

Reformatted Version of the London Word Book to Thomas Clayton, *Arsinoe* (1705)

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

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ARSINOE, Queen of *Cyprus*.

An Opera,

After the Italian Manner.

The Names of the Actors

Men

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

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

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

Women

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

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

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

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Arsinoe Sleeping in a Garden. The Time Night, the Moon shining.*

*Enter Ormondo and Delbo.*

*Ormondo*. Queen of Darkness,  
Sable Night,  
Ease a wandring Lover's Pain!



My fault'ring Tongue  
Can utter no more,  
I find I am dead.

SCENE IV.

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

(No. 3)

*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.*

*Ars. Hold, hold,  
Ye Powers Divine! [Aside, as fainting.  
How ev'ry Word  
Melts down my Soul.*

*Orm. Gods! do you bleed?*

*Ars. Yes, in my Heart, [Aside.  
And owe my Life to you.*

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

*Ars. Who can this be?  
Who Life, and Death bestows on me! [Aside.*

*Orm. Heavens! O what Anguish!*

*Ars. Gods! how I languish?*

*Orm./Ars. Leave me/Relieve me blind God of Love. [Both.*

*Orm./Ars. Ease me/Release me blind God of Love. [Both.*

*Ars. Ha! then you know me.*

*Orm. We may adore  
A Deity unknown.*

*Ars. He seems Ormondo;  
It cannot be,  
Ormondo's at the War.*

(No. 4)

*Orm./Ars. So sweet an Air/ So high a Mean was never seen. [Both.*

*Ars. Ye Gods! who can this be?*

*Orm. A Lover.*

*Ars. Then depart.*

*Orm. I go,  
And leave my Heart. [Is going.*

*Ars.* O stay,  
Resolve not quite so soon!  
Take this, and know  
I owe my Life to you:  
If not enough,  
I owe my Heart and Crown.

*[She gives him a Scarf.*

*[Aside.*

*[She goes out.*

## SCENE V.

*Delbo on the Ground.*

(No. 5)

*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.* (Da capo)

*Orm.* *Delbo.*

*Del.* My Lord.

*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;

*[Delbo rises.*

No more:

(No. 6)

*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.*

\* Not set

SCENE VI.

Dorisbe's Apartment. Enter Ferapse.

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

(No. 7)      *Never fearing,  
Or desparing.  
  
Not aspiring,  
Or desiring,  
Happy living, void of Love.      (Da capo)*

*Enter Nerina.*

*Fer. Nerina?*  
*Nerina.* 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;

(No. 8)      *'Tis the Fashion,  
Without Passion,  
To make Love, and not be true.*

*Fer.* Behold she comes.  
*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.*

SCENE VII.

Dorisbe, Ormondo.

*Dorisbe.* 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 *Arsinoe*,  
Whole haughty Pride  
Has robb'd my Father of his Life,  
And I 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 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.

(No. 9)

*Orm./Dor.* But Pity/Entreaty shou'd move you.

[*Both.*

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

[*Aside.*

SCENE VIII.

*A Table.* Ormondo feigns to write.

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

(No. 10)     Alecto rise,  
              Rejoyce and see  
              With me  
              The Fall of Proud Arsinoe.

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

*Dor.* First let me know  
What it Contains.

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

*Feraspe apart.* Heavens! they conspire.

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

*Fer.* Rebels, is this the Love  
And Faith you show  
To Queen *Arsinoe*?

[*He comes boldly out.*

[*Ormondo drops the Letter.*

*Orm./Dor.* Betray'd/Dismay'd I am undone,  
*Fer.* *Arsinoe* shall live  
And be reveng'd  
Of both her Foes.

[*Both. Aside.*

(No. 11)

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

*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  
*Dorisbe* bleed.

[*She Weeps.*

*Orm./Fer.* And thou, bold Slave!/*Bold Traytor* thou!.

[*Both draw.*

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

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

*Dorisbe and Ormondo go off seperately.*

## SCENE 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 dyes,  
Dorisbe shall be mine.

[Goes off.]

## SCENE X.

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

(No. 12)

I.

*Wounded I,  
And Sighing lie,  
Yet know not whom I love.  
'Twi't Hope and Fear  
So nigh Despair,  
I cannot hence remove.*

II.

*Still I feel the raging Pain:  
Alas too soon,  
I am undone.  
My Freedom to regain.*

Ye Gods, could I  
The Scarf but see,  
I should my Lover know!

[She rises.]

## SCENE XI.

*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!  
*Ormondo* you have conquer'd.  
Conquer'd me.

[Aside]

[Aside.]

*Orm.* She sees the Scarf  
And changes pale.  
I burn, I burn,  
Am bound with Chains,  
And would not now be free.

[Speaks aside kneeling.]

[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.* 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

[*Gives her Picture.*

But that I know —

— You understand —

I'd have thy Heart.

*Orm.* I've said too much,

And take my Doom

In this sweet Martyrdom.

[*Goes off.*

## SCENE XII.

*Arsinoe alone.*

*Ars.* O Love, O Love,  
O Love, I have gain'd,  
My Power maintain'd,  
Concealing the Chains I endure!

(No. 13)     *O Love, O Love,  
O Love, I have gain'd  
A Victory sure.  
Joy allures me,  
Hope assures me,  
Both secure me!*

*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.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Great Hall looking into a Garden.*

Ormondo with the Picture in his Hand, and Delbo.

(No. 14) *Charming Creature,  
Every Feature  
Of the Goddess I adore!  
  
So sweet a Face,  
With such a Grace,  
Sure no Mortal Hand could frame.* (Da capo)

Ah now I know  
The God of Love,  
'Twas he, 'twas he,  
His fiery Dart  
(No human art)  
This lovely Form inspir'd!

(No. 15) *Eyes that kill'd me with Disdain,  
Here with Pity seem to move;  
  
'Tis he, 'tis he, the God of Love,  
'Tis he who gave the Wound.  
But Repenting  
And Relenting,  
Chuses here to ease my Pain.* (Da capo)

SCENE 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.

*Del.* If I dare approach it.

*Orm.* This Scarf too.

[Gives him his Dagger.]

[Gives him the Scarf.]

And if I fall.

*[Speaks to him in his Ear.]*

*Del.* I'll do't, Sir.

*Orm./Fer. Feraspe,/ Ormonde,* fall on.

*[Both.]*

*Fer.* The Justice of my Cause take Place.

*Orm.* No more:

We lose our Time.

(No. 16)

*Orm./ Fer. A hated Strife, /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.

*Del.* 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.

(No. 17)

*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.*

*[Goes off.]*

### SCENE III.

*Dorisbe enters, sees Ormondo and is going.*

*Orm.* Stop, stop, perfidious, and ungrateful Fair!

*Dor.* Perfidious!

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.

(No. 18)            *Blind God, from your Chains I am free;  
                         My slighted Love,  
                         Thy broken Vows,  
                         Have set my Heart at Liberty.*

*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.*

*Here, take this Sword,*

*Restore it to Feraspe, with your Love.*

*As you desire this will an Action be*

*Of Love to him, Inconstancy to me.*

*[Aside.*

*[Gives her Feraspe's Sword.*

*[Throws it on the Ground.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Dorisbe, and Delbo who stays to observe her.*

(No. 19)

*Dor.            Conqu'ring, O! but cruel Eyes,*

*Why with Rigour will you kill*

*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.*

(Da capo)

*Del. Ormondo's gone*

*And leaves Dorisbe weeping;*

*Sure his Heart is made of Marble.*

*Poor Lady, how you are mistaken?*

*Dor. Go, perjur'd Man!*

*Are these your plighted Vows?*

*Del. Thank my Stars,*

*I am an honest Fellow, tho' a poor one.*

*[Delbo harkens.*

*Dor.* And am I innocent?  
Condemn'd and innocent!  
I'll take this Sword,  
And with it—

[*Takes up the Sword.*  
[*Offers to stab her self.*

*Del.* 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 great Fright.*

*Del.* Nothing, nothing.  
*Dor.* Where's *Ormondo*?  
*Del.* I cannot tell.  
*Dor.* What is't you hide?  
A Scarf and Dagger;  
*Ormondo*'s, are they not?  
Speak —

[*Still endeavours to hide it.*

*Del.* 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.

[*Takes the Scarf and Dagger from him.*

(No. 20)     *Assist ye Furies from the Deep,  
Revenge, Revenge prepare!  
Let not Rage and Murder sleep,  
Revenge be all my Care.*

## SCENE V.

*A Palace Hall. Arsinoe and Ormondo.*

(Nos. 21 & 22)\*

*Ars.*     *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.*

\*In *Songs* these two strophes are printed as consecutive single voice parts (No. 21), and together (No. 22)

*Ars.* *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!

*Ars.* All love is blind, I know,  
But this is dumb.

*Ormondo*, did my Picture please you?

[*Aside.*

[*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.

[*Arsinoe sees Dorisbe with the Scarf.*

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

*Orm.* *Dorisbe* with the Scarf?

Then I am lost!

[*Aside.*

*Ars.* My Hopes are past.

[*Aside.*

(No. 23)

*Orm./ Ars.* *Was ever Fate,/ Was ever State, So hard as mine?* [Both. *Aside.*

*Ars./ Orm.* *To be despis'd,/ To be surpriz'd, By this Design.* [Both. *Arsinoe looking  
on Ormondo; Ormondo looking on Dorisbe.*

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

[*Kneeling.*

*Ars.* 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!

*Ars.* And you, *Ormondo*, to despise  
My Royal Gift;  
I'll punish both:

You are a Traytor, she my Enemy.

*Orm.* I am innocent —

*Ars.* Thou art guilty.

*Dor.* My Queen! —

*Ars.* Thy Fury!

*Orm.* In what have I offended?

*Ars.* In Treachery!

*Dor.* At least—

*Ars.* At least with Death I'll punish thee.

*Orm.* The Crime! —

*Ars.* It is too evident.

*Dor./ Orm./ Ars.* What Torment/Anguish/Depair is mine? [All three.

*Dor.* I understand

The Queen's my Rival.

[*Aside.*

*Ars.* Thou vile, rash Man! —

*Orm.* Not so, my Fair *Arsinoe*.  
*Ars.* Base, aspiring Woman!  
*Dor.* I am Loyal and True.  
*Ars.* Your Love and Lives  
At once shall end —  
The rest decide between your selves [Exit.

(No. 24)  
*Orm.* *Thus sinking Mariners,  
In sight of Land are lost;  
Dash'd on the Rocks,  
And cannot reach the Coast.* [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Dorisbe alone.*

*Dor.* Ye Gods, I stay; but how?  
The Scoff of Fortune and of Love.  
I live,  
But live in wishing Death!

(No. 25) 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.*

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Nerina and Delbo.*

(No. 26)  
*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 Bliss.*



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

*Del.\* The more you intreat;  
The more 'twill be so:  
I shall ever repeat,  
No, no, no, no.*

*\*Strophe not included in printed Songs*

## SCENE VIII.

*Arsinoe alone, A Garden.*

(No. 27)

*Ars. 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.*

*Dorisbe and Ormondo both conspire*

*To rob my Soul of Rest:*

*I die, I die*

*A Sacrifice, to Love and Jealousie!*

*Arsinoe 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 Dorisbe.*

*Dor. Behold, the Tyrant sleeps!*

*[Comes up to Arsinoe 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.

SCENE 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.

*Ars.* 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*!

*Ars.* Treason, Treason!

Who comes to succour me?

*[She rises up.]*

*Orm.* My Valour and Fidelity.

*Ars.* Traytor, thou ly'st.

*Orm.* My Queen, you do me Wrong.

*Ars.* Villain, what Wrong?

Did you not hold a Dagger at my Breast?

*Orm.* I swear by all that's good,  
My Life, my Love! —

*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.

*[Aside.]*

I'll first endure —

*Ars.* This Dagger, is it yours?

*Orm.* 'Tis mine.

*Ars.* Perfidious Destiny!

*[Aside.]*

Then you design'd to murder me!

*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~~ [Aside:  
~~To find him innocent.~~ [She goes off slowly, looking at him.

\* Not set

*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.*

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.  
I go!

[*Arsinoe goes off.*

And part with Life more easie than with you.

## SCENE X.

*Feraspe alone.*

*Fer.* Now, Fortune, stand my Friend,  
And I have won the Prize:

*Ormondo'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:

No. 28      *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.*

*Fav'ring Stars the Passage clearing,  
              Love at last has found the Way:  
              Clouds of Anguish disappearing,  
              Joy attends this happy Day.*      (Da capo)

*The End of the Second Act.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The QUEEN's Apartment.*

*Arsinoe alone, weeping.*

(No. 29)

*Ars.*            *Greatness, leave me,  
Undeceive me,  
State is but a Pomp of Woe:  
Never given,  
Under Heaven,  
To make happy, but undo.*

*Enter Feraspe with a Letter.*

*Fer.* Hail, gracious Queen.

*Ars.* *Feraspe!*

*Fer.* *Ormondo* has betrayed your Life and Crown:  
Behold the Letter, and the Treason own.

*Ars.* 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.]*

*Ars.* *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.]*

*Ars.* Bring me the News

That he is dead.

*Fer.* Madam, I understand,

*Ormondo* you would say.

*Ars.* 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.]*

*Ars.* 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!  
Before the rising Sun  
*Ormondo* dies;  
Go, see it done.

[*Feraspe* returns.]

*Fer.* Great Queen, I hasten to obey.

*Ars.* No, no, *Feraspe*, stay.

*Fer.* She changes like the Wind.

[*Aside.*

*Ars.* Rebellious. Love, resist no more.

[*Aside.*

Let false *Ormondo* die.

[*Feraspe* hears the last Line.]

*Fer.* Your Will shall be obey'd.

*Ars.* Detested Fury,

What, return'd again?

Still in my Sight?

I can no more —

Be gone, and let *Ormondo* die.

[*Feraspe* goes off.]

## SCENE II.

*Arsinoe* alone.

*Ars.* Must then *Ormondo* die?  
And die by me?  
What Tygress gave thee Birth, *Arsinoe*?  
*Feraspe*!  
Ah! *Feraspe*'s gone!  
Peace, my tumultuous Soul.  
*Ormondo* has conspir'd;  
'Tis true, 'tis true:

[*She* calls out.]

[*She* walks considering.]

(No. 30)      *But how can I*  
                 *Live, and let Ormondo die?*

Then shall the Traytor live?  
My Heart will harden when I Treason read.

[*Holding forth the Letter.*

*She opens the Letter, throws down the Superscription,*  
*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.



*Fortune ready  
Waits to Crown thee,  
Love and I attending are.* (Da capo)

*Orm.* My Queen. [He talks in his Sleep.  
*Ars.* I am here, my Love.  
He dreams.  
*Orm.* Did you command my Death?  
*Ars.* I did;  
Thou art disloyal and unkind.  
*Orm.* I am innocent.  
*Ars.* Ah! how I wish thee so!  
Thy Letter shows no Guilt,  
But 'twas perfidious to Assault my Life.  
*Orm.* You will lament me dead.  
*Ars.* 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 LETTER.

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

*Ars.* 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.

SCENE V.

*Enter Dorisbe veil'd, Ormondo still sleeping.*

(No. 34) *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.*

*Ars.* 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?  
I dreamt *Arsinoe* revok'd my Doom,  
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.

[*He wakes.*]

*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.

*Arsinoe discovers her self.*

*Ars.* No, no, you shall not die.

*Dor.* Heav'ns, I'm undone!

[*Starting in a Fright.*]

*Ars.* Guards!  
Who's there?



SCENE VI.

*Enter Feraspe.*

*Fer.* Great Queen!

*Ars.* *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.*

*Ars.* And let *Dorisbe* wait

A Pris'ner in his Place,

'Till with less Anger I resolve her Fate.

*Pel.* Permit me, Royal Fair,

[*Knelling to Arsinoe.*

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.

*Ars.* If Freedom you refuse.

What is it I can give,

Or you can chuse?

*Pel.* 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.

*Pel.* Thus then I mark you, thus and thus,

And thus I seal my own.

[*Kisses her Hand four times at each Thus.*

(No. 35)

*Ars.* *My Dear, my Joy!*

*Pel.* *My Life, my Goddess!*

*Ars.* *Yours for ever.*

*Pel.* *True as ever;*

*Ars.* *Cupid! ever*

*Both* *May this happy Transport last,*

*Ars.* *Still desiring,*

*Pel.* *Still expiring,*

*Ars.* *Still repining,*

*Pel.* *Still repining*

*Both* *At each Minute that is past.*

. [*They go off Hand in Hand.*

SCENE VII.

Feraspe and Dorisbe alone.

*Fer.* Death, Hell and Furies,  
I am Thunder-struck!  
What have you done?

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

*Fer.* You have abus'd my Love;

*Dor.* And thus I make you Recompence.

*Fer.* What rash Attempt is this?

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

*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.

*Dor.* Ye Gods! Why this is kind;  
I must some Pity show.

*Feraspe*, 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 shall I say?

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.  
*Feraspe*, rise;

*Walking up and down in a Fury.*

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

*[Holds her Hands struggling with her.*

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

*[Holding the Dagger to his Breast.*

*[She turns her Head and weeps.*

*[Aside.*

*[Aside.*

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.*

### SCENE 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!*

*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!

*[To Arsinoe.*

There, sate thy thirsty Soul.

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

*Pel.* Save, save, the Princess Life.  
*Ars.* Make haste, break up the Door.  
*Dor.* O feeble Arm!

What must I live?

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.*

*Ars.* Princess, you are much to blame!

*Pel.* You wrong our Clemency.

*Ars.* I would have sav'd your Life.

*Pel.* And I your Fame.

*Dor.* Can you forgive me then?

*Ars.* 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;

*Ars.* When Love does cure;

What we endure;

*All three.* And Wounds compleat our Happiness?

(No. 37)

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

*Ars.* 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.* 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.*

*FINIS.*