

Passages from Thomas Clayton's *Arsinoe* (1705) Set as Aria, Duet, or Chorus

Supplement to Thomas McGeary, 'Thomas Clayton's *Arsinoe* (1705) Reconsidered:
An English Opera in the Italian Manner'

from

Royal Musical Association Research Chronicle (2023), 1–22.

A R S I N O E,

QUEEN of CYPRUS.

A N

O P E R A,

After the *Italian* M A N N E R.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

B Y

H E R M A J E S T Y's Servants.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate next
Grays-Inn Lane. 1705.

P R E F A C E.

THE Design of this Entertainment being to introduce the Italian manner of Musick on the English Stage, which has not been before attempted; I was oblig'd to have an Italian Opera translated: In which the Words, however mean in several Places, suited much better with that manner of Musick, than others more Poetical would do.

The Stile of this Musick is to express the Passions, which is the Soul of Musick: And though the Voices are not equal to the Italian, yet I have engag'd the Best that were to be found in England; and I have not been wanting, to the utmost of my Diligence, in the instructing of them.

The Musick being Recitative, may not, at first, meet with that general Acceptation, as is to be hop'd for from the Audience's being better acquainted with it: But if this Attempt shall, by pleasing the Nobility and Gentry, be a Means of bringing this manner of Musick to be us'd in my Native Country, I shall think all my Study and Pains very well employ'd.

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Clayton.

The Names of the Actors.

M E N.

Ormondo, General of the Queen of *Cyprus*'s Army. His true Name is *Pelops*, Prince of *Athens*. He was first in Love with *Dorisbe*, and after with *Arsinoe*. } Mr. *Hughes*.

Feraspe, Captain of the Queen's Guards, in Love with *Dorisbe*. } Mr. *Leveridge*.

Delbo, Servant to *Ormondo*, a Buffoon. Mr. *Cook* or Mr. *Good*.

W O M E N.

Arsinoe, Queen of *Cyprus*, in Love with *Ormondo*. } Mrs. *Tofts*.

Dorisbe, A Princess of the Blood, and a Pretender to the Crown of *Cyprus*, in Love with *Ormondo*. } Mrs. *Cross*.

Nerina, An old Woman, formerly Nurse to *Dorisbe*. } Mrs *Lyndsey*.

A R S I-

ARSINOE

QUEEN of *CYPRUS*.

ACT I. SCENE

Arfinoe sleeping in a Garden. The Time Night, the Moon shining.

Enter Ormondo and Delbo.

Ormondo.

Queen of Darkness,
Sable Night,
Ease a wandering Lover's Pain!

Guide me,
Lead me,
Where the Nymph whom I adore,
Sleeping,
Dreaming,
Thinks of Love and me no more.

Guide me, Lead me, &c.

Delbo. The farther I walk
I stumble the more,
I grope out my Way
And tremble with Fear.

[*Stumbling.*]

Orm. Ye Gods, what heavenly Fair
What more than Mortal here

{ *Ormondo finds
Arfinoe sleep-
ing.*

B

Do

1

Do I behold?
 Two Radiant Stars
 On *Phæbus* Face
 So shrow'd their Light.
 Milky Hands,
 And Purple Cheeks,
 Lips of Coral,
 Breasts of Snow!

Lillies, Roses, Pearly Dew
 Yield in Beauty all to you!
Lillies, Roses, &c.

2

S C E N E II.

Enter one Masqu'd, with Bow and Arrows ready to shoot at Arfinoc, and sings.

Now Tyrant take thy Doom,
 Thy Time is come,
 Dye Tyrant, dye.

Orm. Hold Traytor, first
 Thy Salvage Blood
 I'll Sacrifice.

Arfin. Help me Gods,
 Assist my Flight.

[*He shoots and misses.*

{ *The Masquer lets fall his
 Bow. Ormondo pursues
 him. Arfinoc wakes, Del-
 bo falls on the Ground.*

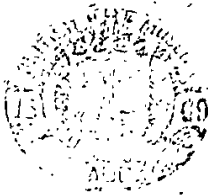
{ *Arfinoc flies off the Stage
 in a fright.*

S C E N E III.

Delbo on the Ground.

Del. Am I wounded, or am I dead?
 My fault'ring Tongue

Can



Can utter no more,
I find I am dead.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Arfinoe with Ormondo, his Sword drawn, and
Delbo on the Ground.*

Orm. As Roses show
More pale with Dew,
So suits this sudden Fright
My Charming Fair with you!
Detain me not,
I will pursue the Foe.

3

Arf. Hold, hold,
Ye Powers Divine!
How ev'ry Word
Melts down my Soul.

[Aside, as fainting.]

Orm. Gods! do you bleed?

Arf. Yes, in my Heart,
And owe my Life to you.

[Aside.]

Orm. Who can this be?
She walks and speaks a Deity!

[Aside.]

Arf. Who can this be?
Who Life and Death bestows on me!

[Aside.]

Orm. Heavens! O what Anguish!

Arf. Gods! how I languish?

Orm. Leave me

Arf. Relieve me

} blind God of Love.

[Both.]

Orm. Ease me

Arf. Release me

} blind God of Love.

[Both.]

Arf. Ha! then you know me.

Orm. We may adore

A Deity unknown.

Arf. He seems *Ormondo*;

It cannot be,

Ormondo's at the War.

Orm. So sweet an Air }
Arf. So high a Mean } was never seen.

[*Both.*

Arf. Ye Gods! who can this be?

Orm. A Lover.

Arf. Then depart.

Orm. I go,

And leave my Heart.

[*Is going.*

Arf. O stay,

Resolve not quite so soon!

Take this, and know

[*She gives him a Scarf.*

I owe my Life to you:

If not enough,

[*Aside.*

I owe my Heart and Crown.

[*She goes out.*

S C E N E V.

Delbo on the Ground.

Del. For thy Ferry-Boat, *Charon*,
 I thank thee,

But thrust me not out

Tho' I bring you no News,

For I came in a hurry.

Orm. *Delbo.*

Del. My Lord.

Orm.

Orm. Asleep?

Del. I shall never wake more,
I am dead.

Orm. Thou dreaming Sot,
Where art thou?

Del. In the World below,
I seek a new Master.

—*Orm.* Rise, Slave ;

No more :

[*Delbo rises.*

And you *Dorisbe*,
Now forgive me,
Charming Fair, adieu :
A greater Power
Controuls my Soul ;
It boils, and reigns
Within my Veins ;

Adieu, adieu !

Dorisbe, Charming Fair adieu !

Old Laws must yield to new.

Adieu, adieu !

Old Laws must yield to new ;

Dorisbe, Charming Fair adieu, &c.

[*They go out.*

S C E N E VI.

Dorisbe's Apartment. Enter Feraspe.

Feraspe. Happy he who void of Love,
No Beauty prizes,
Or despises ;

Never fearing,
Or desparing.

7
→

Not

7

←

Not aspiring,
Or desiring,
Happy living, void of Love.
Never fearing, &c.

Enter Nerina.

Fer. Nerina?

Ner. My Lord.

Fer. Where is Dorisbe?

Ner. In her Apartment.

But how came you here?

Fer. Nerina, kind Nerina,

You alone

Can help to ease my Pain.

Ner. My tender Heart

Ev'n melts with Grief,

What can I do?

Fer. Show me Dorisbe,

Let me see

The Charming Fair:

I perish in a Storm of Love,

Am sinking in Despair.

Ner. If you are Wise,

You'll take Advice,

And live as others do;

'Tis the Fashion,

Without Passion,

To make Love, and not be true.

'Tis the Fashion, &c.

Fer. Behold she comes.

8

Ner.

Ner. I'm lost, undone.

Fer. Peace, I'll abscond.

Ner. There in the Closet.

Bolt the Door,
If she perceives,
I am undone.

[*He retires, and harkens.*

[*Goes out.*

S C E N E VII.

Dorisbe, Ormondo.

Dor. Ormondo, now the Time is come,
And we alone.
I will impart
A Secret.

Orm. You may rely
On my Fidelity,
I can be secret
Tho' I cannot love.

[*Aside.*

Dor. You know *Arfinoe*,
Whose haughty Pride
Has robb'd my Father of his Life,
And shed my Brother's Blood.

Orm. Inhuman Deed!
What would you do?

Dor. Revenge, revenge,
With impious Blood appease
Their angry Ghosts.

Orm. Ye Gods!

Dor. But yesterday I sent
To give her Death,

And

And know not how
She 'scap'd the Blow.

Orm. Ha! 'twas the Queen
Whom I reliev'd!

Dor. Ormondo, you are brave,
Espouse my Quarrel,
And revenge my Cause.

Orm. My Honour withstands.

Dor. Dorisbe Commands.

Orm. But Pity }
Dor. Entreaty } shou'd move you.

9

[Both.

Orm. Gods, I must feign
My Love, I will obey.

[Aside.

S C E N E VIII.

A Table. Ormondo feigns to write.

Dor. Foul Offspring of eternal Night,
Hells darling Plague,

Alecto rise,
Rejoyce and see
With me,
The Fall of Proud *Arfinoe*.
Alecto rise, &c.

10

Orm. The Paper's seal'd,
Dispa.ch it to the King of *Thrace*.

Dor. First let me know
What it contains.

Orm. I ask for Arms,
And Succour in your Name.

Fer. *apart.* Heavens! they conspire.

Dor. 'Tis well, 'tis well,
'Tis now resolv'd
Arsinoe shall die.

Fer. Rebels, is this the Love [He comes boldly out.
And Faith you show
To Queen *Arsinoe*? [Ormondo drops the Letter.

Orm. Betray'd } I am undone, [Aside.
Dor. Dismay'd } [Both.

Fer. *Arsinoe* shall live
And be reveng'd
Of both her Foes.

Orm. Ungrateful! }
Fer. Unfaithful! } so to deceive me. [Both to Dorisbe.

11

Orm. Combin'd with a Rival
Your Witness employ.

Fer. Design'd by a Villain
The Queen to destroy.

Dor. Then 'tis decreed }
Arsinoe must live } [She weeps.
Dorisbe bleed. }

Orm. And thou, bold Slave! } draw. [Both.
Fer. Bold Traytor thou! }

Dor. Soldiers forbear,
This Royal Place
Is not for War.

Orm. Prepare, prepare }
Fer. To meet elsewhere } to thy Disgrace. [Both.

[*Dorisbe and Ormondo go off seperately.*

S C E N E IX.

Feraspe going off takes up the Letter, and Sings alone.

Fer. Directed to the King of *Thrace,*

So now 'tis plain

Ormondo has conspir'd:

I thank my Stars

And hasten to the Queen;

My Rival dies,

Dorisbe shall be mine.

[*Goes off.*]

S C E N E X.

The Queen's Apartment. Arsinoe alone upon a Couch.

Ars. Wounded I,

And Sighing lie,

Yet know not whom I love.

'Twixt Hope and Fear

So nigh Despair,

I cannot hence remove.

'Twixt Hope and Fear, &c.

Still I feel the raging Pain:

Alas too soon,

Alas too soon,

I am undone,

My Freedom to regain.

Alas too soon, &c.

Ye Gods, could I [*She rises.*]

The Scarf but see,

I should my Lover know!

S C E N E X I.

Enter Ormondo kneeling with a Wreath of Lawrel in his Hand, as from the Battel. The Scarf upon his Arm.

Orm. Behold, O Royal Fair,
The Conquest you have gain'd;
Trophies, which below you are,
Beneath your Feet are laid.

[Presents the Lawrel kneeling.]

Ars. Ye Gods, behold the Scarf! *[Aside:]*
Ormondo you have conquer'd.

Conquer'd me. *[Aside.]*

Orm. She sees the Scarf
And changes pale. *[Speaks aside kneeling.]*

I burn, I burn,
Am bound with Chains,
And would not now be free. *[Aside all.]*

Ars. Rise brave *Ormondo*,
Who like you,
In Peace and War,
Triumphing are,
May all-subdue. *[He rises.]*

Orm. Great Queen, your mighty Foe
The *Persian* King
Is overthrown,
Dispose of Kingdoms and a Crown,
Which to you Obedience own.

Ars. *Ormondo*, I applaud
What you have done.
But are you hurt?
I see you bound.

Orm. Ye Gods!
I'm hurt, and bound by you.

[Sighing.
[Aside.

Ars. You Sigh.

Orm. If Sighing would do!

Ars. Oh! then you love?

Orm. Where Love is due.

Ars. Are you requited?

Orm. If not slighted.

Ars. You hope?

Orm. I Fear.

Ars. Ormondo, dare
Be bold and dare,
Altho' a Queen——

Ye Gods, what have I said?

[Aside.

Orm. Altho' a Queen!
I comprehend.

She hides Disdain
In Pity of my Pain.

Ars. You may implore
Whom you admire.

Orm. I'll die, I'll die,
And say no more.

Ars. Altho' a Queen your Love inspire,
To Queens Ormondo may aspire.

Orm. I'll die, I'll die,
And say no more.

Ars. He does not understand.
Speak timorous Soul,
Thy Pardon's sign'd;
Here's Love and Majesty combin'd.
Whom do you love?

[Aside.

Orm.

Orm. She bids me tell,
I can no longer hold,
I'll speak, and die——
It is——*Arsinoe*——

Ars. No more,
I faint.

[*Aside.*

Orm. Your Pity I implore.

Ars. Audacious Wretch!

Orm. O, forgive me!

Ars. Proud Slave! no more.

Take this, and part

But that I know——

——You understand——

I'd have thy Heart.

[*Gives her Picture.*

Orm. I've said too much,
And take my Doom
In this sweet Martyrdom.

[*Goes off.*

S C E N E XI.

Arsinoe alone.

Ars. O Love, O Love,
O Love, I have gain'd,
My Power maintain'd,
Concealing the Chains I endure!
O Love, O Love,
O Love, I have gain'd
A Victory sure.
Joy allures me,
Hope assures me,
Both secure me!

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How sweet are the Pains
Of Love-sick Wounds,
When once we obtain?

O Love, O Love,
O Love, I have gain'd
A Victory sure!

The End of the First Act.

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

A Great Hall looking into a Garden.

Ormondo *with the Picture* in his Hand, and Delbo.*

Orm. Charming Creature,
Every Feature
Of the Goddess I adore!
So sweet a Face,
With such a Grace,
Sure no Mortal Hand could frame;

14

Ah now I know
The God of Love,
'Twas he, 'twas he,
His Fiery Dart
(No human Art)
This lovely Form inspir'd!
Ah, now I know, &c.

Eyes that kill'd me with Disdain,
Here with Pity seem to move;
'Tis he, 'tis he, the God of Love,

15



'Tis

'Tis he who gave the Wound.
 But Repenting
 And Relenting,
 Chuses here to ease my Pain.
Eyes that kill'd me, &c.

S C E N E II.

Enter Feraspe.

Fer. Stand, Rebel, stand,
 Receive thy Doom;
 'Tis fit this Court should see
 The Giant fall,
 Who dares aspire so high:

Orm. Inglorious Villain,
 Words from thee
 Move not a gen'rous Mind.
 My Soul disdains so base a Foe:
 But, since thou dost presume,
 I scorn Advantage.

Delbo, take this. *[Gives him his Dagger.*

Delbo. If I dare approach it.

Orm. This Scarf too. *[Gives him the Scarf.*
 And if I fall. *[Speaks to him in his Ear.*

Delbo. I'll do't, Sir.

Orm. Feraspe, } fall on. *[Both.*
Fer. Ormondo, }

Fer. The Justice of my Cause take Place.

Orm. No more:
 We lose our Time.

Orm.

Orm. A hated Strife, }
Fer. And Rebel's Life, } this soon will end. [*Both.*]

[*They engage, Ormondo disarms him.*]

Orm. Deliver up thy Sword,
 Thy Life is at my Mercy.

Fer. I'll die first like a Man of Honour,
 Though Fortune prove my Enemy,
 I'll yield to none but Death.

Orm. *Feraspe*, rise;
 That Burden of a Life
 I freely give thee.

Delbo. Stick him, Sir, stick him;
 Now he's on the Ground
 Secure him there.

Fer. O rather let me die,
 Or, with my Life,
 Restore my Sword.

Orm. I'll give it to *Dorisbe*,
 Receive it from her.

Fer. Ye Gods, I only wish to die;
 Pity then, and take a Life
 Scorn'd by Fortune,
 Shun'd by Death:
 In Pity ease me! O, in Pity,
 Ease me of a useless Breath.

Pity then, &c.

[*Goes off.*]

S C E N E III.

Dorisbe enters, sees Ormondo and is going.

Orm. Stop, stop, perfidious, and ungrateful Fair!
Dor. Perfidious! Oh

Oh Heav'ns, in what have I offended?

Orm. Unfaithful, did you not conceal
Feraspe in your Closet?

Farewel, I'll never see you more.

Blind God, from your Chains I am free;
My slighted Love,
Thy broken Vows,
Have set my Heart at Liberty.

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Blind God, from your Chains I am free, &c.

Dor. Ormondo, I am faithful.

Orm. What Faith can be in you?

Dor. My Heart! my Life! if ever——

Orm. Peace, Disloyal,

Dor. Ye Gods!

Orm. Tempt them no more.

Dor. Hear me, at least.

Orm. What, can you think
I have forgot your Treachery?

Dor. O Idol of my Love, I'm Innocent!

Orm. 'Tis false.

At least I'm pleas'd with this Pretence. *[Aside.*

Here, take this Sword, *[Gives her Feraspe's Sword.*

Restore it to *Feraspe*, with your Love.

[Throws it on the Ground.

As you desire this will an Action be
Of Love to him, Inconstancy to me.

S . C E N E IV.

Dorisbe, and Delbo who stays to observe her.

Dor. Conqu'ring, O! but cruel Eyes,
Why with Rigour will you kill

D

19



Her

Her, who adores you,
 And implores you?
 Can you wish to triumph more?
 Cease to sparkle with Disdain,
 More to wound a bleeding Heart.
 The Conquest sure,
 Your Slave secure,
 What Pleasure to encrease the Smart!
Can you wish to triumph more? &c.

19

←

Delbo. Ormondo's gone
 And leaves *Dorisbe* weeping;
 Sure his Heart is made of Marble.
 Poor Lady, how you are mistaken? [*Delbo harkens.*]

Dor. Go, perjur'd Man!
 Are these your plighted Vows?

Delbo. Thank my Stars,
 I am an honest Fellow, tho' a poor one.

Dor. And am I innocent?
 Condemn'd and innocent!

I'll take this Sword, [*Takes up the Sword.*
 And with it—— [*Offers to stab her self.*]

Delbo. O Madam, by no means; forbear.

Dor. ——I'll kill that barb'rous Villain!
 When Justice sues for Punishment,
 It goes not unreveng'd.

Delbo, what's that you do?

[*Sees Delbo endeavouring to hide the Scarf in a*

Delbo. Nothing, nothing. [*great Fright.*]

Dor. Where's Ormondo?

Delbo. I cannot tell. [*Still endeavours to hide it.*]

Dor. What is't you hide?

A

A Scarf and Dagger;
Ormondo's, are they not?

Speak—— [Takes the Scarf and Dagger from him.

Delbo. Madam!

Dor. 'Tis his; Ormondo's Name,
Behold it carv'd upon the Steel.

Revenge, Revenge!

'Tis now resolv'd

Th' usurping Queen shall lose her Crown,
And he his Life.

Assist ye Furies from the Deep,
Revenge, Revenge prepare!
Let not Rage and Murder sleep,
Revenge be all my Care.
Assist, &c.

20

S C E N E V.

A Palace Hall. Arsinoe and Ormondo.

Arf. Doubtful Heart, O tell me why,
Why you love, and not comply?
If to Love you will not bend,
Whither do thy Wishes tend?

Orm. Fearful Heart, I know not why
(Since you love, and constant are)
Her Pity you forbear to try;
Since Pity you must find, or die.

Arf. Ormondo, did my Picture please you?

Orm. Gods! how her Eyes dart through my Soul:
Each Word's a Wound,
Each single Look is Death!

21 & 22

Arf. All Love is blind, I know, [*Aside.*
But this is dumb.

Ormondo, did my Picture please you?

[*Ormondo sees Dorisbe enter with the Scarf about her.*

Orm. Gifts so rare,
Above us are ;
Permit me to retire :
I want some little space
To bear so great a Grace.

[*Arfinoë sees Dorisbe with the Scarf.*

Arf. No, no, *Ormondo*, you must stay.

Orm. *Dorisbe* with the Scarf?

Then I am lost!

[*Aside.*

Arf. My Hopes are past.

[*Aside.*

Orm. Was ever Fate;

[*Aside.*

Arf. Was ever State,

[*Aside.*

So hard as mine?

Arf. To be despis'd,

[*Both.*

[*Looking at Ormondo.*

Orm. To be surpriz'd,

[*Looking on Dorisbe.*

By this Design.

[*Both.*

Dor. Permit me, Madam, at your Feet to show
The Faith and Loyalty I owe. [*Kneeling.*

Arf. What Loyalty, what Faith?

Base Woman, as thou art,
This Scarf was never thine.

[*Tears the Scarf from her, and Dorisbe rises.*

Dor. Help, Heav'n!

Arf. And you, *Ormondo*, to despise
My Royal Gift;

I'll punish both:

You are a Traytor, she my Enemy.

Orm.

Orm. I am innocent——

Arf. Thou art guilty.

Dor. My Queen!——

Arf. Thy Fury!

Orm. In what have I offended?

Arf. In Treachery.

Dor. At least——

Arf. At least with Death I'll punish thee.

Orm. The Crime!——

Arf. It is too evident.

Dor. What Torment

Orm. What Anguish } is mine?

Arf. What Despair

Dor. I understand

The Queen's my Rival.

Arf. Thou vile, rash Man!——

Orm. Not so, my Fair *Arsinoe*.

Arf. Base, aspiring Woman!

Dor. I am Loyal and True.

Arf. Your Love and Lives

At once shall end——

The rest decide between your selves.

Orm. Thus sinking Mariners,
In fight of Land are lost;
Dash'd on the Rocks,
And cannot reach the Coast.

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S C E N E VI.

Dorisbe alone.

Dor. Ye Gods, I stay; but how?
The Scoff of Fortune and of Love.

I

I live,
But live in wishing Death!

I.

Ye Stars that rul'd my Birth,
The Man I love restore!
Pity my Grief;
This one Relief
But grant, I ask no more.

II.

Restore the Jewel of my Heart.
All other Losses I can bear!
Tho' he flies me,
And denies me,
He alone is worth my Care.

25

S C E N E VII.

Enter Nerina and Delbo.

Ner. Delbo, if thou wilt not Woe me,
Prithee spare a single Kiss,
Good Faith, it is a Wrong you do me,
To deny so small a Blis.

Delbo. And you, perhaps, believ'd
So easie to find Pity;
O Lips you are deceiv'd,
You are not yet so pretty.

Ner. Prithee knit no more thy Brows,
Frowns disgrace
A charming Face,

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→

And

And but make us Pastime lose :
 Put on a little dimpling Smile ;
 Pleasing Looks the Heart beguile.

Delbo. The more you intreat,
 The more 'twill be so :
 I shall ever repeat,
 No, no, no, no.

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S C E N E VIII.

Arfinoe alone. A Garden.

Arf. To War, my Thoughts! to War!
 My Passions rage,
 And Jealousie I call to Fight ;
 To Jealousie I'll give a total Rout.
 The Trumpet sounds ;
 An Eccho rebounds,
 Let her die, let her die ; let Jealousie die.

27

Dorisbe and Ormondo both conspire
 To rob my Soul of Rest :

I die, I die

A Sacrifice, to Love and Jealousie!

Arfinoe repose,

And ponder thy Misfortune now :

[Sits down, and Reposes on her Arm.

Must I, who am a Queen,

The Laws of Love receive?

Share with the trifling Boy my Crown?

Oh! what a vast Command I have,

At once a Monarch and a Slave?

Enter

Enter Dorisbe.

Dor. Behold, the Tyrant sleeps!

[Comes up to Arfinoe with the Dagger in her Hand.

Death, seal her Eyes;

She sleeps her last:

I'll write my Wrongs in Blood;

At once pierce hers, and cure my bleeding Heart.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Ormondo on a sudden, who holds Dorisbe.

Orm. Hold, hold your Hand!

Dor. I am in haste, let go.

Orm. What would you do?

[They struggle.

Dor. Ah let me!

Orm. Forbear.

Arf. What do I hear?

Dor. She wakes, help, help!

[She runs off, leaving the Dagger in Ormondo's Hand.

Orm. Vilest of all thy Sex,

Wicked *Dorisbe*!

Arf. Treason, Treason!

Who comes to succour me?

[She rises up.

Orm. My Valour and Fidelity.

Arf. Traytor, thou ly'st.

Orm. My Queen, you do me Wrong.

Arf. Villain, what Wrong?

Did you not hold a Dagger at my Breast?

Orm. I swear by all that's good,

My Life, my Love!—

Arf.

Ars. O talk no more of Love,
Thou perjur'd Wretch!
Reveal the Plot:
Who spurr'd you on to this Design?
Dorisbe, was it not?

Orm. I'll never tell.
I'll first endure——

[*Aside.*

Ars. This Dagger, is it yours?

Orm. 'Tis mine.

Ars. Perfidious Destiny!
Then you design'd to murder me!

[*Aside.*

Orm. No.

Ars. Who then is guilty?

Orm. I cannot tell.

Ars. Thou shalt discover all,
If Tortures can produce Confession.

Feraspe!

[*She calls aloud.*

Enter Feraspe.

Fer. My Sovereign!

Ars. Seize *Ormondo*.

Let him a Pris'ner be!

My Kingdom I would lose

To find him innocent.

[*Aside.*

[*She goes off slowly, looking at him.*

Fer. Guards! take him hence,
Conduct him to the Tower.

Orm. I go, *Arsinoe*, I go,
Where you and Destiny command!
Grant me but one Look more,
To be more wretched than before:

[*Arsinoe stops and looks back at him, just going off.*

E

Alas!

Alas! too soon that Look is gone,
 It's gone, and with it draws another on;
 I must look once again,
 And so be quite undone.
 Farewel! since you will have it so. [Arfinoe goes off.
 I go!
 And part with Life more easie than with you.

S C E N E X.

Feraspe alone.

Fer. Now Fortune, stand my Friend,
 And I have won the Prize:
Ormond's on the Brink of Death:
 This Letter will incense the Queen,
 And push him headlong to his Fate.
 Assist, ye Pow'rs above!
 At last my shipwrack'd Mind
 Some Ease will find:

Boiling Passions rage no more;
 Hopes in gentle Gales arising,
 Calm the troubled Seas of Love,
 And repelling
 Storms rebelling,
 Smiling waft me to the Shore.
Boiling Passions, &c.

II.

Fav'ring Stars the Passage clearing,
 Love at last has found the Way:
 Clouds of Anguish disappearing,
 Joy attends this happy Day.
Fav'ring Stars, &c.

The End of the Second Act.

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

*The QUEEN's Apartment.**Artinoe alone, weeping.*

Art. **G**reatness, leave me,
 Undeceive me,
 State is but a Pomp of Woe:
 Never given,
 Under Heaven,
 To make happy, but undo.
*Greatness, leave me,
 Undeceive me,
 State is but a Pomp of Woe, &c.*

29

*Enter Feraspe with a Letter.**Fer.* Hail, gracious Queen.*Art.* *Feraspe!**Fer.* Ormondo has betray'd your Life and Crown:
Behold the Letter, and the Treason own.*Art.* Directed to the King of Thrace!*[She reads the Superscription.*

I know the Hand:

Ormondo has conspir'd.*Feraspe*, e'er the Day be done,
Convinc'd of Treason, let the Rebel —

Gods! I can pronounce no more!

*[Aside.**Fer.* Hate and Anger
Have oppress'd her.*[Aside.**Art.* *Feraspe*, hear me;

E'er the Day be done—
 Shall that Sun ever set
 Which I adore?

[*Aside.*]

Fer. Her Woman's Heart
 Can ne'er resolve.

[*Aside.*]

Arf. Bring me the News
 That he is dead.

Fer. Madam, I understand,
Ormondo you would say.

Arf. Audacious Slave,
 The Secrets of a Queen
 Dare you unfold?
 Haste from my Sight,
 My Rage avoid.

Fer. Ye Gods, how Passion rends,
 And Pity shakes her Soul? [To himself going off.]

Arf. I rave, I rave, I rave, I rave;
 I am bewilder'd in a Maze of Grief.

Awake, *Arsinoe*, awake;
 These are but the Pangs of Love.

Feraspe, hold!

[*Feraspe returns.*]

Before the rising Sun

Ormondo dies;

Go, see it done.

Fer. Great Queen, I hasten to obey.

Arf. No, no, *Feraspe*, stay.

Fer. She changes like the Wind.

[*Aside.*]

Arf. Rebellious Love, resist no more.

[*Aside.*]

Let false *Ormondo* die. [Feraspe hears the last Line.]

Fer. Your Will shall be obey'd.

Arf. Detested Fury,

What,

What, return'd again?
 Still in my Sight?
 I can no more——

Be gone, and let *Ormondo* die.

[*Feraspe* goes off.]

S C E N E II.

Arfinoe alone.

Arf. Must then *Ormondo* die?

And die by me?

What Tygres gave thee Birth, *Arfinoe*?

Feraspe!

[*She* calls out.]

Ah! *Feraspe*'s gone!

Peace, my tumultuous Soul.

[*She* walks considering.]

Ormondo has conspir'd;

'Tis true, 'tis true:

But how can I

Live, and let *Ormondo* die?

30

But how can I, &c.

Then shall the Traytor live? [*Holding forth the Letter.*

My Heart will harden when I Treason read.

[*She* opens the Letter, throws down the Super-
 scription, and finds a blank Paper.]

Ye Gods, what nothing here!

Ormondo's innocent.

O Jealousie, thou raging Ill,

Too late, too late, my Love, I see:

'Tis I am guilty, thou art free.

I'll make what Speed I can, I'll fly,

To break thy Bonds, and give thee Liberty.

Wanton Zephyrs,
 Softly blowing,

31



Watching,

Watching,
 Catching,
 Whispers going,
 Bear in Sighs my Soul away.
 Tell *Ormondo* what I bear;
 Tell him how his Chains I wear;
 Tell him all my Grief and Care:
 Gently stealing,
 And revealing
 More than Love and I can say.
 Haste away,
 And convey
 More than Love and I can say.
Wanton Zephyrs, &c
Bear in Sighs my Soul away.

31



[Goes off.]

S C E N E III.

A Prison. Ormondo in Chains, with a Letter in his Hand.

Orm. Conscious Dungeon,
 Walls of Stone,
 You that eccho to my Grief,
 If not harder than my Fate,
 Give, O give me some Relief.

II.

E'er in your hollow Womb
 Breathless *Ormondo* you entomb,
 Show me once the cruel Fair!
 Since her Eyes first gave me Doom,
 From her Lips 'twill easie come.

32

A

A gentle Slumber steals upon my Eyes,
 Thank thee, kind Sleep :
 When I awake,
 This Letter to my Father.

[Falls asleep.]

S C E N E IV.

Arfinoe enters softly. Ormondo sleeping.

Arf. Sleep, sleep, *Ormondo*, void of Fear,
 In pleasing Dreams forget thy Care ;
 Fortune ready
 Waits to Crown thee,
 Love and I attending are :

33

Sleep, sleep, *Ormondo*, void of Fear.

Orm. My Queen.

[He talks in his Sleep.]

Arf. I am here, my Love.

He dreams.

Orm. Did you command my Death ?

Arf. I did ;

Thou art disloyal and unkind.

Orm. I am innocent.

Arf. Ah ! how I wish thee so !

Thy Letter shows no Guilt,

But 'twas perfidious to Assault my Life.

Orm. You will lament me dead.

Arf. No, no, my Love,

I cannot live to see thee dead.

But see, a Letter in his Hand !

[She takes the Letter softly out of his Hand.]

Directed to the King of Athens ! [Reads the Superscription]

Perhaps a new Conspiracy.

[She opens it.]

The

The L E T T E R.

Father [She reads the Title.
After a tedious Absence of Three Years,
Your wandring Son dies innocent;
Just at the Period of his Life
He sends you this, his last Farewel.

Pelops, your Son.

Arf. Pelops, Ormondo, Athens!
 I stand amaz'd!
 Ha! who comes here?
 I'll hear her Business, and retire.

[She retires on one side to harken,

S C E N E V.

Enter Dorisbe veil'd, Ormondo still sleeping.

Dor. Cruel Stars, who all conspire
 To blast my Love with hopeless Fire,
 Set my *Ormondo* free,
 Or let me share his Destiny:
 Two Lives in one
 The Fates have spun;
 I last but 'till his Race be done, &c.

34

Arf. She talks of Love?
 I've found a Rival here.

Dor. Two Lives in one
 The Fates have spun
 I last but 'till his Race be done.

Orm. What Voice disturbs my Rest? [He wakes.
 I dreamt *Arfinoe* revok'd my Doom,

And

And, smiling, plac'd me on a Throne;
 Then how I grasp'd her Neck,
 And held her panting in my Arms.
 I dreamt it only,
 She is still unmov'd.

Dorisbe unveils.

Dor. If not *Arsinoe*, *Dorisbe's* here,
 To free, or suffer with Love's Prisoner.

Orm. Perhaps you are the Messenger of Fate;
 I am prepar'd.

Dor. No, no, my Love,
 I bring thee Life and Liberty.

Orm. But if my Life with Treason I must buy,
 Leave me, *Dorisbe*,
 I would rather die.

Dor. By all that's dear,
 By all our Loves,
Ormondo, I beseech you hear.

Orm. Leave, O leave your black Revenge;
 Against the Queen no more Conspire:
 When in the Garden you design'd her Death
 I brought her safely off;
 And when you held the Dagger at her Breast,
 Did not I ward the Blow,
 And wrest it from your Hand?
 And now, and now, for my Fidelity,
 To save your Life I sacrifice my own.

Ars. Ye Gods, what more can I desire?
 My Dear *Ormondo's* innocent? [*Apart to her self.*]

Orm. False *Dorisbe*, one admir'd,

Urge me no more,
I'll save thy Life and die.

Arfinoe discovers her self.

Arf. No, no, you shall not die.

Dor. Heav'ns, I'm undone! [*Starting in a Fright.*

Arf. Guards!

Who's there?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Feraspe.

Fer. Great Queen!

Arf. *Feraspe*, you too long detain
The Prince of *Athens* Pris'ner. [*Pointing to Pelops.*

[*Feraspe sets him at Liberty.*

Haste, set him free:

This Day shall crown

My Love, and his Fidelity.

Dor. What Hope for me remains?

[*Aside.*

Arf. And let *Doris* wait

A Pris'ner in his Place,

'Till with less Anger I resolve her Fate.

Pelops. Permit me, Royal Fair, [*Knelling to Arfinoe.*

To vent the Raptures of my Soul;

I scarce know how to bear

This mighty swelling Tide of Joy!

Your Captive I so long have been,

I must petition now to be so still.

Arf. If Freedom you refuse.

What is it I can give,

Or you can chuse?

Pelops.

Pelops. While I do Homage to your Eyes,
I still enjoy the Liberty I lose.

Ars. Rise, generous Prince, [He rises and bows.
If you by me
Have lost your Liberty,
I give my self to set you free.

Pelops. Thus then I mark you, thus and thus,
And thus I seal my own.

[Kisses her Hand four times at each Thus.

Ars. My Dear, my Joy!

Pelops. My Life, my Goddess!

Ars. Yours for ever.

Pelops. True as ever;

Ars. Cupid! ever

May this happy Transport last,

[Both.

Ars. Still desiring,

Pelops. Still expiring,

Ars. Still refining,

Pelops. Still repining

Both. At each Minute that is past.

Both. Still desiring,

Still expiring,

Still refining,

Still repining

At each Minute that is past.

[They go off Hand in Hand.

S C E N E VII.

Feraspe and Dorisbe alone.

Fer. Death, Hell and Furies,
I am Thunder-struck!

F 2

What

What have you done?

Dor. I have undone my self and thee :
I hate us both :
I rage, I burn

With Anger and Despair. [*Walking up and down in a Fury.*]

Fer. You have abus'd my Love ;

Dor. And thus I make you Recompence.

[*Draws a Dagger, offers to stab her self.*]

Fer. What rash Attempt is this?

[*Holds her Hands struggling with her.*]

Dor. It is my Will and Pleasure ;
Let me strike.

[*He forces it out of her Hand, and kneels.*]

Fer. O live, my fair *Dorisbe*, live :
Impute my Fierceness to my Love,
And pardon my Offence.

Dor. What, live to be reproach'd by thee ?
Live to be scorn'd by proud *Arsinoe* !
I cannot, will not live.

Fer. Alas ! you know not how to die !
Let me strike first,

I'll tell you when I try. [*Holding the Dagger to his Breast.*]

Dor. Ye Gods ! Why this is kind ; [*She turns her*
I must some Pity show. [*Head and weeps.*]

Fer. you are innocent.

Fer. No longer than *Dorisbe* lives.

Dor. If I will die, what Blame in you ?
The Wound's my own, the Guilt's so too.

Fer. That Wound would kill us both ;
I act, what I permit in you.

Dor. Heavens ! he obliges me too far !

What

What shall I say?

[*Aside.*]

You cannot save my Life.

Fer. Not save your Life!

Dor. The Queen will have me die.

Fer. She will not dare when I am by.

Dor. She's guarded by the Prince.

Fer. The Fort is mine for your Defence.

Dor. It will be taken before Night.

Fer. The Haven's open for our Flight.

Dor. A Thousand Thoughts remain behind. [*Aside.*]

Feraspe, rise;

I must consult my Mind.

Fer. O make no longer Stay! [*Takes her by the Hand.*]

Dor. The Sea is dangerous.

Fer. But Love guides our Way.

[*Leads her to the Door of the Fort, and opens it.*]

Dor. The Court will miss you.

Fer. Leave it to my Care.

Dor. I hear a Noise, let me step in.

Farewel. [*She catches the Key and locks her self in.*]

Fer. I am safe when you are there. [*He goes off.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Scene opens and discovers Arsinoe and Pelops on a Throne. A Dance. After which an Epithalamium Song, as follows.

First Voice.

Hail, happy, happy, happy Pair!
Great Pelops and Arsinoe!

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For

*For Love prepare,
No Moments spare;
One happy Moment equals long Despair.*

[They dance again.]

Second Voice.

*Bright Queen of Love ordain
This Night no Lovers sigh in vain!*

*Nymphs complying,
Panting, dying,*

Mutual Pleasure bless each happy Swain.

CHORUS.

*Hail, happy, happy, happy Pair!
Great Pelops and Arsinoe!*

*For Love prepare,
No Moments spare;*

One happy Moment equals long Despair

SCENE IX.

*Dorisbe looks out of a Balcony of the Castle with a
Dagger in her Hand.*

[They all rise.]

*Dor. Tyrant, look up, and see
How much in Death I scorn thee!
There, fate thy thirsty Soul.*

[To Arsinoe.]

[She stabs her self, and throws over the Dagger.]

Pelops. Save, save, the Princess Life.

Ars. Make haste, break up the Door.

Dor. O feeble Arm!

What must I live?

Give

Give me the Dagger back :

I'll strike again !

Fer. Cruel *Dorisbe* !

You mistook the Heart ;

I feel the Wound by which you bleed ;

[*He faints leaning on one of the Guards.*]

O fatal Sight !

Dorisbe is brought in by the Guards slightly wounded.

Arf. Princess, you are much to blame !

Pel. You wrong our Clemency.

Arf. I would have sav'd your Life.

Pel. And I your Fame.

Dor. Can you forgive me then ?

Arf. I will, and can.

Fer. O name that Word again !

Name it a thousand times.

[*He kneels to Arsinoe, who bids him rise.*]

Dor. Much to your Pity I, *Feraspe*, owe,
And out of Pity I can love you now.

Fer. But can you love, and live ?

Dor. The Wound's not dangerous, I believe,

Fer. Immortal Gods !

What Joy, what Bliss ;

Arf. When Love does cure ;

What we endure ;

All three. And Wounds compleat our Happiness ?

Pel. Then tell it in the *Cyprian Groves*,
Tell it all the laughing Loves :

Arf. While the tuneful Quire plays,
While the tripping Satyrs bound ;

Fer. While they sooth us with their Lays,
While the Woods and Hills resound.

Pel.

Pel. We envy not Jove
 In Grandeur above;
 Altho' we endure
 Such Pain for a Cure,
 Who live in the Realm of Love.

A full CHORUS of all the Voices.

*Then tell it in the Cyprian Groves,
 Tell it all the laughing Loves;
 While the tuneful Quire plays,
 While the tripping Satyrs bound;
 While they sooth us with their Lays,
 While the Woods and Hills resound.
 We envy not Jove
 In Grandeur above;
 Altho' we endure
 Such Pain for a Cure,
 Who live in the Realm of LOVE.*

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F I N I S.

