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**E L F R I D A,**

**DRAMATIC POEM.**

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[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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A NEW EDITION OF

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Mr. MASON'S POEMS.

This Edition contains ELFRIDA, CARACTACUS,  
and the rest of Mr. MASON'S POEMS, revised  
and corrected throughout, which have been  
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the First, Quarto, Price 2s.

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(5)  
**E L F R I D A:**

**A**

**DRAMATIC POEM.**

Written on the MODEL of

**The Ancient GREEK Tragedy.**

By **W. M A S O N, M. A.**

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**THE SEVENTH EDITION.**

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**L O N D O N:**

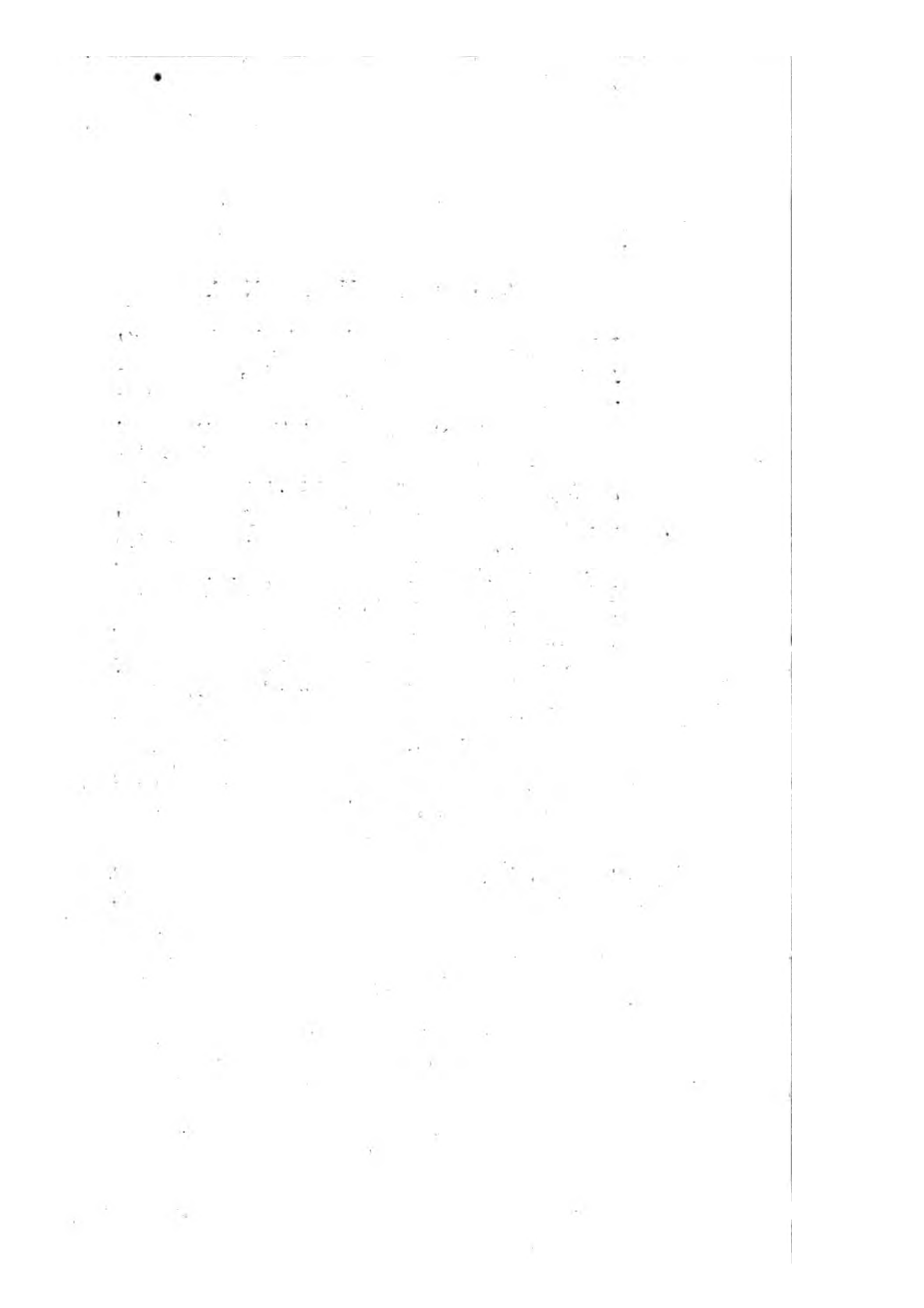
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**MDCCLXXIII.**



## The ARGUMENT.

**E**DGAR King of England, having heard the beauty of ELFRIDA, daughter of ORGAR, Earl of Devonshire, highly celebrated; sent his Favourite Minister ATHELWOLD to the father's castle, to discover whether she was really so beautiful, as Fame reported her to be; and if she was, to offer her his Crown in marriage. ATHELWOLD, on seeing her, fell violently in Love with her himself; and married her; conveying her soon after to his own castle in Harewood Forest, where he visited her by stealth from court; and in his absence left her with a train of British Virgins, who form the CHORUS. After three months, ORGAR disapproving this confinement of his daughter, came disguised to Harewood to discover the cause of it. His arrival opens the Drama. The incidents, which are produced by ATHELWOLD's return from court (who was absent when ORGAR came to his castle) and afterwards by the unexpected visit of the King, form the EPISODE of the Tragedy; the feigned pardon of ATHELWOLD, drawn from the King by the earnest intercessions of ELFRIDA, brings on the PERIPETIA, or change of fortune; and the single combat between the King and ATHELWOLD, in which the latter is slain, occasions ELFRIDA to take the vow, which completes the CATASTROPHE.



## PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ORGAR, Earl of Devonshire. *M<sup>r</sup>: Clarke*  
CHORUS, of British Virgins. *{ M<sup>r</sup>: Mattocks, Miss Wells  
Miss Catley, & others*  
ELFRIDA, Daughter to ORGAR. *M<sup>r</sup>: Hartley*  
ATHELWOLD, Husband to ELFRIDA. *M<sup>r</sup>: Smyth*  
EDWIN, a Messenger. — — — *M<sup>r</sup>: Hull*  
EDGAR, King of England. — — *M<sup>r</sup>: Bensley*  
ORGAR, disguised in a Peasant's Habit, speaks the  
Prologue.

SCENE, a Lawn before ATHELWOLD'S Castle in  
*Harewood Forest.*





## E L F R I D A,

A

## DRAMATIC POEM.

O R G A R.

**H**OW nobly does this venerable wood,  
 Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,  
 Embofom yon fair mansion! The soft air  
 Salutes me with moft cool and temp'rate breath;  
 And, as I tread, the flow'r-befprinkled lawn  
 Sends up a gale of fragrance. I fould guefs,  
 If e'er Content deign'd vifit mortal clime,  
 This was her place of deareft refidence.  
 Grant Heav'n! I find it fuch. 'Tis now three months,  
 Since firft Earl ATHELWOLD espous'd my daughter.  
 He then befought me, for fome little fpace  
 The nuptials might be fecret; many reafons,  
 He faid, induc'd to this; I made no pause,  
 But, refting on his prudence, to his will  
 Gave abfolute concurrence. Soon as married,  
 He to this fecret feat convey'd ELFRIDA;  
 Convey'd her as by ftealth, enjoy'd, and left her:  
 Yet not without I know not what excufe  
 Of call to court, of EDGAR's royal friendship,  
 And Eng'land's welfare. To his prince he went;  
 And fince, as by intelligence I gather,

B

He

He oft returns to this his cloyster'd wife ;  
 But ever with a privacy most studied ;  
 Borrowing disguises till inventive art  
 Can scarce supply him with variety.  
 His visits, as they're stol'n, are also short ;  
 Seldom beyond the circuit of one sun :  
 Then back to court, while she his absence mourns  
 Full many a lonely hour. I brook not this.  
 Had ATHELWOLD espous'd some base born peasant,  
 This usage had been apt: but when he took  
 My daughter to his arms, he took a virgin,  
 Thro' whose rich veins the blood of British Kings  
 Ran in unfulled stream. Her lineage sure  
 Might give her place and notice with the noblest  
 In EDGAR'S COURT. ELFRIDA'S beauty too  
 (I speak not from a father's foolish fondness)  
 Would shine amid the fairest, and reflect  
 No vulgar glory on that beauty's master.  
 This act bespeaks the madman. Who, that own'd  
 An em'rald, jasper, or rich chrysolite,  
 Would hide its lustre, or not bid it blaze  
 Conspicuous on his brow? Haply ATHELWOLD  
 May have espous'd some other. 'Sdeath he durst not.  
 My former feats in arms must have inform'd him,  
 That ORGAR, while he liv'd, would never prove  
 A traitor to his honour. If he has——  
 This aged arm is not so much unstrung  
 By slack'ning years, but just revenge will brace it.  
 And, by yon awful heav'n—But hold, my rage.  
 I came to search into this matter coolly.

Hence,

Hence, to conceal the father and the earl,  
This pilgrim's staff, and scrip, and all these marks  
Of vagrant poverty.

C H O R U S (within.)

Hail to thy living light, ambrosial Morn !  
All hail thy rofeat ray !

O R G A R.

But hark, the sound of sweetest minstrelsy  
Breaks on mine ear. The females, I suppose,  
Whom ATHELWOLD has left my child's attendants ;  
That, when she wails the absence of her lord,  
Their lenient airs, and sprightly-fancied songs,  
May steal away her woes. See, they approach :  
This grove shall shroud me till they cease their strain ;  
Then I'll address them with some feigned tale.

*[He retires.]*

C H O R U S.

O D E.

Hail to thy living light,  
Ambrosial Morn ! all hail thy rofeat ray :  
That bids young Nature all her charms display  
In varied beauty bright ;  
That bids each dewy-spangled flowret rise,  
And dart around its vermil dies ;  
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.  
Away, ye Goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;  
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall,

Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,  
 Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,  
 Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
 Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye Elves, away:  
 Shrink at ambrosial Morning's living ray;  
 That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
 Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
 Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
 The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.—

## C H O R U S, O R G A R.

## C H O R U S.

Silence, my sisters. Whence this rudeness, stranger,  
 That thus has prompted thine unbidden ear  
 To listen to our strains?

## O R G A R.

Your pardon, Virgins:  
 I meant not rudeness, tho' I dar'd to listen;  
 For ah! what ear so fortify'd and barr'd  
 Against the force of powerful harmony,  
 But would with transport to such sweet assailants  
 Surrender its attention? Never yet  
 Have I pass'd by the night-bird's fav'rite spray,  
 What time she pours her wild and artless song,  
 Without attentive pause and silent rapture;  
 How could I then, with savage disregard,  
 Hear voices tun'd by nature sweet as her's,  
 Grac'd with all art's addition?

C H O-

## C H O R U S.

Thy mean garb,  
And this thy courtly phrase but ill accord.  
Whence, and what art thou, stranger?

## O R G A R.

Virgins, know  
These limbs have oft been wrapt in richer vest:  
But what avails it now? all have their fate;  
And mine has been most wretched.

## C H O R U S.

May we ask  
What cruel cause—

## O R G A R.

No! let this hapless breast  
Still hide the melancholy tale.

## C H O R U S.

We know,  
There oft is found an avarice in grief;  
And the wan eye of Sorrow loves to gaze  
Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes  
In pining solitude. Perhaps thy mind  
Takes the same pensive cast: if not, permit  
That we, in social sympathy, may drop  
The tender tear.

## O R G A R.

Ah! ill would it become ye,  
To let the woes of such a wretch as I am,  
E'er dim your bright eyes with a pitying tear.

C H O-

## C H O R U S.

The eye, that will not weep another's sorrow,  
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,  
That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.  
Let us entreat—

## O R G A R.

Know, Virgins, I was born  
To ample property of lands and flocks,  
On this side Tweeda's stream. My youth and vigour  
Achiev'd full many a feat of martial prowess :  
Nor was my skill in chivalry unnoted  
In the fair volume of my sov'reign's love ;  
Who ever held me in his best esteem,  
And closest to his person. When he paid,  
What all must pay, to fate ; and short-liv'd EDWY  
Mounted the vacant throne, which now his brother  
Fills (as loud fame reports) right royally ;  
I then, unfit for pageantry and courts,  
Sat down in peace among my faithful vassals,  
At my paternal seat. But ah ! not long  
Had I enjoy'd the sweets of that recess,  
Ere by the savage inroads of base hinds,  
That sallied frequent from the Scottish heights,  
My lands were all laid waste, my people murder'd ;  
And I, thro' impotence of age unfit  
To quell their brutal rage, was forc'd to drag  
My mis'ries thro' the land, a friendless wand'rer.

C H O.

E L F R I D A.

7

C H O R U S.

We pity and condole thy wretched state,  
 But we can do no more; which, on thy part,  
 Claims just returns of pity: for whose lot  
 Demands it more than theirs, whom fate forbids  
 To taste the joys of courteous charity;  
 To wipe the trickling tears, which dew the cheek  
 Of palsied age; to smooth its furrow'd brow,  
 And pay its gray hairs each due reverence?  
 Yet such delight we are forbid to taste!  
 For 'tis our lord's command, that not a stranger,  
 However high or lowly his degree,  
 Have entrance at these gates.

O R G A R.

Who may this tyrant—

C H O R U S.

Alas, no tyrant he; the more our wonder  
 At this harsh mandate: Tenderness and Pity  
 Have made his breast their home. He is a man  
 More apt, thro' inborn gentleness, to err  
 In giving mercy's tide too free a course,  
 Than with a thrifty and illiberal hand  
 To stint its channel. This his praise you'll hear  
 The universal theme in EDGAR'S court:  
 For EDGAR ranks him first in his high favour;  
 Loads him with honours, which the Earl receives,  
 As does the golden censer frankincense,  
 Only to spread a sacred gale of blessings  
 Around on all.

O R-



O R G A R.

Methinks, this pleasing portrait  
Bears strong resemblance of Lord ATHELWOLD.

C H O R U S.

Himself: no Briton but has heard his fame.

O R G A R.

'Tis wondrous strange; can you conceive no cause  
For this his conduct?

C H O R U S.

None, that we may trust.

O R G A R.

Your garbs bespeak you for the fair attendants  
Of some illustrious dame, the wife, or sister  
Of this dread earl.

C H O R U S.

On this head too, old man,  
We are commanded a religious silence:  
Which strictly we obey; for well we know  
Fidelity's a virtue that ennobles  
Ev'n servitude itself: Farewell, depart  
With our best wishes; we do trespass much  
To hold this open converse with a stranger.

O R G A R.

Stay, Virgins, stay; have ye no friendly shed,  
But bord'ring on your castle, where these limbs  
Might lay their load of mis'ry for an hour?

Have

Have ye no food, however mean and homely,  
 Wherewith I might support declining nature?  
 Ev'n while I speak, I find my spirits fail;  
 And well, full well, I know, these trembling feet,  
 Ere I can pace a hundred steps, will sink  
 Beneath their wretched burthen.

C H O R U S.

Piteous sight!

What shall we do, my sisters? To admit  
 This man beneath the roof, would be to scorn  
 The Earl's strict interdict; and yet my heart  
 Bleeds to behold that white, old, rev'rend head  
 Bow'd with such misery.—Yes, we must aid him.  
 Hie thee, poor Pilgrim, to yon neighb'ring bow'r,  
 O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,  
 Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath  
 The ivy, gadding from th' untwisted stem,  
 Curtains each verdant side. There thou may'st rest,  
 There too, perchance, some of our sisterhood  
 May bring thee speedy sustenance.

O R G A R.

Kind Heav'n!

Reward ———

C H O R U S.

Ah! stay not here to thank us,  
 But haste to give thine age this meet repose.  
 That done, we do conjure thee leave the place  
 With cautious secrecy; for was it known,  
 That thus we trespass'd on our lord's command,  
 The consequence were fatal.

C

O R-

## O R G A R.

Fairest Maid!

Think not I'll basely draw down punishments  
On my preservers. I retire. May blessings  
Show'r'd from yon fount of Bliss repay your kindness.

[*Exit Orgar.*]

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Yes, sisters, yes, when pale distress  
Implores your aiding hand,  
Let not a partial faithfulness,  
Let not a mortal's vain command  
Urge you to break th' unalterable laws  
Of heav'n-descended Charity.  
Ah! follow still the soft-ey'd Deity;  
For know, each path she draws,  
Along the plain of life,  
Meets at the central dome of heart-felt joy.  
Follow the soft-ey'd Deity;  
She bids ye, as ye hope for blessings, blefs.  
Aid then the gen'ral cause of gen'ral happiness.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Humanity, thy awful strain  
Shall ever greet our ear,  
Sonorous, sweet, and clear.  
And as amid the sprightly-swellling train  
Of dulcet notes, that breathe  
From flute or lyre,  
The deep base rolls its manly melody,  
Guiding the tuneful choir;

E L F R I D A.

11

So thou, Humanity, shalt lead along  
Th' accordant passions in their moral song,  
And give our mental concert truest harmony.

C H O R U S.

But see, ELFRIDA comes.  
Should we again resume our former strain,  
And hail the Morn that paints her waking beauties :  
Or stay her gentle bidding? Rather stay ;  
For, as I think, she seems in pensive mood :  
And there are times, when to the sorrowing soul  
Ev'n harmony is harshness.

E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

E L F R I D A.

Oh my Virgins,  
With what a leaden and retarding weight,  
Does Expectation load the wing of Time?  
Alas, how have these three dull hours crept on,  
Since first the crimson mantle of the morn  
Skirted yon gay horizon? Say, my Friends,  
Have I miscounted? Did not ATHELWOLD  
At parting fix this morn for his return?  
This dear long-wish'd for morn? He did, he did,  
And seal'd it with a kiss; I could not err.  
And yet he comes not. He was wont outstrip  
The sun's most early speed, and make its rising  
To me unwish'd and needless. This delay  
Creates strange doubts and scruples in my breast.  
Courts throng with beauties, and my ATHELWOLD  
Has a soft, susceptible heart, as prone

To yield its love to ev'ry sparkling eye,  
 As is the musk-rose to dispense its fragrance  
 To ev'ry whisp'ring breeze ; perhaps he's false,  
 Perhaps ELFRIDA'S wretched.

## C H O R U S.

See, ELFRIDA,  
 Ah see ! how round yon branching elm the ivy  
 Clasps its green folds, and poisons what supports it.  
 Not less injurious to the shoots of Love  
 Is sickly jealousy.

## E L F R I D A.

My mind nor pines  
 With jealousy, nor rests secure in peace.  
 Who loves, must fear ; and sure who loves like me,  
 Must greatly fear.

## C H O R U S.

Yet whence the cause ? Your Earl  
 Has ever yet (this little breach excepted)  
 Been punctual to appointment. Did his eye  
 Glow with less ardent passion when he left you,  
 Than at the first blest meeting ? No ! I mark'd him,  
 His parting glance was that of fervent love,  
 And constancy unalter'd. Do not fear him.

## E L F R I D A.

I should not fear him, were his present stay  
 The only cause. Alas, it is not so !  
 Why comes my Earl so secret to these arms ?  
 Why, but because he dreads the just reproach

Of

Of some deluded fair one? Why am I  
 Here shrouded up, like the pale Votarist,  
 Who knows no visitant, save the lone owl,  
 That nightly leaves his ivy-shrouded cell,  
 And sails on slow wing thro' the cloister'd isles,  
 List'ning her faintly orisons? Why am I  
 Deny'd to follow my departed Lord  
 Whene'er his duty calls him to the palace?

## C H O R U S.

Covet not that; the noblest proof of love  
 That ATHELWOLD can give, is still to guard  
 Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.  
 The crimson blush of virgin modesty,  
 The delicate soft tints of innocence  
 There all fly off, and leave no boast behind  
 But well-rang'd, faded features. Ah, ELFRIDA,  
 Shou'd you be doom'd, which happier fate forbid!  
 To drag your hours through all that nauseous scene  
 Of pageantry and vice; your purer breast,  
 True to its virtuous relish, soon would heave  
 A fervent sigh for innocence and Harewood.

## E L F R I D A.

You much mistake me, Virgins; the throng'd palace  
 Were undesir'd by me, did not that palace  
 Detain my ATHELWOLD. If he were here,  
 His presence would convert this range of oaks  
 To stately columns; these gay-liv'ried flow'rs  
 To troops of gallant ladies; and yon deer,  
 That jut their antlers forth in sportive fray,

The

To armed knights at joust or tournament.  
 If ATHELWOLD dwelt here; if no ambition  
 Could lure his steps from love, and this still forest;  
 If I might never moan his time of absence,  
 Longer than that which serv'd him for the chase  
 Or of the wolf, or stag; or when he bore  
 The hood-wink'd falcon forth; might these, my  
     Virgins,  
 And these alone, be love's short intervals,  
 I should not have one thought remote from Hare-  
     wood.

## C H O R U S.

And would you wish that ATHELWOLD should slight  
 The weal of England, and on these light toys  
 Waste his unvalued hours? No, fond ELFRIDA;  
 His active soul is wing'd for nobler flights.

## E L F R I D A.

What then, must England's welfare hold my Earl  
 For ever from these shades?

## C H O R U S.

We say not that.

The youth, who bathes in pleasure's tempting stream  
 At well-judg'd intervals, feels all his soul  
 Nerv'd with recruited strength; but if too oft  
 He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,  
 It chills his languid virtue. For this cause  
 Your Earl forbids, that these enchanting groves,  
 And their fair mistress should possess him wholly.

He

He knows he has a country and a king,  
 That claim his first attention ; yet be sure,  
 'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind  
 Shall lose in sweet oblivion ev'ry care,  
 Among th' embow'ring shades that veil ELFRIDA.

## E L F R I D A.

Oh be that speech prophetic ; may he soon  
 Seek these embow'ring shades ! Meanwhile, my  
 friends,

Sooth me with harmony. I know full well  
 That ye were nurs'd in Cornwall's wizard caves,  
 And oft have pac'd the fairy-peopled vales  
 Of Devon, where Posterity retains  
 Some vein of that old minstrelsy, which breath'd  
 Through each time-honour'd grove of British oak.  
 There, where the spreading consecrated boughs  
 Fed the sage mistletoe, the holy Druids  
 Lay rapt in moral musings ; while the Bards  
 Call'd from their solemn harps such lofty airs,  
 As drew down Fancy from the realms of Light  
 To paint some radiant vision on their minds,  
 Of high mysterious import. But on me  
 Such strains sublime were wasted : I but ask  
 A sprightly song to speed the lazy flight  
 Of these dull hours. And Music sure can find  
 A magic spell to make them skim their round,  
 Swift as the swallow circles. Try its power :  
 While I, from yonder hillock, watch his coming.

*[Exit Elfrida.]*

CHORUS.



## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

The Turtle tells her plaintive tale,  
 Sequester'd in some shadowy vale ;  
 The Lark in radiant ether floats,  
 And swells his wild extatic notes :  
 Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray  
 The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay ;  
 She haunts no solitary shade,  
 She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead,  
 No love-lorn griefs depress her song,  
 No raptures lift it loudly high,  
 But soft she trills, amid th' aerial throng,  
 Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

Sweet Bird ! like thine our lay shall flow,  
 Nor gaily brisk, nor sadly slow ;  
 For to thy note sedate, and clear,  
 CONTENT still lends a list'ning ear.  
 Reclin'd this mossy bank along,  
 Oft has she heard thy careless song :  
 Why hears not now ? What fairer grove  
 From Harewood lures her devious love ?  
 What fairer grove than Harewood knows,  
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,  
 More shadowy bowers, inviting soft repose,  
 More streams slow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales ?  
 Perhaps to some lone cave the Rover flies,  
 Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.

For,

For, from the Hall's tumultuous state,  
 Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,  
 There will the meek-ey'd Matron oft retreat,  
 And with the solemn Sage high converse hold.

There, Goddess, on the shaggy mound,  
 Where tumbling torrents roar around,  
 Where pendant mountains o'er your head  
 Stretch their reverential shade ;  
 You listen, while the holy Seer  
 Slowly chaunts his vespers clear ;  
 Or of his sparing mefs partake,  
 The fav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,  
 The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.  
 Then, rising light, your host you bless,  
 And o'er his faintly temples bland distil  
 Seraphic day-dreams of heav'n's happiness.

Where'er thou art, enchanting Power,  
 Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's bower ;  
 Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,  
 Printing this dew-impearled green ;  
 Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,  
 Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,  
 Among the welcome guests that move  
 Attendant on the state of Love.  
 There, when the Sov'reign leads along  
 Of Sports and Smiles a jocund train,  
 Then last, but loveliest of the lovely throng,  
 Thou' com'st to soften, yet secure his reign.

D

And,

And, hark, compleating our prophetic lay,  
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way ;  
Now nearer, and now nearer founds.

Avaunt ! ye vain, delusive Fears.

Hark ! Echo tells through Harewood's amplest  
bounds,

That Love, Content, and ATHELWOLD appears.

ATHELWOLD, ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

A T H E L W O L D.

Look ever thus ; with that bright glance of joy  
Thus always meet my transports. Let these arms  
Thus ever fold me ; and this cheek, that blooms  
With all health's opening roses, press my lips,  
Warm as at this blest moment.

E L F R I D A.

ATHELWOLD,

I had prepar'd me many a stern rebuke ;  
Had arm'd my brow with frowns, and taught my eye  
Th' averted glance of coldness, which might best  
Greet such a loit'ring lover : but I find,  
'Twas a vain task ; for this my truant heart  
Forgets each lesson, which resentment taught,  
And in thy sight knows only to be happy.

A T H E L W O L D.

My best ELFRIDA—Heav'ns : it cannot last.  
The giddy height of joy, to which I'm lifted,  
Is as a hanging rock, at whose low foot

The

E L F R I D A.

19

The black and beating surge of Infamy  
Rolls ready to receive, and sink my soul.

E L F R I D A.

So soon to fall into this musing mood—  
I thought, my Lord, you promis'd you would leave  
These looks behind at Court. Nay, 'twas the cause  
Assign'd for this my residence at Harewood,  
That you might never come to these fond arms,  
But with a breast devoid of public care,  
And fill'd alone with rapture and ELFRIDA.  
Said you not so? Why then that pensive posture,  
That down cast eye? Surely the City's din,  
And this calm grove have lost their difference.  
I'll with you to the palace.

A T H E L W O L D.

Heav'n forbid!

E L F R I D A.

Nay, my best Lord, I meant it but in sport;  
For should you bid me quit these blooming lawns  
For some bare heath, or drear unpeopled desert;  
Believe me, I would think its wildness Eden,  
If ATHELWOLD with frequent visitation  
Endear'd the savage scene: but yet I fear  
My Father.

A T H E L W O L D.

Hah! why him?

D 2

E L F R I D A.

E L F R I D A.

You know his temper ;  
 How jealous of his rank, and his trac'd lineage  
 From royal ancestry. I fear me much,  
 He will not brook you should conceal me long  
 In this lone privacy : No, he will deem it  
 Far unbecoming her, whose veins are fill'd  
 With the rich stream of his nobility.  
 Should it be so, his hot and fiery nature,  
 I doubt, will blaze, and do some dreadful outrage.

A T H E L W O L D.

He need not know it, or, if chance he should,  
 It matters not, if so this forest life  
 Seem of your own adoption and free choice.  
 And that it will so seem, I trust that love,  
 Which ever yet has met my wayward will  
 With pleas'd compliance, and unask'd assent.

E L F R I D A.

And ever shall : yet blame me not, my Lord,  
 If prying womanhood should prompt a wish  
 To learn the cause of this your strange commotion,  
 Which ever wakes, if I but drop one thought  
 Of quitting Harewood.

A T H E L W O L D.

Go to the clear surface  
 Of yon unruffled lake, and, bending o'er it,  
 There read my answer.

E L F R I D A.

These are riddles, Sir—

A T H E L

A T H E L W O L D.

No; for its glassy and reflecting surface  
Will smile with charms too tempting for a palace.

E L F R I D A.

Does A T H E L W O L D distrust E L F R I D A's faith?

A T H E L W O L D.

No; but he much distrusts E L F R I D A's beauty.

E L F R I D A.

Away: you trifle.

A T H E L W O L D.

Neyer more in earnest;  
I would not for the throne which E D G A R sits on,  
That E D G A R should behold it.

E L F R I D A.

What, my Lord,  
Think you the face, that caught your single heart,  
Will make all hearts its captives? Vain surmise.  
Yet grant it could; the face is your's alone:  
Not E D G A R's self would dare to seize it from you.  
E D G A R's a King, and not a tyrant.

A T H E L W O L D.

True,  
E D G A R's a King, a just one; his firm feet  
Walk ever in the fore-right road of honour:  
Nor do I know what lure can draw his steps  
Devious from that straight path, save only one:

That

That tempting lure is beauty. Ah! ELFRIDA,  
 Throw but the dazzling bait within his view,  
 The untam'd wolf does not with fiercer rage  
 Burst the slight bondage of the filken net,  
 Than he the ties of law. Late, very late,  
 Smit casually with young MATILDA's face,  
 He strait commanded her reluctant Mother  
 To yield her to his arms: nor had she 'scap'd  
 The violating fervour of his love,  
 Had not the prudent dame suborn'd her handmaid  
 To take the unchaste office, and be led,  
 Veil'd in the mask of night, to EDGAR's chamber  
 A counterfeit MATILDA. As it chanc'd,  
 The damsel pleas'd the King, nor did detection  
 A whit abate his fondness; he forgave  
 The prudent mother, eas'd MATILDA's fears,  
 And led the wanton minstrel to his court,  
 Where still she shares—

## C H O R U S.

Behold, Earl ATHELWOLD,  
 A messenger arrives; his speed and aspect  
 Speak some important errand.

EDWIN, ATHELWOLD, ELFRIDA,  
 CHORUS.

A T H E L W O L D.

How now, Edwin?

E D W I N.

The King, my Lord, is on his way to Harewood.  
 A T H E L

## A T H E L W O L D.

The King!

E D W I N.

His purpose is to pass through Mercia:  
And in a hasty message, some two hours  
After you left the palace, this his pleasure  
Was sent you by Lord SEOFRID; withal  
Commanding your attendance. You being absent,  
He straitway turn'd his course thro' this fair forest,  
Meaning to chace the Stag; his train is small,  
As was his purpose sudden.

E L F R I D A.

Good, my Lord,  
Why thus perplex'd?

C H O R U S.

Heav'ns! what a deep Despair  
Sits on his brow?

E L F R I D A.

The notice sure is short;  
But that's a trifle, a small train requires  
The smaller preparation: let him come.

A T H E L W O L D.

Yes, let him come: so thou wilt say, ELFRIDA,  
When thou hast heard my tale. Yes, let him come,  
So wilt thou say, and let thy husband perish.  
Yet shall these arms once more embrace thee closely,  
Ere yet thou fly them as the pois'nous adder.

'Tis



## E L F R I D A.

'Tis o'er : in that embrace ELFRIDA'S Love  
Was buried ; and in that embrace, the Peace  
Of wretched ATHELWOLD.

E L F R I D A.

What may this be !

A T H E L W O L D.

Oh EDWIN, EDWIN ! when surviving Malice  
Shall prey upon the fame of thy dead Master,  
Wilt thou not some way strive to check the Fiend's  
Insatiate Fury ? Wilt thou see my name  
Deil'd, and blacken'd with Detraction's venom,  
And bear it patiently !

E L F R I D A.

What means my best—

A T H E L W O L D.

Peace ; not a word of Best, or Lov'd, or Dear :  
These are not titles now for thee to use,  
Or me to triumph in. Virgins, retire ;  
We would a while be private. Nay, return.  
Concealment would be vain ; and ye and EDWIN  
Are bound to me. ALBINA ! as for you,  
I fav'd your father when his blood was forfeit.

C H O R U S.

Not I, great Earl, alone, but all this train  
Are bound by ev'ry tie of faith and love  
To gen'rous ATHELWOLD ; to that mild Master,  
Who never forc'd our Service to one act,

But

But of such liberal sort, as Freedom's self  
Would smilingly perform.

A T H E L W O L D.

It may be so,  
But where's the tie, ELFRIDA, that may bind  
Thy faith and love?

E L F R I D A.

The strongest sure, my Lord,  
The golden, nuptial tie. Try but its strength.

A T H E L W O L D.

I must perforce this instant. Know, ELFRIDA,  
Once, on a day of high festivity,  
The youthful King, encircled with his Nobles,  
Crown'd high the sparkling bowl; and much of  
Love,

Of beauty much the sprightly converse ran;  
When, as it well might chance, the brisk Lord

ARDULPH

Made gallant note of ORGAR's peerless daughter,  
And in such phrase as might enflame a breast  
More cool than EDGAR's. Early on the morrow  
Th' impatient Monarch gave me swift commission  
To view those charms, of which Lord ARDULPH's  
tongue

Had given such warm description: to whose words  
If my impartial eye gave full assent,  
I had his royal mandate on the instant  
To hail you Queen of England.

## E L F R I D A.

'Stead of which  
 You came, and hail'd me Wife of ATHELWOLD.  
 Was this the tale I was so taught to fear?  
 Was this the deed, that known would make me fly  
 Thy clasping arm, as 'twere the pois'nous adder?  
 No, let this tender, fond embrace assure thee,  
 That thy ELFRIDA'S love can never die;  
 Or, if it could, this animating touch  
 Would soon rewake it into life and rapture.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Dost thou then pardon me? Come, injur'd sov'reign,  
 Plunge deep thy sword of justice in this breast,  
 And I will die contented.

## E L F R I D A.

Heav'n forbid!

What can be done?

## C H O R U S.

Indeed, ye constant pair,  
 'Tis fit ye strive to fly the coming danger.  
 For Safety now fits wav'ring on your Love,  
 Like the light down upon the Thistle's beard,  
 Which ev'ry breeze may part. Say, noble Earl,  
 What feint was us'd to lull the king's impatience?

## A T H E L W O L D.

Soon as these shades had veil'd my beauteous bride,  
 I hasted back to EDGAR, laugh'd at ARDULPH,  
 And

And talk'd of ELFRID, as of vulgar beauties ;  
 Own'd no uncommon light'ning in her eye,  
 No breast that sham'd the snow, or cheek the rose.  
 The sprightly King believ'd me, and forgot her.

## C H O R U S.

But an alliance, great as ATHELWOLD'S  
 With ORGAR'S daughter, soon would blaze abroad,  
 The theme of popular converse.

## A T H E L W O L D.

True, it would ;  
 And for that reason, when I last was here,  
 The King was taught I went to wed ELFRIDA.

## E L F R I D A.

How so, my Lord ?

## A T H E L W O L D.

Thy Father, my ELFRIDA,  
 Has rich possessions : These, and these alone,  
 I made my theme of Love ; and told the king,  
 That tho' thy face (pardon the impious falsehood)  
 Boasted not charms to grace a Monarch's throne,  
 Yet would thy dow'r well suit his minister.  
 I therefore meant to ask thee of thy father,  
 And (that my want of skill in choice might 'scape  
 All censure) hide thee close in Harewood castle.  
 EDGAR with smiles consented, and, I think,  
 Harbours no thought of my disloyalty.

## E L F R I D A.

If so, what danger now ?

A T H E L W O L D.

Ask'st thou, what danger?  
 'Sdeath, will that glance not instantly proclaim  
 My tenfold treachery?

E L F R I D A.

He shall not see me.  
 I'll hide me instant in some secret chamber,  
 And robe this virgin in my bridal vestments.

A T H E L W O L D.

Thy Love, like balm, runs trick'ling o'er the wounds  
 Of my torn bosom; yet 'tis vain, 'tis vain:  
 Thou must thyself appear, for ARDULPH ever  
 Attends the king, and would detect the fraud.

E L F R I D A.

If so, yet still I can insure our safety;  
 For as you fear my softness of complexion,  
 I'll stain it with the juice of dusky leaves,  
 Or yellow berries, which this various wood  
 From tree or shrub will yield me. These I'll use,  
 And form a thousand methods to conceal  
 The little gleams of grace, which Nature lent me.  
 Fear not my caution.

A T H E L W O L D.

Gentlest, best of Creatures,  
 Go, do then as thy tender care directs.  
 And yet how vain? What wond'rous art can steal  
 The liquid lightnings from those radiant eyes,  
 Or rob the wavy ringlets of that hair

Of

Of all their nameless graces? Say it could,  
 Yet would that modest, but majestic mien,  
 That inborn dignity of soul, which breathes  
 Thro' each angelic gesture, still remain  
 To seize the heart of EDGAR. Rest, ELFRIDA,  
 Rest as thou art, in all that blaze of beauty:  
 I must submit to my just lot, and lose thee.

E L F R I D A.

Away, my Lord, with these too anxious scruples:  
 Fear not my carriage; I will stoop my head,  
 Draw out an idiot phrase, and do each act  
 With ev'n a rude and peasant awkwardness.

E D W I N.

Ere this, my Lord, I think the King has reach'd  
 The full mid-way; 'twere fit you stood prepar'd  
 To give him meeting.

A T H E L W O L D.

Give him meeting, EDWIN!

Alas! I have no mask to veil my baseness.  
 When deep contrition shadows all my soul,  
 I cannot dress my features in light smiles,  
 And look the thing I am not. No, these eyes  
 Are not as yet true vassals to my purpose,  
 As yet indeed I am but half a villain.

E L F R I D A.

You weigh this matter in too nice a balance,  
 Your crime, my Lord, is but the crime of love:  
 Thousands like you have fail'd.

A T H E L-

## E L F R I D A.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I know, ELFRIDA,  
 Could love absolve the crime, my soul were pure  
 As maiden innocence. Yes, I do love thee,  
 And thou art fair—beyond—But that's my bane;  
 Thy ev'ry charm adds weight to my offence,  
 And heaps fresh wrongs upon the best of Masters.  
 Yes, ELFRID, EDGAR was the best of Masters.  
 Oh hide me from the thought in that dear bosom—  
 Heav'ns! I must die or keep her.

## E L F R I D A.

Live, or die,  
 I'm thine alike. Death cannot aught abate,  
 Or life augment, my love. Let this embrace  
 Be witness of my truth.

## A T H E L W O L D.

It shall, it shall:  
 Thy ev'ry word and look declares thee faithful.  
 Secure of all thy love, and all thy prudence,  
 Returning confidence has arm'd my soul  
 For this dread meeting: resting on thy truth  
 I go— *[Exit Athelwold.]*

## E L F R I D A.

Go, and thy guardian saint preserve thee,  
 Show'r blessings vast as would my lavish love,  
 Had I his power to bless thee!

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Yes, my Sisters,  
 The silent awe that reigns thro' all your train,  
 Befits ye well. Let Admiration first  
 Pay her mute tribute. She can best express,  
 By those her kindling cheeks, and lifted eyes,  
 Where the tear twinkles, that transcendant praise  
 ELFRIDA'S Virtue claims.

## E L F R I D A.

My Virtue, Virgins,  
 Is only Love. Or, say that it be virtue,  
 It owes its source to Love, to chastest Love,  
 Than which what passion more impels the mind  
 To fair and gen'rous action? But the hours  
 Are precious now. I'll to yon neighb'ring grove:  
 There grows an azure flow'r, I oft have mark'd it,  
 Which stains the pressing finger with a juice  
 Of dusky, yellow tinct: Its name I know not.  
 I'll fetch and try it strait. Wait my return.  
*[Exit Elfrida.]*

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Whence does this sudden Lustre rise,  
 That gilds the grove? Not like the noon tide beam,  
 Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream,  
 Nor the blue lightning's flash swift-shooting thro' the  
 skies.

But



But such a solemn steady Light,  
 As o'er the cloudless azure steals,  
 When Cynthia, riding on the brow of night,  
 Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.

Whence can it rise, but from the sober power  
 Of CONSTANCY? She, heav'n-born Queen,  
 Descends, and here in HAREWOOD'S hallow'd bower,  
 Fixes her stedfast reign:  
 Stedfast, as when her high command  
 Gives to the starry band  
 Their radiant Stations in heav'n's ample plain.  
 Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,  
 She winds the various year.

Tells what time the Snow-drop cold  
 Its maiden whiteness may unfold,  
 When the golden harvest bend,  
 When the ruddy fruits descend.  
 Then bids pale Winter wake, to pour  
 The pearly hail's translucent show'r,  
 To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,  
 And bind in crystal chains the slumb'ring floods.

The Soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb  
 To all the heights sublime  
 Of Virtue's tow'ring hill.  
 That hill, at whose low foot weak-warbling strays  
 The scanty stream of human praise,  
 A shallow trickling rill.

While

While on the Summits hov'ring Angels shed,  
 From their blest pinions, the nectareous dews  
 Of rich immortal Fame: From these the Muse  
 Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends  
     With those the lower fountain lends;  
 Then show'rs it all on some high-favour'd head.  
 But thou, ELFRIDA, claim'ft the genuine dew;  
     Thy worth demands it all,  
 Pure, and unmixt, on thee the holy drops shall fall.  
     *[Elfrida returns with flowers.]*

## E L F R I D A, O R G A R, C H O R U S.

E L F R I D A. *[looking on the flower.]*  
 'Tis strange, my Virgins, this sweet child of Summer,  
 Silken and soft, whose breath perfumes the air,  
 Whose gay vest paints the Morn, should in its bosom  
 Hide such pollution? Yet 'tis often thus:  
 All are not as they seem.

O R G A R.

Yet hear me, Lady.

E L F R I D A.

Be gone, unmanner'd Stranger, nor pursue me;  
 Hence, from the grove. Know ye this Pilgrim,  
     Virgins?  
 On my return I met him here.

C H O R U S.

Alas;

We saw him here before, and heard his tale,

F

That

That mov'd our pity—But I fear me now,  
'Twas false; some spy perchance, and may have  
heard—

O R G A R.

I have; yet not for that are you betray'd.  
Fair Excellence, my heart is bound unto you,  
I feel a tender interest in your welfare,  
Tender as Fathers feel.

E L F R I D A.

As fathers feel;  
That well-known voice, and ah! that look—

O R G A R.

ELFRIDA!

E L F R I D A.

Yes it is him, it is my Father, Virgins.  
Support me, or I faint! Oh wherefore, Sir?—

O R G A R.

Take courage, Daughter; my parental fondness  
Prompted this visit. Thus I came disguis'd,  
To learn the cause of my dear child's confinement:  
And I have learnt it.

E L F R I D A.

Then all's lost for ever.

O R G A R.

Thou know'st, ELFRIDA, next my house's honour,  
Thy peace has ever been my dearest care.  
But such an insult—No; I cannot brook it.

So

So black a fraud! By all my ancestors,  
By BELIN's shade I will have ample vengeance.

## E L F R I D A.

Alas, I know too well your dreadful purpose.  
I knew it at the first. Yes, he must fall.  
Yet pardon me, if my poor trembling heart  
Puts up I know not what of pray'rs and vows  
To ev'ry pitying saint. Celestial Guardians  
Of nuptial Constancy! Oh bend from heav'n  
Your star-crown'd heads, and hear a wretched woman,  
That begs ye save, from a dread father's rage,  
Her lord, her husband.

## O R G A R.

Husband! 'Sdeath what husband?  
Is ATHELWOLD thy husband? Sooner call  
Th' impeached thief true master of the booty  
He stole, or murder'd for. Disdain the Villain;  
And help me to revenge thee.

## C H O R U S.

Think, great Earl;  
What sanctimonious ties restrain your daughter:  
Did she not swear before the hallow'd shrine  
Eternal fealty to this her Lord?  
Yet say, that he deceiv'd her; shall her truth  
Dare to revenge? No, Sir, in highest heav'n  
Vengeance 'mid storms and tempests sits enshrin'd,  
Vested in robes of lightning, and there sleeps,  
Unwak'd but by th' incens'd Almighty's call.  
Oh! let not Man presume to take unbid  
That dread vicegerency.

O R G A R.

Peace, Virgins, peace.

Not ev'n the faws of Druids or of Bards  
 Have weight with me, when insults high as this  
 Rouse my just indignation. Hear me, Daughter,  
 You went to search for flow'rs, to blot your charms  
 With their dun hue. Yes, thou shalt search for  
 flow'rs,

Yet shall they be the loveliest of the spring ;  
 Flow'rs, that entangling in thine auburn hair,  
 Or blushing 'mid the whiteness of thy bosom,  
 May, to the power of ev'ry native grace,  
 Give double life and lustre. Haste, my child,  
 Array thyself in thy most gorgeous garb,  
 And see each jewel, which my Love procur'd thee,  
 Dart its full radiance. More than all, put on  
 The nobler ornament of winning smiles,  
 And kind inviting glances.

E L F R I D A.

Never, never ;

When this true heart renounces ATHELWOLD,  
 May equitable heav'n—

O R G A R.

Away with vows ;

And with a duteous, and attentive Ear,  
 Listen to my persuasions. Much I wish  
 Persuasions might prevail, that not compell'd  
 To use a father's just prerogative,

My

My will may meet with thy unforc'd obedience.  
Follow me, on thy duty.

E L F R I D A.

Cruel Father,  
That duty shall obey you; I will follow:  
Yet dread as is that frown, dreadful as death,  
It shall not shake the tenor of my faith;  
Living or dead I still am ATHELWOLD'S.

*[Exeunt Orgar and Elfrida.]*

S E M I C H O R U S.

Horror! Horror!  
The Pen of Fate, dipt in its deepest gall,  
Perhaps on that ill-omen'd wall,  
Now writes th' event of this tremendous day.  
Oh! that our weaker sight  
Could read the mystic characters, and spy  
What to the unpurg'd, mortal Eye,  
Is hid in endless Night.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Suspense! thou frozen guest, be gone.  
The wretch, whose rugged bed  
Is spread on thorns, more softly rests his head,  
Than he that sinks amid the cygnet's down,  
If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,  
To prompt his starting tear, his ceaseless sigh,  
His wish, his pray'r, his vow for ling'ring certainty.

C H O R U S.

But hark! that certainty arrives. Methought  
I heard the winding horn. I did not err;

The

The King is near at hand. This quick approach  
 Will sure prevent this proud Earl's cruel purpose.  
 Yet what of that? Does her fair form require  
 The blazon of rich vesture? Genuine beauty  
 Nor asks, nor needs it: Negligence alone  
 Is its bright diadem, and artless ease  
 Its robe of Tyrian tincture. Say, my Sisters,  
 Shall we salute this monarch with a hymn  
 Of Festival and Joy! Alas, such joy  
 Ill suits our trembling hearts, and weeping eyes.  
 And now 'twere vain: for see, the King approaches.

EDGAR, ATHELWOLD, CHORUS.

EDGAR.

No, ATHELWOLD; not from a partial blindness,  
 Or for the mode and guise of Courtesy,  
 Are we thus large in praise; in our true judgment,  
 This Castle is not more kind Nature's debtor  
 For its delicious site, than 'tis to thee  
 For this so goodly structure. From its base,  
 Ev'n to yon turrets trim, and taper spires,  
 All is of choicest Masonry. Each part  
 Doth boast a separate grace; but Ornament,  
 Tho' here the richest that the eye can note,  
 Is us'd, not lavish'd; Art seems generous here,  
 Yet not a prodigal. But ah! my Earl, [*seeing the Chorus.*  
 What living charms are here? Thy castle's beauty  
 Must not detain me from this lovelier prospect.  
 Your pardon, fair Ones, that my wayward Eye  
 Paid not at first, where first was surely due,  
 Its homage to your Graces:

ATHEL-

## A T H E L W O L D.

Heav'ns! they weep.  
 What may this mean? Some dread and unseen chance  
 Has counter-work'd my safety.

E D G A R.

Whence this silence;  
 Why are your lovely heads thus bow'd with sadness?  
 Befrew my heart, my Lord, but this is strange.  
 I know thee, Earl, and know thy gentleness,  
 More prone t'obey, than lord it o'er the sex;  
 Else should I guess this sorrow had its rise  
 From some discourteous treatment.

## C H O R U S.

No, dread Sov'reign;  
 He is the noblest, gentlest, best of masters;  
 And may your Love reward——

O R G A R, A T H E L W O L D, E D G A R, C H O R U S.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Death to my hopes!

O R G A R.

Yes, Villain, start; but let this vengeful arm  
 Arrest thy baseness; would to heav'n its strength,  
 Thus grasping thee, could open thy false breast,  
 And bare thy heart to the sham'd eye of Day.

E D G A R.

Patience, hot Man. What art thou?

O R G A R.



O R G A R.

Earl of Devon!

Pardon me, Prince; that this my honest rage  
 O'erleaps obedient duty. I am wrong'd,  
 Yet that's but small; for know, much injur'd Prince,  
 Thy wrongs as well as mine both call for justice.  
 Yes, Sir, I here, on a true subject's oath,  
 Proclaim Earl ATHELWOLD a faithless traitor.

E D G A R.

Ha! what is this? Renounce the word, old Earl;  
 Thy length of years hath forc'd thee, sure, to press  
 The verge of dotage. ATHELWOLD! what ATHEL-  
 WOLD

A faithless traitor! Perish the suspicion.  
 Never before did word, or thought, or look,  
 Give doubt of his distinguish'd loyalty.  
 Dotage alone could frame the accusation.

O R G A R.

I do not dote, thank Heav'n, my faculties  
 Are yet my own, unblemish'd and unhurt.  
 Would so my Daughter were!

E D G A R.

What is his drift?

A T H E L W O L D.

Better, my royal Lord, you mark'd him not;  
 The wayward Earl is—

O R G A R.

O R G A R.

What, audacious Villain!

I will be heard.

E D G A R.

Go to, thou choleric Lord!

O R G A R.

When thou hast heard me, EDGAR, call me choleric!

E D G A R.

Speak then, and briefly.

O R G A R.

Once, my sacred Liege,

I had a daughter, duteous as e'er crown'd  
A Father's wish, and lovely as could warm  
A youth to am'rous transports. This, my Lord,  
You learnt long since from noble ARDULPH's praises,  
And fir'd with his description, sent this Earl,  
This faithful Earl, t' invite her to our throne.

E D G A R.

No, ORGAR, not t' invite her to our throne,  
Simply to note her beauty was his errand.

O R G A R.

Yes, he did note it, stamp't it for his own.  
But why this parley? Enter, Sir, these gates,  
And let ELFRIDA's features be the book,  
Where you may read the story of his fallhood,  
Ev'n on the instant.

G

EDGAR,

## E L F R I D A.

E D G A R.

Noble Lord, lead on.  
 We'll follow to the trial. I will humour  
 The Earl's hot temper. He has heard, my friend,  
 We meant t'exalt his daughter, and for that  
 His partial fondness, link'd with his ambition,  
 Levels this rage at thee. Attend us, Lords.

*[Exeunt Edgar, Orgar, &c.]*

C H O R U S, A T H E L W O L D.

C H O R U S.

My Lord, the King is enter'd: stand not thus  
 In mute and fixt distress.

A T H E L W O L D.

Away, away;

What! can a Man that thinks such thoughts as I do  
 Have pow'r of word or motion? speak to me;  
 Inform me all. What said she, when I left her?  
 How came her Father hither? how did she  
 Greet his arrival? Say, was she compell'd,  
 Or did her free, and voluntary voice,  
 Tell all the story? Did she marshal him,  
 To this his deed of vengeance?

C H O R U S.

Dearest Master;

ELFRIDA told him not: his own deceit  
 Was his informer. Here the Earl arriv'd  
 Early at morn, in mean and pilgrim weeds,  
 All like an ancient, toil-worn traveller;

And

And with a tale told in such piteous strain,  
 Fraught with such sad and moving circumstance,  
 With woes so well dissembled; that our softness  
 Suffered him enter this close bow'r for rest,  
 Which he adapting to his prying purpose,  
 Thence learnt the secret. This our disobedience,  
 We own—

## A T H E L W O L D.

Was my perdition. Yet 'tis well;  
 I blame ye not; it was Heav'n's justice, Virgins;  
 This brought him hither; this annull'd your faith:  
 I do not think, you purpos'd my destruction;  
 But yet you have destroy'd me. O ELFRIDA,  
 And art thou faithful? This my jealous eye  
 Thought it had mark'd some speck of change upon  
 thee;  
 Thought it had found, what might have made thy  
 loss  
 Somewhat within endurance. 'Tis not so;  
 And this thy purity but serves t'augment  
 The sum of my distractions. Meet me, EDGAR,  
 With thy rais'd sword: be merciful and sudden—

*[Exit Athelwold.]*

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Say, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,  
 Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,

Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;  
 Here wave his amber locks ; unfold  
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold ;  
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand ?

And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known  
 Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,  
 Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne  
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
 To break with Mercy's beam this gath'ring cloud of  
 fate ?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light  
 Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height ;  
 No train of radiant Saints descend.  
 " Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,  
 " If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,  
 " Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."

So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
 Burst from the center of her burning throne :

Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre  
 crown'd :

A bright Sun clasps her adamant zone.

So TRUTH proclaims : her awful voice I hear :  
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

" Attend, ye Sons of Men ; attend, and say,"

Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
 Break thro' the veil of your mortality !  
 Say, does not reason in this form descry

Unnum-

Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass  
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing  
grace ?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye  
But emulates the diamond's blaze,  
Whose cheek but mocks the peaches' bloom,  
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,  
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,  
Shall she be deem'd my rival ? Shall a form  
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,  
Vie with these charms imperial ? The poor worm  
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day  
Shall pass, and she is gone : while I appear  
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's  
eternal year.

Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,  
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,  
I shone amid the heav'nly throng.  
These eyes beheld Creation's day,  
This voice began the choral lay,  
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.  
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,  
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
And Ocean heave on his extended bed ;  
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,  
The tawny Lion stalk, the rapid Eagle fly.

Laft,

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
 And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,  
 " That I alone of all the host of heav'n,  
 " Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth."  
 Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me  
 TRUTH.

ATHELWOLD, EDWIN, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.  
 Banish me! No. I'll die. For why should Life  
 Remain a lonely lodger in that breast  
 Which Honour leaves deserted? Idle breath!  
 Thou can't not fill such vacancy. Be gone:  
 This sword shall free—

CHORUS,

Oh shame to Fortitude!  
 Shame to that manly passion, which inspires  
 Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of Fate  
 Would chill the soul. Oh call the ready virtue  
 Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee;  
 Is ever prompt to spread her sevenfold shield  
 O'er noble breasts.

ATHELWOLD.

And but o'er noble breasts;  
 Not o'er the breast which livid Infamy  
 Indelibly has spotted. Oh shame, shame.  
 Sword, rid me of the thought.

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

Forbear, forbear ;

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms  
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth  
Unlicens'd to Eternity. Think, think ;  
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.  
The race of Man is one vast marshall'd army,  
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of Time,  
Their leader the Almighty. In that march  
Ah who may quit his post ? when high in Air  
The chos'n Archangel rides, whose right hand wields  
Th' imperial standard of heav'n's providence,  
Which, dreadly sweeping thro' the vaulted sky,  
O'er shadows all creation.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I was once——

Yes, I was once (I have his royal word for't)  
A man of such try'd faith, such steady honour,  
As mock'd all doubt and scruple.— What a change !  
Now must that unstain'd, virgin character,  
Be doom'd to gross and hourly prostitution,  
Sating the lust of slander ; and my wife,  
My chaste ELFRIDA ! O distraction, no,  
I'll fly to save her.

## E D W I N.

Stay, my dearest Master ;  
You rush on instant death.

A T H E L-



A T H E L W O L D.

I mean it, slave;  
And would'st thou hinder me?

E D W I N.

Yes, Sir, I hold  
'Tis duty to my king, and love to you,  
Thus to oppose your entrance.

A T H E L W O L D.

What, thou traitor!  
Thy pardon, EDWIN, I forgot myself;  
Forgot, that I stood here a banish'd Man;  
And that this gate was shut against its Master.  
And yet this gate leads to my dear ELFRIDA;  
Can it be barr'd to me? Oh Earth, cold Earth,  
Upon whose breast I cast this load of mis'ry,  
Bear it awhile; and you, ye aged Oaks,  
Ye venerable Fathers of this wood,  
Who oft have cool'd beneath your arching shades  
My humble ancestors, oft seen them hie  
To your spread umbrage, from yon sultry field,  
Their scene of honest labour, shade, ah! shade,  
The last, the wretchedest of all their race.  
I will not long pollute ye; for I mean  
To pay beneath your consecrated gloom  
A sacrifice to honour, and the ghosts  
Of those progenitors, who sternly frown  
On me their base descendant.

E D W I N.

E D W I N.

See, ye Virgins,  
How Horror shades his brow; how fixt his eye;  
Heav'ns! what despair—

C H O R U S.

EDWIN, 'tis ever thus  
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;  
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless Conscience  
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup  
Of their severe repentance.

A T H E L W O L D.

'Tis resolv'd:  
I'll enter and demand a second audience.  
And yet how vain! Ere I can reach his ear,  
His ready train will stop me, and, with all  
The cruel punctuality of office,  
So prompt to act 'gainst fallen favourites,  
Dismiss me with reproof.— Surely I heard her.  
Was't not ELFRIDA'S voice? 'Tis she herself.

ELFRIDA, EDGAR, ATHELWOLD,  
ORGAR, CHORUS.

E L F R I D A.

No, I will once more clasp him to my bosom.  
I will not be withheld. I will o'ertake him,  
Will go with him to exile. Hah, my Husband!  
So quickly found? They thought to tear me from  
thee;  
But we will part no more.

H

E D G A R.

E D G A R.

Take heed, ELFRIDA,  
 This ill-tim'd fondness may recall the fate  
 I just now freed him from; who loves like me  
 Can ill brook this. Or quit him, or he dies.

A T H E L W O L D.

Yes, let me die! Death is my dearest wish.  
 Quit me, ELFRIDA! leave me to my fate.  
 'Tis just, 'tis just. Thus to my sov'reign's sword  
 Freely I bare my breast. Strike, injur'd Prince;  
 But do not banish me.

E L F R I D A.

What, ATHELWOLD,  
 Is then the life, on whose dear preservation  
 ELFRIDA'S peace depends, not worth the saving?  
 Die then. But ere thy murd'rer strikes the stroke,  
 Let me inform him, that his act destroys  
 No single life.

E D G A R.

By heav'n, she loves the traitor  
 Beyond all hope of change——

E L F R I D A.

No, ATHELWOLD,  
 Thou shalt not die. That pause in royal EDGAR  
 Bespeaks forgiveness. He will soon relent;  
 And mercy, flowing from his gracious tongue,  
 Seal thy full pardon. Let us kneel, my Lord;  
 Seize the important moment; kneel together;  
 And,

And, as these streaming eyes and lifted hands  
Employ each act of silent supplication,  
Do thou recount—Ah! no, thy modest tongue  
Could never tell ev'n half the gallant story.  
Be silent then. Let EDGAR's self reflect;  
For well I know his Mem'ry writes thy Virtues  
Upon its fairest page. Yes, let him weigh  
All thy past deeds of loyalty and faith,  
'Gainst this so light a fault.

E D G A R.

So light a fault!  
Had he dislodg'd my richest coffer'd treasures,  
Dispers'd sedition's poison 'mid my troops,  
Or aim'd with daring and rebellious hand  
To snatch these regal honours from my brow,  
I sooner could have pardon'd.

A T H E L W O L D.

Cease, ELFRIDA.

My doom is just—Yes, royal Sir, I go  
To banishment. I do deserve to breathe,  
Deserve to bear this load of life about me,  
For many years; to lengthen out my age,  
List'ning the hourly knell of curst remembrance,  
Whose leaden stroke shall tell to my sad soul  
That I was faithful once.

E L F R I D A.

Oh flinty EDGAR,  
What! will this penitence not move thee? Know  
There is a rose-lip'd Seraph sits on high,

H 2

Who

Who ever bends his holy ear to earth  
 To mark the voice of Penitence, to catch  
 Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,  
 And echo them in harmonies divine  
 Up to the throne of Grace. Ev'n Heav'n is won  
 By Penitence, and shall Heav'n's substitute,  
 Shall EDGAR scorn—

E D G A R.

Cease, cease, thou beauteous pleader!  
 Ah far too beauteous! Would'st thou gain thy suit,  
 Why glows that vermil lip? why rolls that eye  
 Bright as the ray of Morn? Why in each gesture  
 Such inexpressive graces, but because  
 They're native all, and will not be conceal'd?  
 Else sure each charm betrays him, and becomes  
 An advocate, whose silent eloquence  
 Pleads 'gainst thy voice, and foils its tuneful power.  
 Traitor! was this the face which thy false tongue  
 Profan'd as vulgar? This such common beauty  
 As the fair eye of Day beheld each hour  
 In ev'ry clime he lighted? Base dissembler,  
 This instant quit our realm.

E L F R I D A.

Oh stay thee, EDGAR,  
 And once more hear me. At thy feet I fall  
 As earnest, and distressed a supplicant,  
 As e'er embrac'd the knees of Majesty.  
 Oh! spare thy Country's guardian, EDGAR, spare  
 Thy closest, surest friend. Let not one fault,  
 Cancel

Cancel his thousand, thousand acts of faith.  
 Alas! I fall to vainest repetition.  
 Grief, whelming grief drowns all my faculties,  
 And leaves me nought but tears.

E D G A R.

Rise, rise, ELFRIDA.

E L F R I D A.

Shall he then live?

E D G A R.

He shall, he shall, my fair.  
 If so he quit the realm within the space  
 Our sentence limited.

E L F R I D A.

Oh stop not there;  
 That sentence will be death to ATHELWOLD.  
 Think, for thou know'st full well his gentle nature,  
 Can he support the rigour of this doom?  
 Can he, who liv'd but in thy gracious smiles,  
 Who'd pine, if chance those smiles a single hour  
 Were dealt him thriftily; think, can he bear  
 The infamy of exile?

E D G A R.

Hear me, ATHELWOLD.  
 Did I not show'r on thy much-favour'd head  
 My thickest honours, and with gift so ready  
 As out-run all request? Did I not hold thee  
 Still in such open confidence of friendship,  
 Such love as——

A T H E L.

A T H E L W O L D.

Sooner stab me than repeat it.

E D G A R.

Yet give me hearing. I repeat not this  
To taunt or gall thee. On my soul thy worth  
Did o'ertop all those honours, and thy zeal  
Kept pace with my best love. Nor 'till this Deed—  
But such a deed! look there, look on that face.  
Thou know'st me, ATHELWOLD, has seen me gaze  
On a soft yielding fair one, 'till mine eye  
Shot flames. Perdition seize me, if this heart  
Knew Love 'till now.

A T H E L W O L D.

I see it plain, my Liege,  
Nor say I aught to lessen my Offence.  
No, here I kneel, Oh! cast but on my mis'ry  
One kind forgiving glance; this ready sword  
Shall expiate all.

E L F R I D A.

Ah! will you? must he die?

E D G A R.

No, stay thee, ATHELWOLD, and sheath thy sword;  
I never yet (save but this hour of rage)  
Deem'd thee my subject. Thou wert still my friend;  
And, injur'd as I am, thou still art such:  
I do forego the word; to banish thee  
Or seal thy death, transcends a friend's just right.

E L F R I D A.

## E L F R I D A.

Ah gen'rous deed ! ah godlike goodness ! Virgins,  
The king will pardon him. Wake each high note  
Of praise, and gratitude, teach EDGAR's name  
To Harewood's furthest Echo. Oh my Sov'reign !  
What words can speak my thanks—

## E D G A R.

Nay, check these transports,  
Lest, if I see thee thus, my soul forget  
Its milder purpose. I will leave thee, Lady ;  
Yet first my lips must press this gentle hand,  
And breathe one soft sigh of no common fervour.  
Now on, my Lords—Fair wonder of thy sex,  
Adieu. We'll straight unto our realm of Mercia.  
Yet first, as was our purpose, thro' this forest,  
We'll chace the nimble Roebuck ; may the sport  
More please us, than we hope. Earl ATHELWOLD,  
Thou too must join our train. Follow us straight.  
*[Exit Edgar, &c.]*

## A T H E L W O L D.

I do, my Liege. ELFRIDA, I have much  
For thy lov'd ear, and have but one farewell  
To tell it all—And yet—

## E L F R I D A.

Ah loiter not,  
It may enrage. Farewel. Be sure, take heed  
I come not in your talk ; avoid ev'n thinking ;  
Check ev'n the sighs of absence. Haste, my Earl,  
Oh haste thee, as thou lov'st thy constant wife.

*[Exit Athelwold.]*

ORGAR,



## O R G A R, E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

## O R G A R.

Thy constant Wife! ah, stain of all thy race,  
 Degen'rate Girl! Henceforth be O R G A R deem'd  
 Of soft, and dove-like temper, who could see  
 A child of his stoop to such vile abasement,  
 And yet forbore just wrath; forbore to draw  
 That blood she had defil'd from her mean veins.  
 But sure thou art not mine; some Elf or Fay  
 Did spirit away my babe, and by curst charms  
 Thee in her cradle plac'd. Nay hang not on me.  
 Dry, dry thy tears, they've done their office amply.  
 E D G A R has pardon'd him. No, by my Earldom,  
 I cannot think of majesty thus meanly.  
 He'll yet avenge it: What if chance he should not?  
 That stops not me; I have a heart, an arm,  
 A sword can do me justice.

## E L F R I D A.

Ah! my Lord,  
 Are you still merciless? Alas, I hop'd——

## O R G A R.

What could'st thou hope, E L F R I D A? couldst thou  
 think  
 I e'er would pardon his vile perfidy,  
 Or thy ignoble softness?

## E L F R I D A.

Dearest Father,  
 Frown not thus sternly on me. I would fain  
 Touch

Touch your relenting soul, fain win your heart  
 To fatherly forgiveness. For thro' life  
 I've oft had pleasing proof how that forgiveness  
 Stoop'd to my fond persuasion. But I fear  
 Persuasion now has left me. My sad thoughts  
 Are all on wing, all following *ATHELWOLD*,  
 Like unseen ministring spirits:—Pardon, Sir,  
 That frown shall check me, I'll not mention him;  
 I will but plead for my own weakness, plead  
 For that soft sympathy of soul, which you  
 Deem base and servile. Base perhaps it might be,  
 Were I of bolder sex. But I, alas!—  
 Ah pardon me, if Nature stamp'd me Woman;  
 Gave me a heart soft, gentle, prone to pity,  
 And very fearful. Fearful, sure with cause  
 At this dread hour, when if one hapless word,  
 One sigh break forth unbid, it may rekindle  
 The monarch's rage—What has my phrenzy said?  
 I've wander'd from my meaning. Dearest Virgins,  
 My rash tongue more inflames him. Oh assist me,  
 Ye are not thus oppress'd with inward horror:  
 Kneel, plead, persuade, convince——

## C H O R U S.

Alas, my mistress,  
 What may a servant's accents do t'appease  
 This furious Earl?

## O R G A R.

Ye well may spare them: Maidens,  
 Know my firm soul's resolv'd, and be my heart

I

As

As base as **ATHELWOLD**'s, if it foregoes  
 The honest resolution. Think what I,  
 What Britain suffers from this Traitor's fraud :  
 Had **EDGAR** took my daughter to his bed,  
 Our British Line, which now is doom'd to sink  
 In vile subjection, had again assum'd  
 The pall of royalty, with half its power,  
 In time perchance the whole. But this false Saxon  
 Shall with his life repay me. Here I'll wait  
 His first return, and in his own domain  
 Give him fair combat. I have known the time  
 When this good arm had hardihood enough  
 For thrice his prowess. What is lost thro' age,  
 My just cause shall supply ; and he shall fall  
 As did the traitor **OSWALD**, whose bold tongue  
 Defam'd me to King **ATHELSTAN** : To the ground  
 My sharp lance nail'd the caitiff.

[*Exit Orgar.*]

E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

E L F R I D A.

Think, my Lord,  
 Will **ATHELWOLD**, will he enter those lists,  
 Where conquest would be parricide? Alas,  
 He hears me not. Go, thou obdurate Man.  
 A daughter's tears will but the more provoke thee.  
 I will not follow him. No, poor **ELFRIDA** !  
 All thou can'st do is here to stand, and weep,  
 And feel that thou art wretched.

C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Dearest Mistress,  
 Restrain this flood of tears, perhaps——

## E L F R I D A.

Perhaps!

Ah! mock me not with hopes.

## C H O R U S.

We do not mean it:

For Hope, tho' 'tis pale Sorrow's only cordial,  
 Has yet a dull and opiate quality,  
 Enfeebling what it lulls, It suits not you;  
 For, as we fear——

## E L F R I D A.

Do you too fear? Alas!

I flatter'd my poor soul that all its Fears  
 Were Grief's distemper'd coinage, that my Love  
 Rais'd causeless apprehensions, and at length  
 EDGAR would quite forgive. I do bethink me,  
 My joy broke forth too rashly. When they left us,  
 His safety was not half secur'd; my pleading  
 Was not half heard; I should have follow'd EDGAR,  
 Claim'd more full pardon, forc'd him to embrace  
 My sorrowing Lord.

## C H O R U S.

We fear that sorrow more  
 Than EDGAR's rage. We fear his fallen Virtue.  
 Self-condemnation works most strongly on him,  
 Ev'n to Despondency. Ev'n at his pardon,

No joy flush'd on his cheek ; we mark'd him well,  
 He shew'd no sign of welcome. No, he took it  
 As who should say, " To give me aught but Death  
 " Is a poor boon unwish'd and unaccepted."  
 Too much we fear he'll do some impious Act—

## E L F R I D A.

What, on his life ? I thought I had explor'd  
 Each various face of danger : this escap'd me.  
 How miss'd I this ? It suits his courage highly ;  
 Suits too his fix'd remorse.—But yet he will not,  
 No, ATHELWOLD, thou wilt not kill ELFRIDA,

## C H O R U S.

Oh may his love preserve him : may these shades  
 Receive him soon in peace, To this blest end  
 You sure should strive to calm your Father's rage ;  
 At least not suffer him, as now, retir'd  
 To brood o'er his revenge. For know, ELFRIDA,  
 Beneath the silent gloom of Solitude  
 Tho' Peace can sit and smile ; tho' meek Content  
 Can keep the chearful tenor of her soul,  
 Ev'n in the loneliest shades ; yet let not Wrath  
 Approach, let black Revenge keep far aloof,  
 Or soon they flame to Madness,

## E L F R I D A.

True, my Virgins ;  
 Attend me then : I'll try each winning art :  
 Tho' ill such art becomes me, yet I'll aim it.—  
 Hark—whence that noise ? I heard some hasty foot-  
 steps.

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Oh Heav'ns! 'tis EDWIN.

## E L F R I D A, E D W I N, C H O R U S.

## E L F R I D A.

EDWIN, ah! that look  
Bespeaks too well the horror of thy errand.  
Tell it me all.

## E D W I N.

Alas!—

## E L F R I D A.

Nay, do not pause.  
Tell it me all. I think it will not kill me.  
Repeat each circumstance. I'm ready, EDWIN,  
Ev'n for the worst.

## E D W I N.

Then hear that worst, ELFRIDA.  
Soon as the stag had left yon westward thicket,  
The King dismiss'd his Lords, each several ways,  
To their best sport, bidding Earl ATHELWOLD,  
Lord ARDULPH, and myself, attend his person.  
Thus parted from the rest, the Monarch pierc'd  
A darkling dell, which open'd in a Lawn  
Thick set with elm around. Suddenly here  
He turn'd his steed, and cry'd, "This place befits  
" Our purpose well."

## E L F R I D A.

## E L F R I D A.

Purpose! what purpose, EDWIN?  
 'Twas predetermin'd then, dissembling tyrant!  
 How could I trust, or hope——

## E D W I N.

Yet give me hearing:  
 Thus with a grave composure, and calm eye,  
 King EDGAR spake. Now hear me, ATHELWOLD;  
 Thy King has pardon'd this thy trait'rous act:  
 From all disloyal baseness to thy prince  
 Thou stand'st absolv'd; yet, know, there still remains  
 Somewhat to cancel more. As man to man,  
 As friend to friend, now, ATHELWOLD, I call thee  
 Straight to defend thy life with thy good sword.  
 Nay, answer not; defend it gallantly.  
 If thy arm prosper, this my dying tongue  
 Shall pardon thee, and bless thee. If thou fall'st,  
 Thy parting breath must to my right resign  
 ELFRIDA'S beauties. At the word, both drew,  
 Both fought; but ATHELWOLD'S was ill-play'd  
 passion.

He aim'd his falchion at the Monarch's head,  
 Only to leave his own brave breast defenceless.  
 And on the instant EDGAR'S rapid sword  
 Pierc'd my dear master's heart. He fell to earth,  
 And, falling, cry'd, "This wound atones for all.  
 "EDGAR, thus full aveng'd, will pardon me,  
 "And my true wife with chaste, connubial tears,  
 "Embalm my memory." He smil'd, and dy'd.

## E L F R I D A.

## E L F R I D A.

Nay, come not round me, Virgins, nor support me.  
 I do not swoon, nor weep. I call not heav'n  
 T'avenge my wretchedness. I do not wish  
 This tyrant's hand may wither with cold palsies.  
 No, I am very patient. Heav'n is just!  
 And, when the measure of his crimes is full,  
 Will bare its red right arm, and lance its lightnings.  
 'Till then, ye elements, rest: and thou, firm Earth,  
 Ope not thy yawning jaws, but let this Monster  
 Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface.  
 Yes: let him still go on; still execute  
 His savage purposes, and daily make  
 More widows weep, as I do. Foolish Eyes!  
 Why flow ye thus unbidden? What have tears  
 To do with grief like mine?

## C H O R U S.

Help, help, my Sisters,  
 To bear her to the castle.

ORGAR, ELFRIDA, EDWIN, CHORUS.

## O R G A R.

As I pass,  
 Methought I heard a sound of loud lament;  
 ELFRIDA, ah!

## E L F R I D A.

Is not my father there?  
 Withhold me not; I'll fall at his dear feet.  
 Oh, Sir! behold your child thus lowly prostrate;  
 Avenge



Avenge her wrongs, avenge your poor ELFRIDA,  
Your helpless, widow'd daughter.

O R G A R.

Widow'd Daughter!

What is he slain?

E L F R I D A.

Inhospitably butcher'd;

The Tyrant's savage self—Stand you thus cool?  
Where is the British spirit, where the fire  
Of Belin's race?—Oh foolishness of grief!  
Alas, I had forgot; had EDGAR spar'd him,  
That sword, to which my madness call'd for vengeance,  
Ere long was meant to do the bloody deed,  
And make the murder parricide. Have I  
No friend to do me right?

O R G A R.

Thou hast, my Child;

I am thy friend, thy father. Trust my care.  
EDWIN, a word. Retire, my dearest Daughter;  
Virgins, conduct her in.

E L F R I D A.

My Father, No.

What do you do? I must not be withheld.  
I'll to yon bloody grove, and clasp my Husband,  
My murder'd Husband. Why restrain me, Sir?  
Can my sad eye dart fire thro' his cold breast,  
And light up life anew?

O R G A R.

O R G A R.

Go in, my child,  
And seek Tranquillity.

E L F R I D A.

Tranquillity!

I know her well ; she is Death's pale-ey'd sister ;  
She's now in yonder grove closing the lids  
Of my poor ATHELWOLD. That office done,  
She'll bear his soul upon her gentle plumes  
Up to the realms of Joy. I'll follow them :  
I know he'd have it so : He'll not be blest,  
Ev'n on his throne of bliss, till I am with him.

C H O R U S.

This way, my dearest Mistress.

E L F R I D A.

Hold, nay hold ;  
Croud not around me. Let me pause a while.  
ALBINA, thou alone shalt join my mis'ry ;  
I've much to utter to thy friendly ear.  
Lead on, thou gentle maid ; thy single arm  
Shall prop my trembling frame ; thy single voice  
Speak peace to my afflictions.

*[Exit with the principal Virgin.]*

O R G A R, E D W I N, S E M I C H O R U S.

O R G A R.

On your lives,  
Virgins, let no disturbing step approach her.

K

Say,

Say, EDWIN (for I guess 'twas you that brought  
These tidings hither) where was royal EDGAR,  
When late you left him ?

EDWIN.

At my master's side  
Repentant of the stroke.

ORGAR.

Comes he not back  
To Harewood ?

SEMICHORUS.

Heav'n forbid ! ELFRIDA's brain  
Would madden at the sight.

ORGAR.

Mistake not, Virgins ;  
I did not mean at this distressful hour  
The King should see my daughter.

SEMICHORUS.

No, for pity,  
Do not profane this sabbath of her grief.  
Oh ! be her sorrow sacred !

ORGAR.

Fear not, Virgins ;  
Her peace is my best care, and, to ensure it,  
I'll haste this instant, by young EDWIN's guidance,  
To find the Monarch. Some four miles from Hare-  
wood  
Stands old Earl EGBERT's castle, my fast friend.  
With

With him will I persuade the King to sojourn,  
 'Till my child's grief abate; that too to speed  
 Be it your business, Virgins. Watching ever  
 Each happy interval, when your soft tongues  
 May hint his praises, 'till by practice won  
 She bear their fuller blazon. ELFRID's welfare  
 Requires this friendly office at your hands;  
 And EDGAR's virtues bear such genuine lustre,  
 That Truth itself directs——

*[Exit Orgar.]*

S E M I C H O R U S.

As Truth directs,  
 So only shall we act. This day has shewn  
 What dire effects await its violation.  
 Straight is the road of Truth, and plain;  
 And, tho' across the sacred way  
 Ten thousand erring footsteps stray,  
 'Tis ours to walk direct,  
 And, with sage caution circumspect,  
 Pace slowly through the solemn scene.

*[The principal Virgin returns.]*

S E M I C H O R U S.

Has ORGAR left the grove?

S E M I C H O R U S.

He has, my sister.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Then hear, and aid ELFRIDA's last resolve,  
 Who takes the only way stern Fate has left

To save her plighted faith for ever pure  
To her dead ATHELWOLD.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Forbid it, Patience;  
Forbid it, that submissive calm of soul,  
Which teaches meek-ey'd Piety to smile  
Beneath the scourge of Heav'n.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Ye need not fear it,  
She means not self-destruction. Thanks to heav'n,  
Huge and o'erbearing as her mis'ry is,  
It cannot so oblit'rate from her breast  
The written rule of duty. Her pure Soul  
Means, on the instant, to devote itself  
To heav'n and holiness. Assist her straight,  
Lest EDGAR'S presence, and her Father's rage  
Prevent the blest intention. See, she comes.  
Kneel on each side, devoutly kneel around her;  
And breathe some pray'r in high and solemn strains,  
That Angels from their thrones of light may hear,  
And ratify her vow.

## E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

*[Elfrida kneels, and the Virgins divide into two Troops.]*

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Hear, Angels, hear,  
Hear from these nether thrones of Light;  
And Oh! in golden characters-record  
Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
Then wing your solemn flight

Up

Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 'Mid the dread records of Eternity.

## E L F R I D A.

Hear first, that ATHELWOLD's sad widow swears  
 To rear a hallow'd Convent o'er the place,  
 Where stream'd his blood : there will she weep thro'  
 Life

Immur'd with this chaste throng of Virgins ; there  
 Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd Choir  
 Chant the slow requiem o'er her martyr'd Lord ;  
 There too, when Midnight low'rs with awful gloom,  
 She'll rise observant of the stated call  
 Of waking Grief, bear the dim livid taper  
 Along the winding isles, and at the altar  
 Kiss ev'ry pale shrine with her trembling lips,  
 Press the cold stone with her bent knee, and call  
 On fainted ATHELWOLD.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Hear, Angels, hear,

Hear from these nether thrones of Light ;  
 And Oh ! in golden characters record  
 Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
 Then wing your solemn flight  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 'Mid the dread records of Eternity.

## E L F R I D A.

Hear next, that ATHELWOLD's sad widow swears  
 Never to violate the holy vow

She

She to his truth first plighted ; swears to bear  
 The sober singleness of Widowhood  
 To her cold grave. If from this chaste resolve  
 She ev'n in thought should swerve ; if gaudy pomp,  
 Or flatt'ring greatness e'er should tempt one with  
 To stray beyond this purpose ; may that heav'n,  
 Which hears this vow, punish its violation,  
 As heav'nly justice ought.

## C H O R U S.

Hear, Angels, hear,  
 Hear from these nether thrones of Light ;  
 And Oh ! in golden characters record  
 Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
 Then wing your solemn flight  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 'Mid the dread records of Eternity.



F I N I S.

