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William Peacock,

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T H E
W O R K S

O F

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

CONTAINING,

The ROYAL CONVERT.

JANE SHORE.

JANE GRAY.

POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, T. OSBORNE,
T. WALLER, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON,
C. CORBETT, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL,
S. BLADON, and M. RICHARDSON.

MDCCLXVI.

1912

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
ROYAL CONVERT.
A
TRAGEDY.

Laudatur & Alget.



Printed in the Year 1765.

VOL. II.

B

ROYAL COMMERCE

THE

ROYAL COMMERCE

A

THE A G E N T

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THE A G E N T

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THE A G E N T

1850

To the Right Honorable

C H A R L E S

Lord HALLIFAX.

MY LORD,

IF I could have the Vanity to make a Merit of Dedicating this TRAGEDY, I should here take an Opportunity of telling You, that I am, in this, endeavouring to make the best, and only Return I am capable of, for all those Marks of exceeding Goodness and Humanity, which I have still had the Honor to meet with from Your Lordship. But since the Matter is quite otherwise, since it is highly to my Advantage to shelter myself under so great a Name; since I have done myself so much Honor by it; I am bound to own, with all the Gratitude I am

DEDICATION.

capable of, that Your Lordship's Patronage is a new, and will be a lasting Obligation upon me.

Most kinds of Poetry, but especially TRAGEDIES, come into the World now, like Children born under ill Stars; a general Indifference, or rather Disinclination, attends like a bad Influence upon them; and after having bustled through ill Usage, and a short Life, they sleep and are forgotten. The Relish of Things of this Kind is certainly very much altered from what it was some Time since; and though I will not presume to censure other People's Pleasures, and prescribe to the various Tastes of Mankind; yet I will take the Liberty to say, that those who scorn to be entertained like their Fore-fathers, will hardly substitute so reasonable a Diversion in the Room of that which they have laid aside. I could wish there were not so much Reason as there is to attribute this Change of Inclinations, to a Disesteem of Learning itself. Too many People are apt to think, that Books are not necessary to the finishing the Character of a fine Gentleman; and are therefore

DEDICATION.

therefore easily drawn to despise what they know nothing of. But, my Lord, among all these mortifying Thoughts, it is still a Pleasure to the Muses, to think there are some Men of too delicate Understandings to give into the Tastes of a depraved Age; Men that have not only the Power but the Will, to protect those Arts which they love, because they are Masters of them.

It would be very easy for me to distinguish one among those few, after the most advantageous Manner; but all Men of common Sense have concurred in doing it already, and there is no Need of a Panegyric.

I could be almost tempted to expostulate with the rest of the World (for I am sure there is no Occasion to make an Apology to Your Lordship) in Defence of Poetry. I am far from thinking of a good Poet, as the *Stoics* did of their Wise-man, that he was sufficient for every Thing, could be every Thing, and excel in every Thing, as he pleased; yet sure I may be allowed to say, that that Brightness, Quickness, that Strength and Greatness of Thinking, which is required in any of the

D E D I C A T I O N.

nobler Kinds of Poetry, would raise a Man to an uncommon Distinction in any Profession or Business, that has a Relation to good Sense and Understanding. One modern Instance can at least be given, where the same Genius that shone in Poetry, was found equal to the first Employments of the State; and where the same Man, who by his Virtue and Wisdom was highly useful to, and instrumental in the Safety and Happiness of his native Country, had been equally ornamental to it in his Wit.

This is what I could not help saying, for the Honor of an Art which has been formerly the Favorite of the greatest Men. Not that it wants a Recommendation to Your Lordship, who have always been a constant and generous Protector of it. This indeed would be much more properly said to the World, and when I have told them what Men have equally adorned it, and been adorned by it, I might not unfitly apply to them, what *Horace* said to the *Piso's*,

————— *Ne fortè Pudori*

Sit tibi Musa Lyrae solers & Cantor Apollo.

For

D E D I C A T I O N .

For my own inconsiderable Pretensions to Verse, I shall, I confess, think better even of them, than I have ever yet done, if they shall afford me the Honor to be always thought,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and devoted humble Servant,

N. R O W E.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

SINCE to your fam'd Fore-Fathers quite contrary,
You from their Pleasures, as their Wisdom, vary;
What Art, what Method, shall the Poet find,
To hit the Taste of each fantastic Mind?
Legions of Joys your wand'ring Fancies lead,
Like Summer Flies, which in the Shambles breed;
Each Year they swarm anew, and to the last succeed.
Time was, when Fools by Fellowship were known;
But now they stray; and in this populous Town
Each Coxcomb has a Folly of his own.
Some dress, some dance, some play; not to forget
Your Piquet Parties, and your dear Basset.
Some praise, some rail, some bow, and some make Faces;
Your Country Squires hunt Foxes, your Court, Places.
The City too fills up the various Scene,
Where Fools lay Wagers, and where wise Men win.
One rails at Cælia for a late Mischance;
One grumbles, and cries up the Pow'r of France.
This Man talks Politics, and that takes Pills;
One cures his own, and one the Nation's Ills.
Now Fidling, and the Charms of Sing-Song, win ye;
Harmonious Peg, and warbling Valentini.
As to your Drinking---but, for That, we spare it,
Nor with your other vile Delights compare it,
There's something more than Sound, there's Sense in Claret.
Mean-while neglected Verse, in long Disgrace,
Amongst your many Pleasures finds no Place;
The virtuous Laws of Common-sense forswearing,
You damn us like packt Juries, without hearing.

Each

P R O L O G U E.

*Each puny Whipster here, is Wit enough,
With scornful Airs, and supercilious Snuff,
To cry, This Tragedy's such damn'd grave Stuff.
But now we hope more equal Judges come,
Since Flanders sends the gen'rous Warriors home:
You that have fought for Liberty and Laws,
Whose Valor the proud Gallic Tyrant awes,
Join to assert the sinking Muses Cause;
Since the same Flame, by different Ways exprest,
Glow's in the Hero's and the Poet's Breast;
The same great Thoughts, that rouse you to the Fight,
Inspire the Muse, and bid the Poet write.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Hengist, King of *Kent*, Son to *Hengist* } Mr. Booth.
the first *Saxon* Invader of *Britain*.

Aribert, his Brother. Mr. Wilks.

Offa, a *Saxon* Prince. Mr. Husband.

Seofrid, first Minister and Favorite to } Mr. Mills.
the King.

Ofwald, Friend to *Aribert*. Mr. Keen.

W O M E N.

Redogune, a *Saxon* Princess, Sister to } Mrs. Barry.
- *Offa*, betrothed to the King.

Ethelinda, a *British* Lady, privately } Mrs. Oldfield.
married to *Aribert*.

Priests, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE in *Kent*, about *Twenty Years*
after the first *Invasion* of *Britain* by the
Saxons.

T H E

T H E

ROYAL CONVERT.

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

A P A L A C E.

Enter ARIBERT, and OSWALD.

A R I B E R T.

SUCH are, my Friend, the Joys our Loves have known,
So still to be desir'd, so ever new,
Nor by Fruition pall'd, nor chang'd by Absence.
Whate'er the Poets dreamt of their *Elysium*,
Or what the Saints believe of the first Paradise,
When Nature was not yet deform'd by Winter,
But one perpetual Beauty crown'd the Year,
Such have we found 'em still, still, still the same.

O S W A L D.

Such grant, kind Heav'n, their Course to be for ever!
But yet, my Prince, forgive your faithful *Oswald*,
If he believes you melt with too much Tenderness;
Your noble Heart forgets its native Greatness,
And sinks in Softness, when you languish thus;
Thus sigh and murmur but for six Days Absence.

A R I B E R T.

Chide not; but think if e'er, when thou wert young,
Thou lov'dst thyself, how thou wert wont to judge
Of Time, of Love, of Absence, and Impatience.
What! six long Days, and never write nor send,

Tho' *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*, faithful both,
Were left behind, to bring me Tidings from her:
How, *Ethelinda*! how hast thou forgot me!

O S W A L D.

Perhaps I err; but if the Pain be such,
Why is the Fair One, who alone can ease it,
Thus far divided from your longing Arms?
'Twere better ne'er to part, than thus to mourn.

A R I B E R T.

Oh *Oswald*! is there not a fatal Cause?
Thou know'st my *Ethelinda*——

O S W A L D.

Is a Christian;
A Name by *Saxons*, and their Gods, abhorr'd.
To me her diff'ring Faith imports not much;
'Tis true indeed, bred to my Country's Manners,
I worship as my Fathers did before me.
Unpractis'd in Disputes, and wrangling Schools,
I seek no farther Knowledge, and so keep
My Mind at Peace, nor know the Pain of doubting;
What others think I judge not of too nicely,
But hold, all honest Men are in the right.

A R I B E R T.

Then know yet more; for my whole Breast is thine,
Ev'n all my secret Soul: I am a Christian.
'Tis wonderful to tell; for Oh, my *Oswald*,
I listen'd to the Charmer of my Heart.
Still, as the Night that fled away, I fate,
I heard her with an Eloquence divine,
Reason of holy and mysterious Truths;
Of Heav'n's most righteous Doom, of Man's Injustice;
Of Laws to curb the Will, and bind the Passions;
Of Life, of Death, and Immortality;
Of gnashing Fiends beneath, and Pains eternal;
Of starry Thrones, and endless Joys above.
My very Soul was aw'd, was shook within me;
Methought I heard distinct, I saw most plain,
Some Angel, in my *Ethelinda*'s Form,
Point out my Way to everlasting Happiness.

O S W A L D.

O S W A L D.

'Tis wonderful indeed! and yet great Souls,
By Nature half divine, soar to the Stars,
And hold a near Acquaintance with the Gods.
And Oh, my Prince, when I survey thy Virtue,
I own the Seal of Heav'n imprinted on thee;
I stand convinc'd that good and holy Powers
Inspire and take Delight to dwell within thee.
Yet Crowds will still believe, and Priests will teach,
As wand'ring Fancy, and as Int'rest leads.
How will the King and our fierce *Saxon* Chiefs
Approve this Bride and Faith? Had Royal *Hengist*,
Thy Father liv'd!—

A R I B E R T.

'Tis on that Rock we perish;
Thou bring'st his dreadful Image to my Thoughts,
And now he stands before me, stormy, fierce,
Imperious, unrelenting, and to Death
Tenacious of his Purpose once resolv'd.
Just such he seems, as when severe and frowning
He forc'd the King, my Brother, and myself,
To kneel and swear at *Woden's* cruel Altar,
First, never to forego our Country's Gods;
Then made us vow with deepest Imprecations,
If it were either's Fortune e'er to wed,
Never to choose a Wife among the Christians.

O S W A L D.

Have you not fail'd in both?

A R I B E R T.

'Tis true, I have;
But for a Cause so just, so worthy of me,
That not t'have fail'd in both, had been t'have fail'd,
Yes, *Oswald*, by the conscious Judge within,
So do I stand acquitted to myself,
That were my *Ethelinda* free from Danger,
On peril of my Life I would make known,
And to the World avow, my Love and Faith.

O S W A L D.

I dare not, nay, 'tis sure I cannot blame you:
You are the secret Worship of my Soul,

To

To me so perfect, that you cannot err.
 But Oh! my Prince, let me conjure you now,
 By that most faithful Service I've still paid you,
 By Love, and by the gentle *Ethelinda*,
 Be cautious of your Danger, rest in Silence.
 In holy Matters, Zeal may be your Guide,
 And lift you on her flaming Wings to Heav'n;
 But here on Earth trust Reason, and be safe.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis true, the present angry Face of Things
 Bespeaks our coolest Thoughts: The *British King*,
Ambrosius, arms, and calls us forth to Battle,
 Demanding back the fruitful Fields of *Kent*,
 By *Vortigern* to royal *Hengist* giv'n;
 A mean Reward for all those *Saxon* Lives
 Were lost, in propping *Britain's* sinking State.

O S W A L D.

The War with *Britain* is a distant Danger,
 Nor to be weigh'd with our domestic Fears,
 Young *Offa*, chief among our *Saxon* Princes,
 Who at the King's Entreaty friendly came
 From northern *Jutland*, and the Banks of *Elbe*,
 With twice ten thousand Warriors to his Aid,
 Frowns on our Court, complains aloud of Wrongs,
 And wears a public Face of Discontent.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis said he is offended, that the King
 Delays to wed his Sister.

O S W A L D.

'Twas agreed,
 'Twas made the first Condition of their Friendship,
 And sworn with all the Pomp of Priests and Altars,
 That beauteous *Rodogune* shou'd be our Queen:
 Then wherefore this Delay? The Time was fix'd,
 The Feast was bid, and Mirth proclaim'd to all;
 The Crowd grew jovial with the Hopes of Holy-days,
 And each, according to our Country's Manner,
 Provok'd his Fellow with a friendly Bowl,
 And bless'd the royal Pair; when on the Morn,

The

The very Morn that should have join'd their Hands,
The King forbad the Rites.

A R I B E R T.

Two Days are past,
Nor has my Brother yet disclos'd the Cause.
Last Night, at parting from him, he stopt short,
Then catch'd my Hand, and with a troubled Accent,
With Words that spoke like secret Shame and Sorrow,
He told me he had something to impart,
And wish'd that I would wait him in the Morning.

O S W A L D.

But see, Prince *Offa*, and his beauteous Sister!
The King's most favour'd Counsellor, old *Seofrid*,
Is with 'em too.

A R I B E R T.

Retire; I would not meet 'em.
That Princess, *Oswald*, is esteem'd a Wonder.
To me she seems most fair; and yet, methinks,
Dost thou not mark? there is I know not what
Of fullen and severe, of fierce and haughty,
That pleases not, but awes; I gaze astonish'd,
And Fear prevents Desire.—So Men tremble,
When Light'ning shoots in glitt'ring Trails along:
It shines, 'tis true, and gilds the gloomy Night;
But where it strikes, 'tis fatal. [*Exeunt Ari. and Osw.*]

Enter OFFA, RODOGUNE, SEOFRID, and Attendants.

O F F A.

By *Woden*, no! I will not think he meant it;
Revenge had else been swift.—So high I hold
The Honour of a Soldier and a King,
I wo't not think your Master meant to wrong me.
Let him beware, however!—jealous Friendship,
And Beauty's tender Fame, can brook no Sights.
What in a Foe I pardon or despise,
Is deadly from a Friend, and so to be repaid.

S E O F R I D.

Whatever Fame or ancient Story tells,
Of Brother's Love, or celebrated Friends,

Who

Whose Faith, in Perils oft, and oft in Death,
 Severely had been try'd, and never broke,
 Such is the Truth, and such the grateful Mind
 Of royal *Hengist* to the princely *Offa*.
 Nor you, fair Princess, frown, if Wars and Troubles,

[*To Rodogune.*

If watchful Councils, and if Cares, which wait
 On Kings, the Nursing-Fathers of their People,
 With-hold a-while the Monarch from your Arms.

R O D O G U N E.

When fierce *Ambrosius* leads the *Britons* forth,
 Thunders in Arms, and shakes the dusty Field,
 It suits thy wary Master's Caution well
 To sit with dreaming hoary Heads at Council,
 And waste the Midnight Taper in Debates.
 But let him still be wise, consult his Safety,
 And trouble me no more. Does he fend thee
 With Tales of dull Respect, and faint Excuses?
 Tell him he might have spar'd the formal Message,
 Till some kind Friend had told him how I languish'd,
 How like a Turtle I bemoan'd his Absence.

S E O F R I D.

Pardon, fair Excellence, if falt'ring Age
 Profanes the Passion I was bid to paint,
 And drops the Tale imperfect from my Tongue.
 But Lovers best can plead their Cause themselves;
 And see, your Slave, the King, my Master, comes,
 To move your gentle Heart with faithful Vows,
 And pay his humble Homage at your Feet.

Enter the KING, Guards, and other Attendants.

K I N G.

But that I trust not to that Babbler, Fame,
 Who, careless of the Majesty of Kings,
 Scatters lewd Lies among the Crowd, and wins
 The easy Idiots to believe in Monsters,
 I should have much to charge you with, my Brother:
 I stand accus'd——

O F F A.

O F F A.

How Sir?

K I N G.

So speaks Report,
As wanting to my Honor, and my Friend;
By you I stand accus'd.

O F F A.

Now by our Friendship,
If that be yet an Oath, resolve me, *Hengist*
Whence are these Doubts between us, whence this
Coldness?

Say thou, who know'st, what sudden secret Thought
Has stept between, and dash'd the public Joy.
Thou call'st me Brother; wherefore wait the Priests,
And suffer *Hymen's* holy Fires to languish?
What hinders but that now the Rites begin,
That now we lose all Thoughts of past Displeasure,
And in the Temple tie the sacred Knot
Of Love and Friendship to endure for ever?

K I N G.

What hinders it indeed, but that which makes
This medly War within? but that which causes
This Sickness of the Soul, and weighs her down
With more than mortal Cares?

O F F A.

What shall I call
This secret gloomy Grief, that hides its Head,
And loves to lurk in Shades? have royal Minds
Such Thoughts as shun the Day?

K I N G.

Urge me no farther,
But, like a Friend, be willing not to know
What to reveal would give thy Friend a Pain.
Be still the Partner of my Heart, and share
In Arms and Glory with me; but, Oh! leave,
Leave me alone to struggle thro' one Thought,
One secret anxious Pang that jars within me,
That makes me act a Madman's Part before thee,
And talk Confusion——If thou art my Friend,

Thou

Thou hast heard me, and be satisfied——if not,
I have too much descended from myself
To make the mean Request——but rest we here.
To you, fair Princess——

R O D O G U N E.

No!——there needs no more;
For I would spare thee the unready Tale.
Know, faithless King, I give thee back thy Vows,
And bid thee sin secure, be safely perjurd.
Since if our Gods behold thee with my Eyes,
Their Thunder shall be kept for nobler Vengeance,
And what they scorn, like me they shall forgive,

K I N G.

When Anger lightens in the Fair Ones Eyes,
Lowly we bow, as to offended Heav'n,
With blind Obedience, and submissive Worship;
Nor with too curious Boldness rashly reason
Of what is just or unjust, such high Pow'r
Is to itself a Rule, and cannot err.
Yet this may be permitted me to speak,
How'er the present Circumstance reproach me,
Yet still my Heart avows your Beauty's Pow'r,
My Eyes confess you fair.

R O D O G U N E.

Whate'er I am
Is of myself, by native Worth existing,
Secure, and independent of thy Praise;
Nor let it seem too proud a Boast, if Minds
By Nature great, are conscious of their Greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow ought from Flattery.

K I N G.

You are offended, Lady.

R O D O G U N E.

Hengist, no.

Perhaps thou think'st this gen'rous Indignation,
That blushing burns upon my glowing Cheek,
And sparkles in my Eyes, a Woman's Weakness,
The Malice of a poor forsaken Maid,
Who rails at faithless Man---Mistaken Monarch!---

For

For know ev'n from the first, my Soul disdain'd thee;
 Nor am I left by thee, but thou by me.
 So was thy Falshood to my Will subservient,
 And by my Purpose bound. Thus Man, tho' limited
 By Fate, may vainly think his Actions free,
 While all he does, was at his Hour of Birth,
 Or by his Gods, or potent Stars ordain'd.

O F F A.

No more, my Sister: Let the Gown-Men talk,
 And mark out Right and Wrong in noisy Courts;
 While the Brave find a nearer way to Justice,
 They hold themselves the Balance and the Sword,
 And suffer Wrong from none. 'Tis much beneath me,
 To ask again the Debt you owe to Honor;
 So that be satisfy'd, we still are Friends,
 And Brothers of the War. But mark me, *Hengist*,
 I am not us'd to wait; and if this Day
 Pass unregarded as the former two,
 Soon as To-morrow dawns, expect me.——

K I N G.

Where?

O F F A.

Arm'd in the Field.

S E O F R I D.

Beseech you, Sir, be calm,

[To the King.

The valiant Prince——

O F F A.

Tho' I could wish it otherwise.

And since the Honor of the *Saxon* Name,
 And Empire here in *Britain*, rests upon thee,
 Believe me, I would still be found thy Friend.

[*Exeunt* Offa, Rodogune, and Attendants.

K I N G.

No, I renounce that Friendship; perish too,
 Perish that Name and Empire both for ever;
 What are the Kingdoms of the peopled Earth,
 What are their Purple, and their Crowns to me,

If

If I am curst within, and want that Peace
Which ev'ry Slave enjoys?

S E O F R I D.

My royal Master,
It racks my aged Heart to see you thus;
But Oh! what Aid, what Counsel can I bring you,
When all yon eastern Down, ev'n to the Surge
That bellowing beats on *Dover's* chalky Cliff,
With crested Helmets thick embattel'd shines;
With these your Friends, what are you but the greatest?
With these your Foes---Oh! let me lose that Thought,
And rather think I see you *Britain's* King,
Ambrosius vanquish'd, and the farthest *Picts*
Submitted to your Sway, tho' the same Scene
Discover'd to my View the haughty *Rodogune*
Plac'd on your Throne, and Partner of your Bed.

K I N G.

What! shou'd I barter Beauty for Ambition,
Forfake my Heav'n of Love, to reign in Hell?
Take a domestic Fury to my Breast,
And never know one Hour of Peace again?
Statesman, thou reason'st ill. By mighty *Thor*,
Who wields the Thunder, I will rather choose
To meet their Fury. Let 'em come together,
Young *Offa* and *Ambrosius*. Tho' my Date
Of mortal Life be short, it shall be glorious,
Each Minute shall be rich in some great Action,
To speak the King, the Hero, and the Lover.

S E O F R I D.

The Hero and the King are glorious Names;
But Oh! my Master, wherefore is the Lover?
In Honour's Name remember what you are,
Break from the Bondage of this feeble Passion,
And urge your Way to Glory: Leave with Scorn
Unmanly Pleasures to unmanly Minds,
And through the rough, the thorny Paths of Danger,
Aspire to Virtue, and immortal Greatness.

K I N G.

K I N G.

Hence with thy hungry, dull, untimely Morals,
The fond deluding Sophistry of Schools.
Who would be great, but to be happy too?
And yet such Ideots are we, to exchange
Our Peace and Pleasure for the Trifle, Glory;
What is the Monarch, mighty, rich, and great?
What? but the common Victim of the State:
Born to grow old in Cares, to waste his Blood,
And still be wretched for the public Good.
So, by the Priests, the noblest of the Kind
Is to atone the angry Gods design'd;
And while the meaner Sort from Death are freed,
The mighty Bull, that wont the Herd to lead,
Is doom'd for fatal Excellence to bleed. [Exeunt.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the KING and SEOFRID.

K I N G.

NO more of these unnecessary Doubts:
 Thy cold, thy cautious Age is vainly anxious,
 Thy Fears are inauspicious to my Courage,
 And chill the native Ardor of my Soul.
 This fullen cloudy Sky that bodes a Storm
 Shall clear, and ev'ry Danger fleet away;
 Our *Saxons* shall forget the present Discord,
 And urge the *Britons* with united Arms;
Hymen shall be aton'd, shall join two Hearts
 Agreeing, kind, and fitted for each other,
 And *Aribert* shall be the Pledge of Peace.

S E O F R I D.

Propitious God of Love, incline his Heart
 To melt before her Eyes, to meet her Wishes,
 And yield Submission to the haughty Maid.
 Thou that delight'st in cruel Wantonness,
 To join unequal Necks beneath thy Yoke,
 For once be gentle, and inspire both Hearts
 With mutual Flames, that each may burn alike.
 Oft' hast thou ruin'd Kingdoms, save one now;
 And those who curst thee, (parsimonious Age
 And rigid Wisdom) shall raise Altars to thee.

Enter ARIBERT.

K I N G.

But see he comes, and brings our Wishes with him.
 Oh, *Aribert!* my Soul has long desir'd thee,

Has

Has waited long for thy Relief, and wanted
To share the Burden which she bears with thee,
And give thee half her Sorrows.

A R I B E R T.

Give me all,
Ev'n all the Pain you feel, and let my Truth
Be greatly try'd; let there be much to suffer,
To prove how much my willing Heart can bear,
To ease my King, my Brother, and my Friend.

K I N G.

I know thee ever gentle in thy Nature,
Yielding and kind, and tender in thy Friendship,
And therefore all my Hope of Peace dwells with thee.
For oh! my Heart has labor'd long with Pain,
I have endur'd the Rage of secret Grief,
A Malady that burns and rankles inward,
And wanted such a Hand as thine to heal me.

A R I B E R T.

Speak it, nor wound the Softness of my Soul
With these obscure Complaining; speak, my Lord.

K I N G.

First then, this fatal Marriage is my Curse,
This galling Yoke to which my Neck is doom'd,
This Bride---she is my Plague---she haunts my Dreams,
Invades the softer silent Hour of Rest,
And breaks the balmy Slumber. Night grows tedious,
She seems to lag, and hang her fable Wings;
And yet I dread the Dawning of the Morn,
As if some screaming Sprite had shriek'd, and call'd,
Hengist, arise, To-morrow is thy last.

A R I B E R T.

A thousand speaking Grievs are in your Eyes,
To tell the Rack within—I read it plain.
But Oh! my King, what Prophet could have dreamt
A Turn like this? that Beauty should destroy,
And Love, which should have blest you, curse you most.

K I N G.

Oh! wherefore nam'st thou Love? Can there be Love,
When Choice, the free, the chearful Voice of Nature,
And

24 *The ROYAL CONVERT.*

And Reason's dearest Privilege, is wanting?
 What cruel Laws impose a Bride, or Bridegroom,
 On any Brute but Man? Observe the Beasts,
 And mark the feather'd Kind; does not the Turtle,
 When *Venus* and the coming Spring incite him,
 Choose out his Mate himself, and love her most,
 Because he likes her best? But Kings must wed,
 (Curse on the hard Condition of their Royalty!)
 That fordid Slaves may sweat and eat in Peace.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis hard indeed!-- Would she had never come,
 This-----

K I N G.

So would I!---But now-----

A R I B E R T.

Ay! now what Remedy?

When to refuse the *Saxon Offa's* Sister
 Shall shake your Throne, and make the Name of *Hengist*,
 The famous, the victorious Name of *Hengist*,
 Grow vile and mean in *Britain*.

K I N G.

Yes, my Brother,

There is a Remedy, and only one.
 This proud imperious Fair, whose haughty Soul
 Disdains the humble Monarchs of the Earth,
 Who soars elate, affects to tread the Stars,
 And scorns to mingle but with those above,
 Ev'n she, with all that Majesty and Beauty,
 The proudest and the fairest of her Sex,
 She has the Passions of a very Woman,
 And dotes on thee, my *Aribert*.

A R I B E R T.

On me!-----

What means my Lord? impossible!

K I N G.

'Tis true;

As true, as that my Happiness depends
 Upon her Love to thee. My faithful *Seofrid*

Has

Has pierc'd into her very inmost Heart,
And found thee reigning there.

A R I B E R T.

Then all is plain:

My swelling Heart heaves at the Wrong you do me.
And wo'not be repress. Some Fiend from Hell
Has shed his Poison in your royal Breast,
And stung you with the gnawing Canker, Jealousy.
But wherefore should I seek for Fiends from Hell,
And trace the Malice of the Thought from far,
Since the perfidious Author stands confess'd?
This Villain has traduc'd me.——

S E O F R I D.

By the Soul

Of your victorious Father, royal *Hengist*,
My ever-gracious, ever honor'd Master,
Much have you wrong'd your faithful *Seofrid*,
To think that I would kindle Wrath betwixt you,
Or strive to break your holy Bond of Brotherhood.

K I N G.

No, *Aribert*, accuse him not, nor doubt
His oft, his well-try'd Faith. But cast thy Eyes
Back on thyself, and while I hold the Mirror,
Survey thyself, the certain Cause of Love:
Survey thy youthful Form, by Nature fashion'd
The most unerring Pattern of her Skill;
The Pomp of Loveliness she spreads all o'er thee,
And decks thee lavishly with ev'ry Grace,
That charms in Woman, or commands in Man;
Behold---nor wonder then if Crowns are scorn'd,
And purple Majesty looks vile before thee.

A R I B E R T.

Oh! whither, whither would you lead? And why
This Prodigality of ill-tim'd Praise?

S E O F R I D.

Were you not all my royal Master said,
Form'd to enthral the Hearts of the soft Sex,
Yet that she loves is plain, from——

A R I B E R T.

Hence, thou Sycophant!

S E O F R I D.

Your Pardon, Sir; it has not been my Office
To forge a Tale, or cheat your Ear with Flattery,
Nor have I other Meaning than your Service;
But that the Princess loves you is most true.

Emma, the chief, most favor'd of her Women,
The only Partner of her secret Soul,
To me avow'd her Passion; and howe'er
Her haughty Looks resent the King's Delay,
Yet in her Heart with Pleasure she applauds it,
And would forego, tho' hard to Womankind,
The Pride, high Place and Dignity of Empire,
To share an humbler Fate with princely *Aribert*.

K I N G.

Why dost thou turn away? wherefore deform
The Grace and Sweetness of thy smiling Youth,
With that ungentle Frown? Art thou not pleas'd
To see the Tyrant Beauty kneel before thee,
Divested of her Pride, and yield to thee.
Unask'd a Prize, for which, like *Grecian Helen*,
The great Ones of the Earth might strive in Arms,
And Empires well be lost?

A R I B E R T.

Are we not Brothers?

We are; and Nature form'd us here alike;
Save that her partial Hand gave all the Majesty
And Greatness to my King, and left me rich
Only in Plainness, Friendship, Truth and Tenderness.
Then wonder not our Passions are the same;
'That the same Objects cause our Love and Hate.
You say, you cannot love this beauteous Stranger;
Is not my Heart like yours?

K I N G.

Come near, my Brother;

And while I lean thus fondly on thy Bosom,
I will disclose my inmost Soul to thee,
And shew thee ev'ry secret Sorrow there.

I love,

I love, my *Aribert*; I dote to Death:
The raging flame has touch'd my Heart, my Brain,
And Madnefs will enfue.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis moft unhappy!

But fay, what royal Maid, or *Saxon* born,
Or in the *British* Court, what fatal Beauty
Can rival *Rodogune's* imperial Charms?

K I N G.

'Tis all a Tale of Wonder, 'tis a Riddle.
High on a Throne, and royal as I am,
I want a Slave's Consent to make me happy.
Nay more, poffefs'd of her I love, or Love,
Or fome Divinity, more ftrong than Love,
Forbids my Blifs, nor have I yet enjoy'd her.
Tho' I have taught my haughty Heart to bow,
Tho' lowly as ſhe is, of Birth obfcure,
And of a Race unknown, I oft' have offer'd
To raife her to my Throne, make her my Queen;
Yet ſtill her colder Heart denies my Suit,
And weeping, ſtill ſhe answers, 'Tis in vain.

A R I B E R T.

Myfterious all, and dark! Yet ſuch is Love,
And ſuch the Laws of his fantaſtic Empire.
The wanton Boy delights to bend the Mighty,
And ſcoffs at the vain Wiſdom of the Wife.

K I N G.

Here in my Palace, in this next Apartment,
Unknown to all but this my faithful *Seofrid*,
The Charmer of my Eyes, my Heart's dear Hope
Remains, at once my Captive and my Queen.

A R I B E R T.

Ha! in your Palace! here!——

K I N G.

Ev'n here, my Brother.
But thou, thou ſhalt behold her, for to thee,
As to my other Self, I truſt. The Cares
Of Courts, and Tyrant Buſinefs, draw me hence;
But *Seofrid* ſhall ſtay, and to thy Eyes

[The King ſigns to *Seofrid*, who goes out.

Disclose the secret Treasure! Oh! my *Aribert*,
 Thou wo't not wonder what distracts my Peace,
 When thou behold'st those Eyes. Pity thy Brother,
 And from the Beach lend him thy friendly Hand,
 Lest while conflicting with a Sea of Sorrows,
 The proud Waves over-bear him, and he perish.

A R I B E R T.

Judge me, just Heav'n, and you, my royal Brother,
 If my own Life be dear to me as yours.
 All that my scanty Pow'r can give is yours.
 If I am circumscrib'd by Fate, Oh pity me,
 That I can do no more; for Oh! my King,
 I would be worthy of a Brother's Name,
 Would keep up all my Int'rest in your Heart,
 That when I kneel before you (as it soon
 May happen that I shall) when I fall prostrate,
 And doubtfully and trembling ask a Boon,
 The greatest you can give, or I can ask,
 I may find Favour in that Day before you,
 And bless a Brother's Love, that bids me live.

K I N G.

Talk not of asking, but command my Pow'r.
 By *Thor*, the greatest of our *Saxon* Gods,
 I swear, the Day that sees thee join'd to *Rodogune*,
 Shall see thee crown'd, and Partner of my Throne.
 Whate'er our Arms shall conquer more in *Britain*,
 Thine be the Pow'r, and mine but half the Name.
 With Joy to thee, my *Aribert*, I yield
 The Wreaths and Trophies of the dusty Field;
 To thee I leave this noblest Isle to sway;
 And teach the stubborn *Britons* to obey;
 While from my Cares to Beauty I retreat,
 Drink deep the luscious Banquet, and forget
 That Crowns are glorious, or that Kings are great. }

[*Exit King.*]

Manet A R I B E R T.

A R I B E R T.

Oh fatal Love! — curst unauspicious Flame!
 Thy baleful Fires blaze o'er us like a Comet,

And

And threaten Discord, Desolation, Rage,
 And most malignant Mischief.---Lov'd by *Rodogune* !
 What I!---must I wed *Rodogune* !---O Misery !---
 Fantastic Cruelty of hoodwink'd Chance !
 There is no end of Thought---the Labyrinth winds,
 And I am lost for ever---Oh ! where now,
 Where is my *Ethelinda* now !---that dear one,
 That gently us'd to breathe the Sounds of Peace,
 Gently as Dews descend, or Slumbers creep ;
 That us'd to brood o'er my tempestuous Soul,
 And hush me to a Calm.

Enter SEOFRID and ETHELINDA.

SEOFRID

Thus still to weep,
 Is to accuse my royal Master's Truth.
 He loves you with the best, the noblest Meaning ;
 With Honor-----

ETHELINDA.

Keep, Oh keep him in that Thought,
 And save me from Pollution. Let me know
 All Miseries beside, each kind of Sorrow,
 And prove me with Variety of Pains,
 Whips, Racks, and Flames : For I was born to suffer :
 And when the Measure of my Woes is full,
 That Pow'r in whom I trust will set me free.

ARIBERT.

It cannot be---No, 'tis Illusion all. [*Seeing her.*
 Some mimic Phantom wears the lovely Form,
 Has learnt the Music of her Voice, to mock me,
 To strike me dead with Wonder and with Fear.

ETHELINDA.

And do I see then ! my Lord ! my *Aribert* !
 What ! once more hold thee in my trembling Arms !
 Here let my Days, and here my Sorrows end,
 I have enough of Life.

SEOFRID.

Ha ! What is this !
 But mark a little farther.

[*Aside.*

ETHE-

ETHELINDA.

Keep me here,

Oh bind me to thy Breast, and hold me fast ;
 For if we part once more, 'twill be for ever.
 It is not to be told what Ruin follows.
 'Tis more than Death, 'tis all that we can fear,
 And we shall never, never meet again.

ARIBERT.

Then here, thus folded in each other's Arms,
 Here, let us here resolve to die together ;
 Defy the Malice of our cruel Fate,
 And thus preserve the sacred Bond inviolable,
 Which Heav'n and Love ordain'd to last for ever.
 But 'tis in vain, 'tis torn, 'tis broke already ;
 And envious Hell, with its more potent Malice,
 Has ruin'd and deform'd the beauteous Work of Heav'n :
 Else, wherefore art thou here ! Tell me at once,
 And strike me to the Heart——But 'tis too plain :
 I read thy Wrongs——I read the horrid Incest——

SEOFRID.

Ha ! Incest, said he, Incest——

[*Afide.*]

ETHELINDA.

Oh ! forbear

The dreadful impious Sound ; I shake with Horror
 To hear it nam'd. Guard me, thou gracious Heav'n,
 Thou that hast been my sure Defence 'till now,
 Guard me from Hell, and that its blackest Crime.

ARIBERT.

Yes, ye Celestial Host, ye Saints and Angels,
 She is your Care, you Ministers of Goodness.
 For this bad World is leagu'd with Hell against her,
 And only you can save her.---I myself, [To Ethel.
 Ev'n I am sworn thy Foe, I have undone thee,
 My Fondness now betrays thee to Destruction.

ETHELINDA.

Then all is bad indeed.

ARIBERT.

Thou seest it not.

My

My heedless Tongue has talk'd away thy Life :
And mark the Minister of both our Fates.

Pointing to Seofrid.

Mark with what Joy he hugs the dear Discov'ry,
And thanks my Folly for the fatal Secret :
Mark how already in his working Brain,
He forms the well-concerted Scheme of Mischief :
'Tis fix'd, 'tis done, and both are doom'd to Death——
And yet there is a Pause——If Graves are silent,
And the Dead wake not to molest the Living,
Be Death thy-Portion——die, and with thee die
The Knowledge of our Loves.

[Aribert catches hold of Seofrid with one Hand,
with the other draws his Sword, and holds
it to his Breast.

SEOFRID.

What means my Lord ?

ETHELINDA.

Oh hold ! for Mercy's sake restrain thy Hand,

[*Holding his Hand.*

Blot not thy Innocence with guiltless Blood.
What would thy rash, thy frantic Rage intend ?

ARIBERT.

Thy Safety and my own——

ETHELINDA.

Trust 'em to Heav'n.

SEOFRID.

Has then my hoary Head deserv'd no better,
Than to behold my royal Master's Son
Lift up his armed Hand against my Life ?
Oh Prince, Oh wherefore burn your Eyes, and why,
Why is your sweetest Temper turn'd to Fury ?

ARIBERT.

Oh thou hast seen, and heard, and known too much ;
Hast pry'd into the Secret of my Heart,
And found the certain Means of my Undoing.

SEOFRID.

Where is the Merit of my former Life,
The try'd Experience of my faithful Years !

Are they forgot, and can I be that Villain!

A R I B E R T.

Thou wert, my Father's old, his faithful Servant.

S E O F R I D.

Now by thy Life, our Empire's other Hope,
O royal Youth, I swear my Heart bleeds for thee;
Nor can this Object of thy fond Desire,
This lovely weeping Fair be dearer to thee,
Than thou art to thy faithful *Seofrid*.
I saw thy Love, I heard thy tender Sorrows,
With somewhat like an anxious Father's Pity,
With Cares, and with a thousand Fears for thee.

A R I B E R T.

What! is it possible!

S E O F R I D.

Of all the Names
Religion knows, point the most sacred out,
And let me swear by that.

A R I B E R T.

I would believe thee.

Forgive the Madness of my first Despair,

[Letting fall his Sword.]

And if thou hast Compassion, shew it now;
Be now that Friend, be now that Father to me,
Be now that Guardian-Angel which I want,
Have Pity on my Youth, and save my Love.

S E O F R I D.

First then, to stay these sudden Gusts of Passion
That hurry you from Reason, rest assur'd
The Secret of your Love lives with me only.
The Dangers are not small that seem to threaten you;
Yet, would you trust you to your old Man's Care,
I durst be bold to warrant yet your Safety.

A R I B E R T.

Perhaps the ruling Hand of Heav'n is in it;
And working thus unseen by second Causes,
Ordains thee for its Instrument of Good,
To me, and to my Love. Then be it so,
I trust thee with my Life; but Oh! yet more,

I trust

I trust thee with a Treasure that transcends
To infinite Degrees the Life of *Aribert* ;
I trust thee with the Partner of my Soul,
My Wife, the kindest, dearest, and the truest,
That ever wore the Name.

S E O F R I D.

Now Blessings on you——
May Peace of Mind and mutual Joys attend
To crown your fair Affections. May the Sorrows,
That now sit heavy on you, pass away,
And a long Train of smiling Years succeed,
To pay you for the past.

A R I B E R T.

It was my Chance,
On that distinguish'd Day when valiant *Flavian*,
A Name renown'd among the *British* Chiefs,
Fell by the Swords of our victorious *Saxons*,
To rescue this his Daughter from the Violence
Of the fierce Soldiers Rage. Nor need I tell thee,
For thou thyself behold'st her, that I lov'd her,
Lov'd her and was belov'd ; our meeting Hearts
Consented soon, and Marriage made us one.
Her holy Faith and Christian Cross, oppos'd
Against the *Saxon* Gods, join'd with the Mem'ry
Of the dread King my Father's fierce Command,
Urg'd me to seek my *Ethelinda's* Safety,
And hide her from the World. Just to my Wish,
Beneath the friendly Covert of a Wood,
Close by whose side the silver *Medway* ran,
I found a little, pleasant, lonely Cottage,
A Mansion fit for Innocence and Love,
Had but a Guard of Angels dwelt around it
To keep off Violence---But forc'd from thence——
By whom betray'd——Why I behold her here——
There I am lost——

E T H E L I N D A.

There my sad Part begins.
It was the second Morn since thou hadst left me,
When through the Wood I took my usual Way,

To seek the Coolness of the well-spread Shade
 That overlooks the Flood, On a sere Branch,
 Low bending to the Bank, I fate me down,
 Musing and still ; my Hand sustain'd my Head,
 My Eyes were fix'd upon the passing Stream,
 And all my Thoughts were bent on Heav'n and thee ;
 When sudden through the Woods a bounding Stag
 Rush'd headlong down, and plung'd amidst the River.
 Nor far behind, upon a foaming Horse,
 There follow'd hard a Man of royal Port.
 I rose, and would have fought the thicker Wood ;
 But while I hurry'd on my hasty Flight,
 My heedless Feet deceiv'd me, and I fell.
 Strait leaping from his Horse, he rais'd me up.
 Surpriz'd and troubled at the sudden Chance,
 I begg'd he would permit me to retire ;
 But he, with furious, wild, disorder'd Looks,
 His Eyes and glowing Visage flashing Flame,
 Swore 'twas impossible ; he never would,
 He could not leave me ; with ten thousand Ravings,
 The Dictates of his looser Rage. At length
 He seiz'd my trembling Hand : I shriek'd and call'd
 To Heav'n for Aid, when in a luckless Hour,
 Your faithful Servants, *Adelmar* and *Kenwald*,
 Came up, and lost their Lives in my Defence.

A R I B E R T.

Where will the Horror of thy Tale have end ?

E T H E L I N D A.

The furious King (for such I found he was)
 By three Attendants join'd, bore me away,
 Resistless, dying, senseless with my Fears.
 Since then, a wretched Captive, I deplore
 Our common Woes ; for mine, I know, are thine.

A R I B E R T.

Witness the Sorrows of the present Hour,
 The Fears that rend ev'n now my lab'ring Heart,
 For thee, and for myself. And yet, alas !
 What are the present Ills, compar'd to those
 That yet remain behind, for both to suffer ?

Think

Think where thy helpless Innocence is lodg'd ;
The Rage of lawless Pow'r and burning Lust,
Are bent on thee ; 'tis Hell's important Cause,
And all its blackest Fiends are arm'd against thee.

E T H E L I N D A.

'Tis terrible ! my Fears are mighty on me,
And all the coward Woman trembles in me.
But Oh ! when Hope and never-failing Faith
Revive my fainting Soul, and lift my Thought
Up to yon' azure Sky, and burning Lights above,
Methinks I read my Safety written there ;
Methinks I see the warlike Host of Heav'n
Radiant in glitt'ring Arms, and beamy Gold,
The great Angelic Pow'rs go forth by Bands,
To succour Truth and Innocence below.
Hell trembles at the Sight, and hides its Head
In utmost Darkness, while on Earth each Heart,
Like mine, is fill'd with Peace and Joy unutterable.

S E O F R I D.

Whatever Gods there be, their Care you are.
Nor let your gentle Breast harbor one Thought
Of Outrage from the King : His noble Nature,
Tho' warm, tho' fierce, and prone to sudden Passions,
Is just and gentle, when the torrent Rage
Ebbs out, and cooler Reason comes again.
Should he (which all ye holy Pow'rs avert)
Urg'd by his love, rush on to impious Force,
If that should happen, in that last Extreme,
On Peril of my Life I will assist you,
And you shall find your Safety in your Flight.

A R I B E R T.

Oh guard her innocence, let all thy Care
Be watchful, to preserve her from Dishonor.

S E O F R I D.

Rest on my Diligence and Caution safe.
Ere twice the Ruler of the Day return,
To gild the chalky Cliffs on *Britain's* Shore,
Some favorable Moment shall be found,
To move the King, your royal Brother's Heart,

With the sad tender Story of your Loves.
 'Till then be chear'd, and hide your inward Sorrows
 With well-dissembled necessary Smiles ;
 Let the King read Compliance in your Looks,
 A free and ready yielding to his Wishes.
 At present, to prevent his Doubts, 'twere fit
 That you should take a hasty Leave, and part.

E T H E L I N D A.

What ! must we part ?

S E O F R I D.

But for a few short Hours,
 That you may meet in Joy, and part no more.

A R I B E R T.

Oh fatal Sound ! Oh Grief unknown 'till now !
 While thou art present my sad Heart seems lighter ;
 I gaze, and gather Comfort from thy Beauty ;
 Thy gentle Eyes send forth a quick'ning Spirit,
 And feed the dying Lamp of Life within me ;
 But Oh ! when thou art gone, and my fond Eyes
 Shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,
 What Pow'r, what Angel shall supply thy Place,
 Shall help me to support my Sorrows then,
 And save my Soul from Death ?

E T H E L I N D A.

My Life ! my Lord !

What would my Heart say to thee !---but no more——
 Oh lift thy Eyes up to that holy Pow'r,
 Whose wond'rous Truths, and Majesty Divine,
 Thy *Ethelinda* taught thee first to know ;
 There fix thy Faith, and triumph o'er the World :
 For who can help, or who can save besides ?
 Does not the Deep grow calm, and the rude North
 Be hush'd at his Command ? thro' all his Works,
 Does not his Servant Nature hear his Voice ?
 Hear and Obey ? Then what is impious Man
 That we should fear him, when Heav'n owns our Cause ?
 That Heav'n, shall make my *Aribert* its Care,
 Shall to thy Groans and Sighings lend an Ear,
 And save thee in the Moment of Despair. }

A R I B E R T.

Oh! thou hast touch'd me with the sacred Theme,
And my cold Heart is kindled at thy Flame;
An active Hope grows busy in my Breast,
And something tells me we shall both be blest.
Like thine, my Eyes the Starry Thrones pursue,
And Heav'n disclos'd stands open to my View;
And see the Guardian-Angels of the Good,
Reclining soft on many a golden Cloud,
To Earth they seem their gentle Heads to bow,
And pity what we suffer here below;
But Oh! to thee, thee most they seem to turn,
Joy in thy Joys, and for thy Sorrows mourn:
Thee, Oh my Love, their common Care they make.
Me to their kind Protection too they take,
And save me for my *Ethelinda's* sake.

[*Exeunt* Seofrid and *Ethelinda* at one Door,
Aribert at the other.]

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

Enter S E O F R I D.

S E O F R I D.

WHAT is the boasted Majesty of Kings,
 Their Godlike Greatness, if their Fate depend
 Upon that meanest of their Passions, Love?
 The Pile their warlike Fathers toil'd to raise,
 To raise a Monument of deathless Fame,
 A Woman's Hand o'er-turns. The Cedar thus,
 That lifted his aspiring Head to Heav'n,
 Secure, and fearless of the founding Axe,
 Is made the Prey of Worms; his Root destroy'd,
 He sinks at once to Earth, the mighty Ruin,
 And Triumph of a wretched Insect's Pow'r.
 Is there a Remedy in human Wisdom,
 My Mind has left unfought, to help this Evil?
 I would preserve 'em both, the royal Brothers;
 But if their Fates ordain that one must fall,
 Then let my Master stand. This Christian Woman——
 Ay, there the Mischief comes!---What are our Gods,
 That they permit her to defy their Pow'r?
 But that's not much, let their Priests look to that,
 Where she but well remov'd---But then the King——
 Why, Absence, Bus'ness, or another Face,
 A thousand things may cure him---would 'twere done,
 And my Head safe——That! let me look to that——
 But see the Husband comes!---ha!---not ill thought,
 It shall be try'd at least.——

Enter

Enter ARIBERT.

ARIBERT.

Still to this Place

My Heart inclines, still hither turn my Eyes,
Hither my Feet unbidden find their way.
Like a fond Mother from her dying Babe
Forc'd by officious Friends and Servants Care,
I linger at the Door, and wish to know,
Yet dread to hear the Fate of what I love.
Oh *Seofrid!* dost thou not wonder much,
And pity my weak Temper, when thou see'st me
Thus in a Moment chang'd from Hot to Cold,
My active Fancy glowing now with Hopes,
Anon thus drooping; Death in my pale Vifage,
My Heart, and my chill Veins, all freezing with De-
spair?

SEOFRID.

I bear an equal Portion of your Sorrows,
Your fears too all are mine. And Oh! my Prince,
I would partake your Hopes; but my cold Age,
Still apt to doubt the worst——

ARIBERT.

What dost thou doubt?

SEOFRID.

Nay! nothing worse than what we both have fear'd.

ARIBERT.

How! nothing!——speak thy Fear.

SEOFRID.

Why——nothing new.

The King——that's all.

ARIBERT.

The King!--—Oh that's too much!

And yet——yet there is more, I read it plain
In thy dark fullen Vifage——like a Storm
That gathers black upon the frowning Sky,
And grumbles in the Wind——But let it come,
Let the whole Tempest burst upon my Head,
Let the fierce Lightning blast, the Thunder rive me;

For

For Oh 'tis sure the Fear of what may come,
Does far transcend the Pain.

S E O F R I D.

You fear too soon,
And Fancy drives you much too fiercely on.
I do not say that what may happen, will :
Chance often mocks what wisely we foresee.
Besides, the ruling Gods are over all,
And order as they please their World below.
The King, 'tis true, is noble---but impetuous ;
And Love, or call it by the coarser Name,
Lust, is, of all the Frailties of our Nature,
What most we ought to fear ; the headstrong Beast
Rushes along, impatient for the Course,
Nor hears the Rider's Call, nor feels the Rein.

A R I B E R T.

What would'st thou have me think ?

S E O F R I D.

Think of the worst,
Your better Fortune will arrive more welcome.
To speak then with that Openness of Heart
That should deserve your Trust, I have my Fears.
What if, at some dead Hour of Night, the King
Intend a Visit to your weeping Princess ?

A R I B E R T.

Ha!-----

S E O F R I D.

He may go, 'tis true, with a fair Purpose.
Suppose her sunk into a downy Slumber,
Her beating Heart just tir'd, and gone to Rest :
Methinks I see her on her Couch repos'd,
The lovely, helpless, sweet, unguarded Innocence ;
With gentle Heavings rise her snowy Breasts,
Soft steals the balmy Breath, the rosy Hue
Glow on her Cheek, a deep Vermillion dies
Her dewy Lip, while Peace and smiling Joy
Sit hush'd and silent on the sleeping Fair.
Then think what Thoughts invade the gazing King ;
Catch'd with the sudden Flame, at once he burns,

At

At once he flies resistless on his Prey.
Waking she starts distracted with the Fright,
To *Aribert's* lov'd Name in vain she flies;
Shrieking she calls her absent Lord in vain.
The King, possess'd of all his furious Will——

A R I B E R T.

First sink the Tyrant Ravisher to Hell!
Seize him, ye Fiends!---first perish thou and I!
Let us not live to hear of so much Horror.
The cursed Deed will turn me savage wild,
Blot ev'ry Thought of Nature from my Soul.
A Brother!——I will rush and tear his Breast,
Be drunk with gushing Blood, and glut my Vengeance
With his incestuous Heart.

S E O F R I D.

It is but just
You should be mov'd, for sure the Thought is dreadful.
But keep this swelling Indignation down,
And let your cooler Reason now prevail,
That may perhaps find out some means of Safety.

A R I B E R T.

Talk'st thou of Safety!---we may talk of Heav'n,
May gaze with Rapture on yon starry Regions;
But who shall lend us Wings to reach their Height?
Impossible!——

S E O F R I D.

There is a Way yet left,
And only one.

A R I B E R T.

Ha! speak——

S E O F R I D.

Her sudden Flight.

A R I B E R T.

Oh! by what friendly Means? Be swift to answer,
Nor waste the precious Minutes with Delay.

S E O F R I D.

The King, now absent from the Palace, seems
To yield a fair Occasion for your Wishes;
A private Postern opens to my Gardens,

Thro'

Thro' which the beauteous Captive might remove,
'Till night, and a Disguise shall farther aid her,
To fly with Safety to the *Britons* Camp.

'Tis true, one Danger I might well object——

A R I B E R T.

Oh! do not, do not blast the springing Hopes
Which thy kind Hand has planted in my Soul.

If there be Danger, turn it all on me.

Let my devoted Head——

S E O F R I D.

Nay!——'tis not much,

'Tis but my Life; and I would gladly give it,
To buy your Peace of Mind.

A R I B E R T.

Alas! what mean'st thou?

S E O F R I D.

Does it not follow plain? shall not the King
Turn all his Rage upon this hoary Head?
Shall not all Arts of Cruelty be try'd,
To find out Tortures equal to my Falshood?
Imagine you behold me bound and scourg'd,
My aged Muscles harrow'd up with Whips;
Or hear me groaning on the rending Rack,
Groaning and screaming with the sharpest Sense
Of piercing Pain; or see me gash'd with Knives,
And fear'd with burning Steel, 'till the scorch'd Marrow
Fries in the Bones, and shrinking Sinews start,
A smeary Foam works o'er my grinding Jaws,
And utmost Anguish shakes my lab'ring Frame:
For thus it must be.

A R I B E R T.

Oh! my Friend! my Father!

It must not be, it never can, it sha'not.

Wouldst thou be kind, and save my *Ethelinda*,
Leave me to answer all my Brother's Fury.

The Crime, the Falshood, shall be all my own.

S E O F R I D.

Just to my Wish.

Aside.
A R I

A R I B E R T

Thou shalt accuse me to him.
Thou know'st his own Admittance gave me Entrance:
Swear that I stole her, that I forc'd her from thee;
Frame with thy utmost Skill some artful Tale,
And I'll avow it all.

S E O F R I D.

Then have you thought
Upon the Danger, Sir?

A R I B E R T.

Oh, there is none,
Can be no Danger, while my Love is safe.

S E O F R I D.

Methinks indeed it lessens to my View.
When the first Violence of Rage is over,
The Fondness of a Brother will return,
And plead your Cause with Nature in his Heart;
You will, you must be safe; and yet 'tis hard,
And grieves me much I should accuse you to him.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis that must cover the Design. But fly,
Lose not a Minute's time.

Haste to remove her from this cursed Place;
My faithful *Oswald* shall at Night attend thee,
And help to guard her to the *British* Camp;
Thou know'st that is not far.

S E O F R I D.

[Too near I know it. *Aside.*

A R I B E R T.

She has a Brother there, the noble *Lucius*,
A gallant Youth, and dear to a brave *Ambrosius*;
To his kind Care resign thy beauteous Charge.

S E O F R I D.

This Instant I obey you.

[*Going*

A R I B E R T.

Half my Fears

Are over now——

S E O F R I D.

One thing I had forgot.

It will import us much, that you should seem
 Inclined to meet the Love of haughty *Rodogune* :
 'Twill cost you but a little courtly Flattery,
 A kind respectful Look, join'd with a Sigh,
 A few soft tender Words, that mean just nothing,
 Yet win most Women's Hearts. But see she comes,
 Constrain your Temper, Sir; be false, and meet her
 With her own Sex's Arts; pursue your Task,
 And doubt not all shall prosper to your Wish.

[*Exit* Seofrid.

ARIBERT solus.

ARIBERT.

She comes indeed! Now where shall I begin,
 How shall I teach my Tongue to frame a Language
 So different from my Heart? Oh *Ethelinda*!
 My Heart was made to fit and pair with thine,
 Simple and plain, and fraught with artless Tenderness;
 Form'd to receive one Love, and only one,
 But pleas'd and proud, and dearly fond of that,
 It knows not what there can be in Variety,
 And would not if it could.

Enter *RODOGUNE.*

RODOGUNE.

Why do I stay,
 Why linger thus within this hated Place,
 Where ev'ry Object shocks my loathing Eyes,
 And calls my injur'd Glory to Remembrance?
 The King!--the Wretch! but wherefore did I name
 him!
 Find out, my Soul, in thy rich Store of Thought,
 Somewhat more great, more worthy of thyself;
 Or let the mimic Fancy shew its Art,
 And paint some pleasing Image to delight me.
 Let Beauty mix with Majesty and Youth,
 Let manly Grace be temper'd well with Softness;
 Let Love, the God himself, adorn the Work,
 And I will call the charming Fantom, *Aribert*.

Oh

Oh *Venus* !---whither---whither would I wander ?
 Be hush't, my Tongue---ye Gods !---'tis he himself.---

[*Seeing Aribert,*

A R I B E R T.

When, fairest Princess, you avoid our Court,
 And lonely thus from the full Pomp retire,
 Love and the Graces follow to your Solitude ;
 They crowd to form the shining Circle round you,
 And all the Train seems yours ; while purple Majesty,
 And all those outward Shews which we call Greatness,
 Languish and droop, seem empty and forsaken,
 And draw the wond'ring Gazer's Eyes no more.

R O D O G U N E.

The Courtiers Art is meanly known in *Britain*,
 If yours present their Service, and their Vows,
 At any Shrine but where their Master kneels.
 You know your Brother pays not his to me,
 Nor would I that he should.

A R I B E R T.

The Hearts of Kings
 Are plac'd, 'tis true, beyond their Subjects Search ;
 Yet might I judge by Love's or Reason's Rules,
 Where shall my Brother find on Earth a Beauty,
 Like what I now behold ?

R O D O G U N E.

That you can flatter,
 Is common to your Sex ; you say indeed,
 We Women love it---and perhaps we do.
 Fools that we are, we know that you deceive us,
 And yet, as if the Fraud were pleasing to us,
 And our undoing Joy---still you go on,
 And still we hear you--But, to change the Theme,
 I'll find a fitter for you than my Beauty.---

A R I B E R T.

Then let it be the Love of royal *Hengist*.

R O D O G U N E.

The King, your Brother, could not choose an Ad-
 vocate,
 Whom I would sooner hear on any Subject,

Bating

Bating that only one, his Love than you ;
 Tho' you perhaps (for some have wond'rous Arts)
 Could soften the harsh Sound. The String that jars,
 When rudely touch'd, ungrateful to the Sense,
 With Pleasure feels the Master's flying Fingers,
 Swells into Harmony, and charms the Hearers.

A R I B E R T.

Then hear me speak of Love——

R O D O G U N E.

But not of his.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis True, I should not grace the Story much,
 Rude and unskilful in the moving Passion,
 I should not paint its Flames with equal warmth ;
 Strength, Life, and glowing Colours would be wanting.
 And languid Nature speak the Work imperfect.

R O D O G U N E.

Then happ'ly yet your Breast remains untouch'd ;
 Tho' that seems strange ; You've seen the Court of
Britain.

There, as I oft have heard, imperial Beauty
 Reigns in its native Throne, like Light in Heav'n ;
 While all the Fair Ones of the neighb'ring World,
 With second Lustre meanly seem to shine,
 The faint Reflexions of the Glory there,

A R I B E R T.

If e'er my Heart incline to Thoughts of Love,
 Methinks I should not (tho' perhaps I err)
 Expect to meet the gentle Passion join'd
 With Pomp and Greatness: Courts may boast of Beauty,
 But Love is seldom found to dwell amongst 'em

R O D O G U N E.

Then Courts are wretched.

A R I B E R T.

So they seem to Love.

From Pride, from Wealth, from Bus'ness, and from Pow'r,
 Loathing he flies, and seeks the peaceful Village ;
 He seeks the Cottage in the tufted Grove,
 The ruffet Fallows, and the verdant Lawns,

The

The clear cool Brook, and the deep woody Glade,
Bright Winter Fires, and Summer Ev'nings Suns:
These he prefers to gilded Roofs and Crowns;
Here he delights to pair the constant Swain,
With the sweet, unaffected, yielding Maid;
Here is his Empire, here his Choice to reign,
Here, where he dwells with Innocence and Truth.

R O D O G U N E.

To Minds, which know no better, these are Joys;
But Princes, sure, are born with nobler Thoughts.
Love, is in them a Flame that mounts to Heav'n,
And seeks its Source divine, and kindred Stars;
That urges on the mortal Man to dare,
Kindles the vast Desires of Glory in him,
And makes Ambition's sacred Fires burn bright.
Nor you, how'er your Tongue disguise your Heart,
Have meaner Hopes than these.

A R I B E R T.

Mine have been still
Match'd with my Birth; a younger Brother's Hopes.

R O D O G U N E.

Nay, more; Methinks I read your future Greatness;
And, like some Bard inspir'd I could foretel.
What wondrous things our Gods reserve for you.
Perhaps, ev'n now, your better Stars are join'd;
Auspicious Love and Fortune now conspire,
At once to crown you, and bestow that Greatness,
Which partial Nature at your Birth deny'd.

Enter the KING, Guards, and other Attendants.

K I N G.

She must, she shall be found, tho' she be sunk
Deep to the Center, tho' eternal Night
Spread wide her sable Wing, to shade her Beauties,
And shut me from her Sight. But say, thou Traitor;
Thou that hast made the Name of Friendship vile,
And broke the Bonds of Duty and of Nature,
Where hast thou hid thy Theft?---So young, so false---
Have I not been a Father to thy Youth,

And

And lov'd thee with a more than Brother's Love ?
And am I thus repaid ?——But bring her forth,
Or by our Gods thou dy'ft.

R O D O G U N E.

What means this Rage ? [*Aside.*

A R I B E R T.

Then briefly thus : You are my King and Brother,
The Names which most I reverence on Earth,
And fear offending most. Yet to defend
My Honor and my Love from Violation,
O'er ev'ry Bar resistless will I rush,
And, in despite of proud tyrannic Pow'r,
Seize and assert my Right.

K I N G.

What thine ! thy Right !

Riddles and Tales.

A R I B E R T.

Mine by the dearest Tie,
By holy Marriage mine, she is my Wife.

R O D O G U N E.

Racks, Tortures, Madness, seize me ! Oh ! Confu-
sion ! [*Aside.*

A R I B E R T.

I see thy Heart swells, and thy flaming Vifage
Reddens with Rage at this unwelcome Truth ;
But since I know my *Ethelinda* safe,
I have but little Care for what may happen.
'To-morrow may be Heav'n's——or yours to take,
If this Day be my last, why farewell Life ;
I hold it well bestow'd for her I love.

R O D O G U N E.

May sorrow, Shame and Sicknefs overtake her :
And all her Beauties, like my Hopes, be blasted. [*Aside.*

K I N G.

So brave ! But I shall find the means to tame you,
To make thee curse thy Folly, curse thy Love,
And to the dreadful Gods, who reign beneath,
Devote thy fatal Bride. She is a Christian ;
Remember that, fond Boy, and then remember

That

That sacred Vow, which perjur'd as thou art,
Prostrate at *Woden's* Altar, and invoking
With solemn *wunick* Rites, our Country's Gods,
Thou mad'st in Presence of our royal Father.

A R I B E R T.

Yes, I remember well the impious Oath,
Hardly extorted from my trembling Youth;
When burning with misguided Zeal, the King
Compell'd my Knee to bend before his Gods,
And forc'd us both to swear to what we knew not.

K I N G.

Now by the Honors of the *Saxon* Race,
A long and venerable Line of Heroes,
I swear thou art abandon'd, lost to Honor,
And fall'n from ev'ry great and godlike Thought.
Some whining coward Priest has wrought upon thee,
And drawn thee from our brave Forefathers Faith,
False to our Gods, as to thy King and Brother.

A R I B E R T.

'Tis much beneath my Courage and my Truth,
To borrow any mean Disguise from Falshood.
No!---'tis my Glory that the Christian Light
Has dawn'd, like Day, upon my darker Mind,
And taught my Soul the noblest use of Reason;
Taught her to soar aloft, to search, to know,
That vast eternal Fountain of her Being:
Then warm with Indignation, to despise
The Things you call our Country's Gods, to scorn
And trample on their ignominious Altars.

K I N G.

'Tis well, Sir,---impious Boy! Ye *Saxon* Gods;
And thou, Oh royal *Hengist*, whose dread Will
And injur'd Majesty I now assert,
Hear, and be present to my Justice, hear me,
While thus I vow to your offended Deities
This Traitor's Life; he dies, nor ought on Earth
Saves his devoted Head. One to the Priests:

[To the Attendants,

Bid 'em be swift, and dress their bloody Altars
 With ev'ry Circumstance of tragic Pomp;
 To-day a royal Victim bleeds upon 'm.
 Rich shall the Smoke and steaming Gore ascend,
 To glut the Vengeance of our angry Gods.

R O D O G U N E.

At once ten thousand racking Passions tear me,
 And my Heart heaves as it would burst my Bosom,
 Oh can I, can I hear him doom'd to Death,
 Nor stir, nor breathe one single Sound to save him?
 It wo't not be—and my fierce haughty Soul,
 Whate'er she suffers, still disdains to bend,
 To sue to the curst, hated Tyrant King.
 Oh Love! Oh Glory!---Would'st thou die thus tamely?
[To Aribert.]

Is Life so small a thing, so mean a Boon,
 As is not worth the asking!—Thou art silent?
 Wilt thou not plead for Life? ——— Intreat the
 Tyrant,
 And waken Nature in his Iron Heart.

A R I B E R T.

Life has so little in it good or pleasing,
 That since it seems not worth a Brother's Care,
 'Tis hardly worth my asking.

K I N G.

Seize him, Guards,
 And bear him to his Fate. [Guards seize Aribert.]

R O D O G U N E.

Yet, *Hengist*, know,
 If thou shalt dare to touch his precious Life,
 Know that the Gods and *Rodogune* prepare
 The sharpest Scourges of vindictive War.
 Fly where thou wilt, the Sword shall still pursue
 With Vengeance, to a Brother's Murder due.
 Driv'n out from Man, and mark'd for public Scorn,
 Thy ravish'd Scepter vainly shalt thou mourn,
 And when at length thy wretched Life shall cease,
 When in the silent Grave thou hop'st for Peace:
Think

Think not the Grave shall hide thy hated Head!
 Still, still I will pursue thy fleeting Shade;
 I curs'd thee living, and will plague thee dead.

[Exit Rodogune.]

K I N G.

On to the Temple with him: Let her rave,
 And prophesy ten thousand thousand Horrors;
 I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;
 They fit the present Fury of my Soul.
 The Stings of Love and Rage are fix'd within,
 And drive me on to Madnes. Earthquakes, Whirl-
 winds,

A general Wreck of Nature now would please me.
 For Oh! not all the driving wintry War,
 When the Storm groans and bellows from afar,
 When thro' the Gloom the glancing Lightnings fly,
 Heavy the rattling Thunders roll on high,
 And Seas and Earth mix with the dusky Sky;
 Not all those warring Elements we fear,
 Are equal to the inborn Tempest here;
 Fierce as the Thoughts which moral Man controul,
 When Love and Rage contend, and tear the lab'ring Soul.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a Temple adorn'd according to the Superstition of the ancient Saxons; in the middle are placed their three principal Idols, Thor, Woden, and Freya.

Music is heard at a distance, as of the Priests preparing for the Sacrifice. Then

Enter ARIBERT.

ARIBERT.

ALL Night the bloody Priests, a dreadful Band,
 Have watch'd intent upon their horrid Rites,
 With many a dire and execrable Pray'r
 Calling the Fiends beneath, the sullen *Demons*
 That dwell in Darkness deep, and Foes to Man,
 Delight in reeking Streams of human Gore.
 Now huddled on a Heap, they murmur'd hoarse,
 And hissing whisper'd round their mystic Charms;
 And now, as if by sudden Madness struck,
 With Screaming shrill they shook the vaulted Roof,
 And vex'd the still, the silent, solemn Midnight.
 Such sure in everlasting Flames below,
 Such are the Groans of poor lamenting Ghosts,
 And such the Howlings of the last Despair.
 Anon to Sounds of Woe, and magic Strings,
 They danc'd in wild fantastic Measures round;
 Then all at once they bent their ghastly Visages
 On me, and yelling, thrice they cry'd out, *Aribert!*

I have

I have endur'd their Horrors---And at length
See! the Night wears away, and chearful Morn,
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy East;
Fair Nature seems reviv'd, and ev'n my Heart
Sits light and jocund at the Day's Return,
And fearless waits an End of all its Sufferings.

Enter one of the Guards, he delivers a Letter to

ARIBERT.

GUARD.

From Oswald this, on Peril of my Life
I have engag'd to render to your Hands. [Exit.

ARIBERT reads.

*Seofrid has been just to his Word; he has deliver'd
the fair Ethelinda to my Charge: we have happily
pass'd all the Guards, and hope in two Hours to
reach the Britons Camp.*

From your faithful Oswald.

Then thou hast nothing left on Earth, my Soul,
Worthy thy farther Care. Why do I stay,
Why linger then, and want my Heav'n so long?
To live is to continue to be wretched,
And robs me of a great and glorious Death.

*Enter RODOGUNE with an Officer, he speaks to
her entring.*

OFFICER.

Thus *Offa* to his beauteous Sister sends:
Depend upon a Brother's Love and Cares,
To further all you wish.

RODOGUNE.

'Tis well! be near, [Ex. Officer.
And wait my farther Order. See! my Heart,
See there thy dearest Choice, thy fond Desire.
See with how clear a Brow, what chearful Grace,
With all his native Sweetness undisturb'd,
The noble Youth attends his harder Fate.

I came to join my friendly Grief with yours,
[To Aribert.]

To curse your Tyrant Brother, and deplore
 Your youthful Hopes, thus all untimely blasted :
 But you, I see, have learn'd to scorn your Danger ;
 You wear a Face of Triumph, not of Mourning :
 Has Death so little in it ?

A R I B E R T.

Oh ! 'tis nothing,
 To Minds that weigh it well : The Vulgar fear it,
 And yet they know not why : Since never any
 Did from that dark and doubtful Land as yet
 Turn back again, to tell us 'tis a Pain.
 To me it seems like a long wish'd-for Happiness,
 Beyond what ev'n our expectation paints ;
 'Tis Comfort to the Soul, 'tis Peace, tis Rest ;
 It comes like Slumber to the sick Man's Eyes.
 Burning and restless with a Fever's Rage,
 All Night he tosses on his weary Bed ;
 He tells the tedious Minutes as they pass,
 And turns, and turns, and seeks for Ease in vain :
 But if at Morning's Dawn, sweet Sleep falls on him,
 Think with what Pleasure he resigns his Senses,
 Sinks to his Pillow and forgets his Pain.

R O D O G U N E.

Perhaps it may be such a State of Indolence ;
 But sure the active Soul should therefore fear it.
 The Gods have dealt unjustly with their Creatures,
 If barely they bestow a wretched Being,
 And scatter not some Pleasures with the Pain,
 To make it worth their keeping. Is there nothing
 Could make you wish to live ?

A R I B E R T.

Oh ! yes, there is ;
 There is a Blessing I could wish to live for,
 To live, for Years, for Ages to enjoy it ;
 But far, alas ! divided from my Arms,
 It leaves the World a Wilderness before me,
 With nothing-worth desiring.

R O D O

R O D O G U N E.

Dull and cold?

Or cold at least to me, dull, dull Indifference. *Aside.*
What if some pitying Pow'r look down from Heav'n,
And kindly visit your afflicted Fortunes?
What if it send some unexpected Aid,
Some gen'rous Heart, and some prevailing Hand,
Willing to save, and mighty to defend,
Who from the gloomy Confiners of the Grave,
Timely shall snatch, shall bring you back to Life,
And raise you up to Empire and to Love?

A R I B E R T.

The Wretched have few Friends, at least on Earth;
Then what have I to hope?

R O D O G U N E.

Hope ev'ry thing,

Hope all that Merit, such as yours may claim,
Such as commands the World, exacts their Homage,
And makes ev'n all the Good and Brave your Friends.

A R I B E R T.

And can you then vouchsafe to flatter Misery?
T' enrich so fall'n, so lost a Thing as I am,
With the sweet Breath of Praise? So pious Virgins
Rob the whole Spring to make their Garlands fine,
Then hang 'em on a senseless Marble-Tomb.

R O D O G U N E.

A burning Purple flushes o'er my Face,
And Shame forbids my Tongue, or I would say,
That I—Oh *Aribert!*—I am thy Friend.
Yet wherefore should I blush to own the Thought?
For who!—who would not be the Friend of *Aribert?*

A R I B E R T.

Why is this wondrous Goodness lost on me?
Why is this Bounty lavish'd on a Bankrupt,
Who has not left another Hour of Life
To pay the mighty Debt?

R O D O G U N E.

Oh! let me yet,

Yet add to it, and swell the Sum yet higher;

Nor doubt but Fate shall find the means to pay it.
 Know then that I have pass'd this live-long Night
 Sleepless and anxious, with my Cares for thee;
 The Gods have sure approv'd the pious Thought,
 And crown'd it with Success. Since I have gain'd
Alfred, the Chief of mighty *Woden's* Priests,
 To find a certain way for thy Escape.
 One of the sacred Habits is at Hand
 Prepar'd for thy Disguise, the holy Man
 Attends to guide thee to my Brother's Camp:
 Myself---Oh! yet lie still my beating Heart--- [Aside.
 Whatever Dangers chance, myself will be
 The Partner and the Guardian of thy Flight.

A R I B E R T.

Now what Return to make---Oh let me sink,
 With all these warring Thoughts together in me,
 Blushing to Earth, and hide the vast Confusion.

R O D O G U N E.

Ye Gods! he answers not, but hangs his Head
 In sullen Silence; see! he turns away,
 And bends his gloomy Visage to the Earth.
 To what am I betray'd! Oh Shame! Dishonor!
 And more than Woman's Weakness! He has seen me,
 Seen my fond Heart, and scorns the easy Prize.
 Blast me, ye Lightnings, strike me to the Centre,
 Drive, drive me down, down to the Depths beneath;
 Let me not live, nor think---let me not think,
 For I have been despis'd---ten thousand thousand,
 And yet ten thousand Curses---Oh my Folly!---

A R I B E R T.

Thus let me fall, thus lowly to the Earth. [Kneeling.
 In humble Adoration of your Goodness;
 Thus with my latest Accents breathe your Name,
 And bless you er'e I die. Oh *Rodogune*,
 Fair royal Maid! to thee be all thy Wishes,
 Content and everlasting Peace dwell with thee,
 And every Joy be thine. Nor let one Thought
 Of this ungrateful, this unhappy *Aribert*
 Remain behind, to call a sudden Sigh,

Or

Or stain thee with a Tear. Behold I go,
Doom'd by eternal Fate, to my long Rest;
Then let my Name too die, sink to Oblivion,
And sleep in Silence with me in the Grave.

R O D O G U N E.

Dost thou not wish to live?

A R I B E R T.

I cannot.

R O D O G U N E.

Why?

Behold I give thee Life.

A R I B E R T.

And therefore——Oh!

Therefore I cannot take it. I dare die.
But dare not be oblig'd. I dare not owe
What I can never render back.

R O D O G U N E.

Confusion!

Is then the Blessing, Life, become a Curse,
When offer'd to thee by my baleful Hand?

A R I B E R T.

Oh, no! for you are all that's good and gracious;
Nature, that makes your Sex the Joy of ours,
Made you the Pride of both; she gave you Sweetness,
So mix'd with Strength, with Majesty so rais'd,
To make the willing World confess your Empire,
And love, while they obey. Nor stay'd she there,
But to the Body fitted to the Mind,
As each were fashion'd singly to excel,
As if so fair a Form disdain'd to harbor
A Soul less great, and that great Soul could find
Nothing so like the Heav'n from whence it came,
As that fair Form to dwell in.

R O D O G U N E.

Soothing Sounds!

Delightful Flattery from him we love;
But what are these to my impatient Hopes!

[*Aside.*

A R I B E R T.

Yet wherefore should this mighty Mass of Wealth
Be vainly plac'd before my wond'ring Eyes,

Since I must ne'er possess it, since my Heart,
 Once giv'n, can ne'er return, can know no Name
 But *Ethelinda*, only *Ethelinda*?
 Fix'd to its Choice, and obstinately constant,
 It listens not to any other Call.
 So rigid Hermits, that forsake the World,
 Are deaf to Glory, Greatness, Poms and Pleasures;
 Severe in Zeal, and insolently pious,
 They let attending Princes vainly wait,
 Knock at their Cells, and lure 'em forth in vain.

R O D O G U N E.

How is she form'd? with what superior Grace,
 This Rival of my Love? What envious God,
 In scorn of Nature's wretched Works below,
 Improv'd and made her more than half divine?
 How has he taught her Lips to breathe *Ambrosia*?
 How dy'd her Blushes with the Morning's Red,
 And cloath'd her with the fairest Beams of Light,
 To make her shine beyond me?

A R I B E R T.

Spare the Theme.

R O D O G U N E.

But then her Mind! ye Gods, which of you all
 Could make that great, and fit to rival mine?
 What more than heav'nly Fire informs the Mass?
 Has she a Soul can dare beyond our Sex,
 Beyond ev'n Man himself, can dare like mine?
 Can she resolve to bear the secret Stings
 Of Shame and conscious Pride, distracting Rage,
 And all the deadly Pangs of Love despis'd?
 Oh, no! she cannot, Nature cannot bear it; [*Weeping.*]
 It sinks ev'n me, the Torrent drives me down,
 The native Greatness of my Spirit fails,
 Thus melts, and thus runs gushing thro' my Eyes,
 The Floods of Sorrow drown my dying Voice,
 And I can only call thee——cruel *Aribert*!

A R I B E R T.

Oh thou just Heav'n, if mortal Man may dare
 To look into thy great Decrees, thy Fate,

Were

Were it not better I had never been,
Than thus to bring Affliction and Misfortune,
Thus curse what thou hadst made so good and fair?

R O D O G U N E.

But see! the King and cruel Priests appear,
Nor can I save thee now. Thou hast thy Wish;

[To Aribert.

But what remains for me? My Heart beats fast,
And swells, impatient at the Tyrant's Sight.
My Blood, erewhile at Ebb, now flows again,
And with new Rage I burn. Since Love is lost,
Come thou Revenge, succeed thou to my Bosom,
And reign in all my Soul. Yes, I will find her,
This fatal she, for whom I am despis'd.

Look that she be your Master-Piece, ye Gods;
Let each celestial Hand some Grace impart,
To this rare Pattern of your forming Art;
Such may she be, my jealous Rage to move,
Such as you never made 'till now, to prove
A Victim worthy my offended Love. [Exit Rodog.] }

*Enter at the other Door the King, Priests, Guards, and
other Attendants.*

K I N G.

Hast thou bethought thee yet, perfidious Boy!
Wo't thou yet render back thy Theft? Consider,
The Precipice is just beneath thy Feet,
'Tis but a Moment, and I push thee off,
To plunge for ever in eternal Darkness.
Somewhat like Nature has been busy here,
And made a Struggle for thee in my Soul;
Restore my Love, and be again my Brother.

A R I B E R T.

Rage, and the Violence of lawless Passion,
Have blinded your clear Reason; wherefore else
This frantic wild Demand! What! should I yield,
Give up my Love, my Wife, my *Ethelinda*,
To an incestuous Brother's dire Embrace?
Oh horror!—But to bar the impious Thought,
Know!—Heav'n and brave *Ambrosius* are her Guard:

60 *The* ROYAL CONVERT.

Ere this, her Flight has reach'd the *Britons* Camp,
And found her Safety there.

K I N G.

Fled to the *Britons*!

Oh most accursed Traitor! Let her fly,
Far as the early Day-spring in the East,
Or to the utmost Ocean, where the Sun
Descends to other Skies and Worlds unknown;
Ev'n thither shall my Love take Wing and follow,
To seize the flying Fair. The *Britons*—Gods!
Shall they withhold her!—First, my Arms shall shake
Their Island to the Centre. But for thee,
Think'ſt thou to awe me with that Fantom, Incest?
Such empty Names may fright thy Coward Soul;
But know that mine disdains 'em. Bind him strait.

[*To the Priests.*

I wo't not lose another Thought about thee. [*To Aribert.*
Begin the Rites, and dye the hallow'd Steel
Deep in his Christian Blood. The Gods demand him.

A R I B E R T.

Why then, no more. But if we meet again,
As, when the Day of great Account shall come,
Perhaps we may, may'ſt thou find Mercy there,
More than thou shew'ſt thy Brother here. Farewel.

K I N G.

Farewel. To Death with him, and end the Dreamer.

[*The Priests bind Aribert, and lead him to the Altar,
while the solemn Music is playing.*

Enter S E O F R I D.

S E O F R I D.

Haste, and break off your unauspicious Rites;
The instant Dangers summon you away;
Destruction threatens in our frighted Streets,
And the Gods call to Arms.

K I N G.

What means the Fear
That trembles in thy pale, thy haggard Visage?
Speak out, and ease this Labor of thy Soul.

S E O F R I D.

S E O F R I D.

Oh fly, my Lord; the Torrent grows upon us.
And while I speak we're lost. Fierce *Offa* comes;
From ev'ry Part his crowding Ensigns enter,
And this way waving bend. With idle Arms
Your Soldier careless stands, and bids 'em pass;
Some join, but all refuse to arm against 'em;
They call 'em Friends, Companions, and their Coun-
trymen.

A chosen Band, led by the haughty Princess,
Imperious *Rodogune*, move swiftly hither
To intercept your Passage to the Palace.
That only Strength is left, then fly to reach it.

K I N G.

Curst Chance! but haste, dispatch that Traitor strait;
They sha'not bar my Vengeance.

S E O F R I D.

Sacred Sir,
Think only on your Safety. For the Prince,
Your Crown, but more your Love, a thousand Reasons,
All urge you to defer his Fate; Time presses,
Or I could speak 'em plain.

K I N G.

Then hear me, Priest,
I give him to thy Charge.

S E O F R I D.

They come, my Lord. [*Shout.*

K I N G.

Look to him well; for, by yon' dreadful Altars,
Thy Life shall pay for his, if he escape:
First kill him, plunge thy Ponyard in his Bosom,
And see thy King reveng'd.

[*Exeunt King, Seofrid, Guards and Attendants.*

P R I E S T.

Be cheer'd, my Lord,
Nor keep one Doubt of me; I am your Slave.
The King is fled, and with him all your Dangers.
Fate has reserv'd you for some glorious Purpose;
And see, your Guardian Goddess comes to save you,
To break your Bonds and make you ever happy.

Enter

Enter RODOGUNE, *Soldiers and other Attendants.*

RODOGUNE.

Well have our Arms prevail'd: Behold, he lives,
Ungrateful as he is, by me he lives.
Do I not come with too officious Haste, [To Aribert.
Once more to press the Burden, Life upon you?
To offer with an Idiot's Importunity,
The nauseous Benefit you scorn'd before?

A R I B E R T.

If I refus'd the Blessing from your Hands,
Think it not rudely done with fullen Pride;
Since Life and you are two of Heav'n's best Gifts,
Yet both should be receiv'd, both kept with Honor.

RODOGUNE.

However live——yes, I will bid thee live,
No matter what ensues. Fly far away,
Forget me, blot my Name from thy Remembrance,
And think thou ow'st me nothing——What! in Bonds?
Well was the Task reserv'd for me. But thus
I break thy Chain——Would I could break my own.

[*Aside.*

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

A Party of our Horse, that late went forth
To mark the Order of the Britons Camp,
Met in their Course some Servants of the King;
For so they call'd themselves. Ours judg'd 'em Traitors,
And would have seiz'd as flying to the Foe.
After a sharp Resistance some escap'd,
The rest, for so your princely Brother wills,
Without attend your Order.

RODOGUNE.

Let 'em enter.

A Woman!——

Enter ETHELINDA, *and two Attendants, guarded.*

ETHELINDA.

Is there then an End of Sorrows!

[*Running to Aribert.*

Has

Has then that cruel Chance that long pursu'd me,
That vex'd me with her various Malice long,
Been kind at last, and blest me to my Wish,
Lodg'd me once more within thy faithful Arms!

A R I B E R T.

Oh my foreboding Heart! Oh fatal Meeting!

E T H E L I N D A.

Why droops my Love, my Lord, my *Aribert*?
Why dost thou sigh and press me? and oh! wherefore,
Wherefore these Tears that stain thy manly Visage?
They told me Heav'n had strove for thy Deliverance,
Had rais'd thee up some kind, some great Preserver,
To save thee from thy cruel Brother's Hand.
Why therefore dost thou mourn, when thou art blest?
Or does some new Affliction wound thee? say:
Perhaps I am the Cause.

R O D O G U N E.

By all the Tortures,
The Pangs that rend my groaning Breast, 'tis she,
My curst, my happy Rival. See the *Siren*,
See how with eager Eyes he drinks her Charms,
Mark how he listens to her sweet Allurements;
She winds herself about his easy Heart,
And melts him with her soft enchanting Tongue.

E T H E L I N D A.

Wo't thou not answer yet?

A R I B E R T.

Oh *Ethelinda*!

Why art thou here? Is this the *Britons* Camp?
Is *Lucius* here? Hast thou a Brother here,
To guard thy helpless Innocence from Wrong?

E T H E L I N D A.

Have I not thee?

A R I B E R T.

Me!—what can I do for thee?

For we are wretched both.

R O D O G U N E.

I'll doubt no more.

My jealous Heart confesses her its Foe,

And

And beats and rifes, eager to oppose her ;
 Nor shall she triumph o'er me. No, ye Gods ;
 If I am doom'd by you to be a Wretch,
 She too shall suffer with me. Prince, you seem

[To Aribert.

To know this Pris'ner, whom the *Saxon* Chiefs
 Accuse of flying to our Foes, the *Britons*.
 However, I will think more nobly of you,
 Than to believe you conscious of the Treason ;
 Nor can you grieve, if Justice dooms her to
 That Fate she has deserv'd. Bear her to Death.

[To the Guards.

E T H E L I N D A.

Alas! to Death!---What mean you? say, by what
 Unknown, unwilling Crime have I offended?
 To you, fair Princess, since 'tis you that judge me,
 Tho' now this Moment to my Eyes first known,
 To you I bend, to you I will appeal, *Kneeling.*
 And learn my Crime from you.

A R I B E R T.

Learn it from me ;
 I am thy Crime, 'tis *Aribert* destroys thee.

E T H E L I N D A.

If thou art my Offence, I've sinn'd indeed,
 Ev'n to a vast and numberless Account ;
 For from the Time when I beheld thee first, [To Aribert.
 My Soul has not one Moment been without thee ;
 Still thou hast been my With, my constant Thought,
 Like Light, the daily Blessing of my Eyes,
 And the dear Dream of all my sweetest Slumbers.

R O D O G U N E.

Oh the distracting Thought!

E T H E L I N D A.

Nor will you think it

[To Rodogune.

A Crime to love, for that I love is true.
 In your fair Eyes I read your native Goodness.
 Hap'ly some noble Youth shall in your Breast
 Kindle the pure, the gentle Flame, and prove

As

As dear to you, as *Aribert* to me :
 Would it be just that you should die for loving ?
 Think but on that, and I shall find your Pity ;
 For Pity sure and Mercy dwell with Love.

R O D O G U N E.

Be dumb for ever, let the Hand of Death
 Close thy bewitching Eyes, and seal thy Lips,
 That thou may'st look and talk no more Delusion.
 For oh ! thy ev'ry Glance, each Sound shoots thro' me,
 And kills my very Heart. Hence, bear her hence,
 My Peace is lost for ever——but she dies.——

A R I B E R T.

Oh hold ! for——

R O D O G U N E.

Wherefore dost thou catch my Garment ?
 Thou that hast set me on the Rack ; com'st thou
 To double all my Pains, and with new Terrors,
 Dreadful, to shake my agonizing Soul ?

A R I B E R T.

What shall I say to move thee ?

R O D O G U N E.

Talk for ever,
 Winds shall be still, and Seas forget to roar,
 The Din of babling Crowds, and peopled Cities,
 All shall be hush'd as Death, while thou art speaking.
 For there is Music in thy Voice.

A R I B E R T.

Then hear me ;
 With gentlest Patience, with Compassion hear me,
 Thus while I fall before thee, grasp thee thus,
 Thus with a bleeding Heart, and streaming Eyes,
 Implore thee for my *Ethelinda's* Life.

R O D O G U N E.

Tho' thou wert dearer to my doating Eyes
 Than all they knew besides, tho' I could hear thee
 While Ages past away ; yet by the Gods,
 If such there are, who rule o'er Love and Jealousy,
 And swell our heaving Breasts with mortal Passions,
 I swear she dies, my hated Rival dies.

A R I-

A R I B E R T.

Then I have only one Request to make,
Which sha' not be deny'd ; to share one Fate,
And die with her I love.

R O D O G U N E.

Ungrateful Wretch !

Yet I would make thy Life my Care——

A R I B E R T.

No more :

Now I scorn Life indeed. Tho' you had Beauty,
More than the great Creator's bounteous Hand
Bestow'd on all his various Works together,
Tho' all Ambition asks, the kingly Purple,
Glory, and Wealth, and Pow'r, were yours to give,
Tho' length of Days and Health were in your Hand,
And all were to be mine, yet I would choose
To turn the Gift with indignation back,
And rather fold my *Ethelinda* thus,
And sleep for ever with her in the Grave.

R O D O G U N E.

Then take thy Wish, and let both die together.
Yes, I will tear thee out from my Remembrance,
And be at ease for ever.

E T H E L I N D A.

Oh my Love !

What can I pay thee back for all this Truth ?
What ! but, like thee, to triumph in my Fate,
And think it more than Life to die with thee.
Haste then, ye Virgins, break the tender Turf,
And let your chaster Hands prepare the Bed,
Where my dear Lord and I must rest together ;
Then let the Myrtle and the rose be strow'd,
For 'tis my second better bridal Day.
On my cold Bosom let his Head be laid,
And look that none disturb us ;
'Till the last Trumpet's Sound break our long Sleep,
And call us up to everlasting Blis.

R O D O G U N E.

Hence with 'em, take 'em, drive 'em from my Sight,
The fatal Pair——

[*Exeunt Aribert and Ethelinda guarded.*]

The ROYAL CONVERT.

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That Look shall be my last.

I feel my Soul impatient of its Bondage,
Disdaining this unworthy idle Passion,
And struggling to be free. Now, now it shoots,
It tow'rs upon the Wing to Crowns and Empire ;
While Love and *Aribert*, those meaner Names,
Are left far, far behind, and lost for ever.
So if by chance the Eagle's noble Offspring,
Ta'en in the nest, becomes some Peasant's Prize,
Compell'd awhile he bears his Cage and Chains,
And like a Pris'ner with the Clown remains ;
But when his Plumes shoot forth, and Pinions swell,
He quits the Rustic, and his homely Cell,
Breaks from his Bonds, and in the Face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away ;
Delights thro' Heav'n's wide pathless Ways to go,
Plays with *Jove's* Shafts, and grasps his dreadful Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods, and scorns the World below. }

[*Exeunt* Rodogune and Attendants.]

ACT

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

The PALACE.*Enter the* KING *and* SEOFRID.

K I N G.

NO! I will follow the fond Chace no more ;
 No more pursue the flying Fantom Glory ;
 But lay me down, and rest in fullen Peace ;
 Secure of all Events to come, and careless
 If the Gods guide the World by Fate or Fortune.
 Let 'em take back the worthless Crown they gave,
 Since they refuse their better Blessings to me.

S E O F R I D.

If not to Glory, yet awake to Love :
 And tho' regardless of your royal State,
 Yet live for *Ethelinda*, live to save her,
 Doom'd by the cruel *Rodogune* to die !
 Helpless and desolate methinks she stands,
 And calls you to her Aid.

K I N G.

What! doom'd to die!
 Shall those dear glowing Beauties then grow cold,
 Pale, stiff, and cold? nor shall I fold her once?
 Shall she not pant beneath my strong Embrace,
 Swell to Desire, and meet my furious Joy?
 Shall she not breathe, and look, and sigh and murmur,
 'Till I am lost for ever, sunk in Ecstasies,
 And bury'd in ten thousand thousand Sweets?
 What! shall she die? No, by the God of Arms,
 No—I will once more rouse me to the War,
 And snatch her from her Fate.

S E O F R I D.

Then hear the Means
 By

By which the Gods preserve your Crown and Love.
Oswald, of all our *Saxon* Chiefs the first,
 And nearest to your Brother's Heart, had drawn
 The chosen Strength of all the *British* Youth,
 Under the leading of the gallant *Lucius*,
 To save the Prince from your impending Wrath.
 By secret Marches they are near advanc'd,
 And meant this Night to make their bold Attempt.

K I N G.

How favors this my Purpose ?

S E O F R I D.

Thus, my Lord.

I have prevail'd their Force shall join with all
 Those faithful *Saxons*, who are still your Subjects.
 Your Foes, fierce *Offa* and his haughty Sister,
 Secure and insolent with new Success,
 Despise your Numbers, and inferior Strength,
 And may this Night with ease become your Prey.
Oswald attends without to learn your Pleasure,
 And bear it to the valiant *British* Chiefs.

K I N G.

The *Britons* ! Gods !---the Nation which I hate.
 That *Oswald* too !---The Traitor still has been
 Avow'd the Slave of *Aribert*, his Creature,
 His Bosom, fawning Parasite---No matter ;
 They serve the present Purpose of my Heart,
 And I will use 'em now. Taught by thy Arts,
 I will look kindly on the Wretch I loath,
 And smile on him I destine to Destruction.
 Bid him approach.

[Exit Seofrid, and Re-enter with Oswald.

S E O F R I D.

The valiant *Oswald*, Sir.

K I N G.

Your Friend has spoke at large your bold Design,
 Worthy your Courage, and your princely Friend.
 And howsoe'er the meddling Hand of Chance
 Has sown th' unlucky Seeds of Strife between us,
 Yet I have still a Brother's Part in *Aribert*.

Nor

Nor shall my Hand be slow to lead you on,
 'Till we have driv'n these haughty Inmates forth,
 And independant fix'd that sov'reign Right,
 Which our brave Fathers fought to gain in Britain.

O S W A L D.

With honorable Purpose are we come,
 With friendly Greeting from the Britons King.
 And the fair Offer of an equal Peace.
 This only he demands; send back the Troops
 Which late arriv'd with *Offa*, now your Foe
 As well as his; and set your princely Brother,
 With the fair *Ethelinda*, safe and free.
 These just Conditions once confirm'd to *Lucius*,
Ambrosius is the Friend of royal *Hengist*.
 The Britons then shall join their Arms with yours,
 To drive out these unhospitable Guests,
 And leave you peaceful Lord of fruitful *Kent*,
 The first Possession of your warlike Father.

K I N G.

In friendly Part take we his profer'd Love.
 Bear this our Signet to the gallant *Lucius*,
 [Giving his Ring to Oswald.
 Our Bond and Pledge of Peace, which in full Form
 We will confirm, soon as the present Danger
 Is well remov'd, and better time allows.
 Haste thou to join our valiant Friends to Britons;
 My faithful *Seofrid* shall soon attend you,
 With full Instructions for your private March,
 And means of Entrance here; with the whole Order
 In which we mean t' attack the common Foe.

O S W A L D.

I go, my Lord, and may the Gods befriend us. [Exit.
 [The King looks after Oswald, then turns and walks
 two or three times hastily cross the Stage.

S E O F R I D.

Ha! whence this sudden Start! [Aside.] That wrath-
 ful Frown.
 Your Eyes fierce glancing, and your changing Visage,
 Now pale as Death, now purpled o'er with Flame,
 Give

Give me to know your Passions are at odds,
And your whole Soul is up in Arms within.

K I N G.

Oh thou hast read me right, hast seen me well;
To thee I have thrown off that Mask I wore;
And now the secret workings of my Brain
Stand all reveal'd to thee. I tell thee, *Seofrid*,
There never was a Medley of such Thinking,
Ambition, Hatred, Mischief and Revenge,
Gather like Clouds on Clouds; and then anon,
Love, like a golden Beam of Light, shoots thro',
Smiles on the Gloom, and my Heart bounds with Pleasure;
But 'tis no time for talk: To *Siwald* fly,
My Soldier and my Servant, often try'd;
Bid him draw out a hundred chosen Horse,
And hold 'em ready by the Night's first Fall.
Let 'em be all of Courage, well approv'd;
Such as dare follow wheresoe'er I lead,
Where'e'er this Night, or Fate, or Love shall bear me.

S E O F R I D.

I hasten to obey you. But alas!
Might your old Man have leave to speak his Fears----

K I N G.

I read thy Care for me in all those Fears;
But be not wise too much. Oft thou hast told me,
Love is a base, unmanly, whining Passion.
This Night I mean to prove it, and forsake it.
I was, 'tis true, the Slave of this soft Folly,
And waited at an awful, abject Distance,
Restrain'd by idle Rules, which scornful Beauty
And sullen Honor dictate; but no more,
No! by our Gods, I'll suffer it no more.

S E O F R I D.

Where will this Fury drive you?

K I N G.

To my Heav'n,
To *Ethelinda's* Arms. This very Evening,
While the deluded *Britons* urge our Foes,
And wreak my Vengeance on the *Saxon* Offa,

Amidst

Amidst the first Disorder of the Fray,
 'Twill not be hard to seize the weeping Fair ;
 And, while the fighting Fools contend in vain,
 With all the Wings the God of Love can lend,
 To bear her far away.

S E O F R I D.

Ha!—whither mean you
 To bend this rash (I fear) this fatal Flight ?

K I N G.

Near where the *Medway* rolls her gentle Waves,
 To meet the *Thames* in his imperial Stream,
 Thou know'st I have a Castle of such Strength,
 As well may scorn the Menace of a Siege.
 Thither I mean to bear my lovely Prize,
 And, in despite of all the envious World,
 There riot in her Arms. But break we off.
 Haste to perform my Orders ; and then follow,
 And share in all the Fortunes of thy King. [*Exit King.*]

Manet S E O F R I D.

S E O F R I D.

Fools that we are ! to vex the lab'ring Brain,
 And waste decaying Nature thus with Thought ;
 To keep the weary Spirits waking still ;
 To goad and drive 'em in eternal Rounds
 Of restless racking Care ; 'tis all in vain.
 Blind Goddess Chance ! henceforth I follow thee.
 The Politicians of the World may talk,
 May make a mighty Bustle with their Foresight,
 Their Schemes and Arts ; their Wisdom is thy Slave.
 [*Exit Seofrid.*]

SCENE changes to a Temple.

Enter ARIBERT and ETHELINDA.

E T H E L I N D A.

WHEN this, the last of all our Days of Sorrow,
 Flies fast, and hastens to fulfil its Course ;
 When the blest Hour of Death at length is near,

Why

Why dost thou mourn? when that good Time is come,
When we shall weep no more, but live for ever,
In that dear Place, where no Misfortunes come;
Where Age, and Want, and Sicknefs are not known,
And where this wicked World shall cease from troubling;
When thick descending Angels crowd the Air,
And wait with Crowns of Glory to reward us;
Why art thou sad, my Love, my Lord, my *Aribert*?

A R I B E R T.

It comes, indeed, the cruel Moment comes,
That must divide our faithful Loves for ever.
A few short Minutes more, and both shall perish,
Sink to the Place where all things are forgotten.
Our Youth and fair Affections shall be barren;
Shall know no Joys, which other Lovers know:
Shall leave no Name behind us, no Posterity,
Only the sad Remembrance of our Woes,
To draw a Tear from each who reads our Story:
And dost thou ask me wherefore I am sad?

E T H E L I N D A.

'Tis hard indeed, 'tis very hard to part.
Tho' my Heart grieves to want its Heav'n so long,
Pants for its Bliss, and sickens with Delay;
Yet I could be content to live for thee.
Yes, I will own thy Image stands before me,
And intercepts my Journey to the Stars,
Calls back the fervent Breathings of my Soul
To Earth and thee; with longing Looks I turn,
Forget my Flight, and linger here below.

A R I B E R T.

Is it decreed, by Heav'n's eternal Will,
That none shall pass the golden Gates above,
But those who sorrow here? Must we be wretched?
Must we be drown'd in many Floods of Tears,
To wash our deep, our inborn Stains away,
Or never see the Saints, and taste their Joys?

E T H E L I N D A.

The great o'er-ruling Author of our Beings,
Deals with his Creature Man in various Ways,

Gracious and Good in all: some feel the Rod,
 And own, like us, the Father's chast'ning Hand,
 Sev'n times, like Gold they pass the purging Flame,
 And are at last refin'd; while gently some
 Tread all the Paths of Life without a Rub,
 With Honor, Health, with Friends and Plenty bless'd,
 Their Years roll round in Innocence and Ease.
 Hoary at length, and in a good old Age,
 They go declining to the Grave in Peace,
 And change their Pleasures here for Joys above.

A R I B E R T.

To have so many Blessings heap'd on me,
 Transcends my Wish. I ask'd but only thee,
 Give me, I said, but Life and *Ethelinda*;
 Let us but run the common Course together,
 Grow kindly old in one another's Arms,
 And take us to thy Mercy then, good Heav'n.
 But Heav'n thought that too much.

E T H E L I N D A.

If our dear Hopes,

If what we value most on Earth, our Loves,
 Are blasted thus by Death's untimely Hand,
 If nothing good remains for us below,
 So much the rather let us turn our Thoughts,
 To seek beyond the Stars our better Portion;
 That wond'rous Bliss which Heav'n reserves in store,
 Well to reward us for our Losses here;
 That Bliss which Heav'n, and only Heav'n can give,
 Which shall be more to thee than *Ethelinda*.
 And more to me——Oh vast Excess of Happiness!
 Where shall my Soul make room for more than *Aribert*?

Enter RODOGUNE and Attendants.

R O D O G U N E.

If, while she lives, still I am doom'd to suffer,
 Why am I cruel to myself?——No more——
 'Tis foolish Pity——How secure of Conquest
 The soft Enchantress looks! but be at Peace;
 Beat not, my Heart, for she shall fall thy Victim.

Appear,

Appear, ye Priests, ye dreadful holy Men ;
Ye Ministers of the Gods Wrath and mine,
Appear and seize your Sacrifice, this Christian.
Bear her to Death, and let her Blood atone
For all the Mischiefs of her Eyes and Tongue.

The SCENE draws, and discovers the inner part of the Temple. A Fire is prepar'd on one of the Altars, near it are plac'd a Rack, Knives, Axes, and other Instruments of Torture; several Priests attending as for a Sacrifice.

A R I B E R T.

SEE where Death comes, array'd in all its Terrors:
The Rack, consuming Flames, and wounding Steel.
Your cruel Triumph had not been complete;
Without this Pomp of Horror. Come, begin;
Tear off my Robes, and bind me to the Rack;
Stretch out my corded Sinews, 'till they burst,
And let your Knives drink deep the flowing Blood.
You shall behold how a Prince ought to die,
And what a Christian dares to suffer.

The Guards seize Aribert and Ethelinda.

O F F I C E R.

Hold! —————

The Prince's Fate is yet deferr'd: The Woman
Is first ordain'd to suffer. ————— Ere she fall
A Victim to our Gods, she must kneel to 'em,
Or prove the Torture.

E T H E L I N D A.

I disdain those Gods.

O F F I C E R.

Bind her strait, and bear her to the Rack.

A R I B E R T.

What her! ————— Oh merciless!

*The ROYAL CONVERT.**E T H E L I N D A.*

Oh, stay me not, my Love! with Joy I go,
To prove the bitter Pains of Death before thee,
And lead thee on in the triumphant Way.

A R I B E R T.

And can my Eyes endure it! to behold
Thy tender Body torn? these dear, soft Arms,
That oft have wreath'd their snowy Folds about me,
Distorted, bent, and broke with rending Pain?
Oh *Rodogune!* read, read, in my full Eyes,
More than my Tongue can speak, and spare my Love.---

R O D O G U N E.

And couldst thou find no other Name but that?
Thy Love!—Oh fatal, curst, distracting Sound!
No, I will steel my Heart against thy Pray'r,
And whisper to myself with fullen Pleasure,
The Gods are just at length, and thou shalt feel
Pains, such as I have known.

A R I B E R T.

Let me but die,

Cut off; this hated Object from your Sight.——

R O D O G U N E.

Nor that——for know that I can too deny,
And make thee mourn my Coldness and Disdain.
No more! I'll hear no more.

A R I B E R T.

They bind her! see!

See with rude Cords they strain her tender Limbs,
'Till the red Drops start from their swelling Channels,
And with fresh Crimson paint her dying Paleness.
Oh all ye Host of Heav'n! ye Saints and Angels!

E T H E L I N D A.

Oh stay thy Tears, and mourn no more for me,
Nor fear the Weakness of my Woman's Soul,
For I am arm'd, and equal to the Combat.
In vain they lavish all their cruel Arts,
And bind this feeble Body here in vain;
'The free, impassive Soul mounts on the Wing,
Beyond the reach of Racks, and tort'ring Flames,

And

And scorns their Tyranny—Oh follow thou!
Be constant to the last, be fix'd my *Aribert*.
'Tis but a short, short Passage to the Stars.
Oh follow thou! Nor let me want thee long,
And search the blisful Regions round in vain.

Enter an OFFICER.

O F F I C E R.

Arm, royal Maid, and take to your Defence,
The King with sudden Fury fallies forth,
And drives our utmost Guards with foul Confusion.

R O D O G U N E.

The King! What Frenzy brings the Madman on
Thus headlong to his Fate?—But let him come,
His Death shall fill my Triumph—Wealth and Honors,
The noblest, best Reward, shall wait the Man,
Whose lucky Sword shall take his hated Head.

Enter a Second Officer, his Sword drawn.

Second O F F I C E R.

Hengist is here; he bears down all before him:
The *Britons* too have join'd their Arms to his,
And this way bend their Force.

R O D O G U N E.

Fly to my Brother,

To her Attendants.

And call him to our Aid.

Shouts within, and clashing of Swords.

K I N G *within.*

Slave, give me way,

Or I will tear thy Soul—

S O L D I E R *within.*

You pass no here.

S E O F R I D *within.*

What know'st thou not the King?—Oh cursed
Villain.

*Enter the KING wounded, SEOFRID, OSWALD, and
Soldiers, with their Swords drawn. OSWALD runs to
ARIBERT.*

S E O F R I D.

Perdition on his Hand—you bleed, my Lord!

E 3

K I N G

K I N G.

My Blood flows fast—What, can I languish now!—
 So near my Wish—Lend me thy Arm, old *Scofrid*,
 To bear me to her—Ha! bound to the Rack!
 Merciless Dogs—ye most pernicious Slaves!
 And stand ye stupid, haggard and amaz'd!
 Fly swift as Thought, and set her free this Moment,
 Or by my injur'd Love, a Name more sacred
 Than all your Function knows, your Gods and you,
 Your Temples, Altars, and your painted Shrines,
 Your holy Trumpery shall blaze together.

[*They unbind Ethelinda.*]*R O D O G U N E.*

'Tis vain to rave and curse my Fortune now.
 Thou native Greatness of my Soul befriend me,
 And help me now to bear it as I ought.

K I N G.

The feeble Lamp of Life shall lend its Blaze,
 To light me---thus far---only—and no farther.

[*Falling at Ethelinda's Feet.*]

Yet I look up, and gaze on those bright Eyes,
 As if I hop'd to gather Heat from thence,
 Such as might feed the vital Flame for ever.

E T H E L I N D A.

Alas! you faint! your hasty Breath comes short,
 And the red Stream runs gushing from your Breast.
 Call back your Thoughts from each deluding Passion,
 And wing your parting Soul for her last Flight;
 Call back your Thoughts to all your former Days,
 To ev'ry unrepented Act of Evil;
 And sadly deprecate the Wrath Divine.

K I N G.

Oh! my fair Teacher, you advise in vain:
 The Gods and I have done with one another.
 This Night I meant to rival them in Happiness.
 Spite of my Brother, and thy cruel Coldness,
 This Night I meant t'have pass'd within thy Arms.

E T H E L I N D A.

Oh! Horror!

K I N G.

K I N G.

But 'tis gone: Those envious Gods
Have done their worst, and blasted all my Hopes;
They have despoil'd me of my Crown and Life,
By a Slave's Hand——But I forgive 'em that.
Thee——they have robb'd me of my Joys in thee——
Have trod me down to wither in the Grave.——

S E O F R I D.

My Master, and my King!

K I N G.

Old Man, no more:
I have not leisure for thy Grief——Farewel——
Thou, *Aribert*,——shalt live, and wear my Crown——
Take it, and be as curst with it as I was.
But *Ethelinda*, she too shall be thine:
That---that's too much. This World has nothing in it
So good to give---the next may have---I know not——

[*The King dies.*]

A R I B E R T.

There fled the fierce, untam'd, disdainful Soul.
Turn thee from Death, and rise, my gentle Love;
A Day of Comfort seems to dawn upon us,
And Heav'n at length is gracious to our Wishes.

E T H E L I N D A.

So numberless have been my daily Fears,
And such the Terrors of my sleepless Nights,
That still, methinks, I doubt th'uncertain Happiness;
Tho' at the Music of thy Voice, I own,
My Soul is hush'd, it sinks into a Calm,
And takes sure Omen of its Peace from thee.

O S W A L D.

To end your Doubts, your Brother, the brave *Lucius*,

[*To Ethelinda.*]

Will soon be here: Ev'n now he sends me word,
Fierce *Offa* and the *Saxons* fly before him;
The conqu'ring *Britons* fence you round from Danger,
And Peace and Safety wait upon your Loves.

A R I B E R T.

Nor you, fair Princess, frown upon our Happiness,
Still shall my grateful Heart retain your Goodness,

And still be mindful of the Life you gave.
 Nor must you think yourself a Pris'ner here:
 Whene'er you shall appoint, a Guard attends,
 To wait you to your Brother's Camp with Honor.

R O D O G U N E.

Yes I will go; fly, far as Earth can bear me,
 From thee, and from the Face of Man for ever.
 Curst be your Sex, the Cause of all our Sorrows;
 Curst be your Looks, your Tongues, and your false Arts,
 That cheat our Eyes, and wound our easy Hearts;
 Curst may you be for all the Pains you give,
 And for the scanty Pleasures we receive;
 Curst be your brutal Pow'r, your tyrant Sway,
 By which you bend, and force us to obey.
 Oh Nature! partial Goddess, let thy Hand
 Be just for once, and equal the Command;
 Let Woman once be Mistress in her turn,
 Subdue Mankind beneath her haughty Scorn,
 And smile to see the proud Oppressor mourn.

[Exit Rodogune.]

O S W A L D.

The Winds shall scatter all those idle Curses
 Far, far away from you, while ev'ry Blessing
 Attends to crown you. From your happy Nuptials,
 From royal *Aribert*, of *Saxon* Race,
 Join'd to the fairest of the *British* Dames,
 Methinks I read the People's future Happiness;
 And *Britain* takes its Pledge of Peace from you.

E T H E L I N D A.

Nor are those pious Hopes of Peace in vain;
 Since I have often heard a holy Sage,
 A venerable, old, and Saint-like Hermit,
 With Visions often blest, and oft in Thought
 Rapt to the highest, brightest Seats above,
 Thus, with Divine, Prophetic Knowledge fill'd,
 Disclose the Wonders of the Times to come.
 Of royal Race a *British* Queen shall rise,
 Great, gracious, pious, fortunate and wise;
 To distant Lands she shall extend her Fame,
 And leave to latter Times a mighty Name:

Tyrants

Tyrants shall fall, and faithless Kings shall bleed,
 And groaning Nations by her Arms be freed.
 But chief this happy Land her Care shall prove,
 And find from her a more than Mother's Love.
 From hostile Rage she shall preserve it free,
 Safe in the Compass of her ambient Sea:
 Tho' fam'd her Arms in many a cruel Fight,
 Yet most in peaceful Arts she shall delight,
 And her chief Glory shall be to UNITE.
Picts, Saxons, Angles, shall no more be known,
 But *Briton* be the noble Name alone.
 With Joy their antient Hate they shall forego,
 While Discord hides her baleful Head below:
 Mercy, and Truth, and Right she shall maintain,
 And ev'ry Virtue crowd to grace her Reign:
 Auspicious Heav'n on all her Days shall smile,
 And with eternal UNION bless her *British* Isle.

}

{*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

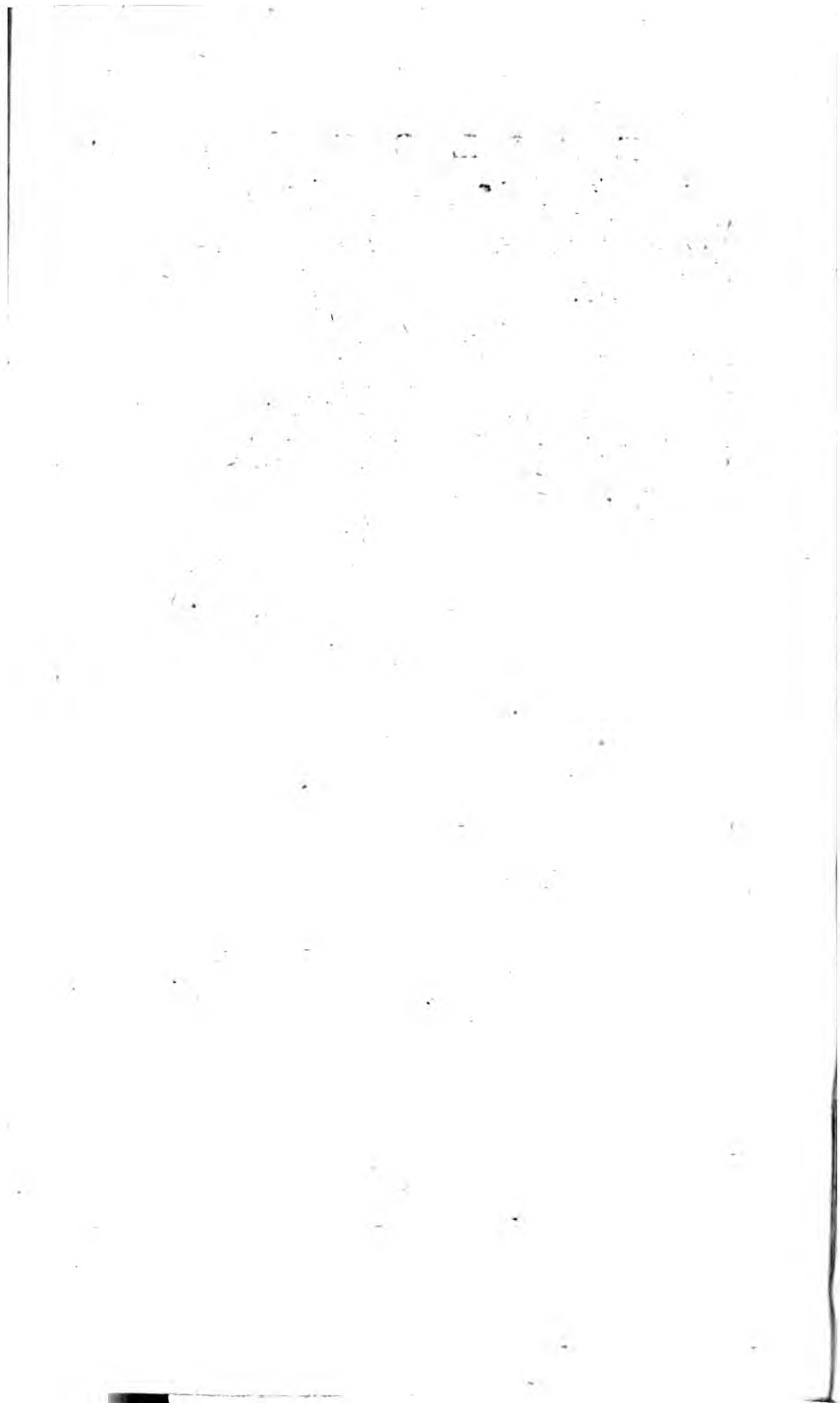
Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted
ETHELINDA.

THE *Buſineſs of the Day being now gone through,*
I quit the Saint, and am like one of you ;
As well to look to, tho' not quite ſo good ;
I bate in Spirit, but keep my Fleſh and Blood.
The Moral of this Play being rightly ſcann'd,
Is, He that leaves his nown dear Wife is damn'd.
I leave to you to make the Application :
The Doctrin, tho' a little out of Faſhion,
May be of uſe in this ſame ſinful Nation.
What think you of the Matter? Which of you
Would, for his Spouſe, like my true Turtle do?
When Wealth and Beauty both at once importune,
Who would not leave his Wife to make his Fortune?
To ſome I know, it may appear but odly :
That this Place, of all others, ſhould turn godly :
But what of that? ſince ſome good Souls there are,
Would gladly be inſtructed any where ;
Nor ſhould you ſcorn the Weakneſs of the Teacher,
The wiſeſt Man is not the ableſt Preacher.
E'v'n we, poor Women, have ſometimes the Pow'r,
Read as you are, and rich in Learning's Store,
To teach you Men what you ne'er knew before.
To no enthuſiaſtic Rage we ſwell,
Nor foam, nor act Tom Tumbler out of Zeal.
But tho' we don't pretend to Inſpiration,
Yet, like the Prophets of a neighbor Nation,
Our Teaching chiefly lies in AGITATION.

Perhaps,

E P I L O G U E.

*Perhaps, indeed, such are your wand'ring Brains,
Our Author might have spar'd his tragic Pains;
By that you've supp'd, and are set in to Drinking,
Some sweeter Matters will employ your Thinking;
With Nymphs divine, writ on each Glass before ye,
You'll be but little better for our Story.
But since the parting Hour, tho' late, will come,
And all of you, at least as I presume,
May find some kind, instructive She at home,
Then Curtain Lectures will, I hope, be read,
Those Morals then, which from your Thoughts were fled,
Shall be put home to you, and taught a-bed.*





JANE SHORE.

A

TRAGEDY.

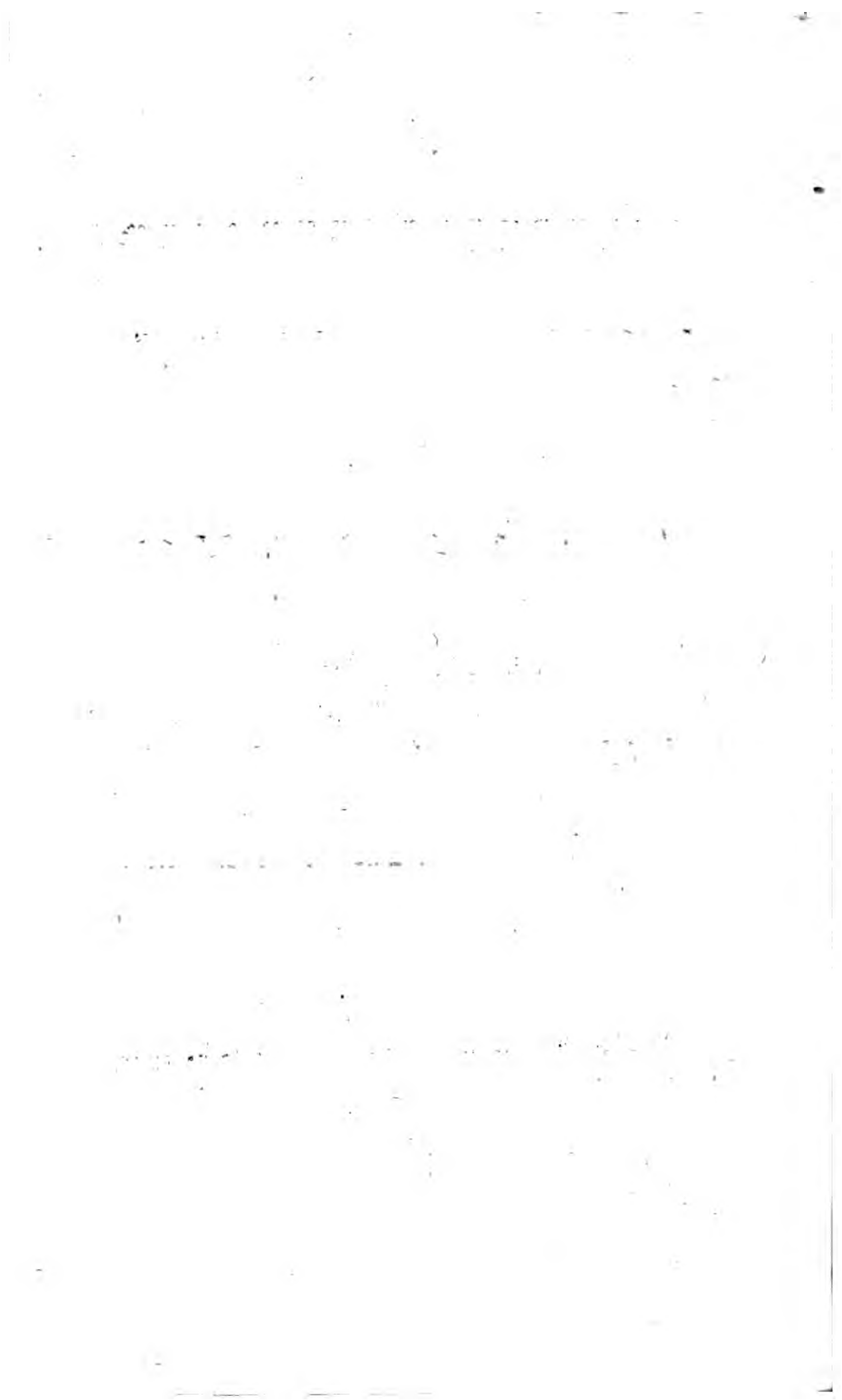
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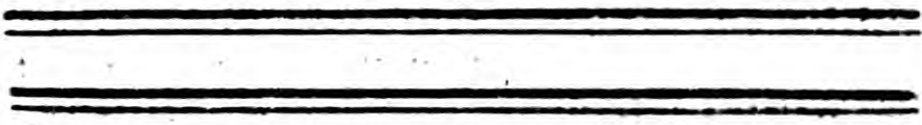
SHAKESPEARE'S STYLE.

— *Conjux ubi pristinus illi*
Respondet Curis. Virg.



Printed in the Year 1765.





T O H I S
G R A C E the D U K E
O F
Queenberry and Dover,
Marquis of *Beverley, &c.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE long lain under the greatest Obligations to your Grace's Family, and nothing has been more in my Wishes, than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a Debt. But Your Noble Birth and Fortune, the Power, Number, and Goodness of those Friends You have already, have placed You in such an Independency on the rest of the World, that the Services I am able to render to Your Grace
can

DEDICATION.

can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to You in any part of your Life. However, the next piece of Gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the Acknowledgment of what I owe: And-as this is the most public, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon me if I take this Opportunity to let the World know the Duty and Honour I had for Your illustrious Father. It is, I must confess, a very tender Point to touch upon; and at the first sight may seem an ill-chosen Compliment, to renew the Memory of such a Loss, especially to a Disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a Heart so sensible of filial Piety as your Grace's has been, even from Your earliest Childhood. But perhaps this is one of those Grievs by which the Heart may be made better; and if the Remembrance of his Death bring Heaviness along with it, the Honor that is paid to his Memory by all good Men, shall wipe away those Tears, and the Example of his Life set before Your Eyes, shall be of the greatest Advantage to Your Grace in the
Conduct.

D E D I C A T I O N.

Conduct and future Disposition of Your own.

In a Character so amiable as that of the *Duke of QUEENSBERRY* was, there can be no Part so proper to begin with, as that which was in him, and is in all good Men, the Foundation of all other Virtues, either Religious or Civil, I mean Good-nature : Good-nature, which is Friendship between Man and Man, Good-breeding in Courts, Charity in Religion, and the true Spring of all Beneficence in general. This was a Quality he possessed in as great a measure as any Gentleman I ever had the honor to know. It was this natural Sweetness of Temper, which made him the best Man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good Master to his Servants, a good Friend to his Friends, and the tenderest Father to his Children. For the last, I can have no better Voucher than Your Grace ; and for the Rest, I may appeal to all that have had the honor to know him. There was a Spirit and Pleasure in his Conversation, which always enlivened

D E D I C A T I O N .

livened the Company he was in ; which, together with a certain Easiness and Frankness in his Disposition, that did not at all derogate from the Dignity of his Birth and Character, rendered him infinitely agreeable. And as no Man had a more delicate Taste of natural Wit, his Conversations always abounded in Good-humor.

For those Parts of his Character which related to the Public, as he was a Nobleman of the first Rank, and a Minister of State, they will be best known by the great Employments he past through ; all which he discharged worthily as to himself, justly as to the Princes who employed him, and advantageously for his Country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several Employments, as Secretary of State, for *Scotland* in particular, for *Britain* in general, or Lord High Commissioner of *Scotland* ; which last Office he bore more than once ; but at no time more honorably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present Age, and for Posterity, than when he laid the Foundation for the *British* Union.

DEDICATION.

Union. The Constancy and Address which he manifested on that Occasion, are still fresh in every body's Memory; and perhaps when our Children shall reap those Benefits from that Work, which some People do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of QUEENSBERRY with that Gratitude, which such a piece of Service done to his Country deserves.

He shewed upon all Occasions a strict and immediate Attachment to the Crown, in the legal Service of which, no Man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously. And at the same time no Man gave more bold and more generous Evidences of the Love he bore to his Country. Of the latter, there can be no better Proof than the Share he had in the late happy Revolution; nor of the former, than that dutiful Respect, and unshaken Fidelity, which he preserved for her present Majesty, even to his last Moments.

With so many good and great Qualities, it is not at all strange that he possessed so large
a Share,

DEDICATION.

a Share, as he was known to have, in the Esteem of the Queen, and her immediate Predecessor; nor that those great Princes should repose the highest Confidence in him: And at the same time, what a Pattern has he left behind him for the Nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular to copy after.

Your Grace will forgive me, if my Zeal for your Welfare and Honor (which nobody has more at heart than myself) shall press You with some more than ordinary Warmth to the Imitation of Your noble Father's virtues. You have, my Lord, many great Advantages, which may encourage You to go on in pursuit of this Reputation. It has pleased God to give You naturally that Sweetness of Temper, which as I have before hinted, is the Foundation of all good Inclinations. You have the Honor to be born, not only of the greatest but of the best Parents; of a Gentleman generally beloved, and generally lamented; and of a Lady adorned with all Virtues that enter into the Character of a good Wife,
an.

D E D I C A T I O N.

an admirable Friend, and a most indulgent Mother. The natural Advantages of Your Mind, have been cultivated by the most proper Arts and Manners of Education. You have the Care of many noble Friends, and especially of an excellent Uncle, to watch over You in the Tenderness of Your Youth. You set out amongst the first of Mankind, and I doubt not but your Virtues will be equal to the Dignity of Your Rank.

That I may live to see your Grace eminent for the Love of your Country, for Your Service and Duty to your Prince, and, in convenient Time, adorned with all the Honors that have ever been conferred upon Your Noble Family: That you may be distinguished to Posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best Man of the Age you live in, is the hearty Wish, and Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient, and

most faithful, humble Servant,

N. R O W E.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO Night, if you have brought your good old Taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English Feast,
A Tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle Eyes.
Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,
Because recording Ballads chaunt her Name;
Those venerable ancient Song-Inditers
Soar'd many a Pitch above our modern Writers:
They caterwaul'd in no romantic Ditty,
Sighing for Phillis's, or Cloe's Pity.
Justly they drew the Fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christ'an Name——'t was Jane.
Our Numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in Verse, we've lost in Prose.
Their Words, no shuffling, double Meaning knew,
Their Speech was homely, but their Hearts were true.
In such an Age, immortal Shakespear wrote,
By no quaint Rules, nor hampering Critics taught;
With rough majestic Force he mov'd the Heart,
And Strength and Nature made amends for Art,
Our humble Author does his Steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty Bard in view;
And in those Scenes has made it more his Care
To rouse the Passions, than to charm the Ear.
Yet for those gentle Beaux who love the Chime,
The Ends of Acts still gingle into Rhime.

The

P R O L O G U E.

*The Ladies too, he hopes will not complain,
Here are some Subjects of a softer Strain,
A Nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd Swain.
What most he fears, is, lest the Dames should frown,
The Dames of Wit and Pleasure about Town,
To see our Picture drawn, unlike their own.
But lest that Error should provoke to Fury
The hospitable Hundreds of Old Drury,
He bid me say, in our Jane Shore's Defence,
She dol'd about the charitable Pence,
Built Hospitals, turn'd Saint, and dy'd long since.
For her Example, whatso'er we make it,
They have their Choice to let alone, or take it.
Tho' few as I conceive, will think it meet,
To weep so sorely for a Sin so sweet:
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant Sense,
To rise in Tragedy two Ages hence.*

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>DUKE of Glo'ster.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Lord Hastings.</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Catesby.</i>	<i>Mr. Husbands.</i>
<i>Sir Richard Ratcliffe.</i>	<i>Mr. Bowman.</i>
<i>Bellmour.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Dumont, (or Shore.)</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Alicia.</i>	<i>Mrs. Porter.</i>
<i>Jane Shore.</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

J A N E

JANE SHORE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The TOWER.

*Enter the Duke of GLOS'TER, Sir RICHARD
RATCLIFFE, and CATESBY.*

G L O ' S T E R.

THUS far Success attends upon our Counsels,
And each Event has answer'd to my Wish;
The Queen and all her upstart Race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother *Rivers*
Ere this lies shorter by the Head at *Pomfret*.
The Nobles have with joint Concurrence nam'd me
Protector of the Realm: My Brother's Children,
Young *Edward* and the little *York*, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say, you, Sirs,
Does not this Business wear a lucky Face?
The Scepter and the golden Wreath of Royalty
Seem hung within my Reach.

R A T C L I F F E.

Then take 'em to you,
And wear 'em long and worthily; you are
The last remaining Male of princely *York*:
(For *mdward's* Boys, the State esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your Sov'reignty and Rule,
The Common-weal does her Dependance make,
And leans upon your Highness' able Hand.

VOL. II.

C A T E S B Y

C A T E S B Y.

And yet to morrow does the Council meet
To fix a Day for *Edward's* Coronation.
Who can expound this Riddle?

G L O ' S T E R.

That can I.

Those Lords are each one my approv'd good Friends,
Of special Trust and Nearness to my Bosom;
And howsoever busy they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the State,
Their Zeal goes on no further than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.

C A T E S B Y.

Yet there is one,

And he amongst the foremost in his Pow'r,
Of whom I wish your Highness were assur'd:
For me, perhaps it is my Nature's Fault,
I own I doubt of his inclining much.

G L O ' S T E R.

I guess the Man at whom your Words wou'd point:
Hastings——

C A T E S B Y.

The same.

G L O ' S T E R.

He bears me great good Will.

C A T E S B Y.

'Tis true, to you, as to the Lord Protector,
And *Glo'ster's* Duke, he bows with lowly Service;
But where he bid to cry, *God save King Richard*,
Then tell me in what Terms he would reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the Man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious Rev'rence
To his dead Master *Edward's* royal Memory,
And whither that may lead him, is most plain.
Yet more——One of the stubborn sort he is,
Who, if they once grow fond of an Opinion,
They call it Honor, Honesty, and Faith,
And sooner part with Life than let it go.

G L O ' S T E R

GLO'STER.

And yet this tough impracticable Heart
Is govern'd by a dainty finger'd Girl;
Such Flaws are found in the most worthy Natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimp'ring she,
Shall make him amble on a Gossip's Message,
And take the Distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did *Hercules*.

RATCLIFFE.

The fair *Alicia*,
Of noble Birth and exquisite of Feature,
Has held him long a Vassal to her Beauty.

CATESBY.

I fear, he fails in his Allegiance there,
Or my Intelligence is false; or else
The Dame has been too lavish of her Feast,
And fed him till he loaths.

GLO'STER.

No more, he comes,

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

HASTINGS.

Health and Happiness of many Days
Attend upon your Grace.

GLO'STER.

My good Lord Chamberlain!
Wer'e much beholden to your gentle Friendship.

HASTINGS.

My Lord, I come an humble Suitor to you.

GLO'STER.

In right good time; speak out your Pleasure freely.

HASTINGS.

I am to move your Highness in behalf
Of *Shore's* unhappy Wife—

GLO'STER.

Say you, of *Shore*?

HASTINGS.

Once a bright Star that held her Place on high,
The first and fairest of our *English* Dames,

While royal *Edward* held the sov'reign Rule.
 Now sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
 Her waining Form no longer shall incite
 Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man.
 She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears,
 And wakes to sigh the live long Night away.

G L O ' S T E R.

Marry! the Times are badly chang'd with her
 From *Edward's* Days to these. Then all was Jollity,
 Feasting and Mirth, light Wantonness and Laughter,
 Piping and Playing, Minstrelsy and Masking;
 'Till Life fled from us like an idle Dream,
 A Shew of Mommery without a Meaning.
 My Brother, Rest and Pardon to his Soul,
 Is gone to his Account: For this his Minion,
 The Revel-rout is done——But you were speaking
 Concerning her——I have been told that you
 Are frequent in your Visitation to her.

H A S T I N G S.

No farther, my good Lord, than friendly Pity
 And tender-hearted Charity allow.

G L O ' S T E R.

Go to: I did not mean to chide you for it.
 For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
 To cherish the distress'd——On with your Tale.

H A S T I N G S.

Thus is it, gracious Sir, that certain Officers
 Using the Warrant of your mighty Name,
 With Insolence unjust, and lawless Power,
 Have seiz'd upon the Lands, which late she held
 By grant from her great Master *Edward's* Bounty.

G L O ' S T E R.

Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard,
 And tho' some Counsellors of forward Zeal,
 Some of most ceremonious Sanctity,
 And bearded Wisdom, often have provok'd
 The Hand of Justice to fall heavy on her;
 Yet still in kind Compassion of her Weakness,
 And tender Memory of *Edward's* Love,

I have

I have withheld the merciless stern Law
From doing outrage on her helpless Beauty.

HASTINGS.

Good Heav'n, who renders Mercy back for Mercy,
With open-handed Bounty shall repay you :
This gentle Deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild Escapes of lawless Passion,
And the long Train of Frailties Flesh is Heir to.

GLOSTER.

Thus far, the Voice of Pity pleaded only ;
Our farther and more full Extent of Grace
Is giv'n to your Request. Let her attend,
And to ourself deliver up her Grievs.
She shall be heard with Patience, and each Wrong
At full redress. But I have other News
Which much imports us both, for still my Fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours : Our common Foes,
The Queen's Relations, our new fangled Gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty Crests---That for your Privacy.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in JANE SHORE'S House.

Enter BELLMOUR and DUMONT.

BELLMOUR.

How she has liv'd you've heard my Tale already ;
The rest your own Attendance in her Family,
Where I have found the means this Day to place you,
And nearer Observation best will tell you.
See with what sad and sober Cheer she comes.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Sure, or I read her Visage much amiss,
Or Grief besets her hard. Save you, fair Lady,
The Blessings of the chearful Morn be on you,
And greet your Beauty with its opening Sweets.

JANE SHORE.

My gentle Neighbour! your good Wishes still
Pursue my hapless Fortunes: Ah! good *Bellmour!*
How few, like thee, enquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of soft Humanity?
Like thee reserve their Raiment for the Naked,
Reach out their Bread, to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with those that weep?
Thy Praise deserves a better Tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy Name. Is this the Gentleman,
Whose friendly Service you commended to me?

BELLMOUR.

Madam! It is.

JANE SHORE.

A venerable Aspect!

[*Aside.*

Age fits with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily becomes his silver Locks;
He wears the Marks of many Years well-spent,
Of Virtue, Truth well-try'd, and wise Experience;
A Friend like this, would suit my Sorrows well.
Fortune, I fear me, Sir, has meant you ill,

[*To Dumont,*

Who pays your Merit with that scanty Pittance,
Which my poor Hand and humble Roof can give.
But to supply those golden 'Vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just Regard and Value for your Worth,
The Welcome of a Friend, and the free Partnership
Of all that little Good the World allows me.

DUMONT.

You over-rate me much; and all my Answer
Must be my future Truth; let that speak for me,
And make up my Deserving.

JANE SHORE.

Are you of *England?*

DUMONT.

No, gracious Lady, *Flanders* claims my Birth;
At *Antwerp* has my constant Biding been,

Where

Where sometimes I have known more plenteous Days,
Than those which now my falling Age affords.

JANE SHORE.

Alas! at *Antwerp!*—Oh forgive my Tears!

[Weeping.

They fall for my Offences—and must fall
Long, long, ere they shall wash my Stains away.
You knew perhaps—Oh Grief! Oh Shame!--my Husband!

DUMONT.

I knew him well—but stay this Flood of Anguish,
The senseless Grave feels not your pious Sorrows:
Three Years and more are past, since I was bid,
With many of our common Friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful Mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold Corpse with holy Drops,
According to our Church's rev'rend Rite,
And saw him laid in hallow'd Ground, to rest.

JANE SHORE.

Oh! that my Soul had known no Joy but him,
That I had liv'd within his guiltless Arms,
And dying slept in Innocence beside him!
But now his honest Dust abhors the Fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

The Lady *Alicia*,

Attends your Leisure.

JANE SHORE.

Say I wish to see her.

[Exit Servant.

Please, gentle Sir, one Moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the Instant; and inform you
Of each unhappy Circumstance, in which
Your friendly Aid and Counsel much may stead me.

[Exeunt Bellmour and Dumont.

Enter ALICIA.

ALICIA.

Still, my fair Friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these Sighs heave after one another,

These trickling Drops chase one another still,
As if the posting Messenger of Grief
Could overtake the Hours fled far away,
And make old Time come back?

JANE SHORE.

No, my *Alicia*,
Heav'n and his Saints be witness to my Thoughts,
There is no Hour of all my Life o'er-past,
That I could wish should take its turn again.

A L I C I A.

And yet some of those Days my Friend has known,
Some of those Years might pass for golden ones,
At least, if Womankind can judge of Happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in Empire,
Whose Beauty is our Sov'reign Good, and gives us
Our Reasons to rebel, and Pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a Monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a Conqueror, and young,
Bound in our Chains, and fighting at our Feet?

JANE SHORE.

'Tis true, the royal *Edward* was a Wonder,
The goodly Pride of all our *English* Youth;
He was the very Joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive Spirits, and angelic Natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human Weakness,
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with Kings and Courts?
My humble Lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all Mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my Curse.

A L I C I A.

Sure, something more than Fortune join'd your Loves;
Nor could his Greatness, and his gracious Form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the Sweetness
And Beauty of my Friend.

JANE SHORE.

Name him no more:
He was the Bane and Ruin of my Peace.

This

This Anguish and these Tears, these are the Legacies
 His fatal Love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
 Believe me, my *Alicia*, thou wilt see me,
 Ere yet a few short Days pass o'er my Head,
 Abandon'd to the very utmost Wretchedness.
 The Hand of Pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
 Of what was left for needy Life's Support;
 Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
 Before thy charitable Door for Bread.

A L I C I A.

Joy of my Life, my dearest *Shore*, forbear
 To wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows,
 Raise thy sad Soul to better Hopes than these,
 Lift up thy Eyes, and let 'em shine once more,
 Bright as the Morning Sun above the Mists.
 Exert thy Charms, seek out the stern Protector,
 And sooth his savage Temper with thy Beauty:
 Spite of his deadly unrelenting Nature,
 He shall be mov'd to pity and redress thee.

JANE SHORE.

My Form, alas! has long forgot to please;
 The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd;
 No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheek,
 Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
 But haggard Grief, lean-looking fallow Care,
 And pining Discontent, a rueful Train,
 Dwell on my Brow, all hideous and forlorn.
 One only Shadow of a Hope is left me;
 The noble-minded *Hastings*, of his Goodness,
 Has kindly underta'en to be my Advocate,
 And move my humble Suit to angry *Glo'ster*.

A L I C I A.

Does *Hastings* undertake to plead your Cause?
 But wherefore should he not? *Hastings* has Eyes;
 The gentle Lord has a right tender Heart,
 Melting and easy, yielding to Impression,
 And catching the soft Flame from each new Beauty;
 But yours shall charm him long.

JANE SHORE.

Away, you Flatterer!

Nor charge his gen'rous Meaning with a Weakness,
 Which his great Soul and Virtue must disdain.
 Too much of Love thy hapless Friend has prov'd,
 Too many giddy foolish Hours are gone,
 And in fantastic Measures danc'd away:
 May the remaining Few know only Friendship.
 So thou, my dearest, truest, best *Alicia*,
 Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle Heart,
 A Partner there; I will give up Mankind,
 Forget the Transports of increasing Passion,
 And all the Pangs we feel for its Decay.

ALICIA.

Live! live and reign for ever in my Bosom.

[Embracing-

Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
 And you, ye brightest of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be witness of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other Self I vow,
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
 Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,
 Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
 Distraction and Despair seize me on Earth,
 Let not my faithless Ghost have Peace hereafter,
 Nor taste the Bliss of your celestial Fellowship.

JANE SHORE.

Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
 Therefore these Jewels, once the lavish Bounty
 Of royal *Edward's* Love, I trust to thee;

[Giving a Casket.

Receive this all, that I can call my own,
 And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
 That if the State's Injustice should oppress me,
 Strip me of all, and turn me out a Wanderer,
 My Wretchedness may find Relief from thee,
 And shelter from the Storm.

A L I-

ALICIA.

My All is thine;

One common Hazard shall attend us both,
 And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
 But let thy fearful doubting Heart be still,
 The Saints and Angels have thee in their Charge,
 And all Things shall be well. Think not, the good,
 The gentle Deeds of Mercy thou hast done,
 Shall die forgotten all; the Poor, the Pris'ner,
 The Fatherless, the Friendless, and the Widow,
 Who daily own the Bounty of thy Hand,
 Shall cry to Heav'n, and pull a Blessing on thee;
 Ev'n Man, the merciless Insulter Man,
 Man, who rejoices in our Sex's Weakness,
 Shall pity thee, and with unwonted Goodness,
 Forget thy Failings, and record thy Praise.

JANE SHORE.

Why should I think that Man will do for me
 What yet he never did for Wretch like me?
 Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd;
 Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
 And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind,
 That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
 Free and unquestion'd through the Wilds of Love;
 While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
 If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
 If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny Way,
 And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray;
 Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
 And one false Step entirely damns her Fame,
 In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
 In vain look back to what she was before,
 She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more,

} [Exeunt.

 ACT II. SCENE I.
SCENE *continues.*

Enter ALICIA, speaking to JANE SHORE as entering.

A L I C I A.

NO farther gentle Friend; good Angels guard you,
And spread their gracious Wings about your
Slumbers.

The drowsy Night grows on the World, and now
The busy Craftsman and o'erlabor'd Hind,
Forget the Travel of the Day in Sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
With meagre discontented Looks they fit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight Taper.
Such Vigils must I keep, so wakes my Soul,
Restless and self-tormented; Oh false *Hastings!*
Thou hast destroy'd my Peace. *[Knocking without.*

What Noise is that?

What Visitor is this, who with bold Freedom
Breaks in upon the peaceful Night and Rest,
With such a rude Approach?

Enter a Servant.

S E R V A N T.

One from the Court,
Lord *Hastings* (as I think) demands my Lady.

A L I C I A.

Hastings! Be still my Heart, and try to meet him
With his own Arts; with Falshood---But he comes.

Enter

Enter Lord HASTINGS. Speaks to a Servant as entering.
H A S T I N G S.

Dismiss my Train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate Encounter!
But, be it as it may.

A L I C I A.

When humbly, thus,
The Great descend to visit the Afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their Rest they come
To sooth the Sorrows of the midnight Mourner:
Comfort comes with them, like the golden Sun,
Dispels the fullen Shades with her sweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy House of Care.

H A S T I N G S.

'Tis true, I would not over-rate a Courtesy,
Nor let the Coldness of Delay hang on it:
To nip and blast its Favor, like a Frost;
But rather chose, at this late Hour, to come,
That your fair Friend may know I have prevail'd;
The Lord Protector has receiv'd her Suit,
And means to shew her Grace.

A L I C I A.

My Friend! my Lord.

H A S T I N G S.

Yes, Lady, yours: None has a Right more ample
To ask my Pow'r than you.

A L I C I A.

I want the Words,
To pay you back a Compliment so courtly;
But my Heart guesses at the friendly Meaning,
And wo'not die your Debtor.

H A S T I N G S.

'Tis well, Madam.

But I would see your Friend.

A L I C I A.

Oh thou false Lord!
I wou'd be Mistress of my heaving Heart,
Stifle this rising Rage, and learn from thee
To dress my Face in easy dull Indifference:

110 JANE SHORE.

But 'two' not be, my Wrongs will tear their Way,
And rush at once upon thee.

H A S T I N G S.

Are you wife!

Have you the use of Reason? Do you wake?
What means this Raving! this transporting Passion?

A L I C I A.

O thou cool Traitor! thou insulting Tyrant,
Dost thou behold my poor distracted Heart,
Thus rent with agonizing Love and Rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
And I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd;
Left, like a common Wretch, to Shame and Infamy,
Giv'n up to be the Sport of Villains Tongues,
Of laughing Parasites, and leud Buffoons;
And all because my Soul has doated on thee
With Love, with Truth, and Tendernefs unutterable?

H A S T I N G S.

Are these the Proofs of Tendernefs and Love?
These endless Quarrels, Discontents, and Jealousies,
These never-ceasing Wailings and Complainings,
These furious Starts, these Whirlwinds of the Soul,
Which ev'ry other Moment rise to Madness?

A L I C I A.

What Proof, alas! have I not giv'n of Love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy Arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble Birth,
A spotless Fame, and an unblemish'd Race,
The Peace of Innocence, and Pride of Virtue?
My Prodigality has giv'n thee all;
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched Bankrupt you have made.

H A S T I N G S.

Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
Kept in the View, and cross'd at every turn?
In vain I fly, and like a hunted Deer,
Scud o'er the Lawns, and hasten to the Covert;
Ere I can reach my Safety, you o'ertake me

With

With the swift Malice of some keen Reproach,
And drive the winged Shaft deep in my Heart.

A L I C I A.

Hither you fly, and here you seek Repose;
Spite of the poor Deceit, your Arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, Midnight Visits.

H A S T I N G S.

If you are wise, and prize your Peace of Mind,
Yet take the friendly Counsel of my Love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your Jealousy;
Let not that Devil, which undoes your Sex,
That cursed Curiosity seduce you,
To hunt for needless Secrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your Quiet, but once known,
Shall sit upon your Heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet Sleep for ever from you.
Go to——be yet advis'd——

A L I C I A.

Dost thou in Scorn

Preach Patience to my Rage? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented Idiot down,
Nor dare to think thou'st wrong'd me---Ruin seize thee,
And swift Perdition overtake thy Treachery!
Have I the least remaining Cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy Falshood?
To hide it, might have spoke some little Tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undo me:
But thou disdain'st the Weakness of Humanity,
Thy Words, and all thy Actions, have confess'd it;
Ev'n now thy Eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious Villainy.

H A S T I N G S.

Well then, I own my Heart has broke your Chains.
Patient I bore the painful Bondage long,
At length my gen'rous Love disdain's your Tyranny;
The Bitterness and Stings of taunting Jealousy,
Vexatious Days, and jarring joyless Nights,
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer Shelter,
Where he may rest his weary Wings in Peace.

A L I-

ALICIA.

You triumph! do! and with gigantic Pride,
 Defy impending Vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
 No more his Arm shall roll the dreadful Thunder,
 Nor send his Lightnings forth: No more his Justice
 Shall visit the presuming Sons of Men,
 But Perjury, like thine, shall dwell in Safety.

HASTINGS.

Whate'er my Fate decrees for me hereafter,
 Be present to me now, my better Angel!
 Preserve me from the Storm which threatens now,
 And if I have beyond Atonement sinn'd,
 Let any other kind of Plague o'ertake me,
 So I escape the Fury of that Tongue.

ALICIA.

Thy Pray'r is heard---I go---but know, proud Lord,
 Howe'er thou scorn'st the Weakness of my Sex,
 This feeble Hand may find the Means to reach thee,
 Howe'er sublime in Pow'r, and Greatness plac'd,
 With royal Favor guarded round, and grac'd;
 On Eagle's Wings my Rage shall urge her Flight,
 And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost Height;
 Then like thy Fate, superior will I sit,
 And view thee fall'n, and grov'ling at my Feet;
 See thy last Breath with Indignation go,
 And tread thee sinking to the Shades below.

[Exit Alicia.]

HASTINGS.

How fierce a Fiend is Passion? With what Wildness,
 What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!
 Unhappy Sex! whose easy yielding Temper
 Gives way to ev'ry Appetite alike;
 Each Gust of Inclination, uncontrol'd,
 Sweeps thro' their Souls, and sets them in an uproar;
 Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury,
 And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage
 As terrible as Hate, and as destructive.
 So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceless Ocean,
 And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep,

Alike:

Virgil. out of play.

Alike from *North*, from *South*, from *East*, from *West*,
 With equal Force the Tempest blows by turns
 From ev'ry Corner of the Seaman's Compass.
 But soft ye now——for here comes one disclaims
 Strife, and her wrangling Train: of equal Elements,
 Without one jarring Atom was she form'd,
 And Gentleness, and Joy, make up her Being.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Forgive me, Fair One, if officious Friendship
 Intrudes on your Repose, and comes thus late,
 To greet you with the Tidings of Success.
 The Princely *Glo'ster* has vouchsaf'd you Hearing,
 To-morrow he expects you at the Court;
 There plead your Cause with never-failing Beauty,
 Speak all your Grievs, and find a full Redress.

JANE SHORE.

Thus humbly let your lowly Servant bend; [*Kneeling.*]
 Thus let me bow my grateful Knee to Earth,
 And bless your noble Nature for this Goodness.

HASTINGS.

Rise gentle Dame, you wrong my Meaning much,
 Think me not guilty of a Thought so vain,
 To sell my Courtesy for Thanks like these.

JANE SHORE.

'Tis true, your Bounty is beyond my Speaking:
 But tho' my Mouth be dumb, my Heart shall thank you;
 And when it melts before the Throne of Mercy,
 Mourning, and bleeding, for my past Offences,
 My fervent Soul shall breathe one Pray'r for you,
 (If Pray'rs of such a Wretch are heard on high,
 That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
 The Grace and Goodness you have shewn to me.

HASTINGS.

If there be ought of Merit in my Service,
 Impute it there where most 'tis due, to Love;
 Be kind, my gentle Mistress, to my Wishes,
 And satisfy my panting Heart with Beauty.

JANE

JANE SHORE.

Alas! my Lord——

HASTINGS.

Why bend thy Eyes to Earth?
Wherefore these Looks of Heaviness and Sorrow?
Why breathes that Sigh, my Love? And wherefore falls
This trickling Show'r of Tears, to stain thy Sweetness?

JANE SHORE.

If Pity dwells within your noble Breast,
(As sure it does) Oh speak not to me thus.

HASTINGS.

Can I behold thee, and not speak of Love?
Ev'n now, thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy Softness steals upon my yielding Senses,
'Till my Soul faints, and sickens with Desire;
How canst thou give this Motion to my Heart,
And bid my Tongue be still?

JANE SHORE.

Cast round your Eyes

Upon the high-born Beauties of the Court;
Behold, like op'ning Roses, where they bloom,
Sweet to the Sense, unfully'd all and spotless;
There choose some worthy Partner of your Heart
To fill your Arms, and bless your virtuous Bed;
Nor turn your Eyes this way, where Sin and Mis'ry,
Like loathsome Weeds, have over-run the Soil,
And the Destroyer Shame has laid all waste.

HASTINGS.

What means this peevish, this fantastic Change?
Where is thy wonted Pleasantness of Face?
Thy wonted Graces, and thy dimpled Smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy Wit, and sportive Mirth?
That chearful Heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a Day of Gladness all around thee?

JANE SHORE.

Yes, I will own I merit the Reproach;
And for those foolish Days of wanton Pride,
My Soul is justly humbled to the Dust:

All Tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
 Still to repeat my Guilt, to urge my Infamy,
 And treat me like that abject Thing I've been.
 Yet let the Saints be witness to this Truth,
 That now, tho' late, I look with Horror back,
 That I detest my wretched Self, and curse
 My past polluted Life. All-judging Heav'n
 Who knows my Crimes, has seen my Sorrow for them.

HASTINGS.

No more of this dull Stuff. 'Tis time enough
 To whine and mortify thyself with Pennance,
 When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
 And weary Nature tires in her last Stage:
 Then weep and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring Rheums
 Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
 And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand.
 The present Moments claim more gen'rous use;
 Thy Beauty, Night and Solitude reproach me,
 For having talk'd thus long---Come let me press thee,
 [Laying hold on her.

Pant to thy Bosom, sink into thy Arms,
 And lose myself in the luxurious Fold.

JANE SHORE.

Never! By those chaste Lights above, I swear,
 My Soul shall never know Pollution more;
 Forbear my Lord!—Here let me rather die,

[Kneeling.

Let quick Destruction overtake me here,
 And end my Sorrows and my Shame for ever,

HASTINGS.

Away with this Perverseness,—'tis too much;
 Nay, if you strive—'tis monstrous Affectation.

[Striving.

JANE SHORE.

Retire! I beg you leave me—

HASTINGS.

Thus to coy it!—

With one who knows you too.

JANE SHORE.

For Mercy's sake—

HASTINGS.

JANE SHORE.

HASTINGS.

Ungrateful Woman! Is it thus you pay
My Services?—

JANE SHORE.

Abandon me to Ruin—

Rather than urge me—

HASTINGS.

This way to your Chamber,

[Pulling her.

There if you struggle—

JANE SHORE.

Help! Oh gracious Heav'n!

Help! Save me! Help!

[Crying out.

Enter DUMONT, he interposes.

DUMONT.

My Lord! for Honor's sake—

HASTINGS.

Hah! What art thou? Be gone!

DUMONT.

My Duty calls me

To my Attendance on my Mistress here.

JANE SHORE.

For Pity let me go—

HASTINGS.

Avaunt! Base Groom—

At distance wait, and know thy Office better.

DUMONT.

Forego your hold, my Lord! 'tis most unmanly
This Violence—

HASTINGS.

Avoid the Room this moment,

Or I will tread thy Soul out.

DUMONT.

No, my Lord

The common Ties of Manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the Defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless Woman.

HASTINGS.

And dost thou know me, Slave?

DUMONT

DUMONT.

Yes, thou proud Lord!
 I know thee well, know thee with each Advantage,
 Which Wealth, or Pow'r, or noble Birth can give thee.
 I know thee too for one who stains those Honors,
 And blots a long illustrious Line of Ancestry,
 By poorly daring thus to wrong a Woman.

HASTINGS.

'Tis wondrous well! I see my Saint-like Dame,
 You stand provided of your Braves and Ruffians,
 To man your Cause, and bluster in your Brothel.

DUMONT.

Take back the foul Reproach, unmanner'd Railer;
 Nor urge my Rage too far, lest thou should'st find,
 I have as daring Spirits in my Blood
 As thou, or any of thy Race e'er boasted;
 And tho' no gaudy Titles grac'd my Birth,
 (Titles, the servile Courtier's lean Reward,
 Sometimes the Pay of Virtue, but more oft [phants,]
 The Hire which Greatness gives to Slaves and Syco-
 Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
 Than ever King did when he made a Lord.

HASTINGS.

Insolent Villain! Henceforth let this teach thee

[Draws and strikes him.]

The Distance 'twixt a Peasant and a Prince.

DUMONT.

Nay then, my Lord! [drawing.] learn you by this,
 how well

An Arm resolv'd can guard its Master's Life.

[They fight.]

JANE SHORE.

Oh my distracting Fears! hold, for sweet Heav'n.

[They fight, Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.]

HASTINGS.

Confusion! baffled by a base-born Hind!

DUMONT.

Now, haughty Sir, where is our Diff'rence now?
 Your Life is in my Hand, and did not Honor,
 The Gentleness of Blood and inborn Virtue.

(Howe'er

(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my Bosom, I should take the Forfeit.
But wear your Sword again; and know, a Lord
Oppos'd against a Man is but a Man.

HASTINGS.

Curse on my failing Hand! Your better Fortune
Has giv'n you 'Vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your Triumph may be bought with dear Repentance.

[Exit.]

JANE SHORE.

Alas! what have you done! know you the Pow'r,
The Mightiness that waits upon this Lord?

DUMONT.

Fear not, my worthiest Mistress; 'tis a Cause,
In which Heav'n's Guard shall wait you. O pursue,
Pursue the sacred Counsels of your Soul,
Which urge you on to Virtue; let not Danger,
Nor the incumbring World make faint your Purpose.
Assisting Angels shall conduct your Steps,
Bring you to Bliss and crown your End with Peace.

JANE SHORE.

Oh that my Head were laid, my sad Eyes clos'd,
And my cold Corse wound in my Shroud to rest;
My painful Heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a Moment's Peace 'till then.

DUMONT.

Wou'd you be happy? leave this fatal Place,
Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighborhood;
Where Innocence is sham'd, and blushing Modesty
Is made the Scorners's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masques of Beauty,
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.

JANE SHORE.

Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of Friends, and all the Means of Life bereft?

DUMONT.

Bellmour, whose friendly Care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful Refuge,
Far from the Court and the tumultuous City.
Within an ancient Forest's ample Verge,

There

There stands a lonely, but a healthful Dwelling,
 Built for Convenience, and the Use of Life :
 Around it Fallows, Meads, and Pastures fair,
 A little Garden, and a limpid Brook,
 By Nature's own Contrivance seem dispos'd ;
 No Neighbors, but a few poor simple Clowns,
 Honest and true, with a well meaning Priest :
 No Faction or domestic Fury's Rage,
 Did e'er disturb the Quiet of that Place,
 When the contending Nobles shook the Land
 With *York* and *Lancaster's* disputed Sway.
 Your Virtue there may find a safe Retreat
 From the insulting Pow'rs of wicked Greatness.

J A N E S H O R E.

Can there be so much Happiness in Store ?
 A Cell like that, is all my Hopes aspire to.
 Haste then, and thither let us take our Flight,
 Ere the Clouds gather, and the Wintry Sky
 Descends in Storms to intercept our Passage.

D U M O N T.

Will you then go ? You glad my very Soul !
 Banish your Fears, cast all your Cares on me ;
 Plenty, and Ease, and Peace of Mind shall wait you,
 And make your latter Days of Life most happy.
 Oh, Lady ! but I must not, cannot tell you,
 How anxious I have been for all your Dangers,
 And how my Heart rejoices at your Safety.
 So when the Spring renews the flow'ry Field,
 And warns the pregnant Nightingale to build,
 She seeks the safest Shelter of the Wood,
 Where she may trust her little tuneful Brood ;
 Where no rude Swains her shady Cell may know,
 No Serpents climb, nor blasting Winds may blow ;
 Fond of the chosen Place, she views it o'er,
 Sits there, and wanders thro' the Grove no more :
 Warbling she charms it each returning Night,
 And loves it with a Mother's dear Delight. [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The COURT.**Enter ALICIA with a Paper.*

ALICIA.

THIS Paper, to the great Protector's Hand,
 With Care and Secrecy must be convey'd;
 His bold Ambition now avows its Aim,
 To pluck the Crown from *Edward's* infant Brow,
 And fix it on his own. I know he holds
 My faithless *Hastings*, adverse to his Hopes,
 And much devoted to the Orphan King;
 On that I build: This Paper meets his Doubts,
 And marks my hated Rival as the Cause
 Of *Hastings'* Zeal for his dead Master's Sons.
 Oh Jealousy! thou Bane of pleasing Friendship,
 Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms;
 How does thy Rancor poison all our Softness?
 And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterness?
 See where she comes! Once my Heart's dearest Blessing,
 Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
 Loath that known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Enter JANE SHORE.

JANE SHORE.

Now whither shall I fly, to find Relief?
 What charitable Hand will aid me now?
 Will stay my failing Steps, support my Ruins,
 And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
 Oh, my *Alicia!*

ALICIA.

ALICIA.

What new Grief is this?

What unforeseen Misfortune has surpriz'd thee,
That racks thy tender Heart thus?

JANE SHORE.

Oh Dumont!

ALICIA.

Say! what of him?

JANE SHORE.

That friendly, honest Man,
Whom *Bellmour* brought of late to my Assistance,
On whose kind Cares, whose Diligence and Faith,
My surest Trust was built, this very Morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel Hand of Pow'r,
Forc'd from my House, and borne away to Prison.

ALICIA.

To Prison, said you! Can you guess the Cause?

JANE SHORE.

Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me,
Has drawn the Vengeance of Lord *Hastings* on him.

ALICIA.

Lord *Hastings*! Ha!

JANE SHORE.

Some fitter Time must tell thee
The Tale of my hard Hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining Hopes.
Within this Paper is my Suit contain'd;
Here, as the princely *Glo'ster* passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble Knees,
And move him for Redress.

[She gives the Paper to Alicia, who opens
and seems to read it.]

ALICIA. [Aside.]

Now for a Wile,
To sting my thoughtless Rival to the Heart;
To blast her fatal Beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd *Hasting's* Eyes:
The Wanderer may then look back to me,

And turn to his forsaken home again :
Their Fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

[Pulling out the other Paper.]

JANE SHORE.

But see the great Protector comes this way,
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
Give me the Paper, Friend.

ALICIA. [Aside.]

For Love and Vengeance!

[She gives her the other Paper.]

Enter the Duke of GLO'STER, Sir RICHARD RAT-
CLIFFE, CATESBY, Courtiers and other Attendants.

JANE SHORE. [Kneeling.]

O noble Glo'ster, turn thy gracious Eye,
Incline thy pitying Ear to my Complaint,
A poor undone, forsaken, helpless Woman,
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,
To feed her Wants, and save her Life from perishing.

GLO'STER.

Arise, fair Dame, and dry your wat'ry Eyes.

[Receiving the Paper and raising her.]

Beshrew me, but 'twere Pity of his Heart,
That could refuse a Boon to such a Suit'refs.
Y'have got a noble Friend to be your Advocate;
A worthy and right gentle Lord he is,
And to his Trust most true. This present now,
Some Matters of the State detain our Leisure;
Those once dispatch'd, we'll call for you anon,
And give your Griefs Redrefs. Go to, be comforted.

JANE SHORE.

Good Heav'ns repay your Highness for this Pity,
And show'r down Blessings on your princely Head.
Come my *Alicia*, reach thy friendly Arm,
And help me to support that feeble Frame,
That nodding totters with oppressive Woe,
And sinks beneath its Load.

[Exeunt Jane Shore and Alicia.]

GLO'STER.

G L O ' S T E R.

Now by my *Holidame*!

Heavy of Heart she seems, and sore afflicted.

But thus it is when rude Calamity

Lays its strong Gripe upon these mincing Minions;

The dainty gew-gaw Forms dissolve at once,

And shiver at the Shock. What says her Paper?

[*Seeming to read.*

Ha! What is this? Come nearer *Ratcliffe, Catesby*!

Mark the Contents, and then divine the Meaning:

[*He reads*].

Wonder not, princely *Glo'ster*, at the Notice

This Paper brings you from a Friend unknown;

Lord *Hastings* is inclin'd to call you Master,

And kneel to *Richard*, as to *England's* King;

But *Shore's* bewitching Wife misleads his Heart,

And draws his Service to King *Edward's* Sons:

Drive her away, you break the Charm that holds him,

And he, and all his Pow'rs attend on you.

R A T C L I F F E.

'Tis wonderful!

C A T E S B Y.

The Means by which it came,

Yet stranger too!

G L O ' S T E R.

You saw it giv'n but now.

R A T C L I F F E.

She could not know the Purport.

G L O ' S T E R.

No, 'tis plain——

She knows it not, it levels at her Life;

Should she presume to prate of such high Matters,

The meddling Harlot! dear she should abide it.

C A T E S B Y.

What Hand foe'er it comes from, be assur'd,

It means your Highness well——

G L O ' S T E R.

Upon the Instant,

Lord *Hastings* will be here; this Morn I mean

To prove him to the Quick ; then if he flinch,
 No more but this, away with him at once,
 He must be mine or nothing——But he comes!
 Draw nearer this way and observe me well.

[They whisper.]

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

HASTINGS.

This foolish Woman hangs about my Heart,
 Lingers and wanders in my Fancy still ;
 This Coyness is put on, 'tis Art and Cunning,
 And worn to urge Desire——I must possess her ;
 The Groom, who lift his saucy Hand against me,
 Ere this, is humbled, and repents his daring.
 Perhaps ev'n she may profit by th' Example,
 And teach her Beauty not to scorn my Pow'r.

GLOSTER.

This do, and wait me ere the Council sits.

[Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.]

My Lord, you're well encounter'd ; here has been,
 A fair Petitioner this Morning with us ;
 Believe me she has won me much to pity her :
 Alas ! her gentle Nature was not made
 To buffet with Adversity. I told her,
 How worthily her Cause you had befriended ;
 How much for your good sake we meant to do,
 That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

HASTINGS.

Your Highness binds me ever to your Service.

GLOSTER.

You know your Friendship is most potent with us,
 And shares our Power. But of this enough,
 For we have other Matters for your Ear :
 The State is out of Tune ; distracting Fears,
 And jealous Doubts jar in our public Councils ;
 Amidst the wealthy City, Murmurs rise,
 Lewd Railings, and Reproach, on those that rule,
 With open Scorn of Government ; hence Credit,

And

And public Trust 'twixt Man and Man are broke.
 The golden Streams of Commerce are withheld,
 Which fed the Wants of needy Hinds, and Artizans,
 Who therefore curse the Great, and threat Rebellion.

HASTINGS.

The resty Knaves are over-run with Ease,
 As Plenty ever is the Nurse of Faction:
 If in good Days, like these, the headstrong Herd
 Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
 Because the Reins of Power are held too slack,
 And reverend Authority of late
 Has worn a Face of Mercy more than Justice.

GLOSTER.

Beshrew my Heart! but you have well divin'd
 The Source of these Disorders. Who can wonder
 If Riot and Mis-rule o'erturn the Realm,
 When the Crown fits upon a baby Brow?
 Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral Cry,
 And Sum of all Complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
 With *England* (thus they talk) while Children govern.

HASTINGS.

'Tis true the King is young; but what of that?
 We feel no want of *Edward's* riper Years,
 While *Gloster's* Valor, and most princely Wisdom,
 So well supply our infant Sov'reign's Place,
 His Youth's Support, and Guardian of his Throne.

GLOSTER.

The Council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
 Have plac'd a pageant Sceptre in my Hand,
 Barren of Pow'r, and subject to controul;
 Scorn'd by my Foes, and useles to my Friends.
 Oh, worthy Lord! were mine the Rule indeed,
 I think, I should not suffer rank Offence
 At large to lord it in the Common-weal;
 Nor wou'd the Realm be rent by Discord thus,
 Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed Titles.

HASTINGS.

Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
 A Doubt like this ———

G L O ' S T E R.

Ay, marry, but there is——
 And that of much Concern. Have you not heard
 How on a late Occasion, Doctor *Shaw*
 Has mov'd the People much about the Lawfulness
 Of *Edward's* Issue? by right grave Authority
 Of Learning and Religion, plainly proving,
 A bastard Scion never should be grafted
 Upon a royal Stock; from thence, at full
 Discourfing on my Brother's former Contract
 To Lady *Elizabeth Lucy*, long before
 His jolly Match with that fame buxom Widow
 The Queen he left behind him——

H A S T I N G S.

Ill befall

Such meddling Priests, who kindle up Confusion,
 And vex the quiet World with their vain Scruples;
 By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect Spite to Peace.
 Did not the King,
 Our royal Master *Edward*, in Concurrence
 With his Estates affembled, well determine
 What Course the fov'reign Rule should take hence-
 forward?

When shall the deadly Hate of Faction cease,
 When shall our long divided Land have Rest,
 If every peevish, moody Malecontent
 Shall fet the senseless Rabble in an Uproar?
 Fright them with Dangers, and perplex their Brains,
 Each Day with some fantastic giddy Change?

G L O ' S T E R.

What if some Patriot for the public Good,
 Should vary from your Scheme, new-mould the State?

H A S T I N G S.

Curse on the innovating Hand attempts it!
 Remember him, the Villain, righteous Heav'n
 In thy great Day of Vengeance: Blast the Traitor
 And his pernicious Counfels; who for Wealth,
 For Pow'r, the Pride of Greatness, or Revenge,
 Would plunge his native Land in Civil Wars.

G L O ' S T E R.

G L O ' S T E R.

You go too far, my Lord.

H A S T I N G S.

Your Highness' Pardon...

Have we so soon forgot those Days of Ruin,
 When *York* and *Lancaster* drew forth the Battles;
 When, like a Matron, butcher'd by her Sons,
 And cast beside some common way a Spectacle
 Of Horror, and Affright to Passers by,
 Our groaning Country bled at ev'ry Vein;
 When Murders, Rapes, and Massacres prevail'd;
 When Churches, Palaces, and Cities blaz'd;
 When Insolence and Barbarism triumph'd,
 And swept away Distinction; Peasants trod
 Upon the Necks of Nobles; Low were laid
 The reverend Crozier, and the holy Mitre,
 And Desolation cover'd all the Land;
 Who can remember this, and not, like me,
 Here vow to sheath a Dagger in his Heart,
 Whose damn'd Ambition would renew those Horrors,
 And set, once more, that Scene of Blood before us?

G L O ' S T E R.

How now! so hot!

H A S T I N G S.

So brave, and so resolv'd.

G L O ' S T E R.

Is then our Friendship of so little moment,
 That you could arm your Hand against my Life?

H A S T I N G S.

I hope your Highness does not think I meant it,
 No, Heav'n forbid that e'er your princely Person
 Should come within the Scope of my Resentment.

G L O ' S T E R.

Oh noble *Hastings*! Nay, I must embrace you;

[Embraces him.]

By holy *Paul*! you're a right honest Man;
 The Time is full of Danger and Distrust,
 And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
 Too apt for Jealousy and light Surmise,

If when I meant to lodge you next my Heart,
 I put your Truth to trial. Keep your Loyalty,
 And live your King and Country's best Support :
 For me, I ask no more than Honor gives,
 To think me yours, and rank me with your Friends.

H A S T I N G S.

Accept what Thanks a grateful Heart should pay.
 Oh! princely *Glo'ster*! judge me not ungentle,
 Of Manners rude, and insolent of Speech,
 If when the public Safety is in question,
 My Zeal flows warm and eager from my Tongue.

G L O ' S T E R.

Enough of this : To deal in wordy Compliment
 Is much against the Plainness of my Nature ;
 I judge you by myself, a clear true Spirit,
 And, as such once more join you to my Bosom ;
 Farewel, and be my Friend. [Exit *Glo'ster*]

H A S T I N G S.

I am not read
 Nor skill'd and practis'd in the Arts of Greatness,
 To kindle thus, and give a scope to Passion.
 The Duke is surely noble ; but he touch'd me
 Ev'n on the tend'rest Point ; the Master-string
 That makes most Harmony or Discord to me.
 I own the glorious Subject fires my Breast,
 And my Soul's darling Passion stands confest ;
 Beyond or Love's or Friendships sacred Band,
 Beyond myself I prize my native Land :
 On this Foundation would I build my Fame,
 And emulate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name ;
 Think *England's* Peace bought cheaply with my Blood,
 And die with pleasure for my Country's Good. [Exit.]

A C T

 A C T IV. S C E N E I.
S C E N E *continues.*

Enter Duke of GLO'STER, RATCLIFFE, and CATESBY.

G L O ' S T E R.

THIS was the Sum of all ; that he would brook
 No Alteration in the present State.
 Marry ; at last, the testy Gentleman
 Was almost mov'd to bid us bold Defiance ;
 But there I dropt the Argument, and changing
 The first Design and Purport of my Speech,
 I prais'd his good Affection to young *Edward*,
 And left him to believe my Thoughts like his.
 Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd Matter,
 As nothing bound or trusting to his Friendship.

R A T C L I F F E.

Ill does it thus befall. I cou'd have wish'd
 This Lord had stood with us. His Friend's are wealthy,
 Thereto, his own Possessions large and mighty ;
 The Vassals and Dependants on his Pow'r
 Firm in Adherence, ready, bold and many ;
 His Name had been of 'Vantage to your Highness,
 And stood our present Purpose much in stead.

G L O ' S T E R.

This wayward and perverse declining from us,
 Has warranted at full the friendly Notice,
 Which we this Morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
 This puling whining Harlot rules his Reason,
 And prompts his Zeal for *Edward's* bastard Brood.

C A T E S B Y.

If she have such Dominion o'er his Heart,
 And turn it at her Will, you rule her Fate ;

And should by Inference and apt Deduction,
 Be Arbitrator of his. Is not her Bread
 The very Means immediate to her Being,
 The Bounty of your Hand? Why does she live,
 If not to yield Obedience to your Pleasure,
 To speak, to act, to think as you command?

RATCLIFFE.

Let her instruct her Tongue to bear your Message;
 Teach every Grace to smile in your Behalf,
 And her deluding Eyes to gloat for you;
 His ductile Reason will be wound about,
 Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
 Receive the Yoke, and yield exact Obedience.

GLOSTER.

Your Counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd;
 She waits without, attending on her Suit.
 Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Ratcliffe and Catesby.*]

How poor a thing is he, how worthy Scorn,
 Who leaves the Guidance of imperial Manhood
 To such a paltry piece of Stuff as this is!
 A Moppet made of Prettiness and Pride;
 That oftner does her giddy Fancies change,
 Than glitt'ring Dew-drops in the Sun do Colors.
 Now shame upon it! Was our Reason given
 For such a Use! To be thus puff'd about
 Like a dry Leaf, an idle Straw, a Feather,
 The Sport of ev'ry whiffing Blast that blows?
 Beshrew my Heart, but it is wond'rous strange;
 Sure there is something more than Witchcraft in them,
 That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

Enter JANE SHORE.

Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
 On this your Grievance: And tho' some there are,
 Nay, and those Great Ones too, who wou'd enforce
 The Rigor of our Power to afflict you,
 And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,

We've

We've ta'en you to our Favor ; our Protection
Shall stand between, and shield you from Mishap.

JANE SHORE.

The Blessings of a Heart with Anguish broken,
And rescu'd from Despair, attend your Highness.
Alas ! my gracious Lord ! what have I done
To kindle such relentless Wrath against me ?
If in the Days of all my past Offences,
When most my Heart was lifted with Delight,
If I withheld my Morsel from the Hungry,
Forgot the Widow's Want, and Orphan's Cry ;
If I have known a Good I have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the Poor to take his Portion with me,
Let my worst Enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the Succour, which I gave not then.

G L O ' S T E R.

Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in Affairs of State :
That you presume to prattle, like a Busy-Body,
Give your Advice, and teach the Lords o'th' Council
What fits the Order of the Common-weal.

JANE SHORE.

Oh that the busy World, at least in this,
Would take Example from a Wretch like me !
None then would waste their Hours in foreign Thoughts,
Forget themselves, and what concerns their Peace,
To tread the Mazes of fantastic Falshood,
To haunt her idle Sounds, and flying Tales,
Thro' all the giddy noisy Courts of Rumour ;
Malicious Slander never wou'd have leisure
To search with prying Eyes for Faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own Hearts,
And wept the Sorrows which they found at home.

G L O ' S T E R.

Go to ! I know your Pow'r, and tho' I trust not
To ev'ry Breath of Fame, I'm not to learn
That *Hastings* is profess'd your loving Vassal,
But fair befall your Beauty : use it wisely,

And it may stand your Fortunes much in stead ;
 Give back your forfeit Land with large Increase,
 And place you high in Safety and in Honor :
 Nay, I could point a Way, the which pursuing,
 You shall not only bring yourself Advantage,
 But give the Realm much worthy Cause to thank you.

J A N E S H O R E.

Oh ! where or how ?---Can my unworthy Hand
 Become an Instrument of Good to any ?
 Instruct your lowly Slave, and let me fly
 To yield Obedience to your dread Command.

G L O ' S T E R.

Why, that's well said---Thus then---Observe me well,
 The State, for many high and potent Reasons,
 Deeming my Brother *Edward's* Sons unfit
 For the imperial Weight of *England's* Crown---

J A N E S H O R E.

Alas ! for Pity.

[*Afide.*

G L O ' S T E R.

Therefore have resolv'd
 To set aside their unavailing Infancy,
 And vest the sov'reign Rule in abler Hands.
 This, tho' of great Importance to the Public,
Hastings, for very Peevishness and Spleen,
 Does stubbornly oppose.

J A N E S H O R E.

Does he ! does *Hastings* !

G L O ' S T E R.

Ay, *Hastings*.

J A N E S H O R E.

Reward him for the noble Deed, just Heavens :
 For this one Action, guard him and distinguish him
 With signal Mercies, and with great Deliv'rance,
 Save him from Wrong, Adversity and Shame,
 Let never-fading Honors flourish round him,
 And consecrate his Name ev'n to Time's end :
 Let him know nothing else but Good on Earth,
 And everlasting Blessedness hereafter.

G L O ' S T E R.

How now !

J A N E

JANE SHORE.

The poor forsaken, royal little Ones!
 Shall they be left a Prey to savage Power?
 Can they lift up their harmless Hands in vain,
 Or cry to Heaven for Help, and not be heard?
 Impossible! O gallant generous *Hastings*,
 Go on, pursue! Assert the sacred Cause:
 Stand forth, thou Proxy of all-ruling Providence,
 And save the friendless Infants from Oppression,
 Saints shall assist thee with prevailing Prayers,
 And warring Angels combat on thy side.

G L O ' S T E R.

You're passing rich in this same heav'nly Speech,
 And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
 My Favor is not bought with Words like these,
 Go to---you'll teach your Tongue another Tale.

JANE SHORE.

No, tho' the royal *Edward* has undone me,
 He was my King, my gracious Master still;
 He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty Flame,
 And fatal to my Peace, yet still he lov'd me;
 With Fondness, and with Tenderness he doated,
 Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles.
 And can I—Oh my Heart abhors the Thought,
 Stand by, and see his Children robb'd of Right!

G L O ' S T E R.

Dare not, ev'n for thy Soul, to thwart me further;
 None of your Arts, your Feigning, and your Foolery,
 Your dainty squeamish Coying it to me.
 Go—to your Lord, your Paramour, be gone;
 Lisp in his Ear, hang wanton on his Neck,
 And play your Monkey Gambols o'er to him:
 You know my Purpose; look that you pursue it,
 And make him yield Obedience to my Will.
 Do it—or woe upon thy Harlot's Head.

JANE SHORE.

Oh that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech,
 Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings.
 Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing

As soft Persuasion to a Love-sick Maid,
That I had Art and Eloquence divine,
To pay my Duty to my Master's Athes,
And plead till Death the Cause of injur'd Innocence!

G L O ' S T E R.

Ha! dost thou brave me, Minion! dost thou know
How vile, how very a Wretch, my Pow'r can make thee?
That I can let loose Fear, Distress and Famine,
To hunt thy Heels, like Hell-hounds, thro' the World;
That I can place thee in such abject State,
As Help shall never find thee; where repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the Earth for Anguish,
Groan to the pitiless Winds without Return,
Howl like the midnight Wolf amidst the Desert,
And curse thy Life in Bitterness of Misery?

JANE SHORE.

Let me be branded for the public Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driv'n to wander like a Vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my Bread
Upon the barren Wild, and desolate Waste,
Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears;
Ere I consent to teach my Lips Injustice,
Or wrong the Orphan who has none to save him.

G L O ' S T E R.

'Tis well---we'll try the Temper of your Heart,
What ho! Who waits without?

Enter RATCLIFFE, CATESBY, and Attendants.

R A T C L I F F E.

Your Highness' Pleasure—

G L O ' S T E R.

Go some of you, and turn this Strumpet forth;
Spurn her into the Street, there let her perish,
And rot upon a Dunghill. Thro' the City
See it proclaim'd, That none, on pain of Death,
Presume to give her Comfort, Food, or Harbor;
Who ministers the smallest Comfort, dies.
Her House, her costly Furniture and Wealth,
The Purchase of her loose luxurious Life,

We

We seize on, for the Profit of the State.
Away! be gone!

JANE SHORE.

O thou most righteous Judge—
Humbly, behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy Justice in this hard Decree:
No longer then my ripe Offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my Wretchedness can give,
For my past Crimes my forfeit Life receive;
No Pity for my Suff'rings here I crave,
And only hope Forgiveness in the Grave.

[Exit Jane Shore, guarded by Catesby and others.]

GLO'STER.

So much for this. Your Project's at an end:

[To Ratcliffe.]

This idle Toy, this Hilding scorns my Power,
And sets us all at nought. See that a Guard
Be ready at my Call.

RATCLIFFE.

The Council waits

Upon your Highness' Leisure.

GLO'STER.

Bid 'em enter.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Earl of DERBY,
Bishop of ELY, Lord HASTINGS and others, as to
the Council. The Duke of GLO'STER takes his
Place at the upper end, then the rest sit.*

DERBY.

In happy time are we assembled here,
To point the Day, and fix the solemn Pomp,
For placing England's Crown, with all due Rites,
Upon our Sov'reign Edward's youthful Brow,

HASTINGS.

Some busy meddling Knaves, 'tis said there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal Right;
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest

T' appoint

T' appoint the Order of the Coronation ;
 So to approve our Duty to the King,
 And stay the Babbling of such vain Gainfayers.

D E R B Y.

We all attend to know your Highness' Pleasure.

[To Glo'ster.]

G L O ' S T E R.

My Lords, A Set of worthy Men you are,
 Prudent and just, and careful for the State :
 Therefore to your most grave Determination,
 I yield myself in all things ; and demand
 What Punishment your Wisdom shall think meet
 T' inflict upon those damnable Contrivers,
 Who shall with Potions, Charms, and witching Drugs,
 Practise against our Person and our Life.

H A S T I N G S.

So much I hold the King your Highness Debtor,
 So precious are you to the Common-weal,
 That I presume, not only for myself,
 But in behalf of these my noble Brothers,
 To say, whoe'er they be, they merit Death.

G L O ' S T E R.

Then judge yourselves, convince your Eyes of Truth,
 Behold my Arm thus blasted, dry and wither'd,

[Pulling up his Sleeve.]

Shrunk like a foul Abortion, and decay'd,
 Like some untimely Product of the Seasons,
 Robb'd of its Properties of Strength and Office.
 This is the Sorcery of *Edward's* Wife,
 Who in conjunction with that Harlot *Shore*,
 And other like confed'rate midnight Hags,
 By force of potent Spells, of bloody Characters,
 And Conjurations horrible to hear,
 Call Fiends and Spectres from the yawning Deep,
 And set the Ministers of Hell at work,
 To torture and despoil me of my Life.

H A S T I N G S.

If they have done this Deed—

G L O ' S .

G L O ' S T E R.

If they have done it!

Talk'st thou to me of If's, audacious Traitor!
Thou art that Strumpet Witch's chief Abettor,
The Patron and Comptroller of her Mischiefs,
And join'd in this Contrivance for my Death.
Nay, start not, Lords,---What ho! a Guard there, Sirs!

Enter a Guard.

Lord *Hastings*, I arrest thee of High-Treason.
Seize him, and bear him instantly away,
He sha'not live an Hour. By holy *Paul*!
I will not dine before his Head be brought me:
Ratcliffe, stay you, and see that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt Glo'ster, and Lords following.]

Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliffe, and Guard.

H A S T I N G S.

What! and no more but this----how, to the Scaffold!
Oh gentle *Ratcliffe*! tell me, do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle thro' this dread Confusion?
For surely Death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden Horror and Surprise.

R A T C L I F F E.

You heard, the Duke's Commands to me were absolute,
Therefore my Lord, address you to your Shrift,
With all good Speed you may. Summon your Courage,
And be yourself; for you must die this Instant.

H A S T I N G S.

Yes, *Ratcliffe*, I will take thy friendly Council,
And die as a Man should; 'tis somewhat hard
To call my scatter'd Spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be---let Necessity
Supply the Place of Time and Preparation,
And arm me for the Blow. 'Tis but to die,
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard

Which

Which many a time in Battle I have run;
 'Tis but to do, what, at that very Moment,
 In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
 A thousand and a thousand shall do with me;
 'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,
 To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
 No longer to behold the Tyrant *Glo'ster*,
 And be a weeping Witness of the Woes,
 The Desolation, Slaughter and Calamities,
 Which he shall bring on this unhappy Land.

Enter ALICIA.

ALICIA.

Stand off! and let me pass—I will, I must,
 Catch him once more in these despairing Arms,
 And hold him to my Heart—Oh *Hastings, Hastings!*

HASTINGS.

Alas! Why com'st thou at this dreadful Moment
 To fill me with new Terrors, new Distractions,
 To turn me wild with thy distemper'd Rage,
 And shock the Peace of my departing Soul?
 Away! I prithee leave me!

ALICIA.

Stop a Minute.—

'Till my full Grievs find Passage.—Oh the Tyrant!
 Perdition fall on *Glo'ster's* Head and mine.

HASTINGS.

What means thy frantic Grief?

ALICIA.

I cannot speak—

But I have murder'd thee—Oh I could tell thee!

HASTINGS.

Speak and give ease to thy conflicting Passions;
 Be quick, nor keep me longer in Suspense,
 Time presses, and a thousand crowding Thoughts
 Break in at once; this way and that they snatch,
 They tear my hurry'd Soul: All claim Attention,
 And yet not one is heard. Oh speak and leave me,

For

For I have Business would employ an Age,
And but a Minute's time to get it done in.

A L I C I A.

That, that's my Grief---'tis I that urge thee on,
Thus hunt thee to the Toil, sweep thee from Earth,
And drive thee down this Precipice of Fate.

H A S T I N G S.

Thy Reason is grown wild. Could thy weak Hand
Bring on this mighty Ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy Soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of Pardon,
That nothing but my Life can make Atonement?

A L I C I A.

Thy cruel Scorn had stung me to the Heart,
And set my burning Bosom all in Flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my Revenge,
And writ I know not what---told the Protector,
That *Shore's* detested Wife by Wiles had won thee,
To plot against his Greatness---He believ'd it,
(Oh dire Event of my pernicious Council)
And while I meant Destruction on her Head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.

H A S T I N G S.

Accursed Jealousy!
O merciless, wild and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischief,
And murders all it meets. Curst be its Rage,
For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd
Be all those easy Fools who give it harbor:
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War or spotted Pestilence;
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell.

A L I C I A.

If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own Falshood;
Curse the lewd Maxims of thy perjur'd Sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at Faith and Justice,
To scorn the solemn Sanctity of Oaths,
And make a Jest of a poor Woman's Ruin:
Curse thy proud Heart, and thy insulting Tongue,
That

That rais'd this fatal Fury in my Soul;
And urg'd my Vengeance to undo us both.

H A S T I N G S.

Oh thou inhuman! turn thy Eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive Beams:
Why should I curse thee with my dying Breath?
Be gone! and let me sigh it out in peace.

A L I C I A.

Can'st thou——Oh cruel *Hastings*, leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee——I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing Heart, I swear,
By all the Pangs I feel, by all the Sorrows
The Terrors and Despair thy Loss shall give me,
My Hate was on my Rival bent alone:
Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A Danger to thy Life, I would have dy'd,
I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful Breast to save thee from it.

H A S T I N G S.

Now mark! and tremble at Heav'n's just Award,
While thy insatiate Wrath and fell Revenge
Pursu'd the Innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the Mischief falls on thee and me;
Remorse and Heaviness of Heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting Anguish be thy Portion:
For me, the Snares of Death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor Moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender Thought remaining,
Fly to thy Closet, fall upon thy Knees,
And recommend my parting Soul to Mercy.

A L I C I A.

Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in Gentleness and Pity to me, [Kneeling.
And in compassion of my strong Affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal Rashness of ungovern'd Love?
For oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee,
Beyond my Peace, my Reason, Fame and Life,

Desir'd

Desir'd to Death, and doated to Distraction,
This Day of Horror never should have known us.
HASTINGS.

Oh! rise, and let me hush thy stormy Sorrows,
[Raising her.]
Assuage thy Tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy Fair One.
I see the Hand of Heav'n is arm'd against me,
And, in mysterious Providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaking Hand.
Most righteous Doom! for, Oh! while I behold thee,
Thy Wrongs rise up in terrible Array,
And charge thy Ruin on me: thy fair Fame,
Thy spotless Beauty, Innocence, and Youth,
Dishonor'd, blasted and betray'd by me.

ALICIA.
And does thy Heart relent for my undoing?
Oh! that inhuman *Glo'ster* could be mov'd,
But half so easily as I can pardon!

HASTINGS.
Here then exchange we mutually Forgiveness,
So may the Guilt of all my broken Vows,
My Perjuries to thee be all forgotten,
As here my Soul acquits thee of my Death,
As here I part without one angry Thought,
As here I leave thee with the softest Tenderness,
Mourning the Chance of our disastrous Loves,
And begging Heav'n to bless and to support thee.

RATCLIFFE.
My Lord, dispatch; the Duke has sent to chide me
For loit'ring in my Duty.

HASTINGS.
I obey.
ALICIA.
Infatiate, savage Monster! Is a Moment
So tedious to thy Malice? Oh! repay him,
Thou great Avenger, give him Blood for Blood:
Guilt haunt him! Fiends pursue him! Lightnings blast him!
Some

Some horrid, curst kind of Death o'ertake him,
Sudden, and in the Fulness of his Sins!
That he may know how terrible it is,
To want that Moment he denies thee now.

H A S T I N G S.

'Tis all in vain, this Rage that tears thy Bosom;
Like a poor Bird that flutters in its Cage,
Thou beats thyself to Death. Retire I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me,
Thy Agonies are added to my own,
And make the Burden more than I can bear.
Farewel—Good Angels visit thy Afflictions,
And bring thee Peace and Comfort from above.

A L I C I A.

Oh! stab me to the Heart, some pitying Hand,
Now strike me dead——

H A S T I N G S.

One thing I had forgot——

I charge thee by our present common Miseries,
By our past Loves, if yet they have a Name,
By all thy Hopes of Peace here and hereafter,
Let not the Rancor of thy Hate pursue
The Innocence of thy unhappy Friend: [her,
Thou know'st who 'tis I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong
Just Heav'n shall double all thy Woes upon thee,
And make 'em know no End---Remember this
As the last Warning of a dying Man:
Farewel for ever! [The Guards carry Hastings off.

A L I C I A.

For ever? Oh! for ever!

Oh! who can bear to be a Wretch for ever!
My Rival too! His last Thoughts hung on her:
And, as he parted, left a Blessing for her,
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
No; since her fatal Beauty was the Cause
Of all my Suff'ring, let her share my Pains:
Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
Devote the Hour when such a Wretch was born:

Like

J A N E S H O R E.

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Like me to Desarts and to Darkness run,
Abhor the Day, and curse the golden Sun;
Cast ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind;
Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind:
Like me, with Cries distracted fill the Air;
Tear her poor Bosom, rend her frantic Hair;
And prove the Torments of the last Despair.

}
[Exit.]

A C T

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

The STREET.

Enter BELLMOUR, and DUMONT, or SHORE.

S H O R E.

YOU saw her then?

B E L L M O U R.

I met her as returning
 In solemn Penance from the public Cross:
 Before her, certain rascal Officers,
 Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice,
 Proclaim'd the *Tyrant Glo'ster's* cruel Orders.
 On either Side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,
 Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
 Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,
 And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.
 Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
 Should'ring each other, crowding for a View,
 Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
 Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
 The most, such iron Hearts we are, and such
 The base Barbarity of human Kind,
 With Insolence and lewd Reproach pursu'd her,
 Hooting and railing, and with villainous Hands
 Gath'ring the Filth from out the common Ways,
 To hurl upon her Head.

S H O R E.

Inhuman Dogs!

How did she bear it?

B E L L M O U R.

With the gentlest Patience,
 Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look;

A burning

A burning Taper in her Hand she bore,
 And on her Shoulders carelessly confus'd
 With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung;
 Upon her Cheek a fainting Flush was spread,
 Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain,
 While bare-foot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
 Her Footsteps all along were mark'd with Blood.
 Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining;
 Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
 Except when in some bitter Pang of Sorrow,
 To Heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise them,
 And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

S H O R E.

When was this piteous Sight?

B E L L M O U R.

These last two Days.

You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
 To find the happy Means of your Deliv'rance,
 Which but for *Hastings'* Death I had not gain'd.
 During that Time, altho' I have not seen her,
 Yet divers trusty Messengers I've sent,
 To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience
 To give her some Relief; but all in vain:
 A churlish Guard attends upon her Steps,
 Who menace those with Death that bring her Comfort,
 And drive all Succor from her.

S H O R E.

Let 'em threaten;

Let proud Oppression prove its fiercest Malice;
 So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
 To give her Help, and share one Fortune with her.

B E L L M O U R.

Mean you to see her, thus, in your own Form?

S H O R E.

I do.

B E L L M O U R.

And have you thought upon the Consequence?

S H O R E.

What is there I should fear?

VOL. II.

H

BELL-

B E L L M O U R.

Have you examin'd
 Into your inmost Heart, and try'd at leisure
 The sev'ral secret Springs that move the Passions?
 Has Mercy fix'd her Empire there so sure,
 That Wrath and Vengeance never may return?
 Can you resume a Husband's Name, and bid
 That wakeful Dragon, fierce Resentment, sleep?

S H O R E.

Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my Memory
 To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again?
 I have long labor'd to forget myself,
 To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
 Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being;
 But thou hast peopled it again; Revenge
 And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
 Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Distraction.

B E L L M O U R.

Far be the Thought from me! my Care was only
 To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it
 Never to see her, than to let that Name
 Recall forgotten Rage, and make the Husband
 Destroy the gen'rous Pity of *Dumont*

S H O R E.

Oh! thou hast set my busy Brain at work,
 And now she musters up a Train of Images,
 Which to preserve my Peace I had cast aside,
 And sunk in deep Oblivion—Oh that Form!
 That Angel-face on which my Dotage hung!
 How have I gaz'd upon her! 'till my Soul
 With very Eagerness went forth towards her,
 And issu'd at my Eyes—Was there a Gem
 Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mine,
 Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields,
 What was there Art cou'd make, or Wealth cou'd buy,
 Which I have left unsought, to deck her Beauty?
 What cou'd her King do more?—And yet she fled.

B E L L M O U R.

Away with that sad Fancy.—

S H O R E.

S H O R E.

Oh! that Day!

The Thought of it must live for ever with me.
 I met her, *Bellmour*, when the royal Spoiler
 Bore her in Triumph from my widow'd Home!
 Within his Chariot by his Side she sat,
 And listen'd to his Talk with downward Looks;
 Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
 Her Eyes encounter'd mine——Oh! then, my Friend!
 Oh! who can paint my Grief and her Amazement!
 As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale,
 And twice a burning Crimson blush'd all o'er her;
 Then, with a Shriek Heart-wounding loud she cry'd,
 While down her Cheeks the gushing Torrents ran
 Fast falling on her Hands, which thus she wrung——
 Mov'd at her Grief, the tyrant Ravisher,
 With courteous Action woo'd her oft to turn;
 Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
 Ev'n to the last she bent her Sight towards me,
 And follow'd me——till I had lost myself.

B E L L M O U R.

Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking Tears!
 Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
 And tho' the King by Force possess'd her Person,
 Her unconsenting Heart dwelt still with you?
 If all her former Woes were not enough,
 Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,
 Hunted to Death, distress'd on every side,
 With no one Hand to help; and tell me then,
 If ever Misery were known like hers?

S H O R E.

And can she bear it? Can that delicate Frame
 Endure the beating of a Storm so rude?
 Can she, for whom the various Seasons chang'd,
 To court her Appetite, and crown her Board,
 For whom the foreign Vintages were press'd,
 For whom the Merchant spread his silken Stores,
 Can she——
 Intreat for Bread, and want the needful Raiment,

To wrap her shivering Bosom from the Weather?
 When she was mine, no Care came ever nigh her.
 I thought the gentlest Breeze that wakes the Spring
 Too rough to breathe upon her; Chearfulness
 Danc'd all the Day before her; and at Night
 Soft Slumbers waited on her downy Pillow——
 Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lies,
 Where piercing Winds blow sharp, and the chill Rain
 Drops from some Pent-house on her wretched Head,
 Drenches her Locks, and kills her with the Cold.
 It is too much----Hence with her past Offences,
 They are aton'd at full---Why stay we then?
 Oh! let us haste, my Friend, and find her out.

B E L L M O U R.

Somewhere about this Quarter of the Town,
 I hear the poor abandon'd Creature lingers:
 Her Guard, tho' set with strictest Watch to keep
 All Food and Friendship from her, yet permit her
 To wander in the Streets, there chuse her Bed,
 And rest her Head on what cold Stone she pleases.

S H O R E.

Here let us then divide, each in his Round
 To search her Sorrows out; whose hap it is
 First to behold her, this way let him lead
 Her fainting Steps, and meet we here together. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter JANE SHORE, her Hair hanging loose on her
 Shoulders, and bare-footed.*

JANE SHORE.

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur oh my Soul,
 For are not thy Transgressions great and numberless?
 Do they not cover thee like rising Floods,
 And press thee like a Weight of Waters down?
 Does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee?
 And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
 To Pow'r Almighty, Thou hast done enough?
 Or bid his dreadful Rod of Vengeance stay?
 Wait then with Patience, till the circling Hours
 Shall bring the Time of thy appointed Rest,

And

Shakes. Hand.

And lay thee down in Death. The Hireling thus
 With Labor drudges out the painful Day,
 And often looks with long-expecting Eyes
 To see the Shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.
 And hark! methinks the Roar that late pursu'd me,
 Sinks like the Murmurs of a falling Wind,
 And softens into Silence. Does Revenge
 And Malice then grow weary and forsake me?
 My Guard too, that observ'd me still so close,
 Tire in the Task of their inhuman Office,
 And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
 My Spirits fail at once——This is the Door
 Of my *Alicia*——Blessed Opportunity!
 I'll steal a little Succor from her Goodness,
 Now, while no Eye observes me.

[*She knocks at the Door.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Is your Lady,
 My gentle Friend, at Home? Oh! bring me to her.

[*Going in.*]

SERVANT.

Hold, Mistress, whither wou'd you? [*Putting her back.*]

JANE SHORE.

Do you not know me?

SERVANT.

I know you well, and know my Orders too.
 You must not enter here.

JANE SHORE.

Tell my *Alicia*,

'Tis I would see her.

SERVANT.

She is ill at Ease,

And will admit no Visitor.

JANE SHORE.

But tell her

'Tis I, her Friend, the Partner of her Heart,
 Wait at the Door and beg——

SERVANT.

'Tis all in vain,

Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you.

[Shuts the Door, and Exits.]

JANE SHORE.

It was not always thus; the Time has been,
 When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Passage,
 Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its Hinges
 To give me Entrance here; When this good House
 Has pour'd forth all its Dwellings to receive me;
 When my Approach has made a little Holy-day,
 And ev'ry Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me:
 But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me,
 Now curse me to my Face. Why should I wander,
 Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!

*[She sits down at the Door.]**Enter ALICIA in Disorder; two Servants following.*

ALICIA.

What Wretch art thou? whose Misery and Baseness
 Hangs on my Door; whose hateful Whine of Woe
 Breaks in upon my Sorrows, and distracts
 My jarring Senses with thy Beggar's Cry?

JANE SHORE.

A very Beggar, and a Wretch indeed;
 One driv'n by strong Calamity to seek
 For Succor here; one perishing for Want;
 Whose Hunger has not tasted Food these three Days;
 And humbly asks for Charity's dear sake,
 A Draught of Water and a little Bread.

ALICIA.

And dost thou come to me, to me for Bread?
 I know thee not—Go—hunt for it abroad,
 Where wanton Hands upon the Earth have scatter'd it,
 Or cast it on the Waters—Mark the Eagle,
 And hungry Vulture, where they wind the Prey;
 Watch where the Ravens of the Valley feed,
 And seek thy Food with them—I know thee not.

JANE

JANE SHORE.

And yet there was a time, when my *Alicia*
 Has thought unhappy *Shore* her dearest Blessing;
 And mourn'd that live-long Day she pass'd without me,
 When pair'd like Turtles, we were still together,
 When often as we prattled Arm in Arm,
 Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
 She lov'd me more than all the World beside.

ALICIA.

Ha! say'st thou! let me look upon thee well——
 'Tis true---I know thee now---A Mischief on thee!
 Thou art that fatal Fair, that curst She,
 That set my Brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
 Thou hast undone me---Murder! Oh my *Hastings*!
 See his pale bloody Head shoots glaring by me!
 Give him me back again, thou soft Deluder,
 Thou beauteous Witch——

JANE SHORE.

Alas! I never wrong'd you——
 O! then be good to me; have pity on me:
 Thou never knew'st the Bitterness of Want,
 And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
 Some poor Remain, the voiding of thy Table,
 A Morsel to support my famish'd Soul.

ALICIA.

Avaunt! and come not near me——

JANE SHORE.

To thy Hand
 I trusted all, gave my whole Store to thee;
 Nor do I ask it back, allow me but
 The smallest Pittance, give me but to eat,
 Left I fall down and perish here before thee.

ALICIA.

Nay! tell not me! Where is the King, thy *Edward*,
 And all the smiling, crying Train of Courtiers,
 That bent the Knee before thee.

JANE SHORE.

Oh! for Mercy!

ALICIA.

Mercy! I know it not--for I am miserable.
 I'll give thee Misery, for here she dwells;
 'This is her House, where the Sun never dawns,
 'The Bird of Night fits screaming o'er the Roof,
 Grim Spectres sweep along the horrid Gloom,
 And nought is heard but Wailings and Lamentings.
 Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
 And see the nodding Ruin falls to crush me!
 'Tis fall'n, 'tis here! I feel it on my Brain!

1. SERVANT.

The Sight disorders her-----

2. SERVANT.

Retire, dear Lady-----

And leave this Woman-----

ALICIA.

Let her take my Council!

Why should'st thou be a Wretch? stab, tear thy Heart;
 And rid thyself of this detested Being,
 I wo' not linger long behind thee here.
 A waving Flood of bluish Fire swells o'er me;
 And now 'tis out, and I am drown'd in Blood.
 Ha! what art thou! Thou horrid headless Trunk?
 It is my *Hastings*! See! he wafts me on!
 Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee.
 But come not thou with Mischief-making Beauty
 To interpose between us, look not on him,
 Give thy fond Arts and thy Delusions o'er;
 For thou shalt never, never part us more.

[*She runs off, her Servants following.*]

JANE SHORE.

Alas! she raves; her Brain, I fear, is turn'd.
 In mercy look upon her, gracious Heav'n,
 Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
 Sure I am near upon my Journey's end;
 My Head runs round, my Eyes begin to fail,
 And dancing Shadows swim before my sight:
 I can no more, [*lies down*] receive me thou cold Earth!
 Thou

Thou common Parent, take me to thy Bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter BELLMOUR.

BELLMOUR.

Upon the Ground!

Thy Miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! Thou Mourner
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
Whose Hearts thy warm Prosperity made glad,
Whose Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Bosoms?---Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the Sister of our Loves,
And nothing shall divide us---Now where are they?

JANE SHORE.

Ah! *Bellmour*, where indeed! They stand aloof,
And view my Desolation from afar;
When they pass by, they shake their Heads in scorn,
And cry, behold the Harlot and her End!
And yet thy Goodness turns aside to pity me!
Alas! There may be Danger, get thee gone!
Let me not pull a Ruin on thy head,
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to rise, and all Relief is vain.

BELLMOUR.

Yet raise thy drooping Head: for I am come
To chase away Despair: behold! where yonder
That honest Man, that faithful brave *Dumont*,
Is hastening to thy Aid---

JANE SHORE.

Dumont! Ha! Where!

Raising herself, and looking about.

Then Heav'n has heard my Pray'r, his very Name
Renews the Springs of Life, and cheers my Soul.
Has he then 'scap'd the Snare?

BELLMOUR.

He has, but see---

He comes unlike to that *Dumont* you knew,

For now he wears your better Angel's Form,
And comes to visit you with Peace and Pardon.

Enter SHORE.

JANE SHORE.

Speak, tell me! Which is he? And oh! What would
This dreadful Vision! See it comes on me——
It is my Husband---Ah! [*She swoons.*]

SHORE.

She faints! support her!

Sustain her Head, while I infuse this Cordial
Into her dying Lips——from spicy Drugs,
Rich Herbs and Flow'rs, the potent Juice is drawn;
With wondrous Force it strikes the lazy Spirits,
Drives 'em around, and wakens Life anew.

BELLMOUR.

Her Weakness could not bear the strong Surprise.
But see, she stirs! And the returning Blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy Cheek——

SHORE.

So---gently raise her——

[*Raising her up.*]

JANE SHORE.

Ha! What art thou! *Bellmour!*

BELLMOUR.

How fare you, Lady?

JANE SHORE.

My Heart is thrill'd with Horror——

BELLMOUR.

Be of Courage——

Your Husband lives! 'Tis he, my worthiest Friend——

JANE SHORE.

Still art thou there! still dost thou hover round me!
Oh save me, *Bellmour*, from his angry Shade!

BELLMOUR.

'Tis he himself!---he lives!---look up——

JANE SHORE.

I dare not!

Oh that my Eyes could shut him out for ever——!

SHORE

S H O R E.

Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy Eyes with Horror? Since I'm grown
A Burden to the World, myself and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

JANE SHORE.

Oh thou most injur'd---dost thou live indeed,
Fall then ye Mountains on my guilty Head,
Hide me, ye Rocks, within your secret Caverns;
Cast thy black Veil upon my Shame, O Night!
And shield me with thy sable Wing for ever.

S H O R E.

Why dost thou turn away?---Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy Fears? And in Despair,
Abandon thy distracted Soul to Horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy Quiet more.
My Arms, my Heart are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken Home,
With tender Joy, with fond forgiving Love,
And all the Longings of my first Desires.

JANE SHORE.

No, arm thy Brow with Vengeance; and appear
The Minister of Heav'n's enquiring Justice.
Array thyself all terrible for Judgment,
Wrath in thy Eyes, and Thunder in thy Voice;
Pronounce my Sentence, and if yet there be
A Woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.

S H O R E.

The Measure of thy Sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to snatch thee from Injustice.
The Hand of Pow'r no more shall crush thy weakness,
Nor proud Oppression grind thy humble Soul.

JANE SHORE.

Art thou not ris'n by Miracle from Death?
Thy Shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the Grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
The Messenger of Grace and Goodness to me,
To seal my Peace, and bless me ere I go.

Oh let me then fall down beneath thy Feet,
 And weep my Gratitude for ever there ;
 Give me your Drops, ye soft descending Rains,
 Give me your Streams, ye never-ceasing Springs,
 That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty,
 And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow.

S H O R E.

Waste not thy feeble Spirits——I have long
 Beheld, unknown, thy Mourning and Repentance ;
 Therefore my Heart has set aside the past,
 And holds thee white, as unoffending Innocence :
 Therefore in spite of cruel *Glo'ster's* Rage,
 Soon as my Friend had broke my Prison-Doors,
 I flew to thy Assistance. Let us haste
 Now while Occasion seems to smile upon us,
 Forfake this Place of Shame, and find a Shelter.

J A N E S H O R E.

What shall I say to you ? But I obey——

S H O R E.

Lean on my Arm——

J A N E S H O R E.

Alas ! I'm wond'rous faint :
 But that's not strange, I have not eat these three Days.

S H O R E.

Oh merciless ! look here, my Love, I've brought thee
 Some rich Conserve——

J A N E S H O R E.

How can you be so good ?
 But you were ever thus ; I well remember
 With what fond Care, what Diligence of Love,
 You lavish'd out your Wealth to buy me Pleasures,
 Preventing every Wish : have you forgot
 The costly String of Pearl you brought me home,
 And ty'd about my Neck ?---How could I leave you ?

S H O R E.

'Taste some of this, or this——

J A N E S H O R E.

You're strangely alter'd——
 Say gentle *Bellmour*, is he not ? How pale

Your

Your Visage is become? Your Eyes are hollow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too---Alas the Day?
My Wretchedness has cost you many a Tear,
And many a bitter Pang, since last we parted.

S H O R E.

No more of that---thou talk'st, but dost not eat.

JANE SHORE.

My feeble Jaws forget their common Office,
My tasteless Tongue cleaves to the clammy Roof.
And now a gen'ral Loathing grows upon me---
Oh, I am sick at heart!

S H O R E.

Thou murd'rous Sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die! Oh, my poor Penitent,
Speak Peace to thy sad Heart. She hears me not;
Grief masters ev'ry Sense---help me to hold her---

Enter CATESBY, with a Guard.

C A T E S B Y.

Seize on 'em both, as Traitors to the State---

B E L L M O U R.

What means this Violence?

[Guards lay hold of Shore and Bellmour.]

C A T E S B Y.

Have we not found you,

In scorn of the Protector's strict Command,
Assisting this base Woman, and abetting
Her Infamy?

S H O R E.

Infamy on thy Head!

Thou Tool of Pow'r, thou Pander to Authority!
I tell thee, Knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an *Æthiop* to her.

C A T E S B Y.

You'll answer this at full---Away with 'em.

S H O R E.

Is Charity grown Treason to your Court?
What honest Man would live beneath such Rulers?
I am content that we should die together---

C A T E S B Y.

CATESBY.

Convey the Men to Prison ; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her Fortune as she may.

JANE SHORE.

I will not part with him---for me!---for me !
Oh! must he die for me ?

[Following him as he is carry'd off---She falls.

SHORE.

Inhuman Villains! [Breaks from the Guard.
Stand off! the Agonies of Death are on her---
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold Hand,

JANE SHORE.

Was this Blow wanting to compleat my Ruin ?
Oh let him go, ye Ministers of Terror ;
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield Obedience to your cruel Master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last Breath with you.

SHORE.

Oh my Love !

Why have I liv'd to see this bitter Moment,
This Grief by far surpassing all my former !
Why dost thou fix thy dying Eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous Look,
As if thy Heart were full of some sad Meaning
Thou could'st not speak !-----

JANE SHORE.

Forgive me !-----but forgive me !

SHORE.

Be Witness for me, ye Celestial Host,
Such Mercy and such Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to shew thee ;
May such befall me at my latest Hour,
And make my Portion blest'd or curs'd for ever.

JANE SHORE.

Then all is well, and I shall sleep in Peace-----
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now-----
Was there not something I would have bequeath'd you ?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad Sigh. Oh Mercy, Heav'n ! [Dies.

B E L L-

BELLMOUR.

There fled the Soul,
And left the Load of Misery behind.

SHORE.

Oh my Heart's Treasure! Is this pale sad Visage
All that remains of thee? are these dead Eyes
The Light that cheer my Soul? O heavy Hour!
But I will fix my trembling Lips to thine,
'Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
What, must we part then?---will you-----

[To the Guards taking him away.]

Fare thee well-----

[Kissing her.]

Now execute your Tyrant's Will, and lead me
To Bonds, or Death, 'tis equally indifferent.

BELLMOUR.

Let those, who view this sad Example, know,
What Fate attends the broken Marriage-Vow;
And teach their Children in succeeding Times,
No common Vengeance waits upon these Crimes;
When such severe Repentance could not save
From Want, from Shame, and an untimely Grave.

[Exeunt]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

YE modest Matrons all, ye virtuous Wives,
Who lead with horrid Husbands, decent Lives;
You, who for all you are in such a taking,
To see your Spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a Conscience still of Cuckold-making;
What can we say your Pardon to obtain?
This Matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in short,
Whimper'd---and cry'd---sweet Sir, I'm sorry for't.
'Twas well he met a kind, good-natur'd Soul,
We are not all so easy to control:
I fancy one might find in this good Town
Some wou'd ha' told the Gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart,---To what do you pretend,
Blockhead!---As if I must n't see a Friend:
Tell me, of Hackney Coaches---Jaunts to the City---
Where shou'd I buy my China---Faith, I'll fit ye---
Our Wife was of a milder, meeker Spirit;
You!---Lords and Masters!---was not that some Merit?
Don't you allow it to be virtuous Bearing,
When we submit thus to your domineering?
Well, Peace be with her, she did Wrong most surely;
But so do many more who look demurely.
Nor shou'd our mourning Madam weep alone,
There are more ways of Wickedness than one.
If the reforming Stage should fall to shaming,
Ill-nature, Pride, Hypocrisy, and Gaming;
The Poets frequently might move Compassion,
And with She-Tragedies o'er-run the Nation,

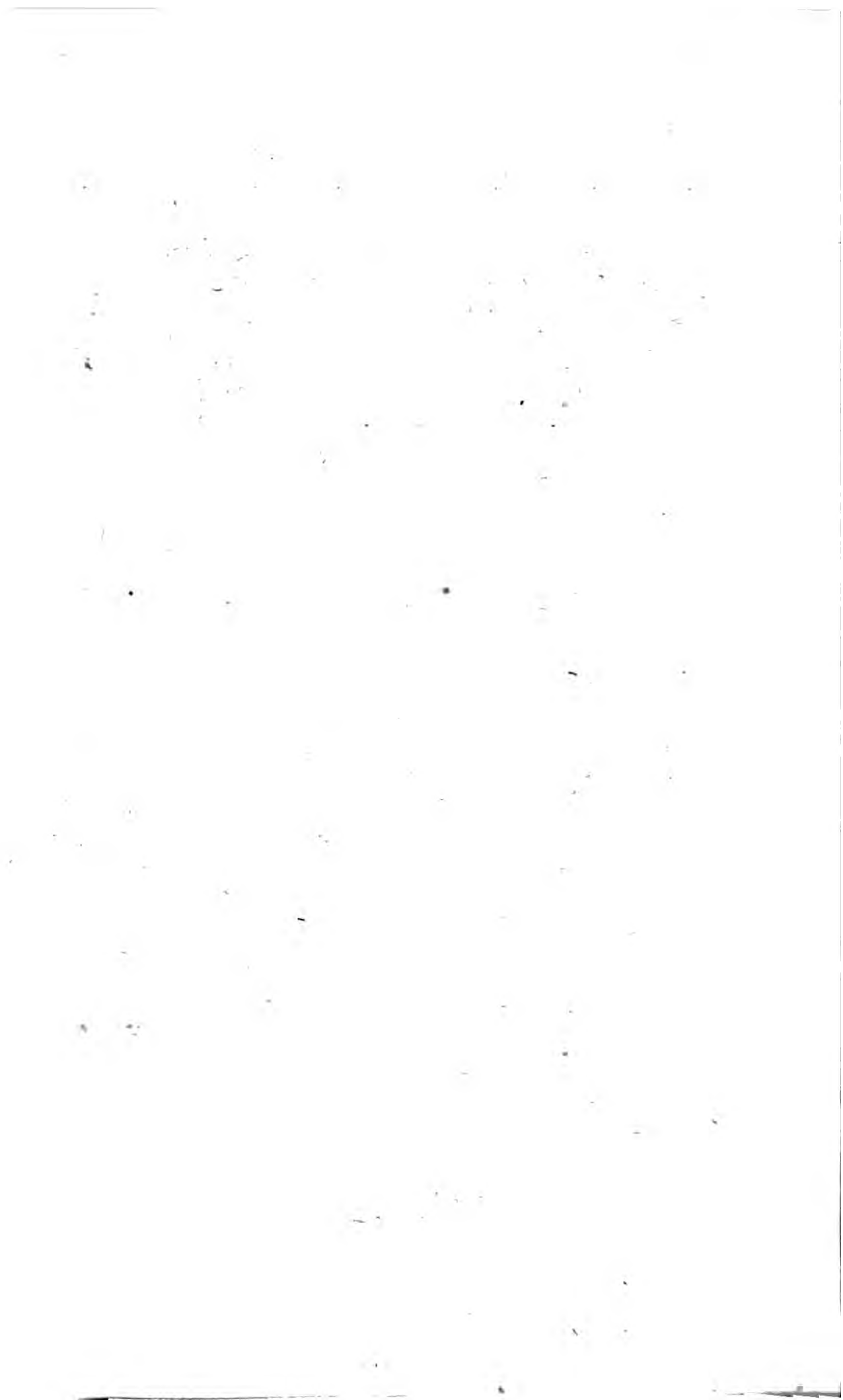
Then

E P I L O G U E.

*Then judge the fair Offender, with Good-nature,
And let your Fellow-feeling curb your Satire.
What if our Neighbours have some little Failing,
Must we need fall to Damning and to Railing?
For her Excuse too, be it understood,
That if the Woman was not quite so good,
Her Lover was a King, she Flesh and Blood.
And since sh' has dearly paid the sinful Score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor JANE SHORE.*

}

Lady





Lady JANE GRAY.

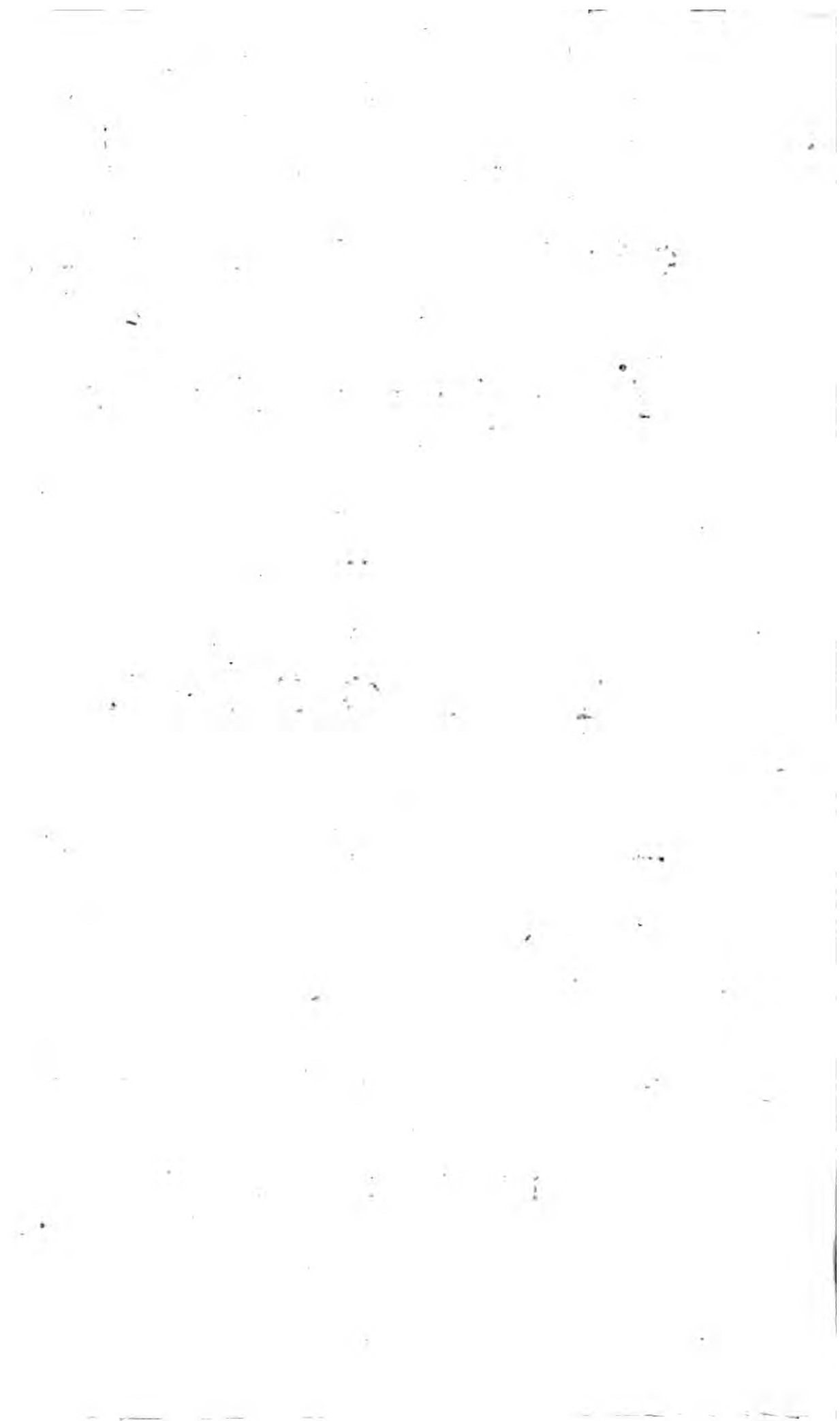
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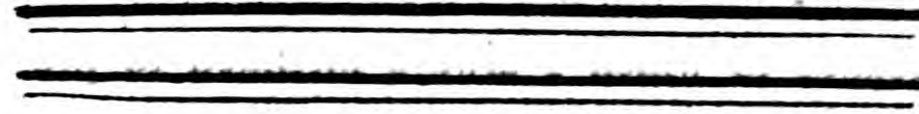
TRAGEDY.

*Sed frustra Leges & inania Jura tuenti
Scire mori Sors optima.*



Printed in the Year 1746.





T O
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS
T H E
Princess of W A L E S.

M A D A M,

A PRINCESS of the same Royal Blood to which you are so closely and so happily allyed, presumes to throw herself at the Feet of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS for Protection. The Character of that excellent Lady, as it is delivered down to us in History, is very near the same with the Picture I have endeavoured to draw of her: And if, in the poetical Coloring, I have aimed at heightening and improving some of the Features, it was only to make her more worthy of those illustrious
Hands

DEDICATION.

Hands to which I always intended to present her.

As the *British* Nation in general is infinitely indebted to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; so every particular Person amongst us ought to contribute, according to their several Capacities and Abilities, towards the discharging that public Obligation.

We are your Debtors, MADAM, for the Preference You gave us, in choosing to wear the *British* rather than the *Imperial* Crown; for giving the best Daughter to our KING, and the best Wife to our PRINCE. It is to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS we owe the Security that shall be delivered down to our Children's Children, by a most hopeful and beautiful, as well as a numerous Royal Issue. These are the Bonds of our Civil Duty: But YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has laid us under others yet more sacred and engaging; I mean, those of Religion. You are not only the Brightest Ornament, but the Patroness and Defender of our Holy Faith.

Nor is it *Britain* alone, but the World, but the present and all succeeding Ages, who shall

DEDICATION.

shall bless Your Royal Name, for the greatest Example that can be given of a disinterested Piety and unshaken Constancy.

This is what we may certainly reckon amongst the Benefits YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS has conferred upon us. Tho' at the same time, how partial soever we may be to ourselves, we ought not to believe you declined the First Crown of *Europe* in regard of *Britain* only. No, MADAM, it is in Justice to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS that we must confess, you had more excellent Motives for so great an Action as that was; since you did it in Obedience to the Dictates of Reason and Conscience, for the Sake of True Religion, and for the Honor of God. All things that are Great have been offered to You; and all things that are Good and Happy, as well in this World as a better, shall become the Reward of such exalted Virtue and Piety. The Blessings of our Nation, the Prayers of our Church, with the faithful Service of all good Men, shall wait upon YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS as long as you live. And whenever, for the Punishment

DEDICATION.

ment of this Land, you shall be taken from us, your Sacred Name shall be dear to Remembrance, and Almighty God, who alone is able, shall bestow upon you the Fulness of Recompence.

Amongst the several Offerings of Duty which are made to you here, be graciously pleased to accept of this unworthy Trifle; which is, with the greatest Respect and lowest Submission, presented to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, by,

MADAM,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted and

Most Faithful

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

*T*H^{O'} I have very little Inclination to write Prefaces before Works of this Nature, yet upon this particular Occasion, I cannot but think myself obliged to give some short Account of this Play, as well in justice to myself, as to a very learned and ingenious Gentleman, my Friend, who is dead. The Person I mean was Mr. Smith of Christ-Church, Oxon: One whose Character I could with great Pleasure enter into, if it was not already very well known to the World. As I had the Happiness to be intimately acquainted with him, he often told me that he designed writing a Tragedy upon the Story of the Lady Jane Gray; and if he had lived, I should never have thought of meddling with it myself. But as he died without doing it, in the beginning of the last Summer, I resolved to undertake it. And indeed, the Hopes I had of receiving some considerable Assistancess from the Papers he left behind him, were one of the principal Motives that induced me to go about it. These Papers were in the Hands of Mr. Duckett; to whom my Friend Mr. Thomas Burnet was so kind as to write, and procure them for me. The least Return I can make to those Gentlemen, is this public Acknowledgment of their great Civility on this Occasion. I must confess, before those Papers came to my hand, I had entirely formed the Design, or Fable of my own Play: And when I came to look them over, I found it was different from that which Mr. Smith intended; the Plan

P R E F A C E.

of his being drawn after that which is in Print of Mr. Banks; at least I thought so, by what I could pick out of his Papers. To say the Truth, I was a good deal surpris'd and disappointed at the Sight of them. I hoped to have met with great part of the Play written to my hand, or at least, the whole Design regularly drawn out. Instead of that, I found the Quantity of about two Quires of Paper written over in odd Pieces, blotted, interlined and confus'd. What was contained in them in general, was loose Hints of Sentiments, and short obscure Sketches of Scenes. But how they were to be applied, or in what order they were to be ranged, I could not by any Diligence of mine, (and I looked them very carefully over more than once) come to understand. One Scene there was, and one only, that seem'd pretty near perfect; in which Lord Guilford singly persuades the Lady Jane to take the Crown. From that I borrowed all that I could, and insert'd it in my own Third Act. But indeed the Manner and Turn of his Fable was so different from mine, that I could not take above five and twenty or thirty Lines at the most; and even in those I was oblig'd to make some Alteration. I should have been very glad to have come into a Partnership of Reputation with so fine a Writer as Mr. Smith was; but in Truth his Hints were so short and dark (many of them marked even in Shorthand) that they were of little Use or Service to me. They might have serv'd as Indexes to his own Memory, and he might have form'd a Play out of them; but I dare say, no body else could. In one part of his Design, he seems to differ from Mr. Banks, whose Tale he generally design'd to follow; since I observ'd in many of those short Sketches of Scenes, he had introduc'd Queen Mary. He seem'd to intend her Character pitiful and inclining to Mercy, but urg'd on

P R E F A C E.

to Cruelty by the Rage and bloody Dispositions of Bonner and Gardiner. This Hint I had likewise taken from the late Bishop of Salisbury's History of the Reformation; who lays, and I believe very justly, the horrible Cruelties that were acted at that time, rather to the Charge of that persecuting Spirit by which the Clergy were then animated, than to the Queen's own natural Disposition.

Many People believed, or at least said, that Mr. Smith left a Play very near intire behind him. All that I am sorry for, is, that it was not so in fact; I should have made no Scruple of taking three, four, or even the whole five Acts from him; but then I hope I should have had the Honesty to let the World know they were his, and not take another Man's Reputation to myself.

This is what I thought necessary to say, as well on my own Account, as in regard to the Memory of my Friend.

For the Play, such as it is, I leave it to prosper as it can; I have resolved never to trouble the World with any public Apologies for my Writings of this kind, as much as I have been provok'd to it. I shall turn this my youngest Child out into the World with no other Provision than a Saying which I remember to have seen before one of Mrs. Behn's:

Va! mon Enfant, prend ta Fortune.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

TO-Night the noblest Subject swells our Scene,
A Heroine, a Martyr, and a Queen;
And tho' the Poet dares not boast his Art,
The very Theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous Soul, and touch the tender Heart. }
To you, fair Judges, we the Cause submit;
Your Eyes shall tell us how the Tale is writ.
If your soft Pity waits upon our Woe,
If silent Tears for suff'ring Virtue flow;
Your Grief the Muses Labor shall confess,
The lively Passions, and the just Distress.
Oh! could our Author's Pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in Life, the beauteous Saint;
Boldly your strict Attention might we claim,
And bid you mark, and copy out the Dame.
No wand'ring Glance one wanton Thought confess'd,
No guilty Wish inflam'd her spotless Breast:
The only Love that warm'd her blooming Youth,
Was Husband, England, Liberty, and Truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a Hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful Land.
But thus the secret Laws of Fate ordain,
WILLIAM's great Hand was doom'd to break that Chain, }
And end the Hopes of Rome's tyrannic Reign.
For ever as the circling Years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the Hero's Urn;
To his just Care you ev'ry Blessing owe,
Which, or his own, or following Reigns bestow:

Tho'

P R O L O G U E.

*Tho' his hard Fate a Father's Name deny'd,
To you a Father, he that Loss supply'd.
Then while you view the royal Line's Increase,
And count the Pledges of your future Peace;
From this great Stock while still new Glories come,
Conquest abroad, and Liberty at home;
While you behold the Beautiful and Brave,
Bright Princesses to grace you, Kings to save,
Enjoy the Gift, but bless the Hand that gave.*

}

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DUKE of <i>Northumberland.</i>	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
Duke of <i>Suffolk.</i>	Mr. <i>Bowman.</i>
Lord <i>Guilford Dudley.</i>	Mr. <i>Booth.</i>
Earl of <i>Pembroke.</i>	Mr. <i>Elrington.</i>
Earl of <i>Suffex.</i>	Mr. <i>Ryan.</i>
<i>Gardiner</i> Bishop of <i>Winchester.</i>	Mr. <i>Cibber.</i>
Sir <i>John Gates.</i>	Mr. <i>Shepherd.</i>
Lieutenant of the <i>Tower.</i>	Mr. <i>Quin.</i>

W O M E N.

Duchess of <i>Suffolk.</i>	Mrs. <i>Porter.</i>
Lady <i>Jane Gray.</i>	Mrs. <i>Oldfield.</i>

Lords of the Council, Gentlemen, Guards, Women, and Attendants.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

Lady

Lady *JANE GRAY.*

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

The COURT.

*Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, Duke
of SUFFOLK, and Sir JOHN GATES.*

NORTHUMBERLAND.

TIS all in vain; Heav'n has requir'd its Pledge,
And he must die.

SUFFOLK.

Is there an honest Heart,
That loves our *England*, does not mourn for *Edward*?
The Genius of our Isle is shook with Sorrow,
He bows his venerable Head with Pain,
And labors with the Sickness of his Lord.
Religion melts in ev'ry holy Eye,
All comfortless, afflicted, and forlorn
She sits on Earth, and weeps upon her Cross;
Weary of Man and his detested Ways,
Ev'n now she seems to meditate her Flight,
And waft her Angel to the Thrones above.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ay, there, my Lord, you touch our heaviest Loss,
With him our holy Faith is doom'd to suffer;

With him our Church shall veil her sacred Front,
 That late from Heaps of *Gothic* Ruins rose,
 In her first native simple Majesty;
 The Toil of Saints, and Price of Martyrs Blood,
 Shall fail with *Edward*, and again *old Rome*
 Shall spread her Banners; and her Monkish Host,
 Pride, Ignorance, and Rapine shall return;
 Blind bloody Zeal and cruel Priestly Pow'r,
 Shall scourge the Land for ten dark Ages more.

G A T E S.

Is there no Help in all the healing Art,
 No Potent Juice or Drug to save a Life,
 So precious, and prevent a Nation's Fate?

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

What has been left untry'd that Art could do?
 The hoary wrinkled Leech has watch'd and toil'd,
 Try'd ev'ry Health-restoring Herb and Gum,
 And weary'd out his painful Skill in vain.
 Close like a Dragon folded in his Den,
 Some secret Venom preys upon his Heart;
 A stubborn and unconquerable Flame
 Creeps in his Veins, and drinks the Streams of Life;
 His youthful Sinews are unstrung, cold Sweats,
 And deadly Paleness sit upon his Visage,
 And ev'ry Gasp we look shall be his last.

G A T E S.

Doubt not, your Graces, but the Popish Faction
 Will at this Juncture urge their utmost Force.
 All on the Princess *Mary* turn their Eyes,
 Well hoping she shall build again their Altars,
 And bring their Idol-Worship back in Triumph.

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

Good Heav'n ordain some better Fate for *England*!

S U F F O L K.

What better can we hope, if she should reign?
 I know her well, a blinded Zealot is she,
 A gloomy Nature, sullen and severe,
 Nurtur'd by proud presuming *Romish* Priests,
 Taught to believe they only cannot err,

Because

Because they cannot err ; bred up in Scorn
 Of Reason, and the whole Lay-World ; instructed
 To hate whoe'er dissent from what they teach,
 To purge the World from Heresy by Blood,
 To massacre a Nation, and believe it
 An Act well-pleasing to the Lord of Mercy.
 These are thy Gods, Oh *Rome!* and this thy Faith.

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

And shall we tamely yield ourselves to Bondage?
 Bow down before these holy Purple Tyrants,
 And bid 'em tread upon our slavish Necks?
 No; let this faithful free-born *English* Hand
 First dig my Grave in Liberty and Honor;
 And tho' I found but one more thus resolv'd,
 That honest man and I would die together.

S U F F O L K.

Doubt not, there are ten thousand, and ten thousand
 To own a Cause so just.

G A T E S.

The List I gave
 Into your Grace's Hand last Night, declares
 My Pow'r and Friends at full. (*To Northumb.*)

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

Be it your Care,
 Good Sir *John Gates*, to see your Friends appointed,
 And ready for the Occasion. Haste this Instant,
 Lose not a Moment's Time.

G A T E S.

I go, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

N O R T H U M B E R L A N D.

Your Grace's princely Daughter, Lady JANE,
 Is she yet come to Court?

S U F F O L K.

Not yet arriv'd,
 But with the soonest I expect her here.
 I know her Duty to the dying King,
 Join'd with my strict Commands to hasten hither,
 Will bring her on the Wing.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Beseech your Grace,
To speed another Messenger to press her ;
For on her happy Presence all our Counsels
Depend, and take their Fate.

SUFFOLK.

Upon the Instant
Your Grace shall be obeyed. I go to summon her.

Exit. Suffolk.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What trivial Influences hold Dominion
O'er wise Mens Counsels, and the Fate of Empire ?
The greatest Schemes that human Wit can forge,
Or bold Ambition dares to put in practice,
Depend upon our husbanding a Moment,
And the light lasting of a Woman's Will ;
As if the Lord of Nature shou'd delight
To hang this pond'rous Globe upon a Hair,
And bid it dance before a Breath of Wind.
She must be here, and lodg'd in *Guilford's* Arms,
Ere *Edward* dies, or all we've done is marr'd.
Ha! *Pembroke!* that's a Bar which thwarts my Way ;
His fiery Temper brooks not Opposition,
And must be met with soft and supple Arts,
With crouching courtesy. and honey'd Words,
Such as assuage the Fierce, and bend the Strong,

Enter the Earl of PEMBROKE.

Good-morrow, noble *Pembroke*, we have staid
The Meeting of the Council for your Presence.

PEMBROKE.

For mine, my Lord! You mock your Servant sure,
To say that I am wanted, where yourself,
The great *Alcides* of our State, is present ;
Whatever Dangers menace Prince or People ;
Our great *Northumberland* is arm'd to meet 'em ;
The ablest Head, and firmest Heart you bear,
Nor need a Second in the glorious Task ;
Equal yourself to all the Toils of Empire.

NORTHUM-

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No ; as I honor Virtue, I have try'd,
And know my Strength too well ; nor can the Voice
Of friendly Flattery, like yours, deceive me.
I know my Temper liable to Passions,
And all the Frailties common to our Nature ;
Blind to Events, too easy of Persuasion,
And often, too, too often, have I err'd.
Much therefore have I need of some good Man,
Some wise and honest Heart, whose friendly Aid
Might guide my treading thro' our present Dangers ;
And by the Honor of my Name I swear,
I know not one of all our *English* Peers,
Whom I would choose for that best Friend, like *Pembroke*.

P E M B R O K E.

What shall I answer to a Trust so noble,
This Prodigality of Praise and Honor ?
Were not your Grace too generous of Soul,
To speak a Language differing from your Heart,
How might I think you could not mean this Goodness
To one, whom his Ill-Fortune has ordain'd
The Rival of your Son,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

No more ! I scorn a Thought
So much below the Dignity of Virtue.
'Tis true, I look on *Guilford* like a Father,
Lean to his Side, and see but half his Failings :
But on a Point like this, when equal Merit
Stands forth to make its bold Appeal to Honor,
And calls to have the Balance held in Justice ;
Away with all the Fondnesses of Nature !
I judge of *Pembroke* and my Son alike.

P E M B R O K E.

I ask no more to bind me to your Service.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Realm is now at hazard, and bold Factions
Threaten Change, Tumult, and disastrous Days.

These Fears drive out the gentler Thoughts of Joy,
 Of Courtship, and of Love. Grant, Heav'n, the State
 To fix in Peace and Safety once again ;
 Then speak your Passion to the princely Maid,
 And fair Success attend you. For myself,
 My Voice shall go as far for you, my Lord,
 As for my Son, and Beauty be the Umpire.
 But now a heavier Matter calls upon us :
 The King with Life just lab'ring ; and I fear,
 The Council grow impatient at our Stay.

P E M B R O K E.

One Moment's Pause, and I attend your Grace.

[Exit Northumb.]

Old *Winchester* cries to me oft, Beware
 Of proud *Northumberland*. The testy Prelate,
 Froward with Age, with disappointed Hopes,
 And zealous for old *Rome*, rails on the Duke,
 Suspecting him to favor the new Teachers :
 Yet ev'n in that, if I judge right, he errs.
 But were it so, what are these monkish Quarrels,
 These wordy Wars of proud ill-manner'd Schoolmen,
 To us and our Lay-Interest ? Let 'em rail
 And worry one another at their pleasure.
 This Duke, of late, by many worthy Officers,
 Has sought my Friendship, and yet more, his Son
 The noblest Youth our *England* has to boast of,
 The gentlest Nature and the bravest Spirit,
 Has made me long the Partner of his Breast.
 Nay, when he found, in spite of the Resistance
 My struggling Heart had made, to do him Justice,
 That I was grown his Rival ; he strove hard,
 And would not turn me forth from out his Bosom,
 But call'd me still his Friend. And see ! he comes.

Enter Lord GUILFORD.

Oh, *Guilford*, just as thou wert ent'ring here,
 My Thought was running all thy Virtues o'er,
 And wond'ring how thy Soul could choose a Partner
 So much unlike itself.

G U I L-

GUILFORD.

How cou'd my Tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy Praise!
How could I speak thy Nobleness of Nature,
Thy open manly Heart, thy Courage, Constancy,
And in-born Truth unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the Man in whom my Soul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

PEMBROKE.

Oh! gen'rous Youth!
What can a Heart, stubborn and fierce, like mine,
Return to all thy Sweetness?—Yet I wou'd,
I wou'd be grateful.—Oh, my cruel Fortune!
Wou'd I had never seen her, never cast
Mine Eyes on *Suffolk's* Daughter!

GUILFORD.

So wou'd I;
Since 'twas my Fate to see and love her first.

PEMBROKE.

Oh! Why shou'd she, that universal Goodness,
Like Light, a common Blessing to the World,
Rise like a Comet fatal to our Friendship,
And threaten it with Ruin?

GUILFORD.

Heaven forbid!
But tell me, *Pembroke*, Is it not in Virtue
To arm against this proud imperious Passion?
Does holy Friendship dwell so near to Envy.
She could not bear to see another happy,
If blind mistaken Chance, and partial Beauty
Should join to favor *Guilford*?—

PEMBROKE.

Name it not,
My fiery Spirits kindle at the Thought,
And hurry me to Rage.

GUILFORD.

And yet I think
I shou'd not murmur, were thy Lot to prosper,

And

And mine to be refus'd. Tho' sure the Loss
Would wound me to the Heart.

P E M B R O K E.

Ha! Could'st thou bear it?

And yet perhaps thou might'st: Thy gentle Temper
Is form'd with Passions mix'd in due Proportion,
Where no one over-bears nor plays the Tyrant,
But join in Nature's Business and thy Happiness:
While mine disdain'g Reason and her Laws,
Like all thou canst imagine wild and furious,
Now drive me headlong on, now whirl me Back,
And hurry my unstable sitting Soul
To ev'ry mad Extreme. Then pity me.
And let my Weakness stand.——

Enter Sir JOHN GATES.

G A T E S.

The Lords of Council.

Wait with Impatience.——

P E M B R O K E.

I attend their Pleasure.

This only, and no more then. Whatsoever
Fortune decrees, still let us call to mind
Our Friendship and our Honor. And since Love
Condemns us to be Rivals for one Prize,
Let us contend, as Friends and brave men ought,
With Openness and Justice to each other;
That he who wins the Fair-One to his Arms,
May take her as the Crown of great Desert:
And if the wretched Loser does repine,
His own Heart and the World may all condemn him.

[*Exit* Pembroke.]

G U I L F O R D.

How cross the Ways of Life lie! While we think
We travel on direct in one high Road,
And have our Journey's End oppos'd in View;
A thousand thwarting Paths break in upon us,
To puzzle and perplex our wand'ring Steps,
Love, Friendship, Hatred, in their turns mislead us,

And

And ev'ry Passion has its separate Interest.
 Where is that piercing Foresight can unfold
 Where all this mazy Error will have end,
 And tell the Doom reserv'd for me and *Pembroke*?
 There is but one End certain, that is---Death:
 Yet ev'n that Certainty is still uncertain.
 For of these several Tracks which lie before us,
 We know that one leads certainly to Death,
 But know not which that one is. 'Tis in vain,
 'Tis blind Divining; let me think no more on't:
 And see the Mistress of our Fate appear!

Enter Lady JANE GRAY. Attendants.

Hail, princely Maid! who with auspicious Beauty
 Cheer'st ev'ry drooping Heart in this sad Place,
 Who, like the silver Regent of the Night,
 Lift'st up thy sacred Beams upon the Land,
 To bid the Gloom look gay, dispel our Horrors,
 And make us less lament the setting Sun.

Lady JANE.

Yes, *Guilford*; well dost thou compare my Presence
 To the faint Comfort of the waning Moon:
 Like her cold Orb, a cheerless Gleam I bring,
 Silence and Heaviness of Heart, with Dews
 To dress the Face of Nature all in Tears.
 But say, how fares the King?

GUILFORD.

He lives as yet,
 But ev'ry Moment cuts away a Hope,
 Adds to our Fears, and gives the Infant Saint
 Great Prospect of his opening Heaven.

Lady JANE.

Descend ye Choirs of Angels to receive him,
 Tune your melodious Harps to some high Strain,
 And waft him upwards with a Song of Triumph:
 A purer Soul and one more like yourselves,
 Ne'er entered at the golden Gates of Bliss.
 Oh, *Guilford*! what remains for wretched *England*,
 When

When he, our Guardian-Angel, shall forsake us?
 For whose dear sake, Heav'n spar'd a guilty Land,
 And scatter'd not its Plagues while *Edward* reign'd.

G U I L F O R D.

I own my Heart bleeds inward at the Thought,
 And rising Horrors crowd the opening Scene,
 And yet, forgive me, thou, my native Country,
 Thou Land of Liberty, thou Nurse of Heroes;
 Forgive me, if in spite of all thy Dangers,
 New Springs of Pleasure flow within my Bosom,
 When thus 'tis giv'n me to behold those Eyes,
 Thus gaze and wonder how excelling Nature
 Can give each Day new Patterns of her Skill,
 And yet at once surpass 'em.

Lady J A N E.

Oh, vain Flattery!

Harsh and ill-sounding ever to my Ear;
 But on a Day like this, the Raven's Note
 Strikes on my Sense more sweetly. But, no more,
 I charge thee touch th' ungrateful Theme no more;
 Lead me to pay my Duty to the King,
 To wet his pale cold Hand with these last Tears,
 And share the Blessings of his parting Breath.

G U I L F O R D.

Were I like dying *Edward*, sure a Touch
 Of this dear Hand would kindle Life a-new.
 But I obey, I dread that gath'ring Frown;
 And Oh! when'er my Bosom swells with Passion,
 And my full Heart is pain'd with ardent Love,
 Allow me but to look on you, and sigh;
 'Tis all the humble Joy that *Guilford* asks.

Lady J A N E.

Still wilt thou frame thy Speech to this vain Purpose,
 When the wan King of Terrors stalks before us,
 When universal Ruin gathers round,
 And no Escape is left us? Are we not
 Like Wretches in a Storm, whom ev'ry Moment
 The greedy Deep is gaping to devour?

Around

Around us see the pale despairing Crew,
~~Wring their sad Hands, and give their Labor o'er ;~~
The Hope of Life has ev'ry Heart forsook,
And Horror sits on each distracted Look ;
One solemn Thought of Death does all employ,
And cancels, like a Dream, Delight and Joy ;
One Sorrow streams from all their weeping Eyes,
And one consenting Voice for Mercy cries :
Trembling they dread just Heav'n's avenging Power,
Mourn their past Lives, and wait the fatal Hour.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

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

 S C E N E *continues.*

Enter the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

YET then be chear'd my Heart amidst thy Mourning,
 Tho' Fate hang heavy o'er us, tho' pale Fear
 And wild Distraction sit on ev'ry Face;
 Tho' never Day of Grief was known like this,
 Let me rejoice, and bless the hallow'd Light,
 Whose Beams auspicious shine upon our Union,
 And bid me call the noble *Suffolk* Brother.

S U F F O L K.

I know not what my secret Soul presages,
 But something seems to whisper me within,
 That we have been too hasty. For myself,
 I wish this Matter had been yet delay'd;
 That we had waited some more blessed Time,
 Some better Day with happier Omens hallow'd,
 For Love to kindle up his holy Flame.
 But you, my noble Brother, wou'd prevail,
 And I have yielded to you.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Doubt not any thing;
 Nor hold the Hour unlucky, that good Heav'n,
 Who softens the Corrections of his Hand,
 And mixes still a Comfort with Afflictions,
 Has giv'n to-day a Blessing in our Children,
 To wipe away our Tears for dying *Edward*.

S U F-

SUFFOLK.

In that I trust. Good Angels be our Guard,
And make my Fears prove vain. But see! my Wife!
With her, your Son, the gen'rous *Guilford* comes;
She has inform'd him of our present Purpose.

Enter the Dutchess of SUFFOLK, and Lord GUILFORD,

GUILFORD.

How shall I speak the Fulness of my Heart?
What shall I say, to bless you for this Goodness?
Oh! gracious Princess! But my Life is yours,
And all the Business of my Years to come,
Is, to attend with humblest Duty on you,
And pay my vow'd Obedience at your Feet.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK.

Yes noble Youth, I share in all thy Joys,
In all the Joys which this sad Day can give.
The dear Delight I have to call thee Son,
Comes like a Cordial to my drooping Spirits;
It broods with gentle Warmth upon my Bosom,
And melts that Frost of Death which hung about me.
But haste! Inform my Daughter of our Pleasure;
Let thy Tongue put on all its pleasing Eloquence,
Instruct thy Love to speak of Comfort to her,
'To sooth her Grievs, and cheer the mourning Maid.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

All desolate and drown'd in flowing Tears,
By *Edward's* Bed the pious Princess sits;
Fast from her lifted Eyes the pearly Drops
Fall trickling o'er her Cheek, while holy Ardor
And fervent Zeal pour forth her lab'ring Soul;
And ev'ry Sigh is wing'd with Pray'rs so potent,
As strive with Heav'n to save her dying Lord.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK.

From the first early Days of Infant Life,
A gentle Band of Friendship grew betwixt 'em;
And while our Uncle *Henry* reign'd,
As Brother and as Sister bred together,
Beneath one common Parent's care they liv'd,

NORTHUM-

Lady JANE GRAY.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

A wondrous Sympathy of Souls conspir'd
 To form the sacred Union. Lady JANE,
 Of all his royal Blood was still the dearest:
 In ev'ry innocent Delight they shar'd,
 They sung, and danc'd, and sat, and walk'd together;
 Nay, in the graver Business of his Youth,
 When Books and Learning call'd him from his Sports,
 Ev'n there the Princely Maid was his Companion.
 She left the shining Court to share his Toil,
 To turn with him the grave Historian's Page,
 And taste the Rapture of the Poet's Song;
 To search the *Latin* and the *Grecian* Stores,
 And wonder at the mighty Minds of old.

Enter Lady JANE GRAY, weeping.

Lady JANE.

Wo't thou not break, my Heart!

SUFFOLK.

Alas! What mean'st thou?

GUILFORD.

Oh, speak!

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

How fares the King?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Say, is he dead?

Lady JANE.

The Saints and Angels have him.

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

When I left him,

He seem'd a little chear'd, just as you enter'd——

Lady JANE.

As I approach'd to kneel and pay my Duty,
 He rais'd his feeble Eyes, and faintly smiling,
 Are you then come? he cry'd: I only liv'd,
 To bid farewell to thee, my gentle Cousin,
 To speak a few short Words to thee, and die.
 With that he prest my Hand, and Oh!——he said,
 When I am gone, do thou be good to *England*;

Keep

Keep to that Faith in which we both were bred,
 And to the End be constant. More I wou'd,
 But cannot.---There his falt'ring Spirits fail'd,
 And turning ev'ry Thought from Earth at once,
 To that blest Place where all his Hopes were fix'd,
 Earnest he pray'd;---Merciful, great Defender!
 Preserve thy holy Altars undefil'd,
 Protect this Land from bloody Men and Idols,
 Save my poor People from the Yoke of *Rome*,
 And take thy painful Servant to thy Mercy.
 Then sinking on his Pillow, with a Sigh,
 He breath'd his innocent and faithful Soul
 Into his Hands who gave it.

GUILFORD.

Crowns of Glory,
 Such as the brightest Angels wear, be on him;
 Peace guard his Ashes here, and Paradise
 With all its endless Blis be open to him.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Our Grief be on his Grave. Our present Duty
 Enjoins to see his last Commands obey'd.
 I hold it fit his Death be not made known
 To any but our Friends. To-morrow early
 The Council shall assemble at the *Tower*,
 Mean while, I beg your Grace wou'd strait inform

[*To the Dutchess of Suffolk.*

Your Princely Daughter of our Resolution;
 Our common Int'rest in that happy Tie,
 Demands our swiftest Care to see it finish'd.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK.

My Lord, you have determin'd well. Lord *Guilford*,
 Be it your Task to speak at large our Purpose.
 Daughter, receive this Lord as one whom I,
 Your Father, and his own, ordain your Husband:
 What more concerns our Will, and your Obedience,
 We leave you to receive from him at leisure.

[*Exeunt Duke and Dutchess of Suffolk,
 and Duke of Northumberland.*

GUIL-

GUILFORD.

Wo't thou not spare a Moment from thy Sorrows,
 And bid these bubbling Streams forbear to flow ?
 Wo't thou not give one Interval to Joy,
 One little Pause, while humbly I unfold
 The happiest Tale my Tongue was ever blest with ?

Lady JANE.

My Heart is cold within me, ev'ry Sense
 Is dead to Joy ; but I will hear thee, *Guilford*,
 Nay, I must hear thee, such is her Command,
 Whom early Duty taught me still t' obey.
 But Oh ! forgive me, if to all thy Story,
 Tho' Eloquence Divine attend thy speaking,
 Tho' ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace do crown thee ;
 Forgive me, if I cannot better answer,
 Than weeping---thus, and thus-----

GUILFORD.

If I offend thee,

Let me be dumb for ever ; let not Life
 Inform these breathing Organs of my Voice,
 If any Sound from me disturb thy Quiet.
 What is my Peace or Happiness to thine ?
 No ; tho' our noble Parents had decreed,
 And urg'd high Reasons which import the State,
 This Night to give thee to my faithful Arms,
 My fairest Bride, my only earthly Bliss.-----

Lady JANE.

How ! *Guilford* ! on this Night

GUILFORD.

This happy Night.

Yet if thou art resolv'd to cross my Fate,
 If this my utmost Wish shall give thee Pain,
 Now rather let the Stroke of Death fall on me,
 And stretch me out a lifeless Corse before thee :
 Let me be swept away with Things forgotten,
 Be huddled up in some obscure blind Grave,
 Ere thou should'st say my Love has made thee wretched,
 Or drop one single Tear for *Guilford's* sake.

Lady

Lady JANE.

Alas! I have too much of Death already,
And want not thine to furnish out new Horror.
Oh! Dreadful Thought! If thou wert dead indeed,
What Hope were left me then? Yes, I will own,
Spite of the Blush that burns my maiden Cheek,
My Heart has fondly lean'd toward thee long:
Thy Sweetness, Virtue, and unblemish'd Youth,
Have won a Place for thee within my Bosom:
And if my Eyes look coldly on thee now,
And shun thy Love on this disastrous Day,
It is because I wou'd not deal so hardly,
To give thee Sighs for all thy faithful Vows,
And pay thy Tenderness with nought but tears.
And yet 'tis all I have.

GUILFORD.

I ask no more;

Let me but call thee mine, confirm that Hope,
To charm the Doubts which vex my anxious Soul;
For all the rest, do thou allot it for me,
And at thy pleasure portion out my Blessings,
My Eyes shall learn to smile or weep from thine,
Nor will I think of Joy while thou art sad,
Nay, could'st thou be so cruel to command it,
I will forgo a Bridegroom's sacred Right,
And sleep far from thee, on th' unwholsom Earth,
Where Damps arise, and whistling Winds blow loud.
Then, when the Day returns, come drooping to thee,
My Locks still drizzling with the Dews of Night,
And cheer my Heart with thee as with the Morning.

Lady JANE.

Say, Wo't thou consecrate the Night to Sorrow,
And give up ev'ry Sense to solemn Sadness?
Wo't thou, in watching, waste the tedious Hours,
Sit silently and careful by my Side,
List to the tolling Clocks, the Cricket's Cry,
And ev'ry melancholy Midnight Noise?
Say, Wo't thou banish Pleasure and Delight?
Wo't thou forget that ever we have lov'd,

And

And only now and then let fall a Tear,
To mourn for *Edward's* Loss, and *England's* Fate †

G U I L F O R D.

Unweary'd still I will attend thy Woes,
And be a very faithful Partner to thee.
Near thee I will complain in Sighs as numberless,
As Murmurs breathing in the leafy Grove :
My Eyes shall mix their falling Drops with thine,
Constant, as never-ceasing Waters roll,
That purl and gurgle o'er their Sands for ever.
The sun shall see my Grief, thro' all his Course ;
And when Night comes, sad *Philomel*, who plains
From starry Vesper to the rosy Dawn,
Shall cease to tune her lamentable Song,
Ere I give o'er to weep and mourn with thee.

Lady J A N E.

Here then I take thee to my Heart for ever,

[Giving her Hand.

The dear Companion of my future Days ;
Whatever Providence allots for each,
Be that the common Portion of us both :
Share all the Grievs of thy unhappy JANE ;
But if good Heav'n has any Joy in store,
Let that be all thy own.

G U I L F O R D.

Thou wondrous Goodness !

Heav'n gives too much at once in giving thee.
And by the common Course of things below,
Where each Delight is temper'd with Affliction,
Some evil terrible and unforeseen
Must sure ensue, to poise the Scale against
This vast profusion of exceeding Pleasure.
But be it so, let it be Death and Ruin,
On any Terms I take thee.

Lady J A N E.

Trust our Fate

To him whose gracious Wisdom guides our Ways,
And makes what we think Evil turn to Good.

Permit

Permit me now to leave thee and retire ;
 I'll summon all my Reason and my Duty,
 To sooth this Storm within, and frame my Heart
 To yield Obedience to my noble Parents.

GUILFORD.

Good Angels minister their Comforts to thee.
 And, Oh ! If as my fond Belief wou'd hope,
 If any Word of mine be gracious to thee,
 I beg thee, I conjure thee, drive away
 Those murderous Thoughts of Grief that kill thy Quiet,
 Restore thy gentle Bosom's native Peace,
 Lift up the Light of Gladness in thy Eyes,
 And cheer my Heaviness with one dear Smile.

Lady JANE.

Yes, *Guilford*, I will study to forget
 All that the Royal *Edward* has been to me,
 How we have lov'd, ev'n from our very Cradles.
 My private Loss no longer will I mourn,
 But ev'ry tender Thought to thee shall turn :
 With Patience I'll submit to Heav'n's Decree,
 And what I lost in *Edward*, find in thee.
 But Oh ! when I revolve what Ruins wait
 Our sinking Altars, and the falling State :
 When I consider what my Native Land
 Expected from her pious Sovereign's Hand ;
 How form'd he was to save her from Distress,
 A King to govern, and a Saint to bless :
 New Sorrow to my lab'ring Breast succeeds,
 And my whole Heart for wretched *England* bleeds.

[Exit.

GUILFORD.

My Heart sinks in me at her soft complaining,
 And ev'ry moving Accent that she breathes,
 Resolves my Courage, slackens my tough Nerves,
 And melts me down to Infancy and Tears.
 My Fancy palls, and takes distaste at Pleasure ;
 My Soul grows out of Tune, it loaths the World,
 Sickness at all the Noise and Folly of it ;

And I could sit me down in some dull Shade,
Where lonely Contemplation keeps her Cave,
And dwells with hoary Hermits; there forget myself,
There fix my stupid Eyes upon the Earth,
And muse away an Age in deepest Melancholy.

Enter P E M B R O K E.

P E M B R O K E.

Edward is dead; so said the Great *Northumberland*,
As now he shot along by me in haste;
He press'd my Hand, and in a Whisper begg'd me
To guard the Secret carefully as Life,
Till some few Hours shou'd pass; for much hung on it.
Much may indeed hang on it. See my *Guilford!*
My Friend! [Speaking to him.]

G U I L F O R D.

Ha! *Pembroke!*

[Starting.]

P E M B R O K E.

Wherefore dost thou start?

Why fits that wild Disorder on thy Visage,
Somewhat that looks like Passions strange to thee.
The Paleness of Surprize and ghastly Fear?
Since I have known thee first, and call'd thee Friend,
I never saw thee so unlike thyself,
So chang'd upon a sudden.

G U I L F O R D.

How! so chang'd!

P E M B R O K E.

So to my Eye thou seem'st.

G U I L F O R D.

The King is dead.

P E M B R O K E.

I learn'd it from thy Father,
Just as he enter'd here. But say, Cou'd that,
A Fate which ev'ry Moment we expected,
Distract thy Thought, or shock thy Temper thus?

G U I L F O R D.

Oh! *Pembroke!* 'Tis in vain to hide from thee
For thou hast look'd into my artless Bosom,

And

And seen at once the hurry of my Soul,
'Tis true, thy coming struck me with Surprize,
I have a Thought——But wherefore said I One?
I have a thousand Thoughts all up in Arms,
Like pop'lous Towns disturb'd at Dead of Night,
That mix'd in darkness, bustle to and fro,
As if their Business were to make Confusion.

P E M B R O K E.

Then sure our better Angels call'd me hither;
For this is Friendship's Hour, and Friendship's Office,
To come when Council and when Help is wanting,
To share the Pain of ev'ry gnawing Care,
To speak of Comfort in the Time of Trouble,
To reach a Hand, and save thee from Adversity.

G U I L F O R D.

And wo't thou be a Friend to me indeed?
And while I lay my Bosom bare before thee,
Wo't thou deal tenderly, and let thy Hand
Pass gently over ev'ry painful Part?
Wo't thou with Patience hear, and judge with Temper?
And if perchance thou meet with somewhat harsh,
Somewhat to rouse thy Rage, and grate thy Soul,
Wo't thou be Master of thyself, and bear it?

P E M B R O K E.

Away with all this needless Preparation!
Thou know'st thou art so dear, so sacred to me,
That I can never think thee an Offender.
If it were so, that I indeed must judge thee,
I shou'd take part with thee against myself,
And call thy Fault a Virtue.

G U I L F O R D.

But suppose

The Thought were somewhat that concern'd our Love.

P E M B R O K E.

No more; thou know'st we spoke of that to-day,
And on what Terms we left it. 'Tis a Subject,
Of which, if possible, I wou'd not think:
I beg that we may mention it no more.

196° *Lady JANE GRAY.*

GUILFORD.

Can we not speak of it with Temper?

PEMBROKE.

No.

Thou know'st I cannot. Therefore, pry'thee spare it.

GUILFORD.

Oh! Cou'd the Secret, I wou'd tell thee, sleep,
And the World never know it, my fond Tongue
Shou'd cease from speaking, ere I wou'd unfold it,
Or vex thy Peace with an officious Tale.

But since, howe'er ungrateful to thy Ear,
It must be told thee once, hear it from me.

PEMBROKE.

Speak then, and ease the Doubts that shock my Soul.

GUILFORD.

Suppose thy *Guilford's* better Stars prevail,
And crown his Love——

PEMBROKE.

Say not suppose: 'Tis done,

Seek not for vain Excuse, or soft'ning Words;
Thou hast prevaricated with thy Friend,
By under-hand Contrivances undone me;
And while my open Nature trusted in thee,
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my Hopes,
And ravish'd from me all my Soul held dear.
Thou hast betray'd me——

GUILFORD.

How! betray'd thee, *Pembroke*?

PEMBROKE.

Yes, falsely, like a Traitor.

GUILFORD.

Have a care.

PEMBROKE.

But think not I will bear the foul Play from thee;
There was but this which I cou'd ne'er forgive.
My Soul is up in Arms, my injur'd Honor,
Impatient of the Wrong, calls for Revenge;
And tho' I love thee---fondly——

GUIL-

GUILFORD.

Hear me yet,
And *Pembroke* shall acquit me to himself.
Hear, while I tell how Fortune dealt between us,
And gave the yielding Beauty to my Arms——

P E M B R O K E.

What, hear it! stand and listen to thy Triumph!
Thou think'st me tame indeed. No hold, I charge thee,
Lest I forget that ever we were Friends,
Lest in the Rage of disappointed Love,
I rush at once and tear thee for thy Falshood.

G U I L F O R D.

Thou warn'st me well; and I were rash, as thou art,
To trust the secret Sum of all my Happiness,
With one not Master of himself. Farewel. [Going.

P E M B R O K E.

Ha! art thou going? think not thus to part,
Nor leave me on the Rack of this Uncertainty.

G U I L F O R D.

What would'st thou further?

P E M B R O K E.

Tell it to me all;
Say, thou art marry'd, say thou hast possess'd her,
And rioted in vast Excess of Blifs;
That I may curse myself, and thee and her.
Come, tell me how thou didst supplant thy Friend?
How didst thou look with that betraying Face,
And smiling, plot my Ruin?

G U I L F O R D.

Give me way.

When thou art better temper'd, I may tell thee,
And vindicate at full my Love and Friendship.

P E M B R O K E.

And dost thou hope to shun me then, thou Traitor?
No, I will have it now, this Moment from thee,
Or drag the Secret out from thy false Heart.

G U I L F O R D.

Away, thou Madman! I would talk to Winds,
And reason with the rude tempestuous Surge,

198 *Lady JANE GRAY.*

Sooner than hold Discourse with Rage like thine.

P E M B R O K E.

Tell it, or by my injur'd Love I swear,

[Laying his Hand upon his Sword.

I'll stab the lurking Treason in thy Heart.

G U I L F O R D.

Ha ! Stay thee there ; nor let thy frantic Hand

[Stopping him.

Unsheath thy Weapon. If the Sword be drawn,

If once we met on Terms like those, farewell

To ev'ry Thought of Friendship ; one must fall.

P E M B R O K E.

Curse on thy Friendship, I wou'd break the Band.

G U I L F O R D.

That as you please---Beside, this Place is sacred,

And wo't be profan'd with Brawls and Outrage.

You know, I dare be found on any Summons.

P E M B R O K E.

'Tis well. My Vengeance shall not loiter long.

Henceforward let the Thoughts of our past Lives

Be turn'd to deadly and remorseless Hate,

Here I give up the empty Name of Friend,

Renounce all Gentleness, all Commerce with thee,

To Death defy thee as my mortal Foe ;

And when we meet again, may swift Destruction

Rid me of thee, or tid me of myself. *[Exit Pembroke.*

G U I L F O R D.

The Fate I ever fear'd, is fall'n upon me ;

And long ago my boding Heart divin'd

A Breach, like this, from his ungovern'd Rage.

Oh, *Pembroke!* thou hast done me much Injustice,

For I have borne thee true unfeign'd Affection ;

'Tis past, and thou art lost to me for ever.

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest Blifs ;

Since ev'ry other Joy, how dear soever,

Gives way to that, and we leave all for Love.

At the imperious Tyrant's lordly Call,

In spite of Reason and Restraint we come,

Leave

Lady JANE GRAY. 199

Leave Kindred, Parents, and our native Home.
The trembling Maid, with all her Fears, he charms,
And pulls her from her weeping Mother's Arms:
He laughs at all our Leagues, and in proud Scorn
Commands the Bands of Friendship to be torn:
Disdains a Partner should partake his Throne,
But reigns unbounded, lawless, and alone.

[*Exit.*

K 4

ACT

 A C T III. S C E N E I.
The T O W E R.*Enter* P E M B R O K E *and* G A R D I N E R.

G A R D I N E R.

NAY, by the Rood, my Lord, you were to blame,
 To let a hair-brain'd Passion be your Guide,
 And hurry you into such mad Extremes.
 Marry, you might have made much worthy Profit
 By patient hearing; the unthinking Lord
 Had brought forth ev'ry Secret of his Soul.
 Then when you were the Master of his Bosom,
 That were the time to use him with Contempt,
 And turn his Friendship back upon his Hands.

P E M B R O K E.

Thou talk'st as if a Madman could be wife.
 Oh, *Winchester!* thy hoary frozen Age
 Can never guess my Pain; can never know
 The burning Transports of untam'd Desire.
 I tell thee, rev'rend Lord, to that one Bliss,
 To the Enjoyment of that lovely Maid,
 As to their Centre, I had drawn each Hope,
 And ev'ry Wish my furious Soul cou'd form;
 Still with regard to that my Brain forethought,
 And fashion'd ev'ry Action of my Life.
 Then, to be robb'd at once, and unsuspecting,
 Be dash'd in all the Height of Expectation!
 It was not to be borne.

G A R D I N E R.

Have you not heard of what has happen'd since?

P E M-

P E M B R O K E.

I have not had a Minute's Peace of Mind,
A Moment's Pause, to rest from Rage, or think.

G A R D I N E R.

Learn it from me then : But ere I speak,
I warn you to be Master of yourself.
Though, as you know, they have confin'd me long,
Gra'mercy to their Goodness, Pris'ner here ;
Yet as I am allow'd to walk at large
Within the *Tower*, and hold free Speech with any,
I have not dreamt away my thoughtless Hours,
Without good Heed to these our righteous Rulers.
To prove this true, this Morn a trusty Spy
Has brought me Word, that yester Ev'ning late,
In spite of all the Grief for *Edward's* Death,
Your Friends were mrrry'd.

P E M B R O K E.

Marry'd! who?—Damnation!

G A R D I N E R.

Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and the Lady JANE.

P E M B R O K E.

Curse on my Stars!

G A R D I N E R.

Nay, in the Name of Grace,
Restrain this sinful Passion ; all's not lost
In this one single Woman.

P E M B R O K E.

I have lost
More than the Female World can give me back.
I had beheld ev'n her whole Sex, unmov'd,
Look'd o'er 'em like a Bed of gaudy Flowers,
That lift their painted Heads, and live a Day,
Then shed their trifling Glories unregarded :
My Heart disdain'd their Beauties, 'till she came,
With ev'ry Grace that Nature's Hand could give,
And with a Mind so great, it spoke its Essence
Immortal and Divine.

G A R D I N E R.

She was a Wonder ;
Detraction must allow that.

PEMBROKE.

The Virtues came,
Sorted in gentle Fellowship, to crown her,
As if they meant to mend each other's Work.
Candor with Goodness, Fortitude with Sweetness,
Strict Piety, and Love of Truth, with Learning,
More than the Schools of *Athens* ever knew,
Or her own *Plato* taught. A Wonder! *Winchester!*
Thou know'st not what she was, nor can I speak her,
More than to say, She was that only Blessing
My Soul was set upon, and I have lost her.

GARDINER.

Your State is not so bad as you wou'd make it;
Nor need you thus abandon ev'ry Hope.

PEMBROKE.

Ha! wo't thou save me, snatch me from Despair,
And bid me live again?

GARDINER.

She may be yours.

Suppose her Husband die.

PEMBROKE.

O vain, vain Hope!

GARDINER.

Marry, I do not hold that hope so vain.
These Gospellers have had their golden Days,
And lorded it at Will; with proud Despise,
Have troden down our holy *Roman* Faith,
Ransack'd our Shrines, and driv'n her Saints to Exile.
But if my Divination fail me not,
Their haughty Hearts shall be abas'd ere long,
And feel the Vengeance of our *Mary's* Reign.

PEMBROKE.

And would'st thou have my fierce Impatience stay?
Bid me lie bound upon a Rack, and wait
For distant Joys, whole Ages yet behind?
Can Love attend on Politicians Schemes,
Expect the slow Events of cautious Counsels,
Cold unresolving Heads, and creeping Time?

G A R-

GARDINER.

To-day, or I am ill-inform'd *Northumberland*,
 With easy *Suffolk*, *Guilford*, and the rest,
 Meet here in Council on some deep Design,
 Some traiterous Contrivance, to protect
 Their upstart Faith from near approaching Ruin.
 But there are Punishments——Halters and Axes
 For Traitors, and consuming Flames for Heretics.
 The happy Bridegroom may be yet cut short,
 Ev'n in his highest Hope.——But go not you;
 Howe'er the fawning Sire, old *Dudley*, court you;
 No, by the holy Rood, I charge you, mix not
 With their pernicious Counsels——Mischief waits 'em,
 Sure, certain, unavoidable Destruction.

PEMBROKE.

Ha! join with them! the cursed *Dudley's* Race!
 Who, while they held me in their Arms, betray'd me;
 Scorn'd me for not suspecting they were Villains,
 And make a mock'ry of my easy Friendship.
 No, when I do, Dishonor be my Portion,
 And swift Perdition catch me;——Join with them!

GARDINER.

I wou'd not have you——Hie you to the City,
 And join with those who love our ancient Faith.
 Gather your Friends about you, and be ready
 T' assert our zealous *Mary's* royal Title,
 And doubt not but her grateful Hand shall give you
 To see your Soul's Desire upon your Enemies.
 The Church shall pour her ample Treasures forth too,
 And pay you with ten thousand Years of Pardon.

PEMBROKE.

No; keep your Blessings back, and give me Vengeance,
 Give me to tell that soft Deceiver *Guilford*,
 Thus, Traitor, hast thou done, thus hast thou wrong'd me,
 And thus thy Treason finds a just Reward.

GARDINER.

But soft! no more! the Lords o'th' Council come.
 Ha! by the Mass, the Bride and Bridegroom too!
 Retire with me, my Lord; we must not meet 'em.

PEMBROKE.

'Tis they themselves, the cursed happy Pair!
 Haste, *Winchester*, haste! let us fly for ever,
 And drive her from my very Thoughts, if possible.
 Oh! Love what have I lost!---Oh! rev'rend Lord!
 Pity this fond, this foolish Weakness in me!
 Methinks, I go like our first wretched Father,
 When from his blisful Garden he was driv'n:
 Like me he went despairing, and like me,
 Thus at the Gate stopt short for one last View;
 Then with the cheerless Partner of his Woe,
 He turn'd him to the World that lay below;
 There, for his *Eden's* happy Plains, beheld
 A barren, wild uncomfortable Field;
 He saw 'twas vain the Ruin to deplore,
 He try'd to give the sad Remembrance o'er;
 The sad Remembrance still return'd again,
 And his lost Paradise renew'd his Pain.

[*Exeunt* Pembroke and Gardiner.

Enter Lord GUILFORD, and Lady JANE.

GUILFORD.

What shall I say to thee! What Pow'r Divine
 Will teach my Tongue to tell thee what I feel?
 To pour the Transports of my Bosom forth,
 And make thee Partner of the Joy dwells there?
 For thou art comfortless, full of Affliction,
 Heavy of Heart as the forsaken Widow,
 And desolate as Orphans, Oh, my Fair-One!
 Thy *Edward* shines amongst the brightest Stars,
 And yet thy Sorrows seek him in the Grave.

Lady JANE.

Alas, my dearest Lord? a thousand Griefs
 Beset my anxious Heart; and yet, as if
 The Burden were too little, I have added
 The Weight of all thy Cares; and like the Miser,
 Increase of Wealth has made me but more wretched.
 The Morning Light seems not to rise as usual,
 It dawns not to me, like my Virgin Days,

But

But brings new Thoughts and other Fears upon me ;
I tremble, and my anxious Heart is pain'd,
Left ought but Good should happen to my *Guilford*.

GUILFORD.

Nothing but Good can happen to thy *Guilford*,
While thou art by his Side, his better Angel,
His Blessing and his Guard.

Lady JANE.

Why came we hither ?

Why was I drawn to this unlucky Place,
This *Tiwr*, so often stain'd with royal Blood ?
Here the Fourth *Edward's* helpless Sons were murder'd,
And pious *Henry* fell by ruthless *Gloster* :
Is this the Place allotted for rejoicing ?
The Bow'r adorn'd to keep our nuptial Feast in ?
Methinks Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
Staring with meagre Forms thro' grated Windows ;
Death lurks within, and unrelenting Punishments ;
Without, grim Danger, Fear, and fiercest Pow'r
Sit on the rude old Tow'rs, and Gothic Battlements :
While Horror overlooks the dreadful Wall,
And frowns on all around.

GUILFORD.

In safety here,

The Lords o' th' Council have this Morn decreed
To meet, and with united Care support
The feeble tottering State. To thee, my Princess,
Whose royal Veins are rich in *Henry's* Blood,
With one consent the noblest Heads are bow'd !
From thee they ask a Sanction to their Counsels,
And from thy healing Hand expect a Cure,
For *England's* Loss in *Edward*.

Lady JANE.

How ! from me !

Alas, my Lord !---But sure thou mean'st to mock me !

GUILFORD.

No, by the Love my faithful Heart is full of !
But see, thy Mother, gracious *Suffolk* comes
To intercept my Story : She shall tell thee ;

For

For in her look I read the lab'ring Thought,
What vast Event thy Fate is now disclosing.

Enter the Dutcheſs of SUFFOLK.

Dutcheſs of SUFFOLK.

No more complain, indulge thy Tears no more,
Thy pious Grief has giv'n the Grave its due ;
Let thy Heart kindle with the highest Hopes ;
Expand thy Bosom, let thy Soul enlarg'd
Make room to entertain the coming Glory ;
For Majesty and purple Greatness court thee ;
Homage and low Subjection wait : a Crown,
That makes the Princes of Earth like Gods ;
A Crown, my Daughter, *England's* Crown attends,
To bind thy Brows with its imperial Wreath.

Lady JANE.

Amazement chills my Veins! What says my Mother?

Dutcheſs of SUFFOLK.

'Tis Heav'n's Decree ; for our expiring *Edward*,
When now, just struggling to his native Skies,
Ev'n on the Verge of Heav'n, in sight of Angels,
That hover'd round to waft him to the Stars,
Ev'n then declar'd my *JANE* his Successor.

Lady JANE.

Cou'd *Edward* do this ? Cou'd the dying Saint
Bequeath his Crown to me ? Oh, fatal Bounty !
To me ! but 'tis impossible ! we dream.
A thousand and a thousand Bars oppose me,
Rise in my Way, and intercept my Passage.
Ev'n you, my gracious Mother, what must you be,
Ere I can be a Queen ?

Dutcheſs of SUFFOLK.

That, and that only,
Thy Mother ; fonder of that tender Name,
Than all the proud Additions Pow'r can give.
Yes, I will give up all my Share of Greatness,
And live in low Obscurity for ever,
To see thee rais'd, thou Darling of my Heart,
And fix'd upon a Throne. But see ! thy Father,
Northumberland,

Northumberland, with all the Council, come
To pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy Feet,
To kneel, and call thee Queen.

Lady JANE.

Support me, Guilford;
Give me thy Aid: Stay thou my fainting Soul,
And help me to repress this growing Danger.

Enter SUFFOLK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Lords,
and others of the Privy-Council.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hail, sacred Princess! sprung from ancient Kings.
Our England's dearest Hope, undoubted Offspring
Of York and Lancaster's united Line;
By whose bright Zeal, by whose victorious Faith,
Guarded and fenc'd around, our pure Religion,
That Lamp of Truth which shines upon our Altars,
Shall lift its golden Head and flourish long;
Beneath whose awful Rule, and righteous Sceptre,
The plenteous Years shall roll in long Succession;
Law shall prevail, and ancient Right take place,
Fair Liberty shall lift her chearful Head,
Fearless of Tyranny and proud Oppression;
No sad Complaining in our Streets shall cry,
But Justice shall be exercis'd in Mercy.
Hail, royal JANE! behold, we bend our Knees

They kneel.

The Pledge of Homage, and thy Land's Obedience;
With humblest Duty thus we kneel, and own thee
Our Liege, our Sov'reign Lady, and our Queen.

Lady JANE.

Oh rise!

My Father, rise!

To Suffolk.

And you, my Father too!

[To Northumberland,

Rise, all, nor cover me with this Confusion. *[They rise.*
What means this Mock, this masking Shew of Greatness?
Why do you hang these Pageant Glories on me,
And dress me up in Honors not my own?

NORTHUM-

*Lady JANE GRAY.**NORTHUMBERLAND.*

The Daughters of our late great Master *Henry*
Stand both by Law excluded from Succession.
To make all firm,
And fix a Pow'r unquestion'd in your Hand,
Edward, by Will, bequeath'd his Crown to you ;
And the concurring Lords in Council met,
Have ratify'd the Gift.

Lady JANE.

Are Crowns and Empire,
The Government and Safety of Mankind,
Trifles of such light Moment, to be left
Like some rich Toy, a Ring, or fancy'd Gem,
The Pledge of parting Friends ? Can Kings do thus,
And give away a People for a Legacy ?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Forgive me, princely Lady; if my Wonder
Seizes each Sense, each Faculty of Mind,
To see the utmost Wish the Great can form,
A Crown, thus coldly met : A Crown ! which slighted,
And left in Scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
And find a joyful Wearer ; one, perhaps,
Of Blood unkindred to your royal House ;
And fix its Glories in another Line.

Lady JANE.

Where art thou now, thou Partner of my Cares ?

Turning to Guilford.

Come to my Aid, and help to bear this Burden :
Oh ! save me from this Sorrow, this Misfortune,
Which in the Shape of gorgeous Greatness comes
To crown, and make a Wretch of me for ever.

GUILFORD.

Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy drooping
Head,
Like nodding Poppies, heavy with the Rain,
That bow their weary Necks, and bend to Earth.
See, by thy Side, thy faithful *Guilford* stands,
Prepar'd to keep Distress and Danger from thee,

To

To wear thy sacred Cause upon his Sword,
And war against the World in thy Defence.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Oh! stay this inauspicious Stream of Tears,
And cheer your People with one gracious Smile,
Nor comes your Fate in such a dreadful Form,
To bid you shun it. Turn those sacred Eyes
On the bright Prospect Empire spreads before you.
Methinks I see you seated on the Throne;
Beneath your Feet the Kingdom's great Degrees
In bright Confusion shine, Mitres and Coronets,
The various Ermin, and the glowing Purple!
Assembled Senates wait with awful Dread,
To firm your high Commands, and make 'em Fate.

Lady JANE.

You turn to view the painted Side of Royalty,
And cover all the Cares that lurk beneath.
Is it, to be a Queen, to sit aloft,
In solemn, dull, uncomfortable State,
The flatter'd Idol of a servile Court?
Is it, to draw a pompous Train along,
A Pageant, for the wond'ring Crowd to gaze at?
Is it, in Wantonness of Pow'r to reign,
And make the World subservient to my Pleasure?
Is it not rather, to be greatly wretched,
To watch, to toil, to take a sacred Charge,
To bend each Day before high Heav'n, and own,
This People thou hast trusted to my Hand,
And at my Hand, I know, thou shalt require 'em?
Alas! *Northumberland!*—My Father!—is it not
To live a Life of Care, and when I die,
Have more to answer for before my Judge,
Than any of my Subjects?

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Ev'ry State
Allotted to the Race of Man below,
Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some Sorrow.
Nor is the golden Wreath on a King's Brow
Exempt from Care: and yet, who wou'd not bear it?

Think

Think on the Monarchs of our royal Race,
 They liv'd not for themselves : How many Blessings,
 How many lifted Hands shall pay the Toil,
 If for thy People's Good thou happ'ly borrow
 Some Portion from the Hours of Rest, and wake
 To give the World Repose !

S U F F O L K.

Behold, we stand upon the Brink of Ruin,
 And only thou canst save us. Persecution,
 That Fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her Tortures ;
 See where she comes in *Mary's* priestly Train !
 Still wo't thou doubt, till thou behold her stalk,
 Red with the Blood of Martyr's, and wide wasting
 O'er *England's* Bosom ? All the mourning Year
 Our Towns shall glow with unextinguish'd Fires ;
 Our Youth on Racks shall stretch their crackling Bones ;
 Our Babes shall sprawl on consecrated Spears ;
 Matrons and Husbands, with their new-born Infants,
 Shall burn promiscuous ; a continu'd Peal
 Of Lamentations, Groans. and Shrieks shall sound
 Through all her purple Ways.

G U I L F O R D.

Amidst that Ruin,
 Think thou behold'st thy *Guilford's* Head laid low,
 Bloody and pale——

Lady JANE.

Oh ! spare the dreadful Image !

G U I L F O R D.

Oh ! wou'd the Misery be bounded there,
 My Life were little ; but the Rage of *Rome*
 Demands whole Hecatombs, a Land of Victims.
 With Superstition comes that other Fiend,
 That Bane of Peace, of Arts and Virtue, Tyranny ;
 That Foe to Justice, Scorn of all Law ;
 That Beast, which thinks Mankind were born for One,
 And made by Heav'n to be a Monster's Prey ;
 That heaviest Curse of groaning Nations, Tyranny ;
Mary shall, by her kindred *Spain*, be taught

To

To bend our Necks beneath a brazen Yoke
And rule o'er Wretches with an iron Sceptre.

Lady JANE.

Avert that Judgment, Heaven!
Whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
In Mercy spare my Country.

GUILFORD.

Oh, my Queen!

Does not thy great thy generous Heart relent,
To think this Land, for liberty so fam'd,
Shall have her tow'ry Front at once laid low,
And robb'd of all its Glory? Oh! my Country?
Oh! fairest *Albion*, Empress of the Deep,
How have thy noblest Sons with stubborn Valor
Stood to the last, dy'd many a Field in Blood,
In dear Defence of Birth-right and their Laws!
And shall those Hands which fought the Cause of Freedom,
Be manacled in base unworthy Bonds;
Be tamely yielded up, the Spoil, the Slaves
Of Hair-brain'd Zeal, and cruel Coward-Priests?

Lady JANE.

Yes, my lov'd Lord, my Soul is mov'd, like thine,
At ev'ry Danger which invades our *England*;
My cold Heart kindles at the great Occasion,
And cou'd be more than Man in her Defence.
But where is my Commission to redress?
Or whence my Pow'r to save? Can *Edward's* Will,
Or Twenty met in Council, make a Queen?
Can you, my Lords, give me the Pow'r to canvass
A doubtful Title with King *Henry's* Daughters?
Where are the rev'rend Sages of the Law,
To guide me with their Wisdoms, and point out
The Paths which Right and Justice bid me tread?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Judges all attend, and will at leisure
Resolve your ev'ry Scruple.

Lady JANE.

They expound;

But where are those, my Lord, who make the Law?

Where

Where are the ancient Honors of the Realm,
 The Nobles, with the mitred Father's join'd?
 The wealthy Commons solemnly assembled?
 Where is that Voice of a consenting People,
 To pledge the universal Faith with mine,
 And call me justly Queen?

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Nor shall that long
 Be wanting to your Wish: The Lords and Commons
 Shall, at your royal Bidding, soon assemble,
 And with united Homage own your Title.
 Delay not then to meet the general Wish,
 But be our Queen, be *England's* better Angel.
 Nor let mistaken Piety betray you
 To join with cruel *Mary* in our Ruin:
 Her bloody Faith commands her to destroy,
 And yours forbids to save.

GUILFORD.

Our Foes, already
 High in their Hopes, devote us all to Death:
 The dronish Monks, the Scorn and Shame of Manhood,
 Rouze and prepare once more to take Possession,
 To nestle in their ancient Hives again;
 Again they furbish up their holy Trumpery,
 Relick, and wooden wonder-working Saints,
 Whole loads of Lumber, and religious Rubbish,
 In high Procession mean to bring 'em back,
 And place the Puppets in their Shrines again:
 While those of keener Malice, savage *Bonner*,
 And deep designing *Gard'ner* dream of Vengeance;
 Devour the Blood of Innocents, in Hope;
 Like Vultures, snuff the Slaughter in the Wind,
 And speed their Flight to Havock and the Prey,
 Haste then, and save us, while 'tis giv'n to save
 Your Country, your Religion.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Save your Friends!

SUFFOLK.

Your Father!

Dutchess

Lady JANE GRAY. 213

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Mother!

GUILFORD.

Husband!

Lady JANE.

Take me, crown me;

Invest me with this royal Wretchedness;
Let me not know one happy Minute more.
Let all my sleepless Nights be spent in Care,
My Days be vex'd with Tumults and Alarms;
If only I can save you, if my Fate
Has mark'd me out to be the public Victim,
I take the Lot with Joy. Yes, I will die
For that eternal Truth my Faith is fix'd on,
And that dear native Land which gave me Birth.

GUILFORD.

Wake ev'ry tuneful Instrument to tell it,
And let the Trumpet's sprightly Note proclaim
My JANE is *England's* Queen! Let the loud Cannon
In Peals of Thunder speak it to *Augusta*;
Imperial Thames, catch thou the sacred Sound,
And roll it to the subject Ocean down:
Tell the old Deep, and all thy Brother Floods,
My JANE is Empress of the wat'ry World!
Now with glad Fires our bloodless Streets shall shine:
With Cries of Joy our chearful Ways shall ring;
Thy Name shall echo thro' the rescu'd Isle,
And reach applauding Heav'n!

Lady JANE.

Oh, *Guilford!* what do we give up for Glory!
For Glory! That's a Toy I wou'd not purchase,
An idle, empty Bubble. But for *England!*
What must we lose for that! Since then my Fate
Has forc'd this hard Exchange upon my Will,
Let gracious Heav'n allow me one Request:
For that blest Peace in which I once did dwell,
For Books, Retirement, and my studious Cell,

For

For all those Joys my happier Days did prove,
For *Plato* and his *Academic Grove*;
All that I ask, is, 'Tho' my Fortune frown,
And bury me beneath this fatal Crown;
Let that one Good be added to my Doom,
To save this Land from Tyranny and *Rome*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.**Enter PEMBROKE and GARDINER.*

GARDINER.

IN an unlucky, an accursed Hour [land,
 Set forth that Traitor Duke, that proud *Northumber-*
 To draw his Sword upon the side of Heresy,
 And war against our *Mary's* royal Right:
 Ill Fortune fly before, and pave his Way
 With Disappointment, Mischief, and Defeat:
 And thou, O holy *Becket*, the Protector,
 The Champion, and the Martyr of our Church,
 Appear, and once more own the Cause of *Rome*;
 Beat down his Lance, break thou his Sword in Battle,
 And cover foul Rebellion with Confusion.

PEMBROKE.

I saw him marching at his Army's Head;
 I mark'd him issuing through the City-Gate
 In Harnes all appointed, as he pass'd;
 And (for he wore his Bever up) cou'd read
 Upon his Visage, Horror and Dismay.
 No Voice of friendly Salutation chear'd him, [him;
 None wish'd his Arms might thrive, or bad God-speed
 But through a staring ghastly looking Crowd,
 Unhail'd, unblest'd, with heavy Heart he went:
 As if his Traitor Father's haggard Ghost,
 And *Somerset* fresh bleeding from the Axe,
 On either Hand had usher'd him to Ruin.

GARDINER.

Nor shall the holy Vengeance loiter long.
 At *Farmingham* in *Suffolk* lies the Queen,

Mary,

Mary, our pious Mistrefs; where each Day
 The Nobles of the Land, and swarming Populace
 Gather, and lift beneath her royal Ensigns.
 The Fleet commanded by Sir *Thomas Feringham*,
 Set out in warlike Manner to oppose her,
 With one Consent have join'd to own her Cause:
 The valiant *Suffex*, and Sir *Edward Hastings*,
 With many more of Note, are up in Arms,
 And all declare for her.

P E M B R O K E.

The Citizens,

Who held the noble *Somerset* right dear,
 Hate this aspiring *Dudley* and his Race,
 And wou'd, upon the Instant, join t'oppose him;
 Could we but draw some of the Lords o' th' Council
 T' appear among 'em, own the same Design,
 And bring the rev'rend Sanction of Authority
 To lead 'em into Action. For that Purpose,
 To thee, as to an Oracle, I come,
 To learn what fit Expedient may be found,
 To win the wary Council to our Side.
 Say thou, whose Head is grown thus Silver-white,
 In Arts of Government, and Turns of State,
 How may we blast our Enemies with Ruin,
 And sink the curs'd *Northumberland* to Hell.

G A R D I N E R.

In happy Time be your whole Wish accomplish'd.
 Since the proud Duke set out, I have had Conference,
 As fit Occasion serv'd, with divers of 'em,
 The Earl of *Arundel*, *Mason*, and *Cheyney*;
 And find 'em all dispos'd as we cou'd ask.
 By holy *Mary*, if I count aright,
 To-day the better Part shall leave this Place,
 And meet at *Baynard's-Castle* in the City;
 There own our Sovereign's Title, and defy
Jane and her Gospel-Crew. But hye you hence;
 This Place is still within our Foes Command,
 Their Puppet Queen reigns here.

Enter

Lady JANE GRAY. 217

Enter an Officer with a Guard.

O F F I C E R.

Seize on 'em both.

[Guards seize Pembroke and Gardiner.]

My Lord, you are a Pris'ner to the State.

P E M B R O K E.

Ha! By whose Order?

O F F I C E R.

By the Queen's Command,

Sign'd and deliver'd by Lord *Guilford Dudley*.

P E M B R O K E.

Curse on his Traitor's Heart.

G A R D I N E R.

Rest you contented:

You have loiter'd here too long; but use your Patience,
These Bonds shall not be lasting.

O F F I C E R.

As for you, Sir, *[To Gardiner.]*

'Tis the Queen's Pleasure you be close confin'd:

You've us'd that fair Permission was allow'd you,

To walk at large within the *Tower*, unworthily.

You're noted for an over-busy Medler,

A secret Practicer against the State;

For which, henceforth your Limits shall be straiter.

Hence, to your Chamber.

G A R D I N E R.

Farewel, gentle *Pembroke*;

I trust that we shall meet on blither Terms:

'Till then, amongst my Beads, I will remember you,

And give you to the Keeping of the Saints.

[Exeunt Part of the Guards with Gardiner.]

P E M B R O K E.

Now, whither must I go?

O F F I C E R.

This way, my Lord. *[Going off.]*

Enter G U I L F O R D.

G U I L F O R D.

Hold, Captain, ere you go, I have a Word or two
For this your noble Pris'ner.

VOL. II.

L

O F F I C E R.

OFFICER.

At your Pleasure:
I know my Duty, and attend your Lordship.

[*The Officer and Guard retire to the
further Part of the Stage.*]

GUILFORD.

Is all the Gentleness that was betwixt us
So lost, so swept away from thy Remembrance,
Thou can'st not look upon me?

PEMBROKE.

Ha! not look!

What Terrors are there in the *Dudley's* Race,
'That *Pembroke* dares not look upon, and scorn?
And yet, 'tis true, I wou'd not look upon thee;
Our Eyes avoid to look on what we hate,
As well as what we fear.

GUILFORD.

You hate me, then!

PEMBROKE.

I do; and wish Perdition may o'ertake
Thy Father, thy false Self, and thy whole Name.

GUILFORD.

And yet, as sure as Rage disturbs thy Reason,
And masters all the noble Nature in thee,
As sure as thou hast wrong'd me, I am come
In Tenderness of Friendship to preserve thee;
To plant ev'n all the Power I have before thee,
And fence thee from Destruction with my Life.

PEMBROKE.

Friendship from thee! But my just Soul disdains thee!
Hence! take the prostituted Bauble back,
Hang it to grace some slavering Idiot's Neck,
For none but Fools will prize the Tinsel Toy.
But thou art come, perhaps, to vaunt thy Greatness,
And set thy purple Pomp to view before me;
To let me know that *Guilford* is a King,
That he can speak the Word, and give me Freedom.
Oh! Short-liv'd Pageant! Had'st thou all the Pow'r
Which thy vain Soul would grasp at, I wou'd die,

Rot

Rot in a Dungeon, ere receive a Grace,
The least, the meanest Courtesy from thee.

GUILFORD.

Oh, *Pembroke!* But I have not Time to talk,
For Danger presses, Danger unforeseen,
And secret as the Shaft that flies by Night,
Is aiming at thy Life. Captain, a Word!

[*To the Officer.*]

I take your Pris'ner to my proper Charge;
Draw off your Guard, and leave his Sword with me.

[*The Officer delivers the Sword to Lord Guilford,
and goes out with the Guard.*]

[*Lord Guilford offering the Sword to Pembroke.*]
Receive this Gift, ev'n from a Rival's Hand;
And if thy Rage will suffer thee to hear
The Counsel of a Man once call'd thy Friend,
Fly from this fatal Place, and seek thy Safety.

P E M B R O K E.

How now! What Shew? what Mockery is this?
Is it in Sport you use me thus? What means
This swift fantastic changing of the Scene?

GUILFORD.

Oh! take thy Sword; and let thy valiant Hand
Be ready arm'd to guard thy noble Life:
The Time, the Danger, and the wild Impatience,
Forbid me all to enter into Speech with thee,
Or I could tell thee——

P E M B R O K E.

No, it needs not, Traitor;
For all thy poor, thy little Arts are known.
Thou fear'st my Vengeance, and art come to fawn,
To make a Merit of that proffer'd Freedom,
Which, in-Despite of thee, a Day shall give me.
Nor can my Fate depend on thee, false *Guilford*;
For, know to thy Confusion, ere the Sun
Twice gild the East, our royal *Mary* comes
To end thy Pageant Reign, and set me free.

GUILFORD.

Ungrateful and unjust! hast thou then known me,
So little, to accuse my Heart of Fear?

Hast thou forgotten *Musselborough's* Field?
 Did I then fear, when by thy Side I fought,
 And dy'd my maiden Sword in *Scottish* Blood?
 But this is Madness all.

P E M B R O K E.

Give me my Sword.

[*Taking his Sword.*]

Perhaps indeed, I wrong thee. Thou hast thought,
 And conscious of the Injury thou hast done me,
 Art come to proffer me a Soldier's Justice,
 And meet my Arm in single Opposition.
 Lead then, and let me follow to the Field.

G U I L F O R D.

Yes, *Pembroke*, thou shalt satisfy thy Vengeance,
 And write thy bloody Purpose on my Bosom.
 But let Death wait to-day. By our past Friendship,
 In Honor's Name, by every sacred Tie,
 I beg thee ask no more. But haste from hence.

P E M B R O K E.

What mystic Meaning lurks beneath thy Words?
 What Fear is this, which thou would'st awe my Soul with?
 Is there a Danger *Pembroke* dares not meet?

G U I L F O R D.

Oh! spare my Tongue a Tale of Guilt and Horror,
 Trust me this once: Believe me when I tell thee,
 Thy Safety and thy Life is all I seek.
 Away!

P E M B R O K E.

By Heav'n! I wo't stir a Step.
 Curse on this shuffling, dark, ambiguous Phrase:
 If thou would'st have me think thou mean'st me fairly,
 Speak with that Plainness Honesty delights in,
 And let thy double Tongue for once be true.

G U I L F O R D.

Forgive me, filial Piety and Nature,
 If thus compell'd, I break your sacred Laws,
 Reveal my Father's Crime, and blot with Infamy
 The hoary Head of him who gave me Being,
 To save the Man whom my Soul loves, from Death.

[*Giving a Paper.*
 Read

Read there the fatal Purpose of thy Foe, [Horror;
A Thought which wounds my Soul with Shame and
Somewhat that Darkneſs ſhou'd have hid for ever,
But that thy Life---Say, haſt thou ſeen that Character?

P E M B R O K E.

I know it well; the Hand of proud Northumberland,
Directed to his Minions, Gates and Palmer.

What's this? [Reads.

*Remember, with your cloſeſt Care, to obſerve thoſe whom
I nam'd to you at parting; eſpecially keep your Eye
upon the Earl of Pembroke; as his Power and In-
tereſt are moſt conſiderable, ſo his Oppoſition will be
moſt fatal to us. Remember the Reſolution was taken
if you ſhould find him inclin'd to our Enemies. The
Forms of Juſtice are tedious, and Delays are dan-
gerous. If he falters, loſe not the Sight of him till
your Daggers have reach'd his Heart.*

My Heart! Oh, murd'rous Villain!

G U I L F O R D.

Since he parted,
Thy Ways have all been watch'd, thy Steps been mark'd;
Thy ſecret Treaties with the Malecontents
That harbor in the City, thy conferring
With Gard'ner here in the Tower; all is known:
And, in purſuance of that bloody Mandate,
A Set of choſen Ruffians wait to end thee.
There was but one way left me to preſerve thee:
I took it; and this Morning ſent my Warrant
To ſeize upon thy Perſon——But begone!

P E M B R O K E.

'Tis ſo---'Tis Truth---I ſee his honeſt Heart——

G U I L F O R D.

I have a Friend of well-try'd Faith and Courage,
Who with a fit Diſguiſe, and Arms conceal'd,
Attends without to guide thee hence in Safety.

P E M B R O K E.

What is Northumberland? And what art thou?

222 *Lady JANE GRAY.*

GUILFORD.

Waste not the Time. Away!

PEMBROKE.

Here let me fix,

And gaze with everlasting Wonder on thee.
What is there good or excellent in Man,
That is not found in thee? Thy Virtues flash,
They break at once on my astonish'd Soul;
As if the Curtains of the Dark were drawn,
'To let in Day at Midnight.

GUILFORD.

Think me true;

And tho' Ill-fortune cross'd upon our Friendship——

PEMBROKE.

Curse on our Fortune!---Think!---I know thee honest.

GUILFORD.

For ever I could hear thee——But thy Life——

Oh, *Pembroke!* linger not——

PEMBROKE.

And can I leave thee

Ere I have clasp'd thee in my eager Arms,
And giv'n thee back my sad repenting Heart?
Believe me, *Guilford*, like the Patriach's Dove

[*Embracing.*

It wander'd forth, but found no Resting-place,
'Till it came home again to lodge with thee.

GUILFORD.

What is there that my Soul can more desire,
Than these dear Marks of thy returning Friendship?
The Danger comes——If you stay longer here,
You die, my *Pembroke.*

PEMBROKE.

Let me stay and die;

For if I go, I go to work thy Ruin.
Thou know'st not what a Foe thou send'st me forth,
That I have sworn Destruction to the Queen,
And pledg'd my Faith to *Mary* and her Cause:
My Honor is at stake.

GUIL-

GUILFORD.

I know 'tis given.

But go — The stronger thy Engagement's there,
The more's thy Danger here. There is a Power
Who sits above the Stars; in him I trust:
All that I have, his bounteous Hand bestow'd;
And he that gave it, can preserve it to me.
If his o'er-ruling Will ordains my Ruin,
What is there more, but to fall down before him.
And humbly yield Obedience!---Fly!---Be gone!

P E M B R O K E.

Yes, I will go---For see! Behold who comes!
Oh, *Guilford!* hide me, shield me from her Sight;
Ev'ry mad Passion kindles up again,
Love, Rage, Despair---and yet I will be Master——
I will remember thee——Oh, my torn Heart!
I have a thousand thousand Things to say,
But cannot, dare not stay to look on her.
Thus gloomy Ghosts whene'er the breaking Morn
Gives notice of the cheerful Sun's Return,
Fade at the Light, with Horror stand oppress'd,
And shrink before the purple-dawning East;
Swift with the fleeting Shades they wing their Way,
And dread the Brightness of the rising Day.

[*Exeunt Guilford and Pembroke.*]

Enter Lady JANE, reading.

Lady JANE.

“ 'Tis false! the thinking Soul is somewhat more
“ Than Symmetry of Atoms well dispos'd,
“ The Harmony of Matter. Farewel else
“ The Hope of all hereafter, that new Life,
“ That separate Intellect, which must survive,
“ When this fine Frame is moulder'd into Dust.”

Enter GUILFORD.

GUILFORD.

What read'st thou there, my Queen?

L 4

Lady

Lady JANE.

'Tis *Plato's Phædon*;
 Where dying *Socrates* takes leave of Life,
 With such an easy, careless, calm Indifference,
 As if the Trifle were of no account,
 Mean in itself, and only to be worn
 In honor of the Giver.

GUILFORD.

Shall thy Soul
 Still scorn the World, still fly the Joys that court
 Thy blooming Beauty, and thy tender Youth?
 Still shall she soar on Contemplation's Wing,
 And mix with nothing meaner than the Stars;
 As Heaven and Immortality alone
 Were Objects worthy to employ her Faculties?

Lady JANE.

Eate but thy Truth, what is there here below
 Deserves the least Regard? Is it not Time
 To bid our Souls look out, explore hereafter,
 And seek some better sure-abiding Place;
 When all around our gathering Foes come on,
 To drive, to sweep us from this World at once?

GUILFORD.

Does any Danger new——

Lady JANE.

The faithless Counsellors
 Are fled from hence to join the Princess *Mary*.
 The servile Herd of Courtiers, who so late
 In low Obeisance bent the Knee before me;
 They who with zealous Tongues, and Hands uplifted,
 Besought me to defend their Laws and Faith,
 Vent their lewd Execrations on my Name,
 Proclaim me Trait'ers now, and to the Scaffold
 Doom my devoted Head.

GUILFORD.

The changeling Villains!
 That pray for Slavery, fight for their Bonds,
 And shun the Blessing, Liberty, like Ruin.
 What art thou, Human Nature, to do thus?

Does

Does Fear or Folly make thee, like the *Indian*,
 Fall down before this dreadful Devil, Tyranny,
 And worship the Destroyer?
 But wherefore do I loiter tamely here?
 Give me my Arms: I will preserve my Country,
 Ev'n in her own despite. Some Friends I have,
 Who will, or die or conquer in thy Cause;
 Thine and Religion's, thine and *England's* Cause.

Lady JANE.

Art thou not all my Treasure, all my Guard?
 And wo't thou take from me the only Joy,
 The last Defence is left me here below?
 Think not thy Arm can stem the driving Torrent,
 Or save a People, who with blinded Rage
 Urge their own Fate, and strive to be undone.
Northumberland, thy Father, is in Arms;
 And if it be in Valor to defend us,
 His Sword, that long has known the way to Conquest,
 Shall be our surest Safety.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK.

SUFFOLK.

Oh! my Children!

Lady JANE.

Alas! What means my Father?

SUFFOLK.

Oh! my Son,

Thy Father, great *Northumberland*, on whom
 Our dearest Hopes were built——

GUILFORD.

Ha! What of him!

SUFFOLK.

Is lost! Betray'd!
 His Army, onward as he march'd, shrunk from him,
 Moulder'd away, and melted by his Side;
 Like falling Hail thick strewn upon the Ground,
 Which, ere we can essay to count, is vanish'd.
 With some few Followers he arriv'd at *Cambridge*;
 But there ev'n they forsook him; and himself

Was forc'd, with heavy Heart and watry Eye,
 To cast his Cap up, with dissembled Chear,
 And cry, God save *Queen Mary*. But alas!
 Little avail'd the Semblance of that Loyalty:
 For soon thereafter, by the Earl of *Arundel*,
 With Treason he was charg'd, and there arrested;
 And now he brings him Pris'ner up to *London*.

Lady JANE.

Then there's an End of Greatness: the vain Dream
 Of Empire, and a Crown, that danc'd before me,
 With all those unsubstantial empty Forms,
 Waiting in idle Mockery around us;
 The gaudy Mask, tedious, and nothing meaning,
 Is vanish'd all at once——Why, fare it well.

GUILFORD.

And can't thou bear this sudden Turn of Fate
 With such unshaken Temper?

Lady JANE.

For myself,

If I cou'd form a Wish for Heav'n to grant,
 It should have been, to rid me of this Crown.
 And thou, O'er-ruling, Great, All-knowing Power!
 Thou, who discern'st our Thoughts, who see'st 'em rising
 And forming in the Soul; Oh judge me, Thou!
 If e'er Ambition's guilty Fires have warm'd me,
 If e'er my Heart inclin'd to Pride, to Power,
 Or join'd in being a Queen. I took the Sceptre
 To save this Land, thy People, and thy Altars:
 And now, behold, I bend my grateful Knee, [*Kneeling*.
 In humble Adoration of that Mercy,
 Which quits me of the vast unequal Task.

Enter the Dutchess of SUFFOLK.

Dutchess of SUFFOLK.

Nay, keep that Posture still; and let us join,
 Fix all our Knees by thine, lift up our Hands,
 And seek for Help and Pity from Above,
 For Earth and faithless Man will give us none.

Lady JANE.

What is the worst our cruel Fate ordains us?

Dutchess

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Curs'd be my fatal Counsels, curs'd my Tongue
That pleaded for thy Ruin, and persuaded
Thy guiltless Feet to tread the Paths of Greatness!
My Child!—I have undone thee!—

Lady JANE.

Oh, my Mother!

Should I not bear a Portion in your Sorrows?

Duchess of SUFFOLK.

Alas! thou hast thy own, a double Portion;
Mary is come, and the revolting *Londoners*,
Who beat the Heav'ns with thy applauded Name,
Now crowd to meet, and hail her as their Queen.
Suffex is enter'd here, commands the *Tower*,
Has plac'd his Guards around; and this sad Place,
So late thy Palace, is become our Prison.
I saw him bend his Knee to cruel *Gardiner*,
Who, freed from his Confinement, ran to meet him,
Embrac'd and bless'd him with a Hand of Blood.
Each hast'ning Moment I expect 'em here,
To seize, and pass the Doom of Death upon us.

GUILFORD.

Ha! seiz'd! shalt thou be seiz'd? and shall I stand,
And tamely see thee borne away to Death?
Then blasted be my Coward Name for ever,
No, I will set myself to guard this Spot,
To which our narrow Empire now is shrunk;
Here will I grow the Bulwark of my Queen;
Nor shall the Hand of Violence profane thee,
Until my Breast have borne a thousand Wounds,
Till this torn mangled Body sink at once
A Heap of purple Ruin at thy Feet.

Lady JANE.

And could thy rash distracted Rage do thus?
Draw thy vain Sword against an armed Multitude,
Only to have my poor Heart split with Horror,
To see thee stabb'd and butcher'd here before me?
Oh, call thy better, nobler Courage to thee,
And let us meet this adverse Fate with Patience!

Greet our insulting Foes with equal Tempers,
 With even Brows, and Souls secure of Death;
 Here stand unmov'd; as once the *Roman Senate*
 Receiv'd fierce *Brennus*, and the conquering *Gauls*;
 Till ev'n the rude *Barbarians* stood amaz'd
 At such superior Virtue. Be thy self,
 For see the Trial comes!

Enter SUSSEX, GARDINER, Officers and Soldiers.

S U S S E X.

Guards, execute your Orders; seize the Traitors.
 Here my Commission ends. To you, my Lord,
To Gardiner,

So our great Mistress, Royal *Mary*, bids,
 I leave the full Disposal of these Pris'ners;
 To your wife Care the pious Queen commends
 Her sacred Self, her Crown, and what's yet more,
 The holy *Roman Church*; for whose dear Safety,
 She wills your utmost Diligence be shewn,
 To bring Rebellion to the Bar of Justice.
 Yet farther, to proclaim how much she trusts
 In *Winchester's* deep Thought, and well-try'd Faith,
 The Seal attends to grace those rev'rend Hands;
 And when I next salute you, I must call you
 Chief Minister and Chancellor of *England*.

G A R D I N E R.

Unnumber'd Blessings fall upon her Head,
 My ever-gracious Lady! to remember
 With such full Bounty her old humble Beadsman!
 For these her Foes, leave me to deal with them.

S U S S E X.

The Queen is on her Entrance, and expects me;
 My Lord, farewell.

G A R D I N E R.

Farewel, right noble *Suffex*:
 Commend me to the Queen's Grace; say, her Bidding
 Shall be observ'd by her most lowly Creature.

[*Exit Suffex.*

Lieutenant of the *Tower*, take hence your Pris'ners:

Be

Be it your Care to see 'em kept apart,
That they may hold no Commerce with each other.

Lady JANE.

That Stroke was unexpected.

GUILFORD.

Will't thou part us?

GARDINER.

I hold no Speech with Heretics and Traitors.
Lieutenant, see my Orders are obey'd. *Exit Gardiner.*

GUILFORD.

Inhuman, monstrous, unexampled Cruelty!
Oh, Tyrant! but the Task becomes thee well;
Thy savage Temper joys to do Death's Office;
To tear the sacred Bands of Love afunder,
And part those Hands which Heav'n itself had join'd.

Dutcheſs of SUFFOLK.

To let us waſte the little reſt of Life
Together, had been merciful.

SUFFOLK.

Then it had not

Been done like *Wincheſter.*

GUILFORD.

Thou ſtand'ſt unmov'd;

Calm Temper fits upon thy beauteous Brow;
Thy Eyes, that flow'd ſo faſt for *Eward's* Loſs,
Gaze unconcern'd upon the Ruin round thee;
As if thou had'ſt reſolv'd to brave thy Fate,
And triumph in the miſt of Deſolation.
Ha! ſee it ſwells; the liquid-Cryſtal riſes,
It ſtarts, in ſpite of thee,---but I will catch it;
Nor let the Earth be wet with Dew ſo rich.

Lady JANE.

And doſt thou think, my *Guilford*, I can ſee
My Father, Mother, and ev'n thee my Husband,
Torn from my Side without a Pang of Sorrow?
How art thou thus unknowing in my Heart!
Words cannot tell thee what I feel. There is
An agonizing Softneſs buſy here,
That tugs the Strings, that ſtruggles to get looſe,

And

And pour my Soul in Wailings out before thee.

GUILFORD.

Give way, and let the gushing Torrent come :
Behold the Tears we bring to swell the Deluge,
Till the Flood rise upon the guilty World,
And make the Ruin common.

Lady JANE.

Guilford! no :

The Time for tender Thoughts and soft Endearments
Is fled away and gone ; Joy has forsaken us ;
Our Hearts have now another Part to play ;
They must be steel'd with some uncommon Fortitude,
That, fearless, we may tread the Paths of Horror ;
And in despite of Fortune and our Foes,
Ev'n in the Hour of Death, be more than Conquerors.

GUILFORD.

Oh, teach me ! say, what Energy Divine
Inspires thy softer Sex, and tender Years,
With such unshaken Courage ?

Lady JANE.

Truth and Innocence ;

A conscious Knowledge rooted in my Heart,
That to have sav'd my Country was my Duty.
Yes, *England*, yes, my Country, I would save thee ;
But Heav'n forbids, Heav'n disallows my Weakness,
And to some dear selected Hero's Hand
Reserves the Glory of thy great Deliverance.

LIEUTENANT.

My Lords, my Orders——

GUILFORD.

See ! we must——must part.

Lady JANE.

Yet surely we shall meet again.

GUILFORD.

Oh ! Where !

Lady JANE.

If not on Earth, among yon golden Stars,
Where other Suns arise on other Earths,
And happier Beings rest on happier Seats ;

Where,

Where, with a Reach enlarg'd, the Soul shall view
The great Creator's never-ceasing Hand
Pour forth new Worlds to all Eternity,
And people the Infinity of Space.

Fain would I cheer my Heart with Hopes like these;
But my sad Thought turns ever to the Grave,
To that last Dwelling, whither now we haste,
Where the black Shade shall interpose betwixt us,
And veil thee from these longing Eyes for ever.

Lady JANE.

'Tis true, by those dark Paths our Journey leads,
And thro' the Vale of Death we pass to Life.
But what is there in Death to blast our Hopes?
Behold the universal Works of Nature,
Where Life still springs from Death. To us the Sun
Dies ev'ry Night, and ev'ry Morn revives;
The Flow'rs, which Winter's icy Hand destroy'd,
Lift their fair Heads, and live again in Spring.
Mark, with what Hopes upon the furrow'd Plain,
The careful Ploughman casts the pregnant Grain;
There hid, as in a Grave, a while it lies,
Till the revolving Season bids it rise,
Till Nature's genial Pow'rs command a Birth,
And potent, call it from the teeming Earth:
Then large Increase the bury'd Treasures yield,
And with full Harvests crown the plenteous Field.

[Exeunt severally with Guards.]

ACT

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

 S C E N E *continues.*

Enter GARDINER, as Lord Chancellor, and the Lieutenant of the Tower, Servants with Lights before 'em.

L I E U T E N A N T.

GOOD Morning to your Lordship! you rise early.

G A R D I N E R.

Nay, by the Rood, there are too many Sleepers;
Some must stir early, or the State shall suffer.
Did you, as yesterday our Mandate bade,
Inform your Pris'ners, Lady *Jane* and *Guilford*,
They were to die this Day?

L I E U T E N A N T.

My Lord, I did.

G A R D I N E R.

'Tis well. But say, How did your Message like 'em?

L I E U T E N A N T.

My Lord, they met the Summons with a Temper
That shew'd a solemn, serious Sense of Death,
Mix'd with a noble Scorn of all its Terrors.
In short, they heard me with the self-same Patience
With which they still have borne them in their Prison,
In one Request they both concurr'd: Each begg'd
To die before the other.

G A R D I N E R.

That dispose

As you think fitting.

L I E U-

LIEUTENANT.

The Lord *Guilford* only
Implor'd another Boon, and urg'd it warmly ;
That ere he suffer'd, he might see his Wife,
And take a last Farewel.

GARDINER.

That's not much ;
That Grace may be allow'd him : See you to it.
How goes the Morning ?

LIEUTENANT.

Not yet Four, my Lord.

GARDINER.

By Ten they meet their Fate. Yet one thing more.
You know 'twas order'd that the Lady *Jane*
Shou'd suffer here within the *Tow'r*. Take care
No Crowds may be let in, no maudlin Gazers
To wet their Handkerchiefs, and make Report
How like a Saint she ended. Some fit Number,
And those too of our Friends, were most convenient :
But, above all, see that good Guard be kept ;
You know the Queen is lodg'd at present here ;
Take care that no Disturbance reach her Highness.
And so good Morning, good Master Lieutenant.

[Exit Lieutenant.

How now ! what Light comes here ?

SERVANT.

So please your Lordship,
If I mistake not, 'tis the Earl of *Pembroke*.

GARDINER.

Pembroke !---'Tis he ; what calls him forth thus early ?
Somewhat he seems to bring of high Import ;
Some Flame uncommon kindles up his Soul,
And flashes forth impetuous at his Eyes.

Enter PEMBROKE ; a Page with a Light before him.

Good-Morrow, noble *Pembroke* ! What importunate
And strong Necessity breaks on your Slumbers,
And rears your youthful Head from off your Pillow
At this unwholesome Hour ; while yet the Night

Lasts

Lasts in her latter Course, and with her raw
And rheumy Damps infests the dusky Air?

P E M B R O K E.

Oh, rev'rend *Winchester*! my beating Heart
Exults and labors with the Joy it bears.
The News I bring shall bless the breaking Morn;
This coming Day the Sun shall rise more glorious,
Than when his maiden Beams first gilded o'er
The rich immortal Greens, the flow'ry Plains,
And fragrant Bow'rs of Paradise new-born.

G A R D I N E R.

What Happin's is this?

P E M B R O K E.

'Tis Mercy! Mercy!

The Mark of Heav'n impress'd on Human Kind.
Mercy, that glads the World; deals Joy around.
Mercy, that smoothes the dreadful Brow of Pow'r,
And makes Dominion light; Mercy, that saves,
Binds up the broken Heart, and heals Despair.
Mary, our royal, ever-gracious Mistress,
Has to my Services and humblest Pray'rs
Granted the Lives of *Guilford* and his Wife;
Full and free Pardon!

G A R D I N E R.

Ha! What said you? Pardon!

But sure you cannot mean it, cou'd not urge
The Queen to such a rash and ill-tim'd Grace?
What save the Lives of those who wore her Crown!
My Lord, 'tis most unweigh'd, pernicious Counsel,
And must not be comply'd with.

P E M B R O K E.

Not comply'd with!

And who shall dare to bar her sacred Pleasure,
And stop the Stream of Mercy?

G A R D I N E R.

That will I:

Who wo't see her gracious Disposition
Drawn to destroy herself.

P E M-

P E M B R O K E.

Thy narrow Soul
Knows not the God-like Glory of forgiving :
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless Heart conceive
How large the Pow'r, how fix'd the Empire is,
Which Benefits confer on generous Minds :
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn'st Foes,
And conquers more than ev'n *Cæsar's* Sword did.

G A R D I N E R.

These are romantic, light, vain-glorious Dreams.
Have you consider'd well upon the Danger ?
How dear to the fond Many, and how popular
These are whom you wou'd spare ? Have you forgot,
When at the Bar, before the Seat of Judgment,
This Lady *Jane*, this beauteous Trait'ers stood,
With what Command she charm'd the whole Assembly !
With silent Grief the mournful Audience sat,
Fix'd on her Face, and list'ning to her Pleading.
Her very Judges wrung their Hands for Pity ;
Their old Hearts melted in 'em as she spoke,
And Tears ran down upon their silver Beards.
Ev'n I myself was mov'd, and for a Moment
Felt Wrath suspended in my doubtful Breast,
And question'd if the Voice I heard was mortal.
But when her Tale was done, what loud Applause,
Like Bursts of Thunder, shook the spacious Hall !
At last, when sore constrain'd, th' unwilling Lords
Pronounc'd the fatal Sentence on her Life ;
A Peal of Groans ran thro' the crowded Court,
As ev'ry Heart were broken, and the Doom,
Like that which waits the World, were universal.

P E M B R O K E.

And can that sacred Form, that Angel's Voice,
Which mov'd the Hearts of a rude ruthless Crowd,
Nay, mov'd ev'n thine, now sue in vain for Pity ?

G A R D I N E R.

Alas ! you look on her with Lover's Eyes :
I hear and see through reasonable Organs,

Where

Where Passion has no part. Come, come, my Lord,
You have too little of the Statesman in you.

P E M B R O K E.

And you, my Lord, too little of the Churchman.
Is not the sacred Purpose of our Faith,
Peace and Good-will to Man? The hallow'd Hand,
Ordain'd to bless, shou'd know no Stain of Blood.
'Tis true, I am not practis'd in your Politics;
'Twas your pernicious Counsel led the Queen
To break her Promise with the Men of *Suffolk*,
To violate, what in a Prince shou'd be
Sacred above the rest, her royal Word.

G A R D I N E R.

Yes, and I dare avow it; I advis'd her
To break thro' all Engagements made with Heretics,
And keep no Faith with such a miscreant Crew.

P E M B R O K E.

Where shall we seek for Truth, when ev'n Religion,
The priestly Robe, and mitred Head disclaim it?
But thus bad Men dishonor the best Cause.
I tell thee, *Winchester*, Doctrines like thine
Have stain'd our holy Church with greater Infamy
Than all your Eloquence can wipe away.
Hence 'tis, that those who differ from our Faith,
Brand us with Breach of Oaths, with Persecution,
With Tyranny o'er Conscience, and proclaim
Our scarlet Prelates Men that thirst for Blood,
And Christian *Rome* more cruel than the Pagan.

G A R D I N E R.

Nay, if you rail, farewell. The Queen must be
Better advis'd than thus to cherish Vipers,
Whose mortal Stings are arm'd against her Life.
For while I hold the Seal, no Pardon passes
For Heretics and Traitors. [Exit Gardiner.

P E M B R O K E.

'Twas unlucky
To meet and cross upon this froward Priest:
But let me lose the Thought on't, let me haste,

Pour

Pour my glad Tidings forth on *Guilford's* Bosom,
And pay him back the Life his Friendship sav'd. *Exit.*

The SCENE draws, and discovers the Lady JANE kneeling, as at her Devotion; a Light, and a Book placed on a Table before her.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the TOWER, Lord GUILFORD,
and one of *Lady JANE's* Women.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Let me not press upon your Lordship farther,
But wait your Leisure in the Antichamber.

G U I L F O R D.

I will not hold you long. [*Exit* Lieutenant.

W O M A N.

Softly, my Lord!

For yet, behold, she kneels. Before the Night
Had reach'd her middle Space, she left her Bed,
And with a pleasing sober Chearfulness,
As for her Funeral, array'd herself
In those sad solemn Weeds. Since then, her Knee
Has known that Posture only, and her Eye,
Or fix'd upon the sacred Page before her,
Or lifted with her rising Hopes to Heav'n.

G U I L F O R D.

See! with what Zeal those holy Hands are rear'd;
Mark her vermilion Lip, with Fervor trembling!
Her spotless Bosom swells with sacred Ardor,
And burns with Extasy and strong Devotion;
Her Supplication sweet, her faithful Vows
Fragrant and pure, and grateful to high Heav'n,
Like Incense from the golden Censer rise:
Or blessed Angels minister unseen,
Catch the soft Sounds, and with alternate Office
Spread their ambrosial Wings, then mount with Joy
And

And waft 'em upwards to the Throne of Grace :
But she has ended, and comes forward.

*Lady JANE rises, and comes towards the Front of
the Stage.*

Lady JANE.

Ha!

Art thou my *Guilford*? Wherefore dost thou come
To break the settled Quiet of my Soul?
I meant to part without another Pang,
And lay my weary Head down full of Peace.

GUILFORD.

Forgive the Fondness of my longing Soul,
That melts with Tenderness, and leans towards thee :
Tho' the imperious dreadful Voice of Fate
Summon her hence, and warn her from the World.
But if to see thy *Guilford* give thee Pain,
Wou'd I had dy'd, and never more beheld thee :
Tho' my lamenting discontented Ghost
Had wander'd forth, unblest'd by those dear Eyes,
And wail'd thy Loss in Death's eternal Shades.

Lady JANE.

My Heart had ended ev'ry earthly Care,
Had offer'd up its Pray'rs for thee and *England*,
And fix'd its Hopes upon a Rock unfailing ;
While all the little Bus'ness that remain'd,
Was but to pass the Forms of Death with Constancy,
And leave a Life become indifferent to me.
But thou hast waken'd other Thoughts within me :
Thy Sight, my dearest Husband and my Lord,
Strikes on the tender Strings of Love and Nature :
My vanquish'd Passions rise again, and tell me
'Tis more, far more than Death, to part from thee

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEMBROKE.

Oh, let me fly! bear me thou swift Impatience,
And lodge me in my faithful *Guilford's* Arms;

[*Embracing.*
That

That I may snatch him from the greedy Grave,
That I may warm his gentle Heart with Joy,
And talk to him of Life, of Life and Pardon.

GUILFORD.

What means my dearest *Pembroke*?

PEMBROKE.

Oh! my Speech
Is choak'd with Words that crowd to tell my Tidings:
But I have sav'd thee, and---Oh, Joy unutterable!
The Queen, my gracious, my forgiving Mistress,
Has giv'n not only thee to my Request,
But she, she too, in whom alone thou liv'st,
The Partner of thy Heart, thy Love is safe.

GUILFORD.

Millions of Blessings wait her!---Has she---tell me!
Oh! has she spar'd my Wife?

PEMBROKE.

Both, both are pardon'd.
But haste, and do thou lead me to thy Saint,
That I may cast myself beneath her Feet,
And beg her to accept this poor Amends
For all I've done against her.—Thou fair Excellence,
[Kneeling.

Canst thou forgive the hostile Hand that arm'd
Against thy Cause, and robb'd thee of a Crown?

Lady JANE.

Oh, rise, my Lord, and let me take your Posture.
Life and the World were hardly worth my Care,
But you have reconcil'd me to 'em both;
Then let me pay my Gratitude, and for
This free, this noble, unexpected Mercy,
Thus low I bow to Heav'n, the Queen, and You.

PEMBROKE.

To me! forbid it, Goodness! if I live,
Somewhat I will do shall deserve your Thanks:
All Discord and Remembrance of Offence
Shall be clean blotted out; and for your Freedom,
Myself have underta'en to be your Caution.
Hear me, you Saints, and aid my pious Purpose;
These

These that deserve so much, this wond'rous Pair,
 Let these be happy; ev'ry Joy attend 'em;
 A fruitful Bed, a Chain of Love unbroken,
 A good old Age, to see their Children's Children,
 A holy Death, and everlasting Memory:
 While I resign to them my Share of Happiness:
 Contented still to want what they enjoy,
 And singly to be wretched.

Enter LIEUTENANT *of the Tower.*

LIEUTENANT.

The Lord Chancellor

Is come with Orders from the Queen.

Enter GARDINER, *and Attendants.*

P E M B R O K E.

Ha! *Winchester!*

GARDINER.

The Queen, whose Days be many,
 By me confirms her first accorded Grace:
 But as the pious Princess means her Mercy
 Should reach ev'n to the Soul as well as Body,
 By me she signifies her royal Pleasure,
 That thou, Lord *Guilford*, and the Lady *Jane*,
 Do instantly renounce, abjure your Heresy,
 And yield Obedience to the See of *Rome*.

Lady JANE.

What! turn Apostate!

GUILFORD.

Ha! forego my Faith!

GARDINER.

This one Condition only seals your Pardon.
 But if, thro' Pride of Heart and stubborn Obstinacy,
 With wilful Hands you push the Blessing from you,
 And shut your Eyes against such manifest Light;
 Know ye, your former Sentence stands confirm'd,
 And you must die to-day.

P E M B R O K E.

'Tis false as Hell.

The Mercy of the Queen was free and full.

Think't

Think'st thou that Princes merchandize their Graces,
As Roman Priests their Pardons? Do they barter,
Screw up, like you, the Buyer to a Price,
And doubly sell what was design'd a Gift?

GARDINER.

My Lord, this Language ill beseems your Nobleness?
Nor come I here to bandy Words with Madmen:
Behold the royal Signet of the Queen,
Which amply speak her Meaning. You, the Pris'ners,
Have heard at large its Purport, and must instantly
Resolve upon the Choice of Life or Death.

PEMBROKE.

Curse on——But wherefore do I loiter here?
I'll to the Queen this Moment, and there know
What 'tis the Mischief-making Priest intends. [Exit.]

GARDINER.

Your Wisdom points you out a proper Course.
A Word with you, Lieutenant.

Talks with the Lieutenant aside.

GUILFORD.

Must we part then?
Where are those Hopes that flatter'd us but now?
Those Joys, that like the Spring with all its Flowers,
Pour'd out their Pleasures every where around us?
In one poor Minute gone, at once they whither'd,
And left their Place all desolate behind 'em.

Lady JANE.

Such is this foolish World, and such the Certainty
Of all the boasted Blessings it bestows;
Then, *Guilford*, let's have no more to do with it;
Think only how to leave it as we ought,
But trust no more, and be deceiv'd no more.

GUILFORD.

Yes, I will copy thy divine Example,
And tread the Paths are pointed out by thee:
By thee instructed, to the fatal Block
I bend my Head with Joy, and think it Happiness.

To give my Life a Ransom for my Faith.
From thee, thou Angel of my Heart, I learn
That greatest, hardest Task, to part with thee.

Lady JANE.

Oh, gloriously resolv'd! Heav'n is my Witness,
My Heart rejoices in thee more ev'n now,
Thus constant as thou art in Death, thus, faithful,
Than when the holy Priest first join'd our Hands,
And knit the sacred Knot of bridal Love.

GARDINER.

The Day wears fast; Lord *Guilford*, have you thought?
Will you lay hold on Life?

GUILFORD.

What are the Terms?

GARDINER.

Death, or the Mass, attend you.

GUILFORD.

'Tis determin'd:

Lead to the Scaffold.

GARDINER.

Bear him to his Fate.

GUILFORD.

Oh! let me fold thee once more in my Arms,
Thou dearest Treasure of my Heart, and print
A dying Husband's Kiss upon thy Lip!
Shall we not live again, ev'n in these Forms?
Shall I not gaze upon thee with these Eyes?

Lady JANE.

Oh! wherefore dost thou footh me with thy Softness?
Why dost thou wind thyself about my Heart?
And make this Separation painful to us?
Here break we off at once; and let us now,
Forgetting Ceremony, like two Friends,
That have a little Bus'ness to be done,
Take a short Leave, and haste to meet again.

GUILFORD.

Rest on that Hope, my Soul—my Wife—

Lady

Lady JANE.

No more.

GUILFORD.

My Sight hangs on thee---Oh! support me Heav'n,
In this last Pang---and let us meet in Bliss.

[Guilford is led off by the Guards.

Lady JANE.

Can Nature bear this Stroke?-----

WOMAN.

Alas! she faints--- [Supporting,

Lady JANE.

Wo't thou fail now!---The killing Stroke is past,
And all the Bitterness of Death is over.

GARDINER.

Here let the dreadful Hand of Vengeance stay;
Have pity on your Youth and blooming Beauty;
Cast not away the Good which Heav'n bestows;
Time may have many Years in store for you,
All crown'd with fair Prosperity: Your Husband
Has perish'd in Perverfeness.

Lady JANE.

Cease, thou Raven;

Nor violate with thy profaner Malice,
My bleeding *Guilford's* Ghost---'Tis gone, 'tis flown:
But lingers on the Wing, and waits for me.

The Scene draws and discovers a Scaffold hung with black.

Executioner and Guards.

And see, my Journey's End.

1 WOMAN.

My dearest Lady, [Weeping

2 WOMAN.

Oh, Misery!

Lady JANE.

Forbear, my gentle Maids,
Nor wound my Peace with fruitless Lamentations;
The good and gracious Hand of Providence
Shall raise you better Friends than I have been.

M 2

1 WOMAN.

I. W O M A N.

Oh, never! never!—

Lady JANE.

Help to disarray,

And fit me for the Block: Do this last Service,
 And do it chearfully. Now you will see
 Your poor unhappy Mistrefs sleep in Peace,
 And cease from all her Sorrows. These few Trifles,
 The Pledges of a dying Mistrefs' Love,
 Receive and share among you. Thou, *Maria*,
[To 1 Woman.

Hast been my old, my very faithful Servant;
 In dear Remembrance of thy Love, I leave thee
 This Book, the Law of everlasting Truth:
 Make it thy Treasure; 'twas still my Support
 When all Help else forfok me.

G A R D I N E R.

Will you yet

Repent, be wise, and save your precious Life?

Lady JANE.

Oh, *Winchester*! has Learning taught thee that,
 To barter Truth for Life?

G A R D I N E R.

Mistaken Folly!

You toil and travail for your own Perdition,
 And die for damned Errors.

Lady JANE.

Who judge rightly,

And who persist in Error, will be known,
 Then, when we meet again. Once more, Farewel,
[To her Women.

Goodness be ever with you. When I'm dead,
 Intreat they do no rude dishonest Wrong
 To my cold headless Corse! but see it shrouded,
 And decent laid in Earth.

G A R D I N E R.

Wo't thou then die?

Thy Blood be on thy Head.

Lady

Lady JANE.

My Blood be where it falls, let the Earth hide it,
And may it never rise, or call for Vengeance:
Oh, that it were the last shall fall a Victim
To Zeal's inhuman Wrath! Thou gracious Heav'n,
Hear, and defend at length thy suff'ring People!
Raise up a Monarch of the royal Blood,
Brave, Pious, Equitable, Wise, and Good:
In thy due Season let the Hero come,
To save thy Altars from the Rage of *Rome*:
Long let him reign to bless the rescu'd Land,
And deal out Justice with a righteous Hand.
And when he fails, Oh may he leave a Son,
With equal Virtues to adorn his Throne;
To latest Times the Blessing to convey,
And guard that Faith for which I die to-day.

[Lady JANE goes up to the Scaffold: the Scene closes.]

Enter PEMBROKE.

P E M B R O K E.

Horror on Horror! Blasted be the Hand
That struck my *Guilford*! Oh! his bleeding Trunk
Shall live in these distracted Eyes for ever.
Curse on thy fatal Arts, thy cruel Counsels! [To Gard.
The Queen is deaf, and pitiless as thou art.

G A R D I N E R.

The just Reward of Heresy and Treason
Is fall'n upon 'em both, for their vain Obstinacy;
Untimely Death, with Infamy on Earth,
And everlasting Punishment hereafter.

P E M B R O K E.

And canst thou tell? who gave thee to explore
The secret Purposes of Heav'n, or taught thee
To set a Bound to Mercy unconfin'd?
But know, thou proud perversely-judging *Winchester*,
How'er your hard imperious Censures doom,
And portion out our Lot in Worlds to come;

Those who with honest Hearts pursue the Right,
And follow faithfully Truth's sacred Light,
Tho' suff'ring here, shall from their Sorrows cease,
Rest with the Saints, and dwell in endless Peace.

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. P O R T E R.

THE Palms of Virtue Heroes oft have worn ;
Those Wreathes to-night, a Female Brow adorn.
The destin'd Saint, unfortunately brave,
Sunk with those Altars which she strove to save.
Greatly she dar'd to prop the juster Side,
As greatly with her adverse Fate comply'd, }
Did all that Heav'n cou'd ask, resign'd and dy'd ;
Dy'd for the Land, for which she wish'd to live,
And gain'd that Liberty she could not give.
Oh happy People ! of this fav'rite Isle,
On whom so many better Angels smile ;
For you, kind Heav'n new Blessings still supplies,
Bids other Saints, and other Guardians rise ;
For you, the fairest of her Sex is come,
Adopts our Britain, and forgets her Home.
For Truth and You, the Heroine declines
Austria's proud Eagles, and the Indian Mines,
What Sense of such a Bounty can be shown ! }
But Heav'n must make the vast Reward its own,
And Stars shall join to make her future Crown.
Your Gratitude with ease may be express'd ;
Strive but to be, what she would make you, bless'd.
Let no vile Faction vex the vulgar Ear
With fond Surmise, and false affected Fear ;

E P I L O G U E.

*Confirm but to yourselves the given Good ;
'Tis all she asks, for all she has bestow'd.*

*Such was our great Example shown to-day,
And with such Thanks our Author's Pains repay.
If from these Scenes, to guard your Faith you learn,
If for your Laws you shew a just Concern ;
If you are taught to dread a Popish Reign,
Our beauteous Patriot has not dy'd in vain.*

A P R O.

A
P R O L O G U E,
T O
Lady JANE GRAY.

Sent by an unknown Hand.

WHEN waking Terrors rouse the guilty Breast,
And fatal Visions break the Murd'rer's Rest
When Vengeance does Ambition's Fate decree,
And Tyrants bleed, to set whole Nations free;
Tho' the Muse saddens each distressed Scene,
Unmov'd is ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Face serene,
The mournful Lines no tender Heart subdue;
Compassion is to suff'ring Goodness due.
The Poet your Attention begs once more,
T' atone for Characters here drawn before:
No royal Mistress sighs through ev'ry Page,
And breathes her dying Sorrows on the Stage:
No lovely Fair, by soft Persuasion won,
Lays down the Load of Life, when Honor's gone.
Nobly to bear the Changes of our State,
To stand unmov'd against the Storms of Fate,
A brave Contempt of Life and Grandeur lost;
Such glorious Toils a Female Name can boast.
Our Author draws not Beauty's heavn'ly Smile,
T' invite our Wishes, and our Hearts beguile:
No soft Enchantments languish in her Eye,
No blossoms fade, nor sick'ning Roses die.
A nobler Passion ev'ry Breast must move,
Than youthful Raptures, or the Joys of Love.

P R O L O G U E.

*A Mind unchang'd, superior to a Crown,
Bravely defies the angry Tyrant's Frown ;
The same, if Fortune sinks, or mounts on high,
Or if the World's extended Ruins lie :
With gen'rous Scorn she lays the Sceptre down ;
Great Souls shine brightest by Misfortune shown ;
With patient Courage she sustains the Blow,
And triumphs o'er variety of Woe ;
Through ev'ry Scene the sad Distress is new ;
How well feign'd Life does represent the true !
Unhappy Age ! who views the bloody Stain,
But must with Tears record Maria's Reign !
When Zeal by Doctrine flatter'd lawless Will,
Instructed by Religion's Voice to kill.*

*Ye British Fair ! lament in silent Woe ;
Let ev'ry Eye with tender Pity flow ;
The lovely Form through falling Draps will seem
Like flow'ry Shadows of the silver Stream.
Thus Beauty, Heaven's sweet Ornament, shall prove
Enrich'd by Virtue, as adorn'd by Loss.
Forget your Charms, fond Woman's dear Delight,
The Fops will languish here another Night.
No Conquest from dissembling Smiles we fear ;
She only kills, who wounds us with a Fear.*

T H E



T H E
GOLDEN VERSES
O F
P Y T H A G O R A S.

Translated from the GREEK.

W I T H
POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS,
A N D
T R A N S L A T I O N S.



Printed in the Year 1746.

1870

1871

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1874

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1879

1880

1881

1882

TO THE
R E A D E R.

I HOPE the Reader will forgive the Liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of Turn in English Poetry to so dry a Subject. The Sense of the Author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some Places, to be some Additions in the English Verses to the Greek Text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained Sense of the Author's short Precept. I have

To the READER.

have in some few Places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French Interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict Comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the Reader to determine.

THE

THE
GOLDEN VERSES
OF
PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST to the Gods thy humble Homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of Laws, obey:
Perform thy Vows, observe thy plighted Troth,
And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.
The Heroes next demand thy just Regard,
Renown'd on Earth, and to the Stars prefer'd,
To Light and endless Life, their Virtues sure Reward. }
Due Rites perform, and Honors to the Dead,
To ev'ry wise, to ev'ry pious Shade.
With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,
And Grace and Favor to thy Kindred show:
For what concerns the rest of Human Kind, }
Choose out the Man to Virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Bosom bind. }
Possess of such a Friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his Counsels with thy stubborn Will;
Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,
And yield to all his Offices of Love:
Him from thy Heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash Word nor light Offences tear,
Bear all thou canst, still with his Failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong Necessity alone explores
The secret Vigor of our latent Pow'rs,

Rouzes

256 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

Rouzes and urges on the lazy Heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.
By use thy stronger Appetites assuage,
Thy Gluttony, thy Sloth, thy Lust, thy Rage:
From each dishonest Act of Shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let Rev'rence of thyself thy Thoughts control,
And guard the sacred Temple of thy Soul.
Let Justice o'er thy Word and Deed preside,
And Reason ev'n thy meanest Actions guide:
For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom,
Know that the Day of great Account will come,
When thy past Life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each Word, each Deed be in the Balance laid,
And all the Good and all the Ill most justly be repaid. }
For Wealth, the perishing, uncertain Good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding Place,
But wand'ring loves from Hand to Hand to pass;
Revolve the Getter's Joy and Loser's Pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those Sorrows that attend Mankind,
With Patience bear the Lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;
For know, what Man calls Fortune, is from God.
In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek Relief,
And let her healing Hand assuage the Grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous Doom ordains,
What Cause soever multiplies thy Pains,
Let not those Pains as Ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The reas'ning Art to various Ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring Guide.
Thy Judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy Resolution swerve;
The dazzling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,
And sweet Persuasion wins the Easy to believe.

When

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 257

When Fools and Liars labor to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This above all, this Precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not Example, let no soothing Tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a *Siren's* Song,
To do thy Soul's Immortal Essence wrong.
Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds express,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,
And ponder on thy Task before begun,
Lest Folly shou'd the wretched Work deface,
And mock thy fruitless Labors with Disgrace.
Fools huddle on and always are in haste,
Act without Thought, and thoughtless Words they waste.
But thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares
Strive to prevent at first a Fate like theirs;
That Sorrow on the End may never wait,
Nor sharp Repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling Hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of Knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought
To search the profitable Knowledge out.
So Joys on Joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy Labors, and shall bless
Thy Life with Pleasure, and thy End with Peace.

Nor let the Body want its Part, but share
A just Proportion of thy tender Care:
For Health and Welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.
Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholsom Fare
Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair;
And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits chear.
In all Things still which to this Care belong,
Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.

By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from Blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly
The glancing Curse of her malicious Eye.

Seek

258 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

Seek not in needless Luxury to waste
 Thy Wealth and Substance, with a Spendthrift's Haste;
 Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy Mind,
 Prone to Extremes, an equal Danger find,
 And be to fordid Avarice inclin'd.

Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
 But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

Be careful still to guard thy Soul from Wrong,
 And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprize,
 Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,
 Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day
 Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.

With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal stand,
 And answer justly to thy own Demand.

Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?

What Good or Ill has this Day's Life express'd?

Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?

In what to God, to Man, or to myself I owe?

Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,

From Morning's Dawn 'till Ev'ning's Gloom has past.

If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,

And let thy Soul with strong Remorse be torn,

If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,

And to thy secret Self with Pleasure say,

Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well to-day.

These Thoughts, and chiefly these thy Mind should
 Employ thy Study, and engage thy Love. [move,

These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,

And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.

This by his Name I swear, whose sacred Lore

First to Mankind explain'd the Mystic FOUR,

Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Pow'r.

In all thou dost first let thy Prayers ascend,

And to the Gods thy Labors first commend:

From them implore Success, and hope a prosp'rous End.

So shall thy abler Mind be taught to soar,

And Wisdom in her secret Ways explore;

To

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. 259

To range through Heav'n above, and Earth below,
Immortal Gods and mortal Men to know.
So shalt thou learn what Pow'r does all control,
What bounds the Parts, and what unites the Whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous Frame,
How universal Nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place
On Hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man, thou shalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himself the inborn Cause of Woe.
Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell,
How near their Good and Happiness they dwell.
Depriv'd of Sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in Vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad Fate agree:
Like pond'rous Rolling-stones, oppress'd with Ill,
The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on still,
Bereft of Choice and Freedom of the Will.
For native Strife in ev'ry Bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious War maintains:
Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat cease,
And ev'ry yielding Passion sue for Peace.

Wouldst thou, great *Jove*, thou Father of Mankind,
Reveal the *Demon* for that Task assign'd,
The wretched Race an End of Woes would find.

And yet be bold, O Man, divine thou art,
And of the Gods celestial Essence Part.
Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy Race her mystic Rules reveal'd.
These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded Soul to Health thou shalt restore,
And free from ev'ry Pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy Body pure, so free thy Soul;
So rightly judge; thy Reason, so, maintain;
Reason which Heav'n did for thy Guide ordain,
Let that best Reason ever hold the Rein.

Then

260 *The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.*

Then if this mortal Body thou forsake,
And thy glad Flight to the pure Æther take,
Among the Gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine:
The Tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.

A POEM

A
P O E M

On the Late

Glorious Successes, &c.

Humbly Inscib'd to the Right Honorable the

L O R D T R E A S U R E R.

W H I L E Kings and Nations on thy Counfels wait,
And *ANNA* trusts to thee the *British* State ;
While Fame, to thee, from ev'ry foreign Coast,
Flies with the News of Empires won and lost,
Relates whate'er her busy Eyes beheld,
And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field ;
While with officious Duty, Crowds attend,
To hail the Labors of thy God-like Friend,
Vouchsafe the Muses humbler Joy to hear ;
For sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care ;
Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,
Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train,
Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,
Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim
To make thy Numbers equal to thy Theme. }
From Heav'n derive thy Verse ; to Heav'n belong
The Counfels of the Wise, and Battles of the Strong.
To Heav'n, the royal *ANNA* owes, alone,
The Virtues which adorn and guard her Throne ;
Thence

262 *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

Thence is her Justice Wretches to redress,
 Thence is her Mercy and her Love of Peace ;
 Thence is her Pow'r, her Scepter uncontrol'd
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold ;
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,
 To heal their Breaches, and to sooth their Rage ;
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides ;
 Thence is she taught her shining Court to grace,
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,
 To trust at home GODOLPHIN'S watchful Care,
 And send victorious CHURCHILL forth to War.

Arise ye Nations rescu'd by her Sword,
 Freed from the Bondage of a foreign Lord,
 Arise, and join the Heroine to bless,
 Behold she sends to save you from Distress ;
 Rich is the royal Bounty she bestows,
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes.
 And thou, *Iberia!* rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear inflav'd the *Gallic* Tyrant's Chain.
 For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer
 Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War.
 With her own glorious Fires their Souls she warms,
 And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.
 Unhappy Land! the Foremost once in Fame,
 Once lifting to the Stars thy noble Name,
 In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,
 The western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.
 Where is thy Pride, thy conscious Honor, flown,
 Thy ancient Valor, and thy first Renown ?
 How art thou sunk among the Nations now !
 How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,
 And dropt the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy
 Brow !

Not thus of old her valiant Fathers bore
 The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,
 But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,
 And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field ;
 Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood :

Then

Then in heroic Arms their Knights excell'd,
 The Tyrant then and Giant then they quell'd.
 Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,
 And those, who fought for Freedom, sigh'd for Love.
 Like one, those sacred Flames united live,
 At once they languish, and at once revive;
 Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,
 But bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;
 Tho' we disdain that Man should Man subdue,
 Yet all the free-born Race are Slaves alike to you.

Yet once, again that Glory to restore,
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian Shore.
 With echoing Peals, at ANNA's high Command,
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowsy Land;
 High at their Head, Iberia's promis'd Lord,
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining Sword;
 His youthful Veins with Hopes of Empire glow,
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe:
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile Strand,
 And thinks the destin'd Sceptre in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster Claim,
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,
 And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath bestows
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years,
 Philip of Bourbon's haughty Line, appears;
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)
 In Numbers proud, he threatens no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending War;
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,
 And dooms to certain Death the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the nobler Spoils
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,
 Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,
 And fire their Breasts with more than mortal Rage.

Not

264 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown
 They prove their might in Arms, and combat for a Crown.

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung;
 Till forc'd at length, disdain'g much, to yield,
Charles to his Rival quits the fatal Field.

Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,
 And ev'n the *British* Valor seems to fail;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extreme,
 Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,
 They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,
 Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,
 Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

But lo! when ev'ry better Hope was past,
 When ev'ry Day of Danger seem'd their last,
 Far on the distant Ocean, they survey,
 Where a proud Navy plows its wat'ry Way.
 Nor long they doubted, but with Joy descry,
 Upon the Chief's tall Top-masts waving high,
 The *British* Cross and *Belgic* Lion fly.
 Land with tumultuous Clamor, loud they rear
 Their Cries of Ecstasy, and rend the Air,
 In Peals on Peals the Shouts triumphal rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;

While from below, old Ocean groans profound,
 The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,
 Ring with the deaf'ning Shock, and thunder all around.

Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,
 Who by the fierce *Rutilian's* Siege distress'd,
 Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd;
 When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,
 And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;
 Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the Fate of his imperial *Rome*.

But

But Oh! what Verse, what Numbers shall reveal
Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!
Who shall retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,
And tell the Anguish of his lab'ring Heart!
What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express
The blended Passions striving in his Face!
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse,
With thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest Curse,
Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous Charms
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms?

When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battles won,
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,
When all War gives, when all the Great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer happier Arts of Peace,
Secur'd from Harms, and blest with learned Ease;
In Battles, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the Warrior in the fatal Field;
But chief, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,
And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;
Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!
There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,
But those which from thy sacred Rapture flow,
Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow. }
Me, Nymph divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate,
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be Great;
Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring, }
Where secret thy celestial Sisters sing,
Fast by their sacred Hill, and sweet *Castalian* Spring. }

But nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,
And raise his Heart with high triumphant Joy;
From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,
And whiter Days successive seem to run.
From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date
The rising Glories of his future State,
From hence!--But Oh! too soon the Hero mourns
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns.

266 . *A POEM on the glorious Successes*

In vain his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms
 Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms ;
 Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,
 In fullen Sloth supinely proud they fate :
 Or to be Slaves or Free alike prepar'd,
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard,
 Untouch'd with Shame, the noble Strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field ;
 But fought, in the cool Shade, and rural Seat,
 An unmolested Ease and calm Retreat :
 Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull Indifference
 Turn'd to their Rest, and left the World to Chance. }
 So when commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,
Thaumantian Iris left the Realms above,
 And swift descending on her painted Bow,
 Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below ;
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy Head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred Message heard ;
 Then with a Yawn at once forgot the Pain,
 And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again.
 But oh, my Muse ! th' ungrateful Toil forsake,
 Some Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,
 Nor choose, in melancholy Strains, to tell
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause besel.
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,
 Where *MARLBOROUGH'S* Heroic Arms invite,
 Where highest Deeds the Poet's Breast inspire
 With Rage divine, and fan the sacred Fire.
 See ! where at once, *Ramillia's* noble Field
 Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.
 See ! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprize ; }
 At once the wide-extended Battles move,
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.
 The Roar ascends promiscuous ; Groans and Cries, }
 The Drums, the Cannon's Burst, the Shout, supplies }
 One universal Anarchy of Noise.

One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and lost in Sound,
 Echo's to all the frighted Cities round.
 Thick Dust and Smoke in wavy Clouds arise,
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies ;
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between,
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.
 Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam,
 Hate, Fury, and infatiate Slaughter roam ;
 Discord with Pleasure o'er the Ruin treads,
 And laughing, wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds ;
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.
 So when two Currents, rapid in their Course,
 Rush to a Point, and meet with equal Force,
 The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,
 Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,
 And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry ;
 The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,
 By listning Shepherds on the distant Shore,
 While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,
 And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,
 Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,
 Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest fall,
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting *Gaul*.
 Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,
 And animates the social Warrior's Arms,
 Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,
 Makes the Young Heroes, and renews the Old.
 In Forms Divine around him watchful wait
 The Guardian Genii of the *British* State ;
 Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side ;
 Prudence and Fortitude their *MARLBORÔ* guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his Labors chear'd ;
 But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,
 The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,
 And in his decent Hand he shook a warlike Spear

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While Victory celestial soars above,
 Plum'd like the Eagle of imperial *Jove*,
 Hangs o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,
 And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,
 Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,
 Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy.
 Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela's* Plain,
 Or such the * *Painter* did the Hero feign,
 Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,
 With graceful Ardor, and majestic Pride,
 With all the Gods of *Greece* and Fortune on his Side. }
 Nor long *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain
 Labors the Fight unequal to maintain :
 He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*
 Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall;
 Flies from the Foe too oft in Battle try'd,
 And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side ;
 Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.
 So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,
 The dreadful Forms of hostile Gods survey'd, }
 Hopeless he left the burning Town and fled :
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.
 What vast Reward, O *Europe*, shalt thou pay,
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious Day !
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,
 And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.
 In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed, }
 Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,
 To *MARLBOROUGH* and Liberty decreed ?
 Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise ;
 To him your skilful Bards their Verse shall bring, }
 For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing,
 The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trem-
 bling String. }

* *Le Brun.*

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles,
Britannia! noblest of the Ocean's Isles,
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main;
 What Transports in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!
 How didst thou lift thy tow'ry Front on high!
 Not meanly conscious of a Mother's Joy,
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*,
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy Choice approve,
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love!
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!
 How with Impatience wait his wisht Return!
 How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay?
 How didst thou chide the Gods who rule the Sea,
 And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his Way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,
 Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;
 To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,
 He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;
 Lowly he kneels before the Royal Seat,
 And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA*'s Feet.
 While form'd alike for Labors or for Ease,
 In Camps to Thunder, or in Courts to please, [Care,
Britain's bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their
 In all his Dangers, all his Triumphs, share.
 Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,
 And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;
Britain preserv'd by his victorious Arms,
 With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,
 Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their Charms.
 Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store
 So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,
 Now shines with Graces never known before;
 Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn,
 And each soft Feature takes a sprightly Turn;
 New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,
 And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;

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The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,
 Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful People round ;
 Laborious Hinds inur'd to rural Toil,
 To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,
 In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,
 And blest the Warrior who protects the Peace,
 Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War.
 No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,
 Prevents the Harvest, and deludes their Hope ;
 No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze ;
 The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe,
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,
 The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round,
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and ANNA's gentlest Reign afford,
 All is secur'd by MARLBRO's conqu'ring Sword.

O Sacred, ever Honour'd Name ! O thou !
 That wert our Greatest *William* once below !
 What Place foe'er thy Virtues now possess
 Near the bright Source of everlasting Bliss,
 Where-e'er exalted to ethereal Height,
 Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light,
 Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a while forsake,
 And deign the *Britons'* Triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,
 How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.
 What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,
Europe and Liberty are still thy Care,

Thy

Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal Mind. }
 Is ever to the public Good inclin'd, }
 Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind. }
 Behold, where MARLBOROUGH, thy last best Gift,
 At Parting, to thy native *Belgia* left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal Cares,
 Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars ;
 Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,
 And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land ;
 Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown, }
 Fights to secure an Empire not his own, }
 Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown. }
 At length thy Pray'r, O pious Prince ! is heard,
 Heav'n has, at length, in its own Cause appear'd,
 At length *Ramillia's* Field atones for all
 The faithless Breaches of the perjurd *Gaul* ;
 At length a better Age to Man decreed, }
 With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed ; }
 Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed. }
 One Triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find ;
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,
Louis the Force of hostile *Britain* feels ;
 Swift to her Friends distress her Succours fly,
 And distant Wars her wealthy Sons supply :
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear,
 By tedious languishing Delays is held
 Repining, and impatient, from the Field :
 While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain ;
 At once with generous Indignation warm,
Britain the Treasure sends, and bids the Heroe arm,
 Straight eager to the Field, he speeds away, }
 There vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay }
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day ; }

272 A POEM on the glorious Successes

Chear'd by the Presence of the Chief they love,
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to lead;
 Again their Crests the *German Eagles* rear,
 Stretch their broad Wings, and fan the *Latian Air*;
 Greedy for Battle and the Prey they call,
 And point great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.
 The Chief commands, and soon in dread Array
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way;
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,
 O'er ev'ry Barrier fortunate they pass'd,
 Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd.
 The Foe in vain with *Gallic Arts* attends,
 To mark which way the wary Leader bends;
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is Wise,
 Lurks where tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprise.
 Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,
 And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams:
 While River-Gods in vain exhaust their Store,
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste in vain;
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood,
 Unshaken still pursue their steadfast Course,
 And where they want their Way, they find it or they force.

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy's* Great Prince infest,
 And roll ill-boding in his careful Breast;
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,
 An Exile, meanly forc'd to beg Support
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,
 His Glory once and Empire's ancient Seat,

He

He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,
 And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there ;
 Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,
 Nor all the *Gallic* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay.
 Like Truth itself unknowing how to fail,
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.

Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,
 Bound by the Law of *Jove's* eternal Year ;
 Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,
 Round the wide World in twice twelve Hours is born,
 And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return. }

Straight to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,
 Their friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,
 And on the Foe united bend the War. }

O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,
 At once they rush and drive the rapid Fight ;
 With idle Arms the *Gallic* Legions seem
 To stem the Rage of the resistless Stream ;
 At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field ;
 Resistance ceases, and 'tis War no more,
 At once the Vanquish'd own the Victor's Pow'r ;
 Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight,
 'Tis all or Conquest or inglorious Flight ;
 Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,
 With Life and Liberty at once they chear,
 And save 'em in the Moment of Despair. }

So timely to the Aid of sinking *Rome*,
 With active Haste did great *Camillus* come :
 So to the *Capitol* he forc'd his way,
 So from the proud *Barbarians* snatch'd the Prey,
 And sav'd his Country in one signal Day. }

From impious Arms at length, O *Louis*, cease !
 And leave at length the lab'ring World in Peace,
 Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more fatal Scene,
 Fatal beyond *Ramillia* or *Turin* ;

274 *A POEM on the glorious Successes, &c.*

Left from thy Hand thou see thy Sceptre torn,
And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn ;
Left urg'd at length thy own repining Slave,
Tho' fond of Burdens, and in Bondage brave,
Pursue thy hoary Head with Curfes to the Grave.

}

P O E M S

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPILOGUE, *to the INCONSTANT; Or, The Way to Win him. A Comedy: by Mr. FARQUHAR. As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

FROM FLETCHER's great *Original**, to Day
We took the Hint of this our *Modern Play*:
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant:
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a world of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning-Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know
not yet.

Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded Way;
Let VILLEROY's Misfortune make you wise,
There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprise;

Tho'

* See, *The Wild-Goose Chase.*

Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
 Prince EUGENE found an *Aqueduct* below.
 With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,
 A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:
 Whilst the Respectful, like the *Greek*, sits down,
 And wastes a *ten* Year's-Siege before *one* Town.
 For her own Sake, let no forsaken Maid,
 Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid;
 Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
 That they have lost the happy Power to please.
 If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;
 As Princes, when they resty States-Men doubt,
 Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
 Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
 As much, ev'n for *Inconstancy* be said.
 Let the good Man for *Marriage-Rites* design'd,
 With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
 Turn over every *Page* of *Womankind*;
 Mark ev'ry *Sense*, and how the *Readings* vary,
 And when he knows the worst on't,——let him *Marry*.

PROLOGUE to the GAMESTER, a Comedy; by
 Mrs. Centlivre. As it was acted at the
 New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1704.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage-Chain,
 With cursed dogged Husbands may complain;
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
 They may, at least, for Alimony sue.
 Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,
 Between the Plaintiff, Stage, and the Defendant, Town.
 When first you took us from our Father's House,
 And lovingly our Int'rest did espouse,

You

You kept us fine, carefs'd, and lodg'd us here,
 And Honey-Moon held out above three Year;
 At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,
 Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your sprightly Taste;
 And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
 We found your Love was dwindled to Respect.
 Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,
 You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,
 Like bad Wine, Bus'ness, Duels, and a Dun.
 Have we for this increas'd *Apollo's* Race?
 Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?
 And borne you many chopping Babes of Grace?
 Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,
 They were so like you, that they far'd the worse;
 For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
 Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:
 If all the Midwife says of it, be true,
 There are some Features too like some of you:
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,
 We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by Mrs. Barry, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th. 1709, at her playing in LOVE FOR LOVE with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

AS some brave Knight, who once with Spear and
 Shield
 Had fought Renown in many a well-fought Field;
 But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd,
 Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd:
 There, if by Chance disastrous Tales he hears,
 Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,
 He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,
 And vows once more to succour the Distress'd.

Buckl'd

278. POEMS on several Occasions.

Buckl'd in Mail, he sallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendship true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid *old THOMAS*, and to pleasure you. }
Like errant Damsels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,
And scorn'd that any She shou'd hold his Back;
But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By* two at once he's forc'd to be sustain'd,
You see what Failing Nature brings Man to; }
And yet let none insult, for ought we know,
She may not wear so well with some of you. }
Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean past,
But, true as Steel, he's Mettle to the last.

If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngest of you all do more? }

What he has been, tho' present Praise be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come, }
As now we talk of *ROSCIUS*, and of *Rome*. }
Had you withheld your Favors on this Night,
Old *SHAKESPEAR*'s Ghost had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say, }
Why are the Muses Labors cast away? }

Why did I write what only he could play?
But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,
Find something for him more than bare Applause,
In just Remembrance of your Pleasures-past,
Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last,
In Peace and Ease Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated Buskin † there.

EPILOGUE

* *Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the Waist.*

† *Pointing to the Top of the Stage.*

EPILOGUE to *The Cruel Gift, a Tragedy*; by
*Mrs. Centlivre. As it was acted at the
 Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1717.*

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL,---'twas a narrow 'Scape my *Lover* made
 That *Cup* and *Message*---I was fore afraid---
 Was that a *Present* for a new-made *Widow*.
 All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful *DIDO*?
 When one peep'd in---and hop'd for something good,
 There was---Oh! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood**.
 If the old Man had shew'd himself a Father,
 His *Bowl* should have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,
 Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,
L'Eau de Barbade---or comfortable *Nants*||!
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And to be witty, cry'd, he'd fend the Heart.
 I could have told his Gravity, moreover,
 Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*,
 Let but the *Bridegroom* prudently provide
 All other *Matters* fitting for a *Bride*,
 So he make good the *Jewels* and the *Jointure*,
 To miss the *Heart*, does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith; for the Fashion *Hearts* of late are made in,
 They are the vilest *Baubles* we can trade in.
 Where are the tough brave *BRRONS* to be found,
 With *Hearts* of *Oak*, so much of old renown'd?
 How many worthy Gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to *Mother-Church* and *State*;

* This Tragedy was founded upon the Story of *Segismonda* and *Guiscardo*, one of *Boccace's* Novels; wherein the *Heart* of the *Lover* is sent by the *Father* to his *Daughter*, as a *Present*.

|| i. e. *Citron-Water* and good *Brandy*.

When

280 POEMS on several Occasions.

When their *false Hearts* were secretly maintaining
 Yon trim King PEPIN, at *Avignon* reigning?
 Shame on the canting Crew of *Soul-Insurers*,
 That *Tyburn-Tribe* of *speech-making Non-jurors*;
 Who in new-fangled *Terms*, old *Truths* explaining,
 Teach honest *Englishmen*, damn'd *Double-Meaning*.

Oh! would you lost Integrity restore,
 And boast that *Faith* your plain fore-Fathers bore;
 What surer Pattern can you hope to find,
 Than that dear PLEDGE* your MONARCH left behind!
 See how his *Looks* his *honest Heart* explain,
 And speak the Blessings of his *future Reign*!
 In his each Feature, Truth, and Candor trace,
 And read *Plain-Dealing* written in his Face.

* The Prince of Wales then present.

PROLOGUE to the NON-JUROR, a Comedy;
 by Mr. Cibber. As it was acted at the
 Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

T O-Night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's Cost to laugh,
 We mean to fouse old *Satan* and the *Pope*;
 They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
 A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage
 With just Materials for Satyric Rage:
 Nor think our Colors may too strongly paint
 The stiff *Non-Juring* Separation Saint.
 Good-Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
 Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,
 And hate our Monarch and our Church alike;
 Our Church,—which aw'd with reverential Fear,
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.

Long

Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
 And lift her mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
 While theirs——But Satire silently disdains
 To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
 Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
 And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
 In close Back-rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.
 There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
 And excommunicates Three-Stories high. }
 Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this Free-born State?
 Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,
 Peace and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:
 With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
 Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.
 Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
 Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
 To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
 And fill an empty Abdicated Court:
 Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
 And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.

HORAT. LIB. II. ODE IV.

Ad XANTHIAM.

I.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu : prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

II.

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ :
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ.

III.

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore, & ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

IV. Nescias,

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. *Imitated.*

The Lord Griffin to the Earl of Scarfdale.

I.

DO not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
 Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,
 To *Bracegirdle* the Brown;
 But publickly espouse the Dame,
 And say, G--- d--- the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,
 With Drabs have deeply smitten been,
 Although right good Commanders;
 Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,
 And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* * P B G G inflame
 The sober Earl of *Nottingham*,
 Of sober Sire descended?
 That careless of his Soul and Fame,
 To Play-houses he nightly came,
 And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch who of *France* is hight,
 Who rules the Roast with matchless Might,
 Since WILLIAM went to Heaven;
 Loves MAINTENON, his Lady bright,
 Who was but SCARRON's Leaving.

V. Tho'

* Signiora *Francesca Marguareta de l'Epine*, an Italian Songstress.

IV.

*Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certè genus, & penates:
Mæret iniquos.*

V.

*Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
Plebe delectam: neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci:
Matre pudendâ.*

VI.

*Brachia & vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.*

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,
For Carriers at *Northampton*;
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee
Which she with Scorn rejected:
And can a Nymph so virtuous, be
Of base-born Blood suspected?

VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,
Her slender Waist, and taper Thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,
I mean no more than Joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?
My Lady Marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;
Besides, you know full well, that I
Am turn'd of Five-and-Forty.

HORAT. LIB. III. ODE IX.

Ad LYDIAM.

HORATIUS.

DONEC *gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,
Perfarum vigui Rege beatior.

LYDIA.

Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORATIUS.

Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

*The RECONCILEMENT between Jacob
Tonson and Mr. Congreve.*

An Imitation of HORACE. BOOK III. ODE IX.

T O N S O N.

WHILE at my House in *Fleet-street* once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?
While *I partook your Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,*
I was the happiest Creature on God's Yearth.*

C O N G R E V E.

While in your early Days of Reputation,
You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;
While yet you did not use (as now your Trade is)
To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;
Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert to my conceiving,
The chearfullest, best, honest, Fellow living.

T O N S O N.

I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,
A most *sweet-natur'd* Gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models:
And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

* Tonson (*Sen.*) his Dialect.

LYDIA.

*Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Galais filius Ornithi :
Pro quo bis patiar mori
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.*

HORATIUS.

*Quid, si prisca redit Venus?
Diductosque jugo cogit abeneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejeclæque patet janua Lydiæ?*

LYDIA.

*Quanquam sidere pulchrrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adriâ,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

HORAT.

C O N G R E V E.

TEMLPE* and DALAVAL are now my Party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

T O N S O N.

What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,
And once more warm my † *Bunnians* at your Fire;
If I to *Bow-street* should invite you home,
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREVE, would you come? }

C O N G R E V E.

Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;
Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were,
And had more Humors than a Dancing-Bear;
Yet for your sake I'd bid 'em both adieu,
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

* Sir Richard Temple, now Lord Cobham.

† JACOB's Term for his Corns.

 HORAT. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

I.

O Nata mecum Consule Manlio,
 Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
 Seu rixam, & insanos amores,
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum :

II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
 Servas, moveri digna bono die :
 Descende, Corvino jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina.

III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus :
 Narratur & prisca Catonis
 Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.

IV. Tu

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle CASK, whose venerable Head
 With hoary Down and ancient Dust o'er-spread,
 Proclaims, that since the Vine first brought Thee forth
 Old Age has added to thy Worth.
 Whether the sprightly Juice thou dost contain,
 Thy Vot'ries will to Wit and Love,
 Or senseless Noise and Lewdness move,
 Or Sleep, the Cure of these and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to some Day propitious and great,
 Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate;
 This Day, the happiest of thy many Years,
 With thee I will forget my Cares:
 To my *CORVINUS*' Health thou shalt go round,
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,
 And longer Age would bring Decay)
 'Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be
 drown'd.

III.

To thee my Friend his Roughness shall submit,
 And *SOCRATES* himself a while forget.
 Thus when old *CATO* would sometimes unbend
 The rugged Stiffness of his Mind
 Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his Bowl,
 His frozen Virtue felt the Charm,
 And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm,
 And bless'd the sprightly Pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy
 Soul.

IV.

*Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
 Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
 Curas, & arcanum jocosum
 Consilium retegis Lyæo.*

V.

*Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 Viresque, & addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.*

VI.

*Te Liber, & si læta aderit Venus,
 Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ,
 Vivæque producent lucernæ,
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phæbus*

IV.

With kind Constraint ill Nature thou dost bend,
 And mould the snarling Cynic to a Friend.
 The Sage reserv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
 And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and free. }
 The Swain, who did some credulous Nymph persuade
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,
 Devotes her to his Vanity,
 And to his Fellow-Fops toasts the abandon'd Maid.

V.

The Wretch who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,
 And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs,
 If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,
 From Earth he rears his drooping Head,
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;
 His flying Cares give way to Haste,
 And to the God resign his Breast,
 Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.

VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,
 Amidst his Wants, a wretched Life maintains;
 If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,
 Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,
 Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,
 And how by impious Arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,
 And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine, }
 Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine,
 All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline, }
 Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy Night,
 With all Things that can give Delight;
 Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away;
 Ye Tapers still be bright and clear,
 Rival the Moon, and each pale Star,
 Your Beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the Day,

H O R A T. L I B. I V. O D E I.

A D V E N E R E M.

Intermissa Venus diu,
 Rursus bella moves : parce, precor, precor.
 Non sum, qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ : desine dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis : Abi
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domo
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Commessabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque & nobilis, & decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citreâ.

HORACE, BOOK IV ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my Breast,
 Late, with long Ease, and peaceful Pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the Wretch, that still has been thy Slave,
 And let my former Service have }
 The Merit to protect me to the Grave.
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under CYNERA the good and fair,
 With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.
 Stiff and unequal to the Labor now,
 With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow,
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why }
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful Breasts, to Mirth and Gaiety?
 Go, bid thy Swans their glossy Wings expand,
 And swiftly thro' the yielding Air
 To DAMON thee their Goddesses bear,
 Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.
 Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
 Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue,
 Skill'd in a Thousand soft prevailing Arts, }
 With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts
 Thy Pow'r to unexperienc'd Virgins Hearts.
 Far shall he stretch the Bounds of thy Command;
 And if thou shalt his Wishes bless,
 Beyond his Rivals with Success,
 In Gold and Marble shall thy Statues stand.
 Beneath the sacred Shade of Odel's Wood,
 Or on the Banks of Onse's gentle Flood,

Illic plurima naribus
Duces thura, lyræque, & Berecynthia
Delectabere tibiæ
Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatiant humum.
Me nec fœmina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parùm decore
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

HORAT.

With o'drous Beams a Temple he shall raise,
 For ever sacred to thy Praise, }
 'Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love itself decays. }
 There while rich Incense on thy Altar burns,
 Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,
 In melting soft harmonious Strains, [Turns.
 Mix'd with the softer Flutes, shall tell their Flames by
 As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,
 So with the Day thy Honors shall return ;
 Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid, }
 A Troop of either Sex shall lead, }
 And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar tread. }
 Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,
 The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,
 Together rise, together sit :
 But, Goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.
 There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love ;
 No more false Beauty shall my Passion move ;
 Nor shall my fond believing Heart be led, }
 By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd, }
 To hope for Truth from the protesting Maid. }
 With Love the sprightly Joys of Wine are fled ;
 The Roses too shall wither now,
 That us'd to shade and crown my Brow,
 And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odors shed.
 But tell me, *CYNTHIA*, say, bewitching Fair,
 What mean these Sighs ? Why steals this falling Tear ?
 And when my struggling Thoughts for Passage strove, }
 Why did my Tongue refuse to move ; }
 Tell me, can this be any thing but Love ? }
 Still with the Night my Dreams my Grievs renew,
 Still she is present to my Eyes,
 And still in vain I, as she flies,
 O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the scornful-Maid
 pursue.

HORAT. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, nostrorum Sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere quod Cossî Parmensis opuscula vincat?
An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, & fari ut possit quæ sentiat, utque
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè,

Et

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV.
Imitated.

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, *Esq;* *

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart commend
 The Critic's Art, and Candor of a Friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find,
 Worthy the Labors of thy active Mind;
 Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy Thought,
 To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote;
 Or whether to the Covert of some Grove
 Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove,
 Where to thyself thou all those Rules dost show,
 That good Men ought to practise, or wise know.
 For sure thy Mass of Man is no dull Clay,
 But well inform'd with the celestial Ray.
 The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,
 In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind;
 And tho' they did profusely Wealth bestow,
 They gave thee the true Use of Wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the Nurse wish for her darling Boy
 A Happiness which thou dost not enjoy;
 What can her fond Ambition ask beyond
 A Soul by Wisdom's noblest Precepts crown'd?
 To this fair Speech, and happy Ut'trance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret Treasures of the Mind,
 And make the Blessing common to Mankind. }
 On these let Health and Reputation wait,
 The favor of the Virtuous and the Great:

* Who fought the Duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

300 POEMS on several Occasions.

Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

Inter spem, curamque, timores inter & iras,

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.

Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.

Me pinguem, & nitidum benè curata cute vises,

Cùm ridere voles Epicurì de grege porcum.

U N I O.

A Table chearfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:
 Such an Estate as no Extremes may know,
 A free and just Disdain for all Things else below.
 Amidst uncertain Hopes, and anxious Cares,
 Tumult'ous Strife, and miserable Fears,
 Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,
 And let each Day be to thee as thy last.
 That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasure rise,
 Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.
 Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,
 Batt'ning in Ease you'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair;
 Me, who have learn'd from EPICURUS' Lore,
 To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour,
 Whom ev'ry *Friday* at the *Vine** you'll find
 His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

* The *Vine Tavern* in *Long-Acre*.

U N I O.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,
 Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.

Protinus armorem ponet pacatior iras,

Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.

Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,

Quæ regit hortorum maxima FLORA vices,

Fælices jubet hinc coeant in fœdera, utrisque

Unus, & ex Uno stemmate surgat honos.

Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spinæ,

Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest Red the blushing *Rose*
 Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;
 Her, the rough *Thistle*, from a neighb'ring Field,
 With fond Desires and Lover's Eyes beheld:
 Strait the *fierce Plant* lays by his pointed Darts,
 And woos the *gentle Flow'r* with softer Arts.
 Kindly *she* heard, and did *his* Flame approve,
 And own'd the *Warrior* worthy of *her* Love.
 FLORA, whose happy Laws the Seasons guide,
 Who does in Fields and painted Meads preside,
 And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,
 With Pleasure saw the *wisbing Pair* combine,
 To favour what their *Goddejs* did design,
 And bid them in eternal UNION join.
 Henceforth, she said, in each returning Year,
 One Stem the *Thistle* and the *Rose* shall bear:
 'The *Thistle's* lasting Grace, thou, O my *Rose!* shalt be,
 'The warlike *Thistle's Arms*, a sure Defence to Thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

Done from the *Latin* of *J. Gerhard*†.

MANY that once, by *Fortune's* Bounty rear'd,
 Amidst the Wealthy and the Great appear'd;
 Have wisely from those envy'd Heights declin'd,
 Have sunk to that just Level of Mankind,
 Where nor *too little*, nor *too much* gives the true Peace
 of Mind. }

On the last Judgment, and the Happiness of
 the Saints in Heaven.

Done from the *Latin* of *J. Gerhard*.

IN that bless'd Day, from ev'ry Part, the Just,
 Rais'd from the liquid Deep or mould'ring Dust,
 The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,
 All of past Ages, present and to come,
 In full Assembly shall at once resort,
 And meet within high Heav'n's capacious Court:
 There famous Names rever'd in Days of old,
 Our great Forefathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old Stocks and Ancestry began,
 And worthily in long Succession ran;
 The reverend Sires with Pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble Feat. }
 There, all those tender Ties, which here below, }
 Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know, }
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow. }

† In his *Meditationes Sacrae*.

Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,
 A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,
 Its everlasting Being shall commence:
 There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be done,
 No Night shall rise, to shade Heav'n's glorious Sun,
 But one eternal Holy-day go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT,
A SONG, to the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.

D Espairing beside a clear Stream,
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And while a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head.
 The Wind that blew over the Plain,
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
 And the Brook, in return to his Pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, filly Swain that I was!
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great.
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a Clown,
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
 Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,
 The Virgins sit weeping around.
 Ah, COLIN, thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;
 Thy false one inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground.
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew;
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in golden Array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,
 And frolic it all the long Day;
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

EPIGRAM, on a Lady who shed her Water, at
seeing the Tragedy of CATO.

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their CATO's
Fate,
Still with dry Eyes the Tory CELIA fate:
But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,
The gushing Waters found a Vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,
Like twenty *River-Gods* with all their Urns.
Let others screw an hypocritic Face,
She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!
Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;
For this Road leads directly to the Heart.

IMITATED in LATIN.

PLORAT fata sui dum cætera Turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ficcis Cælia fixa sedet;
At quanquam lachrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor abunde,
Numinis ex Urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua.
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura est, non personata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

M E C Æ N A S.

VERSES occasioned by the Honors conferred on
the Right Honorable the Earl of HALLIFAX,
1714. Being that Year installed Knight of
the most noble Order of the Garter.

PHOEBUS and CÆSAR once conspir'd to grace
A noble Knight, of ancient *Tuscan* Race.
The Monarch, greatly conscious of his Worth,
From Books and his Retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the Patriot with the *Civic* Crown,
The Consul's *Fasces*, and *Patrician* Gown:
The World's whole Wealth he gave him to bestow,
And teach the Streams of Treasure where to flow:
To him he bad the suppliant Nations come,
And on his Counsels fix'd the Fate of *Rome*.

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,
And tune high Numbers to the vocal String,
With jealous Eyes beheld the bounteous King.

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my Share;
Our common Fav'rite is our common Care.
Honors and Wealth thy grateful Hand may give;
But PHOEBUS only bids the Poet live.

The Service of his faithful Heart is thine;
There let thy JULIAN Star an Emblem shine;
His Mind, and her imperial Seat are mine.
Then bind his Brow, ye *Thespian* Maids, he said,
The willing Muses the Command obey'd,
And wove the deathless Laurel for his Head.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM, on the Prince of WALES's, then
Regent, appearing at the Fire in Spring-
Garden, 1716.

THY GUARDIAN, blest *Britannia*, scorns to sleep,
When the sad Subjects of his Father weep;
Weak Princes by their Fears increase Distress;
He faces Danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing Towns may smile with Joy,
He knows to *Save*, is greater than *Destroy*.

SONG on a fine Woman who had a dull Husband.

I.

WHEN on fair *Celia*'s Eyes I gaze,
And bless their Light divine;
I stand confounded with Amaze,
To think on what they shine.

II.

On one vile Clod of Earth she seems
To fix their Influence;
Which kindles not at those bright Beams,
Nor wakens into Sense.

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the Thought,
I cou'd not but complain,
That Nature's lavish Hand had wrought
This fairest Work in vain.

IV.

Thus some who have the Stars survey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think those glorious Lamps were made
To light *Tom-Foot* to Bed.

Occasioned

Occasioned by his first Visit to Lady Warwick at
Holland-House.

I.

HEARING that *Chloe's* Bower crown'd
The Summit of a neighbouring Hill,
Where ev'ry rural Joy was found,
Where Health and Wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like Servants on her Will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
That ev'ry Thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her Herds in flow'ry Pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the Green-Wood Shade,
And gently breath'd the balmy Air.

III.

But when I found my troubled Heart
Uneasy grown within my Breast,
My Breath come short, and in each Part
Some new Disorder seem to start,
Which pain'd me fore, and broke my Rest.

IV.

Some noxious Vapour sure, I said,
From this unwholsome Soil must rise;
Some secret Venom is convey'd,
Or from this Field, or from that Shade,
That does the Pow'rs of Life surprize.

V.

Soon as the skilful *Leach* beheld
The Change that in my Health was grown:
Blame not, he cry'd, nor Wood nor Field;
Diseases which such Symptoms yield,
Proceed from *Chloe's* Eyes alone.

VI.

Alike she kills in ev'ry Air,
The coldest Breath her Beauties warm;
And tho' the Fever took you there,
If *Chloe* had not been so fair,
The Place had never done you harm.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

To Lady WARWICK, on Mr. ADDISON'S
going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid Nymphs who rule the Sea!
Who chain loud Storms, and still the raging Main!
With care the gentle *Lycidas* convey,
And bring the faithful Lover safe again.

II.

When *Albion's* Shore with cheerless Heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the Deck he stood,
Of ev'ry Joy in *Chloe's* Eyes bereft,
And wept his Sorrows in the swelling Flood.

III.

Ah fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous Gods his just Reward ordain;
For his Return thy pious Wishes join,
That thou at length may'st pay him for his Pain.

IV.

And since his Love does thine alone pursue,
In Arts unpractis'd, and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his Example true,
And shun thy Sex's Inclination, Change.

V.

When Crowds of youthful Lovers round thee wait,
And tender Thoughts in sweetest Words impart;
When thou art woo'd by Titles, Wealth and State,
Then think on *Lycidas*, and guard thy Heart.

VI.

When the gay Theatre shall charm thy Eyes,
When artful Wit shall speak thy Beauty's Praise;
When Harmony shall thy soft Soul surprize,
Sooth all thy Senses, and thy Passions raise.

VII.

Amidst whatever various Joys appear,
Yet breathe one Sigh, for one sad Minute mourn;
Nor let thy Heart know one Delight sincere,
Till thy own truest *Lycidas* return.

The VISIT.

WIT and Beauty, t'other Day,
 Chanc'd to take me in their Way;
 And, to make the Favor greater,
 Brought the Graces, and Good-nature,
 Conversation Care beguiling,
 Joy in Dimples ever smiling,
 All the Pleasures here below,
 Men can ask, or Gods bestow.
 A jolly Train, believe me! No:
 There were but two, *Lepell* and *How*.

The CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

To Mrs. A—D—.

I.

AS on a Summer's Day,
 In the Greenwood Shade I lay,
 The Maid that I lov'd,
 As her Fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that Way.

II.

And as she pass'd by,
 With a scornful Glance of her Eye,
 What a Shame, quoth she,
 For a Swain must it be,
 Like a lazy Loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
 What *Pan* our God has decreed;
 What a Prize to-Day
 Shall be given away,
 To the sweetest Shepherd's Reed.

IV. There's

IV.

There's not a single Swain
Of all this fruitful Plain,
But with Hopes and Fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny Boon to gain.

V.

Shall another Maiden shine
In brighter Array than thine?
Up, up, dull Swain,
Tune thy Pipe once again,
And make the Garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my Love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly Pride?
Since thy dear Desert
Is written in my Heart,
What is all the World beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay
In this homely Ruffet Gray,
Than the Nymphs of our Green,
So trim, and so sheen,
Or the brightest Queen of *May*.

VIII.

What tho' my Fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken Gown;
My own dear Maid,
Be content with this Shade,
And a Shepherd all thy own.

S O N G. *Ab W I L L O W.*

To the Same, in her Sicknefs.

I. [complain,
TO the Brook and the Willow that heard him
Ab Willow, Willow!
 Poor Colin fat weeping, and told them his Pain;
Ab Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow!

II.
 Sweet Stream, he cry'd fadly, I'll teach thee to flow;
Ab Willow, &c.
 And the Waters shall rife to the Brink with my Woe.
Ab Willow, &c.

III.
 All refliefs and painful poor *Amoret* lies,
Ab Willow, &c.
 And counts the fad Moments of Time as it flies.
Ab Willow, &c.

IV.
 To the Nymph my Heart loves, ye foft Slumbers repair;
Ab Willow, &c.
 Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her your
 Care. *Ab Willow, &c.*

V.
 Dear Brook, were thy Chance near hear Pillow to creep,
Ab Willow, &c.
 Perhaps thy foft Murmurs might lull her to fleep.
Ab Willow, &c.

VI.
 Let me be kept waking, my Eyes never clofe;
Ab Willow, &c.
 So the Sleep that I lofe brings my Fair One Repofe.
Ab Willow, &c.

VII. But

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed ;

Ab Willow, &c.

If the Loss of my Dear-one, my Love, is decreed ;

Ab Willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my sad Heart by those Eyes shall be chear'd ;

Ab Willow, &c.

If the Voice of my Warbler no more shall be heard ;

Ab Willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou Fair-one ; thou Dear-one, believe,

Ab Willow, &c.

Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give ;

Ab Willow, &c.

X.

One Fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall be ty'd,

Ab Willow, &c.

And soon lay thy Shepherd close by thy cold Side.

Ab Willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;

Ab Willow, Willow !

Fade thou too, my Willow, this Verse is my last.

Ab Willow, Willow ! ab Willow, Willow !

To the SAME, singing.

I.

WHAT Charms in Melody are found
To soften ev'ry Pain !

How do we catch the healing Sound,

And feel the soothing Strain !

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair,

I bid my Heart rejoice ;

I shake off ev'ry sullen Care,

For Sorrow flies thy Voice.

III.

The Seasons *Philomel* obey,
 Whene'er they hear her sing;
 She bids the Winter fly away,
 And she recalls the Spring.

SONG. *The Fair Inconstant.*

H E.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
 And doted on ev'ry Feature;
 Give me at length but leave to complain
 Of so ungrateful a Creature.

Tho' I beheld in your wand'ring Eyes
 The wanton Symptoms of Ranging;
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E.

Why shou'd you blame what Heav'n has made,
 Or find any Fault in Creation?
 'Tis not the Crime of the faithless Maid,
 But Nature's Inclination.

'Tis not because I love you less,
 Or think you not a True-one;
 But if the Truth I must confess,
 I always lov'd a New-one.

To Lord WARWICK on his Birth-Day.

WHEN fraught with all that grateful Minds can
 move,
 With Friendship, Tendernefs, Respect, and Love;
 The Muse had wish'd, on this returning Day,
 Something most worthy of herself to say:

To

To *Jove* she offer'd up an humble Pray'r,
 To take the noble WARWICK to his Care.
 Give him, she said, whate'er diviner Grace
 Adorns the Soul, or beautifies the Face:
 Let manly Constancy confirm his Truth,
 And gentlest Manners crown his blooming Youth.
 Give him to Fame, to Virtue to aspire,
 Worthy our Songs and thy informing Fire;
 All various Praise, all Honors let him prove,
 Let Men admire, and sighing Virgins love:
 With honest Zeal inflame his gen'rous Mind,
 To love his Country and protect Mankind.
 Attentive to her Pray'r, the God reply'd,
 Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous Hand has lavish'd all his Pow'r,
 And making what he is, can add no more.
 Yet since I joy in what I did create,
 I will prolong the Favorite WARWICK's Fate,
 And lengthen out his Years to some uncommon Date. }

*To Lady JANE WHARTON on her studying
 the Globe.*

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph, your
 Searches run,
 And trace its rolling Circuit round the Sun,
 You seem'd the World beneath you to survey,
 With Eyes ordain'd to give its People Day.
 With two fair Lamps methought your Nations shone,
 While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
 How did those Rays your happier Empire gild!
 How clothe the flow'ry Mead and fruitful Field!
 Your Earth was in eternal Spring array'd,
 And laughing Joy amidst its Natives play'd.
 Such is their Day, but cheerless is their Night,
 No friendly Moon reflects your absent Light:

318 POEMS on several Occasions.

And Oh ! when yet ere many Years are past,
 Those Beams on other Objects shall be plac'd,
 When some young Hero with resistless Art,
 Shall draw those Eyes and warm that Virgin Heart :
 How shall your Creatures then their Loss deplore,
 And want those Suns that rise for them no more ?
 The Bliss you give will be confin'd to One,
 And for his sake your World must be undone.

To Mrs. PULTENEY, upon her going abroad.

TIR'D with the frequent Mischiefs of her Eyes,
 To distant Climes the fair *Belinda* flies.
 She sees her spreading Flames consume around,
 And not another Conquest to be found.
 Secure in foreign Realms at will to reign,
 She leaves her Vassals here with proud Disdain.
 One only Joy which in her Heart she wears,
 The dear Companion of her Flight she bears.
Aeneas thus a burning Town forsook,
 Thus into Banishment his Gods he took :
 But to retrieve his native *Troy's* Disgrace,
 Fix'd a new Empire in a happier Place.

On Mr. WALPOLE'S Recovery.

— *Reddere Victimam*
Ædemque votivam memento. Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 17.

WHEN sad *Britannia* fear'd of late
 Her *Walpole's* near approaching Fate
 Wou'd prove her own Undoing,
 She beat her Breast, and rent her Hair,
 And offer'd many an humble Pray'r,
 To save herself from Ruin.

II. Like

II.

Like other Sinners, now she strove
 To pacify offended *Jove*,
 And come to Terms with Heaven ;
 An hundred other Lives for This,
 (And let Death pick 'em where he please)
 She frankly wou'd have given.

III.

Judges she offer'd One or Two,
 And Bishops more, if they wou'd do,
 The Rage of Fate to cozen ;
 Lords were so cheap, they might be had
 At the same Rate they had been made,
 Ev'n by the good round Dozen.

IV.

She vow'd if *Walpole* might be spar'd,
 Her Land of Rascals shou'd be clear'd,
 And purg'd from all Offences ;
 But frail are Sinners Promises,
 And Vows of Victims, all like these,
 Are made in Future Tenses.

V.

Howe'er, the Gods who Patriots bless,
 Took Pity on her sore Distress ;
 And, willing to relieve her,
 Bid *Æsculapius* step to Earth,
 And put on *Blackmore*, *Mead*, or *Garth*,
 To rid him of his Fever.

VI.

But Lady, now y' have gain'd your Ends,
 Think on those Pow'rs that stood your Friends,
 And what it is you owe 'em ;
 For such a Favour from the Skies,
 Not Hecatombs of Rogues suffice,
 Tho' now you shou'd bestow 'em.

VII.

The Vows which your Affliction made,
Shou'd in your better Times be pay'd ;
And I must tell you fairly,
Were you to Obligations true,
'T'wou'd be the least Thing you can do,
To hang up Honest H——.

O D E

O D E

For the NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year,
 With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!
 Comely art thou in thy Prime,
 Lovely Child of hoary Time;
 Where thy golden Footsteps tread,
 Pleasures all around thee spread;
 Blifs and Beauty grace thy Train;
 Muse, strike the Lyre to some immortal Strain.
 But Oh! what Skill, what Master Hand,
 Shall govern or constrain the wanton Band!
 Loose like my Verse they dance, and all without Com-
 mand.

Images of fairest things,
 Crowd about the speaking Strings;
 Peace and sweet Prosperity,
 Faith and chearful Loyalty,
 With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

II.

Ye skowling Shades who break away,
 Well do ye fly and shun the purple Day.
 Ev'ry Fiend and Fiend-like Form,
 Black and sullen as a Storm,
 Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,
 Danger with her dreadful Eyes,
 Faction, Fury, all are fled,
 And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.

322. POEMS on several Occasions.

Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,
To whom thy Treasures all thou shalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter Days were kept from Times of old
See thy GEORGE, for this is he!
On his right Hand, waiting free,
Britain and fair Liberty:
Ev'ry Good is in his Face,
Ev'ry open honest Grace;
Thou, great *Plantagenet*! immortal be thy Race!

III.

See! the sacred Scyon springs,
See the glad Promise of a Line of Kings!
Royal Youth! what Bard divine,
Equal to a Praise like thine,
Shall in some exalted Measure
Sing thee, *Britain's* dearest Treasure?
Who her Joy in thee shall tell,
Who the sprightly Note shall swell
His Voice attempt'ring to the tuneful Shell?
Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field,
Bold in thy brave paternal Band, beheld,
And saw with hopeless Heart thy fainting Rival yield;
Troubled he, with sore Dismay,
To thy stronger Fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble Scorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what distinguish'd Worth,
From thee shall lead the coming Ages forth?
Crested Helms and shining Shields,
Warrior's fam'd in foreign Fields;
Hoary Heads with Olive bound,
Kings and Lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding still they rise anew,
Beyond the Reach of deep Prophetic View.
Young AUGUSTUS! never cease!
Pledge of our present and our future Peace,
Still pour the Blessings forth, and give thy great Increase.

ALL

All the Stock that Fate ordains
 To supply succeeding Reigns,
 Whether Glory shall inspire
 Gentler Arts or martial Fire,
 Still the fair Descent shall be
 Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee,
 Patrons of righteous Rules, and Foes to Tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the Sky,
 On the op'ning Year dispense
 All your kindest Influence;
 Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd
 For our CAROLINA'S Guard;
 Short and easy be the Pains,
 Which for a Nation's Weal the Heroine sustains.
Britannia's Angel, be thou near;
 The growing Race is thy peculiar Care:
 Oh spread thy sacred Wing above the royal Fair.
 GEORGE by Thee was wafted o'er,
 To thee long expecting Shore:
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed Hand,
 While his sacred Head to shade,
 The blended Cross on high Thy silver Shield display'd.

VI.

But Oh! what other Form divine
 Propitious near the Hero seems to shine!
 Peace of Mind, and Joy serene,
 In her sacred Eyes are seen,
 Honor binds her miter'd Brow,
 Faith and Truth beside her go,
 With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.
 A thousand Storms around her threat,
 A thousand Billows roar beneath her Feet,
 While fix'd upon a Rock, she keeps her stable Seat.
 Still in sign of sure Defence,
 Trust and mutual Confidence,

324 POEMS on several Occasions.

On the Monarch, standing by,
 Still she bends her gracious Eye, [nigh.
 Nor fears her Foes Approach, while Heav'n and He are
 VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!
 Be gone pale Envy, and thou cold Despair;
 Seek ye out a moody Cell,
 Where Deceit and Treason dwell;
 There repining, raging, still
 Th' idle Air with Curfes fill;
 There blast the pathless Wild, and the bleak northern Hill;
 There your Exile vainly moan;
 There where with Murmurs horrid as your own,
 Beneath the sweeping Winds, the bending Forests groan;
 But thou Hope, with smiling Chear,
 Do thou bring the ready Year;
 See the Hours! a chosen Band!
 See with jocund Looks they stand,
 All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command.

VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,
 Hope leads Increase and chaste connubial Love:
Flora sweet her Bounty spreads,
 Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;
Pan rewards the Shepherd's Pain;
 All is Plenty, all is Wealth,
 And on the balmy Air fits rosy-color'd Health.
 I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoice,
 Like many Waters swells the pealing Noise,
 While to their Monarch, thus, they raise the public Voice:
 Father of thy Country, hail!
 Always, ev'ry where prevail;
 Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
 Better Suns for thee arise,
 Purer Breezes fan the Skies,
 Earth in Fruits and Flow'rs is drest,
 Joy abounds in ev'ry Breast;
 For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is blest.

S O N G.

S O N G

For the KING'S BIRTH DAY, 28th of May, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry Garlands by,
 Ever blooming, gentle *May!*
 Other Honors now are nigh;
 Other Honors see we pay;
Lay thy flow'ry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great Renown
 Wait thy beamy Brow to crown,
 Parent of our Hero, thou,
 GEORGE ON *Britain* didst bestow.
 Thee the Trumpet, thee the Drum,
 With the plummy Helm, become:
 Thee the Spear and shining Shield,
 With ev'ry Trophy of the warlike Field.

III.

Call thy better Blessings forth,
 For the Honor of his Birth:
 Still, the Voice of loud Commotion,
 Bid the complaining Murmurs cease,
 Lay the Billows of the Ocean,
 And compose the Land in Peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of Odors, fragrant *May,*
 For this Boon, this happy Day,
Janus with the double Face
 Shall to thee resign his Place,
 Thou shalt rule with better Grace:
 Time from thee shall wait his Doom,
 And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry Age to come.

V. Fairest

V.

Fairest Month! in *Cæsar* pride thee,
Nothing like him canst thou bring,
Tho' the Graces smile beside thee:
Tho' thy Bounty gives the Spring.

VI.

Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,
Finer than the painted Bow;
Carolina shall repay thee
All thy Sweetness, all thy Show.

She herself a Glory greater
Than thy golden Sun discloses;
And her smiling Offspring sweeter
Than the Bloom of all thy Roses.

O D E

O D E

For the NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable Sire,
 All richly in thy furry Mantle clad;
 What Thoughts of Mirth can feeble Age inspire,
 To make thy careful wrinkled Brow so glad?

II.

Now I see the Reason plain,
 Now I see thy jolly Train:
 Snowy-headed Winter leads,
 Spring and Summer next succeeds;
 Yellow Autumn brings the Rear,
 Thou art Father of the Year.

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd Earth
 Abounding Plenty takes her Birth,
 The conscious Sire exulting sees
 The Seasons spread their rich Increase;
 So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd
 On beauteous Form, their lovely Child.

IV.

O! fair Variety,
 What Blifs thou dost supply!
 The Foul brings forth the Fair
 To deck the changing Year.
 When our old Pleasures die,
 Some new One still is nigh;
 Oh! fair Variety!

V.

Our Passions, like the Seasons turn;
 And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppress'd with Dread,
 Hung her declining, drooping Head:

A better

A better Visage now she wears,
And now at once she quits her Fears:
Strife and War no more she knows,
Rebel Sons, nor foreign Foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty Master,
In Security she fits;
Plants her loose Foundations faster,
And her Sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the Care of Heav'n,
To the Guardian Hero given,
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with Love and Duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy Shore,
While contesting Kings attend him;
Cou'd he, *Britain*, give thee more
Than the Pledge he left behind him?

O D E

To PEACE, for the YEAR, 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest Daughter of the Skies,
Indulgent, gentle, Life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious Beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus blest?

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and Seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever Goddesses thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year.

III.

In thee the Night, in thee the Day is blest,
In thee the dearest of the purple East;
'Tis thine, immortal Pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping Hearts:
To thee the Pipe and tuneful String belong,
Thou Theme eternal for the Poet's Song.

IV.

Awake the golden Lyre,
Ye Heliconian Choir,
Swell ev'ry Note still higher,
And Melody inspire
At Heav'n and Earth's Desire.

V.

Hark, how the Sounds agree,
With due Complacency!
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art Harmony.

VI. Who,

VI.

Who, by Nature's fairest Creatures,
 Can describe her heav'nly Features?
 What Comparison can fit her?
 Sweet are Roses, she is sweeter;
 Light is good, but Peace is better.
 Wou'd you see her such as *Jove*,
 Form'd for universal Love,
 Bless'd by Men and Gods above;
 Wou'd you ev'ry Feature trace,
 Ev'ry sweetly smiling Grace;
 Seek our CAROLINA's Face.

VII.

Peace and She are *Britain's* Treasures,
 Fruitful in eternal Pleasures:
 Still their Bounty shall increase us,
 Still their smiling Offspring bless us:
 Happy Day, when each was given
 By *Cæsar*, and indulgent Heav'n.

C H O R U S.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!
 Still let *Britannia* be your Care,
 And Peace and CAROLINA crown the Year.

O D E

For the KING's Birth-Day, 1718.

I.

O H touch the String, celestial Muse, and say,
Why are peculiar Times and Seasons blest?
Is it in Fate, that one distinguish'd Day
Shou'd with more hallow'd Purple paint the East?

II.

Look on Life and Nature's Race!
How the careless Minutes pass,
How they wear a common Face:
One is what another was!
Till the happy Hero's Worth
Bid the Festival stand forth;
Till the golden Light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious Morning been forgot,
Unthought of as the Things that never were;
Had not our greatest *Cæsar* been its Lot,
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year.

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay
In the Pride of thy *May*,
To Court let thy Graces repair:
Let *Flora* bestow
The Crown from her Brow,
For our brighter *Britannia* to wear.

V.

Through ev'ry Language of the peopled Earth,
Far as the Seas or *Cæsar's* Influence goes,
Let thankful Nations celebrate his Birth,
And bless the Author of the World's Repose.

VI. Let

VI.

Let *Volga* tumbling in *Cascades*,
 And *Po* that glides thro' poplar Shades,
 And *Tagus* bright in Sands of Gold,
 And *Arethusa*, Rivers old,
 Their great Deliverer sing.
 Not *Danube* thou, whose winding Flood
 So long has blush'd with *Turkish* Blood,
 To *Cæsar* shalt refuse a Strain,
 Since now thy Streams, without a Stain
 Run Crystal as their Spring.

C H O R U S.

To mighty *GEORGE*, that heals thy Wounds,
 That names thy Kings, and marks thy Bounds,
 The joyful Voice, O *Europe*, raise,
 In the great Mediator's Praise:
 Let all thy various Tongues combine,
 And *Britain's* Festival be thine.

O D E

To the THAMES, for the YEAR, 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly Stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding Train,
 The lofty Palace, and the fertile Vale;
 King of the Floods, *Britannia's* Darling, hail!
 Hail with the Year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving Sun,
 Taught by thy Streams, in smooth Succession run.

II.

From thy never-failing Urn,
 Flowers bloom, and fair increase,
 With the Seasons take their Turn;
 From thy tributary Seas
 Tides of various Wealth attend thee;
 Seas and Seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy Banks to mate the Skies,
Augusta's hallow'd Domes arise;
 And there thy ample Bosom pours
 Her num'rous Souls, and floating Tow'rs;
 Whose Terrors late to vanquish'd *Spain* were known,
 And *Ætna* shook with Thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest Flags thou dost sustain,
 While thy Banks confine thy Course;
 Emblem of our *Cæsar's* Reign,
 Mingling Clemency and Force.

V.

So may'st thou still secur'd by distant Wars,
 Ne'er stain thy Crystal with domestic Jars:
 As *Cæsar's* Reign to *Britain* ever dear,
 Shall join with thee to bless the coming Year.

VI. On

VI.

On thy shady Margin,
 Care its Load discharging,
 Is lull'd to gentle Rest:
Britain thus disarming,
 Nor no more alarming,
 Shall sleep on *Cæsar's* Breast.

VII.

Sweet to Distress is balmy Sleep,
 To Sleep auspicious Dreams,
 Thy Meadows, *Thames*, to feeding Sheep,
 To Thirst, thy silver Streams:
 More sweet than all, the Praise
 Of *Cæsar's* golden Days:
Cæsar's Praise is sweeter;
Britain's Pleasure greater;
 Still may *Cæsar's* Reign excel;
 Sweet the Praise of reigning well.

C H O R U S.

Gentle *Janus* ever wait,
 As now on *Britain's* kindest Fate;
 Crown all our Vows, and all thy Gifts bestow;
 Till Time no more renews his Date,
 And *Thames* forgets to flow.

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