

# The Kentish Barons

By Francis North

## ACT I

SCENE I *An Old Castle—Clifford and Bertram.*

CLIF. Is she then gone for ever? Oh, my Bertram,  
My joys, which yesterday were fair and blooming,  
Fresh as the lively verdure of the spring,  
This morn some demon, envious of my happiness,  
Has blighted.

BER. Say not so.

While jocund health and sprightly youth remain,  
There's ample room for hope; nay, when old age  
Slackens the sinews, and unnerves the mind,  
In the last dregs of life, when memory fails,  
Still flattering fancy, like the western sun,  
Brightens the short remains of day-light left.  
Extinguish hope!

CLIF. [Prithee no more, my friend,  
[You but inflame the wound you wish to heal—I  
Bid me not hope: 'twas hope alone destroy'd me.  
The doubts, the fears I felt, were little pangs,  
Were light, were trivial, when compar'd to hope.  
Hope! thou deceitful host! who but invit'st  
The soft credulity of man to taste  
Thy specious banquet, poison'st all the dainties;  
And when the soul is revelling in bliss,  
Secure and thoughtless, easy, full of pleasure,  
Wilt in a moment quit the chearful guest,  
And yield thy empty seat to dark despair.  
Talk'st thou to me of Hope, thou good old man!  
Of Hope! O Heavens! when Elina is fled.

BER. Alas! Lord Clifford,  
Thy griefs as yet are fresh, all council's harsh;  
When time has stol'n the greenness from thy sorrow,  
Reason and patience will effect thy cure.  
'Tis somewhat strange that Elina, that she  
Who seem'd so good, so modest, and so mild,—  
She half seduc'd e'en me to think her honest—  
No, 'tis not strange to those who know the sex:  
Their whims, caprices, nonsense, affectation,  
Which make them seem to loath what most they long for.

Yet, on the eve of her approaching nuptials,  
 To leave a gay young lover;—had it happen'd  
 After the marriage, ten, or twelve months hence,  
 Or e'en so many weeks, I should not then—  
 CLIF. Restrain thy peevish tongue:  
 And, by our mutual friendship, dearest Bertram!  
 Spare lovely Elina thy keen reproaches:  
 Her melting form is far too soft and tender  
 To bear the churlish blast of thy rough breath.  
 What, has the snow, just sprinkled o'er thy temples,  
 Congeal'd thy heart, and made it dead to beauty?  
 No, sure; a mind susceptible as thine,  
 So warm to friendship, once was warm to love!  
 BER. 'Tis true, indeed, that age has somewhat cool'd  
 The hey-day of my blood; but in my youth  
 The little Urchin took his aim at me;  
 And pierc'd my rugged bosom with his shaft;  
 But time, reflection, pleasure, wine, and war,  
 And Laura's falsehood, freed me from his bondage.  
 "And I'll free you:—"

[SONG

[No, Clifford, no, for six long Years  
 [I knew a Lover's hopes and fears;  
 [The raging frenzy now is past,  
 [Peace dawns upon my heart at last.

[Think not that I'd inconstant prove  
 [Where once I vow'd eternal Love.  
 [My breast had still felt all its flame  
 [And beauteous Laura's felt the same.

[Doom'd Absence lingering pangs to try  
 [I found a transport in each Sigh.  
 [My lot was happy though severe  
 [And pleasure mingled in each tear.

[In vain I tried each honest Art  
 [To stop her foolish fickle Heart  
 [But since she's gone, why let her go  
 [I'll sigh, no more, no, Clifford, no.

[CLIF. Come to my arms, my Bertram, nearer now  
 [Than ever to my heart, if thou hast felt  
 [The pangs, the Extacies which thou describ'st

[Thou sure must pity—

BER. [I'll do more, I'll cure you]

Let me be your physician, [trust me friend:]

You'll find my regimen not too austere.

With wine and wassel crown your festive board;

With mirth and music shake your castle walls;

(Cast off this Lethargy that hangs upon you.)

Spur the proud courser o'er your Kentish hills,

And chase this dull stagnation in your blood.

But O, beware the sex! in little minds

Where love a slender, doubtful empire holds,

Variety has prov'd an antidote;

But in a noble soul like yours, Lord Clifford,

Where sentiment combines with fond desire,

Each deviation from the path of virtue

May, for an instant, gratify the passions;

Yet dire remorse, with all her scorpion stings,"

Will lash the heart to madness.—

CLIF. Fear me not.

Think'st thou while Elina reigns here, I ever

Could be inconstant to her, even in thought?

BER. When did you see her?

CLIF. Not four days are past,

Since the false fair one coyly own'd she lov'd me.

O such a colour ran thro' all her veins,

As when Aurora tips the mountain's top

And blushes day to an admiring world.

This very moment should have made me happy—

Last night, as if the tyrant had delay'd

My tortures, but to render them the fiercer,

She left her castle.

BER. How! was she alone?

CLIF. Her confidant, her favourite Beatrice,

She, whom I thought devoted to my service,

Who, when I woo'd her dear ungrateful mistress,

Feign'd such a tender interest in my passion,

Dispell'd my fears, and fed my heart with hope;

Who, next to Elina, and thee, my Bertram,

I thought my truest friend,—She, only she,

Was privy to her flight.

BER. It cannot be,

That one so gently bred, without some lover—

CLIF. [Oh! there's the Cause.]

Oh Bertram, Bertram! thou hast touch'd the string

Which quite untunes my soul. Another youth,

Less faithful, but more fortunate than I,

Has in a moment snatch'd the glorious prize  
Which I so long was lab'ring to obtain.  
Oh! leave me, Bertram, I beseech thee leave me,—  
Let me in solitude indulge my sorrows.—  
[And give a loose to tears,] Oh Elina!

AIR—CLIFFORD

Equal to all the Gods is he  
Who's favour'd by one smile from thee;  
That accent sweet, that tender air,  
Would vanquish death and calm despair.  
Ah! now I feel the subtle flame,  
Which shoots like light'ning thro' my frame,  
And blasted by the heavenly fire,  
Without one murmuring sigh expire.

(Exit)

[BER. (*Solus.*) I'll follow;—'twere best leave him to himself.  
[These Lovers feed on Air, thank Heaven my Stomach  
[By temperance hath regain'd its proper tone  
[And longs for more substantial food; within there!

(Exit)

SCENE II *An Orchard.*

*Gam discover'd working.*

AIR—GAM

Oh dear! dear! dear! I sure shall die,—  
Poor Gam with sorrow is so dry;  
Oh! how I'd weep if every tear  
Wou'd turn from water into beer.  
Oh dear, dear, dear!

Oh! I was once so blythe and merry,  
I frisk'd and jump'd like uncork'd Perry:  
I'm now grown languid, dull, and dumb,  
I've no more liquor left, but—Mum.

*During the Song Sir Bertram enters behind Gam who starts at seeing him.*  
GAM. May I never taste brandy again if it ben't Sir Bertram. Servant your

Honour, bless your noble Worship; terrible dry weather, your Honour; no moisture, no, no, no. O dear, [O] dear, [O] dear, parch'd to a cinder. Heaven send us a little wet; bad season for the hops.

BER. Boy, bring the wine into the orchard here; see it be cool.

[GAM. Oh! Oh! Oh! To be sure, to be sure don't ye, don't ye shake [it. Master Serving Man, Oh lud! oh lud! oh lud! it will be all upon [the fret.

[BER. Out of the way Puppy or you'll put me upon the fret.]

GAM. Oh! [lud,] sure; why don't your Honour know I? Oh! I'm terribly *fin'd* down since I seed your Honour last, no *body* left your Worship.— Sure your Honour must remember poor, honest, sober Gam.

BER. Oh Master Gam, why thou art chang'd indeed, my honest fellow; what makes thee thus disguis'd in soberness, you drunken knave you?

GAM. Ah! there it is now! what does I get by being sober? nothing but reproaches for my drunkenness. Why when I'm sober in a morning, your Honour, my wife comes with her bitters." Oh! your Worship, O dear, I have scarce one drain of comfort left! O Sir Bertram, I'm quite an alter'd man; your Honour don't know how I baths, hates, and detests a drunkard.—But the wine, your Honour, the wine!

BER. Egad well thought of—Step in and hurry them. (Exit Gam) I will indulge this fellow in his humour; it may perhaps divert the melancholy which preys upon my mind.

Re-enter Gam with the Wine.

GAM. Oh mercy.—Oh lud! [lud! lud!] your Honour!

BER. What's the matter with the fool? Put down the wine.

GAM. Oh, your worship, such a coil," such a spot of work! [lud! lud!] O dear, a sad change, a sad change! there's the butler's cheeks running down with water: I never seed the like afore. None of the serving men will eat or drink; they must be very sad, very sad, indeed. Dear, your Worship, pray what is the matter? They say poor Lord Clifford is quite broken hearted: what is the matter with him, your Honour?

BER. I don't know, Gam: there, drink, drink;—Why man, he has lost his wife: I don't know—Drink, Gam, drink.

GAM. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

BER. Zounds,<sup>3</sup> what do you laugh at?

GAM. Oh, dear your Honour, don't be angry; I can't help laughing, to think that a man should be sorrowful for the loss of his wife. Oh! Sue! Sue! I ha' never laughed till now, since my friends clap'd me on the shoulder, and told me I was a happy man.

BER. Ha! ha! ha! What made you marry her?

GAM. Oh, your Honour, there is no resisting, as our chaplain us'd to say, to predestination. When Lord Auberville turn'd, or rather kick'd me out of his service, I hadn't so much as a drop of drink to my throat.—Sue, for certain, was neither young, nor handsome, nor rich; but she kept an ale-house, your Honour.

BER. Ha! ha! ha!

GAM. Here's your Honour's good health. But what undid me, your Worship, was a cask of strong beer upon tap, which she promis'd to settle upon me. Oh, lud! lud! before the end of the honey-moon my fortune was all drunk out, and she reserved the key of the ale-cellar in her own hands.

BER. "That was" confounded hard, Gam.

GAM. Ah! wasn't it, your Honour? The poor liquor took it so to heart, that all died in a month. I did my duty by it: I bury'd all I could.— Well, your Worship, I determined to ask Lady Elina to



(Exit)]

SCENE III *An Apartment in Mortimer-Castle.*

*Enter Mortimer.*

MOR. How disappointment loves to plague the heart  
Of that poor idiot man! who vainly thinks  
His reason given to direct and guide him.  
The happy brutes, who follow instinct's laws,  
Enjoy the blessings of the present hour:  
Their daily task perform'd, they lay them down,  
And never dream that the approaching morn  
Shall wake them to new labours. Man alone  
Looks through a flattering and deceitful glass,  
And vainly strives to view futurity:  
Nature has wisely hid it from his sight;  
But purblind Reason, curious and inquisitive,  
Just sees enough to dazzle and mislead him.  
[But I'll reflect no more—] Osbert!

*Enter Osbert.*

OSB. My Lord!

MOR. Well, you have seen this vain, imperious fair one,  
This Phoenix of her sex, whose polish'd form  
Contains a heart of flint.—Clifford alone,  
The gay young stripling Clifford; he, it seems,  
Hath found the art to draw forth all its fire.  
To me 'tis cold and hard. The haughty maid,  
Stubborn and obstinate, remains unmov'd  
Alike by prayers or threats.—“What think'st thou, Osbert?

OSB. Might I presume, my Lord—

MOR. Well, boy, what then?<sup>9</sup>

OSB. It were to use force.  
Her mind, though mild, is resolute; and sure,  
Should you *succeed* by any means but love,  
Slow and unwilling, she'd be dragg'd a victim,  
Not lead a triumph to your couch.

MOR. “Enough:”

Place her but there, a victim, or a triumph.  
Think you that Love, that silly diety,  
Can bind my steady nature? Osbert, no.  
A brighter, grander passion now inflames me:  
One which takes root in noble minds alone;  
The soft and common soil of vulgar souls  
Could never rear it: 'tis a great Revenge.  
What! thou turn'st pale, and tremblest at its name;  
And well thou mayest, boy. Fifteen tedious years

It has laid dormant, smothered in my bosom;  
But now it wakes and blazes, nor shall sink  
Till all my foes have perish'd in its flame.  
OSB. Is't possible? Can she have ever wrong'd you?  
MOR. All her House have wrong'd me.  
The race of Auberville and Mortimer,  
E'er since the Norman tyrants' conqu'ring arms  
Reduc'd to slavery this warlike isle,  
Have borne each other fierce and deadly hate.  
Near thirty years are past, since the late Earl,  
The father of this proud disdainful Elina,  
Made overtures of peace. We then were both  
In life's gay spring, and budding into manhood.  
Our ages, passions, pleasures, were the same:—  
Our enmity wore off, and ardent friendship  
Succeeded to our dire hostilities.  
But scarce twelve moons were wasted, when the fates,  
Which doom'd our houses ever to be foes,  
Kindled in both our breasts a fiercer discord,  
A more inveterate malice.  
OSB. What new fury,  
What foe to peace and concord could dissolve  
A league which seem'd so firm?  
MOR. What fury think ye?  
What fury, but a woman, could effect  
So deep a mischief? 'twas a woman, Osbert.  
Yes, yes, Alicia, thou shalt find me just.  
The disappointment which thou mad'st me feel  
Shall fall with tenfold vengeance on thy daughter.  
My heart, yet unsubdu'd by love or beauty,  
Became her captive: she disdain'd my offers,  
And in a little month she gave her hand  
To Auberville. Oh, hell is in the thought!  
To him, my ancient foe! stung to the quick,  
And grown too desperate for a cool revenge,  
I challeng'd him to meet me in the lists.  
Within two days of our intended duel,  
The king forbad the combat, and confin'd me  
Close pris'ner, Osbert, in these castle-walls,  
For nine long winters. [Did he think to Conquer  
[(O foolish Man) the Soul of Mortimer  
[By Solitude and vile Imprisonment.  
['Tis true my anger took a different turn  
[And grew more deeply rooted by reflection]  
But, to cut short my tale, Alicia's death  
At length releas'd me.

OSB. Oh! my Lord, my Lord!  
And does your anger still survive?

MOR. It does,  
With well-dissembled tears I met my foe,  
Deceiv'd the easy fool by feign'd contrition,  
And ask'd forgiveness for my former fault.  
His heart, then softened by a recent loss,  
Took, like the melting wax, whate'er impression  
I chose to stamp upon it. He believ'd me  
As true a friend as I imagin'd him,  
When his alluring form and specious words  
Basely seduc'd the false Alicia from me.  
Oh, happy Auberville, thy sorrow's past:—  
While I am doom'd to drag a painful being,  
And groan beneath this anxious load of thought,  
Thou, my successful rival, sleep'st securely  
Within the peaceful grave!

OSB. Oh! there, Sir, bury  
Your anger, and your griefs. Oh good, my Lord!  
Where love and friendship cease, envy and hate  
May find repose.

MOR. No, never, Osbert, never:—  
Never, while Elina remains; no never.  
While there's one branch of that accursed tree  
Alive and flourishing, my restless spirit  
Shall, like a mildew, kill the wholesome blossom.  
Why think'st thou, Osbert, that I brought her hither?  
Think'st thou 'twas only to enjoy her person?  
That were but poor revenge; [yet I'll enjoy her  
[And quickly too.] No, I had rather blast  
The fame of that detested house, than take  
Venus array'd in all the fancy'd beauties  
With which the poets deck the fickle goddess,  
Kind, warm, and yielding to my ardent bosom.  
'Tis fifteen years—where does my passion drive me!  
No, let me keep that secret bury'd here.  
Yet fear not, boy, she shall escape me either.  
What, think'st thou, that no threats can terrify,  
No soft persuasion bend her to my wishes?  
Art must be us'd then.—

OSB. Be assur'd, my Lord,  
No threats can shake, no eloquence can move,  
No art can undermine her steady virtue.

MOR. Come hither, boy.  
Osbert, I know she likes thee. I've observed  
That she esteems thee far above thy fellows;

Nor do I blame her for it.—Mark me well!  
Behold this phial; it contains a liquid  
Which, soon as swallowed, 'numbs the faculties,  
And seals the sense in oblivious sleep.  
Within these two days, dost thou mark me well?—  
Infuse it in her drink.—

OSB. Oh! pause a moment!  
For heaven's sake pause, Sir. Sure so damn'd a deed,—  
[One so replete with cruelty and horror,  
[Ne'er shook the heart of Man, I cannot do it.]

MOR. Damnation, slave!  
What dost thou say? Not do what I command!  
What art thou mad? Speak such another word—

OSB. Oh, spare me, spare me.  
Oh, Sir, relent, take pity on yourself.  
When from this dreadful slumber she awakes,  
Think how her frantic shriek will rend your heart.  
Oh, heavens! [I see her dash her desperate head  
[Against the flinty pavement.] Fiends of hell,  
At such a sight [as this] would melt in tears,  
Forget their pangs, and join in pitying her's.— I will not do it.—

MOR. Quick, within there, ho!  
This moment is thy last.

OSB. Oh! mercy! mercy!  
Give me the cursed phial; [Oh my nature  
[Revolts at such an Act]—let me die;— I will not do it. Stay a moment, stay.  
Must I obey you?

MOR. Dar'st thou hesitate?  
Within these two hours, slave obey my orders,  
And to the utmost point; or, by my soul,  
The ling'ring rack shall tear thee limb from limb.  
Within these two hours, Osbert,—Dost thou mark me?

(Exit)

OSB. (*Solus.*) Oh! ye soft spirits, who reside above,  
And look with pity down on man's calamities,  
Protect and guard me. Ah! what fault of mine,  
What crime have I committed, that my fortune  
Should urge me on to such a deed as this?  
What can I do? O shameful! shameful Nature,  
Why wilt thou plead for life, for guilty life,  
Which proves a burthen to the wretch that bears it!  
Yet who can, in the morning of his days,  
Look without trembling on the night of death?  
[Darkness eternal Darkness! O my soul!  
[Recoils with horror at the dreary prospect,]  
Ye powers, who take delight in innocence,

Direct me in the path I'm forc'd to tread;  
Preserve my life, and save my youth from guilt!

*(Exit)*

SCENE IV *An Apartment in Mortimer-Castle.*

*Enter Elina and Beatrice.*

SONG—ELINA

Alas! alas! my faithful friend,  
My sorrows, but with life can end.  
Oh! Clifford! I would not complain,  
Did I alone feel all the pain.

[Did grief this bosom rend alone  
[My constant Heart wou'd Scorn to moan.  
[Not for myself now flows the tear,  
[It falls for one that's far more dear.]

Full well I know, thou gen'rous youth!  
Thy honour, constancy, and truth;  
My mind's from base suspicion free,  
While thine is rack'd with jealousy.

[BEA. Why my dearest Lady  
[Why waste the time in empty vain complaining?  
ELI. [Ah! cease to persecute me Beatrice.  
[What ray of hope—what Straw remains to catch at?]  
Oh, Clifford! Clifford! would that I were laid  
Deep in the silent grave:—that grief, my love,  
Though bitter to thee, time at length might lessen.  
But, Oh! the thought, the sad heart-breaking thought,  
Of Elina's, of my deceiving thee,  
May force thee to a deed so dark and horrible,  
That nature shudders at the bare suggestion.  
BEA. Why will you raise imaginary terrors,  
Why weaken your sad mind, too much depress'd  
With phantoms as delusive as they're dreadful?  
There still is comfort left [where we expected  
[To meet with none but Foes.] All pitying heaven  
Has sent a friend, I dare be sworn, a true one,  
In faithful Osbert.  
ELI. Gentle youth, alas!  
I feel for him; he seems to bear a mind  
Above the meanness of his low condition.  
And had not grief, and thy dear image, Clifford,

Effac'd all lesser objects from my memory,  
I cou'd recall some features I once lov'd  
Which much resembled his. It moves my wonder,  
That one so mild and affable should please  
So harsh a master.

BEA. There is a fascinating charm in gentleness  
That wins the love of all men.—I have heard,  
The hungry Lion will cast off his nature,  
And lick an Infant's feet. The virgin's tear  
Would melt the heart of any brute, but Mortimer;—  
And even he, cou'd you descend to sooth him  
And feign a kind compliance with his wishes.—  
ELI. Feign a compliance!

No, Beatrice; my abject fortune never,  
Never shall sink me in my own esteem.  
[Girl, I cou'd almost hate thee for the thought.  
[No more, no more.]

*Enter Osbert.*

OSB. Time wears apace, and every passing minute,  
Drives me the nearer to the precipice,  
Whence I must leap, and plunge in sin for ever.  
My breast, which hitherto has been serene,  
Calm, and unruffled as the summer sea,  
Now heaves distracted with a murderer's thought.  
[Oh Heavens! a Murderer! sure it cannot be.  
[Too true alas! the blackest, basest Murderer  
[Is a bright angel, when compared to me.  
[They kill the body only, I more cruel—]

BEA. [Osbert,]  
How fares it, Osbert? [trust me, you look pale.]  
I fear you are not well.

OSB. Well, very well!  
Oh torture! torture! torture! Oh, I cannot,  
I dare not look upon her. Oh! one glance  
From her bright eyes will penetrate my bosom,  
And find the treachery which lies lurking there.  
[I'll strive to speak to her, it will not be.]

Madam, my Lady Elina—

ELI. What say'st thou?  
Thy tongue denies its office; a faint dew  
Stands on thy brow; convulsions shake thy limbs:  
What is it Osbert, labouring in thy soul?  
Some horrid fancy.—

OSB. [Oh! no, no, no,  
[What did you say? Ah!] Have you then discover'd—

ELI. Discover'd what?

OSB. (*Aside.*) Oh! would it were  
[And do I live to say so, Monster, Monster:  
[Inhuman, Savage Monster—. She recovers!  
[Would for *her* sake, she died—I am resolv'd,  
[Now will I do the—Oh!—how are you, Madam?  
[BEA. Give her a little air, 'twill shortly pass.  
[Be not alarm'd. Repose will soon restore her.  
[Rally your Spirits, be assur'd this lowness  
[Proceeds from want of rest.]  
OSB. (*Aside.*) Now, now is the time,—  
[The time for What? Oh! mercy—but I'll on;]  
Madam,—how can I say it—I've a liquid  
Of sovereign remedy.—[I pray you take it.] (*Offers the Phial.*)  
[Ah! now 'tis done, 'tis done.—  
[ELI. Good youth, I thank thee.  
[I surely wrong'd thee by my hard Suspicions.  
[Thou Osbert seem'st thyself to need a Cordial.  
[I'll not deprive thee of it.  
[OSB. Oh! do take it  
[Madam, I'm well, I've another Vial.  
[Here in my Chamber, I entreat you take it.  
[ELI. (*Taking the vial.*) Well, give it me;  
[Osbert declares 'twill cure me, and I think  
[He'd not deceive me. (*Putting the Vial to her lips.*)  
[OSB. Stop! Oh Stop! Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Faints.*)  
[ELI. Gracious Heaven, he faints.  
[Call for some help—Stay Beatrice—he moves.  
[Oh! it was kind, it was generous in the Boy  
[To give that Aid to me, he so much wanted.  
[OSB. Where am I, sure in Hell. Oh all ye Devils  
[Invent new Tortures for me, I have done  
[A deed which Hell itself shall tremble at.  
[Ah! is *she* there, O save me, save me, save me.  
[ELI. (*Taking his band.*) Be tranquil Osbert.  
[I come no fiend to Torture, but an Angel  
[To breathe soft peace and comfort to your Soul.  
[Do you not know me.—  
[OSB. Aye, too well, too well.  
[For I have murder'd thee, the cursed Vial!  
[ELI. I have not tasted it.  
[OSB. Not tasted it, not tasted it! Oh heavens  
[Not tasted it. No, no, you surely mock me.  
[Oh do not, do not, it is cruel in you—  
[ELI. Convince thy Eyes. See where upon the floor  
[The vial with the Liquor it contain'd  
[Still lies untouch'd.

[OSB. Tis true, tis true. Oh! all ye heavenly Powers  
[And thou my Guardian Angel, let me kneel,  
[Devote my life, my Soul, my all to serve you.]

*Enter Mortimer, William, Walter, and Servants.*

MOR. Horror! confusion! what is't I see:  
Slave thou hast dar'd to disobey my orders.

OSB. Do not frown, Sir,  
For I have served you nobly; kneel with me,  
And worship here, my Lord.

[She has preserv'd us  
[From utter irrecoverable Ruin—  
[Oh she has sav'd that which Remains of Life  
[To both of us, from Agonies too bitter  
[For mortals to sustain. And for our Souls  
[Our everlasting Souls, she—]

MOR. How's this, you villain!  
Dare you to bandy words with me; what means  
This crest erect, this haughty bold deportment?  
Is this the wretch who, not two hours ago,  
Crept at my feet, and howl'd aloud for pity!

OSB. I will confess, my Lord, before I knew  
The honest pride, the dignity of virtue,  
My coward heart shrunk at the thought of death.  
But for a thousand, thousand years of life,  
I'd not have done that deed, which Providence  
So happily prevented.—Now, my Lord,  
Now act your pleasure; for, escaped from guilt,  
I do not fear to die.

MOR. Dost thou brave me boy?  
Bring forth the rack. [Thou silly pious fool,  
[That which remains of life to thee *shall* pass  
[In Agonies; bring forth the Rack I say.]

ELI. (*Kneeling.*) Oh, Sir, behold me prostrate at your feet:—  
Me, whom your threats could never yet dismay.  
I'd scorn to kneel thus humbly for myself:  
If ever gentle pity touch'd your soul,  
O spare that youth.

MOR. [Madam, I'm not us'd  
[To grant my favours without some return.]  
You, Lady, know the means to save his life:  
Do you be merciful and spare him.

ELI. Oh!  
My heart! my bursting heart!—Hear me, my Lord,  
I swear within these three days, if no help,  
No friendly aid, should free me, to be yours.

MOR. Release the slave.—

Strip off the gaudy trappings he now bears,  
And, in a habit sordid as his mind,  
Turn forth the wretch to starve.  
You'll keep your word.

*(Exit)*

OSB. Why wou'd you make so hard, so rash a vow.

Oh it were better far that I were dead  
Than that my sweet deliverer—

ELI. Osbert, Osbert,

A word in private—can it be contriv'd?

OSB. My fellow servants we have liv'd together  
Like friends and brothers—let me intreat ye,  
Before we part for ever, but to grant me  
One small request.

WIL. What wou'd you Osbert?

OSB. [Oh! my honest William  
[I've ever found thee tender and Compassionate.  
[Leave me then] William, I beseech thee,  
Leave me one moment with this Lady.

WIL. Ah! [I fear] *(Pauses.)*

'Tis at the utmost hazard of my life:—  
But still I can't refuse you: yet, remember  
Your confidence must be short.

*(Exeunt William and Walter, Beatrice following)*

ELI. [Stay Beatrice,  
[Sure there is nothing passes in my Heart  
[I wou'd conceal from thee.]  
A glimmering ray  
Begins to dawn upon my darken'd soul.  
Hie thee, good Osbert, with thy utmost speed,  
To Clifford Castle; it lies west from hence  
Some half day's journey; tell my faithful love  
The fate of his poor Mistress; bid him haste  
(But he'll not want bidding) to her rescue.  
This purse will furnish thee with means; farewell,  
My worthy Osbert!

OSB. Noble, noble Lady!  
I feel myself so honour'd in your service,  
I cannot speak! Accept these heartfelt tears.—  
Adieu! and doubt not of success.

[DUETT

[OSB. Weep not dear Lady, now I go  
[To bring you comfort in distress.

[ELI. To Snatch me from this place of Woe  
[And end my Miseries by Success.  
[ALL THREE. To snatch me/thee from this place of woe  
[And end my/thy miseries by success.  
[OSB. Dispell these mournful shades of Grief.  
[BEA. Let Joy, her brighter beams impart.  
[ELI. To-morrow's Sun may bring relief.  
[OSB. And Clifford press thee to his heart.  
  
[ALL THREE. To-morrow's sun may bring relief  
[And Clifford press thee/me to his heart.]

*(Exeunt generally)*

END or ACT I

ACT II

SCENE I *Inside of an Ale House.*

*Susan enters. Gam is lying on a Bed, the whole Room in disorder, Pots, Pans &c lying about.*

SUE. Mercy! mercy! what a hog-stye! Where's Gam? What a bed still! [I'll give him a cold Pig, I warrant ye. What Gam I say, you drunken [Sot.] Why Gam! Gam! Gam!

GAM. (Waking.) Who's there? What Sue, my dear? [how kind this is in [ye,] you needn't make a noise; I'm broad awake; you'll not disturb me. (*Snores.*)

SUE. This is too much: But he shan't sleep, I'm determin'd. If he gives me no pleasure, I'll give him no rest. Why drunkard, villain, sot! Gam! Gam! Gam! I say.

GAM. I understood you before, my charmer. [That's right, that's right.] O dear, dear; now if you knew how much pleasure this gives me—that's a good wench; why, he! he! he! he! you make as much noise as the devil in the wine Cellar, [as the saying is, lud! lud! you are for all the World.]

SUE. Do you laugh at me, you rogue? devil, and wine cellar indeed! Ah! Gam! Gam! your head is always running in the wine cellar.

GAM. (Half asleep.) You lie, you lie, it's the wine cellar that's always running in my head.

SUE. (Weeping.) Was there ever faithful, constant young woman thus used; O you base man; what did you marry me for?

GAM. (Half asleep.) For the strong beer upon tap.

SUE. O villain! villain! Is it out then?

GAM. Heigho! O dear! dear! it has been out this eleven years.

SUE. Gam! you vile Gam! will you hear me?

GAM. [Not if I cou'd help it. Only you are louder than the Cannons [which the Old Lord us'd to fire when he drank the King's Health.] Hear ye [Sue]! why I've heard nothing else since we've been married.—On you go, always in the same tone, rattle, rattle, ding, ding, for all the world like shot at the bottom of a bottle.

SUE. Don't talk to me, don't talk to me, you perjur'd wretch, of your rattles and your shots. You terrify me out my senses; a poor weak woman, a woman in my situation.—

GAM. (*Starting.*) Hey! what's that? what's that?—what situation?

SUE. Hem! hem! why married to an idle, drunken, infamous—

GAM. O lud! O lud! O lud! is that all? (*Snores.*)

SUE. Is that all! aye, and enough too. You tiger—You wolf—You butcher, you, you, you'll break my spirit.—You will—[you will]—you will—you will. (*Stamps and roars violently.*)

GAM. He! he! he! that's good 'faith—[well said Sue, that will never do, [that will never do, lud a mercy, lud a mercy.] thy Spirit! "Lud a "mercy"—I verily believe thou hast more than the old tierce of brandy at the Benedictine convent hard by.

SUE. Do you mock me; am I become your laughing-stock? but I'll bear it no longer, with my nails I'll—

GAM. (*Getting out of bed.*) Paws off, Sue!—Paws off.—Offer to scratch— and may I never get drunk again, if I don't [Hoop your Barrel. (*Offers to strike her.*)

SUE. O you insolent revengeful, I don't know what to call you, no [name's bad enough for you, no none.

[GAM. That's hard! devilish hard, I've already the worst in the Parish. [Come Sue, come my chicken.

(SUE. Stand away. Stand away, you Barbarian. Come not near, pho! how [you smell. Am I a Barrel to be Hoop'd am I—

(GAM. (*Drunk & Staggering.*) No, Sue, no such luck, no such luck, I wish [you were. O Sue, Sue, how happy I should be if you were a Barrel.

[SUE. A Barrel, Fellow.

[GAM. Aye, a Barrel, Sue. Oh! how we should Kiss; our Lips wou'd be [never asunder. (*Sings.*) Liquor, liquor! liquor!]

SUE. Oh Gamel, Gamel! is this usage for me who refused so many noble offers for you; who gave you my heart, beast, when I was in my prime.

GAM. Don't lie, Sue, don't lie. You know it was your second vintage. Old Humphry, your late husband, might, for what I know, have you neat as imported; but you were adulterated when you came to me; adulterated with the damnable spirit of contradiction.

SUE. Adulterated indeed! by the mass I defy thee. Thou shalt stand in the church in a white sheet for this; this is downright reformation, you villain.

GAM. In a white sheet! with all my heart, I ha'nt been in a white sheet these six months; and as for reformation, damn me I never had a thought of it. Wounds, Sue, the wine I drank last night— Yes, wine you wench—has made me confounded thirsty. Do now, my love—do my dearest, pretty, young, little, dainty Sue, do now, one cup, one cup of ale. Sir Bertram gave me a dollar, and I've brought all home to you my dear.

SUE. Ah! good Gam, dear Gam, where is it? You shall have the ale directly; where is it? [where is it, my sweet Gam.]

GAM. (*Striking his head.*) Where is it! why here to be sure, where the devil shou'd it be.

SUE. Oh you drunkard, you drunkard, you vile abominable man! not a drop, not a drop, [tho your whole inside—]

GAM. Don't be in a passion, Sue; consider your youth, my love; indeed, for one of your tender years, the care of the ale cellar is too weighty, too laborious a charge; it's fitter for a person advanced in life, one who's experienc'd in them matters—One who is grown mellow (*Hiccups.*) by age.

SUE. No, no, I'll keep my fortune in my own hands; I'm no such chicken neither, [I'd have you to know, Master Gam.]

GAM. Well then be mov'd, be mov'd, my dear old hen.



GAM. Quick, quick, give me the keys. I warrant you I'll drink myself into my depth—In good Sue, in, in.

OSB. I'll delay no longer. (*Breaking open the door.*) What, are you dead? (*Entering.*)

GAM. (*Bowing very low.*) No, please your worship, nor drunk neither. OSB. Prithee, my good fellow, bring me a chair:—I'm worn almost to death.

GAM. (*To Sue.*) I don't believe he is an officer, he is so condescending: best be civil though.

SUE. Please your worship, I hope your worship will take compassion upon us; though we are poor, we are honest; we have many enemies, your worship: my husband, an' please your reverence, is a sober, hard working man; and I a quiet, laborious woman, your honour. Hopes for the matter of the hare, which he chanc'd to pick up in the high road, as your honour IS an officer—

OSB. Ha! ha! [ha!] dismiss your fears, I'm no officer.

SUE. Not an officer! how dare you then break down poor people's doors in this here manner? Get out you impudent, vile, good-for-nothing vagabound.

*Osbert turns to her.*

SUE. (*Screams.*) Mercy! mercy!—It is!—It is!—It is!

GAM. Is it? Oh Sue! Sue!—An' please your worship—

SUE. A ghost!—A ghost!—A ghost!—It is, I can take my bible oath on't, it is my old master.

GAM. Mercy on us! it is as like him as ever it can stare: (*Falls on his knees.*) Bless your lordship. [Oh dear your Lordship, forgive me, forgive me, [Heaven is my Witness, my Lord I never robb'd you of nothing but sheer [Drink. As for the Silver Spoon, as I hope for mercy it was all a Lie [trump'd up by Robert the Butler.] Lud a mercy, I am so glad to see your lordship! Your lordship never look'd so well in your born days, as since your death.

OSB. (What are you made, or do you mean to mock me with this (distracted Folly.) I your master! you fools, I'm little better than yourselves; was born some dozen miles from hence, and never was here before.

SUE. Oh! don't be angry, your lordship. I'm sure you are the young Lord Reginald, who was stolen—I'm confident it is he. O my child! my dear child. (*Throws her arms around his neck and kisses him.*)

OSB. Woman stand off.—[No more of this. Remember you're in my [power.] No more, or you shall smart for this impertinence.

SUE. (*Weeping.*) My lord! my lord! answer me one question; do my dear, dear lord—"Doesn't your lordship bear upon your arm—"

GAM. [Aye,] a mark, your lordship, a large red mark on your lordship's left arm.

OSB. (*Starting violently.*) Gracious Heaven! is't possible! E'er since my birth, I've borne upon my arm

A mark, and such a one as he describes. Come hither both of you: see this spot?

SUE. (*Almost fainting.*) Oh! 'tis the same, 'tis the same; I'll take my corporal oath on't, before any justice of the peace in England.

GAM. Oh! 'tis the same, 'tis the same! Huzza! huzza! I'll swear to it, tho' I never saw it in my life. My young Lord is found again: Oh! such rejoicings, such bonfires, such luminations, such roasted oxen, such hogs-heads of ale! I'll never be sober again in my life. Huzza! huzza!

OSB. My friends [as you esteem my happiness

[I pray] restrain this wild excess of joy.

You seem to know the mystery of my birth; Unfold it.

GAM AND SUE. Yes, yes, yes, my Lord.

SUE. Hold your peace, that clack of your's will be eternally running. Sure I must know the most of the master; I who suckled his lordship.—Well then, my Lord, almost fifteen years ago—I can't for the life of me recollect the day.—

GAM. It was on the third of January, my Lord's birth-day; he was three years old that very day. My Lord, your old father, my late master, Lord Auberville, as was—

OSB. Lord Auberville! good Heavens! Proceed! proceed!

GAM. My Lord, as I was a saying, my Lord Auberville gave a great dinner that day. I shall never forget it, we were all in our best liveries.

OSB. Damn your liveries—I'm on the rack man.

GAM. (*Aside.*) My old master to a hair.

SUE. Lud, Gam, what signifies the liveries?

GAM. Why yes, it does signify; my Lord, your boots must be wet, and your throat must be dry.—Run, Sue, and make a fire in the kitchen. Sure, my Lord, you must be tired.—If your Lordship will descend so far as to walk into the kitchen, over a cup of ale, I'll tell you the whole tote of the matter in as concise and circumstantial a manner as possible.

OSB. Well, be it so. I'm much fatigu'd, and wish for some refreshment. Come, man, come quickly.

(*Exeunt Gam and Sue squabbling*)

SCENE II *An Apartment in Mortimer-Castle.*

*Enter Mortimer and William.*

MOR. Well, did he whine and wail, and beat his breast?  
Nurs'd here in ease, and bred in luxury,  
He'll find the pangs of hunger insupportable;  
Too slight a punishment for slaves and vassals,  
Who dare to presume to think and disobey  
The mandates of their master. [—Did he howl.

WIL. [No, my Lord,] I never  
Beheld in such a youth so firm a spirit.  
He press'd me by the hand, and smiling, said,  
Farewel, good William. With my eyes I follow'd him,  
And saw him bound, fleet as the mountain roe,  
Over the hill, which to the westward lies  
Some hundred paces.

MOR. Ah! what did he smile?  
Smile, say you? Did he smile?—I like not that.  
[Stay! let me pause a Minute. O fool! fool!]  
He has seen Elina. I have remark'd,  
Instead of weeping for her favourite's absence,  
A sullen kind of triumph seems to sit  
Upon her brow, which menaces some evil.  
What can I fear? [O rather let me think  
[What I have not to fear.] Observe me, William, "tell me,"  
Tell me, and as your life will answer it,  
Did the base traitor, e'er he left the castle,  
See Elina alone?

WIL. (*Frightened.*) My Lord, my Lord.—

MOR. You seem surpris'd. I'll take another method. (*Aside.*)  
Nay, fear not, William; tho' I did not wish  
That he shou'd see her, yet I'm not so cruel,  
As to blame thee, good fellow: did he see her?

WIL. (*Aside.*) I dare not trust you—] No, my Lord, he did not.

MOR. Art sure oft, William? Come, come, tell the truth.

For shame, man, do not lie; I am not angry.  
Damnation do you mutter? Speak the truth,  
Or I will—Speak the truth, my honest William.<sup>57</sup>

WIL. [I assure you]

My Lord, he did not see her.

MOR. All's safe, I hope, then:—yet I do not like  
That smile of Osbert's. Why did he escape me?  
Wou'd I had made him sure when in my power.  
If ever soft compassion, or that weakness  
Call'd Pity, touch'd my heart, it was that boy,

That Osbert, that ungrateful timid Osbert,  
Found out the frailty. I'm almost ashamed  
To own, e'en to myself, how much I lov'd him.  
No more of that. Within these three days Elina  
Has promis'd, should no friendly aid arrive,  
To wed me.—[O infatuated Girl,  
[Who baits the Hook, when he has caught the fish.  
[Unless some friendly Aid—Psha! 'tis impossible.  
[Hence you vain dreams, you foolish fancies hence.  
[I will be happy spite of all your strugglings.  
[No, I will not be cruel, I'll not drag you  
[Unwilling to the Altar, no, no Priest]  
No hated priest shall join our hands together,  
Whose hearts cou'd never pair. Yet I'll deceive her  
With a feign'd marriage: good, it shall be so:—  
The live-long night I'll revel in her beauties,  
And in the morning tell her she's undone.  
Ha! William, why, you knave, you grow so porsy,  
So indolent, so fond of ease and pleasure,  
[Thou lik'st a Wench, I see it in thy face,]  
Sure nature form'd thee, fellow, for a friar.  
WIL. I'm glad to see your Lordship grown so merry.  
I was a churchman once, Sir.

MOR. Wert thou, William?  
Thou shalt be so again ere long.—Go in:  
Go in, Most Reverend Father; count thy beads,  
And mumble o'er thy prayers.

*(Exit William)*

Merry! Merry!  
O thou poor fellow, little dost thou know  
What passes here. How wretched is the man  
Who builds upon deceit! though fraud and artifice  
May for a while support the tottering fabric,  
Tho' it seem fair and beautiful to the eye,  
Yet all is grief and wretchedness within;  
And tho' by nature bold, he feels a horror,  
A dread of something which he strives in vain  
To banish from his mind; that spoils the harmony,  
And mars the heavenly music of the soul.  
[But the plain honest man fears no detection.  
[Secure he ventures on life's open Sea  
[And Steers directly to his destin'd Port.  
[Tho' hostile Winds may shatter his Stout Bark  
[He keeps his Steady Course, and ne'er can founder  
[While the main timbers of his Heart are Sound.  
[Enter Beatrice.



Which you've already done me. Can you ask,  
If you're the cause? My Lord, you know too well,  
You are alone the cause of all my woe.

MOR. Oh, do not be unjust: I'm but the agent;  
Love is the mighty cause. I own my weakness;  
Nor should you blame a fault, fair Elina,  
Which love has forc'd me to commit.

[Your bosom

[Pure and unsullied as the driven Snow

[Has felt the force of love!]

ELI. For shame! [for Shame!]

Do not profane its sacred name, my Lord:

O do not call a wild licentious passion,

A base, a brutal inclination, Love.

Love softens nature, elevates the mind,

Creates a feeling in the hardest breast.

MOR. What breast more hard than mine, till gentle love

And your all-powerful charms subdu'd my heart.

My rigid temper ne'er relax'd till now— Till now I never—

ELI. Dost thou then relent?

O heaven be prais'd! Yes, I forgive thee, Mortimer:

Forgive and pity thee.

MOR. Oh! 'tis too much.

And do you pity me? Why then delay

Our marriage, for so long?—to-night.—

ELI. What mean you?

MOR. Do not revoke your pity, 'twere unkind.

[And sure wou'd break the heart you've made so blest.]

Tonight—my love—to-night.

ELI. Base tyrant, no.

My word is pledg'd, 'tis true, but not tonight.

I swear no force shall drag me.

MOR. Do not frown.

Kill me not with your anger. Well, my angel,

I will consent then to postpone my bliss:

But don't forget your promise; two days hence,

My Elina, my goddess, will be mine.

I see you pity me; I'll leave your Lady:

Indulge the generous feeling of your soul.

Farewel, my Elina!

*(Exit)*

ELI. Nature cou'd never form so harsh a fiend,

So barbarous and inhuman, whose delight,

Whose only pleasure centers in the pain

He can inflict on others.—['Tis but just

[That he himself should feel the bitter pangs

[With which he wishes to torment Mankind.]  
Sure, e'er this good Osbert is arriv'd.—  
[And Clifford hastens to our rescue.] Yes, "Beatrice"  
Still I will fondly hope.  
BEA. Your hopes, e'er night  
Has thrown her dusky mantle o'er yon hill,  
Shall all be chang'd to certainties.  
ELI. Oh! Beatrice!

SONG—ELINA

Ah, why! Ah, why! ye heavenly pow'rs,  
Why in my life's more early day,  
Strew'd ye my easy path with flowers,  
To make more sharp this thorny way!

Yet still, will I invoke thy aid,  
Still lift to you my fervent prayer.  
Take pity on a helpless maid,  
And turn her footsteps from despair.

*(Exeunt)*

SCENE III *Outside of Clifford-Castle.*

*Enter Osbert.*

OSB. Where is this loitering fellow? [how provoking  
[When I am mad with hurry.] Holloa, Gam!—  
How wond'rous strange this mystery of my birth.—  
[Above twelve Years a Slave, and now almost  
[A Prince. Oh do not Expectation  
[Lift up my hopes too high. For the next tide  
[Of fortune on a sudden may destroy  
[The Building she has rais'd. Where can he be?]  
Where is this Gam?—She—Elina my sister,  
Whom I so lately—Heavens, how I tremble,  
To think upon the danger I've escap'd!  
[Oh Mortimer, what Hell is bad enough—]

*Enter Gam.*

Oh! you are there? You've been a pretty guide.

GAM. Yes, your Lordship, [yes, yes,] yes. To be sure, for the first quarter of a mile [from our House,] the path winds like a corkscrew; but when you are once in the road, it is as streight as the neck of a bottle.

OSB. What you've been tippling in some ale-house, now.

GAM. Tippling! I never tipples, as folks say. I sometimes drinks as much as does me good. I do not go for to deny it; but I scorns to tipple. Ale house, your honourable Lordship, it was no ale-

house: it was a house where you goes, and gets your liquor, and pays your money. No, upon my soul, it was no ale-house.

OSB. Have a care; you have been talking, Gam. [But come, make haste, [make haste.]

GAM. Who! I talk! no, my Lord, I never talks. [I never says no more [words than is necessary.] No, no, i'fackins, I have been too long used to drink, to be leaky in my cups; besides, d'ye see, My Lord, I claps this pipe into my mouth, d'ye see, by way of a spigot, for fear any thing shou'd run out.

OSB. Enough! enough!—Well, are we near the castle?

GAM. The castle! the castle! the castle! Oh! ho! ho! Lord bless you, no, we be seven miles from it.

OSB. What do you mean? Why, but just now, you said we were not twenty paces.

GAM. Did I?—I was drunk then. Auberville-Castle—

OSB. Auberville-Castle; pshaw! No, give me patience, [what a con-[founded fool,] no, Clifford-Castle.—

GAM. Oh, lud! lud! lud! why it's hard by; you may be there in the drinking of a dram. Lord'a'mercy, how main passionate you great people be— Passion, as our chaplain us'd to say, is for all the world like— OSB. Never mind the chaplain. Is that the house?

GAM. Oh! my old! my old master! he never cou'd abide the chaplain. La's see, "let's see;" yes, yes, yes, that's the house, sure enough.—No [it ben't;] I don't see the smoke coming out of the kitchen-chimney.—Damme, what makes the trees so merry?—Why they dance "like"—[yes, yes, yes, that's the House, that's the house, Holloa! Hip [holloa, Master Butler.]

OSB. [Be quiet Gam.—] "Pshaw,"—is this the door?

GAM. Why, to be sure it is: why, you must be tipsey.—Don't you know a door when you see it? He! he! he! [Master Butler, holloa, holloa! Mas-  
[ter Butler.]

[Enter a Servant.

[SER. Who's there that calls so loud. Oh, it is you.

[Go get you hence you drunkard.

[OSB. I do beseech you, Sir; pay no attention

[To that same Fellow there, stay but one instant.

[SER. Sir. Well, what do you want?

[OSB. Sir, I have business

[And of the utmost moment with Lord Clifford.

[Inform him instantly a Gentleman

[Entreats to speak with him.

[SER. Gentleman. Quotha.

[GAM. Tell him, Lord Regi—

[OSB. (*Shaking him gently.*) For Heaven's sake

[Now my good fellow, Gam; pray, pray be quiet—

[And get you home, Dear Gam; indeed you know not

[Whom you refuse, Sir:—Let me in this minute,

[Fellow I tell thee, I'm a Messenger

[Of Comfort to your Lord—I will come in. (*Lays his hand upon his Sword.*)

[SER. Oh! you're for that Sport are you?

[I'll send you one, my pretty *Gentleman*,

[Shall talk to you and in a different way.

[(Exit and Locks the Door)]

[GAM. (*Going up to the Door.*) Hey! Oh Lud! lud, why he has lock'd the [Door, close fast as the Ale Cellar; is this Usage for a Lord, you knave.]

OSB. (*Seizing him by the collar and striking him.*) Curse on you, booby! Gam! take care, take care; I am not in the mood to trifle, Gam. Get home this moment, or I'll [strike thee harder.]

GAM. My old Lord [again]!—No, no, no, that's not like my old Lord. He always struck as hard as he cou'd first, and threaten'd afterwards.— Damme, I believe he is but a bye-blow.<sup>66</sup>

OSB. What shall I do with him? (*Aside.*)

Go to the ale-house, Gam; do, my good Gam.

[I ask your pardon for the blow I gave you.]

[GAM. Oh my Lord, my Lord—

[OSB. (*Kicking him.*) Again, Confound you;—Get home or I'll—]

GAM. My Lord!—I'll go to the ale-house, or I'll go any where, but home. Oh, Lord! Lord! it goes against my stomach, "my Lord." (It's for all the [world like beginning at the Bottom of a bottle and Drinking to the Top. [Damme he is but a bye blow. Well my Lord,] I'll go to the ale-house.

[OSB. Go to the Devil, any where.

[GAM. With all my Heart, any where but home.

[OSB. (*Offering to Strike him.*) Will you be gone.

[GAM. Yes, yes, yes, Oh Lud; he is main passionate; no, no, he is no bye [blow—I'm a going, I'm a going. Hold! Hold—Don't you see I'm a going.

[My Old Master, My Old master; he is no bye blow.]

(*Exit Gam*)

OSB. Oh I cou'd weep from anger and vexation. (*Knocks hard.*)

Will no one hear? I'll enter, tho' I die for't.

I will! I will come in. (*Knocks very hard at the door.*)

*Enter Bertram.*

BER. Why, what's all this!

You will come in! why, who are you? hey, sirrah!

Why, what means all this noise? your haughty words

Agree not with your habit. Who are you?

OSB. One, Sir, not us'd to such a rough behavior.

Delay no time now; every moment's precious.

[Upon my Knees] I beg you let me enter.

BER. (*Aside.*) By the Roodd, a pretty boy! [I should be loth to hurt him.

[And see he weeps,] it grieves me to refuse him.

Lord Clifford can't be seen, let that content you.

OSB. Hear me! hear me!

I bring him tidings will rejoice his soul.

[Will raise him from the Grief that weighs him down.

[And call him back to happiness and Love!

[Do not deny me, I entreat you do not.

[I see Compassion glistening in your Eye.

[Oh let it fall upon me.]

BER. What are your tidings?

[OSB. Oh, Sir; Excuse me; they are of a nature

[I cannot reveal with honour.

[BER. Not reveal them.

[Why then you cannot Enter here, why boy

[I am Lord Clifford's Friend, his Counsellor,

[One who knows all his Secrets. Tell me youth

[What are the news you bring.

[OSB. Good Sir, I must not

[Tho' you're Lord Clifford's friend, I dare not do it.]

Sir, my injunctions are to speak with him; I cannot trust another.

BER. Cannot trust me— Well keep thy secret to thyself. Good-morrow. (*Going into the house.*)

OSB. Oh! stay and hear me.

Why shou'd I come here, wherefore shou'd I suffer

Such base indignities? I pray you think

Why I should wish to see Lord Clifford, Sir?

I know him not, I've nought to ask from him.

[I am no Thief, or if I were a Thief

[What cou'd he fear from a poor Youth like me.

[Oh. If your pity grant not my request

[Consult your reason; sure you won't refuse me.]

Oh! if you are his friend,

[BER. If I'm his friend. Dare but to doubt it.

OSB. (Good Sir, be appeas'd.)

Oh let me in, in truth you'll not repent it.

BER. (*Aside.*) The boy speaks well—

[He wou'd not trust me tho'. Ah! let me see.]

Where can he come from? Stay, a thought occurs.

[I'll not betray myself. Tell me the truth.]

Come you not from a woman? Ha! you blush.

Come, come, I know you do.—

OSB. I can't deny it.

BER. You can't deny it; well then, what's her name?

OSB. The question's somewhat blunt.

He who's intrusted with a lady's secret,

Should keep a padlock fix'd upon his lips,

And throw away the key. We trifle time—

I pray conduct me.

BER. Who! what! I conduct you!

Boy! do you take me for a serving man,

A lacquey, one who runs on messages?

I am a soldier, boy; a rough old soldier;

A very testy, touchy, crabbed fellow.

Can you deny that?

OSB. He were prone indeed

To argument, and fond of controversy,

Who wou'd dispute a fact so clear and palpable.

BER. Ha! ha! ha!

Give me your hand, my boy; I like your frankness:  
Give me your hand.—Well, you shall see Lord Clifford.  
But prithee tell me now, who sent thee hither?  
Was it the rich old widow Margaret,  
Or dame Elizabeth, with her wanton cousin?  
[OSB. I entreat your pardon.  
[Though not inclin'd to Mirth as Heaven can Witness  
[I can't refrain from smiling—  
BER. [—What at me?  
[Laugh on and welcome;] then there's one Elina, a flaunting hussey,  
A flaring jilt, a—  
OSB. Hold! [Damnation]  
'Tis false as hell; her sweet ingenuous face  
Is but the index of her purer mind.  
Thou say'st not well, old man.  
BER. I am glad to hear it:  
Let me embrace thee, rogue. Com'st thou from her?  
I see thou dost, and with good tidings, hey!  
Is she then safe and honest?  
OSB. Yes, sir, yes.  
Conduct me instantly.—I ask your pardon.  
BER. Conduct you? by my holy dame, I will.  
I'm in good humour now: but you young fellows  
Waste such a cursed deal of time in talking;—  
You run from one extreme into the other;  
You're either sharp, and sour as a crab,  
Or sweet and luscious as a sugar plumb;  
You fret and laugh, and swear, and kiss, and scold,  
And then are friends again, and always chattering:  
You never go directly to the point,  
And lose the hour for action in debate;  
And then you're so confus'd—What was I saying?  
OSB. Oh never heed it now, come, good Sir, come.  
BER. Thou art a pretty boy, but too loquacious,  
While you are prating here, the time slips by.  
Come let us in; what, wou'd you talk all day?  
For shame, let's in, I say.  
OSB. Thank heaven, at last!

*(Exeunt)*

SCENE IV *Gam's House.*

*Enter Sue.*

SUE. Why Gam's a main long time a coming from the Castle. He promis'd, so he did, to return directly; but he never keeps his word, [a vile [perfidious—] Heigho! well, now my Lord is come

back, I hope he'll do some what for me and my poor babes; if I am made a Lady, I'll be parted from Gam, and look out for a mild, quiet, sober husband, of a temper and disposition like my own. Oh! Gam! Gam! Gam! I cou'd tear your eyes out, so I cou'd.

[SONG—SUE

[What a terrible Life  
[Has a Drunken Man's Wife.  
[I'd rather be tied to a Log.  
[When Drunk he'll so beat her  
[And cruelly treat her  
[When Sober he's sick as a dog.

[He comes home at night  
[In so hideous a plight  
[Poor wife must go sleep all alone.  
[Oh then how he burns  
[But when Morning returns  
[Alas! he's as cold as a Stone, a Stone.  
[Alas! he's as cold as a Stone.]

Enter Gam.

GAM. Hip! hip! holloa! Sue! my comfort, my plague, my vexation, my darling, my torment; [pack up, pack up, we are off, you Jade.] Pack up, pack up, don't forget the ale, Sue. Oh! [lud, Oh lud! I am Damnably [Sick! Oh!] I shall die, Sue; I shall die. Have you got a drop of nothing good in the house? I shall die, I shall die.

SUE. Ah! you always says so: you do it on purpose to plague and disappoint me. How are you, you villain: how do you do? [how do you do?] (*Loud as possible.*)

GAM. Very ill. I thank you, Sue, I hope you are the same with all my soul. Pack up, Sue, pack up.

[SUE. Why you Monster, you inhuman Monster, you have left me nothing [to pack up. What shall I pack Up? What do you say, what do you say, [you—

[GAM. Nothing.

[SUE. Nothing! Oh you unfeeling Wretch. Nothing! not a word of comfort [for your Poor Wife. Oh! Oh! Oh! Nothing, I can't bear it, I can't bear it.

[GAM. Why what is the matter now?

[SUE. Nothing! Oh! do I live to see the day. Am I to be treated in this [Contemptible, Barbarous manner—I'll complain to my Lord, I will! Oh! [Oh!

[GAM. Why, what will you complain of.

(SUE. Nothing. You Abominable, Shocking, Nothing! Nothing! (*Sobbing violently.*)

[GAM. Oh! Ho! ho! ho! What you are going to set up your Pipes. Well [with all my heart. But Sue! Sue! Sue! Now if you *wou'd* be quiet, since [nothing Offends you so cursedly, I'll tell you *Something*.

[SUE. (*Stamping.*) Quiet! Quiet! why an't I always quiet. Did you ever [hear me any thing but quiet.

(GAM. Why if you were quiet I shou'd never hear you at all: we are to

[become great Folks, Sue.

[SUE. Great Folks, as how, Gam, as how?

GAM. [Why] we are to travel.

SUE. Travel!

GAM. Aye! why don't all your great folks travel? we are to have a horse, Sue, you shall ride before: you shall hold the reins, egad, you are us'd to that, and I'll ride like a bottle at your back; you must not look behind you, Sue, now we are in the road to fortune, you must look forward! Oh lud! lud! lud! How I will feague the ale! (*Aside.*)

SUE. Is not this all a lie now, sirrah?

GAM. True. Sue; true, as two pints make a quart.

[We be to go to Lord

[there, I forgot his Name's Castle. All in the Night time but don't ye be

[afraid. Sue, I never was a feard of Spirits in all my life, but] you won't like it, Sue: for you must not talk.

SUE. Not talk; but I will talk—that's what I will.

GAM. Why so said I—says I, Sue will talk.

SUE. Did you? why then you said a lie, for I won't talk, I'll not be forc'd to talk, nothing shall make me talk, I won't, I won't: but Gam, Gam, how did you hear all this?

GAM. Why Sue, if you wou'd but talk, I'd tell you; but while you are silent, I can't get in a word.—Why from the butler, who was order'd to keep it a secret, so as soon as he know'd it, he runs down to the alehouse, and taps the whole of the matter. Come Sue, let's go.

SUE. [Lud a mercy,] I *won't* go.

GAM. Won't you, my dear, dear Sue! (*Runs and kisses her.*)

SUE. Yes, but I will go, and you shan't hinder me. I'll go myself.

GAM. Yes; for you shan't go with me.

SUE. But I will not go alone. You shan't go without me.

GAM. Will you? Why then take my arm when you can catch it. You are well made for running. (*Exeunt, running*)

SCENE V *An Apartment in Clifford Castle.*

*Enter Clifford, Osbert, and Bertram.*

[CLIF. Oh my Deliverer, let me, let me Clasp thee.

[Oh Osbert, thou hast sav'd me more than life

[Than fame, or Honour, may my gratitude—]

OSB. Talk not to me of gratitude, my Lord.—

[This kindness, if I may presume to call it so,

[Is as a drop of Water in the Ocean

[Compar'd with the immeasurable favour

[Which lovely Elina's conferr'd on me.

[CLIF. Oh she was born to bless the Human Race,

[To make mankind as happy as she's fair,

[The tender hand of pity fram'd her heart

[Where every generous Virtue loves to dwell,

[Angelic Mansion, Happy, happy Clifford!]

OSB. It grieves me much to interrupt your transports;

Think where she is, and scarce a day remains

[To gain the treasure which your heart so pants for.]

BER. Well, we must set forward

Some half hour hence; all is prepar'd, my Lord,

Except our plan: the last thing which you boys E'er think of.

[Oh! 'tis lucky you've a head

[Not full of Youth and Love, but cool and temperate,

[Eh! you rogue Osbert.

CLIF. [Well, my honest Soldier]

Shall we by force attack the tyrant's castle, And drag him from his den?

[BER. Ay, ay, by force

[If that should fail, but pshaw! it cannot fail,

[Why milder methods may be us'd.]

OSB. Oh lay aside all thoughts of force, my Lord:

The Castle's strong, the Baron's brave and vigilant.

If we succeed, yet still the helpless Elina

Remains the victim of his brutal passion.

It sure were best by art to gain admittance,

[To take him unsuspecting; should he then

[Dare to oppose us, force may do the rest.

[CLIF. Thou Counsel'st well, but say, What Strategem

[What Art can lull asleep the Watchful Dragon

[That we may Seize the golden fruit and bear it

[Far from his reach for ever.

OSB. [I've bethought me.]

I know each path, and by-way to the castle.

Do you, Sir Bertram, place our little band

In a deep glen due east; myself will lead them

Thro' the thick covert of a lofty wood,

Whose foliage will conceal them from the sight

Of any passengers. We, my good Lord,

Must think of some disguise.

BER. Disguise! I hate it.

CLIF. Bertram, be advis'd.

Let the wretch blush that puts it on far malice:

But he who wears it in a cause like ours,

To punish villainy and rescue virtue,

When he casts off his cloud, shews, like the sun,

More radiant from his late obscurity.

OSB. We shall arrive upon the every eve

Of his projected marriage; all his servants

Will be preparing for the festival.

The Baron, tho' his heart is fierce and arrogant,

Has yet a soul for harmony; when passion

Would, like a whirlwind, tear his frantic bosom,  
Oft have I sooth'd him to a sullen calm,  
By touching of my lute; he'd sit [for] hours,  
And heave such sighs; nay, down his rugged cheek  
A silent tear wou'd steal against his will;  
Which he'd dash from him with a haughty air,  
And curse his weakness; then he'd sink in thought,  
And meditate new mischiefs, even in music.  
[Yourself, my Lord, are skilled in the Art.]  
Let us like minstrels, at the close of day,  
Approach the outward gate, and crave admittance.

CLIF. 'Tis well conceiv'd: what think you, Bertram?

BER. Sir

To say the honest truth, I like it not.  
Make me a minstrel! tie a hurdy-gurdy  
About my neck!—[I'd rather tie a Rope there.  
[CLIF. Nay check this peevish humour I beseech thee.  
[Either adopt this Plan, or form some other [More likely to succeed—

BER. [No, Sir; not I.

[I have no taste for tricks,]  
but to serve you I will consent for once to play the fool.  
Besides, my boys, 'tis possible this frolick  
May end in broken heads: on second thoughts,  
I don't so much dislike it. [Gentle Osbert  
[Excuse my Freedom.

[OSB. Oh, Sir, say no more.

[He has but a sickly superficial Eye  
[That can't discern a Dimond thro' its roughness.  
[BER. I marvel, Osbert, one so young as you  
[Shou'd be so wise, and yet I wonder more  
[That one so wise shou'd act so foolishly  
[Why will you take that tipling Rascal Gam  
[And the curs'd witch his wife. Your foliage, friend,  
[May well conceal our Men from curious Eyes  
[But if she's there, and every Passenger  
[Shou'dn't be deaf, their Ears will find us out.

[CLIF. Good Osbert, take them not.

[OSB. My lord, indulge me.

[I have such reasons, but the tale is long  
[And will beguile our Journey.]

CLIF. "Come, let's away! my soul is all on fire!

BER. Sir, by your leave, tho' I am little read,  
I well remember that the ancient Greeks,  
Before they went to battle, fortified  
Their stomachs with rich food, and good old wine.  
I have prepar'd a bowl—boy, bring it in.

*“Enter Boy with a bowl of wine.*

“Ho, there! where are these knaves! what, no one stir!

“Are none afoot to shew their zeal, and service,

“To their good lord at his departure?

*“Enter Vassals.*

“What!

“You’re come at last, rogues! swell your rusty throats,

“And, while we quaff success to this same enterprise,

“Rouse up our spirits with a mellow strain,

“And join us in our chorus. Sing, and lustily!”

#### QUINTETTO AND CHORUS

’Tis love that now my bosom fires,

’Tis wine which now the soul inspires,

Friendship and gratitude shall prove

At least a match for wine and love:

Then let us hail the league divine,

Of love, of friendship, and of wine.

Fortune our virtuous schemes shall bless,

’Twere cowardly to doubt success;

Where friendship leads,

Where wine inspires,

And ardent love the bosom fires,

Then let us hail the league divine

Of love, of friendship, and of wine.

#### END OF ACT II

#### ACT III

SCENE I *An Apartment in Mortimer Castle.*

*Enter Mortimer.*

MOR. Two days are past, the third declines apace:

I now am near the summit of my wishes.

My soul will soon be glutted with the luxury

It has so long been thirsting for, Revenge.

But yet I am not happy: why base Nature,

Why did’st thou fix so deeply in my breast

The bitter root of envy? from thee, spring

Pride, falsehood, hatred; all the noxious weeds

Which choak and over-run the idle soil

Where pity, love, and truth, are thinly scatter'd.  
But wherefore Nature, wherefore blame I thee?  
Oh! had I listen'd to thy gentle voice,  
Had I not stifl'd all thy infant strugglings,  
I ne'er had felt the pangs I now endure.  
But I've perverted thee, have chang'd thy course,  
Poison'd the genial springs which feed the heart,  
And turn'd thy wholesome waters into gall.

*Enter Elina and Beatrice.*

To come thus unsolicited, my angel,  
Is kind indeed. Oh! may my future life—  
ELI. Be different from the past: I truly wish it.  
Nay, for your sake I wish it: why, my Lord,  
Why will you force me to this hated marriage?  
I frankly own that I can never love you.  
MOR. Love me, or love me not, you must be mine:  
You now are in my power: you may subdue me,  
And bind me to your will; but oh! beware,  
Beware, rash maid, how you excite my anger.  
ELI. Full well, my Lord, I know your cruel temper;  
The unrelenting fierceness of your nature.  
Yet, Mortimer, I swear, by heaven I swear,  
I'd rather meet your anger than your love.  
MOR. Well, Madam, I'll be cool. Why will you Lady,  
Why will you, since you know my mind's infirmity,  
Instead of quenching, by a mild demeanor,  
The vivid spark that burns within my breast,  
Why will you blow it to a flame, whose fury  
Once kindled may consume us both? O think,  
Since you must wed me, Madam; it were better  
To wed me as your slave than as your tyrant.  
ELI. I should despise you equally as either.  
Blush and remember how you brought me hither.  
When I receiv'd you as a favour'd guest,  
My castle gates, which wou'd have mock'd your fury,  
Were open'd, as I vainly, vainly, thought,  
To a dear friend; one, who profess'd himself  
My father's friend, a friend to all our house.  
In the dead hour of night, the fittest season  
To perpetrate a deed so dark and villainous;  
When all but fiends and guilty spirits seek  
The blessing of repose; this mighty Mortimer,  
This proud imperious Baron, deign'd to bribe  
My hinds and vassals, to betray their mistress.  
MOR. Rail on, rail on; in love and war, dear Lady,  
All stratagems are honest, he's no soldier

Who uses force where art can mare avail him.

CLIFFORD (*Sings Without.*)  
Then vaulted on his milk-white steed,  
The thrice renowned Palainede.

ELI. Oh Beatrice, 'tis he! 'tis Clifford's voice.

BEA. Be not so earnest, Madam.

CLIFFORD (*Without.*)  
Fitzosborne's lance he burst in twain,  
Which had the proud Fitzallan slain.

MOR. Madam, this musick seems to give you pleasure;  
Hint but your wishes, shall they play the while  
We sit at table?

ELI. Give them instant entrance.

MOR. Ha! I'm rejoic'd  
To find within this Castle's horrid walls,  
There's something can beguile you of your grief.

*Enter William.*

WIL. Please you, Sir, three minstrels,  
Worn with fatigue and toil, entreat admittance.

MOR. Prepare the banquet, William: let them enter.

*Enter Clifford, Bertram, and Osbert, disguised as minstrels.*

MOR. Give 'em a bowl of wine: ye seem fatigued.

CLIF. My Lord, we have journey'd far.

ELI. It is his voice, it is, it is my Clifford! (*Aside.*)

MOR. Sing me a love song;  
And let it be impassioned, such a one  
As may befit a sprightly bridegroom.

CLIF. If I could find a female voice—

MOR. My love.—

CLIF. His love! I can't endure it—I shall burst—(*Aside.*)

BER. For shame, for shame, my Lord;  
Controul this passion. (*Aside.*)

MOR. Well fellow!

CLIF. 'Tis, my Lord, a simply ditty,  
Which speaks the language of a heart in love:  
It was compos'd long since; a Nobleman  
Woo'd a fair maiden, whose fond heart he won:  
But her stern parent never wou'd consent:  
The love-sick youth, sunk into deep despair;  
At length he rous'd him; in a mean attire  
He sought the Castle, where the beauteous Emma  
Was held a captive.

ELI. Sing, minstrel, sing!

DUET—CLIFFORD AND ELINA

CLIF. Say, lovely Emma, do your eyes  
Discover me through this disguise;  
Or does my voice inform your ear,

Your love, your fond deliverer's near?

ELI. Yes, gallant youth, I know thee well;

But tell, my love, O prithee tell,

How from this Castle I may fly,

With Edward live, with Edward die!

BOTH. The hopes which swell my anxious breast,

In accents true, though faint suggest,

That from this Castle I may fly,

With Emma live, with Emma die.

MOR. Break off the song I say:—

'Tis late, 'tis late, retire my Elina.

*(Exeunt Mortimer, Beatrice, and Elina)*

WIL. Well, my good Masters, shall we drink a round?

No—why to bed then—that way lies your chamber.

*(Exeunt Clifford and Bertram)*

I'faith I'm tir'd, and must refresh awhile.

When there's good cheer I'm little prone to sleeping.

Ha! stay'st thou boy? well, sit thee down and welcome.

OSB. William, I say.

WIL. *(Starting.)* Ha!

OSB. William, do you know me?

WIL. Oh, I am undone, I am ruin'd; should the Baron—

I'll raise the Castle—why were you so rash—

But since it is so, you must suffer—Walter,

Edmund, hoa! Francis!

OSB. Peace, I say this instant.

Speak not above thy breath; ah! then thou diest. *(Pulling out a dagger.)*

WIL. Defend me, mercy!

You wou'd not kill me, Osbert, wou'd you kill

Your old and faithful William?

Oh! good Osbert, put up the dagger.

OSB. Not yet William—say—

Know you this Lady whom the cruel Baron

Holds herein custody?—Thou'rt safe, man; speak.

WIL. I know her name is Elina, and ne'er

Beheld so fair a creature: don't become me

To pry into the secrets of my master;

But I suspect foul play.

OSB. Suspect it! oh

You know it but too well. Yourself were privy  
To the dainn'd treachery that brought her here.  
Thou'rt kind by nature, and 'twas fear alone,  
To release her,

Betray thy master,  
Fear of that cursed fiend, who aw'd us all,  
Forc'd thee to do—

WIL. Indeed 'tis true, good Osbert;  
Indeed I've pity'd the poor helpless Lady,  
And wish'd 'twere in my power—

OSB. To release her.

Would'st thou then William?

WIL. What, release her—no,

I'd not betray my master!

OSB. Betray they master.

But I will not blame thee.

Yet think'st what thou betray'st, humanity,  
Truth, honour, virtue and benevolence.

Ah William! can'st thou pity so much goodness,  
And yet, when now the means are in thy power,  
Refuse assistance to the radiant angel  
Thou can'st not help adoring. Ha, thou weep'st!  
Be not asham'd; the tear which trickles down  
The good man's cheek should not be wip'd away  
Like vulgar drops.—But wilt thou only weep?  
No—thou wilt do more.

WIL. You move me strangely, Osbert.

Alas! what means have I?

OSB. What means hast thou! Who keeps the Castle keys?

WIL. Oh! I dare not,

I dare not, Osbert: should the furious Baron  
Suspect me, he would doom my wretched body  
To linger on the rack: or if by flight,  
I should escape his anger, I must starve.

OSB. Starve! fear not that, good William;  
I'll find thee out a better, kinder master.

WIL. How can I serve you?

I'll do't, though death itself—

OSB. Come to my heart! and now I sheath my dagger.

No force shall drive thee, William, to do good.

We have been faulty, but it was through fear.

Whilst we were base, we both were cowards, William;

But virtue now directs us. Walk secure,

We cannot fall in her plain open road.

Let us thank Heaven then, William, though we've stumbled;

Yet e'er our strength was gone, our better fate

Has push'd us backward from the dreadful gulph,  
Which yawn'd to swallow us. Within, there, Richard.

*Enter Bertram.*

BER. What would you, brother Arthur?

OSB. We are all friends.

Now stand we on the very wheel of fortune;  
And every minute leads us on to happiness,  
Or draws us to despair. William is with us:  
You'll find him honest.

*(To William.)* Go with that Gentleman.

Success attend you. Clifford and myself  
Will stay here in the Castle. Should our plot  
Miscarry, we are enow to fall the victims  
To Mortimer's fell rage; and by some signal  
May either hasten you to succour us,  
Or warn you to retreat. Farewel to both.

*(Retires)*

*(Exeunt William and Bertram)*

*Enter Elina and Beatrice.*

ELI. Ah! canst thou, cruel!

Deny me, after six days painful absence,  
To see my Clifford? Oh, good Beatrice,  
For the last time, perhaps.—Who's there?

Ha! Osbert!—He'll not refuse me.—

Prythee, gentle Osbert, indulge a woman's weakness,  
And conduct me where I may view—

OSB. Beware.—We are undone,

Shou'd any of the servants of the Castle

See where you are.—But e'er we part, permit me

To ease my loaded bosom; Oh, too full

For words to give it vent.

ELI. What say you?

OSB. Oh, let my tears,

Let those instruct my Elina,

That Osbert is—I hear a step:—By hell,

'Tis Mortimer!

*(Exeunt)*

*Enter Mortimer.*

MOR. I cannot sleep.—And dost thou, foolish heart,

Dost thou then faint, so near thy journey's end?

No, thou shalt on, tho' all thy strings shou'd crack.

How weak, how vain is man! why wilt thou fancy,

Why wilt thou conjure up these airy phantoms,

Which shake me like an ague?—William, hoa!

*Enter Walter.*

Where's William, Sirrah?

WAL. Good, my Lord, I know not.  
I'll seek him instantly.

MOR. Stay, stay a while.  
Is Anthony arriv'd? Is he prepar'd,  
With all the holy trumpery of the Church?  
Say, is he come?

WAL. My Lord, he is within.  
Please ye that I should send him to you?

MOR. Aye.—  
No.—Stay, it is no matter. Let me think.—  
Yes, yes, 'tis better so: she has oft seen William:  
Besides, I have remark'd that fellow  
Is of yielding temper. Ha! what's that?  
Didst thou not hear a noise? Hark! it advances.  
Stand back, stand back.

*They retire.*

Enter Clifford.

CLIF. I can delay no longer: tho' an age  
Of happiness should be the bright reward,  
I cou'd'nt now resist the sweet temptation  
Which leads me on. No, I must speak to her.

MOR. (*Aside.*) Speak to her! ha!

CUE. This is the door, I think.—My love, my life!  
Dost thou not hear me? Oh! my Elina,  
Arise! arise! it is thy Clifford calls thee.

MOR. (*Aside.*) Clifford! confusion! devils!

*Enter Elina.*

ELI. Who's there? my Clifford? Oh! my faithful Clifford!  
Why wou'd you venture?

CLIF. Do not fear, my love:  
All's hush'd as death. The unsuspecting tyrant  
Securely sleeps, and dreams upon to-morrow.  
He little thinks what danger now surrounds him;  
That the right hand of his avenging Deity  
Is rais'd to strike him.

MOR. Here, Walter, William, Edmund!

*Enter Servants.*

Seize the traitor;

Drag him to instant death.

ELI. Oh! hear me! hear me!  
He never injur'd you. Spare, spare his life.  
I will be your's.

MOR. You will be mine, indeed; 'tis kind in you,  
Now to comply. Now the avenging Deity  
Raises his hand to strike me. Now no longer  
You're in my power: the gallant Clifford now

Has freed you from my thraldom. Be content;  
He shan't die yet; no, he shall live to see  
The unsuspecting tyrant, he who sleeps,  
And dreams upon to-morrow, now, this moment,  
Married to his dear constant Elina.

Drag forth the other slaves:

*Enter Osbert, guarded.*

bring the priest here:

Here let him join us.

Bertram and Soldiers burst in behind.

BER. Hold! break off, I say;

Unhand your pris'ners.

MOR. Ha! betray'd! how, am I fallen, then!

OSB. To sink thee lower,

Know, tyrant, that the hand which weights thee down  
Is AUBERVILLE's.

MOR.                               Damnation! Reginald!

ELI. Ha, Reginald! my brother! heavens!

MOR. Distraction! Oh! let me pluck my heart out. N'er till now  
Did I despair. Even malice now forsakes me.

Oh! I did hope (fool that I was to spare thee),  
That thou at least wou'dst have felt all my vengeance.

But if thy soul is noble, boy, revenge thee;

Insult me not with words; be merciful,

Be merciful, and kill me.

OSB.                               Mortimer,

I will not tarnish this day's happiness

By any drop of blood. Live, and repent thee.

When I was in thy power, thou sparedst my life;

Take thine, then, in return.

MOR.                               Rash, foolish youth,

Thou weak young man, will no experience teach thee?

I spared thy life; behold the consequence.

Oh! had I crush'd thee, all this damned mischief

Had been prevented. When thou wert an infant,

I stole thee from thy father's, brought thee here,

And bred thee up a slave. I cou'dn't kill thee;

It was the only weakness I e'er felt;

And I'm severely punish'd.—Boy, be wise;

Seize on this glorious opportunity,

To rid thee of a foe, whom nought but death

Can render tranquil.

*(Exeunt Mortimer and guards)*

CLIF.                               Oh! Auberville.

My friend, my brother; now, my dearest Elina,

Art thou then mine at last?

ELI. For ever, Clifford.

BER.                      Osbert, Auberville,  
What is your name, Sir? If a soldier's friendship,  
An honest one's, tho' I am bold to say so,  
Is worth your taking,—why, accept of mine.

AUB. Now all are blest,  
Save him who caus'd our misery.—My friends,  
We will not think on vengeance; let us leave him  
To his own mind, to disappointed malice;  
That will inflict a far severer torture  
Than man can use to man: revenge is sweet  
To little minds alone. The noble soul  
Pities the fallen foe, and finds a source  
Of purest pleasure in a brave forgiveness.

#### FINALE

Let Cupid shake his sportive wings,  
While round the loves and graces fly;  
Apollo touch the trembling strings,  
And Hymen lift his torch on high.

#### ELINA AND CLIFFORD

Our fears are gone, the tempest past,  
Here adverse winds no more annoy;  
Our vessel, safely moor'd at last,  
Calls anchor in the port of joy.