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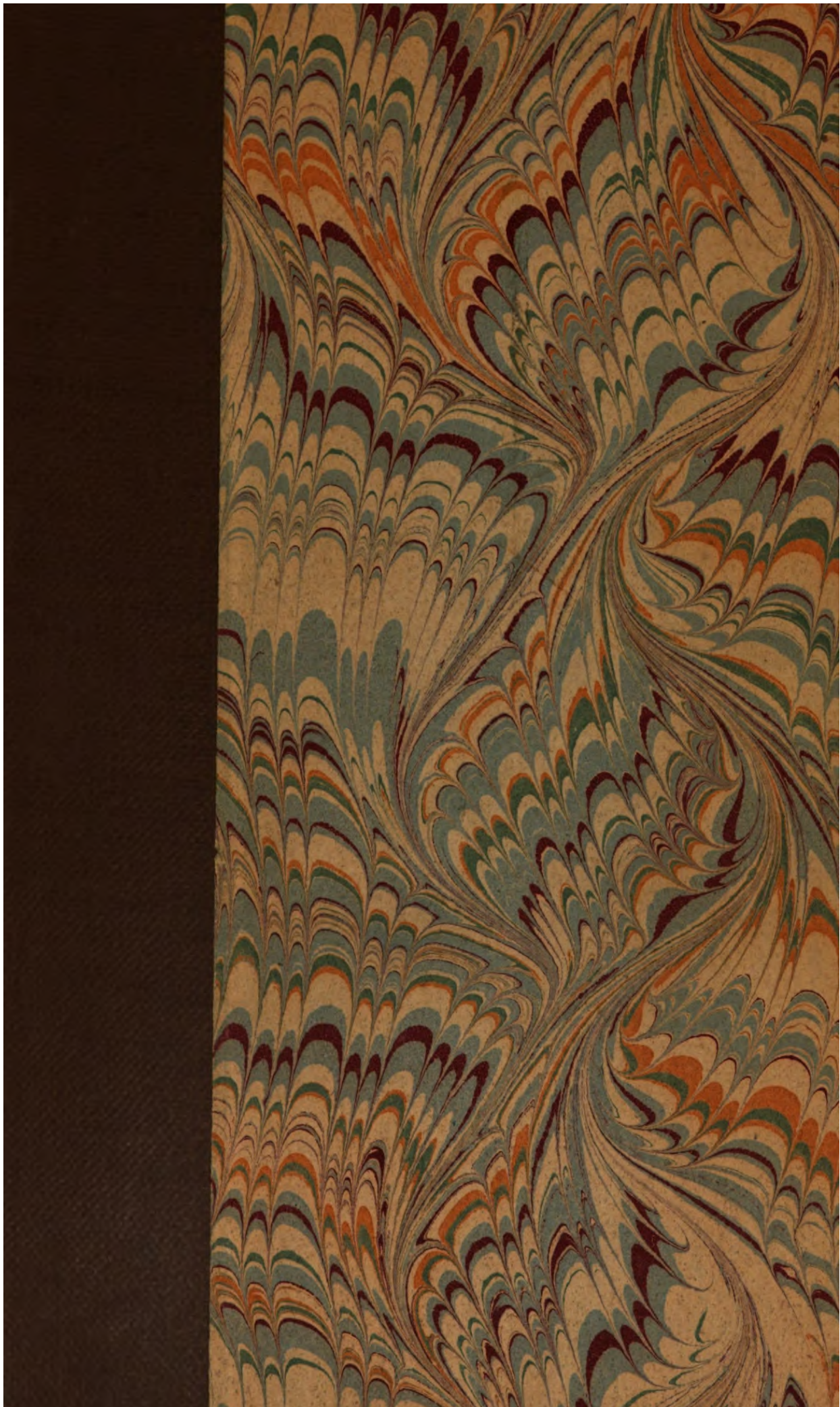
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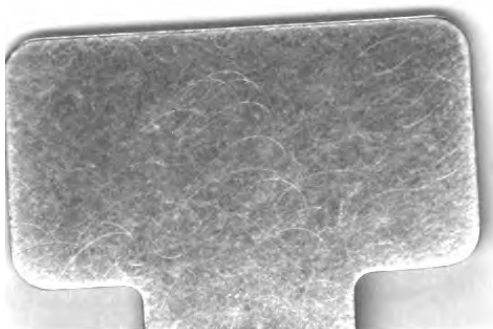


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By Frederick Kaymakas

See 11 & 12

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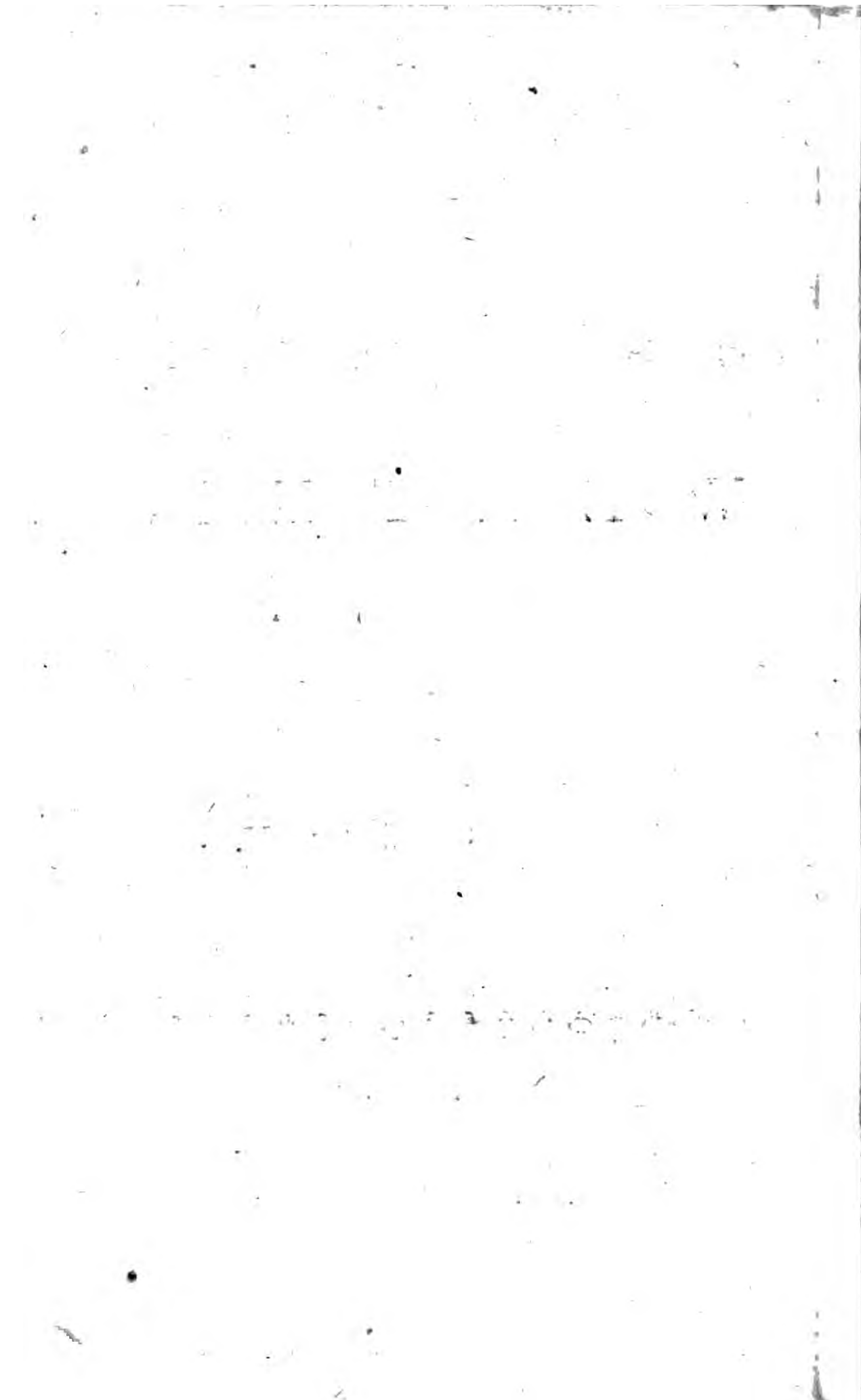


W E R T E R.

A

T R A G E D Y.





W E R T H E R.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, BATH, BRISTOL,
COVENT-GARDEN AND DUBLIN

Improbe amor! quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

VIRGIL.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY P. COONEY,

At the Hibernian Printing-Office, No. 50, Essex-street.

M. DCC. LXXXVI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 435

LECTURE 1

1.1. THE CLASSICAL LIMIT

1.2. QUANTIZATION

1.3. THE HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

1.4. THE SCHROEDINGER EQUATION

1.5. THE WAVE FUNCTION

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

ALBERT, betrothed to *Charlotte*.

SEBASTIAN, Friend to *Werter*.

LEUTHROP, *Werter's* confidential Servant.

WERTER, in Love with *Charlotte*.

W O M E N.

CHARLOTTE.

LAURA, her Confidante.

Servants, Friends, Singers, &c.

SCENE,—Walheim throughout.

Time,—A Night and Day.



W E R T E R.

A

T R A G E D Y.

A C T. I. S C E N E I.

WERTER'S Apartment.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LEUTHROP.

SEBASTIAN.

IS then my friend so much afflicted?
Can Werter be thus chang'd?

LEUTHROP.

Alas!

So chang'd of late he's scarcely to be known;
Those scenes which once delight'd please no more,

No

No more he feels the social joys of life,
But pines in solitude, and ever wastes
The live long day in grief.

SEBASTIAN.

Such were my fears.
For every letter breath'd the sad reverse :
Can you unfold the cause ?

LEUTHROP.

Love is the cause.

SEBASTIAN.

Ah ! then I dread the tale—for well I know
How passion sways my friend.—Yet quickly say
Who has engag'd his love ?

LEUTHROP.

One much too fair,
Too rich in virtue's choicest gifts, t' escape
The quick discerning eye of kindred worth :
Her name is Charlotte, Walheim's proudest boast.

SEBASTIAN.

And whence arose this passion ?

LEUTHROP.

I'll tell thee all ;
Some few nights past, intreated by a friend,
He went to mingle in a revel here,
The lovely Charlotte graced the ball—her eye
Was fix'd on him alone ; too soon he saw
And own'd its power—Thence their passions grew,
And now each sees how much the other loves.

SEBASTIAN.

Why then lament ? Methinks he shou'd be blest
Beyond his utmost hopes.—

LEUTHROP.

A TRAGEDY.

LEUTHROP.

O! No, a rival,
A generous rival, stands between his love;
His name is Albert, and his honour sounds
Wherever sounds his name.—His various virtues
Long since endear'd him to Charlotte's friends,
And friendship has supplied the want of love,
For she has yielded to his suit.

SEBASTIAN.

Heavens!
What scenes of sorrow open to my view;
How can I act?—Has Albert heard this tale?

LEUTHROP.

No; he is distant hence, and little thinks
How much my master loves; but soon returns
To wed his lovely prize, and then your friend
Must leave for ever what he holds most dear;
Prepare him Heaven for so great a trial.

SEBASTIAN.

Alas! poor Werter, oh! 'twas kindly done
To hide this story from thine anxious friends;
Thine own afflictions nobly boded their's.

LEUTHROP.

Yet, when he sees you, he'll unload his heart
And pour his sorrows forth.—I know him well—
Ah! you remember, Sir, the time has been
When Werter was the happiest of his friends;
Alas! how chang'd the scene—forgive my tears—
He has no pang that is not felt by me.

SEBASTIAN.

Nay, weep not, Leuthrop; happy days, I hope,
Will soon revive.—But leave me now, for look,
Werter approaches.

[Exit Leuthrop.
Enter

W E R T E R.

Enter WERTER.

WERTER.

Ha! welcome, my Sebastian!
 My heart exults to see my friend again.
 O! to what angel do I owe this bliss,
 This best of blessings?

SEBASTIAN.

Thou ow'st it to thy grief;
 I thought affliction lurk'd in Werter's breast,
 And therefore came to prove myself his friend.

WERTER.

Would I could thank thee for thy generous thought,
 For Heaven can witness, that I need a friend.
 Yes, I've been wretched since we parted last;
 Pleasure is driven from her late abode,
 And sorrow—ceaseless sorrow—triumphs there!

SEBASTIAN.

I know the whole, and much lament thy fate;
 Yet, Werter—yet there is a way mark'd out.
 To banish all thy cares.

WERTER.

O! name it.

SEBASTIAN.

Forfake this spot beset with dangers round;
 Forget the fatal image of thy love,
 And fly with me to Manheim. There our friends—

WERTER.

Go tell the wretch expiring on the rack
 To think not of his pains: Go tell the Sun
 To quit its sphere: And when these deeds are done,
 Then talk to Werter of forgetting Charlotte,
 If all the charms that virtue can bestow;

A T R A G E D Y.

If all the love that beauty can inspire ;
If all that's perfect can be thus forgot ;
Why is it Gods, such excellence is made ?

S E B A S T I A N.

Why nurse a passion then thou know'it was vain ?
Reason should shudder at a thought so wild.

W E R T E R.

Reason is banish'd from a lover's mind,
For love admits of no associate there ;
Had icy apathy congeal'd my soul,
It must have melted at my Charlotte's looks
My friend, such looks ! as pitying angels give
To dying faints alone.

S E B A S T I A N.

Yet, had reason reign'd
'Twou'd place a dismal prospect to thy view,
'Twould tell thee to avoid the gathering storm
That must be fatal, if not quickly shun'd.

W E R T E R.

Oh, I am grown so careless of myself,
Nor storms, nor dangers can appal me now ;
Place me alone 'midst hot Arabia's sands ;
Leave me unclad 'midst freezing Zembla's snow ;
Find me where mortal never trod before ;
And only tell me that my Charlotte loves,
And hopeless Werter shall be happier far,
Than monarchs glittering on triumphant thrones.

S E B A S T I A N.

Has love then banish'd honour from thy breast,
Or art thou senseless of the wrongs design'd
The generous Albert ! That, that alone
Should check thy boasted transports,

W E R T E R.

W E R T E R.

W E R T E R.

O, my friend,
Thou'lt touch'd the cord that sounds to all my woes—
To that alone I owe my present pangs.

S E B A S T I A N,

Ah, he begins to soften into reason.

W E R T E R.

O, had my rival borne a worthless name,
Or us'd deception to obtain his suit,
Or play'd the villain in a single act,
I'd not have yielded, or suffer'd thus;
But Albert is the gentlest, best of men:
Yes, he has shewn such nobleness of mind,
Such truth, such honour, and such generous love,
That by my soul! I'd rather be despis'd
By her I idolize, than injure him.

S E B A S T I A N.

Mysterious heaven! why is a soul so good
Tortur'd with pangs the bad alone should feel?

W E R T E R.

He is so honour'd and esteem'd by all,
That though my rival, he must be my friend,
Yes, I will emulate his noble virtues;
Convince him Werter merits his esteem,
And shew Sebastian that my honour's safe.

S E B A S T I A N.

Werter's himself again! and reason now
With double force returns—Wilt thou forgive
The rash expressions that my harshness dropt?

W E R T E R.

To sue forgiveness is for me, my friend.
My joys, when joy did revel in this breast,

Became

Became more dear when shar'd by my Sebastian ;
But when his friendship would partake my grief,
I owe him much indeed—and much I fear
I never can requite him.

SEBASTIAN.

Ah, how blest,
How well rewarded would Sebastian be,
Could he but think he came not here in vain !

WERTER,

Of that hereafter—I must leave thee now,
To pay the summons of inviting love :
Oh, I am wandering to a paradise,
Where fruits ambrosial bloom ! which heav'n has
doom'd
Fatal to Werter as the tree of old !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Charlotte's Apartments.*

Enter CHARLOTTE and LAURA.

(CHARLOTTE, *reading a letter.*)

ALBERT returns to night—he little thinks
What ravages a few short hours have made
In this distracted breast : Laura, he comes
To take possession of my promis'd hand,
And claim that love his virtue well deserves !
How will his hopes be dash'd then, when he finds
That all the labours of three tedious years,
One night, one fatal night, has quite eras'd.

LAURA.

Banish these thoughts—they serve but to enhance
The sad remembrance of an hopeless love,

B

CHARLOTTE.

W E R T E R.

C H A R L O T T E.

Talk not of love, it has destroy'd my peace :
 O, had not Werter's lovely form appear'd,
 I still had liv'd unconscious of these pangs !
 And Albert's friendship Werter's love supply'd :
 But he has shewn the God in all his charms,
 With each allurement to seduce the soul,
 And then has left me to deplore and die !

L A U R A.

Think not of Werter—'Twas thy solemn vow
 To wed with Albert.

C H A R L O T T E.

And I'll maintain that vow ;
 Think'st thou that honour will descend to kneel
 At love's fantastick throne ? No, Laura ! no ;
 Albert deservedly has gain'd my heart ;
 Some sighs may heave, some tears in-pity fall,
 When memory muses on another's fate ;
 But truth and constancy shall never cease
 To pay that debt the generous Albert claims,

Enter W E R T E R.

W E R T E R.

My better angel !—O, at sight of thee,
 The gloomy winter in my bosom thaws,
 And sunshine smiles again.

C H A R L O T T E.

O, Werter !

W E R T E R.

What means my Charlotte ?

C H A R L O T T E.

Alas ! my Werter,
 There in that letter read thy hopeless fate.

W E R T E R.

A T R A G E D Y.

15

W E R T E R.

(having read the letter.)

Albert return to night!—Then am I curst indeed.

C H A R L O T T E.

Wou'd I could sooth the anguish of thy soul;
But well thou know'st honour denies thee that
Which best might give relief—yet, if the balm
Of healing pity will assuage thy pain,
Still thou art somewhat blest! for even now—
My heart is bleeding for the wounds of thine.

W E R T E R.

Generous Charlotte!—but oh! what needed this?
If sympathy could heal my rank'd wounds,
I knew that thou would'st pour the balsam on;
'Twas madness only that has made me thus,
And only that can save me!

C H A R L O T T E.

No, Werter;
'Tis Charlotte only that has made thee thus—
She is the origin of all thy woes!

W E R T E R.

Perish the thought!—I am myself the cause,
Thou art the lovely soother of my cares;
My guardian angel! sent by pitying heav'n
To compensate my every other ill;—
And yet there is another that should claim
My warmest gratitude.

C H A R L O T T E.

O shun me! fly me!
I am a syren fatal to behold,
And ruin those I ever should protect;
Sure heaven has made me only to destroy:

B 2

W E R T E R,

W E R T E R.

Tell me delusion lurks beneath thy smiles ;
 Tell me destruction works within thine eye ;
 Tell me contagion hangs upon thy tongue ;
 And I will still love on, and still be happy :
 But when thou tell'st me to avoid that form,
 Death has no terrors ! hell no pangs like mine :
 Ah, whence those cruel fears !

C H A R L O T T E.

Thou best of men,
 For thee they fall—anguish must have its vent,
 Or the heart's blood would gush.

W E R T E R.

If I have liv'd
 To give one moment's misery to thee,
 That moment I have liv'd too much—By heaven !
 The frantic thought of adding woe to her,
 Drives each ungenerous selfish sorrow hence,
 And shews me what a shallow soul I have :
 Oh, cease to weep, in a far worthier cause,
 Thy sorrows might be shed.

C H A R L O T T E.

Never, Werter.
 When virtue, such as thine, is tortur'd thus ;
 When love, the purest, is so ill bestow'd,
 And noblest talents are in love so lost,
 The sympathizing heart may surely melt ;
 And melting thus, may pour its wishes forth :
 Fly then far hence—seek some more generous fair,
 One who is worthy of a heart like thine !
 And shou'd she ask the story of thy life,
 Tell her, that Charlotte did abuse thy love :
 Tell her, the only recompence she shew'd
 For all thy sufferings was—to leave thee thus—
 My heart no longer can support its pangs !

[Exit.

W E R T E R.

A T R A G E D Y.

87

W E R T E R, *solus.*

If ye have mercy Gods, O shew it now!
For never wretch did want your mercy more.
But hold—How shall my troubled mind resolve
If I remain?—'tis but to marr her peace—
'Tis but to check the generous Albert's blifs:
If I depart, the pain is all my own!
Where is that virt^ue then; that boasted honour,
That ever was my pride? O, shame, 'tis fled,
And Werter's but the shadow of himself!
Yet will I shew some firmness still remains,
And shake these demons from the dens they ha^unt!
Yes, I will leave her—e'en now I'll seek my friend,
Take one short farewell and depart to-night!
So may I live to blefs that happy hour,
When honour nobly triumph'd over love!

[*Ex* .

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B 2

ACT

W E R T H E R

A C T II.

SCENE ALBERT'S Apartment.

Enter ALBERT.

ENOUGH is known; and I with pity see
A youth the noblest, struggling to subdue
A generous passion; whilst I in peace possess
The valued treasure he so much admires—
As the disturber of another's peace,
Honour compels me to attempt relief.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

ALBERT.

At length the wish'd-for moment is arriv'd!
At length I clasp thee in a fond embrace!

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, 'tis an age since last we met!

ALBERT.

The pangs of absence have indeed been great.
Yes, most severe—But I'll no more complain;
Propitious heaven has granted all I ask'd;
Has yielded thee, the summit of my hopes!
And we shall part no more.

CHARLOTTE.

May heaven so grant!

ALBERT.

Why those doubtful words?—and why that pensive
look?

Oh! had I thought of meeting thee in grief!
The pangs of absence never had been borne—

'Twas

'Twas the fond prospect of our future bliss,
That only cheer'd my pains !

C H A R L O T T E.

Alas ! my Lord,
When the great secret in my breast is known,
You will not wonder at my present grief—
Perhaps you'll think I merit all I feel ;
And wound me with reproach !

A L B E R T.

Banish thy fears—
I know that secret—I approve its cause :
It adds new honour to the best of hearts ;
And makes me worship, where before I lov'd—
Oh, if that only interrupts thy peace,
Thank heaven ! for Albert can dispel thy grief !

C H A R L O T T E.

Heavens ! is it possible ?—Yes, 'tis Albert ;
The same unalter'd Albert I esteem !

A L B E R T

And could'st thou think that Albert was so base,
As not to sympathize in Charlotte's woes ?—
I scorn suspicion, and its jealous train :
'Tis only nourish'd where pollution lives.
For ever, in the pure unspotted breast,
The poisoning canker starves—But Oh, my Charlotte !
Long have I known thy honour, love, and truth ;
Have seen these jewels stand such trying tests,
That when I doubt them—may I cease to live !

C H A R L O T T E.

Who could be false, when truth is thus esteem'd ?
Albert, there need'd not my truth alone,
To make thy peace secure—for had I wish'd
To prove unfaithful—I had wish'd in vain.

Werter

Werter had scorn'd me for a thought so mean,
For oh! his honour only stoops to thine.

A L B E R T.

Then as his honour has preserv'd my peace,
Mine shall instruct me to restore him his—
Yes; I will shew this all-excelling youth,
That Albert never was outdone by him.
I'll seek his friendship, and his sorrows share;
And, if my Charlotte shall approve the thought,
Entreat him to remain and share our bliss.

C H A R L O T T E.

Our bliss will yield but little ease to him—
Absence and time, can only cure his wounds—
But see he comes—permit me to retire—
My presence will but add to his distress—
All Albert's wishes are sincerely mine.

Exit.

Enter W E R T E R *and* S E B A S T I A N.

W E R T E R.

Ha! Albert here—'tis him I would have shun'd—

A L B E R T.

Is this the Werter I have heard so prais'd?
Is this the youth I wish'd so much to view?
Yes, yes, it is—for heaven has kindly stamp'd
The picture of the mind upon the face!—
Come to my arms, thou honest, noble youth.

W E R T E R.

My heart o'erflows—I know not how to thank
This generous kindness!

A L B E R T.

A L B E R T.

Oh, I have heard thy worth!
 Thy various virtues have been told me all,
 And lovely Charlotte has enhanc'd the tale.
 Yes, she has praised thee with such ardent warmth,
 That my heart panted to embrace the man,
 So much esteem'd, by her I most adore.—

W E R T E R.

Has Charlotte told thee? has the lovely Charlotte
 Told Albert this? O, for this generous act,
 May blessings, numerous as her virtues, fall
 To make her life a heaven!—But ah! her praise
 Is little due to Werter.

A L B E R T.

Not due to thee!
 Then when shall merit meet its just applause?
 If to have lov'd, where 'tis a charm to love;
 If to have struggl'd, to subdue that love.
 (When honour only urg'd thee to the thought,
 And not subduing, to have nobly fled;
 Leaving behind the Eden of thy soul.
 If this is worth! if this deserves applause!
 Who then shall claim, or merit more than Werter?

W E R T E R.

By heaven, 'till now, my heart ne'er dreamt of praise,
 For only in itself it sought applause—
 But at this moment it expands with pride,
 Since it is applauded by the man it loves!
 Oh! it would rather hear his honest praise,
 Than all the tributes of a flattering world!

A L B E R T.

How could I curse my own inferior soul!
 That checks me from repaying such perfection—
 Werter, alas! one only thought occurs,

One.

One only prospect to my wishes dawns,
To sooth thy anguish, banish Charlotte's fears,
And make me blest indeed !

W E R T E R.

Oh, name it then.

A L B E R T.

Delay thy journey, and remain with us.

W E R T E R.

Heavens !

This stings me to the heart—this wounds me more
Than all the agonies of keen reproach :
Yet, it shall only strengthen my design,
For I will prove I am not quite out-done.

A L B E R T.

Let not thy hapless passion drive thee hence :
It is a love so pure, so void of guilt,
That other passions might supply its loss.
From Charlotte's friendship you may surely gain
The very pleasures thou hast hop'd from love ;
For friendship's but another name for love,
When love's so pure as thine—Come, come consent !
Myself will mingle in the social scene ;
One common interest shall embrace us all,
And thus united we may smile at fate.

W E R T E R.

O, thou'rt worthy of the praise thou'st won !
Thus in the moments of the highest bliss
To think of me, a wretch so wholly lost—
Shew such compassion—pity my weakness ; *(weeps.)*
I can't support the anguish of my soul.

(turns up the stage.)

S E B A S T I A N.

A TRAGEDY.

23

SEBASTIAN (*coming forward*)

Thou generous man! a moment turn to me;
Look on his sorrows, and with pity think
How much his friends endure, how much they wish
To take a long lost favourite to their arms;
Softens his sorrows, and restore his peace,
Oh think on this, and soon thy gentle soul
Will cease to pour its liberal wishes forth;
Will cease to lure him from our only hope.

ALBERT.

Think not I mean to lure him from his friends:
'Twas the fond wish of soothing his afflictions
That only made me speak—but since I see
The happy prospect of returning peace,
That wish is well fulfill'd—I thank thee much,
And will no longer urge him from his purpose.

SEBASTIAN.

How will the friends of Werter worship thee?
How will they pour their blessings on the man?
Who spurning jealousy made him his friend
Whom love had made his foe.

ALBERT.

Name it no more;
I'm amply paid in acting as I ought,
And shall retire well pleas'd.—Farewell,—and yet,
'Tis most ungenerous to leave him thus:
Thus sunk in sorrow, when perhaps a smile
From soothing Charlotte might revive his hopes;
Ah, look!—it will—his glances say it will!

WERTER.

Why, can't I speak, and tell him what I feel?

ALBERT, (*to Sebastian.*)

Wilt thou consent?

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

Alas! I dread the scene.

ALBERT.

O do not fear—she shall not know his purpose ;
I will deceive her with the flattering hope
Of his remaining here, and thus prevent
The conflict that alarms thee

SEBASTIAN.

Well, I submit.

ALBERT.

Oft have I felt her soothing power myself,
And therefore know how much she can relieve :
Come then, my friend, (*taking Werter by the hand*) to-
gether let us haste
To that bright heaven that we both adore.

SEBASTIAN (*to Werter.*)

I shall expect thee at the Western gate
An hour 'ere mid-night.

W E R T E R.

I will attend thee there ;
'Till then, farewell.—O what a wretch am I,
That have not power to make one poor return
For all this wond'rous goodness?—Yet, Albert,
Think me not always thus!—the time may come
When wretched Werter shall deserve thy praise:

[*Exeunt.*]

SEBASTIAN (*solus.*)

Heavens, with what wonder have I view'd this scene :
A rival pleading in a rival's cause,
And both contending who shall most excell :
Werter, I know, is fix'd in his design ;

How

How well rewarded is Sebastian then?
 Soon shall he see the gathering storm disperse,
 And sunshine beam upon his friends again.

[Exit.]

SCENE,—*Albert's Garden by Moon-light.*

Enter WERTER.

How oft this gloomy solitude has pleas'd ;
 How oft yon valley been the scene of bliss :
 Ah me !—it calls past pleasures to my mind ;
 Pleasures ! I fear, that never will return.
 Such is the fate of man—I murmur not,
 Of these bright flowers that gild the scene of life,
 How many fade unnoticed and unknown ?
 How few by fruit succeeded ? and that fruit,
 How rarely does it ripen ? yet, alas !
 The little which is ripen'd, and remains,
 We still allow to perish and decay. [turns up the stage.]

Enter ALBERT and CHARLOTTE.

ALBERT (*to Charlotte aside as they enter.*)

Yes, I much hope our wishes will prevail :
 He seem'd reluctant, but some careless words
 Betray'd consent.

CHARLOTTE.

I do not doubt it, Albert ;
 And as we wish to dissipate his woes,
 Say not to-morrow is our bridal day—
 I know 'twill wound him much.

ALBERT.

O do not fear ;
 I would not wound him for the world's wide wealth.

[Here they turn to Werter.]

C

Come

Come, Werter, let us contemplate the sweet
 Beauties that surround us.
 How sweet the solitude of this retreat ;
 'Tis solemn silence all—and yon pale moon,
 That dully glimmers on the passing stream,
 Compleats the awful scene.

C H A R L O T T E.

Yes, 'tis most awful,
 And ever when I walk by Dian's light,
 A musing melancholy wraps my soul,
 And memory ponders on departed friends:
 On friends! I never shall again behold!
 O, Werter, shall we converse after death?
 Shall we in unknown climes again exist,
 And once again be known?

W E R T E R (*in agitation.*)

Charlotte, Charlotte!
~~Here~~ and HEREAFTER we shall meet again.

C H A R L O T T E.

And do the buried know the living's thoughts?
 Are they partakers of our various scenes?
 Oh, if my long-lost parent could be told,
 That I my proffer'd promise had fulfill'd—
 To be protectress of her children's youth:
 Could she be witness of the social love,
 The mutual harmony that now subsists,
 How would she worship that great power above,
 Whom in her dying prayers she so implor'd
 For our protection!

A L B E R T.

These thoughts, my Charlotte,
 May please remembrance, yet—

C H A R L O T T E:

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, Albert!

You well remember her exalted soul,
 And oft have wonder'd at its various charms!
 Oft call'd her generous, chearful, mild, and fair:
 And heaven can witness she deserv'd thy praise.—
 Ah me!—how often have I vainly pray'd
 To be the image of such great perfection.

WERTER (*throwing himself at her feet.*)

Thou art that image, 'tis by heaven proclaim'd!
 The gods own blessing, all thy mother's charms,
 With double splendour grace an angel now!

CHARLOTTE (*laying hold of his hand.*)

You should have known her, Werter:
 Yes, she was worthy to be known to thee!
 A heart so good, deserv'd a friend so great:—
 Yet, in the mid'st of happiness and life,
 She was to perish, she was to be lost.
 Alas! how hard to part with those we love!
 Werter—'tis sharper than the stings of death.

WERTER.

Charlotte, 'tis more than nature can support!
 'Tis agony extreme! 'tis horrible to think on!—
 Gracious powers above!
 Why am I tortur'd with these questions now?

ALBERT.

Be patient, Werter; let not reason yield
 To these tumultuous transports of the soul!

WERTER.

Fools may be patient—my controuling woes
 Shall ne'er be silent; they must roar aloud,
 Else my expanding heart would burst—Albert,
 Thou hast not drank of sorrow's bitter cup,
 Thou hast not borne the miseries of love,

Nor felt one agony that Werter feels !
 Oh! if thou had'st—thou woul'd'st invoke the gods,
 Thy ceaseless groans would be as loud as mine,
 Thy madness—raging madness!—wild as mine!

A L B E R T.

Walter, farewell—'tis time we should be gone.

W E R T E R.

And can'st thou leave me on the brink of fate?
 Can Charlotte leave me like a wretch cast off!
 Stay but a moment—oh, one parting look!
 Am I so lost she will not grant me that?
 I am content—now leave me to my fate;
 Farewell to both!—and may you never bear
 What I have borne!—but we shall meet again—
 'Tis not for ever that we now divide.

C H A R L O T T E.

No, for to-morrow we will meet again.

W E R T E R.

To-morrow, Charlotte—oh! oh! oh!

A L B E R T:

Walter, farewell!
 Some pitying angel guide thy steps,
 And sooth thy soul to peace,

[Exeunt Albert and Charlotte;]

W E T T E R *solus.*

She's fled! the image of my soul is fled!
 My other self, my only refuge's gone!
 Then what remains for Werter but—despair.
 Now grief! now sorrow! I am all thine own.
 Ye shades of night! expand your sable wings,
 Cover in darkness a deserted wretch!

Hide

Hide him from heaven, the world, and from himself !
Here let him fall forsaken and forgot,
And sigh in solitude his life away !

[Throws himself on the ground.]

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LEUTHROP.

SEBASTIAN.

I fear the generous Albert has prevail'd,
For I have waited at the gate in vain :—
This way I know they met—Alas ! how's this ?
My friend upon the ground !—and senseless too !
O, Werter, speak !

WERTER.

Away, I'll perish here.

SEBASTIAN

Look up my friend !—thy lov'd Sebastian calls ;
Perhaps he brings thee peace !

WERTER (*starting up.*)

Who talks of peace ?

'Tis not to be found !—The Cherub sits on high,
And smiling mocks mankind—pursue it not,
For it will lead thee to a dangerous sea,
And there will vanish !—Rather, thou like me,
Plunge deep in sorrow ! millions of fathoms deep ;
And gorge upon despair !—'till satisfy
Thy hungry soul, and leave it nothing wanting !

SEBASTIAN.

Oh, heaven ! the thought of leaving all his soul holds
dear,
Has, for a while, depriv'd him of his senses :
We must delude him hence.

W E R T H E R.

Look, look, and read;

'Tis fate's dire volume! and on the bloody page,
 Self murder's doom'd damnation!—and see! around
 Avenging demons wait to lash their prey.—
 Hark, how thy yell!—and now they pull—they tear—
 O, torture! torture!

(falls on Leuthrop, and is supported off.)

[Exeunt]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E III.

A grand Apartment in ALBERT'S House.

ALBERT discovered amongst his Friends.

ALBERT.

MOST welcome all!—O this kind friendly sight!
 Doubles the pleasures of the bridal day,
 And gives to Albert purest happiness!
 But not alone to him—all, all shall share it—
 For Charlotte like the sun, her power exerts;
 She shines with equal lustre upon all;
 Warms each cold heart, and cheers each languid soul;
 This day has made her mine—and for that gift
 It shall be chronic'd most sacred here!
 But wherefore comes she not?

Enter LAURA:

ALBERT.

My gentle Laura
 Where is the truant bride?

LAURA:

Alas! my Lord,
 I left her musing on the hapless tale
 Thy kindness had conceal'd—But now she heard
 That Werter fled last night.

ALBERT.

Then could I share her grief!
 For still I hop'd wishes would prevail.

Enter

W E R T H

Enter CHARLOTTE.

ALBERT.

My lovely partner—

CHARLOTTE.

Pardon, my Lord,
This long neglect, but.—

ALBERT.

Nay, name it not—
These friends are come to mingle in the general joy,
And share your Albert's bliss.

CHARLOTTE.

They are most welcome.

ALBERT.

Now would the measure of my joys be full,
Was there not wanting to compleat my hopes—
Charlotte—our mutual hopes—one honest friend!
One, whose aspiring virtues would have charm'd
Each heart to rapture—one, whose noble spirit
Merits of Albert.—

CHARLOTTE.

If thy Charlotte's peace,
Or that her happiness be worth a thought,
Never! O never name him! Let the fatal sound
Sink in oblivion! so shall our mutual peace
Rise to perfection.

ALBERT.

I have no more to say—
Let music sound!

Here follows the
EPITHALAMIUM set by MR. RAUZZINI.

(appointed)

ALBERT,

ALBERT (*to Charlotte, observing her sad*)

Music was won't to elevate your soul,
And double every joy!—why has it lost its charms?

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, it recalls past actions of my life!
And brings to memory those unhappy thoughts
That ever pierce my soul—but, Albert, once
I had no sorrows—once no bitter thoughts
To wound reflection—then the lively sounds
Added new pleasures, and my ravish'd heart
Bounded with joy!—but now—

ALBERT.

Nay, it is not kind,
Thus to be mourning on the happy day
That makes thee mine—I shall in truth complain
If sorrow thus engages all your thoughts,
And none are left for Albert, or for love.

CHARLOTTE.

'Twas but a sudden weakness of the soul,
Which now is fled—but oh! thou generous man!
Think not I mean to sorrow at the fate
That made thee mine.—No, by you powers above
I would not be else but what I am,
To be the mistress of a monarch's love!

ALBERT.

And I would rather of thy gifts partake
Than share the pleasures of the fairest fair,
That yet trod earth.

(A servant enters and whispers Albert.)

ALBERT.

We will attend—my friends
We're summon'd to partake the feast—lead on—
Let sorrow's vapours now disperse away,
And general pleasure crown this festive hour.

[Exeunt. Flourish of music.]

SCENE, WERTER'S Apartment.

Enter WERTER *and* LEUTHROP.

(WERTER giving Leuthrop letters.)

These to my mother—from Sebastian these—
Get them convey'd and meet me here again,
And mark me—that I prevail'd upon my friend
Not to depart from Manheim 'till to-night,
Must be divulg'd to none.

LEUTHROP.

I shall obey, sir.

WERTER.

How goes the night?

LEUTHROP.

'Tis near the second watch.

WERTER.

Then, time, I must no longer trifle with thee—
Something must be done—and that most quickly—
Yet, what is to be done?—O, 'tis an awful
Moment! and I must use it like a man—
Away, and leave me.

LEUTHROP.

His disorder'd speech,
And the wild fury in his looks, foretell
Some new misfortune—I will not leave him

(goes up the stage.)

WERTER *(pausing.)*

Death is the common medicine for woe—
The peaceful haven, which the shatter'd bark
In tempest ever seeks.—'Tis but to raise

The

The curtain, and another scene succeeds—
 Then why delay'd?—why yet these doubtful fears?
 Oh! 'tis the mind that shudders at the thought
 Of dark uncertainty!

LEUTHROP (*coming forward*)

O, Sir, forgive the ardour of your slave,
 Who rudely thus intrudes—but much I fear
 Some new affliction wounds my master's peace
 Which I perhaps can lessen or avert.

WERTER.

Away! away!

LEUTHROP.

O do but try me, sir!
 I would walk bare-foot o'er the boundless world,
 And every step that wrung my aged feet,
 Should be a shoot of comfort to my soul,
 Could I but mitigate my master's woes?

WERTER.

If thou would'st shew obedience to my will,
 This instant leave me, nor increase my pain.

[*Exit Leuthrop:*

(*pausing again.*)

Yet in this world can I e'er hope for peace?
 Peace!—when my Charlotte is another's wife,
 E'en now perhaps she languishes away,
 And melts transported in her Albert's arms—
 Ha! that dread thought works inward on my soul
 Like darting poison—and my mad'ning brain
 Is swell'd with desperation—O, 'tis an hour
 Of horrors! and it calls for horrid deeds—
 One of the three must die—that heaven decrees—
 Shall it be Albert? shall these yet spotless hands
 Shed virtue's blood? and shall the honest fall,

To let the guilty take their happier seats?
 O damn'd thought!—I shudder at myself,
 For bare imagination of the deed!
 Shall Charlotte then?—shall that sweet angel form
 Be torn—be mangled—and in Werter's cause?
 Oh, cruel! cruel fate!—I'll pause no more—
 One thought alone possesses all my soul,
 And that shall be obey'd—Walter himself shall die!
 This long has struggl'd in my wither'd brain,
 And now it bursts, and my whole soul's at peace!
 In such a glorious cause who would not fall?
 Now, Albert, live! and bless that perfect fair,
 For whom I liv'd, for whom—I soon shall die—
 And, Charlotte, when the grave holds all that's left,
 Of that unhappy agitated being,
 Who knew no pleasure but in sight of thee!
 Oh! when you wander thro' your long-lov'd vale,
 Then think of Werter!—think how oft his sigh
 Have fill'd the sounding woods!—how oft his tears
 Have dew'd the weeping grafs!—and if you wish
 To feed on sorrows never tasted yet!
 Look—towards the church-yard that contains his
 bones.
 And see! with pity, how the evening breeze
 Waves the high grafs that grows upon his grave!
 Alas!—these thoughts recal such tender scenes!
 They quite unman me.

Re-enter LEUTHROP,

LEUTHROP,

In tears—O heavens!
 Teach me some way to sooth my master's woes—
 My gentle master.—

W E R T E R.

Whence this intrusion?

LEUTHROP.

A T R A G E D Y.

LEUTHROP.

I have obey'd your orders, Sir!

W E R T E R.

'Tis well——

(pausing)

This night shall close the scene—the midnight watch
Shall be the hour—e'er that—she may be seen—
Attend me to my chamber!—and now high heaven,
Aid me with calmness 'till I meet my fate!

[*Exeunt*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

D

A C T. IV.

SCENE ALBERT'S Apartment,

Enter CHARLOTTE and LAURA.

CHARLOTTE.

IF dreams are ominous, some dreadful woe
 Is not far distant, Laura, from thy friend—
 For even now oppress'd with heaviest care,
 I sought for comfort in a short repose ;
 And my wild brain was harrassed with a dream
 So terrible ! that it will banish sleep
 For ages from my soul.

LAURA.

O, heed it not !
 It can portend no harm.

CHARLOTTE.

Hear then, and judge—
 Methought ! alone and in the dead of night,
 Whilst light'ning fill'd each pause the thunder made,
 And the pale moon in the blackest clouds was lost,
 I wildly wander'd to that dreary vale—
 That vale ! where Werter first confess'd his love,
 And oft in secret sigh'd !—But to my tale—
 The light'ning's fire, and moon's few scatter'd rays,
 Just shew'd the awful horror of the scene ;
 Loud roaring waves rush'd o'er the fertile fields,
 And the whole valley seem'd a tossing sea.
 Sad echo doubl'd every hollow sound,
 And nature with complete disorder groan'd !

How

L A U R A.

How could your fancy form so wild a scene?
Indeed 'twas terrible!

C H A R L O T T E.

But mark the end,
The fork'd light'ning flash'd a sudden glare;
And far, far off, a towering cliff appear'd!
Urg'd, at the moment, of a secret wish
To gain its summit—in the flood I plung'd!
And driven by the torrent, reach'd its foot—
Loud hollow'd the wind, the tempest still increas'd—
Trembling—sad omen! I began to climb—
And midway saw—oh, horrible to tell!—
An human being, on the highest verge,
With arms outstretch'd, propending o'er the deep—
I scream'd aloud—struck with the sudden noise,
He started—madening I flew to his relief,
And saw with eyes, as frantic as his own—
The lost, deserted Werter—O Laura!
I wak'd in terrors, and centuries of time
Can never wear the image from my mind

Enter A L B E R T.

A L B E R T.

AND still will Charlotte fly her Albert's arms?
Still will she leave him to lament alone?
Oh! if my soul could find a secret charm,
That gently could attract thy heart to mine,
Or gain me but a share of that dear treasure!
High heaven itself would be a poor conceit
Of Albert's happiness!

C H A R L O T T E.

Nay, talk not thus—
It stings me to the soul, to hear thee chide.
Love's deepest wounds, affliction's sharpest pangs,
Would be indulgence to reproof from thee!

D 2 .

ALBERT

ALBERT.

Thou little know'st
 How thou art rooted here!—in early youth,
 Thy lovely form first planted in my soul;
 There long it liv'd, and charm'd my wandering senses;
 But nurs'd by time it grew into esteem—
 And friendship budding blossom'd soon to love:
 The fruit, alas! has not fulfill'd my hopes;
 But, oh! the plant is firmly rooted here,
 And here shall flourish 'till the stock decays!
 How can'st thou wonder then that thy sad eye
 Attracts unwilling frowns from mine!

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, Albert!
 E'er this thou should'st have know, 'tis Charlotte's fate,
 To torture most, where most she means to please.

ALBERT.

Be what thou wilt:
 Be pleas'd, be silent, be content or sad,
 I will still love thee, and be blest to share
 Thy pleasures or afflictions—but come, my life!
 I came to tell that some sudden news
 Compels me hence until to-morrow noon—
 'Tis hard to part so long!

CHARLOTTE.

Alas! my Lord,
 What news so suddenly can force thee hence?
 I hope no ill at Francfort!

ALBERT.

None, my fair;
 I am compell'd to hasten to the court—
 No common mandate forces me away:
 But I have done—in this one fond embrace,
 Let my farewell be known! e'er noon to-morrow
 I shall again my only joy behold!

[Exit.

CHARLOTTE.

A TRAGEDY.

41

CHARLOTTE *solus.*

Farewell! and may the unrelenting heavens,
That show's down curses on this wretched head,
Lavish their blessings on the generous Albert:
Oh! how my soul still struggles to forget
What most it meditates, what most it loves!
But ah! how vain! still 'midst the dying embers
Of smother'd passion, some decaying spark
Kindles the latent fire, and by the conflict fann'd.
Soon it expands o'er all the healed soul,
And blazes fierce again!—O, Werter, Werter!
Yes, I may blame thee, but never can forget thee;
A sacred sympathy attach'd me first.
Time since has stamp'd thine image on my heart,
And the impression is engrav'd for ever!
Should we e'er meet again;—deluding thought!
It thrills like light'ning through my trembling frame,
And penetrates my soul—ha!—Walter!

Enter WERTER.

WERTER.

That very wretch!

CHARLOTTE (*turning away.*)

Some kind protecting angel guard me now!
O watch me at this awful moment!

WERTER.

Heavens!

Is it possible?—can she abandon me?
She—who would smile if Werter was but pleas'd!
She—who would weep if Werter did but sigh!

CHARLOTTE:

We must not be alone—
The scene is alter'd since we parted last—

D 3

Laura

Laura, I say—yet hold—a moment hold—
 Am I so lost that I distrust myself?
 So mean, so cowardly! must I be watch'd
 Lest I prove false?—Hence, idle visions, hence!
 I am alone protectress of myself,
 And dare defy all love's seducing arts,
 To shake one atom of my virtue!

W E R T E R.

Oh!

It was not always thus!—the time has been
 When Charlotte would have flown to sooth her Werter;
 But now 'tis well!—he'll trouble her no more—
 He came oppress'd with sorrow and despair—
 Yes, almost broken with a weight of woes,
 To seek for succour in his only hope.
 Like one that's shipwreck'd in a dreadful storm,
 Struggling he fought the last remaining plank
 To save his sinking soul!—but that avoids him—
 Even there his hopes are lost—then let the storm
 Come on! it cannot injure now!

[Throws himself on the couch.]

CHARLOTTE (*looking sometimes at him and flying to him.*)

O, Werter!
 Why will you plunge in misery again?
 Why will you leave the shelter of your friends
 For this distracted scene?

W E R T E R.

Charlotte, I came
 To you alone! one gentle hour of love,
 Snatched at a time so circumstanc'd as this,
 Is better than an age of other life!

CHARLOTTE.

Werter, no more—this is no time for love—
 O let the torturer for ever sleep
 In silent peace! for should he wake again,

'Tis

A T R A G E D Y.

'Tis but to lead us to the brink of horror !
Once more I charge thee to subdue a passion
So vainly, madly form'd ! a passion joined
To sure destruction !—why is it only me ?
Me, that's another's ?—alas ! I much, much fear
The conscious thought—I can be never thine
Only encreases the enraged desire !

W E R T E R.

Did Albert furnish thee with this reflection ?
'Tis a profound one.

C H A R L O T T E.

Nay, think me not severe !
By heaven, e'en now my struggling heart recoils
While thus it chides ! and could the trembler speak,
'Twould tell thee that it pants to sooth and share
Each pang that tortures thine—but as the cause
Of all thy sorrows ; it should seem not harsh
That pity prompts me to invent a cure !

W E R T E R.

And know'st thou of a cure ?

C H A R L O T T E.

Return to Manheim—
Time may do much—absence, perhaps much more ;
Another object too may change the scene—
One who deserves thy love, who'll hear thy tale,
And by dividing, dissipate thy woes :
And when past sorrows shall be quite forgot,
Bring her to Walheim, and with us enjoy
The purest pleasures perfect friendship yields:

W E R T E R.

All will be well e'er long—all will be well !

C H A R L O T T E.

Do not oppose my wish—for you well know
Albert has been most kind—his generous love

Merits

Merits return—and I could rather die
 Than willingly torment him with a care!
 Therefore, alas! I tremble as I speak!
 We meet with prudence, or we meet no more!

[Here they both rise.]

W E R T E R.

'Tis well——'tis very well!

C H A R L O T T E.

Honour incites
 The fix'd resolve!—heavens! relieve me now!
 I scarce have power to speak—ha! thou art pale!

W E R T E R.

Or meet no more!

C H A R L O T T E.

Why knawest thy lip!

W E R T E R.

Or meet no more!

C H A R L O T T E.

What wild mysterious words!
 Some smother'd passion struggles in thy breast,
 Speak——

W E R T E R.

I dare not.

C H A R L O T T E.

O speak, in mercy speak.
 'Tis death to see thee thus!

W E R T E R.]

Death!

C H A R L O T T E.]

A TRAGEDY.

45

CHARLOTTE.

Ay, Werter, death!

WERTER.

Death—ha! did'st thou say death!—Lo! where he stalks!

See how he shakes his bloody spear at me!

Hence, thou pale warrior, hence!

Thou can'st not hurt!

[Takes Charlotte by the hand.]

You shall not, cannot part us!

Alas! where am I?—Alas, my brain is turned!

Pity me, Charlotte, pity me! I am

The veriest wretch alive!

CHARLOTTE.

Alas! my Werter.

WERTER.

Oh! forgive me; the raging tumult's o'er

And I'm again myself—'twas but a fancy

Of my too-troubl'd mind—Think on't no more;

Some better subject may employ our thoughts.

Oft have we chac'd the heavy hour away

In reading Opian—May we not read again?—

CHARLOTTE.

Here is your own translation of his songs.

[Here they seat themselves.]

WERTER.

O! Charlotte, what ravages hard time has made

Since last I read them—Of that no more—

Alas! the leaf's turn'd down

Where hopeless Armin mourns his murder'd child!

WERTER reads.

“ Alone on the sea-beat rock my daughter was

“ heard to complain—frequent and loud were her

“ cries,

“ cries, nor could her Father relieve her. All night
 “ I stood on the shore—I saw her by the faint beam
 “ of the Moon, and before morning appear’d her voice
 “ was weak—It died away, like the evening breeze
 “ amongst the grafs of the rocks—spent with grief.
 “ she expir’d and left thee, Armin—alone! ———

[Here Werter throws down the book, seizes Charlotte’s hand and weeps oer it—she leans on her other arm, holding her handkerchief to her eyes—they are both in the utmost agitation—In this unhappy story they feel their own misfortunes.—At length Charlotte says, “ Go on.”]

W E R T E R reads.

“ Why dost thou awake me, O! gale!—It seems
 “ to say I am cover’d with the drops of Heaven—
 “ The time of my fading——is near, and the blast——
 “ that shall scatter my leaves——to-morrow——shall
 “ the traveller come——He that saw me in my beauty
 “ ——shall come——His eyes shall search the field
 “ ——But —— they will not——find me!”

These words fall like a stroke of thunder on the heart of the unfortunate Werter! In despair he throws himself at her feet, seizes her hand and puts it to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project, for the first time, struck Charlotte—she is distracted.

CHARLOTTE, starting from the couch:

Heavens! Suicide—am I to be so curst?
 Is there no mercy to be found in Heaven?
 Is virtue ever to be tortur’d thus?——

O Werter! Werter!

[Falling on him.]

W E R T E R.

I will not lose thee——
 Thus let me ever clasp thee to my heart.

Here they lose sight of every thing, and the whole world disappears before them.—He clasps her in his arms and strains her to his bosom.

CHARLOTTE:

A TRAGEDY:

47

CHARLOTTE.

Werter! (*with a faint voice*) Werter! (*gently pushing him away*) Werter! (*with the firm voice of virtue*)
This is the last time!—we never—never—meet
again!— [Exit.]

WERTER, *solus.*

Now art thou satisfied indignant fate!
Is not thy vengeance glutted now?—Then look
And fate thy soul with triumph and revenge,
For I am curst beyond the reach of Hope!
Heavens! how the tempest rages in my brain!
'Tis all on fire!—O! Charlotte, Charlotte,
Once more come forth and soften me to calmness.
[Throws himself on the couch.]

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

The night and ceaseless fury of the storm
Compell'd me to return—strange fancies too
Perplex my mind and agitate me much.
I know not what to think—How! Werter here!
This is most strange!—But Albert have a care,
Suspect not without cause, for when thou dost,
Then art thou damn'd indeed!—Of all calamities
Suspicion I have yet avoid'd most—
And ever will!—Welcome again to Walheim,

WERTER, *not looking up:*

Away—away—and leave me to my Sorrows.

ALBERT.

Still on affliction Werter—I hop'd e'er this
Thy friends had chac'd each dismal care away,
And quite restor'd thee to thy former peace.
O 'tis a weakness to be ever thus!
Look up my friend—'tis Albert speaks—

WERTER

W E R T E R.

Albert !

The last on earth I would intrude on thus :
 Oh ! Albert, do I merit this from thee ?
 Am I not most unworthy of thy friendship ?

A L B E R T.

Unworthy!—now by you, Heaven, I swear,
 There's not an action (unallied to sin)
 However dangerous, however painful,
 But I would willingly attempt for Werter !

W E R T E R (*taking Albert by the hand.*)

Then, Albert, hear!—and O ! ye powers above !
 That ever blast the wishes of my soul,
 For once be merciful, and grant my prayer !
 Let anguish, sorrow, and despair combine,
 To form in unison one perfect wretch !
 And let that wretch be Werter !—but gracious heaven
 Let all the curses that are lavish'd here,
 Be doubl'd in thy mercies blessings there.
 Let purest pleasure, let perpetual peace,
 Eternal happiness, and constant love,
 Attend him even to the hour of fate !
 But long avert that hour !—He deserves it all——
 I can no more—my spirits weaken fast——
 I prithee bear me hence——

A L B E R T

Bear on my arm.

A little quiet will restore thy strength——
 Thou shalt rest here to-night.

W E R T E R.

I thank the much——
 But I have business that compels me hence :
 Yes, I have that which cannot be postpon'd !

A L B E R T.

ALBERT.

Nay, sigh not Werter—you will be soon at peace.

WERTER.

Yes, Albert! very soon!—I would be gone—

ALBERT.

I will conduct thee.

WERTER.

How can I ever make thee a return!

ALBERT.

Nay, say no more—bear up my friend—bear up—
Time will restore you to your wonted peace.

[Exeunt,

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

E

A C T. V.

SCENE ALBERT'S Apartment.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* SERVANT.

SEBASTIAN.

HAVE you inform'd your Lady,
Sebastian waits her leisure?

SERVANT.

I have, Sir,

Exit.

SEBASTIAN.

O may she grant the favour I entreat,
And with attractions that might captivate
A heart less weak, less ardent, than my Friend's!

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Your pardon, lady, that I thus intrude—
I come deputed by a wretched friend,
To tell you, he repents his follies past,
And will offend no more—'Tis his interest
To leave this place to-night—Yet e'er he goes,
He could have wish'd for one parting look,
One short farewell, to cheer him on his way—
And if my wishes will not lessen his,
I add them from my soul.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh Sir! your friend
Has but deceiv'd you with this flattering tale.
A secret passion struggles in his breast,
Which when reveal'd.—

SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

A secret passion!

CHARLOTTE.

Alas! I fear
He has resolv'd upon a fatal act,
Which you, Sebastian, only can prevent.

SEBASTIAN.

Heavens! what act?

CHARLOTTE.

Suicide!

SEBASTIAN.

It cannot be—
He is too great to stoop to such a thought.

CHARLOTTE.

Too well I know it—E'er we parted last,
In a fond moment he betray'd his purpose;
And I unable to support the conflict,
Left him, I fear, determin'd on the deed—
Fly, Sir, this instant, and avert the blow.
Why dost thou hesitate?

SEBASTIAN.

If it be true,
I scorn him from my soul.

CHARLOTTE.

O do not pause! be swifter than the wind,
Or he will fall for ever.

SEBASTIAN.

When virtue's dead, he is not fit to live;
Had one good sentiment inspir'd his breast,
It wou'd have prompted him to cherish life.

E

Has

Has it no object then!—does he not owe,
 Distress his succour, penury his aid,
 Grief his assistance, merit his support!
 Has heaven, his country, and his friends no claim?
 Oh! by my soul, he merits instant death:
 That he may feel the agonies that wait
 On guilt so great as his!

CHARLOTTE.

Deluded man!
 You paint the various vices of your friend
 With all the terrors that attend on death;
 And yet would let him fall, when but a word
 From thee, Sebastian, might protect him still;
 'The guilt is thine then, for by thee he dies:
 And well remember, sir, when fortune smil'd,
 You were the pilot of his prosperous bark;
 But at a moment, when a tempest rose,
 And dangers thicken'd round, you shun'd your post,
 And, like a coward, left him to the storm.

SEBASTIAN.

No more, no more.
 In the wild transport of a heart too warm,
 I had forgot my friend—let me begone!
 And yet protect him from the desperate act.

CHARLOTTE.

Yet hold, compassion prompts me to return him this—
 If he relents,
 And turns with horror from this act,
 I once will see him more.

SEBASTIAN.

Generous offer!
 This, this alone, will make him shrink from death:
 Methinks he stands on danger's naked cliff,
 And tottering ponders on the gulph below;

From

From that I'll snatch him, fold him in my arms,
And waft him to the blessed shores of peace.

[Exit.]

CHARLOTTE *solus.*

O what a fate is mine!—a generous lover,
E'er now resolving on a sudden death,
And I his murderer! a faithful husband,
Who long has lov'd, long watched my cruel heart,
Offend'd and incens'd!—ah! there's the rock
On which my shatter'd vessel will be crush'd:
Reproof from Albert will afflict me more
Than all my sorrows past.

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

The more I think, the more I am perplex'd—
E'en now I met Sebastian at the portal,
And Werter left her not an hour ago:
Can she be false!—can heaven's own image!
Can Charlotte?—but ah! I reason as I wish—
Wou'd she were true! and memory cou'd forget
The various follies that my fondness lavish'd—
Oh! I deserve the torments I endure.

CHARLOTTE.

Ha! so disturb'd—then are my fears confirm'd:
I hope, my lord, no sudden accident
Delay'd your journey.

ALBERT.

I crave your pardon, Charlotte;
It is impossible! that angel form
Wou'd blush at frailty—but be it as it may,
I still adore, and still confess her power.
O my dear partner!

CHARLOTTE.

In tears, my lord:
What can this mean!

ALBERT.

Have I no cause to weep?

CHARLOTTE.

I know of none.

ALBERT.

Of none! my Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

No; on my soul—if innocence—

ALBERT.

Innocence!

CHARLOTTE.

Oh! on my knees let me intreat thee, Albert,
Unfold this mystery!—let not my mind
Be tortured with suspense—speak! quickly speak,
Or sudden madness will distract my brain.

ALBERT.

Nay, do not kneel—I prithee leave me now—
My mind is much disturb'd.—

CHARLOTTE.

No! kill me quite.
Let me not linger in my pain—oh, Albert!
Thus, thus I'll cling, thus grovel at thy feet,
'Till thou hast freed my doubts!—If I'm the cause
Thy fears are false—oh, by mine honour, false!

ALBERT.

Honour!

CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE.

Ha! you mock me still.

ALBERT.

Yet, leave me:

A new unusual fury rages here,
And soon 'twill blaze abroad—away—

CHARLOTTE.

'Tis well.

Albert mistrusts his Charlotte—yes, high heaven!
He doubts her honour, he suspects her love:
Oh hear! and answer if she merits this!

ALBERT (*laying hold of her.*)
Werter.

CHARLOTTE (*much confused.*)

Ha! what of him?

ALBERT.

O, Guilt! Guilt!

CHARLOTTE.

Guilt!

ALBERT.

Yes, guilt!

Hast thou not art enough to hide thy shame?
But thus must boast it! thus to the very face
Of him thou hast abus'd.

CHARLOTTE.

If it be guilt to suffer keen reproach,
Regret, affliction, terror, and despair,
With every torture that can rack the soul!
Rather than wander from my truth to thee,
In action, word or thought—if this be guilt!
I own, my lord, the justice of your charge,
And well deserves the phrase.

ALBERT.

ALBERT.

This fyren's song
 No more shall captivate my pliant soul ;
 I've been too long amus'd, too long deceiv'd ;
 My love has been long abus'd, my liberal conduct
 Scorn'd and derid'd—but thou shalt know
 I'm not that dupe, that easy placid fool
 Thy falshood wish'd! no ; I'll exert my powers,
 Enforce my rights, and be a tyrant too :
 Yes ; mark me, madam, I charge thee on thy truth,
 Nay, on thy peril, never to be seen
 Or found in converse with thy minion more.

CHARLOTTE.

Minion ! must I bear this ?

ALBERT.

Ay, and more, much more.

CHARLOTTE.

No, Albert, a little while ago
 You found me fond, affectionate, and weak,
 Made up of folly, levity and fears ;
 But your own rashness has restor'd my sense,
 And I despise your threats—minion ! O shame !
 Use such another word, and here I vow,
 If e'er I deign to listen to you more,
 'Tis but with scorn—unalterable scorn.

ALBERT.

This poor pretended spirit is in vain,
 Thy stubborn heart shall bleed.

CHARLOTTE.

You little know
 The heart of Charlotte, if you think 'twill bleed
 At follies idle race—no, my lord,
 When you return to your accustom'd peace,

And

And converse like yourself I am your own;
 Proud to indulge, and happy to obey you ;
 But when you lose that calmness you profess,
 And thus insult me, I am only taught
 'That Albert is no better than a tyrant,
 Whose vain presumption merits my disdain.

A L B E R T.

Away, away—I'll trifle time no more ;
 Now, hear my last resolve:—by heaven I love thee
 More than romantic fancy can express,
 And wou'd not leave thee for eternal peace ;
 But if you still persist
 To let another triumph in your heart,
 Thou art no longer mine—we part for ever !

C H A R L O T T E.

Ungenerous man !
 Is it for this my soul resign'd its love,
 And kept its vow to thee ! Is it for this !
 He you abuse in endless anguish lives,
 Perhaps—I cannot speak—(*weeps.*)

A L B E R T.

Ha ! dost thou weep ! perfidious woman, go,
 Go to thy Werter, revel in his arms,
 Albert will never interrupt you more, [*Exit.*]

C H A R L O T T E.

When, angry heaven, shall thy vengeance cease !
 When shall this little victim be allow'd
 A momentary calm—never, never—
 Yet something—myself shall save him from
 The horrid deed.

Enter W E R T E R (*supported by Leuthrop.*)

W E R T E R.

A little onward bear me, faithful Leuthrop,
 To sigh my life out at my Charlotte's feet,
 And I shall die content.

C H A R L O T T E.

C H A R L O T T E.

O heavens, was Sebastian—

W E R T E R.

He was deceiv'd—I yielded to his wish,
 And while he left me to prepare for Manheim,
 Completed my design—it was my fate
 To catch a sad distemper in the heart,
 Which grew contagious, and while it canker'd here
 Infected all who sooth'd—could I then live
 But to destroy the sharers of my pains!

C H A R L O T T E.

Haste to Sebastian, tell him all—away—
 Some speedy antidote may yet be found;
 He cannot, shall not die.

W E R T E R.

Give me some comfort,
 For I am coward all—I fear'd to brave
 Life's common chances, and I shudder now
 To meet that death I sought—horror! horror!
 I dare not think upon the deed I've done;
 I have invaded nature's sacred law,
 Rebell'd against heaven itself!—O my Charlotte!
 Is there no hope of pardon?

C H A R L O T T E.

Cruel, cruel hour!
 And must I lose thee, Werra!

W E R T E R.

Tell Albert to forgive me,
 For I have injur'd and abus'd him much:
 Forgive me too thyself!—could I but live!
 It will not be—ha! that pang was death's—
 It will not be—mercy, mercy, heaven! Dies:

(Charlotte falls on the body.)

Enter

Enter ALBERT, SEBASTIAN, *and* LEUTHROP.

SEBASTIAN.

The sharpest torments cruelty suggests,
Wou'd be indulgence to the pangs I feel:
Who but Sebastian wou'd have left his friend!
Had I remain'd and sooth'd him as I ought,
This ne'er had happen'd—curst! curst reflection!
I am the fatal cause of all these sorrows.

ALBERT. (*Weeping over Charlotte,*)

No, 'tis from Albert every sorrow flows.
Had I not been the weakest, worst of men,
I had resign'd my Charlotte! and been happy
In seeing her so exquisitely blest.
What am I now! thou injur'd innocence!
Pronounce my doom!

CHARLOTTE. (*Starting up.*)

Talk not to me—away!
Be swift as light'ning, or you'll be too late:
He's in your fatal vale!—I left him there,
His sword was drawn, and death sat brooding by;
Fly or he's murder'd!—Hark! a shriek—a shriek!—
Ah! now! 'tis past, the sweet deluder's vanish'd,
And I must wander o'er the world alone.

SEBASTIAN. (*To Charlotte.*)

Let not excess of grief
O'ercome thy reason, but with pity look
On wretched Albert.

CHARLOTTE.

Albert! I know him well,
He is my husband, guardian of my honour!
Honour! no more of that—no more of that—
That kill'd the innocent!—Oh my poor heart!

ALBERT.

Hold, Hold my brain!—will none attempt to sooth
her!

Will

Will none assist! I can no longer bear
The maddening sight! (*Falls on Leuthrop.*)

C H A R L O T T E.

There—there's his sepulchre—
Ha! see it shakes—The tomb is all convuls'd!
Soft—now it yawns, and gently steals apart—
'Tis burst afunder!—Here the body lies!
Alas! how chang'd! These tears, neglect'd shade,
Shall wash thy rankling wounds—These hands—Ah!
look,
His eye-balls roll! he tremble's in his shroud—
He is alive! and all will still be well.
See! see! to heaven he mounts;
Legions of angels hover round his form,
He beckons me! Werter, I come! I come—
And now let *honour* part us if it can!

S E B A S T I A N.

Oh Albert!
Lose not thy firmness at this awful moment;
The storm shall soon be o'er, and all be calm—
Alas! he speaks not—excess of sorrow,
Has quite subdued him—Leuthrop, bear him in,
And ease him of these tortures, if you can—
Albert has merited a better fate.——

From these disasters, we are taught to shun
The sad temptations of unlawful love.
For oh! shou'd passion conquer reason's power,
(And reason oft in weak) the desperate mind
May turn to death for peace—Destructive hope!
For if one crime is blacker than the rest,
Below more punish'd, more abhor'd above;
'Tis self destruction; 'tis by heaven decreed,
So high an outrage! that at mercy's throne,
The suicide alone is shut from Grace.

F I N I S.

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