mean thy guilt: and say thou wert confed'rate  
With damn'd conspirators to take my life.

Oh, impious parricide ! Now canst thou speak ?

*Alm.* O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy bosom,  
And bend my flowing eyes to stream upon  
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield ;  
Open thy bowels of compassion, take  
Into thy womb the last and most forlorn  
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent  
——I have no parent else—be thou a mother,  
And step between me and the curse of him  
Who was—who was, but is no more a father ;  
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes ;  
And for the tender names of child and daughter,  
Now calls me murderer and parricide.

*King.* Rise, I command thee—and if thou wou  
Acquit thyself of those detested names,  
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign dog,  
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed Osmyn.

*Alm.* Never, but as with innocence I might,  
And free of all bad purposes. So Heaven's  
My witness.

*King.* Vile equivocating wretch !  
With innocence ! Oh, patience ! hear—she owns it !  
Confesses it ! By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,  
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures  
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,  
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.

*Alm.* Oh, I am lost.——There fate begins to wound.

*King.* Hear me, then ; if thou canst reply ; know,  
traitrefs,

I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonso lives ;  
Nor am I ignorant what Osmyn is——

*Alm.* Then all is ended, and we both must die.  
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.  
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,  
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.

' Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each  
' Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest sword,  
' And cleaves my heart, I wou'd have borne it all,

' Nay



' Nay all the pains that are prepar'd for thee ;  
' To the remorseless rack I wou'd have giv'n  
' This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruise'd  
' And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.'

*King.* Hell, hell ! Do I hear this, and yet endure !  
What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt ?  
Hence, ere I curse—fly my just rage with speed ;  
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

*Alm.* And yet a father ! Think, I am your child !  
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling ;  
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.  
Did ever father curse his kneeling child ?  
Never ; for always blessings crown that posture.  
' Nature inclines, and half way meets that duty,  
' Stooping to raise from earth the filial reverence ;  
' For bended knees returning folding arms,  
' With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love.'  
Oh, hear me then, thus crawling on the earth——

*King.* Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet  
The light impression thou hast made remains.

*Alm.* No, never will I rise, nor lose this hold,  
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

*King.* Ha ! Who may live ? Take heed ! No more of  
For on my soul he dies, tho' thou and I, [that ;  
And all shou'd follow to partake his doom.  
Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.

[*Leonora and women return.*]

*Alm.* Drag me ; harrow the earth with my bare bosom ;  
I will not go 'till you have spar'd my husband.

*King.* Ha ! ' What say'st thou ? ' Husband ! ' Husband !  
damnation !

' What husband ! ' Which ? Who ?

*Alm.* He, he is my husband.

*King.* ' Poison and daggers ! ' Who ?

*Alm.* Oh——

[*Faints.*]

' *Gonf.* Help, support her.'

*Alm.* Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,  
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death ; ' I will ;  
' I'll scrape, 'till I collect his rotten bones,  
' And cloath their nakedness with my own flesh ;'  
Yes, I will strip off life, and we will change :

E.

I will



I will be death ; then, tho' you kill my husband,  
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

*King.* What husband ? Whom dost thou mean ?

*Gonf.* She raves !

*Alm.* ' Oh, that I did.' Osmyn, he is my husband.

*King.* Osmyn !

*Alm.* Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear  
And wedded husband——Heav'n, and air, and seas,  
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

*King.* Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.  
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness.

' Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,  
' Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.'  
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word ;  
And look that she attempt not on her life. [*Exit King.*]

*Alm.* Oh, stay, yet stay ; 'hear me, I am not mad.  
I wou'd to Heav'n I were——He's gone.

*Gonf.* Have comfort.

*Alm.* Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of com-  
fort ;

Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity ;  
Curs'd these weak hands, that could not hold him here ;  
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

*Gonf.* Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,  
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,  
Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.

*Alm.* Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd flatterer ;  
Source of my woes : thou and thy race be curs'd ;  
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy  
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,  
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.

*Gonf.* Ha !

*Alm.* Why dost thou start ? What dost thou see or  
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death ? [hear ?]  
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast ?  
See, see, look yonder ! where a grizzled, pale,  
And ghastly herd glares by, all smear'd with blood,  
Gasp'ng as it would speak ; and after, see ;  
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger :  
I'll catch it—Hark ! a voice cries murder ! ah !  
My father's voice ! hollow it sounds, and calls

Me from the tomb—I'll follow it ; for there  
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.

[*Exeunt Almeria and Leonora.*]

*Gonf.* She's greatly griev'd ; nor am I less surpriz'd.  
Osmyn, Alphonso ! No ; she over rates  
My policy ; I ne'er suspected it :  
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.  
Her husband too ! Ha ! Where is Garcia then ?  
And where the crown that shou'd descend on him,  
To grace the line of my posterity ?  
Hold, let me think——if I should tell the king——  
Things come to this extremity : his daughter  
Wedded already——what if he should yield ?  
Knowing no remedy for what is past,  
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,  
With which he seems to be already shaken.  
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave  
Anselmo's race ; yet if——that If concludes me.  
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.  
But how prevent the captive queen, who means  
To set him free ? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well  
Invented tale ! He was Alphonso's friend.  
This subtle woman will amuse the king.  
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.  
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* The king expects your lordship.

*Gonf.* 'Tis no matter.

I'm not i'the way at present, good Alonzo.

*Alon.* If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say  
I have not seen you.

*Gonf.* Do, my best Alonzo.

Yet stay, I would——but go ; anon will serve——

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me service.

*Alon.* I am your creature.

*Gonf.* Say thou art my friend.

I've seen thy sword do noble execution.

*Alon.* All that it can your lordship shall command.

*Gonf.* Thanks ; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'rt  
Amongst the followers of the captive queen, [seen,  
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

*Alon.* I have, my lord.

*Gon.* Couldst thou procure, with speed  
And privacy, the wearing garb of one  
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give  
Thee such reward, as shou'd exceed thy wish. [Ship?

*Alon.* Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your lord-

*Gon.* At my apartment. Use thy utmost diligence;  
And say I've not been seen--Haste, good Alonzo. [*Ex. Al.*  
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonso slain,  
The greatest obstacle is then remov'd.  
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;  
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *a room of state.*

*Enter King, Perez, and Alonzo.*

KING.

**N**OT to be found! In an ill hour he's absent.  
None, say you? none! What, not the fav'rite  
eunuch?

Nor she herself, nor any of her mates,  
Have yet requir'd admittance?

*Per.* None, my lord.

*King.* Is Osmyr so dispos'd as I commanded?

*Per.* Fast bound in double chains, and at full length  
He lies supine on earth; with as much ease  
She might remove the centre of this earth,  
As loose the rivets of his bonds.

*King.* 'Tis well.

[*A mute appears, and seeing the king, retires.*

Ha! stop, and seize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.

Ent'ring he met my eyes, and started back,  
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his bosom,  
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a paper.*

*Alon.* A bloody proof of obstinate fidelity!

*King.* What dost thou mean?

*Alon.*

*Alon.* Soon as I seiz'd the man,  
He snatch'd from out his bosom this—and strove  
With rash and greedy haste, at once, to cram  
The morsel down his throat. I caught his arm,  
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him ;  
Which done, he drew a poignard from his side,  
And on the instant plung'd it in his breast.

*King.* Remove the body thence, ere Zara see it.

*Alon.* I'll be so bold to borrow his attire ;

'Twill quit me of my promise to Gonzalez. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Per.* Whate'er it is, the king's complexion turns.'

*King.* How's this ? My mortal foe beneath my roof !

[*Having read the letter.*]

Oh, give me patience, all ye powers ! No, rather  
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,  
And trebled fury——Ha ! who's there ?

*Per.* My lord.

[*pry*]

*King.* Hence, slave ! how dar'st thou bide, to watch and  
Into how poor a thing a king descends,  
How like thyself, when passion treads him down ?  
Ha ! stir not, on thy life ; for thou wert fix'd,  
And planted here, to see me gorge this bait,  
And lash against the hook—By Heav'n, you're all  
Rank traitors ; thou art with the rest combin'd ;  
Thou knew'st that Osmyn was Alphonso ; knew'st  
My daughter privately with him conferr'd ;  
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.

*Per.* By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

*King.* Thou ly'st.

Thou art accomplice too with Zara ; here  
Where she sets down—*Still will I set thee free*—[*Reading.*]  
That somewhere is repeated—*I have power*  
*O'er them that are thy guards*—Mark that, thou traitor.

*Per.* It was your majesty's command I should

Obey her order.——

*King.* [*Reading.*]——*And still will I set*  
*Thee free, Alphonso*——Hell ! curs'd, curs'd Alphonso !  
False and perfidious Zara ! Strumpet daughter !  
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love ;  
All nature, softness, pity and compassion,  
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain  
Fell hate within my breast, revenge and gall.

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By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.  
Hark thee, villain, traitor—answer me, slave.

*Per.* My service has not merited those titles.

*King.* Dar'st thou reply? 'Take that'—thy service!  
thine! ' [Strikes him.]

What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my  
One moment's ease? Hear my command; and look  
That thou obey, or horror on thy head:  
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonso's heart.  
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or——

*Per.* Sir, I will.

*King.* 'Tis well—that when she comes to set him free,  
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.

[Perez going.]

—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,  
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment:  
When thou hast ended him, bring me his robe;  
And let the cell where she'll expect to see him  
Be darken'd, so as to amuse the sight.  
I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——  
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,  
And laid along, as he now lies, supine,  
I shall convict her, to her face, of falsehood.  
When for Alphonso's she shall take my hand,  
And breathe her sighs upon my lips for his;  
Sudden I'll start and dash her with her guilt.  
But see, she comes. I'll shun th' encounter; thou  
Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Zara and Selim.*

*Za.* 'The mute not yet return'd!' ha! 'twas the king,  
'The king that parted hence! frowning he went;  
'His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down  
'Their red and angry beams; as if his sight  
'Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,  
'And kindle ruin in its course:' Dost think  
He saw me?

*Sel.* Yes: but then, as if he thought  
His eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd  
Th' imperfect look, and sternly turn'd away.

*Za.* Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.  
'Thy shallow artifice begets suspicion,  
'And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly shades

' The



' The face of thy design ; alone disguising  
 ' What should have ne'er been seen ; imperfect mischief !  
 ' Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,  
 ' Hast stung the traveller, and after hear'st  
 ' Not his pursuing voice ; e'en when thou think'st  
 ' To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass  
 ' Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.  
 ' Oh, fate of fools ! officious in contriving ;  
 ' In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.'

*Sel.* Avert, it Heav'n, that you should ever suffer  
 For my defect ; or that the means which I  
 Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design.  
 Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.  
 If I have fail'd, in what, as being man,  
 I needs must fail ; impute not as a crime  
 My nature's want, but punish nature in me ;  
 I plead not for a pardon, and to live,  
 But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike ;  
 I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

*Za.* I have not leisure now to take so poor  
 A forfeit as thy life ; somewhat of high  
 And more important fate requires my thought.  
 ' When I've concluded on myself, if I  
 ' Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.'  
 Regard me well ; and dare not to reply  
 To what I give in charge ; for I'm resolv'd.  
 Give order that the two remaining mutes  
 Attend me instantly, with each a bowl  
 Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed  
 Benumb the living faculties, and give  
 Most easy and inevitable death.  
 Yes, Osmyn, yes ; be Osmyn or Alphonso,  
 I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free :  
 Such liberty as I embrace myself,  
 Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford ;  
 I can but die with thee, to keep my word. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE opening, shews the prison.

*Enter Gofalez disguised like a mute, with a dagger.*

*Gon.* Nor centinel, nor guard ! the doors unbarr'd !  
 And all as still, as at the noon of night !  
 Sure death already has been busy here.

There

There lies my way ; that door too is unlock'd. [*Looking in.*  
 Ha ! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what  
 A lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly flame,  
 By fits reveals—his face seems turn'd, to favour  
 Th' attempt : I'll steal and do it unperceiv'd.  
 What noise ! somebody coming ? 'tst, Alonzo ?  
 Nobody. Sure he'll wait without—— I would  
 'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the heart,  
 'Then cast my skin, and leave it there to answer it. [*Goes in.*  
*Enter Garcia and Alonzo.*

*Gar.* Where, where, Alonzo, where's my father ?  
 where

The king ? Confusion ! all is on the rout !  
 All's lost, all ruin'd by surprize and treachery.  
 Where, where is he ! Why dost thou mislead me ?

*Alon.* My lord, he enter'd but a moment since,  
 And could not pass me unperceiv'd—What hoa !  
 My lord, my lord ! What hoa ! my lord Gonzalez !

*Enter Gonzalez bloody.*

*Gon.* Perdition choak your clamours——whence this  
 Garcia ! [*rudeness ?*

*Gar.* Perdition, slavery, and death,  
 Are ent'ring now our doors. Where is the king ?  
 What means this blood ; and why this face of horror ?

*Gon.* No matter—give me first to know the cause  
 Of these your rash, and ill-tim'd exclamations.

*Gar.* The eastern gate is to the foe betray'd,  
 Who, but for heaps of slain that choak the passage,  
 Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all  
 Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unless  
 The king in person animate our men,  
 Granada's lost ; and to confirm this fear,  
 The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,  
 Are through a postern fled, and join the foe.

*Gon.* Would all were false as that ; for whom you call  
 The Moor is dead. That Osmyrn was Alphonso ;  
 In whose heart's blood this poignard yet is warm.

*Gar.* Impossible ; for Osmyrn was, while flying,  
 Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonso.

*Gon.* Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,  
 How much report has wrong'd your easy faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*  
*Alon.*

*Alon.* My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;  
And has declar'd, the cause of his revolt  
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.

*Gar.* [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-wounding fight!

*Gon.* What says my son? What ruin? Ha! what horror?

*Gar.* Blasted my eyes, and speechless be my tongue,  
Rather than or to see, or to relate  
This deed—Oh, dire mistake! Oh, fatal blow!  
The king——

*Gon. Alon.* The king!

*Gar.* Dead, weltring, drown'd in blood.  
See, see, attir'd like Osmyn, where he lies. [*They look in.*  
Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?  
But what imports the manner or the cause?  
Nothing remains to do, or to require,  
But that we all should turn our swords against  
Ourselves, and expiate with our own, his blood.

*Gon.* Oh, wretch! Oh, curs'd and rash deluded fool!  
On me, on me turn your avenging swords.  
I, who have spilt my royal master's blood,  
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,  
And fall beneath the hand of my own son.

*Gar.* Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!  
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.  
' The earth already groans to bear this deed;  
' Oppress her not, nor think to stain her face  
' With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!  
' Better with this to rip up my own bowels,  
' And bathe it to the hilt, in far less damnable  
' Self-murder.'

*Gon.* Oh, my son! from the blind dotage  
Of a father's fondness these ills arose.  
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:  
For thee I've plung'd into this sea of sin;  
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,  
While t'other bore the crown (to wreath thy brow)  
Whose weight has sunk me, ere I reach'd the shore.

*Gar.* Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd: [*Shout.*  
The shrillness of that shout speaks them at hand.  
' We have no time to search into the cause  
' Of this surprising and most fatal error.

' What's

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- What's to be done? the king's death known, would
- The few remaining foldiers with despair, [strike
- And make them yield to mercy of the conqueror.]

*Alon.* My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.  
Require me not to tell the means, till done,  
Lest you forbid what you may then approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*]

*Gon.* They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,  
'Twere fit the foldiers were amus'd with hopes;  
And in the mean time fed with expectation  
To see the king in person at their head.

*Gar.* Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.  
But I'll omit no care, nor haste, ; and try,  
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [*Exit Garcia.*]

*Re-enter Alonzo.*

*Gon.* What hast thou done, Alonzo?

*Alon.* Such a deed,  
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,  
Though for the crown of universal empire.  
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?  
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body  
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner  
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,  
Leaving to view of them who enter next,  
Alone the undistinguishable trunk:  
Which may be still mistaken by the guards  
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king,  
They chance to find it.

*Gon.* 'Twas an act of horror;  
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.  
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.  
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,  
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last  
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,  
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Zara, followed by Selim, and two mutes bearing the bowls.*

*Za.* Silence and solitude are every where.  
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors  
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice  
Is seen or heard. 'A dreadful din was wont



‘ To grate the sense, when enter’d here, from groans  
 ‘ And howls of slaves condemn’d ; from clink of chains,  
 ‘ And crash of rusty bars and creaking hinges :  
 ‘ And ever and anon the sight was dash’d  
 ‘ With frightful faces, and the meagre looks  
 ‘ Of grim and ghastly executioners.  
 ‘ Yet more this stillness terrifies my soul,  
 ‘ Than did that scene of complicated horrors.  
 ‘ It may be that the cause of this my errand  
 ‘ And purpose, being chang’d from life to death,  
 ‘ Had also wrought this chilling change of temper.  
 ‘ Or does my heart bode more ? What can it more  
 ‘ Than death ?’

Let ’em set down the bowls, and warn Alphonso  
 That I am here—so. You return and find

*[Mutes going in.]*

The king ; tell him, what he requir’d, I’ve done,  
 And wait his coming to approve the deed. *[Exit Selim.]*

*Enter Mutes.*

Zara. What have you seen ? Ha ! wherefore stare you  
 thus *[The mutes return and look affrighted.]*  
 With haggard eyes ? Why are your arms across ?  
 Your heavy and desponding heads hung down ?  
 Why is’t you more than speak in these sad signs ?  
 Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

*[They go to the scene, which opening, she perceives the body.]*

Ha ! prostrate ! bloody ! headless ! Oh———I’m lost.  
 Oh, Osmyn ! Oh, Alphonso ! Cruel fate !  
 Cruel, cruel, Oh, more than killing object !  
 I came prepar’d to die, and see thee die—  
 Nay, came prepar’d myself to give thee death—  
 But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn——  
 Oh, this accurs’d, this base, this treach’rous king !

*Enter Selim.*

Selim. I’ve fought in vain, for no where can the king  
 Be found———

Zar. Get thee to hell, and seek him there. *[Stabs him.]*  
 His hellish rage had wanted means to act,  
 But for thy fatal and pernicious counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then———but I’m rewarded.  
 The mute you sent, by some mischance was seen,

And



And forc'd to yield your letter with his life ;  
 I found the dead and bloody body stripp'd——  
 My tongue falters, and my voice fails——I sink——  
 Drink not the poison—for Alphonso is—— [Dies.]

*Zar.* As thou art now—and I shall quickly be.  
 'Tis not that he is dead : for 'twas decreed  
 We both should die. Nor is't that I survive ;  
 I have a certain remedy for that.  
 But, Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.  
 He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height :  
 Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,  
 A martyr and a victim to my vows.  
 Insensible of this last proof he's gone ;  
 ' Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part  
 ' Of sense ; his soul still sees and knows each purpose,  
 ' And fix'd event, of my persisting faith.'  
 Then wherefore do I pause ? Give me the bowl.

[*A mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.*]

Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle spirit,  
 Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.  
 This to our mutual bliss, when join'd above. [Drinks.]  
 Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.  
 Cold, cold ; my veins are icicles and frost.  
 I'll creep into his bosom, lay me there ;  
 Cover us close—or I shall chill his breast,  
 And fright him from my arms—See, see, he slides  
 Still farther from me ; look, he hides his face,  
 I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach,—  
 Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—— [Dies.]

[*The mutes kneel and mourn over her.*]

*Enter Almeria and Leonora.*

*Alm.* Oh, let me seek him in this horrid cell ;  
 For in the tomb, or prison, I alone  
 Must hope to find him.

*Leon.* Heavens ! what dismal scene  
 Of death is this ? The eunuch Selim slain !

*Alm.* Shew me, for I am come in search of death ;  
 But want a guide ; for tears have dimm'd my sight.

*Leon.* Alas, a little farther, and behold  
 Zara all pale and dead ! two frightful men,  
 Who seem the murderers, kneel weeping by ;  
 Feeling remorse too late for what they've done.

But, Oh, forbear—lift-up your eyes no more ;  
But haste away, fly from this fatal place,  
Where miseries are multiply'd ; return,  
Return, and look not on ; for there's a dagger  
Ready to stab the sight, and make your eyes  
Rain blood——

*Alm.* Oh, I foreknow, foresee that object.  
Is it at last then so ? Is he then dead ?  
' What, dead at last ? quite, quite, for every dead ?  
' There, there, I see him ; there he lies, the blood  
' Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than savage !  
' Had they or hearts or eyes that did this deed ?  
' Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands ?  
' Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,  
' That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone ?  
——I do not weep ! The springs of tears are dry'd ;  
And of a sudden I am calm, as if  
All things were well ; and yet my husband's murder'd !  
Yes, yes, I know to mourn ! I'll sluice this heart,  
The source of woe, and let the torrent loose.  
——Those men have left to weep ! they look on me !  
I hope they murder all on whom they look.  
Behold me well ; your bloody hands have err'd,  
And wrongfully have slain those innocents :  
I am the sacrifice design'd to bleed,  
And come prepar'd to yield my throat——They shake  
Their heads in sign of grief and innocence !

*[They point at the bowl on the ground.]*

And point ! What mean they ? Ha ! a cup ; Oh, well,  
I understand what med'cine has been here.  
Oh, noble thirst ! yet greedy to drink all——  
——Oh, for another draught of death——' What mean  
they ?

*[They point at the other cup.]*

' Ha ! point again ! 'tis there, and full, I hope.  
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus,  
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——

*Leon.* Oh, hold  
For mercy's sake, upon my knee I beg——

*Alm.* With thee the kneeling world should beg in vain.  
Seest thou not there ? Behold who prostrate lies,  
And pleads against thee ; who shall then prevail ?  
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave  
From his pale lips ; I'll kiss him ere I drink,

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Lest the rank juice should blister on my mouth,  
And stain the colour of my last adieu.

Horror ! a headless trunk ! nor lips nor face,

*[Coming near the body, starts and lets fall the cup.*

But spouting veins, and mangled flesh ! Oh, Oh !

*Enter Alphonso, Heli, Perez, with Garcia prisoner.*

*Guards and attendants.*

*Alph.* Away, stand off, where is she ? let me fly,  
Save her from death, and snatch her to my heart.

*Alm.* Oh !

*Alph.* Forbear ; my arms alone shall hold her up,  
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladness.

‘ Oh, let me talk to thy reviving sense

‘ The words of joy and peace ; warm thy cold beauties

‘ With the new flushing ardour of my cheek ;

‘ Into thy lips pour the soft trickling balm

‘ Of cordial sighs ; and reinspire thy bosom

‘ With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria,’

Give a new birth to thy long-shaded eyes,

Then double on the day reflected light.

*Alm.* Where am I ? Heav’n ! what does this dream intend ?

*Alph.* Oh, may’st thou never dream of less delight,  
Nor ever wake to less substantial joys.

*Alm.* Giv’n me again from death ! Oh, all ye pow’rs,  
Confirm this miracle ! Can I believe

My sight ‘ against my sight ? and shall I trust

‘ That sense, which in one instant shews him dead

‘ And living ?’—Yes, I will ; I’ve been abus’d

With apparitions and affrighting phantoms :

This is my lord, my life, my only husband,

I have him now, and we no more will part.

My father too shall have compassion——

*Alph.* Oh, my heart’s comfort ; ’tis not giv’n to this  
Frail life, to be intirely blest’d. E’en now,

In this extremest joy my soul can taste,

Yet I am dash’d to think that thou must weep ;

Thy father fell where he design’d my death.

Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of wounds

Expiring, have, with their last breath, confess’d

The just decrees of Heav’n, which on themselves

Has turn’d their own most bloody purposes.

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you should be thus——  
[*She weeps.*]

' Let 'em remove the body from her sight.'

Ill-fated Zara ! Ha ! a cup ! Alas !

Thy error then is plain ! but I were flint

Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.

Oh, Garcia !——

Whose virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,

Seest thou, how just the hand of Heav'n has been ?

Let us, who through our innocence survive,

Still in the paths of honour persevere,

And not from past or present ills despair ;

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds ;

And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALMERIA.

**T**HE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,  
 No more a princess, but in statu quo;  
 And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,  
 As if indeed a widow, or an heir.  
 I've leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral faces,  
 And know each critic by his sour grimaces.  
 To poison plays, I see them where they sit,  
 Scatter'd, like ratbane, up and down the pit;  
 While others watch, like parish-searchers hir'd,  
 To tell of what disease the play expir'd.  
 Oh, with what joy they run to spread the new  
 Of a damn'd poet, and departed muse!  
 But if he 'scape, with what regret they're seiz'd!  
 And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!  
 Critics to plays for the same end resort,  
 That surgeons wait on trials in a court:  
 For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,  
 Provided they've a body to dissect.  
 As Sussex men, that dwell upon the shore,  
 Look out when storms arise, and billows roar,  
 Devotely praying, with uplifted hands,  
 That some well-laden ship may strike the sands,  
 To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,  
 And fatten on the spoils of Providence:  
 So critics throng to see a new play split,  
 And thrive and prosper on the wrecks of wit.  
 Small hope our poet from these prospects draws;  
 And therefore to the fair commends his cause.  
 Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,  
 With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find,  
 Which was an off'ring to the sex design'd.





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[illegible]

