

# THE POEMS OF ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1713 AND FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS  
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

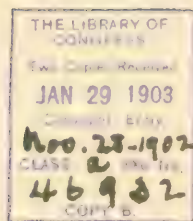
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## PREFACE

THIS edition of the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea, is based on a small volume of verse published by her in 1713, on two unpublished manuscripts, and on poems scattered through various *Miscellanies*. These sources are more fully described in the *Introduction*, and the *Table of Contents* indicates in which of them each poem is found. In preparing the present text for publication the volume of 1713 has been considered authoritative for the poems it includes, but there has been incorporated into the text the list of *Errata* published in that volume. For poems occurring in both manuscripts the folio has been accepted as the best authority, inasmuch as it is later than the octavo and was apparently revised by the author or under her supervision.

There has been no modernization of the text, except that in some instances titles are not given with the original amplitude and variety of capitalization, and brackets are not used to mark triplets. Beyond these slight changes the various accepted texts are exactly followed. Some of the poems could doubtless have been made more pleasing to the eye and more easily intelligible by a series of editorial changes. It must be admitted that as the poems stand they show an orthography which, though often quaint and a valuable indication of contemporary pronunciation, is also often inconsistent and the outcome of carelessness or possibly of ignorance. The punctuation is sometimes so scanty, sometimes so elaborate, as to obscure the text. And there is an irritating excess of capitals and italics. But in spite of these facts, more seemed to be lost than gained by any attempt to make the poems conform to exact canons or to

modern taste. Since so many of them are now published for the first time, it seemed best on the whole to follow the original sources exactly. In order to avoid encumbering the poems with references, the *Notes* are printed in a separate section at the end of the volume.

I cannot bring forward this edition of Lady Winchilsea's poems without an expression of my sense of indebtedness to Mr. Frederic Ives Carpenter, of the Department of English in the University of Chicago, through whose mediation the manuscripts were given to me to edit, and whose aid has been constant throughout the perplexities incident to the production of this volume; to the Earl of Winchilsea, not only for the use of the octavo manuscript in his possession, but for access to other manuscript material valuable in connection with Lady Winchilsea's life, and for introductions whereby it became possible to visit the places most closely associated with her poems; and to Mr. Edmund Gosse for the use of his most important folio manuscript volume of Lady Winchilsea's work, and for many valuable suggestions in connection with the *Introduction* and the *Notes*.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE AND INNOCENCE  
A TRAGEDY  
AN ADVERTISEMENT

Having seen (out of the love of novelty) many Plays brought upon the stage, wh<sup>ch</sup> have been as indifferent as these two of mine, and not being able, longer then my own life, to protect either of them, from the same fate, of being expos'd, censured, and condemn'd, I prefix these few lines, which will accompany them as long as they are to have a being, to assure all that shall peruse them, that a more terrible injury cannot be offer'd me, then to occasion, or permitt them ever to be represented. I have both private, as well as declar'd reasons for this, and did I not hope by my entreaty, to be secure of prevailing in this particular, I wou'd assure myself of itt, by a total suppression, of what I have suffer'd to be copy'd, only for the entertainment of some particular persons; but since they are to passe (if they live till hereafter) only throo' the hands of Relations, and such as have professt some esteem for me, I will not disquett myself, with any fears, or distrusts of the honour or generosity of them, who can in nothing so much oblige me, as in being strict (against any importunitys whatsoever) to the observation of this earnest request of . . . .

ARDELIA.

THE NAMES AND CHARACTERS OF THE PERSONS

THE MEN

*Aubusson*, Great Master of Rhodes.

*Lauredan*, General of Cyprus for the reigning queen Catherine Cornare, and Ambassadour from the State of Venice.

*Blanfort*, A yong French nobleman, nephew to Aubusson, in love with the true Queen of Cyprus, formerly contracted to Marina.

*Rivalto*,  
*Villmarin*,  
*Linnian*, } Knights of Rhodes, and factious against Aubusson.

*Riccio*, A Cyprian Lord, Counsellour to the exil'd queen.

*Capriccio*, A merry drinking Captain of the Guards, something exceptionous.

*Monthaleon*, An honest knight of Rhodes, friend to Aubusson, and Blanfort.

## THE WOMEN

*Queen of Cypress*, Expell'd and come to Rhodes for refuge.  
*Marina*, Contracted to and forsaken by *Blanfort*, now disguis'd,  
 and under the name of *Carino*, serves as page to *Aubusson*.  
*Clarilla*, Favorite, and confident to the Queen.

Guards and Attendants on the Great Master, and on the Generall,  
 and Women and Attendants on the Queen.

The General Scene is the Great Masters Pallace in the Isle of  
 Rhodes.

## THE FIRST ACT: THE FIRST SCENE

*The Queen's Apartment*

*At the drawing up of the Curtain, a sound of Hautbois, Trum-  
 petts, and other naval musick is heard as from the Sea*

*Enter Riccio and Clarilla.*

*Ric.* *Clarilla*, where's the Queen?

Knows she the news, that *Lauredan* is landing?

*Clar.* Who is alive in Rhodes, and does not know itt?

So loud his trumpetts eccho round the Shoar,  
 And usher in the pomp, with which he sails;  
 The sound, to all that love the Queen, is hatefull,  
 Since to his arm alone, she owes her ruine,  
 Who fix'd the bold Vsurper on her throne,  
 And now maintains his Widdowe in that wrong,  
 The proud *Cornara*, whom he serves with passion.

10

*Ric.* Nay! more *Clarilla*, all his businesse here  
 Is to remove our Queen, from this retreat,  
 And at the best, confine her close for ever.

*Clar.* He cant be cruel sure to that degree,  
 Fame gives itt out, he has some noble thoughts,  
 And pitty too (as I have been inform'd)  
 For our great Mistresse, in her change of fortune;  
 Which cannot, sure, consist with such harsh usage.

*Ric.* Compassion, oh! 'tis deaf, when intrest moves.

Did itt not plead, d'you think, with all itt's arts 20

To Agamemnon, for his Daughter's life?

Did itt not tell him, she was fair, and Yong,

Guiltlesse, as Nymphs that haunt the fountains side

Far from th' infected air of Towns, and Courts?

Did not soft pitty, whisper to his soul

That 'twas himself, that he must wound in her,

And the dear mother's part, which more he pris'd?

Yet, ouer all these tender bounds he passt

And sees her to the Temple brought, at last.

The People groan, and he himself appears 30

Like a full cloud, just breaking into tears.

The Priest too wept, but int'rest had decreed

Int'rest the god of all, that she shou'd bleed;

For int'rest, now she's on the altar laid,

And but a pow'r devine cou'd save the maid.

*Clar.* Good Riccio, speak no more such moving things;

Our present ills, have made my heart so apt

For sad impressions —

That I can weep, at hearing but a fable.

And tell me then, if pitty cannot do itt, 40

What may be thought on, to preserve the Queen?

*Ric.* We sail, indeed, amid'st a world of dangers,

Some Ports we haue, but many winds against us.

Venice, that bred Cornara in her bosome,

Wou'd still maintain her, in the height she's grown to,

And 'tis from them, the Genral's now commission'd

To make the attempt I told you, on our freedom.

Rivalto's Suttle, and the Master's foe,

And link'd in that, with Villmarin and Linian,

Who still oppose the interests of our Queen. 50

These shou'd be soothed and flatter'd into freindship;

But Blanfort's love, oh! thats our Southern gale,

Which if improv'd, we shou'd not want a harbour.

These things you may insinuate to the Queen,  
Who has no hopes, but in the help of freinds.

*Clar.* Oh! name not freindship, 'tis a weak supporter;  
And in this base and most degenerat age,  
Fitt only to erect a Sömer bower,  
And bear the curling top of some light vine;  
But if a torn, and tempest beaten oak, 60  
Falling, shou'd lean upon itt's boasted aid,  
Twou'd faintly shrink from the stupendious weight,  
And leave itt to embrace the humble dust.  
Nor can she flatter, she, who is the Sun  
To which those earthy vapours shou'd ascend,  
Will n'ere decline her beams, to court the foggs.  
For Blanfort's love, she shuns itt with such care,  
That yett, 't has ne're been told her, but by blushes.  
But 'tis the Prince, 'tis Aubusson, the just  
That must protect us, to preserve that title. 70

*Ric.* So may itt prove, and since the Queen is private  
I will return, and listen to the news.

Do you attend her still, and chear her spiritts,  
Perhaps, our fears present our dangers double,  
There is no Hydra, like uncertain trouble.

[*Exeunt severally*]

*The Scene changes to a Room of State.*

*Florish.*

*Enter at one door* Aubusson, Blanfort Carino, Monthaleon, Capriccio, &c., *at the other,* Lauredan, Rivalto, Villmarin, Linnian, and Lauredan's traine.

*Aub.* Brave Lauredan, the Isle of Rhodes salutes you.  
And hauing told you, in her warlike voyce  
Of drums and trumpetts, and the Canon's thunder  
That you are welcome to her crouded shoares,  
Does now by me, her father and her freind,  
In the soft sounds of peace, again confirm itt;

And from the State of Venice, what you bring,  
We stand prepar'd, with these our Knights to hear.

*Laur.* Then, from that Citty, thus I'm bid to say,  
To Aubusson, the Prince of conqu'ring Rhodes, 10  
The Christians Bullwork, and the Turks confusion,  
That much she seeks the freindship of that State  
Whose piety, and strictnesse to their vows,  
Can bring down Heav'n to blesse their brave attempts,  
And send their Fame, to be recorded there.  
All love she offers, and all kind accesse,  
Succours in war, and trade in fertile peace,  
With what shall farther be by you requir'd  
To knitt the bands, of this most wish'd for league.

*Aub.* Proceed my lord, to tell us her demands, 20  
For, if they are as gentle, as these proffers,  
Beleive me, Rhodes and Venice, shall be twinns,  
So much her wisdom; and her love we vallue.

*Laur.* Oh! they are gentler far, and of no tryal,  
No charge, or weighty burthen to the Isle,  
No nice requests, that ask a long debate  
And keep the sever'd Councill in suspence;  
This is the whole, that you resign to me  
To be conducted, where they have decree'd  
The person of the refug'd Cyprian Queen. 30

*A confused murm'ring of approbation arises among the faction,  
then Rivalto speaks.*

*Riv.* It is most fitt.

*Lin.* We cannot buy it cheaper.

*Vil.* He is no friend to Rhodes, that likes not this.

*Aub.* My lord, you call'd her refug'd in you[r] speech,  
Sure you did ill to mix that sacred word  
With those, that urge to violate the trust.  
Indeed, she came into our arms, for safety,  
And stak'd her royal life, upon our truth.



Here too, sh' has slept without her train of fears.  
 Only because we said she might dismisse them 40  
 And when she talk'd of seizing and confinement,  
 We bid her think herself as free as air;  
 And shall we now, to that, convert our words,  
 Making them lighter then the chaff itt plays with  
 Oh no! my Lord, she is, she shall be free.

*Laur.* She shall, and curs'd be he that wou'd opose itt,  
 She shall be free, on me repose that trust.

*Aub.* 'Tis lodg'd in us, and when we give itt up,  
 Our honour, at that moment we resign.  
 And think my Lord, what we have done for honour, 50  
 Who when th' Imperial Turk came proudly on,  
 Follow'd by numbers, countlesse as the stars,  
 T' exact a shamefull tribute worse then death,  
 With handfulls, in that cause, repuls'd the Tyrant  
 And struck him, in his Tent, with such dispair,  
 As made his Soul, a sacrafice to peace,  
 That long had trembl'd, underneath his fury.  
 Oh! Lauredan, lett Venice still remember  
 'Twas honour, made us stem that high wrought tide,  
 And force an ebb on that prodigious Sea. 60  
 And since 'tis in this cause as much engag'd,  
 Tell 'em, that with like vigour wee'll maintain it.

*Laur.* My Lord I've done, but cou'd me thinks have wisht,  
 That ere you'd urg'd so fully your refusall,  
 The reasons might have been at large discuss'd,  
 On which the Senate built this fair request.

[To *Aub*

*Vil.* The reasons, ought to have been heard, my Lord.

*Lin.* We're all concern'd, and tis no private cause.

*Rivalt.* 'Tis fitt, that Venice who bestows that Crown,  
 Shou'd in her pow'r, haue all that are pretenders; 70  
 We are not to decide whose right itt is.



*Blanf.* Nor are you call'd Rivalto to that task,  
What our Great Master has return'd in answer,  
Will please the good, the gen'rous, and the just,  
And I so fully joyn in that decree,  
That this, and life shall leave me e're 'tis chang'd.

[*Laying his hand on his sword*

*Laur.* So yong! so handsome! and so much concern'd?  
It strikes me deeper then my last dessign,  
For sure in that, ther's something more then honour.

*Aub.* Blanfort, as neerest me in blood and duty, [*Aside.* 80  
I first command you silence, and respect;  
Next, know Rivalto, Vilmarin, and Linian,  
That you shall thrive no better, in this strife,  
Then when ye poorly from the Town retir'd,  
And drew your troops from off the Citty's guard,  
Because your clamorous councill to resign itt  
Was over rul'd, by all the freinds to honour.  
That, I forgave, but will not still be cross'd,  
Nor yeild my pow'r, and place, to bold intruders,  
Capriccio, see your guards perform their duty, 90  
And silence all that dare to interrupt us.

[*Linian offers to speak, Rivalto speaks to him aside*

*Riv.* No more, 'tis not a time to urge him farther,  
Leave itt to me, to fell this soaring pride,  
When things are ripen'd, which I have in working.

*Aub.* Think not my Lord, because you hear dissension  
That 'tis my arbitrary will prevails  
But know, that ere your vessel loos'd from Venice,  
Fame, with her thousand tongues, had told your purpose.  
And 'twas the states, th' assembl'd states decree,  
That it shou'd instantly be thus rejected 100  
Least, that a secret, and obscure debate

Might make itt thought, we were dispos'd to yeild,  
 And only held our honour at a price  
 Above, what your commission was to offer.  
 Therefore my Lord, here end this vain request,  
 Whilst thus again, I take you to my arms.

[*Embracing him.*]

And to our love, repeat you are most welcome.

*Laur.* To charm the person, whilst you blast his hopes,  
 Is sure my Lord, particular to you.

Yett grant me this att least, to see the Queen. 110  
 In private but to see, and to discourse her,  
 My last demand, I fix upon this point;  
 Which if obtain'd, shall still my discontents,  
 And make me think myself not unsuccesfull.

*Aub.* If she consents my lord itt shall be so,  
 There let itt rest.—

Whilst Rhodes shall tryumph that within her walls  
 She lodges such a Souldier as your self.  
 Lead on before, and lett our trumpetts tell  
 How much we glory in our warlike guest. 120

[*Exeunt Aub. with Laur. follow'd by all but Rivalto, who stays  
 and lays hold on Carino, who seems to endeavour to get from  
 him.*]

*Riv.* Why, strive you to avoid me thus Marina,  
 Am I become of late, so dreadfull to you?

*Car.* Oh! good Rivalto, lett the voyce be low  
 That speaks a name, which I must own with blushes  
 You only know, I am not what I seem,  
 And when you wrought me to assume this shape,  
 Upon your Order, solemnly you swore,  
 Ne're to reveal, without my free consent,  
 That itt conceal'd a poor, unhappy woman.

*Riv.* Nor have I, though your frequent scorns have urg'd  
 itt 130

Beyond the patience of all hearts, but mine.  
O! yett relent, fair, charming Maid relent,  
And pleasure, with her best supporter, wealth,  
Shall still be handmaids, to your matchlesse beauty.

*Car.* Name 'em no more, to her that's lost to both,  
Wealth I abandon'd, when I left my father,  
And fled his house, a vagabond for love.  
And as for pleasure, oh! Rivalto, know,  
Tis so confin'd, with all its sweet attractions,  
To the dear person, of my faithlesse Blanfort, 140  
That since he's false, tis not in Fortune's pow'r  
To tempt my soul, with the deluding proffer.

*Riv.* Do all your joys, depend then on his truth.

*Car.* Yes, were he mine, as holy vows oblige him,  
And lay unmindfull of the fleeting hours,  
Stretch'd at my feet, 'till Phœbus left the skye,  
Breathing out sighs, soft as the southern winds,  
And printing on my hands, a thousand kisses,  
Then, cou'd I tell my soul in full delight,  
That this was pleasure, fitt for the immortals. 150  
But oh! they're past, those eager joys are past,  
And all extreams, to their own ruine haste.

*Riv.* No more! Marina, I will hear no more,  
By all the stars, that crosse my hopes, I will not.  
Why, shou'd you speak such fond, and moving things,  
And not for me, who know I best deserve them?  
Weigh but my services, against his youth,  
And when the beauty of his form persuades,  
Be just, and sett the dangers I have run  
To bring you here, from all your pow'rfull freinds 160  
Against that gaudy trifle of an hour.

*Car.* Vrge not those dangers, which you fondly sought  
To gratify your own, and not my passion.  
Oh! had I known in Rome, your true dessein,

Ne'ere had I listen'd to those fair pretences.  
Which drew me thence, to misery, and Rhodes.  
To see my Lord, doat on another face,  
Whilst not one feature here, he doth suspect  
To be the same he lov'd in poor Marina.

Oh why Rivalto, why, would you deceive me, 170  
Why wou'd you work all this, why wou'd you love?

*Riv.* Why, wou'd you lett me know that you cou'd love  
And talk, above the rate of other women?  
Why wou'd you rob me of a safe belief  
(The only guard against enticing beauty,)  
That all your sex, were foolish, vain, inconstant,  
Form'd of a rib, beneath the heart of man.

The seat of noble, and exalted passions,  
And only made pertakers of his spleen,  
By which they laugh, and weep, and love, and hate, 180  
And steer the course of their uncertain souls,  
Why did you let me see, to my undoing,  
You was not thus, and charm me from my refuge?

*Car.* Think on your order and your vow Rivalto,  
Oh! think of that, and leave to urge me more,  
For what, you shou'd not take, if itt were granted

*Riv.* When itt was made, war was my sovereign passion,  
And Faith, I swore, to that my native cheif,  
But love prevailing ore my alter'd heart,  
Tells me to love, I only owe obedience; 190  
Therefore to you, the Pow'r that sways my soul,  
Upon my knees, again I will repeat them,  
And on this altar, white as Parian marble,  
Seal and confirm, th' irrevocable oath.

[*Offers to take her hand.*]

*Car.* Oh! hear me first, what I intend to swear,

[*Shee kneels.*]

Tis now my turn, you've done itt once already.

By all the hearts, that bleed without return,

By all the Virgins, that in secret mourn,  
 By all the tender and aluring things,  
 Writt by soft pens, drawn from yong Cupids wings, 200  
 By love himself, and by his mothers smiles,  
 By ev'ry thing, that flatters and beguiles  
 I swear to man, I n'ere will listen more —

*[She pauses and sighs.]*

Unlesse to him, who broak all vows before.

*Riv.* Ten thousand curses, tear him from the earth,  
 And furies (such as prey upon my soul)  
 Be still th' attendants of his anxious hours.  
 And as for you, Marina —  
 Cruel, ungratefull, obstinate Marina,  
 Know, that I will not whine, and be despis'd, 210  
 Nor dye despairing, and yett blesse the cause.  
 No, from this hour, itt is resolv'd, your charms  
 Shall be embrac'd, or crush'd between these arms.

*[She goes out att one door, he going meets at the other door, Vilmarin and Linnian, and returns with them.]*

*Vil.* You're tame Rivalto, and have made us so;  
 Restrain'd the gen'rous heat, we shou'd have shewn,  
 Before the Great, and strict observing General,  
 Who may report itt, that he saw us baff'd,  
 Rated like boys, and slander'd with reproach  
 Of base dessigns, to haue betray'd our Country.

*Riv.* It was no slander that, we wou'd have done itt. 220  
 And tho his pow'r o'recame, and made us yeild,  
 Yett, were itt to be try'd again I'de tempt itt:  
 And to the Turk, the Tartar, or the Fiend  
 Give up my Country, Kinsmen, Laws, Religion,  
 Rather then see them bow beneath the sway  
 Of this adoar'd, insulting Aubusson.

*Lin.* Why did you stop me then, when I was fir'd,

And would have urg'd it, loudly to the croud,  
That his proceedings were tyrannical.

*Riv.* Yes, to have bred their sport —

230

When Captain puff, had stopt your tongue,  
And haled ye to confinement.

No, no, revenge shall take a surer course,  
And when my thunder darts, with full comission,  
It shall not leave, to this aspiring Cedar,  
One lofty branch, to kisse the passe [*sic*] clouds,  
Or tell the world that once itt rul'd the grove.

*Vil.* If 'tis his life you mean, when thus you threat'n,  
Th' attempting that, perhaps may cost our own.

*Riv.* It might indeed.—

240

Think therefore, how t'would please ye, to destroy  
What more then life, he euer has esteem'd,  
And yett be safe, to see, and to rejoyce in 't.

*Lin.* How itt wou'd please, is sure, not to be told;  
But he's so fenc'd about with fame, and freinds,  
With fortune, and the fawning of the world,  
That, to my eye, no part appears unguarded,  
Where we may fix a wound that wou'd be fatal.

*Riv.* To shew you that, must be my part, my freinds,  
But this is not a time, or place for secrets.

250

Only thus much, think how 'twill feed revenge,  
To see this Saint, this praying fighting Saint,  
This child of Fame, this cloud of holy Incence,  
Expos'd a profligate, and secret sinner,  
And like an orespent taper, stink, and vanish.

*Lin.* Oh! 'twill be rare, but tell me, is he thus?  
For though I wish itt, I can scarce beleive itt.

*Riv.* You shall beleive, and both be actors in itt,  
For shou'd I undertake the task alone,  
It might appeare, season'd with too much malice,  
For, since he from the Treasury, thrust me out,

260



With publick scandal of abuses there,  
The world's too well acquainted how I hate him;  
Anon we'll meet, at his, or at your lodgings,  
And all shall be reveal'd, till when, farewell.

*Lin.* I long to hear itt, till that time we'll part.

*Vil.* The lesse we're seen together, 'tis the better.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Blanfort and Monthaleon.

*Blan.* 'Tis true, the very mention of itt, shook me,  
And call'd up all the anger of my soul.  
Oh! think how Rhodes wou'd look if she were absent, 270  
How dull, how solitary, 'twoud appear,  
Did not her smiles, that tryumph o're her sorrows,  
Chear, and enliven, all the glad beholders.

*Month.* My Lord, you speak as if we all were lovers,  
To you indeed, I grant it may be so.

*Blan.* To me indeed, I do confesse Monthaleon  
The Sun n'ere rises, but with new delight  
I think 'twill bring again, some happy hour  
When I may gaze upon a brighter beauty.  
And folded in, by night's returning shades, 280  
I blesse 'em not, for silence, or for rest,  
But for the softer slumbers, that present  
The lovely Queen, in all her charms of wonder.

*Month.* As honour'd with the title of you[r] freind,  
I shou'd be greiv'd to hear this mighty passion,  
Did I not hope, your most indulgent kinsman  
Wou'd both allow, and urge itt with the Queen;  
Who, may for shelter, from the present storm,  
Be glad to find a haven in your arms,  
And so, be more secure, of our protection. 290

*Blan.* The proposition, warms me into raptures,  
But oh! I wou'd not owe itt to her fears,  
My passion is too nice (tho' ne'r so famist)



To feed on ought, but what's prepared by love;  
 Therefore, I'll tell her first, how I adore her,  
 And hope to be more blest in my endeavours,  
 To find a time, when I may own my flame,  
 Then heitherto, my fortune has afforded,  
 Since first I languish't in this soft desire;  
 Till that is done, forbear to urge the Master. 300

*Month.* May you succeed, and when you shall comānd  
 me,

I'll do my part, pray loose no time my lord.

*Blan.* Oh! fear me not, this moment I'll about itt.

To urge me on to haste, as vain wou'd prove,  
 As to give speed to time, or wings to love.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Riccio alone.*

*Ricc.* To see and to discourse with her in private  
 That's his request, and Aubusson allows itt  
 Perhaps, the Queen will give itt her permission,  
 If not deterr'd by my severer council,  
 Which shall be urg'd most strongly, to prevent itt, 310  
 Nor, will I stick to aggravate his speech.

And put such harshnesse on his late demands  
 As shall create a new displeasure for him.  
 His hate to me, I hear he has profess'd,  
 For that, I won my Queen, to fly from Cyprus,  
 And not to trust the false and flatt'ring speeches,  
 With which, he subtly strove to have detain'd her  
 Wherefore, I must be ware of his revenge,  
 And not allow, (tho' twou'd restore her Crown)

That he shou'd 'ere conferr with her, in private, 320  
 Least something might be urg'd, to work my ruine.

For yet the World has n'ere that Statesman known,  
 Who for his Princes int'rest, wav'd his own. [*Exit.*

## ACT II SCENE I

*A Room of State*

*Enter the Queen, talking with Riccio*

*Queen.* Is he so earnest then, to urge my fetters,  
And seems his barb'rous triumph uncompleat,  
Unlesse, a Princesse grace itt, with her presence.  
The meanest wretch, to liberty is born,  
And 'tis a tyrant's work, to force 'em from it.  
The forest claims itt, for her savage traine;  
And chearfull birds, that feel itt in the air,  
Sing to that happy state, their softest carolls.  
And, wou'd he rob me, of this com̄on blessing?  
Oh! 'tis most cruel, most inhuman Riccio, 10  
Did none reply, and tell him 'twas inhuman?  
Or was he sooth'd with flatt'ry of the croud,  
Who still believe, the last heard tale, is best?

*Ricc.* It prov'd so here indeed, the faction murmur'd,  
And call'd his bold request, a just demand;  
Cheifly, Rivalto seconded his speech,  
Till yong Lord Blanfort, like another Perseus  
In the fair cause of Innocence opresst,  
Rush'd on the Monster, with such gen'rous fury,  
As struck him into silent rage, and blushes, 20  
At which the haughty Gen'ral, sternly frown'd,  
And utter'd something, lost to me by distance.

*Queen.* I much disire to know, by what com̄ission,  
He undertakes, to be my publick Champion?  
On his great kinsman, I repose my fortunes,  
Nor will a weaker Atlas, 'ere support 'em.  
But Riccio, go, and give the Prince of Rhodes,  
That answer to his message, I deliver'd,  
For by your reasons, urg'd to me within,  
I am determin'd not to see the General. 30

*Ricc.* Your wise commands, I'll instantly obey,  
And soon return, to lett you know th' event.

*Queen.* Do so, I with impatience, shall expect itt.

[*Exit Rice.*]

Will loue be caught, with gazing but an hour,  
If so, itt is not safe to look abroad,  
And women's eyes, by flatt'ers call'd so dreadfull,  
Will only prove of danger to themselves?  
I ne'er beheld this Lauredan, but once,  
And 'twas that fatal day, which crush'd my fortunes,  
Yett, is his form, still present to my sight, 40  
And such methinks, as I cou'd wish the mans  
Whom fate wou'd chuse, to give me back my Crown.  
And that he's brave, I know, by having lost itt.  
Nor did he seem to me so rudely feirce,  
So full of terrour, as they now describe him;  
His speech was gentle and his looks were sad.  
My sighs he eccho'd, and to stop my tears,  
Told me, if that I left not yett the shore,  
He wou'd retreive the fortune of the day,  
And give me back my Kingdom for a smile; 50  
But Riccio sais, he loves my Throne's possessour,  
And now to fix her, urges my confinement,  
Else, all his wrongs, I cou'd methinks forgive,  
That hours soft treatment, pleads so strongly for him.

[*As she walks upon the stage, enter Blanfort, and talks to himself,  
whilest her face is from him.*]

*Blan.* I've sent Capriccio, to engage her women,  
Carino too, that us'd to interrupt me  
As certainly as if he had design'd itt,  
Is playing out a game, which I begun,  
And cannot rob me of this happy moment.

*Queen.* He has surpris'd me, which I still avoided. 60

[*Aside seeing him.*]

And once Clarilla, has forgot my orders,  
I must not lett him manage the discourse.

If I may guesse, my Lord, what brings you here;  
To seek me out, before the publick hour,  
Tis to describe some splendid entertainment,  
Some Mask design'd, or musick, to divert  
The stranger, lately landed on your shoars.

*Blan.* Had you but guest more right, or durst I speak itt.  
Then, Madam, wou'd the cause that brings me here,  
Appear as much above those comon trifles, 70  
As, you excell all others, in perfection.

*Queen.* If 'tis my Lord so dang'rous to be told,  
Still to conceal itt, is the way to safety.

*Blan.* Oh! rather say to death, and to dispair;  
So long, already, have I trod the path,  
The solitary path of silent wishes,  
That rather than I still will wander there,  
I'll boldly leap the precipice before me,  
And perish in attempting to be free.  
See! Madam, at your feet, to rise no more, [*He kneels.* 80  
If you deny his suit, the wretched'st slave  
That ere submitted to the pow'r of ——

[*Seeing Carino enter the Queen interrupts Blan.*

*Queen.* My Lord you are observ'd, but if to me,  
You've anything of moment to impart,  
Riccio, my wise, and faithfull Councillour,  
Will best receive, and bring itt to my knowledge.  
His coming, just to stop the word, I fear'd,

[*Aside as she walks from him.*

Was as I cou'd have wish'd itt.

*Blan.* Who sins in love in love shall still be curs'd,

[*Aside.*

Else, sure this boy, cou'd n'er have crosst me now. 90  
 How is itt, thou hast left the play, Carino, [To Car.  
 I trusted thee to manage, in my absence.

*Car.* Indeed, my Lord, since I have been in Rhodes,  
 I'm seiz'd sometimes, with such a sudden passion,  
 Such quick disorder'd beatings at my heart,  
 As nothing but the air and motion cures.  
 Forgive me, that when now I felt itt coming  
 I left with Linnian, what you gave to me,  
 And know, he better will perform the task.

*Blan.* I do forgive thee, but I must be plain, 100  
 And tell thee, I wou'd entertain the Queen  
 Without a witnesse, therefore now retire,  
 Before she turns, and may perhaps detain thee.

*Car.* My Lord, I'll passe that way, and find her women.  
 [*Pointing to y<sup>e</sup> door where the Queen stands.*]

*Blan.* Thou't be observ'd.

*Car.* I'll steal so gently by,  
 I must retire, since he so plainly bids itt, [Aside.  
 But I've one strattagem, Love make it prosper.

[*Seems to steal by y<sup>e</sup> Queen, pulling a handkerchief out of her  
 pockett, a paper falls out in sight of the Queen.*]

*Queen.* What paper's this, comes itt from you, Carino?

*Blan.* The trifler has undone my dear dessign. 110  
 [Aside.]

And robb'd me, of this long sought hour of blisse.

*Car.* Forgive me, Madam, that my carelesse action  
 [*Taking up the paper.*]

Has made it fall, so neer your royal feet

*Queen.* Is't not a song, confesse the truth Carino,  
 Come I will see itt, or be much displeas'd  
 Who waits? call in Phelinda, she shall sing itt.

[*Enter Phelinda.*]

## THE SONG

All your sighs, to air are turning,  
 All your vows, will soon be lost,  
 Quench'd those flames, which ne're left burning,  
 'Till they had my freedom cost. 120

Yett, remember whilst denying,  
 How you strove to change my mind,  
 Men are lost, but by complying,  
 Women lou'd but 'till they're kind.

*Queen.* Indeed 'tis well, extreamly well Carino.  
 But this complaint, shou'd not be made by you.

*Enter Riccio*

*Blan.* More interruption, then 'tis vain to hope, [*Aside.*  
 And opertunity's as coy as beauty.

*Queen.* With the great Master Riccio have you been?

*Blan.* I find he comes with buisnesse, to the Queen 130  
 And must retire——

But oh! 'tis death to goe,  
 And not the fortune of my passion knowe.

[*Exit, followed by Carino.*

*Ricc.* Great Aubusson, entreats your Royal presence,  
 Who waits with some selected from the Council,  
 For conference with you, on this great occasion.  
 But Madam, for the reasons lately urg'd  
 I wou'd advise, that still you shou'd resolve  
 To stand unmov'd, in what I now have told you.

*Queen.* Fear not my Lord, that I will see the Generall,

[*Going out.*

Who pleads for nothing, but my certain ruine. 140

[*Exeunt.*



*The Scene changes to an outward room in the Queen's apartment,  
Blanfort passing through it with Carino*

*Blan.* Thou knowst I love, and cannot chide thee long;  
But prithee, be more carefull for the future,  
Not to prevent, my conference with the Queen,  
Since I have told thee, that my life depends on 't.

*As they are going off Capriccio peeps out att the contrary door,  
and in a low voyce calls to Blanfort.*

*Cap.* My Lord, my Lord, may I not be releas't,  
I've done an hour's hard duty here, to serve you,  
Another such, wou'd wear me to a shaddow?

*Blan.* Well, take thy liberty, itt is enough.

[*Capriccio enters.*

Prythee, what is't has made thee so impatient,  
Their conversation, cou'd not tire thee, sure. 10

*Cap.* Their prating did, I know not what you call itt.

*Blan.* Well, their discourse, how did they entertain thee?

*Cap.* Why, alltogether, and ev'ry one, as much as she  
cou'd.

Sing us a song, good Captain, says one.

[*Imitating their voyces.*

No, no, says another, tell us a story of the Turks;

Oh! but was you never in love, says a third.

Yes, yes, says I, most inhumanely,

And then I looked leeringly thus, upon my Lady Clarilla,

That she might think itt was with her.

But was you never drunk, says another, 20

A notable pert wench, that,

And came home to me, i' faith;

But says I, what in my face betrays itt?

Nay, nothing says she,

For a red nose, may be caught with standing

Too long in the sun, and at that,



They all sett up a laugh, tee, hee, ha, ha, a,  
Which lasted a full quarter of an hour,  
Without any interruption; but I was glad of that,  
For itt gave me time to study an answer. 30

*Car.* And 'twas a good one, sure, lett's hear itt Captain?

*Cap.* Why, I told em, so many tongues  
Was too much for one pair of ears,  
And that, if itt was not for somebody's sake,  
More then their own, they shou'd have talk'd  
To themselves for me.

And that a man was a man, and a nose was a nose,  
Lett it look of what colour it wou'd.

*Blan.* 'Twas smart indeed,  
But you did ill, to let them anger you, 40  
Twas that, which bred their mirth,  
No more of this, for our great Master comes.

*Enter as from Council with the Queen, Aubusson, Monthaleon,  
Vilmarin, Linian, &c.*

*Aub.* Not, that I fear a war with the Venetians,  
Or to have bought their freindship, with dishonour,  
Did I endeavour to persuade the Queen  
To some compliance with the Gen'ralls wishes;  
But in that Prince, there lives a soul so noble,  
So great, so gen'rous, and so truly valiant,  
That much it greives me, he shou'd part from Rhodes  
(Which boasts herself the nurse of all these vertues) 50  
With such a hard repulse as here he meets.

*Month.* Indeed, my lord, I think t' have given him  
audience,  
Had been an act of prudence, in the Queen,  
Nor were the reasons Riccio urg'd against itt,  
Of weight enough, to give him satisfaction,  
And 'tis most sure, we've drawn a war upon us.

*Blan.* Why, let itt come, we have no other buisnesse,  
 Tis the foundation of our sacred order.  
 And though 'twas cheifly meant against the Turks,  
 Yett he that asks us, what we shou'd not grant, 60  
 By that, becomes as much our Country's foe.  
 The war, the war, I'm for the war, and scorn the proposition.

*Aub.* Carino says not so, the mention of itt  
 Has chang'd the colour, from his youthfull cheeks.

*Car.* I hope I should not shun itt, out of fear.

*Aub.* What then Carino, care to keep thy beauty?

[*Laying his hand on her head and stroaking her face.*

Thou art indeed, too handsome for the field,  
 And 'twas such features, cross'd great Pompey's fortune,  
 Loosing him at Pharsalia, half the world,  
 Which till that time, he held in spite of Cæsar. 70

*Vil.* So, so, soft and gentle, a lovely woman truly,

[*Aside to Lin.*

What fools were we, not to perceive it sooner.

*Blanf.* Was then my lord, that battle lost by beauty

*Aub.* O! yes itt was,  
 For Juluis, marking how their troops came on,  
 (Repelling with their beams, the sun's bright lustre,  
 A golden army, and a feather'd war,  
 Where ev'ry youth, to his complexion, match'd  
 Colours, that best adorn'd and set it off)  
 Call'd to his Vetterans, deform'd with scarrs, 80  
 And bid 'em mark those faces, like their own;  
 The stern command, as roughly was obey'd;  
 And now, assaulted in that seat of charms,  
 Sooner they chose, to show the foe their backs,  
 Then not before their Mistresse [s], appear  
 With those sweet looks, that drew their parting tears.  
 But we loose time,  
 Follow me Blanfort, and Monthaleon too,

That we may think, what terms will best become,  
And soften, what the Gen'rall must be told. 90

*Blan.* Whershall I meet with thee again, Carino? [*Aside.*

*Car.* I'll waite you in the Grove, that fronts the Pallace,  
A Lute, and voyce, shall tell the place directly.

*Exeunt* Aub: Month: Blan: Car.

*Lin.* Lett's seek Rivalto,  
Since what we've mark'd our selves,  
I long for more discourse, upon the subject. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Rivalto

*Riv.* They're now engag'd, both in my dark contrivance;  
What I have next to doe;  
Will be to fleece 'em of the wealth I want:  
And then lett Fortune, as they're fools, befreind 'em. 100  
The rest of my dessigns, come bravely on,  
Already, has the General been treated  
Just as I meant he shou'd, when by forg'd letters  
I wrought on Riccio, to oppose his purpose,  
Which, may, provoke the State, he stands concern'd for  
And breed new troubles, to our haughty Master.  
For Blanfort too, something I must contrive,  
Which may, without my hand, cut off a Rival.  
And when I have expos'd Marina's fame,  
Making that use on't, my revenge exacts, 110  
I'll take her, humbl'd by the world's contempt,  
And flying to some far, some sweet retreat,  
Shake off these Vows, that manacle my Soul,  
And taste the joys, of liberty, and Love.

Tis luxury, not honour, I desire,  
The real warmth, and not the painted fire;  
To all my senses, their full pleasures give  
I care not how reproach'd or scorn'd I live.

[*Enter to him a Gentleman, with a letter.*]

*Gent.* Receive this, Sir, sent to you from the General,  
Who with itt, bids me tell you, on his honour, 120  
Noe harm shall reach you, if itt meets compliance.  
Since all his ends are fair, as time shall prove them,  
And that he chose this way, to shun suspicion,  
Which might have risen from a private conference.

*Riv.* I'm proud, in anything to be commanded  
By that great man, whom here we treat so slightly,  
Oh! we are bravely govern'd, but no more.

Nay, then, if fates as [*sic*] work, as fast as I [*Reads aside.*

It must go well.

Sir, tell the Gen'ral, what he here desires 130  
Falls in the compasse of my pow'r and will,  
And, when the proper hour of night, arrives,  
I'll wait upon him and secure his purpose  
This and all honour to him. [*Exeunt.*

[*The scene changes to a Grove, Carino alone.*]

*Car.* I am resolv'd, at last, to tempt my fortune,  
And by some tender policy, renew  
The dear remembrance of his once fond passion;  
And if one spark of all that fire remains,  
I'll own myself, and try to urge itt higher,  
Or else in silence, and despair, expire.

[*Enter one with a Lute.*

Oh! here's the tunefull guide, I said, shou'd lead him,  
'Tis well you're come, pray sing the song I sent you,  
And, lett your musick soften, what's too harsh.

#### A SONG

Love, give thy traine of slaves away, 10  
To those whose Pleasure is their pride,  
To me, a gentle sigh convey,  
Unheard by all the world beside.

A soft and secret falling tear,  
A tender thought but half expresst,  
Whilst am'rous looks, allay'd with fear,  
And glowing blushes, speak the rest.

Oh! still to me, addresse such fires,  
As were beneath the Mirtles known,  
E're men had learn'd to feign desires, 20  
Or Women, proud, or false, were grown.

For since to Courts, and Cittys come,  
Wealth, thy declining pow'r invades,  
And Vanity usurps thy room,  
Unknown to Innocence and shades.

*Car.* See, itt has brought him [Aside.  
Now you may retire. [Exit musician.

*Enter Blanfort*

*Blan.* I come, Carino, drawn by thy sweet notes,  
Which through the grove, take their harmonious way,  
Whilst hov'ring Cupids hang upon the air, 30  
And catch the feathered sounds, to wing their arrows.  
But tell me, Youth, why doest thou seek retirement?  
The dark, and gloomy corners of the world,  
Were only made, for sad, and sighing lovers.  
Of these, thou art not one, I hope thou art not,  
For in that name, all misery's compris'd. [He sighs.

*Car.* Alas! my lord, I greive to hear you sigh,  
For one, that does the precious breath disperse,  
And thinks her shrine, too glorious for such incense.  
But, did you never Love, my Lord, till now, 40  
Nor taste the pleasing part, of that sweet passion?  
Methinks, this place to confidence invites.  
And I cou'd here unfold my secrett thoughts,  
Were but your bosome, willing to receive them,

And I might hope a sutable return;  
 Shall I begin my lord, or ask your pardon  
 For having thus presum'd, to seek an honour,  
 Which you may think me too unworthy of.

*Blan.* No, I dare trust thee,  
 And if thy tale be love, mine shall be soe; 50  
 Do thou begin, and then I will unfold  
 Who won my heart, before I saw the Queen;  
 Here we'll lye down, and on this bank of flow'rs  
 Discourse of love, and all itt's pleasing powers.

[*They sett down leaning agaynst ye bank.*]

*Car.* Keep off intruders, Fortune, for this moment,  
 And all my life, shall be at thy dispose. [Aside.

*Blan.* Why doest thou pause, if love 'ere touth'd thy  
 breast,

Begin, and tell the time,  
 With ev'ry circumstance, that bred thy passion?

*Car.* The time, my lord, when I began to love, 60  
 And yielded, to this Tyrant of my peace,  
 Was that, which brought your last deceased Master  
 With all his traine, of warlike knights to Rome,  
 To clear himself, before the holy chair  
 Of foul aspersions, cast upon his honour;  
 Sure you was there my Lord; I think you was.  
 Do you remember nothing of that time?

*Blan.* O! yes I doe, and if that was the season,  
 Ther's something, sure, of Sympathy betwixt us. 70  
 Go on, and make me know as well the place.

*Car.* The place, oh! 'twas most fitt for the occasion,  
 Secret, and blooming, with the verdant spring;  
 A Grove of mirtles, compass'd itt about,  
 Which gave no more admittance to the Sun  
 Then serv'd to chear the new appearing flowers,  
 And tell the birds, itt was their time to sing



A cristal spring, stole through the tufted grasse,  
Hasting, to reach a fountain, which itt fed,  
And murmur'd still, when 'ere itt found a stop.

[*She pauses.*

*Blan.* As I shall do, if thou doest not proceed, 80  
What then Carino?

*Car.* I must be vain, and now describe myself  
As he, then told me, I appear'd to him. [*Aside.*

'Twas here, my lord, neer to this fountains side  
I saw the Maid, the soft, the charming Maid,  
That seem'd to give the sweetnesse to the place,  
And in her self, posesst all I've describ'd,  
The season's youth, and freshnesse of the flow'rs,  
The harmony of all the tunefull birds,  
And clearnesse of the Spring, on which she gaz'd. 90

*Blan.* 'Tis wond'rous sweet,  
What doest thou call this Paradise of pleasure?

*Car.* The Gardens, to the Duke of Mantua's Pallace.

*Blan.* Ha! tis yett more strange, but hast'n to the rest,  
For night, I think begins to steal upon us

*Car.* At my approach, she left her mossy seat,  
And from her arm, a scarfe, an azure scarfe  
Fell to the ground, which hastily I seiz'd on,  
And by that pledge, stopt her intended flight,  
She stood endeav'ring to regain the favour, 100  
And I, transported, gazing on her charms,  
Blessing the chance, but what I said I know not;  
Yett, sure if words are copy'd from the heart,  
'Twas something, that expresst a sweet amaze,  
A mighty rapture, and a new born passion.  
My Lord, you seem as if you markt me not,  
A thoughtfull air, has disposess'd the smiles  
With which you bid me to repeat my passion.

*Blan.* Tell me Carino, where thou hadst this story?

[*Rising in disorder*



By my past love, and future hopes 'tis mine; 110  
 The time, the place, all circumstances mine;  
 The very scarfe, which thus thou hast describ'd,  
 Is now within my Cabinett lockt up.

Unfold this riddle, for I will be told  
 If she, whom once I trusted with my soul,  
 And all the infant follies, of my love  
 Has lightly, made itt a discourse, for boys?

*[He coming up to her, looks earnestly on her, then turns aside and speaks.]*

Oh! I have found a secret that distracts me,  
 Dull as I was, 'ere this not to perceive itt.

*Car.* I dare not speak, nor turn my eyes that way, *[Aside.]*  
 I know I've but too well explain'd myself, 121  
 And have procur'd instead of what I hop'd for,  
 Only his hate, which this last transport shews me.

*[Enter Capriccio throwing up his cap and singing.]*

*Capr.* Tell not me of the killing,  
 The wild, and the willing  
 In faith, I shou'd chuse the much rather,  
 I'll have one that shall come,  
 At the beat of my Drum,  
 Or the tossing up of my feather.

Such Chios! such Cypresse! such daring, dancing, delicate  
 liquors! 130

Such ragouts! to quicken the pallate; such mirth! such  
 madnesse!

Such firing! such hurra's! such healths!

*Blan.* Hey, where's all this.

Such hungry, thirsty raptures, I never heard of.

*Capr.* No, nor never will, if you lye whining,  
 And sighing, and singing, under an old rotten tree.  
 Till the Caterpillars breed nests, in your dainty locks.  
 But come away to your great Vnkle

That sends for you, who makes to-night  
 For the renown'd General, a most magnificent supper, 140  
 A supper! such a supper! butt I'll say no more on't  
 Till I see itt  
 My Lord, he told me he was in haste,  
 Therefore if you'll come, you'll come.  
 If you won't, tell him so your self.  
 I'll lose no time, the table fills apace,  
 And the glad Preist, has huddl'd o're his grace. [Exit.  
*Blan.* Half drunk already, thou'lt be dead e're midnight.  
*Carino*, oh *Carino*, be discreet,  
 Else what thou'st told, may prove a fatal story. 150  
 I cannot stay, to reason with thee farther,  
 But know that Death, and nothing else shall part me  
 From the persuit of the fair Cyprian Queen. [Exit.  
*Car.* I will not Hinder itt, I will not *Blanfort*,  
 Too well alas! *Marina* loves thee still,  
 Perjur'd, ungratefull, cruel as thou art,  
 To hang upon thy soft, and chearfull soul,  
 Her load of greifs, and break thy growing pleasures;  
 Nor, will I longer struggle with my fate,  
 But casting off this most unlucky garb, 160  
 And putting on to-night, my virgin dresse,  
 I'll to some holy, secret Cell remove,  
 And sigh and Pray, till I've outweary'd Love;  
 Then to the Grave, this hated body give,  
 And dye contented, that he so may live. [Exit.

ACT III SCENE 1<sup>ST</sup>

*A Room of State, the Queen and Clarilla appear in a balcony that  
 looks down into itt*

*Clar.* This curtain, safely will conceal you Madam,  
 Yett being made transparent, does allow  
 That you may see, and hear them as you please;

Nor will itt now be long 'ere they arrive,  
For I was told they're risen from the table.

*Queen.* Then goe, Clarilla, and secure the door,  
That none surprise me 'till I find thee there. [Exit Clar.  
I wou'd be free, to hate him as I ought,  
His comon theam, as Riccio has inform'd me,  
Is on my Rival, and her labour'd praises, 10  
The better, to insinuate to the world  
Things, less'ning to my person, and my title.  
Oh! may he urge itt now, and work my cure;  
For still in spite of all the wrongs I bear,  
Ther's something in my soul, too partial tow'rds him.  
But here they come, resentment, help me now.

*Enter as from supper, Aubusson, Lauredan, Blanfort, Monthaleon  
Rivalto, Vilmarin, Linnian, Capriccio, etc.*

*Aub.* With you, my Lord, we must divide that honour,  
For whil'st by Land, we gained the prize we fought for,  
Your winged Vessels, flew before the wind,  
And oretook Conquest on the watry world. 20  
But now, of War no more — bring in some wine,  
A Lady's health, shall soften the rough sound,  
Conclude the night, and give us peacefull slumbers.

[*Wine brought in, Aub. drinks.*

Health to the Queen of Cyprus,  
I know, my Lord, you are too much a Courtier  
To take offence, at this our civil custome,  
Tho' you, and she are not the freinds I wish yee.

[*Laur. takes the glass and kneels.*

*Laur.* A Royal health, methinks, comānds the knee.

*Blan.* A health like this, my Lord, comānds the heart.

*Laur.* Then with my heart, health to the lovely Queen, 30  
The peace of Angells, and the pow'r of Kings,  
The joys of Love, and wealth of both the Indies,  
Still crown her life, and wait upon her fortunes.

*Cap.* A rare smooth health, how itt skim'd over the glasse,  
Like a duck and a drake over a smiling river

Twill come at last to me, I have itt right. [*Aside.*

*Blan.* Dissembler! vile dissembler!

[*Aside whilst Laur. drinks.*

I'll grate his soul through with a wish lesse sounding.

Health to the Queen, and may she rule in Cyprus.

*Ric.* My Lord, this complement exacts our thanks. 40

[*To Laur. while the health goes round.*

*Laur.* Away, I did not do't to gain thy favour. [*Scornfully.*

*Ric.* So scornful still, oh! I have acted wisely. [*Aside.*

[*Capr., the health being come to him, falls down on both knees.*

*Capr.* Health to the Queen of Cyprus,

May she be still in peace with all the angels,

In love with Kings, and sent to both the Indies.

[*They laugh, he rises in a rage and breaks the glasse.*

Hang your new coin'd healths, that if a man misse but a  
word, setts you all a laughing at him thus. I know well  
enough, I shou'd have brought in wealth if I cou'd, but  
what has a soldier to do with money. If I live till to-mor-  
row, some shall hear 'ont; Kings, and Pow'rs and Angels,  
and the Devil and all; keep 'em to your selves gentlemen  
for me, I'll, I'll e'en go sleep, and think on't.

[*Exit very drunk.*

*Aub.* My Lord forgive him, he is truly honest,

But has this mighty fault, that he will drink,

And then be most exceptionous as you see.

But long, I will not lett him keep this custome.

The night grows late, kind sleep my lord attend you.

*Laur.* My Lord good night, good night to all,

No ceremony, pray.

*Aub.* Permitt 'em to attend you 'tis their duty. 60

[*Exeunt on one side, Aub: Blan: Month: on the other Laur Riv:*

*Vil: Lin:*

[*Re enter as from waiting on the General Riv: Vil: & Lin.*

*Lin.* A woman! and so near his holy person,  
Oh! hypocrite, not to be match'd in story.  
But we already have in part unmask'd him,  
By secret whispers, scatter'd round the court,  
Had you but seen the fondnesse of this day,  
Oh! such sweet words, and looks, such nautious praises,  
Of her youth and features, and amorous strokings  
Of her wanton cheeks, you wou'd I think have blush'd,  
Tho' joy'd to see.—

*Riv.* Alas! I've seen much more my friends, 70  
Dotage, beyond expression,  
Such fondnesse, that I think his heart must break,  
In that last pang, that shall divide her from him.

*Vil.* Oh! Fate give wings to that perplexing moment,  
When I shall see him stand confus'd and sad,  
Blushing for shame, for what's already past,  
Yett, madly raving, 'cause 'twill last no longer.  
Oh! devil, devil, with an Angel's semblance,  
How riggidly still has he check'd our pleasures,  
And punish'd ev'ry fault that lookt tow'rds woman. 80  
Oh! I'm impatient for the full discovery.

*Riv.* Lett us about it then;  
You know to-night 'tis I that keep the watch  
And if in walking of the midnight round,  
I can find out deeds, as dark, and close as that,  
Be neer att hand, to hunt the game I spring yee,  
Till then farwell.

*Lin:* We will not fayle, and so good night dear mischeif.

[*Exeunt Lin: & Vil:*

*Riv.* Farewell dear fools, whom I but trust by halves,  
Yett make such use of, as occasion calls for. 90  
They must not know, how far my self  
And Blanfort are concern'd.

Least if they found itt had a false foundation,  
 They shou'd not urge the plott on Aubusson.  
 Nor will she in the midst of her disgrace  
 Declare the truth,  
 For fear her lover, shou'd yett more detest her.  
 Tho' if she shou'd, 'twere easy to posesse  
 The censuring world, that 'twas contrived still  
 To secure the Master, his nephew only  
 Took itt to himself.—

100

And to keep off all proofs of former love,  
 I've stole the contract, and all other pledges  
 Which they might have produc'd to gain beleif.  
 But 'tis the time that Lauredan expects me,  
 Whose harmlesse purpose too, shall serve my ends,  
 And may the projects of this fatal night,  
 On those I hate, in blood, & ruine light.

[Exit.

*The scene changes to the Queen's dressing-Room, a toilett spread,  
 Enter the Queen and Clarilla*

*Queen.* The hour is come in which I us'd to rest,  
 But rest is not so forward as the hour.  
 Leave me awhile to think away my sorrows,  
 And when that's done, I will again recall thee. [Exit Clar.  
 He wish'd me peace,  
 But to posesse itt, I must n'er have seen him.  
 He wish'd me pow'r, yett knew not at that moment,  
 But I might have employ'd itt to his ruine.  
 He nam'd the joys, the mighty joys of love,  
 And oh! me thought, that word so well became him, 10  
 I cou'd have stood to hear him speak itt ever.  
 Why, did I fondly wish again to see him,  
 And hope a cure, from what first bred my pain?  
 Oh! I have done, as hasty gamesters use,  
 Who having lost part of their shining store,  
 Sett all the rest, on one adventurous cast,



And leap into the ruine, they wou'd fly from.

Ha! What noyse is that? [*She hears a noyse.*]

The night's far spent, and ev'ry sound breeds horreur,

Again! 20

[*Two men appear att the door in disguise, one speaks to the other, & then retires.*]

*First.* I'll keep 'em from their posts till you return,  
Come boldly back, and fear no opposition.

[*He goes off & the other comes just within the door.*]

*Queen.* Protect me heav'n, from farther acts of treason,  
My life alone, is all the past have left me.

[*As she is going to the contrary door, he kneels & speaks.*]

*Second.* Oh! fly not madam, fly not from your safety,  
From him, who wears his life but to preserve you;  
Can there be terroure, in this humble posture,  
These arms thus folded, and this awfull distance?  
Lett reason tell you, that if I were wicked,  
And dark intents, had brought me on thus far, 30  
Your inmost room, your Closset cou'd not save you,  
But prove a fitter scene, for acts of mischeif.

*Queen.* 'Tis true, who 'ere he is, I'm in his pow'r.

[*Aside, stopping at the extremity of the stage.*]

Therefore, had better humour this respect,  
Till I can search into his secret purpose  
Which may not be so bad, as fear presents itt.  
Keep then that distance still, and I will stay, [*To him.*]  
And trust, so much, to what you have deliver'd,  
As to demand the cause, for which you came?

*Second.* To putt into your hands, your beauteous hands, 40  
Your people's homāge, and your Rival's fate,  
The Gen'rall's life, that once oppos'd your right,  
And all the Royal dignity you've lost.

*Queen.* The Gen'rall's life, oh! then I must discover,  
[*Aside.*]

And prevent him.

Such sounds as these, indeed comānd attention, [To him.  
And tho', they like the Syrens, led to ruine,  
Yett, wou'd I listen to the soft enchantment.

[She comes towards him.

And thus discarding all my woman's fears,  
Will boldly ask, in whom the power is lodg'd 50  
To work these miracles, you have declar'd.

[He discovers himself to be Lauredan.

*Laur.* 'Tis all in Lauredan, and he in yours.

*Queen.* Ha! Lauredan, nay then again I fear. [She starts.

*Laur.* So, starts the passenger, who in his way  
Meets a yong Lyon, arm'd with pow'r to kill,  
And in that moment of his fear, forgetts,  
That nature, bids the royal savage tremble  
Before the awfull form, of Godlike man,  
As I do now in presence of your charms.  
Oh! do not wrong them, Madam, by distrust, 60  
Or think your self lesse safe, thus arm'd in beauty,  
Then the yong Grecian, with his phalanx bound,  
Who stood unmov'd, the shock of all the persians.

*Queen.* This flattery my lord, breeds more suspicion,  
But curiosity, our sexes frailty  
Will yett prevail, to make me hear you farther,  
If you will rise, if not, I must retire.

[He rises, she goes on.

Pray rise my lord, why shou'd you kneel to me,  
Alas! you best can tell I am no Queen?  
Think on that day my Lord, I ever shall, 70  
When all the room I cou'd comānd in Cyprus,  
Where I had liv'd in peace, and rul'd in love,  
And been my self, the Genious of the place,  
Was but one poor appartment in my pallace,  
Which had its deep foundations in the sea;

Some few attendants my ill fate had left,  
 Who told with me, each shout the people gave,  
 As their new Lord, passed throo' the crowded streets,  
 And now, so neer, the horrid tumult came,  
 That in dispair, leaning on Riccio's arm, 80  
 I bid him lead me, to my last dominion,  
 A poor frail bark, that danc'd upon the waves,  
 And yett me thought, was steddier then my Island,  
 When you my Lord came in.

*Laur.* When I came in!

And saw more beauty breaking throo' your tears,  
 Then rose with Venus, when she left the deep;  
 When I came in!  
 A wretched Conqu'rer, in the Tyrant's cause,  
 Which then, I did beleive to have been just, 90  
 But oh! your eyes soon punish'd the mistake,  
 And cast such lightning, as destroy'd my laurells,  
 D'you bid me Madam, think upon that day,  
 In all th' account of time, I know no other:  
 The part of life I spent, ere that arriv'd,  
 Like a dull, empty scene, is all discard'd:  
 And since 'tis past, my thoughts have had no buisnesse,  
 But to preserve, and represent itt to me.  
 And, madam, since so nicely you recount itt,  
 Oh! Lett me speak, what I endur'd that day, 100  
 I saw, ador'd, and dy'd for you that day,  
 And yett, that fatal day, provoked and lost you.

*Queen.* My lord, you take occasion from my fortunes  
 To speak such things, as else you wou'd not offer.  
 Yett, make them true, oh Love, and I'll adore thee. [*Aside.*]

*Laur.* Be wisse Love, and all thy gentle pow'rs,  
 If one presumptuous thought, inhabitts here.

[*Pointing to his breast.*]

Yett I do love, beyond what words can utter;

Fortune be witnesse, and the Crown I part with,  
 If Lauredan grows giddy with successe. 110  
 Hear Madam! what your subjects have decreed,  
 And what is too, confirm'd by the Venetians,  
 Whose pow'rs expell'd and keep you from the throne,  
 First, that Cornara, whom att last they find  
 Too weak to hold itt, quitt the Sov'rain sway,  
 Then that the Crown shall be confirm'd on me,  
 And all my race, to wear itt by succession,  
 Some lessening offers to your self they make,  
 Not fitt for you to hear, or me to mention.

*Queen.* D'you come my Lord, for my consent to this? 120

*Laur.* Oh! hear me out, another frown like that  
 Wou'd strike me speechlesse,  
 Hear 'ere it kills, what Love and I decree,  
 What Heaven decrees,  
 Who has inspired my army with one soul,  
 And made that plyant, only to my wishes.  
 You are their Queen, and mine.  
 Again we will replace you on the throne,  
 And bound the uttmost height of our ambition,  
 To be the guard, still of your crown, and Person. 130

*Queen.* 'Tis highly gen'rous this, I must acknowledge;  
 Yett let me ask, why with this fair dessign,  
 You here have made such rough, such harsh demands,  
 As aimed more to confine then reinthrone me.

*Laur.* Indeed th' occasion forc'd me to be secret,  
 And keep my real purpose unreveal'd,  
 The power of Venice is att sea so mighty,  
 That I cou'd ne'er have seen you safe att Cyprus,  
 Had I not won them with a fein'd pretence,  
 That 'twould more firmly fix me in the throne, 140  
 If in my pow'r, I held the true pretender.  
 And so, procur'd them, 'ere I was declar'd,

To give me means, to compasse my design.  
 Yett, lett me kneel, for seeming to offend,  
 And breaking thus, upon your private hours,  
 Which I had shunn'd, but that deny'd your presence,  
 I cou'd not serve you, but by this intrusion.

*Queen.* I'm satisfy'd, my Lord, pray kneel no more.

*Laur.* No, lett me kneel,

And if there were a posture more submissive, 150  
 Low as the grave, and humble as my hopes,  
 Twoud now become, what I must speak or perish.

*Queen.* Proceed my Lord,

And think, you cannot easily ofend me.

*Laur.* Then, lett me ask, since 'tis my heart's concern,  
 When I have compass'd, what my life has toyl'd for,  
 And plac'd you uncontrol'd in sov'raine pow'r,  
 If Blanfort, shall not enter on my labours,  
 And reap the dear rewards, I dare not think of.

*Queen.* My Lord, you wrong me much, if you suppose itt,  
 Lett that suffice, and urge your fears no farther. 161

All you have said, this night, I will reflect on,  
 And in the morning, give you private notice  
 How I shall act in such a great concern.

Pray rise my lord.

[*He rises.*]

*Laur.* Oh! Give not all the night to thoughts of buisnesse,  
 If I had n'er admitted softer cares,  
 You'd now had no occasion for them, Madam.

*Queen.* My Lord, good night, I wish you safe retir'd

*Laur.* Permitt this honour first, that I'll take care of. 170

[*Leading her within the scene.*]

*Enter at the other end of the stage* Blanfort

*Blan.* A letter thrown just now in at my window  
 Tells me, that one alone, and in disguise  
 Enter'd a while agoe, the Queen's apartment.

[*Laur. returns from the Queen.*]

Tis true indeed, and Lauredan's the man.

*Laur.* So late, and Blanfort here, amazment strikes me.  
[*Aside.*

*Blan.* My Lord, this visit being out of season,  
In the great Masters name, I must demand  
For what occasion, at this hour you gave itt.

*Laur.* I wou'd not fight in hearing of the Queen. [*Aside.*  
Come you from him my lord with this commission, 180  
If so, to-morrow I'll inform him of itt,  
If not, give way, I own no other power.

*Blan.* No, stay my Lord, 'tis from myself I ask itt,  
And will be bold, or this shall force an answer. [*Draws.*

*Laur.* Take then the best reply, that this can make you.  
[*They fight, and Blanfort falls.*

*Enter the Queen, Clar. & Ric, who supports Blan.*

*Queen.* Oh dire misfortune, call more help Clarilla,  
Look up my Lord, oh! speak and say you live,  
He's dead he's dead, else wou'd my voyce  
Have wak'd him —  
I know att least, itt wou'd have forc'd one sigh, 190  
If he had breath enough to have supply'd itt.

[*Laur. observes the Queen all this while.*

*Laur.* Oh! mortal sound, wou'd I were in his place.  
Yett hear me Madam, hear me, but a moment.  
[*She weeps by Blan,*

*Queen.* Twas hearing you my Lord, drew on this ruine,  
Oh! do not urge itt now, but leave the place,  
This fatal place, and 'ere the morning passe,  
I'll yett send to you. —

*Laur.* I know not how to understand this rightly,  
But will have patience, till I hear her answer. [*Exit Laur.*  
[*Enter Servants and Chirurgeon.*

*Queen.* Oh! Aubusson, when thou shalt hear of this, 200  
How will it greive thee, to have harbour'd me,



That (though unwilling) is the wretched cause  
Of his sad fate, and thy perpettual mourning.

*Surg.* Madam, he breathes, we'll bear him to his lodgings,  
I think the wound is in no mortal part,  
Take him up gently, and convey him hence.

[*Ex. Surg. with Blan., etc.*

*Queen.* You stand amaz'd, and seem to wonder Riccio,  
The General and I have had this meeting.  
But his intentions are not what you think 'em,  
Come in with me, for I have much to tell you, 210  
And ne'r I think, have wanted more your councill.  
Oh! Blanfort live, that greif sitts here so heavy,  
Twill not afford room for one pleasing thought,  
Tho' that remov'd, I've all I'd ask of fortune.

[*Ex. Queen, Clar. & Ric.*

*Enter Rivalto*

*Riv.* The letter, which I threw in att his window,  
Had the desir'd effect, I saw 'em fight,  
And Blanfort sure is kill'd.  
Marina too, as I cou'd have contriv'd itt,  
Is weeping by a taper in her Chamber,  
Dresst in her female garb, Ho! Vilmarin Linian, 220  
I'll make 'em go that way, to call the Master,  
And tell him of these accidents have happen'd,  
Who when he hears the noyse, will be drawn theither,  
And being caught by them, with her alone,  
Will seem to all, as guilty as I've made him.  
They come not, yett I bid 'em be att hand  
Curse on their negligence, all may be lost by 't  
Butt I must go find em ———

[*Exitt.*

*The scene changes to Aubs ante chamber. He in his night-gown, talking with Monthaleon.*

*Aub.* I will correct itt, I will indeed Monthaleon,  
And tho' the war, as 'tis itt's banefull custom,

Has sown amongst us, the foul seeds of vice,  
They shall not thrive, or bear their fruits in Rhodes.

*Month.* My lord, you take the best, and surest method,  
By setting such a pattern as your conduct,  
Who lead, before your forty 'th year's arriv'd,  
A life, that aged Hermitts cannot reach to.

*Aub.* I wou'd do so, but speak of that no more.  
This night, I talk'd to Vilmarin and Linian, 10  
And freindly counsail'd them, to leave their vices,  
At which they smil'd and said they'd be more secret.  
My Confessour too, 'ere he left my Clossett,  
Pour'd out a flood of tears, and cry'd beware,  
Beware hypocrisy, that sin of Devills.  
It something troubles me to know the meaning,  
But I have trespass'd on thy rest too long,  
Only remember this, to tell Capriccio,  
When next he's drunk, I'll have him sleep  
Without his Souldiers office. 20  
Good-night Monthaleon.

*Mont.* Good-night my Lord, and rest compose your  
thoughts. [Exeunt severally.

#### ACT IV SCENE I

*Marina's Chamber. She appears drest in her Woman's habbitt*

*Mar.* I've wept enough, and now farwell, for ever,  
Farwell my good, my great, my gen'rous Master  
Farwell these walls, where I have felt more sorrow  
Than all the stones can count, that make the pile.  
Farwell Rivalto, Auther of my ruine;  
The world farwell, and, all itt's vain delusions.  
Yett, there's one farwell more, cou'd I but speak itt,  
But oh! 'twere vain, to say farwell false Blanfort,  
Since in my heart, I bear him with me still,

But I must go, before the day appears, 10  
Kind night conceal my blushes, and my fears.

[*She goes with a key in her hand, to the door. A violent calling and knocking is heard from the other side of itt.*]

Vil. Ho! Carino, open the door, Carino,  
We must immediately speak with the great Master;  
Ho! Carino.

Mar. Oh! I am ruin'd, whether shall I run,  
How 'scape their sight, how answer them  
How stay them?

Lin. Ho! rise Carino, rise and lett us through.

Mar. I must speak to 'em, why d'ye call thus loud,  
Your haste and nøyse, has made me loose the key? 20  
I cannot lett ye in, why come ye this way,  
The other's free, I cannot lett ye in.

Lin. No, Vilmarin was there, and 'tis barr'd up,  
Break down the door.

Mar. What shall I do, that's the great Master's chamber.

[*Pointing to the other door.*]

Yett in this danger I must try to 'scape  
By stealing down that way, to gain the street.

[*She going to that door. Enter Aub: in his night gown, his sword in his hand.*]

Aub. There's sure some mutiny they call so loud,

[*Seeing her.*]

Ha! What art thou, thou dreadfull apparition.

[*She covers her face with her handkercheif.*]

Mar. Oh! I am nothing, nothing but confusion. 30

[*They beat down the other door. Enter Mont: Riv. Vil: Lin: Capr.*]

Month. What do I see!

My sight sure plays me false,  
And night has rais'd a Vision to distract me.

[*Aub. stands amazd saying nothing.*]

*Vil.* Your arms my Lord are needlesse, we'll retire,  
Nor did we mean to interrupt your pleasures.

*Riv.* Indeed I wou'd have led them t'other way,  
Knowing this was your scene of private joys.

*Lin.* Be not concern'd my lord we'll keep the secret,  
Alas! you know, this way, we've all our failings.

[*Aub. leans upon Month, seeming weak and dispirited.*

*Aub.* Come heither freind, if yett thou'lt own that title, 40  
I did not ask to be supported thus,  
When with one bold Hungarian by my side,  
I fac'd the Turks, and bore against their army,  
Till ours that fled, return'd to fame and conquest.

[*Throws away his sword.*

Lye there my sword, for I am yett a Christian,  
Else wou'd I put thee to a braver use,  
And wash this stain from my polluted honour,  
With blood as noble, as an ancient Romans.  
Oh! that I cou'd convince thee my Montheleon;  
Yett, when thy Master's lay'd in humble dust, 50  
Try to persuade the world, I was not wicked,  
Not that vile wretch,  
Which this foul chance, wou'd speak me.

[*Marina all this time weeping and leaning against the scene.*

*Mont.* My lord, I've kept my eyes still on the Maid.  
And 'tis your Boy, Carino in disguise.  
Be comforted, 'tis nothing but a Trick,  
I know itt is a trick, and we'll revenge itt.

[*Lin. pulls aside her garment and discovers her neck.*

*Lin.* This neck, methinks is counterfitted well,  
And breasts like these, do much disguise a boy.

*Mont.* Itt is Carino, but itt is a woman, [Aside  
I know not what to think, and stand confounded. 61

*Aub.* Oh! take her hence, remove her from my sight,

I care not who she is, nor why she came.  
 All leave the room, all, but Monthaleon leave me,  
 Nor will I bribe your foul and blister'd tongues,  
 To hide this scandal, from the babling world.  
 'Tis Heavn's concern, that Innocence like mine  
 Shou'd stand upright, without such vile supporters.

*Lin.* Shall we not tell him of his nephew's hurt.

[*Aside to Monthal.*

*Mont.* Not for your life, he bears too much already. 70

*Riv.* Be still secure, and happy if you please.

[*Aside to Mar. offering to lead her.*

*Mar.* Stand off base wretch, stand off, and do not touch me,  
 I'll put myself into Capriccio's hands,  
 And fly from thee, and from thy brace of furies.

*Capr.* The Master's Mistresse, under my custody,

[*Aside.*

See how preferment comes sometimes unlookt for.  
 Give me your hand Lady, and this shall still protect you.

[*Exeunt all but Aub. and Month.*

*Month.* My lord, I beg you wou'd again retire,  
 And seek to rest —

Leaving itt to your freinds, and cheifly me, 80  
 To sound the depth, of this most vile contrivance.

*Aub.* Oh! They have strook me in the tend'rest part  
 The subtle villains, exquisite in mischeif,  
 Knew this would wound me, deeper then their daggers;  
 My life, I cou'd have yielded them, Monthaleon,  
 Wou'd they had taken't, when my fame was clear,  
 Then had I sett, like the declining Sun,  
 With all my glorious beams, about my head,  
 And left the world, repining at my fall.  
 But oh! to horrid darknesse, now I goe, 90  
 Wrapt in those deeds, that seemingly are soe.

[*Ex: leaning on Month.*

*The Scene changes to the Queen's Apartment, Ricc: alone*

*Ric.* It was my master peice, and hard I wrought itt,  
How I was forc'd to swear that to my knowledge  
Those proffers, were but baits, to catch her freedom;  
That all his army, was dispers'd and broken,  
His int'rest quite declin'd with both the states,  
And that he had no means again to raise itt,  
But by obliging 'em, with her full ruine.  
Yett all prevail'd not, till at last I urg'd  
That still he languish'd for the proud Usurper,  
And sent from hence, as I assur'dly knew, 10  
Expresses to her, charg'd with love, and duty;  
This stirr'd that passion in her I desir'd,  
And so, procur'd a message to my wishes,  
Which lost not of itt's force, by my delivery,  
But he's by this time gone,  
And all my fears, and cares, are vanish'd with him.  
Better be here, depending still a[t] Rhodes,  
Then under his dominion, though in Cyprus.

*Enter Clarilla*

*Ric.* Clarilla, is the Queen yett to be spoke with?  
*Clar.* She is not Riccio, but has sent her orders 20  
That you shou'd lett me know the Gen'rall's answer,  
Or send it written, if he so commanded.

*Ric.* I thought to have conceal'd the papers from her,  
[*Aside.*  
But if she shou'd hereafter come to know itt,  
That, yett may prove of greater danger to me,  
Besides he's gone, and I'm resolv'd to venture.  
Then tell her, that I found him all alone,  
Expecting as he told me, her comānds,  
And from my lipps, no sooner were they fall'n,  
But he retir'd, and wrote in haste this letter, 30  
Which sure, I think, encloses more within itt.



Then call'd an Officer, that waited neer,  
 And bid his Anchors instantly be weigh'd,  
 For that he wou'd immediatly on board.  
 The other, vainly urg'd a storm was risen  
 Which might endanger him, and all the fleet,  
 For he persisted still, to have itt done.  
 Then gave me this, and flung out of my presence.  
 I know no more — But how the Queen resents itt,  
 And what's contain'd, in all this pacquett here, 40  
 Shall hope to hear from you. — [Is going but returns.  
 I had allmost forgot, tell her  
 That Blanfort's wound is of no danger,  
 Nor such, as to confine him to his bed.  
 Th' expence of spirits, in his mighty passion  
 Being the cheif cause, that sence, and motion left him,  
 As I came back, I mett this information. [Exeunt severally.

*Enter Capriccio drunk*

Cap. 'Tis a rare world, a brave world,  
 A ranting, flanting, shining world;  
 Not a tavern in the town but's in a blaze, 50  
 Not a pretended sister, cosen, or other civil Relation,  
 That is not publickly own'd,  
 For an errant, tory rory strumpett.  
 Linnian leads up a couple, Vilmarin a couple more,  
 Only that rogue Rivalto,  
 Has the impudence, to sin in secret, now 'tis out of fassion,  
 But I'll discover his haunts,  
 Or beat him till he owns 'em,  
 Never such a time in Rhodes, never such an example.  
 Every one quoting the Great Master, 60  
 And trooping on to sin, under his banner,  
 As if they were beating up Volonteers for the Devil.  
 I'll ee'n away, and be drunk with the best of 'em  
 And then, as an honest man shou'd,

Go soberly home, and look to my charge,  
A rare time, there's not one now—

But will come,  
At the beat of my drum,  
Or the tossing up of my feather.

[*Exit singing.*

*The Scene drawn, discovers Blanfort lying upon a couch, Month:  
sitting by him*

*Blan.* It is indeed a melancholy story,  
But will he leave us, does he say Monthaleon?

*Mon.* He does my Lord,  
For having heard the riots of the Town,  
And how they ground em all on his example,  
It strikes him so, together with the thoughts  
That he must n'er attempt to stop itt's fury,  
And that 'tis now their int'rest to maintain  
His seeming Vice, to guild their own the better,  
That he resolves, some more successful arm, 10  
Shall take that task, and bear the publick sway,  
Whilst he retires, to secrecy, and prayers.

*Blan.* Oh! thou art wretched Blanfort, [Aside  
What said the Maid,  
For such I sure beleive her.

*Month.* No word she uttered, yet her silence spoke,  
Att least to me, that so did understand it,  
And said, that she was wrong'd, was wrong'd, and guiltlesse.  
And more I must observe to clear her farther,  
That since she as a youth, has served the Master, 20  
Not all his gentle chidings, cou'd prevail  
To make her once attend him in his chamber.

*Blan.* How look'd she freind, in such a sad surprise?

*Month.* Modest, and lovely Blanfort,  
As looks the fair, and gentle rising morning,  
When watry vapours, half conceal her blushes.

*Blan.* Tis I that ought to blush, poor, poor Marina. [*Aside.*  
Has she since nothing told of who she is,  
Or what induc'd her to assume this shape.

*Month.* Nothing, but only sais she is a wretch, 30  
And urges to be sent into a Convent,  
Which is deferr'd, in hopes of some discovery.

*Blan.* Oh! gen'rous Maid, what does she not deserve?  
I'll try to find her out, that we may meet,  
And weep att least, over our mutual sorrows. [*Aside.*  
Where is she lodg'd, who has her now in charge?

*Month.* Cappriccio has dispos'd her neer this place,  
Her lodging joyns close to the Pallace wall,  
And has a door, that us'd to lett into itt.

*Blan.* No more of this, 40  
To Lauredan, what's happen'd since our quarrel.

*Month.* He's gone on board, and toss'd with such a storm,  
Tis thought he'll perish 'ere he leaves the Port.  
But certain 'tis, the Queen of Cyprus loves him.  
Her present fears, have told itt to her women,  
And they (as women use) to all the world.

*Blan.* This does not move me, as I should have thought,  
My guilt, has fill'd my mind, with so much horroure. [*Aside.*  
I will go rest upon my bed Monthaleon,  
This posture to my wound is most uneasy, 50  
And oh! to my afflicted kinsman, say  
That I would dye, to sett his fame as clear  
As in th' all seeing eye of Heav'n, itt stands.

[*Exeunt, he leaning on Month.*

[*Enter Rivalto, Vilmarin and Linnian*

*Lin.* To search our houses, for the state's lost jewels,  
I ne'r yett knew of any of them missing,  
They're so remarkable, 'twere vain to steal them.  
'Tis but a trick—  
To give us some disturbance, in revenge.

*Riv.* It may be so, but still ye have done well  
To send in all your wealth, that that may 'scape them. 60  
I've lodg'd it safely, safely as my own,  
And when this search is past, you'll call it back.

*Vil.* Oh! yes, itt shall but trouble you till then.

*Riv.* To serve my freinds, I n'er yett thought a trouble,  
But since I stand the foremost in their hate,  
And I am sure, they mean the search I tell ye,  
Not knowing, but they may extend it farther,  
And under that pretence, secure my person,  
I am resolv'd, that I'll awhile withdraw,  
What think ye of itt, will itt not do well. 70

*Lin.* Do as you will, when shall we hear of you.

*Riv.* Before three days are past, assure your selves,  
Therefore, 'till then make no enquiry for me,  
Another thing, I had almost forgott,  
The Master sends this night a private Convoy  
To bear his Damzell to a distant Convent,  
And when she's gone, what'ere reports ye hear,  
Know that's the truth, now lett us part,  
For we're suspected, if but seen together.

*Vil.* But for three days, you say, you shall be absent, 80

*Riv.* Not an hour more.

*Lin.* Then till that time, farwell. [*Exeunt Vil and Lin.*

*Riv.* Thus far 'tis right, I've all their wealth on board,  
And now tis mine, in spite of all our freindship.  
For he, whose aim at mighty mischeif tends,  
Must own no gratitude, nor know no freinds. [*Exit.*

*The Scene changes to the Queen's antichamber.*  
*Riccio alone.*

*Ric.* Blow on ye winds, and swell the seas so high  
That ore his fleet, your proud insulting waves,  
May ride in tryumph, sinking all beneath ye.  
I long to hear the temper of the Queen,

But here Clarilla comes, in time to tell me.

[*Enter Clar.*

How fares it with our great, and Royal Mistresse?

*Clar.* Oh! Riccio, I want words to let you know itt,  
But fear the fatal papers which you brought,  
Will finish, what the tempest has begun,  
And rob us of her most unhappy life. 10

*Ric.* Explain your self, what saw she in those papers?

*Clar.* That she has lost the most auspicious moment  
That 'ere was influenc'd, by a gentle planet.  
Two writings sign'd,  
By all the Lords of Cyprus, and of Venice  
Declare the Gen'ral King, with one consent,  
And that our Queen, but by espousing him,  
Must ne'r again, expect to rule in Cyprus.  
But oh! his letter, calls this, such presumption, 20  
As he wou'd ne'r have offer'd to her sight,  
Were itt not to convince her, e're his death,  
That itt was love, not int'rest urg'd him on  
To seek her here, and offer at her feet  
That Crown, he might have worn without her favour.  
Then makes itt plain, what he already proffer'd,  
That 'twas his full intention to restore her  
By his own power, 'ere this had reach'd her knowledge,  
And to herself have left it, to dispose  
Of him, and all his fortunes, at her pleasure.

*Ric.* You much surprise me, was there nothing more, 30  
Fool that I was to lett her see those papers. [Aside.

*Clar.* Nothing, but sad complaints, and soft expressions  
Jealous mistakes, that 'twas her love to Blanfort  
That repuls'd him.—

And how he greiv'd, his sword had peirct his bosome,  
Since she had in itt, treasur'd up her heart,  
But that itt shou'd procure her speedy vengeance,

By bringing on that death, he went to seek for.  
 But whilst I'm here, all this repeating to you,  
 Dispair may seize too deeply on her soul, 40  
 Go in my Lord, and try to bring her comfort.

*Ric.* I go Clarilla, follow, and assist me.  
 How neer was I to see him in the throne,  
 Had not his foolish modesty and love,  
 Prevented itt, and so secur'd my safety. [Aside.  
 I must now meet, and try to lay this passion.  
 Her greifs are easier calm'd then his revenge [Exit.

*Clar.* I must stay here, to free my tears awhile  
 Which in her presence, I wou'd fain keep back.  
 Oh! would this tempest yett but be appeas'd, 50  
 We might again see happynesse, and Cyprus.  
 But here she comes, alas, who can behold her,  
 So Dido saw the Trojan navy part,  
 With looks so wild, and such a breaking heart.

[Enter Queen, disordered, in all the transports of a violent passion, Riccio follows endeavouring to speak to her.

*Queen.* Preach to the winds, thou dull, thou doating  
 statesman,  
 Go to that storm, that plays with all my hopes,  
 And try if thou can'st calm itt with a speech,  
 Tell itt of inter'est, politicks, and caution,  
 And if for these, 'twill bate one angry billow,  
 Then may'st thou hope to talk me into patience. 60  
 Fool that I was, to list'n to thy counsell,  
 To knitt my brow, when love and fortune smil'd  
 Because thy coward fears, cry'd out be carefull.

*Ric.* Yett, hear me Madam.

*Queen.* Away, away, and leave me to my self  
 To this soft counsellor, that breaks with greif,  
 [Pointing to her breast.  
 Because it was not harken'd to in season. [Exit Ric.



*A noyse as of a ship, striking against the shoar follow'd by  
repeated crys from within of many voyces.*

*From w<sup>th</sup>in.* The Admiral's splitt, send out more boats.

*[The Queen sinks into Clarilla's arms.*

*Queen.* Take me Clarilla, take me to thy bosome,  
And tell those freinds, which fortune yett has left me. 70  
The Gen'ral's too (if they vouchsafe to hear thee)  
Tell 'em, that I forgave him all my wrongs,  
Tell 'em Clarilla, that I mourn'd his fall,  
Nay tell 'em (since in death, there's no dissembling)  
I loved him, more, then liberty or Empire.

*Clar.* Talk not of dying, since he still may live,  
And 'tis but prudence to support this greif,  
At least, till we can hear our fears are certain.

*Queen.* Wou'dst thou then have me stand upon the shoar,  
And wait, like sad Alcyone of old, 80  
'Till some huge billow, cast him at my feet,  
A breathlesse trunk, a pale, and livid corse,  
Oh! no, it is too much, too much to think itt;  
And 'ere the angry sea, returns his body,  
I'll meet his soul in the blest seats above,  
And free my self, from that new scene of sorrow. [*She faints.*

*Clar.* Oh! help, the Queen expires, she dyes, she dyes.

*[Enter the rest of her women, whilst they are busy about her  
enters Lauredan, his dagger in his hand and speaks entering.*

*Laur.* I'll do itt in her sight, the storm was kind  
To spare my life, for had I perish'd there,  
My eyes cou'd not have told my curious soul 90  
How she receiv'd the off'ring, fate had made her.

*[He sees her fainted.*

Ha!

Yett hold my heart, Clarilla how came this?  
Is Blanfort dead, else what cou'd kill the Queen?

[*He puts the dagger within his cloathes and kneels down by the Queen.*

Rest here awhile, thou sure, thou active Cordial,

That I may pray, as sacraficers use,

Before I strike to earth, the ready victime.

O! lovely ruine, beautyfull destruction, [*Takes her hand.*

To touch this hand whilst life had lent it warmth,

Had been to mine, thats so, transporting pleasure 100

Perhaps 'twill be the same, when both are cold.

Therefore I'll haste, th' experiment to try

'Tis death to live, and why not life to dye.

[*Going to stab himself with his other hand.*

*Clar.* Hold, hold my lord, she breaths again, she breaths,  
Oh! hold and rather help us to support her.

[*He throws away his dagger, and helps.*

*Laur.* More gladly, then I'd prop the sinking world,  
If fate, had left that task, to my sole arm.

[*She comes a little to herself.*

*Queen.* Where have I been, sure itt was Neptune's court,

For Lauredan was newly there arriv'd,

And held a Trydent, for his staff of battel. 110

I heard his voyce, but oh! his looks were chang'd

And still methought, he told the list'ning Nymphs

That 'twas the Queen of Cyprus, sent him theither.

[*She struggles.*

But I will follow him, I will, I will,

Love that could drive Leander o're the deep,

Shall dive with me, throo' all the silver waves,

Till I can find, and tell him I repent.

But Riccio shall not go, he shall not goe,

Least he should urge me still to scorn him there,

And force him to attempt some unknown ruine. 120

*Laur.* Oh! harmony, beyond the Thracian Lyre

No words e're fell so soft, or peirc'd so deep.

*Clar.* My Lord, I must entreat you to retire,  
My fear and care, made me forgett my duty,  
And prudence tells me now, you must retire.

[*He holds the Q. still in his arms.*]

*Laur.* Talk not of prudence, in this happy season.  
It must not, nay itt shall not here intrude;  
When in the feild, I'll make itt rule o're thousands,  
And in the Counsell, pleading for my Queen,  
Permitt itt to direct each word, and gesture, 130  
But Love, that only waits to catch those hours,  
Those few soft Hours, that fall in her wish'd absence,  
Must not be forc'd to quit the hard gain'd treasure.

[*The Q. looking amaz'dly round.*]

*Queen.* Why am I thus, and tell me who are these?  
My heart, and thoughts, are full of wild disorder,  
Heav'n grant no word has 'scap'd my troubl'd tongue,  
To make me wish, I ne'r had known itt's use.

*Clar.* Pray be not seen, my lord, 'twill much disturb her,  
You've learnt already that which most concerns you, 140  
And for the future, trust to be inform'd  
Of what may make you still become more happy.

[*He gives the Queen into her arms.*]

*Laur.* So, quitts the dying Miser, that rich store  
Which cruell fate, will lett him grasp no more,  
Promis'd, alike from present joys we move,  
To be in future paid our wealth, and Love,  
But 'tis necessity, not choice, prevails,  
And hopes n'er please, but when possession fails. [*Exit.*]

*Clar.* Now gently raise, and lead her to her bed,  
'Tis rest alone, that must restore her spirits.

[*They convey her out.*]

## ACT V SCENE I

*The Scene drawn discovers Marina upon a couch, with a book in her hand.*

*Mar.* I've try'd by reading to appease my greifs  
Till my sad eyes, grown heavy as my heart,  
Will serve no longer to pursue the story,  
I'll seek to rest,

—Kind sleep afoard thy charms,  
To her that knows no peace, but in thy arms.

*[She falls asleep.]*

*[Blanfort brought in a chair to the door, turns and speaks to them that brought him, then leaning on his sword comes weakly on.]*

*Blan.* Wait there, till I return — *[He sees her asleep.]*  
She sleeps, poor injured innocence, she sleeps,  
And in this balmy slumber, looks so lovely,  
That now the Queen of Cypress, seems not fairer,  
Nor wears the Goddess of that place more sweetness 10  
Why tore I from my heart, these fruitfull charms,

*[He kneels by her.]*

To give itt up to others, most ungratfull?  
But I againe will plant them deeper there,  
Though misery, is all they now can grow to.  
And oh! methinks, I sighing hear her say  
When I have told her we must meet no more,  
That Blanfort (tho' repenting) was her ruine. *[She wakes.]*

*Mar.* Oh! who names Blanfort, who upbraids my love,  
Who says 'twas he that ruin'd poor Marina  
Who says alas, that we must meet no more. 20

*Blan.* 'Tis base Rivalto, with his vile confederates,  
Who o're thy virgin fame have drawn a cloud  
So dark, 'twould loose us both, if there encount'ring,  
Else, when my sighs, had blown away my faults

And, kneeling thus, I'd woo thee to a pardon.  
 Our time to come shou'd all have passt in love,  
 And joys as soft, and melting as this bosome,  
 Marina, oh Marina, must we part?  
 By this embrace, and this, I swear we will not.

[*She strives and he quitts his hold.*

Again thy charms, o'ecome my ravish'd sence, 30  
 And empty honour shall not take thee hence.

[*Going to embrace her.*

*Mar.* Forbear, my lord, forbear, this must not bee,  
 And if again such libertys you take,  
 I shall beleive, you think me what they say,  
 Pray rise—

Alas, you're weak, you stagger, lett me help you.

[*He rises and sits down by her.*

Now lett us talk awhile, before we sever,  
 For they have much to say who part for ever.  
 Since first I listen'd to your vows, my lord,  
 How I have lov'd you, lett my ruine speak, 40  
 That but for you, I priz'd my blooming Youth,  
 And what your passion call'd some share of beauty,  
 Lett my concealing itt from all the world  
 When once you slighted itt, bear wittenesse for me.  
 That now I love you, more then Misers wealth,  
 Then women courtship, or then Tyrant's pow'r,  
 Lett this persuade, this last, this tend'rest proof,  
 That I will leave you, to secure your fame,  
 Though woo'd to stay, by all your moving arts,  
 And death must waite upon the seperation. 50

*Blan.* If we must sepearte, to dye is best,  
 But lett me know Marina thy retreat,  
 That fame, when charg'd with tidings of my fate,  
 May not mistake y<sup>e</sup> way, and misse thy mantion.

*Mar.* Oh! n'ere believe that she will stoop so low

To seek those shades, where I intend to goe,  
 For tho' employ'd, still in adorning Tombs,  
 Within the Grave, her splendour never comes,  
 There Love and Fame, their pains and pleasures cease,  
 And nothing will remain with us, but peace. 60

[*A noise within.*

I hear some steps, and fear a new surprize,  
 Lett me but take this look, for 'tis my last,  
 Farewell, my lord, this night devides us ever,  
 Now lett my eyes begin their work assign'd, [She weeps.  
 Till death shall close, or tears shall weep them blind.

*Blan.* Will thou forsake me then, to-night my love,  
 This fatal night, oh! stay but till to-morrow,  
 Stay but untill she's wearing towards the dawn  
 And lett me make thee yett one visit more  
 In that soft hour, of secrecy, and love. 70

I have not told thee half what I've to say,  
 Not on these hands, enough renew'd my vows,  
 Nor warm'd 'em, with my dear repenting tears,  
 I must return, I must return, Marina,  
 And then again, we'll thus, and thus, take leave.

[*Eagerly kissing her hand; Capriccio calls from within.*

*Cap.* Charge, charge, where are you,  
 Come let me take care of you quickly,  
 Or I shall fall asleep.

*Mar.* Away my lord, that noysy fellow's coming,  
 Like the loud roar of some o're swelling flood, 80  
 To break the gentle murmurs of our parting,  
 Farwell to all thats dear — a long and last farwell.

[*She goes slowly off, he looking after till she's out of sight.*

*Blan.* Oh! do not speak itt, nor so swiftly move  
 But take by such degrees, that object from me,  
 That till tis past, I scarce may feel my ruine,



So gazes on the low descending Sun,  
 The traveller, whose journeys yett not done,  
 Follows the latest beam, with eager sight,  
 That gone, persue's his way, sad, as prevailing night.

*[Exit, the scene shutss.]*

*Lauredan, enter to him Clarilla*

*Laur.* Oh! you are come most happily Clarilla,  
 For grown impatient of a longer stay  
 My love had urg'd me to some new attempt,  
 Again to seek the presence of my Queen.  
 Tell me, had I offended in my zeal,  
 For ore our strongest hopes, still fears will rise,  
 And claim their turn, to sway the Lover's bosome.

*Clar.* I think my lord 'twas better you forbore,  
 And still, you must support a longer absence,

*Laur.* Oh! say not so, repeat itt not Clarilla. 10  
 Is this, the promis'd happynesse, you bring,  
 For which I gave up pleasures in possession,  
 Dearer then life, and high, as Love cou'd make them.  
 Or was itt but a dream, and now awak'd,  
 The Queen, the lovely Queen, recalls those hopes,  
 And says, that reason did not guide her speeches.

*Clar.* Nothing of this, she's still the same my Lord,  
 And sure to tell you more then that were needlesse  
 But 'ere she will determin in your favour,  
 Or readmitt you to her wish'd for presence, 20  
 Resolves the Prince of Rhodes, her friend, her refuge,  
 Her better father, as she justly stiles him,  
 Shall be acquainted with the whole design,  
 And she, and that, submitted to his liking.

*Laur.* I fly Clarilla, to obtain his aid  
 And whilst these hours of form, passe slowly by,  
 Oh lett my love, still dwell upon thy tongue,  
 And plead in gentle terms, for my recalling.

*Clar.* My lord, be sure of all my pow'r to serve you.

[*Exeunt.*

*The Scene drawn discovers a Bedchamber, and Marina alone.*

*Mar.* I heard his voyce, when in the outward room,  
And in that closett, when I call'd Capriccio  
Me thoughts from hence again he answer'd me,  
But here he is not, and I want his aid,  
T'assist me in my most unhappy flight.  
For now tis death to go, since Blanfort's true  
And bid to him, and love a last adiew.

*Enter Rivalto who locks the door, then overtakes her endeavoring to gain the other, he locks that also and puts the keys in his pocket.*

*Mar.* Oh! I am ruin'd, ruin'd past redemption,  
Who can asist me now, or hear my crys?

*Riv.* No one alive, therefore no more repeat them. 10  
Hear me, for I'll be short, tho' sure as fate,  
How I have lov'd you, need not be repeated,  
But that I will possesse you, is as certain,  
And if your ruine, which I therefore wrought,  
As well as to revenge me on the Master,  
Has made you wise enough to yield to this,  
We may be happy both, beyond expression.  
To night, I leave this hated place for ever,  
A vessel waits me at the haven's mouth,  
Laden with wealth, enough to feed our riots, 20  
Take part with me, retire, and be my wife,  
Or, if that name, beares to much of constraint,  
Be free, and lett our pleasures be so too,  
Give me your answer, positive and speedy.

*Mar.* Then take itt thus, I'll dye within these walls,  
Before I'll yeild, to live with such a monster.

*Riv.* If your in earnest, here's the way to do itt,

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Nor can you hope but by consent t' avoid itt,  
 No, when I told you of my wealth, and purpose,  
 'Twas not to lett you 'scape, and so prevent me, 30  
 Therefore once more, I sett the choice before you.

[*She weeps and trembles.*]

*Mar.* Then I will go, leave me an hour but to prepare my  
 self,  
 And I will go, when you return again.

*Riv.* Oh! fine request, no, I have laid things better,  
 A private door behind that loose hung arras,  
 Leads down a pare of stairs into the sea,  
 A cover'd boat, now waits there to receive us.  
 Give me your hand, without one farther thought,  
 Else here I'll leave you dead, and 'scape that way myself.  
 Your hand Marina.— 40

*Mar.* I'll dye e're give my hand to such a villain.  
 Thou canst not, darest not, wilt not be so wicked.

[*He going to stab her, she runs towards the bed.*]

*Riv.* Then take that just revenge of all thy pride,  
 I've sworn to reach thy heart, and now I'll do itt.

*Mar.* Oh! murther, murther,  
 Some unseen pow'r, protect me from this murther.

[*Capriccio starting from the bed, lays hold on Rivalto's dagger  
 hand. Whilst they strive the key falls out of Rivalto's pock-  
 ett, she takes itt and runs out crying murther.*]

*Cap.* That pow'r am I, oh! rogue, assault a woman,

*Mar.* Oh! help, some help to catch a villain. [*Exit.*]

*Capr.* I have itt now, but twas a plaguy tugg

[*Cap. gets y<sup>e</sup> dagger.*]

Ha! what more work, 50

[*Rivalto gets out his sword and endeavours to passe òy him he  
 draws.*]

Then this must stop your course.

[*Enter Blan: leaning upon his sword.*]

*Blan.* It was Marina's voyce, and I'll obey itt,  
I cannot sure, want strength, when she's in danger.  
But see, Capriccio has disarmed Rivalto,  
What is itt, Gentlemen, has bred your quarrel.

[*Capr. with both swords stands between Riv. and the door.*

*Cap.* Nay ask him, how he, and my charge came to fall  
out

I was quietly asleep, 'till she cry'd murther,  
And then up I got, and have done as you see.

*Riv.* Curse on my fortune,  
Give me butt my dagger, and I'll secure ye 60  
From further trouble.

[*Enter Month: and guards with Vil: and Lin: seized.*

*Month.* Oh! see 'tis true, and he's disarm'd and taken,  
These two were well secured, till time shall show,  
How far they stand concern'd in all his plotts.  
Bring 'em away, all to the Queens apartment,  
Theither the rescu'd trembling Virgin fled,  
And has declared, that 'tis by him confess'd,  
He cast the scandal on our worthy Master,  
To compasse his revenge, att once and Love.  
That Princesse, therefore makes itt her request 70  
That all may be examin'd, in her presence  
And she may be partaker of his joy,  
You'll go my lord

*Blan.* Yes, with your help I will,  
Tis my concern, more then you yett immagin.

[*The Prisoners are carry'd out, by the guards. Blanf. follows  
leaning on Month.*

*The Scene changes to the Queen's Apartment. The Queen, Aub:  
Laur: Marin: Clar: Rice:*

*Aub.* If I have serv'd you Madam, with such zeal,  
[*To the Queen.*

As now to do me honour, you acknowledge,  
 Permitt me to compleat, and urge it farther,  
 By off'ring to your Love, this generous man,  
 By Birth a Prince, a sou'dier by profession,  
 To fight your battels, and support your Crown.  
 And bear the weight, whilst you but know the lustre.

*Queen.* My lord, I still have prosper'd by your counccills,  
 And lett my gratitude prevent my blushes,  
 If to your much deserving friend, I own 10  
 I n'er comply'd more willingly then now.

[*Laur. kneels and kisses her hand.*

*Lau.* Oh! thou hast paid me love, for all my sorrows,  
 Prepaid 'em all, by this transporting moment,  
 And when I seek a Crown, but at these feet,  
 May'st thou forsake, and make me great, and wretched.

[*Enter Blan. supported by Month. Capr. guard & prisoners.*

*Aub.* I have not seen you Nephew, since your hurt,  
 Welcome to life and mee.

*Laur.* Can you forgive the wound, your self occasion'd?

*Blan.* My Lord, I ask your pardon, and the Queens,  
 For that rude combat, thus end all our quarrels. 20

[*Embracing him.*

*Aub.* Now, lett my Joys return, my fame be clear'd,  
 And virtue sink no more beneath my scandall,  
 Before this Royal presence, speak Rivalto  
 All that thou know'st,  
 Relating to this lady, and my self.

*Riv.* Shall I be free, be favoured and rewarded,  
 Without all these, I ask not to be pardon'd,  
 If I do speak, and answer your desires.

*Aub.* I tell thee no,  
 If what thou say'st exposes thee a Villain, 30  
 Nor will I flatter Vice, for vertue's service.

*Riv.* Then lett the world beleive as now they do.  
I will not speak, tho' you cou'd take my life.

*Aub.* Oh! harden'd impudence,—search him for papers.

*Riv.* Forbear but that, and I will speak the truth.

*Aub.* Nay then it is of weight, proceed Capriccio.

[*Riccio seems all the while speaking to Laur.*]

*Laur.* I do not ask, what urg'd you to oppose me,  
But I will make itt now, so much your interest,  
N'er more to do itt, that I will beleive you.

*Capr.* Here are my lord, two papers nothing more. 40

*Aub.* What's this, come heither Blanfort,

[*Looking on one of ye papers.*]

Know you this carактер —

*Blan.* 'Tis mine my lord, and when some points are  
clear'd,

I shall be both asham'd, and proud to own itt.

*Aub.* That nothing here may seem to passe in private,  
Behold a contract, sign'd and seal'd by Blanfort,  
Unto the Duke of Mantua's, yongest Daughter.  
How did this fall into your hands, Rivalto?

*Riv.* From her, herself, whom there you see, I stole itt,  
Spare yett the other, and I'll tell you more. 50

*Aub.* The superscription's odd—

“If in three days, I'm not again in Rhodes,  
Deliver this to Vilmarin or Linain.”

The boatman I suppose, that bore him off,  
Was to be charg'd with this at parting from him,  
Read itt Monthaleon.

[*He reads.*]

It is not fitt that freinds shou'd part without some  
remembrance, and that I may keep you two ever in my mind,  
I have taken w<sup>th</sup> me, never to return, the wealth which you  
putt into my hands, to secure; but that I may not be alto-  
gether ungratefull, I must putt you upon a right foundation,  
either to persue the Plott, or come of from itt as you think



best. Know then, that the Great Master is wholly innocent of what's suppos'd, and never knew Marina was a woman, 'till drawn by me that night into her Chamber, the maid was Blanforts right, contracted to him, tho' here not known by him to be her self, she's mine att present, having lov'd her long, and now farwell, and may your next adventure prove more lucky."

*Vil.* Robb'd of our witts, and of our wealth att once, 70  
[*To Lin.*

*Lin.* 'Tis vain to talk, we are both fool'd and ruin'd.

*Aub.* Such villany wou'd silence one with wonder,  
Did not the joy that this discovery brings  
Work stronger far, and raise me into transports.  
Oh! hear itt freinds, receive the happy sound,  
I am no Hypocrite, no secrett sinner;  
Louder then victory, and swift as fame,  
Proclaim itt to the world, I am not wicked.  
And lett this lady, this fair injur'd lady [To Mar.  
Partake the joy and share the reparation. 80

*Blan.* Tis I my Lord, tis I must make her that,  
[*Kneels to her.*  
And beg all help, to win a pardon from her,  
Oh! now we will not part, we will not part,  
Shall we Marina, thou art silent still,  
Oh! speak, for till that time, tho' twere for ever,  
I wou'd n'er speak more—

*Mar.* My Lord, what I have done, enough has spoaken,  
And told the World, my love outrun my prudence,  
That paper speaks, and says I've given my hand  
Already, giv'n itt, where my heart directed. 90  
All I can do, is now but to restore itt,  
[*Gives him her hand, he takes and kisses itt.*

And 'tis your fault, if e're again 'tis quitted.

*Blan.* I'll hold itt here for ever—

And tye my life, so fast to this soft charm,  
That Death, and nothing else, shall e're dissolve itt.

*Aub.* Seize on his Ship, tis forfeit by the Law,

[*To an officer.*

For quitting of the port without a Passe.  
A third of itt shall be thy share Capriccio,  
But let it not be spent my freind in drink,  
I'll ha' no more of that—

100

*Capr.* Take itt again my Lord if drinks deny'd  
I know no use, either of gold or silver.  
Oh! world ungratefull world, to spurn att Blessings,  
What mighty good, has not been done by drink,  
What Plotts, have not been brought to light by drink,  
The Goose, that sav'd the Capitol was drunk,  
Or ne'r had gabbl'd loud enough to do itt.  
Had I not now been drunk  
I had not slept upon my charges bed,  
And made you all as drunk, with love and joy,  
And must I drink no more—

110

to death I'll pine,  
And spend this money all in funeral wine, [*They all laugh.*

*Aub.* Before your death, release your prisoners Captain,  
Your crimes wou'd reach imprisonment for ever,  
But since against myself, they are comitted,  
I'll pardon ye, but upon this condition,  
That of your selves ye freely leave this isle,  
The habitts, and the names of what ye were,  
And least necessity still make ye wicked  
I give ye back your wealth, his part excepted,

120

[*Pointing to Capr.*

Away, and in three days, be seen no more.

*Riv.* I ought to thank you, for this grace, but cannot,  
I'm fal'n so much below my expectations,  
That all your Jayles, can add no suff'ings to me,

I'll leave this place, for all I hate is here,  
 And all I lov'd, is now most hatefull to me. [Exit.

*Vil.* My Lord, this Devil has not damn'd us quite,  
 Your orders we'll obey, and blesse your mercy. [Exit Vil: Lin

*Aub.* Now fair Marina, own me for your kinsman,  
 And all our errorrs, tow'rd your birth and sex 130  
 Forgive, and think we'll ever try to mend them.

*Queen.* My lord. I beg to joyn in that request,  
 And thus embracing, court you for my freind [To her.

*Mar.* I fear I shall grow proud, with all these honours.

*Aub.* I'll send to tell the Duke, your noble Father,  
 How you intend to blesse my Nephews Love,  
 He's not yett vow'd, nor shall be, but to you,  
 And to his own, my lands shall all be added,  
 To make him still become more worthy of you,

[Blan. offers to speak.  
 No thanks, dear Youth, I ever meant itt for you, 140  
 And cou'd not give itt, att a time more propper.

To harmlesse revells, lett us now repair,  
 Whilst mirth and musick, eccho throo' the air,  
 And bear our tryumphs, to the blest above,  
 That spring like theirs, from innocence, and Love.

THE END