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THE DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
JEAN RACINE

A METRICAL ENGLISH VERSION

BY

ROBERT BRUCE BOSWELL

M.A. OXON.

AUTHOR OF " METRICAL TRANSLATIONS AND OTHER POEMS"

VOL. II.



## CONTENTS.

BAJAZET	1
MITHRIDAIES	
IPHIGSKMV •	133
PILLCRA	230
KSTHER	269
ATHVLIH	327



BAJAZET.

1672.



## INTRODUCTION TO BAJAZET.

THE time to which this tragedy relates is much later than that of any other of Racine's historical plays. The capture of Babylon (or rather Bagdad) from the Persians by Sultan Amurath IV., on which the catastrophe of the plot depends, occurred only a year before the poet's birth, viz., 1638; and our author thought it desirable to justify himself for choosing a subject so recent by the precedent of Æschylus, whose "Persae" commemorated the abortive expedition of Xerxes against Greece, in which struggle he had himself taken an active part. The unfamiliar manners and customs of the distant East may compensate in some measure, he maintains, for proximity in point of time. Racine derived his information about the circumstances of Bajazet's death from the narrative of the Comte de Cezy, who was French ambassador at Constantinople at the time, and had some personal knowledge of the unfortunate prince.

## CHARACTERS

BAJAZET, *Brother of Sultan Amurath*  
ROXANA, *Sultana, the favourite of Sultan Amurath*  
ATALIDT, *a Turkish Damsel of Royal Blood*  
ACHMLT, *the Grand Vizier*  
OMAN, *Friend of the Grand Vizier*  
FATIMA, *a Slave of the Sultana*  
ZARA *a Slave of Atahde*  
*Guards*

The scene is laid at Constantinople, formerly called Byzantium,  
in the sei aglio of the Sultan

# BAJAZET.

## ACT L

### *Scene 1.*

ACHMET, OSMAN.

ACHMET.

Come, follow me. Here the Sultana comes  
Anon: meanwhile we may converse together.

OSMAN.

How long, my lord, has entrance been allow'd  
To these forbidden precincts, where so lately  
The eyes that dared to pry would soon have closed  
In death ?

ACHMET.

When you have heard all that has pass'd,  
You will not be surprised that I am free  
To enter. But enough of that, dear Osman.

How long to my impatience seem'd the time  
Of your return! How glad am I to see you  
Here in Stamboul! What secrets have you learn'd  
By travelling so far on my behalf ?

**Tell** me sincerely what your eyes have seen;  
Consider, Osman, that on your report  
**The** future fortune of the Crescent hangs.  
**How** fares it with the army and the Sultan ?

## OSMAN

True to her prince, did Babylon, unmoved  
 By terror, see our hosts her walls encompass ,  
 The muster'd Persians to her aid were marching,  
 And daily neaier drew to Amurath's camp  
 He, weary with the tedious, fruitless siege,  
 Seem'd willing to leave Babylon at lest,  
 And, without making fresh assaults in vain,  
 Was waiting for the Persians, to give battle  
 But, as you know, Sir, make what haste I might.  
 Long is the journey hither from those parts ,  
 A thousand obstacles my course impeded,  
 Nor can I tell all that has happened since

## ACHMET

Our valiant Jamzanes—how did they  
 Comport themselves" Do the) to Ammath yield  
 Faithful allegiance ? Can you read men's heaits ?  
 Enjoys the Sultan undisputed pow'i ?

## OSMAN

If one ma\ take his word, he is content,  
 And seem'd full confident of victor)  
 But his apparent calmness cannot cheat as,  
 He knows not the repose that he assumes  
 In urn he masks habitual distrust,  
 And grants his janizaries easy access ,  
 He cannot but remember how he wish'd  
 To pare that gallant force of halt its strength,  
 And, as he said, to 'scape their tutelage  
 Oft have I heard them talk among themsehes  
 How Amurath fears them, and how they fear him ,  
 That sore still galls them, flatter as he may  
 They murmur at your absence, and regret  
 The time so dear to their couiageous hearts,  
 When under you, sure of success, they fought

## ACHMET

What' Think you, Osman, that my glory still  
 In their remembrance lives and stns their valour

That they would gladly follow me again,  
And hail the voice of their vizier with welcome ?

## OSMAN.

The fortune of the fight will rule their conduct:  
They must see Amurath's victory or defeat.  
Though loath, my lord, to march with him to lead them,  
They have to keep unstain'd their martial glory :  
They'll not betray honour so hardly won.  
But failure or success depends on fate.  
If, seconding their valour, Amurath's star  
Awards him victory on Babylon's plains,  
Then will you see them to Byzantium bring  
Submissive homage and a blind obedience;  
But if the heavy hand of destiny  
Crush in the conflict his aspiring schemes  
Of empire, doubt not his disgraceful flight  
Would spur their hatred on to bold contempt,  
And his disasters would to them appear  
High Heav'n's decree of wrath and reprobation.  
Meanwhile, if Rumour's voice has spoken truly,  
Three months ago he from the army sent  
Hither a slave charged with some secret message.  
All in the camp trembled for Bajazet,  
Fearing the Sultan had with cruel order  
Despatch'd him to demand his brother's head.

## ACHMET.

Such was his purpose. Ay, that slave has come,  
And shown his mandate —which was disregarded.

## OSMAN.

What! shall the Sultan see that slave again  
Without this pledge of your allegiance rendered ?

## ACHMET.

The **slave** is dead. A secret order cast him  
**Full many** a fathom deep beneath the Euxine.

OSMAN

His lengthen'd absence will surpse the Sultan,  
 Soon will he seek the cause, and take revenge  
 What will you answer him ?

ACHMFT

Perchance ere then  
 He'll have more pressing matters to engage him  
 I know that Amurath has sworn my rum,  
 I know what welcome his return will bring me  
 To tear me from his soldiers' hearts, behold  
 How he excludes me from his fights and sieges ,  
 Himself commands the army and leaves me  
 Here m Stamboul t'exert a pow'r that's useless  
 What base employment, Osman, for a vizier'  
 But I have used my time to worthier purpose,  
 And terrible surprises have prepared him,  
 Soon will the news thereof make his ears tingle

OSMAN

What havj you done ?

ACHMET

I hope that Bajazot  
 To-day will mount the throne,—with him Roxana.

OBMAN

Roxana, my good lord! whom Amurath chose  
 As fairest of that fair ariay which fill'd  
 His court from Europe and from Asia gather' d  
 In countless numbers, who alone has fix'd  
 The Sultan's heart, they say, whom he has named  
 Sultana, though no son she yet has borne him

ACHMET

Ay, more, dear Osman He has will'd that she  
 Should in his absence wield supreme command  
 You know the rigour that our Sultans practise,  
 Brothers are seldom suffered to enjoy

The dangerous honour of their royal rank  
Belated to their own by ties too near.  
The brainless Ibrahim, from peril free,  
Needs not to curse his birth, perpetual childhood  
Secures his safety, he, in life or death  
Alike contemn'd, is left to those who deign  
To feed him. With the other 'tis not so,  
Of Amurath's jealous fear a worthier object,  
Which every moment threatens his destruction:  
For Bajazet has ever scorned to live  
In slothful ease, like other sultans' sons.  
War was his favourite pastime from his boyhood,  
And practice under me has made him perfect.  
Have you not seen him charge where foes were thickest  
With courage that bewitch'd each soldier's heart,  
And stain'd with carnage, reap the rare delight  
Which valour's earliest triumph brings to youth?  
But cruel Amurath, 'spite of jealous fears,  
Dared not (before he had a son to make  
Succession sure) wreak upon Bajazet  
His vengeance, cutting short the royal stock.  
So for a time was Amurath's rage disarm'd,  
And Bajazet left prisoner in the palace.

He went, and will'd that, faithful to his hatred,  
Holding his brother's life at her disposal,  
Roxana, at the slightest breath of rumour,  
The least suspicion giv'n, no reason else,  
Should slay him. I, left here, justly incensed,  
Soon turn'd my wishes to the brother's side.  
Hiding my purpose, to the young Sultana  
I show'd how Amurath's return was doubtful,  
The murmurs of the camp, war's fickle fortunes,  
Praised Bajazet, and made her pity him,  
Dwelt on his charms, so jealously conceal'd,  
So near her eyes yet never seen by her.  
In short, so well I work'd upon Roxana  
That she was all impatient to behold him.

OSMAN.

But could they frustrate keen-eyed vigilance,  
And overstep the barriers placed between them?

## ACHMET

You may perhaps remember how the tidings,  
 False as they proved, of Amurath's death were spread  
 In feign'd alarm Roxana heard the rumour,  
 And with loud cries of grief strove to confirm it  
 Trusting the witness of those tears, her slaves  
 Trembled, and those who guarded Bajazet,  
 In their perplexity by bribes corrupted,  
 Relax'd then watchful care, when the Sultana  
 Found means to see the prince, and in his ear  
 Whisper'd the secret order she was charged with  
 No churl is Bajazet, and, when he saw  
 That safety lay in pleasing her, full soon  
 He pleas'd her well To aid him all conspired,  
 Her kind care, their mutual understanding  
 Based on the secret shared, sighs all the sweeter  
 For being stolen, silence that provok'd  
 Wishes they dared not utter, fears and danger  
 Common to both, united them together,  
 Whilst those whose eyes should have observed them closely,  
 Failed to resume the duty once neglected

## OSMAN

What! did Roxana from the first make known  
 Her heart to them, and to their eyes reveal  
 Her flame '

## ACHMET

They know it not, and till to-day  
 On then intrigue has Atahde bestow'd  
 The shelter of her name,—the niece, you know,  
 Of Amurath's sire, who with his children shared  
 His fondness, and with them her childhood pass'd  
 She, as it seem'd, his tender vows received,  
 But only to coin them to Roxana,  
 The willing instrument to aid their passion  
 And to secure *my* countenance, dear Osman,  
 Both have agreed that Atahde shall be  
 My bride

## OSMAN

You love her, then <sup>f</sup>

ACHMET.

**Would'st have me learn**

**Now** at my age the worthless lore of love ?  
And shall a heart that years of toil have liarden'd  
Blindly submit to follow vain delights ?  
Nay, she attracts my gaze with other charms,  
I love in her the blood of royal sires.  
Through this alliance to the throne brought near  
By Bajazet, I thus secure a shield  
To guard myself against him. Some offence  
Is sure to rise, for scarcely has vizier  
Been chosen ere the Sultan fears his creature,  
And greed or envy soon effects his ruin.  
To-day he honours me and courts my favour,  
The risks he runs incline his heart toward me.  
But stablish'd on the throne, this Bajazet  
Perchance will throw aside a useless friend:  
And, if my faithful service be forgotten,  
The day may come when he will dare to doom me  
To death—. I say no more, but 'tis my purpose  
To keep him waiting for my head full long.  
I know the duty that I owe my masters,  
But 'tis for slaves to humour their caprices,  
Nor am I so besotted as to lick  
The hand that strikes me.

Thus it comes to pass  
That I within these walls have free admittance,  
And with mine eyes may look upon Roxaua.  
At first she listen'd to my voice herself  
Unseen, and fear'd to break the rigid laws  
That guard the harem. But those irksome scruples,  
Our converse hampering, ere long were banish'd.  
She has herself chosen this nook remote  
Where eyes may hearts discover unrestrain'd.  
A slave conducts me by a secret passage—  
But here she comes, with her loved Atalide.  
Stay, and be ready, should there need arise,  
To ratify the statement I shall make her.

*Scene 2*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, ACHMET, OSMAN, FATIMA, ZARA

ACHMET

Truth, Lady, has confirm'd the voice of Rumour,  
 Osman has seen the Sultan and the army  
 Proud Amurath is ever ill at ease,  
 And all hearts ever turn to Bajazet,  
 With one consent they call him to the throne  
 The Persian hosts, meanwhile, to Babylon  
 Were marching, and the rival camp will soon  
 Meet 'neath her walls to try the chance of battle,  
 Which must decide, they say, our destinies,  
 And, counting up the days of Osman's journey,  
 Heav'n has already settled the event,  
 And Amurath triumphs now, or flies defeated  
 Let us break silence, and declare ourselves,  
 From this day forth shutting our gates against him,  
 Nor wait to learn the issue of the conflict,  
 But hasten to anticipate the tidings  
 If he has lost, what fear you? Has he won?  
 Then are the promptest measures the most safe,  
 Delay too long, and failure must attend  
 Our efforts to seduce a people ready  
 To welcome home their sovereign I have gam'd  
 Th' expounders of our sacred law, intriguing  
 In secret Well I know religion's pow'r  
 To turn the multitude this way or that  
 Let Bajazet go forth beyond the walls,  
 And cease to be a prisoner in this palace  
 This fateful standard in his name display,  
 Our wonted signal when the State's in danger  
 The people, in his favour prepossess'd,  
 Know that his virtue is **his** only crime  
 Besides a vague report that I have foster'd  
 Has spread alarm, and made them think the **Sultan**  
 Disdains them and is minded to remove  
 His presence **and his throne far from Byzantium**

Let us declare what danger overhangs  
His brother's head, and show the cruel order  
Address'd to you ; let Bajazet assert  
His claim, and mount the throne, with courage worthy  
Of royalty.

**ROXANA.**

Enough, I' will maintain  
All I have promised. Go, brave Achmet, gather  
Our friends, their feelings sound, then bring report  
Of all, and you shall find my answer ready.  
I will see Bajazet. Nought can I say  
Till of his heart assured as one with mine.  
Go, and return.

*Scene 3.*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, ZARA.

**ROXANA.**

At length, fair Atalide,  
Must Bajazet decide my destiny.  
Now for the last time will I question him,  
And learn if I am loved.

**ATALIDE.**

Can you yet doubt it ?  
Hasten, dear lady, to complete your work.  
Did you not hear what Achmet said to urge you ?  
Is Bajazet beloved ? Think that to-morrow  
His liberty and life may be no longer  
In your control. Perchance this very moment  
The Sultan comes in fury to destroy him.  
Why is it that you doubt his heart to-day ?

**ROXANA.**

Will you be surety, e'en as you have been  
His advocate ?

ATALIDE

The care he takes to please you,  
 All you have done, all you can do for him,  
 His danger, and his homage to your charms,  
 Do not all these assure you of his love?  
 Doubt not your kindness lives in his remembrance

ROXANA

Ah ! it would give *me* peace, could I believe it '  
 But why then speaks he not, my tears to banish,  
 As I am told by others that he feels ?  
 Relying on your words, full twenty times  
 Have I enjoy'd a foretaste of his heart's  
 Emotion, and, in my desire to prove  
 His passion true, conferr'd with him in secret  
 My eagerness may make me hard to please,  
 But, to cut short a long and tedious story,  
 I found but little of that amorous ardour  
 Which flattering lips had led me to expect  
 In short, if I to him give life and empire,  
 I must have pledges that I cannot doubt

ATALIDE

How do you then propose to test his passion ?

ROXANA

That if he loves, he should ere nightfall wed me

ATALIDE

Wed you    Good Heav'ns    You surely cannot mean it

ROXANA

I know 'tis not the custom of our saltans,  
 Who in their pride stoop not to such constraints,  
 Nor hold the laws of marriage made for them  
 'Hid all the fair who v're for their caresses,  
 They sometimes deign to choose a favour'd mistress  
 But, still a slave, with no security

But beauty's charms, she shares her master's couch,  
And, without shaking off the servile yoke,  
Must bear a son ere she be named sultana.  
Like none before him, Amurath has will'd  
This honour to bestow for love alone.  
Mine is the title, mine the pow'r as well,  
And in my hands his brother's life he left.  
But in his ardour Amurath ne'er promised  
Prospect of marriage, other gifts to crown:  
And I, whose sole ambition was for this,  
Have all his other benefits forgotten.  
Yet what avails it to excuse my conduct ?  
'Tis Bajazet that from my memory wipes  
The past; more happy, 'spite of his misfortunes,  
Than Amurath, for he has learn'd to please me,  
Perhaps without the wish ; guards, women, vizier,  
All have been bribed for him, and in my heart  
He reigns supreme. Thanks to my love, right well  
I use the pow'r his brother gave me o'er him.  
His feet have all but reach'd the Sultan's throne,  
There needs but one step more, for that I wait.  
In spite of all my love, if he to-day  
Refuses to be bound to me by marriage,  
And dares to plead an odious privilege ;  
If he for me, who have done all for him,  
Will not do ask, that very moment,  
Regardless of my love and of my ruin,  
I give him up, and let the wretch return  
To that unhappy plight in which I found him.  
This is the issue Bajazet must settle,  
His weal or woe depends upon his answer.  
I do not wish that you to-day should lend  
Your voice to serve as my interpreter;  
Nay, his own mouth and countenance before me  
Shall all his heart reveal, and leave no shade  
Of doubt; brought hither secretly, must he  
All unprepared before mine eyes appear.  
Farewell. This meeting o'er, you shall know all.

*Scene 4*

ATALIDE, ZARA

ATALIDE

Zara, 'tis done, and Atalide is lost

ZARA

You?

ATALIDE

I foresee already what must come  
The only hope I have hes m despair

ZARA

But why so, Madam ?

ATALIDE

Have you not just heard  
The fatal purpose in Roxana's mmd?  
To what conditions she will bind him down ?  
The prince, she says, shall marry her or dre  
If he subnet what will become of me ?  
What will become of him, if he refuse ?

ZARA

I understand your grref But, to be frank.  
Your love should long ago have augur'd this

ATALIDE

Ah, Zara, is love ever dow'r'd with piudence ?  
All seem'd to fit so well with *my* desires,  
Roxana, blindly on my word relying,  
Believed the heart of Bajazet her own,  
All that concern'd him to my care confided,  
Spoke by my mouth, and saw him with mine eyes,  
And close at hand I deem'd the happy moment  
Which, thanks to her, should crown my lover's triumph,  
Heav'n has pronounced against my chensh'd scheme  
What more, my Zara, should I then have done ?

Ought I to have opposed Roxana's error,  
And lost my lover, to enlighten her ?  
Ere in her heart that passion had been planted,  
I loved him, well assured of being beloved.  
E'en from our earliest years, you will remember  
How ties more tender reinforced the bond  
Of kindred blood. Rear'd at his mother's lap  
With him, I learn'd to favour Bajazet  
Above his brother; she with joy approved  
Our fondness, and, though parted when she died,  
In absence still we held each other dear,  
And nursed in silence a perennial passion.  
Since then Roxana's eyes have seen the prince,  
And, unsuspecting of my feelings, told  
To me what love the sight of him inspired :  
With eager joy she stretch'd her hand to help him.  
As grateful as surprised, did Bajazet  
Return her kindness. How could he do less ?  
But love too readily believes its wishes!  
Roxana, with his courtesy contented,  
Led us both on to feed ill-founded hopes,  
And leave her to enjoy her sweet delusion.  
I must, however, own my weakness, Zara;  
A jealous feeling would not be suppress'd  
Roxana, loading him with benefits,  
Opposed an empire to my feeble charms ;  
Her constant care forbade him to forget her,  
She held before his eyes a dazzling prospect;  
While I, what can I do for him ? My heart  
Utter'd itself in sighs, and sighs repeated;  
Heav'n only knows how many tears I shed.  
But Bajazet at last dispell'd my fears;  
I wept no more, and, till to-day, have urged him  
To act a part, and made myself his mouthpiece.  
Alas! 'tis over now ; Roxana, scorn'd.  
Will soon be disabused of her mistake,  
For Bajazet can hide the truth no longer;  
I know his virtue quick to take alarm  
At falsehood, and I ever gave his words  
A sense too tender, trembling thus to use  
Deceit, and now exposure means destruction.

Would that my rival's voice through mine might speak  
 As erst' Or that at least I might have warn'd him  
 What to expect! But Zara, I can wait  
 His commg, and by word or look prepare him  
 Rather than perish let him marry her,  
 For die he must, if so Roxana wills  
 Ay, he will rush on ruin'

Stay, poor fool,  
 Your lover may be trusted, never tear  
 That he will court destruction for your sake  
 It well may be that Bajazet's desne  
 To save his life may e'en outiun your wishes

ZARA

Why let imaginary ills o'erwhelm you,  
 And ever meet affliction ere it comes ?  
 You cannot doubt it, Bajazet adores you  
 Calm your emotion, or at least conceal it,  
 Let not your tears betray the love between you  
 The hand that saved him will preseive him still,  
 If but, encougiaged m her sell-delusion,  
 Roxana never know she has a rival  
 Come, and elsewhein recover self-possession,  
 Then learn the prosperous of therr meeting

ATALIDF

Well, Zara, let us go  
 And tliou, just Heav'n,  
 If punishment await misguided lovers,  
 And this deception merit condemnation,  
 On me, than he more guilty, vent thy wrath

## ACT II.

*Scene 1*

BAJAZET, ROXANA.

ROXANA.

At length, dear Prince, the fateful hour is come  
That Heav'n has kept in store to grant you freedom.  
No longer am I bound; this very day  
Can I accomplish what my love has plann'd.  
It is not mine t' assure an easy triumph,  
Nor place a tranquil sceptre in your hands;  
But all I can I do, as I have promised:  
I arm your valour 'gainst your enemies,  
And from your head remove a threatening danger;  
Your own firm courage will achieve the rest.  
Osman has seen the army, and their hearts  
Are yours, and those who represent our law  
Conspire with us, -Achtmet will anasw . for  
Stamboul; and, as you know, I hold submissive  
The offers, the eunuchs and the crowd  
Of slaves, who guard the precincts of the palace;  
Long have they bought my favour by their silence,  
Their very lives are placed at my disposal.  
Start now upon that grand career of glory  
Which I have open'd to your high ambitiou.  
The course that you will run involves no crime;  
Thus only may you 'scape th' assassin's hand.  
You will but follow an example set  
By other sultans who have reign'd before you.  
But for a fair beginning let us hasten  
To\* seal at once your happiness and mine  
Show to the world that in assisting you  
To wield the sceptre I have served my husband:  
Let marriage with a sacred bond unite us,  
And justify the faith so freely giv'n.

BAJAZET

Ah, Madam, what is this that you propose ?

ROXANA

What secret hindrance mars our happiness ?

BAJAZET

You needs must know the pride of royal state—  
Spare me the pain of being more explicit

ROXANA

I know that ever since one of your sultans,  
Proving' the fury of a barbarous foe  
Beheld his wife bound to the victor's car,  
And by all Asia dragg'd along in triumph,  
Few who succeeded him have deign'd to take  
The name of husband, jealous for their honoiu  
But love to such vam laws disowns obedience,  
And, not to quote more humble instances,  
Great Solyman (than whom none of your sues,  
Whose conpuenng arms struck all the earth with dread,  
Raised to so high a mtch the Turkish pow'r),  
Casting on Roxelana eyes of love  
Forgot the pride that was his ruling passion,  
And made her share alike his couch and throne,  
Though to that rank she had no other claim  
Than much adroitness and some little beauty

BAJAZET

'Tis true But then compare his matchless might  
With weakness like my own Great Solyman  
Held undisputed sway o'er land and sea  
Egypt reduced to yield complete submission,  
"Rhodes, that stiong rock of Ottoman dominion,  
Where all her brave defenders found their grave,  
The Danube's savage banks forced to obey him,  
The bounds of Persian empire far withdrawn,  
The burning sands of Africa subdued,  
These hush'd all opposition to his will

But what am I? Dependent on the people  
And on the troops, indebted to misfortune  
For all my fame. While doubtful yet of empire,  
Proscribed and threaten'd, shall I those offend  
To whom I sue? Will they believe our dangers  
And troubles true, seeing us steep'd in pleasures?  
Speak not to me of Solyman, but think  
Rather of hapless Othman's recent murder.  
The janizary chiefs, in their revolt  
Seeking fair pretext for their bloody schemes,  
Deem'd themselves authorised to take his life  
For marrying as you would have me do.  
The time may come when, in their hearts established,  
I may with safety dare to act more boldly.  
We must not be too hasty; deign to place me  
Firmly upon the throne, then will I show  
My gratitude.

ROXANA.

I see my own imprudence,  
And recognise your admirable foresight.  
Not the least danger can escape your notice  
To which my too impatient love might lead;  
You fear to face dishonour thence resulting,  
And since you tell me so I must believe it.  
But have you thought, if marriage bind us not  
Together, what worse perils you incur?  
How, without me, your way is hedged around you,  
And it behoves you most to win my favour?  
That it is I who hold the palace gates,  
Who can for you unlock them, or for ever  
Shut them against you? That your life is mine;  
That on my love your very breath depends;  
And, had you lack'd this love which you reject,  
That you would, in a word, be now no more?

BAJAZET.

Yes, I owe all to you. And I had reason  
To think the only glory that you sought  
Was to behold the triumph of my cause,  
And hear me pay you my acknowledgment.

I feel the obligation and confess it,  
 Respectful homage ever shall confirm it  
 The life that you have giv'n is at your service  
 But would you still—

## ROXANA

Nay, I wish nothing more  
 With forced excuses trouble me no longer,  
 I see how far your thoughts from mine are paited,  
 Ungrateful as you are, I will not urge  
 Compliance farther To that abject state  
 Return, from which I saved you What assurance  
 Is wanting *yet* of his indifference ?  
 My ardour meets from him no warm response  
 What place has love in ail his calculations ?  
 Ah, I can see your schemes Do what I may,  
 You think I've risk'd too much to throw you over,  
 That I am bound to you by bands too strong  
 For me to part my interests from yours  
 But sure am I your brother still is kind.  
 You know he loves me, and, despite his wrath,  
 I can appease him with a traitor's blood  
 To justify myself your death suffices,  
 And I will see to it this very moment  
 Yet hear me, Bajazet, I feel I love you  
 You must not let me go Why court destruction?  
 Still doth the way he open to repentance  
 Drive not a frenzied lover to despair  
 If but one word escape me, you are lost

## BAJAZET

'Tis in your hands, and you can take it from me,  
 It may be that my death, serving your wishes,  
 And winning Amurath's pardon, may restore you  
 The place that in his heart you held before

## ROXANA

His heart, say you ? E'en were it Amurath's wish,  
 And hope were lost of reigning in your own,  
 A sweet delusion long and fondly chensh'd,

Think you that I could entertain such thoughts,  
Or live henceforth unless I live for you V  
Lo, in your cruel hands myself have placed  
Arms to destroy so weak a wretch as I;  
Enjoy your triumph. All the proud disdain  
That I assumed just now, I own it false;  
My only happiness on you depends,  
Your death will be the signal for my own.  
Sad fruit of all my care to save your life!  
At last I hear you sigh, and see you troubled:  
Come, hide it not.

BAJAZET.

Ah, would that I could speak!

ROXANA.

What is it that I hear? What say you, Sir?  
Ha! you have secrets then I may not learn!  
Your feelings are too sacred to be shown  
To such as I!

BAJAZET.

Madam, 'tis yours once more  
To make your choice; open for me to empire  
A lawful road, or slay me—I am ready.

ROXANA.

This is too much! you shall be satisfied.  
Ho, guards there, enter!

*Scene 2.*

BAJAZET, ROXANA, ACHMET.

ROXANA.

Achmet, all is over;  
You may return, for I have naught to tell you.  
Save that I bow to Amurath's sov'reign sway.  
Go. Let the palace gates henceforth be loek'd,  
And all be order'd as it was aforetime.

*Scene 3*

BAJAZET, ACHMET

ACHMET

Prince, what is this I hear with strange surprise ?  
 What will become of you, and what of me ?  
 Whence comes this change ? and whom am I to blame ?  
 Good Heav'm !

BAJAZET

'TIS only right that you should **know**  
 Roaana is offended —burns for vengeance  
 Our mutual compact is for ever broken  
 Vizier, I warn you, to yourself take heed,  
 Act as seems best, and count no more on me

ACHMET

What ?

BAJAZET

You and yours, some place of refuge seek ,  
 My fuendship can afford you naught but perrl  
 I hoped one day to have repard you better ,  
 But must not think it more—the bubble's burst

ACHMET

What is this rock on whch your hopes are wieck'd ?  
 Just now I left all peaceful m the palace,  
 What is this madness that has seized your minds ?

BAJAZET

She wishes me to wed her, Achmet

ACHMIT

Well,  
 'Tis true that wish accords not with the custom  
 That sultans use But is that rule so strict  
 That you should lose your life to follow it ?

What law more sacred than to save yourself?  
To snatch from certain death the royal blood  
Of Othman that in you alone survives ?

BAJAZET.

Nay, the last drop would he too dearly purchased,  
Were it to be preserved by cowardice.

ACHMET.

Why let your mind conceive so dark a picture ?  
Was Solyman's renown tarnish'd by marriage ?  
Yet Solyman himself was never menaced  
By danger so apparent as yourself.

BAJAZET.

These very dangers make the chief disgrace  
Of such a irarriage, prompted by mere love  
Of life. It was not so with Solyman :  
His slave found favour in her master's eyes,  
No dire necessity imposed its yoke,  
But freely did he offer heart and hand.

ACHMET.

Aud yet you love her ?

BAJAZET

Achmet, 'tis enough;  
Less than you think I murmur at my fate.  
Must I not deem dishonour worse than death.  
Which in your steps I follow'd while a youth,  
And learn'd to calmly face, when for no fault  
I lay in prison. Amurath to my eyes  
Has many a time the headsman's axe presented ;  
She will but end a life of ceaseless trouble.  
Alas, and if with some regret I quit it—  
Forgive me, Achmet; I have cause to pity  
Hearts that with kind attachment, ill rewarded,  
Made me the object of their every thought.

## ACHMET.

You only are to blame, Prmee, if we peris. ,  
 Speak but a word, and you can save us all  
 All the brave janizaries here remaining,  
 The holy ministers of our religion,  
 And those who, honour\*d for their good example,  
 Direct the currents of the public favour,  
 Wait to conduct you to the sacred gate  
 Thro\* which new sultans make their first appearance

## BATAZET

If then so dear they hold me, my brave Achmet,  
 Let them protect me from Roxana's pow'r,  
 Ay, and, if need be, break into the palace,  
 And with their valiant ard effect my rescue  
 I would go forth cover'd with wounds and blood  
 Sooner than loaded with that odious name,  
 Her husband In the tumult and confusion  
 Despan mav arm me in my own defence ,  
 And, fighting boldly I may give you time  
 To reach my side and prove your loyalty

## ACHMET

The utmost expedition well might fail  
 To thwart Roxana's violent revenge  
 Then what would all such fiery zeal have done,  
 Save to involve your friends in fruitless guilt ?  
 Promise , and, when no longer danger threatens  
 'Tis yours to give your word what weight you will

## BAJAZET

This to me, Achmet'

## ACHMET

Never blush the sons  
 Of Othman are not bound to keep their oaths  
 Like common slaves Take counsel of those heroes,  
 Who made their swords the measure of their rights  
 As of their faith, and march'd to victories  
 World-wide, State policy their only law,

Half of this sacred empire rests on pledges  
Lavishly given, sparingly fulfill'd.  
Pardon my warmth.

BAJAZET.

Yes, I am well aware  
How far they push'd the interest of the State;  
But these same heroes freely spent their blood,  
And scorn'd to purchase life by perfidy.

ACHMET.

O dauntless courage, but too firm and faithful!  
Which wins my admiration, tho' it end  
In ruin. Must a scruple then destroy—  
But some good angel sends us Atalide.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ACHMET.

ACHMET.

Ah, Madam! Come, unite your pray'rs with mine.  
Or he is lost.

ATALIDE.

'Tis that which brings me here.  
But leave us, Achmet. Bent on his destruction,  
Roxana means to shut the palace gates.  
In any case be within easy call,  
There may be reason for a quick return.

*Scene 5*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE

BAJAZET

Now is the moment come when I must leave you,  
 Heav'n has our common stratagem confounded,  
 No weapon can ward off its latest blow,  
 I should have dred, or have resign'd your love  
 Vamly have we contrived to mask our feelings,  
 And nothing gam'd but to defer my death  
 I told you how 't would be, but to your wish  
 Consented, and postponed your grief as long  
 As might be In return, fall Atahde,  
 Obey me now, avoid Roxana's presence.  
 Hide from her eyes the tears that would betiay you,  
 And let us part, delay is dangerous

ATALIDE

No, Prince Your kindness to a hapless maid  
 Has long enough resisted Fate's decrees  
 Your wish to spare me costs you far too dear,  
 You must submit Leave me, and mount the thaone

BAJAZET

Leave you!

ATALIDE

'Tis my desire and well consider'd  
 True is it that a thousand jealous thoughts  
 Have surged within me, and I could not bear  
 That Bajazet should live, yet not be mine,  
 And often as I pictured to myself  
 The hateful triumph of my happy rival,  
 Your death appear'd (pardon a lover's frenzy)  
 Less fraught with anguish to my tortured heart  
 But then there was not shown to my sad eyes  
 The fatal stroke ready to fall, I saw not,  
 As now I see, my Bajazet prepared  
 To bid his Atahde a last farewell.

I know, dear Prince, too well with what firm courage  
You go to meet the dread apyroaeh of Death;  
How with your heart's last sighs you fain would prove  
Your faithfulness to me; but have compassion  
Upon a soul more timid than your own ;  
Temper your woes to Atalide's endurance,  
Nor thus expose me to the liveliest sorrow  
That ever dried the fount of lovers' eyes.

BAJAZET.

And what will be your future, if to-day  
You see me celebrate this fatal marriage ?

ATALIDE.

My future need be no concern to you,  
I shall perhaps obey my destiny,  
And find some flattering balm to ease my sorrow;  
Soothed with this thought e'en in the midst of tears,  
You were resolved to lose your life for me,  
And live, because I would not let you die.

BAJAZET.

No, you will never see that cruel sight.  
The more you bid me be untrue to you,  
The more I see how truly you deserve  
To fail in gaining that which you desire.  
What! Shall this tender love, that in our childhood  
Was born, and grew in silence with our growth;  
Your tears that only I could wipe away ;  
My frequent oaths that I would ne'er forsake you ;  
Shall all these end in basest perfidy ?  
And whom would'st have me marry ? I will tell you,  
A slave who thinks of no one but herself,  
Who shows me instruments of death made ready,  
And offers me her hand,—or execution:  
Whilst Atalide, touched by my present dangers,  
And worthy of the sires from whom she springs,  
Would sacrifice herself, her love, and all.  
Ah! Let the jealous Sultan have my head,  
Its ransom were too costly.

ATALIDE

Geneious Prmce,  
You yet may live without betraymg me

BAJAZET

Speak If I can, I'm willing to obey you

ATALIDE

Roxana loves you, and, despite her wrath,  
If you, my lord, would take more pains to please her,  
Letting your amorous sighs instil the hope  
Of one day—

BAJAZET

Say no more I can't consent  
You must not fancy cowardly despair  
Has made me so faint-hearted that I dread  
The cares of royal pow'r that might be mine,  
And would avoid them by untimely death  
Rash counsels are to me but too congenial  
The glories of my race, *my* soul possessing  
And making ease repugnant, kindled hopes  
Of being number'd with that line of heroes  
But tho' ambition fiercely burns within me,  
I cannot longer dupe a lover's trust  
Vam would it be for me to promise it,  
My lips and eyes, foes to such craven falsehood,  
When I might be most anxious to beguile her,  
Would all the tumult of my mind betray,  
With anger she would see my sighs were forced  
From an unwilling breast, as cold as ice  
To her Heav'n knows how oft I had disclosed  
The truth, were mine own life alone at stake,  
And no fear present that her jealousy  
Might but too easily extend *to* you '  
And shall I promise what my heart belies,  
Acting the perjured villain to abuse—  
Ah ' if yur judgment were not waip'd by love,  
Far from enjomng this base subterfuge,  
You would be surely hrst to blush thereat

But lest you press me further to forget  
The claims of honour, I will find Roxana,  
And leave you, Madam.

**ATALIDE.**

Nay, I quit you not:  
Come, cruel Prince, I will conduct you thither,  
And tell our secret to her ears, myself.  
Since my distracted lover scorns my tears,  
And fain would die before my very eyes,  
Roxana shall at least in death unite us;  
My blood will better quench her rage than yours,  
And to your startled eyes will I present  
The rueful sight you would prepare for me.

**BAJAZET**

Heav'ns! What is this ?

**ATALIDE.**

Can you imagine, Sir,  
You hold your honour dearer than is mine  
To me ? Believe me, while I made you speak,  
My shame a hundred times all but compell'd  
Disclosure, but I saw your death too nigh.  
Why, since my own must follow, why refuse  
To do for me what I dared do for you ?  
One word a little kinder may suffice:  
Perchance Roxana in her heart forgives you  
She grants you, as you see, time for repentance ;  
Nor did she, quitting you, despatch the vizier.  
Nor send her guards to seize you in my presence:  
Her tears have shown me how her tender feelings  
With rage contend, imploring me to aid her.  
She waits to catch at hope, however faint.  
To drop the arms of vengeance from her hand.  
Go to her, Prince, and save your life and mine.

**BAJAZET.**

Well, be it so—but how shall I accost her ?

**ATALIDE.**

Nay, ask not me to choose befitting words,

Heav'n will supply them as occasion serves  
 Go I must not be present at your meeting,  
 Your eyes of mine would tell what trouble ails us  
 Go once again, I dare not be a witness  
 Say—all that may be needful, Sir, to save you.

## ACT III

*Scene 1*

ATAIIDF, ZARA

TALIDE

Is't true then, Zara ' Is his pardon seal'd ?

ZARA

Madam, as I have said, a slave, who ran  
 With eager steps to do Roxana's pleasure,  
 Admitted Achmet at the palace gates  
 To me they spoke not, but the vizier's joy  
 Mark'd on his face better than any words  
 That 'tis a happy change recalls him hither,  
 And that he comes to sign a lasting peace  
 No doubt Roxana leans to milder measures

ATAIIDF

Thus phasuire on all sides eludes my grasp,  
 And, leaving me forsaken, follows them  
 Zara, I've done my duty, nor repent it

ZARA

Why, Madam, what new trouble now alarms you?

ATAIIDF

Have you not heard, *my* Zara, by what charm,  
 Or rather should I say by what a compact,

The prince has brought about a change so sudden ?  
Roxana's fury seem'd inflexible ;  
Has she some pledge that vouches for his heart ?  
Speak. Does he wed her ?

ZARA.

I know naught of that.  
But if he thus alone could save himself,  
And acts as you yourself have bidden him,  
If, in a word, he weds her—

ATALIDE.

Weds her, Zara!

ZARA.

What! Do you then regret those generous words  
Which your unselfish care for him dictated?

ATALIDE

No, no. It is but right that he should do it.  
Too jealous feelings, hush your clamorous voice!  
Wedding Roxana, Bajazet obeys me.  
Respect the better nature that has quell'd you,  
Nor with its noble counsels mingle yours;  
Paint not my prince clasp'd in another's arms.  
But let me picture him without regret  
Set on the throne my love has made him mount.  
I am myself again, and firm as ever.  
It was his love, dear Zara, that I wish'd,  
He loves me; and this hope at least consoles me,  
That worthy of my lover I shall die.

ZARA.

Die ! What inspires so terrible a purpose ?

ATALIDE.

I have resign'd my lover ; does the rest  
Surprise you ? Can a death that ends these tears  
Be counted in the number of my woes ?

Enough for me that Bajazet shall live,  
 I wish'd it, wish it still, cost what it may  
 Be 't joy or grief I care not to inquire,  
 I love him well enough to give him up  
 But he must know that, if I can for him  
 Make sacrifice so great, tending his life  
 With anxious effort, yet I love too well  
 To wish to be the witness, of his bridal  
 Let us go learn—

ZARA

Pray calm yourself, dear Madam  
 The vizier comes to bring you news of all

*Scene 2*

ATALTDE, ACHMET, ZARA

ACHMET

At last our lovers have been reconciled,  
 And a fair breeze now wafts us into port  
 The wiath of the Sultana is disaim'd,  
 She has declared to me her latest wishes,  
 And while the dreadful standard of the Prophot  
 She to the city's startled bight displays,  
 And Bajazet prepares my steps to follow,  
 My task is to explain to all the people  
 What means this signal, louse a just alarm,  
 And the new Saltan publicly proclaim

Meanwhile permit me to remind you, Madam,  
 What guerdon has been promised to my zeal  
 Do not expect from me such rapturous sighs  
 As I have witness'd m those ardent loveis  
 But if respect more worthy of my years,  
 The careful homage of a heart devoted  
 To one so near in blood to royalty,  
 Can -

ATALIDE

Time may teach me what your merits claim,

And you in time may also learn to know me.  
But tell me now what transports did you witness ?

ACHMET.

Can you not fancy, Madam, the soft sighs  
Of two young lovers mutually enamour'd ?

ATALIDE.

Nay, 'tis a marvel fills me with surprise.  
What price exacts Roxana for this pardon ?  
Does he consent to wed her ?

ACHMET.

Yes, I think so.  
I'll tell you all I saw with mine own eyes.  
'Twas with amazement at their angry quarrel,  
Exclaiming against lovers, love, and fortune,  
Ay, and in blank despair I left this palace.  
Lading a vessel ready in the harbour  
With treasure rescued from my ruin'd fortunes,  
I thought to sail to some far distant land,  
When, full of this sad purpose, I was summon'd  
Hither once more. Hope to my feet gave wings,  
And at my voice the palace doors flew open.  
A female slave my joyful eyes beheld,  
Who, all in silence, led me to a chamber  
Where with attentive ear Roxana hearken'd  
To Bajazet, while all around was stillness ;  
Resisting my impatience, and respecting  
Their secret conference, I stood aloof,  
And, motionless, long watch'd what pass'd between them.  
At last, with eyes that all her soul betray'd,  
The pressure of her hand pledged her affection,  
And he, with eloquent and amorous gaze,  
Assured her of his passion in his turn.

ATALIDE.

Alas!

ACHMET.

Then both of them perceived my presence:  
"Here," said she, " see your sovereign, yours and mine:

'Now to your hands, brave Achmet, I consign him  
 Go, and for him make ready regal pomp,  
 Let loyal crowds await him in the mosque,  
 Soon shall the palace set you the example "  
 Then at the feet of Bajazet I fell,  
 And straightway from their presence disappear' d,  
 Only too happy, on my way, to bring you  
 True tidings of their reconciliation,  
 And offer you my most respectful homage  
 I go to speed my task,—his coronation

*Scene 3.*

ATALIDE, ZARA.

ATALIDE

Let us withdraw, and not disturb their joy.

ZARA

Madam, believe—

ATALIDE

Why flatter me with falsehoods ?  
 How can I face a sight so terrible '  
 Farn would they wed forthwith , my fate is settled,  
 For welcome to Roxana is the love  
 He vows But why complain ? 'Twas I that wish'd it  
 And yet would you have thought this possible,  
 When no self-sacrifice seem'd great enough  
 To prove his faith to me, and he refused  
 The least concession to Roxana's wishes,  
 When with a secret pleasure I perceived  
 How all my tears were powerless to move him ?  
 Would you have deem'd his heart, that seem'd so constant,  
 Could e'er have found such eloquence to woo her ?  
 Ah' but too ready may that heart have been  
 To echo all his lips have learn'd to utter'  
 Perchance new graces in her eyes appear'd,  
 Responsive to more tender looks from him  
 She will have touch'd him with her tale of woe,

In generous hearts such love breeds sympathy,  
 Nor least when tears can purchase pow'r supreme.  
 Alas ! What reasons urge him to forget me!

ZARA.

But, Madam, their success is still uncertain.  
 Be patient.

ATALIDE.

No. What boots it to be blind?  
 I have no wish to swell my tide of trouble;  
 I know where lies for him the path of safety,  
 And when my tears recall'd him to Roxana,  
 I did not mean that he should disobey me.  
 But, with his fond farewell still in mine ears,  
 After such tender transports of affliction,  
 His joy, methinks, need not have been express'd  
 With such conspicuous warmth as Achmet witness'd.  
 Judge for yourself if I have cause to murmur.  
 Why am I only banish'd from their counsels?  
 Am I concerned so little in the fate  
 Of Bajazet ? Why lingers he so long  
 Away from me ? Does not his heart reproach him,  
 That thus he shrinks from meeting Atalide ?  
 But I will spare him this uneasiness,  
 He ne'er shall see me more.

ZARA.

Madam, he comes.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ZARA.

BAJAZET.

Your bidding has been done; and I have spoken.  
 My life no longer, Madam, is in danger;  
 And happy should I be if truth and honour  
 Reproach'd me not for having purchased safety

By means unjust, if mine own heart could pardon  
 My fault as readily as does Roxana  
 But I at last am free, my hand is arm'd,  
 And I may now meet my unnatural brother,  
 No more, dependent on your skill, contriving  
 Secret intrigues, here plotting to seduce  
 His mistress' heart, but following him afar  
 To other olimes, more nobly in fair fight  
 Disputing the affections of his people,  
 And making fame for valour judge between us  
 But why is this ? I see you weeping '

ATALIDE

No, Sn ,

I do not grudge you your new happiness  
 Heav'n's justice owed you this strange turn of fortune  
 You know if e'er your welfare I opposed ,  
 Your eyes are witnesses how all my life  
 Your perils have engioss'd my every care,  
 And, since my death alone can seal your safety,  
 It is without regret for you I die  
 True is it that, had Heav'n vouchsafed to hear  
 My piay'rs, I might have made a happrer end,  
 My rival would no less have been your bride,  
 And found you faithful to the mainage tre ,  
 But, though her husband, you would have withheld  
 Those tokens of true love so freely lavish'd  
 Less fervour would have satisfied Roxana,  
 And I, in dying, this sweet thought have cherish'd,  
 That, only yielding to my strict injunction,  
 You gave your hand to her, your heart to me,  
 Still, still mine own e'en m the world of shades ,  
 That I was leaving you, but not your love

BAJAZET

Why talk you thus, Madam, of love and marriage ?  
 What, m the name of Heav'n, affords you ground  
 For speech like this ? What falsehood has deceived you ?  
 I love Roxana ! I devote my life  
 To her' Ah, no ; and, far from thinking so,

Can you believe my tongue could even say it ?  
But, as it happen'd, there was need of neither:  
Roxana was as credulous as ever;  
And whether she at once thought my return  
A certain token of my true affection,  
Or time too precious for prolong'd resistance,  
Scarce had I said a few unheeded words,  
When with a flood of tears she cut me short,  
And, placing in my hands her life and fortune,  
Without reserve trusting my gratitude,  
Seer'd satisfied that I intended marriage.  
I, blushing to impose upon her faith,  
Unworthy of a love so generous,  
Show'd my confusion, but she fondly deem'd it  
Due to the warmth of passion, while I felt  
That I was basely cruel and unjust.  
Believe me, I had need that trying moment  
To call to mind all my concern for you,  
In order to preserve perfidious silence  
Unbroken to the end. Now, when I come  
After such conflicts seeking consolation  
Against remorse, I find you in displeasure,  
Charging my harass'd conscience with your death.  
Alas! I see too well e'en at this moment  
All that I say has little force to move you.

Madam, 'twere well to end what pains us both;  
Why should we vainly vex each other longer?  
Roxana is not far to seek; permit me  
To tell the truth, more gladly will I go  
To disabuse her, than I went so often,  
Forcing myself to play the hypocrite.  
Ah! here she comes.

ATALIDE.

Heav'n save him from his rashness!  
Prince, if you love me, do not deceive her.

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ZARA.

**ROXANA**

Come, Bajazet, 'tis time to show yourself,  
 That all the Court may recognize its master  
 All that these walls contain, many Ill number,  
 Gather'd by my command, await my wishes  
 My slaves (the rest will follow where they lead).  
 Are the first subjects that my love allots you  
 This sudden change from wiath to milder mood  
 May well surprise you Madam For, but now,  
 Determined to take vengeance on a traitor,  
 I swore he should not see another day,  
 Yet almost ere he spoke my heart relented ,  
 'Twas love imposed that oath, and love revokes it  
 Reading deep passion m his wild distraction,  
 His paidon I pronounced, and trust his promise

**BAJAZTT**

Yes, I have promised, and my word is pledged  
 Ne'er to forget all that to you I owe  
 Have I not sworn that constant care and kindness  
 Shall duly pay my debt of gratitude ?  
 If on these terms your favour I may claim,  
 I go to wart the harvest of your bounty

*Scene 6*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, ZARA

**ROXANA**

Heav'ns ' What amazement strikes me at this moment'  
 Is it a dream ? and have mine eyes deceived me?  
 What mean these frigid words, this sombre greeting,  
 Which seems to cancel all that pass'd between us ?  
 What hope does he imagine mine, for which

I banish'd my resentment, and restored him  
To favour? He, methought, swore that his heart  
Would own me mistress to his dying day.  
Does he repent already of the peace  
That we had sign'd? Was I just now deluded?  
But was he not conversing with you, Madam?  
What did he say?

ATALIDE

To me? He loves you always.

ROXANA.

His life at least depends on my belief  
That it is so. But tell me, pray, when joy  
Should triumph, how you can explain the gloom  
That settled on his features as he left me?

ATALIDE.

Madam, I saw no cloud upon his brow.  
Oft has he told me of your gracious kindness,  
And he just now was full of it: at parting  
He seem'd to me the same as when he enter'd.  
But, be that as it may, need it surprise you  
That on the eve of such important issues  
He should be troubled and some signs escape him  
Of anxious thoughts that on his mind intrude?

.ROXANA.

Hueh plausible excuses do you credit  
For skill that pleads on his behalf more fairly  
Than he could do himself.

ATALIDE.

What other cause—

ROXANA.

Enough! I read your motive, Madam, better  
Than you suppose. Leave me, for I would be  
Alone a little while. I too am troubled,  
And anxious cares are mine as well as his,  
To which I owe a moment's thought, in secret.

*Scene 7*

## ROXANA

How must I construe all that I hare seen ?  
 Are they in league together to deceive me ?  
 Wherefore this change, those words, that quick depaiture ?  
 Did I not catch a glance that pass'd between them ?  
 Were they not both struck with embarrassment ?  
 Ah' why has Heav'n doom'd me to this affront?  
 Is this the fruit of all ray blind affection ?  
 So many painful days and sleepless nights,  
 Plots and intrigues, treason too deep lor pai don !  
 And shall they all turn to a lrvial's profit ?

But yet, too ready to torment myself,  
 I may too closely scan a passing cloud,  
 And take for passion what is mere caprice  
 Surely he would have carried to the end  
 His wiles, and, in full prospect of success,  
 He could have feign'd at least a moment longer  
 Love, uncontroll'd by reason, quakes at shadows,  
 Let me take courage Why should Atahde  
 Be dreaded as my rival ? What has he  
 To thank her for ? To which of us to-day  
 Owes he the sceptre ?

But too well I know  
 Love is a tyrant, and, if other charms  
 Attract what matter crowns or life itself ?  
 Can benefits outweigh the hearts attachment?  
 I need but search mine own Did gratitude  
 Constrain me to his brother, when this wretch  
 Bewitch'd me ? Ah<sup>!</sup> if other tie were absent,  
 Would the idea of marriage so alarm him ?  
 He gladly would have seconded my wishes,  
 And not have braved destruction by refusal  
 Just cause—

But someone comes to speak with me  
 What can she want ?

*Scene 8.*

ROXANA, FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Forgive me this intrusion:  
 But there is come a courier from the army;  
 And, though the seaward gate was shut, the guards,  
 On bended knees, without delay unlock'd it  
 To orders from the Sultan, to yourself  
 Address'd; and, strange to say, 'tis Orcan brings them.

ROXANA.

Orcan!

FATIMA.

Yes, he ; of all the Sultan's slaves  
 The one most trusted for his faithful service,  
 Blackest of those whom Afric's sun has scorch'd.  
 Madam, he asks impatiently for you;  
 I thought it best to give you timely notice,  
 And, lest you should be taken by surprise,  
 I have detain'd him *in* your own apartments.

ROXANA.

What new disaster comes to overwhelm me ?  
 What can his bidding be ? What my reply ?  
 Doubtless the Sultan, in his mind perturb'd,  
 Has Bajazet condemn'd a second time.  
 Without my sanction none will dare to take  
 His life ; for all obey me here. But ought I  
 To shield him ? Bajazet or Amurath,  
 Which claims allegiance ? One have I betray'd ;  
 The other may be false to me. Time presses ;  
 I must resolve this fatal doubt, nor let  
 The precious moments pass. Love, when most cautious,  
 Cannot conceal its secret inclination.  
 I will watch Bajazet and Atalide:  
 Then crown the lover, or destroy the traitor.

## ACT IV

Scene 1

ATALIDE, ZARA

ATALIDE

Ah, know you my alarm ? How in this palace  
 Fierce Orcan's odious features I have seen ?  
 I fear his picesence at this fatal moment—  
 But tell me, ha\e you seen prince Bajazet ?  
 What said he ? Will he hear the voice of reason,  
 And, going to Roxana, calm suspicion ?

ZARA

He may not go again without permission  
 Such are her orders, she will have him wait  
 No doubt she would not wish that slave to see him  
 On finding him I feign'd I had not sought him,  
 Gave him your letter, and received his answer  
 Here, Madam, read what tidings it cc crveys

ATALIDE *reads*

*"Why should thy love bid we accustom'd grown  
 To labyrinths of deceit, still wander there '  
 Yet shall my life be cherish'd with due care,  
 Since thou hast sworn thereon depends thine own  
 Yes, I will see Roxana, and will say  
 Words to appease her anger, if I may,  
 Swearing how grateful I will ever be  
 Exact no more For neither death nor thou  
 False promises of love shall make me vow,  
 When in my heart I cherish only thee "*

What need of protestations ? Does he think  
 I know not how devotedly he loves me ?  
 Is this the way m which he meets my wishes ?

Roxana, and not I, must be persuaded.  
How I am fill'd with anxious fears again !  
Why did I heed distrustful jealousy  
Reproaching me with blindness ? Why give voice  
To doubts that all his tales were tinged with falsehood ?  
Did not my happiness pass expectation ?  
I was beloved, Roxana well contented.  
Return, and, if you can, see Bajazet  
Once more. His frigid words will ne'er appease her ;  
Let eyes and lips alike swear that he loves her,  
And force her to believe him. Oh, that I  
Might quicken his indifference with my tears,  
And with the love I feel inspire his tongue!  
But to new perils I should thus expose him.

ZARA.

See, the Sultana comes.

ATALIDE.

Ah, hide that letter.

*Scene 2.*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, ZARA.

BOXANA (*to* FATIMA) .

This order has been sent me. I must use it  
To fright her.

ATALIDE (*to* ZARA).

Run, try all means to persuade him

*Scene 3*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA

ROXANA,

I have received a message from the army  
Madam, have you been told what there has happen'd?

ATALIDE

I heaid a slave came hither from the camp,  
But naught I know of anything besides

ROXANA

A change of fortune has to Amuiath  
Brought victory, and BabyIon has fallen

ATALIDE

What, Madam! Osman then—

ROXANA

Was ill inform'd,  
Since his departure was this slave despatch'd  
The war is over

ATALIDE

Fatal news'

ROXANA

And now,  
To crown disgrace, the Sultan follows close  
After his messenger

ATALIDE

The Persian hosts  
Bar not his progress ?

ROXANA

No He marches hither  
With rapid strides

ATALIDE.

I pity your alarm !  
**What you would** do must now be quickly finished.

ROXANA.

Too late the tide of conquest to oppose !

ATALIDE.

**Ah!**

ROXANA.

Time abates not his severity.  
 See, in my hand I hold his last commands.

ATALIDE.

And what are they ?

ROXANA.

Look : read them for yourself.  
 Madam, you know the writing and the seal.

ATALIDE.

I recognize the cruel Sultan's hand.

*(She reads.)*

*" While Babylon still scorn'd to own my sway,  
 To you express commandment did I send;  
 Which doubtless you were careful to obey,  
 And Bajazet ere this has met his end.*

*Now when proud Babylon my yoke must bear,  
 That order I confirm, if need there be,  
 Hold you your own life precious ? Take good care  
 That, when I come, his severed head I see."*

ROXANA.

Well, Madam?

ATALIDE *(asids)*.

Hide your tears, poor Atalide.

ROXANA

What think you?

ATALIDE

Still he seeks his brother's life  
But he beheves him helpless and alone  
He knows not of vour love that shelters him  
That you and Bajazet are one in soul,  
That you would rather dre—

ROXANA

For my part, Madam,  
I fain would save the prince, I cannot hate him,  
But—

ATALIDE

What have you deeded ?

ROXANA

ATATTDE

Obey?

POXANA

What choice is left at such a crisis  
I must

ATAIIDE

And will you then cut short that life,  
Which with fond vows to you the prince devoted ?

KOXANA

I must My order is already given

ATAIIDE

Oh ' I am dying

FATTMA

See, she falls, and seems  
Lifeless

ROXANA.

Go, take her to the nearest chamber ;  
Watch every look, and listen to each word,  
All that may proof afford of perfidy.

*Scene 4.*

ROXANA.

My rival has at last declared herself.  
On what a broken reed have I relied!  
Six months have I been thinking all her care  
Devoted day and night to aid my love ;  
While all that time, it seems, mine eyes have watch'd  
With zealous service to promote her own,  
Devising means whereby she might obtain  
Many a sweet and secret interview;  
And, e'en anticipating her desire,  
Oft have I hasten'd those delightful moments.  
This is not all: now must I get *to* know  
How far her perfidy has been successful,  
And must—But what more is there left to learn ?  
Is not my woe writ on her countenance ?  
Cannot I read beneath this wild distress  
Assurance that her lover's heart is hers?  
Free from suspicious doubts that harass me,  
The fear she feels is only for his life.  
No matter : I will learn the truth. She may  
Be trusting, like myself, false promises.  
I'll lay a trap to catch him unawares.  
But is not this a task vain and unworthy ?  
Devising means but to torment myself,  
Why should I rend the veil that hides his scorn ?  
And, after all, his caution may outwit  
My utmost skill. Besides time presses closely,  
I must take action and without delay.  
'Twere better if I shut mine eyes to all  
That I have seen, nor probed the galling wound  
I'll try how far he'll go and dare the worst,

See whether, when I've set him on the throne,  
 He will betray the love that saved his life,  
 And, with a dastard's liberality, -  
 Share with my rival all he owes to me  
 Shall I not always have it in my pow'r  
 To punish both at need? Yes, I will watch  
 The traitor, till my righteous fury finds  
 Fit season to surprise the amorous pair,  
 Then the same dagger shall in death unite them,  
 Both will I stab, and after them myself  
 This is the proper part for me to play  
 I will seem blind to all

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

What have you learn'd?  
 Is Bajazet indeed in love with her?  
 And do her words reveal their mutual flame

FATIMA

She has not spoken For her swoon continues,  
 And only long-drawn sighs and feeble moans  
 Betoken that she lives, while every moment  
 Her breath seems ready to depart for ever  
 Your ladies, emulous to give relief,  
 Removed the kerchief from her panting bosom  
 In mine own eagerness to aid their efforts,  
 I found this letter in its folds conceal'd,  
 Whereon I recognized your lover's writing,  
 And thought it best to bring it straight to you

ROXANA

Give it—Why throbs *my* heart, what sudden shock  
 Freezes my sense, arrests my trembling hand?  
 He may have written nothing to offend

My jealousy, he may—See, let me read it—

*. . . . . Neither death nor thou  
False promises of love shall make me vow,  
When in my heart I cherish only thee.*

Ha ! Have I then found the base treason out !  
I see the bait with which they thought to catch me.  
This then is his return for all my love,  
Mean wretch, unworthy of the life I left him !  
Now I can breathe once more ; what joy to know  
The traitor has for once betray'd himself !  
Free from the pressure of tormenting fears,  
My rage can calmly study its revenge.  
Ay, let the monster die ! Let him be seized,  
Go, bid my mutes prepare his punishment,  
And to his neck apply the fatal bowstring  
That ends the heinous guilt of such as he.  
Run, Fatima , be prompt to serve my wrath.

FATIMA.

Ah, Madam !

ROXANA.

Well, what is it ?

FATIMA.

May I venture  
Without displeasing you, so justly wroth,  
To ask indulgence for a timid voice ?  
'Tis true that Bajazet, of life unworthy,  
Deserves to suffer at their cruel hands ;  
But, ingrate as he is, 'tis Amurath  
Rather than he that should engage your fears  
To-day. Who knows but that some faithless tongue  
Already may have warn'd him of your plot ?  
And hearts like his, as you must know full well,  
When once offended know not how to pardon ;  
At such a moment the swift stroke of death  
Becomes the dearest token of their love.

ROXANA.

Ah, wath what cruelty and insolence

They both made sport of my credulity !  
 How readily, how gladly did I trust them '  
 'Twas no great victory the traitor gam'd  
 When he deceived a heart prepared to love him,  
 Which fear'd the thought so much, it would not dream  
 Of falsehood' From my proud estate I stoop'd,  
 And sought you first when in the lowest depths  
 Of misery, to change a life disturb'd  
 By constant dangers into one of peace  
 And pow'r But, after all my care and kindness,  
 You vow that you can never say you love me  
 But why with vanish'd dreams let memory stiaiy ?  
 You weep, poor fool ' Those tears, now shed too late,  
 Were needed rather when a vain desire  
 Bred the first fatal thought of seeing him  
 You weep' and he, still bent on treachery,  
 Thinks how he may ensnare you with his words,  
 And keep his life unharm'd to please your rival  
 The wretch shall dre'—

What' Fatima still here '

Begone But I myself must hasten hence  
 Like an avenging spirit let him see me,  
 Showing at once his brother's fatal sentence  
 And this indisputable proof of treason  
 You, Fatima, must keep my rival here,  
 And in his dying ear her cues shall sound  
 A last fare well Let her be well attended ,  
 My hatred needs her life, guard it with care  
 If apprehension of her lover's death  
 So touch'd her heart that almost she expired,  
 What surfeit of revenge, what strange delight,  
 To show him soon, a pallid corpse, before her'  
 Then will her eyes, while on that sight they gaze,  
 Repay me for the pleasures I have lent them  
 Go, guard her safely, above all keep silence  
 I—But who comes to make my vengeance linger ?

*Scene 6.*

ROXANA, ACHMET, OSMAN.

ACHMET,

What mean you, Madam, by this long delay,  
Wasting these precious moments? It has been  
My care to gather all Stamboul together,  
Whose leaders are assail'd by anxious questions;  
They all with my adherents wait the signal  
You promised me, this movement to explain.  
How comes it that, neglecting their impatience,  
The palace keeps meanwhile a gloomy silence?  
Madam, declare yourself, postpone no longer—

ROXANA.

You shall be satisfied, it shall be done.

ACHMET.

There's something in your look and voice severe  
That seems to contradict such an assurance.  
Does then your love, all obstacles o'ercome—

ROXANA.

The traitor Bajazet has lived too long.

ACHMET.

He, traitor!

ROXANA.

Ay, alike to me and you.  
We were his dupes,

ACHMET.

How so?

ROXANA,

That Atalide,  
Whose hand was a reward of little worth  
For all that you have dared on his behalf—

ACHMET

Well ?

ROXANA

Read, and, after such an insult, judge  
 If we should yet defend so foul a traitor  
 'Twere better far to face the just resentment  
 Of Amurath, who comes with laurels crown'd,  
 (Leaving a base accomplice to his fate),  
 And soothe the Sultan by a prompt submission

ACHMET (*giving her bad the letter*)

Yes, since the wretch dares to insult me thus,  
 I will myself most willingly avenge you  
 Leave it to me from both of us to clear  
 The stain with which his life has cover'd ours  
 Show me the road, and I will run

ROXANA

Nay, Achmet,  
 Be mine the pleasure of confounding him,  
 To see his terror, and enjoy his shame  
 Revenge would lose its sweetness if too swift  
 I go to make all ready You, meanwhile,  
 Disperse at once the crowds that have assembled

*Scene 7*

ACHMET OSMAN

ACHMET

Stay 'Tis not time to go away just yet

OSMAN

What ' Has your love bereft you of your judgment ?  
 Desire of vengeance carries you too far  
 Will you be witness of the prince's death ?

ACHMET.

What mean you ? Are you then so credulous  
As to suspect me of such foolish anger ?  
You think me jealous ? Would to Heav'n that he  
Had by his falsehood injured only me!

OSMAN.

Why then, instead of pleading for the prince,—

ACHMET.

Is the Sultana in a state to hear me ?  
Did you not see, when I proposed to find him,  
I meant to share with him success or ruin ?  
Unlucky issue of this tangled plot!  
Infatuated prince! or rather I,  
Loaded with years and honours, to have placed  
The labyrinthian clue in hands so young,  
And left my own frail and uncertain fortune  
To follow where these thoughtless lovers led !

OSMAN.

Leave her to wreak her wrath on Bajazet:  
If he will perish, think of your own safety.  
Who can reveal your secret schemes, my lord,  
But friends who may be trusted to keep silence ?  
The prince's death will pacify the Sultan.

ACHMET.

So in her madness may Roxana fancy,  
But I have keener eyes; experience  
Of many years has taught me how a monarch  
Both thinks and acts. Three sultans have I served,  
And seen my fellows drop like falling leaves:  
Boldness is better than servility  
To win and keep the favour of the great,  
As I have proved full oft. The cringing slave  
Must die when he incurs his master's wrath.

OSMAN.

Fly, then.

## ACHMET

Just now that seem'd the safest course,  
 But then my plot had not advanced so far,  
 Retreat is harder now than to press on  
 The lightning's brilliant flash must mark my fail,  
 Leaving behind me wreck and desolation  
 Which may retard my enemies' pursuit  
 Why be dumfounded? Ba-jazet still lives,  
 Have I not brought him out of sorer stiaits?  
 Come, let us save him, in his own despite,  
 For us, our fuends, ay, even for Roxana  
 Did you not see how, eager to protect him,  
 She stay'd my arm too ready to avenge her?  
 Little know I of love, but I am sure  
 His shame is what she longs for, not his life  
 We yet have time Roxana, tho' despairing,  
 Still loves him, Osman, and is gone to see him

## OSMAN

What has inspired in you such dauntless daring?  
 We tarry here but at Roxana's pleasure  
 Is not this palace full—

## ACHMFT

Of abject slaves,  
 Untiam'd to arms, shelter'd withm these walls  
 From birth But you, whose valour Amurath  
 Foigtts to honour, link'd by common grievance,  
 Will you support me to the bitter end?

## OSMAN

To doubt it is to wrong me If you dre,  
 I will dre too

## ACHMET

A bold and well arm'd troop  
 Of friends await us at the palace gates,  
 Roxana thinks the words I spoke sincere,  
 Brought up withm the palace, well I know  
 Its windings, and where Bajazet is lodged

Let us proceed, and, if I needs must die,  
Then let us perish, Osman, as becomes  
A vizier such as I am and his friend.

## A C T V.

*Scene 1.*

A T A L I D E .

Alas ! mine eyes search every spot in vain.  
Unhappy that I am ! How have I lost him ?  
Why did kind Heav'n allow my fatal love  
To hang such perils o'er his head to-day;  
And, worst of all, that this disastrous letter  
Should reach my rival's eyes ? Yes, it was here  
Roxana found me, and my timid hand  
Conceal'd the dangerous missive in my bosom,  
While, taken by surprise, I check'd my tears.  
Then, as with threatening voice she bade me know  
The Sultan's order, all my senses left me.  
When I recover'd, round me stood her ladies,  
Who now have vanuh'd from my wondering eyes.  
Ah, cruel were the hands that succour'd me ;  
Their help was purchased at too dear a *price*,  
*For* they convey'd this letter to Roxana.  
What horrid purpose now her mind engrosses ?  
Who will be first the victim of her vengeance ?  
What blood will satisfy her keen resentment ?  
Ah ! Bajazet is dead, or dies this moment,  
And I meanwhile am kept a prisoner here.  
But the door opens. I shall learn his fate.

*Scene 2*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, GUARDS

ROXANA (*to* ATALIDE)

Withdraw '

ATALIDE

Forgive the feelings which o'ercome me—

ROXANA

Withdraw, I tell you , answer not a word'  
 Guaid, keep her close

*Scene 3*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

Yes, Fatima, all's ready  
 Black Orcan and the mutes await ther victim  
 Yet still, like hound at leash, I hold his fate  
 Restiam'd, but once let loose it slays its quarry  
 Sav, is he coming ?

'FATIMA

Close upon my footsteps  
 A slave conducts him    Unsuspecting seems he  
 Of imminent disgrace, for eagerly  
 To seek you, Madam, did he leave his chamber

ROXANA

Pool feeble soul, courting thine own deception,  
 Canst thou again suffer the traitor's presence ?  
 Dost think that words of thine, by love or fear  
 May move him ? E'en should he submrt, canst thou  
 Forgive ?    Should vengeance linger atiy longer?

SCENE 4]

BAJAZET.

Have not his wrongs yet overflow'd thy cup ?  
Waste no more efforts on a heart of stone,  
But let the caitiff perish—Ha! he comes.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ROXANA.

ROXANA.

I will not weary you with vain reproaches;  
The moments are too precious to be wasted  
In words, and I should say but what you know;  
Your very life bears witness to my care  
For you. And if my love meets no response,  
I murmur not thereat, tho', sooth to say,  
This love of mine, perchance, and all my kindness  
Might well add something to my feeble charms:  
But when in place of gratitude I find  
That you have met such love and confidence  
With feign'd affection and prolong'd deceit,  
Your baseness fills me with astonishment.

BAJAZET.

Mine, Madam ?

ROXANA.

Yours, I say ! Will you not still  
Disown the scorn you fancy undetected V  
Why should you not continue to disguise  
With hues of falsehood love that is another's,  
And swear to me with that perfidious tongue  
All that you feel for her—your Atalide?

BAJAZET.

For Atalide ! Good Heav'ns ! Who then has told you

ROXANA.

Stop, traitor, look, and then deny you wrote it !

BAJAZET (*after looking at the letter*)

I say no more this letter's frank avowal  
 Contains the revelation of a love  
 Cross'd by disaster, now you know a secret  
 Heady to leap to light, and all but own'd  
 A thousand times aheady Yes, I love,  
 And ere your flame had shown itself to blast  
 My hopes, this passion, form'd in infancy,  
 Had steel'd my heart against all other charms  
 If I may dare to tell you so, your love  
 Thought that by lavish kindness it might win me,  
 And your own heart interpreted my feelings  
 I knew your error, but what could I do ?  
 I saw 'twas one you would be loath to part with  
 Oft have ambitious hearts like mine been tempted  
 By offers of a throne the gift allured me  
 I hesitated not, but gladly seized  
 The opportunity of gaming freedom,  
 And all the more that to decline meant death,  
 That you yourself press'd me with eagerness,  
 And nothing feai'd so much as my refusal,  
 That would moreover have involved your ruin,  
 For, after having dared to speak with me,  
 Your greatest danger lay in drawing back  
 Yet (I would call your own complaints to witness),  
 Did I beguile you with false promises ?  
 Recall how many times you have reproach'd me  
 With silence thnt betray'd my inward trouble,  
 The neaier to the crown you held before me,  
 The more I blamed myself and felt abash'd  
 The Heav'n that heard me knows what vows smceie  
 I offer'd, which would surely have been kept,  
 Had but their pow'r been equal to my hopes,  
 And to my gratitude free scope afforded,  
 I with such honours and such dignities  
 Would have repaid your kindness and contented  
 Your pride, that even you, perhaps,—

ROXANA

And how  
 Could you do aught to please me, keeping back

Your heart? What vows of yours could profit me?  
 Have you forgotten who and what I am?  
 That, mistress here, your life is in my pow'r?  
 That to my guidance Amurath has trusted  
 The helm of State, made me Sultana, me  
 The sovereign of his heart, tho' yours disowns  
 Allegiance? On this pinnacle of glory  
 Already set, how could you lift me higher?  
 A tempting lot, forsooth, to linger here,  
 Rejected by a wretch whom I had crown'd,  
 Degraded from my proper rank, and made  
 At best the foremost of my rival's slaves!  
 Enough of idle words—they weary me;  
 For the last time, say, will you live and reign?  
 Here is the Sultan's order, yet can I  
 Still save you, but be quick. Speak!

BAJAZET.

What is it

That I must do?

ROXANA.

Come with me instantly,  
 And see my rival die, strangled by mutes;  
 Then, from a love released fatal to greatness,  
 Pledge me your faith, and time will do the rest.  
 This is the price that you must pay for pardon.

BAJAZET.

Should I consent, 'twould be to wreak revenge  
 On you, to make my horror and my scorn  
 Brand you with infamy before the world.

But fury surely makes me mad, that thus  
 I whet your rage against poor Atalide!  
 If I am guilty, she is no accomplice;  
 If you are wrong'd, no part had she therein;  
 Unmoved by selfish jealousy, she urged  
 That I should give both heart and hand to you.  
 Let not my fault stain her transcendent virtue.  
 Pour out your wrath, but temper it with justice;  
 Without delay perform the Sultan's orders;

But let my death at least be free from hatred  
 Not her has Amurath's sentence doom'd with me,  
 Then spare a life unfortunate enough  
 Add this last favour to so many others,  
 And if you ever held me dear—

ROXANA

Depart'

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

Never again shalt thou behold me, traitor,  
 Thou marchest to the tomb that is thy due

FATIMA

Atalide craves your ear a moment, Madam,  
 And farn would do obeisance at your feet  
 She wishes to confide to you a secret  
 That touches you more nearly than herself

ROXANA

Yes, let her come    You, follow Bajazet,  
 And, when the time comes, tell me of his fate

*Scene 6*

ROXANA, ATALIDE

ATALIDE

I come not now to play the hypocrite,  
 Too long have I abused your goodness, Madam,  
 I blush to feel that I deserve your hatred,  
 And prostrate at your feet confess my crime  
 Yes, Madam, it is true, I have deceived you,

My own heart's passion all my care engross'd,  
 At sight of Bajazet you were forgotten,  
 And every word I spoke betray'd my trust;  
 I loved him from a child, and, ever since,  
 To keep him mine has been my constant study.  
 His royal mother, blind to Fate's decree,  
 Favour'd our union, and prepared his ruin.  
 You loved him later, better far for both  
 If you had known my heart, or, hiding yours,  
 Had with less confidence reposed on mine.  
 I do not wrong myself to justify  
 The prince. I swear by Heav'n, that sees my shame.  
 By those great ancestors from whom I spring,  
 Who kneel with me thus at your feet and plead  
 For their own blood, the purest they have left:  
 With time you would have won the love you sought,  
 And Bajazet been vanquished by your charms,  
 Had not my jealousy been prompt to urge  
 All that might hold him back ; naught I neglected,  
 Piteous complaints, or tears, or indignation,  
 And bade him reverence his mother's ashes.  
 This very day, the climax of misfortune,  
 Reproaching him with having raised your hopes,  
 And laying to his charge my death, I strove  
 With earnest importunity to wrest  
 A pledge that, giv'n at last against his will,  
 Has plunged him into ruin with myself.

But why should you be weary of your kindness,  
 Or dwell upon past coldness ? It was I  
 Who forced him to untie the knot, which soon  
 Will bind your hearts once more when I am gone.  
**And** yet, howe'er my crime may merit death,  
 Do not, yourself, inflict just punishment,  
 Nor show Roxana to his frenzied eyes  
 Red with the blood of Atalide, but spare  
 His tender heart so violent a shock.  
 You need not fear to leave me to my fate ;  
 The stroke of death will suffer no delay  
 Thereby, nor fail your triumph to secure.  
**Crown** him, and in a hero's love rejoice :  
 My death be my concern, his life be yours.

GO, Madam, go, and, ere you can return,  
You shall not need to fear a rival more

ROXANA

I hare no claim to sacrifice so great,  
I judge myself and know my own demerits  
So far from parting you, I mean to-day  
To bind you in inseparable bonds  
For ever    Soon your eyes shall feast upon him  
Rise—

        Fatima!    What wild alarm has seized her!

*Scene 7*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA

FATIMA

Ah, Madam, come and see how all the palace  
Is in possession of the traitor Achmet  
His friends with sacrilegious hands have forced  
An entiance right into the royal harem  
Your trembling slaves, half of their number fled,  
Doubt whethei he obeys or violates  
Your will

ROXANA

        Let's hasten to confound the traitors  
You, guard my captive, if you love your life

*Scene 8*

ATALIDE, FATIMA

ATALIDE

Alas ! I know not which should have my pray'is,  
The purposes of both alike unknown  
If any pity for such woes can touch you,  
I beg you, Fatima, not to betray

Roxana's secrets, "but to tell me only  
How fares it now with hapless Bajazet.  
Say, have you seen him ? Is his life in danger ?

FATIMA.

I feel compassion for your troubles, Madam.

ATALIDE.

What! Has Roxana giv'n the fatal order  
Already ?

FATIMA.

I am pledged to secrecy.

ATALIDE.

Unhappy wretch, but tell me that he lives.

FATIMA.

'Tis much as life is worth to speak a word.

ATALIDE.

Too cruel thus to torture. Make an end;  
And give her yet a surer proof of zeal,  
This silence pains worse than a dagger's point.  
Pitiless slave of a barbarian captive,  
She fain would slay me,—pierce this heart yourself,  
And show yourself worthy of such a mistress.  
You cannot keep me here ; this very hour  
I must see Bajazet, or else must die.

*Scene 9.*

ATALIDE, ACHMET, FATIMA.

ACHMET.

Ah, tell me, Madam, where is Bajazet ?  
Have I yet time to save him ? I have search'd  
The palace through and through. At our first entrance  
We parted company ; with gallant Osman

Went half our vahant comrades, and the rest  
 Have follow'd me elsewhere with hasty steps,  
 But all in vain, for frighten'd slaves alone  
 And flying women meet my anxious eyes

ATALIDE

Alas, I know his fate e'en less than you  
 This slave can tell you all

ACHMET

Fear my just wrath  
 Wretch, answer truly

*Scene 10*

ATALIDE, ACHMET, FATIMA, ZARA

ZARA

Madam—

ATALIDE

Well, dear Zara,  
 What is it?

ZARA

Fear no longer, for your foe  
 lb dvnig

ATALIDE

Who? Roxana ?

ZARA

Ay, and what  
 May more surpuse you, Orcan's hand has done it

ATALIDE

Orcan ?

ZARA

No doubt despair at baffled crime  
 Has goaded him to take this other victrm

ATALIDE.

Heav'n's justice then has suecour'd innocence !  
The prince yet lives. Run, Achmet, and release him.

ZARA.

You will learn all the truth from Osman's lips,  
Who saw it done.

*Scene 11.*

ATALIDE, ACHMET, OSMAN, ZARA.

ACHMET.

Have not her eyes deceived her ?  
Is the Sultana dead ?

OSMAN.

Yes, I have seen  
Th' assassin's dagger from her heart withdrawn  
Wet with her blood. 'Twas Orcan's cruel hand  
That did the deed, not unpremeditate,  
For he had secret orders from the Sultan  
To slay her lover first, and then Roxana.  
Ere we drew near Orcan caught sight of us :  
" Respect," said he. "your royal master's mandate,  
And recognize his own imperial seal.  
Hence, traitors, quit the palace you profane."  
Saying these words, he left his dying victim,  
Approach'd us, and with blood-stain'd hand unfolded  
The written order Amurath had giv'n  
The wretch, to execute this double murder.  
But, loath to hear him longer, we, my lord,  
Transported by the rage and grief that seized us,  
With fierce impatience struck the monster down,  
And so avenged the blood of Bajazet.

ATALIDE.

*Of Bajazet ?*

ACHMET

What say you ?

OSMAN

He is dead

Did you not know it ?

ATALIDE

Giauous Heav'n

ObMAN

Roxana,

Feaung your succour nigh, madden'd with fuyi,  
 His life abandon'd to the fatal bowstring  
 That saddest of all sights myself I saw,  
 And vanly sought some lingering spark of life,  
 The prince was dead Around his body lay,  
 Dying or dead, a noble band who fought  
 For vengeance, and, by numbers overwhelm'd,  
 Accompanied his spirit to the shades  
 Now all is lost, and we must save ourselves

ACHMET

Ah, cruel Fates, to what have ye reduced me !  
 Madam, I know the loss that you have suffer'd  
 In Bajazet, and reverence your sorrow  
 Too much to offer you the poor support  
 Of hearts whose hopes lean'd only upon him,  
 His death has overwhehn'd me with despair,  
 No wish have I to save this guilty head,  
 But comrades in misfortune claim my care,  
 And to the end their lives will I defend  
 As to yourself, if you would shelter find  
 In some far distant land, consider now  
 If you will trust my guidance masters here,  
 My faithful friends your wishes will await,  
 While I, the favoiable moment seizing,  
 Hasten to make all needful prepaiation,  
 Then, where the sea washes the palace walls,  
 My vessels, furmsh'd for their voyage, shall fetch you

*Scene 12.*

ATALIDE, ZARA.

ATALIDE.

All then at last is over ! My deceits,  
 Unjust suspicions, and accurst caprices  
 Have brought me to this hour of agony  
 When thro' my crime I see my lover die!  
 Was it not misery enough for me  
 That cruel Fate should doom me to survive him,  
 That I must suffer torment past endurance  
 Knowing his death due to my jealous madness ?  
 Yes, my beloved, it is I have slain thee,  
 I only, not Roxana, nor the Sultan.  
 My hand it was that wove the fatal snare  
 Into whose hateful meshes thou hast fall'n.  
 Yet I outlive this horror at my heart,  
 I, who so lately felt my senses leave me  
 At the mere dread of danger to his life.  
 Alas, and has my very love destroy'd thee ?  
 I cannot think upon it more ; be swift,  
 My trusty hand, and let my blood atone.

Ye heroes, who in him should have revived  
 Your glory, whose repose I have disturb'd ;  
 Unhappy Mother, who with other hopes  
 Didst tell me that he loved me when a boy ;  
 Ill-fated Achmet, friends disconsolate,  
 And thou, Roxana, banded all against me,  
 Come, add fresh anguish to a frantic heart,  
 And take on me the vengeance I deserve.

*(She kills herself.)*

ZARA.

Ah, Madam—She is dead. Would God that I,  
 Heart broken as I am, with her might die !



MITHRIDATES.

*1673.*



## INTRODUCTION TO MITHRIDATES.

**M**ITHRIDATES " appeared in 1673. None of the characters impress one with any very lively feeling ; the struggle in Xiphares between amorous rivalry and filial devotion is perhaps the nearest approach made to powerful treatment. The play has a tragic ending so far as the fate of the nominal hero is concerned ; but the chief interest of the reader or spectator is centred in the mutual affection of Monima and Xiphares, from the free indulgence of which all obstacles are removed by the final catastrophe. The closing scene, however, is one of sorrow and lamentation, in which the cry of " How are the mighty fallen " suffers no sound of rejoicing to be heard.

The historical features of the character and career of Mithridates VI. are in the main preserved, but Racine has complicated his relations with his sons by representing Monima as exerting an influence over them which is due to his own romantic imagination. Monima was in reality put to death by order of Mithridates, to prevent her falling into the hands of his previous conqueror, Lucullus. This was in the year B.C. 71, whereas his own death did not occur till B.C. 63.

## CHARACTEES

MITHRIDATES, *King of Pontus and of many other Stales*

MONIMA *betrothed to Mithridates, and already declared Queen*

XIPHARLS, } *Sons of Mithridates. but by different mothers*

ARBATES, *Frund of Mithndates, and Governor of Nymphawn*

PHCEDIMA, *Frrend of Momma*

ARCAS, *Servant of Mithridates*

*Guards*

The scene is laid at Nymphamra, a seaport on the Cimmanan Boaphorus, in the Tauric Chersonesus (now the Crrma )

# MITHRIDATES.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

XIPHARES, ARBATES.

XIPHARES.

We have received a true report, Arbates;  
Rome triumphs, Mithridates is no more.  
The Romans in a night attack surprised  
My father's wonted prudence, near Euphrates;  
The conflict was a long one, but at last  
His army, routed, left him on the field  
Among the slain, and into Pompey's hand  
A soldier, as I hear, his sword and crown  
Deliver'd. Thus he who for forty years  
Had baffled all Rome's bravest generals,  
And in the east with uniform success  
Maintain'd the common cause of all her kings,  
Dies, leaving two ill-fated sons behind,  
At variance with each other, to avenge him.

ARBATES.

You and your brother, Prince! And does desire  
To mount your father's throne already make you  
A foe to Pharnaees?

XIPHARES

Nay, at such price  
I would not buy, Arbates, the mere wreckage  
Of an ill-fated empire I respect  
His birthright, and, contented with the States  
Assign'd to me, shall see without regret  
All that Rome's friendship promises fall ready  
Into his hands

ARBATES

Rome's friendship with a son  
Of Mithndates! Is it true, my lord ?

XIPHARES

Ay, Pharnaces has long at heart been Roman,  
And now on Rome and Pompey rest his hopes  
While I, more faithful to my sire than ever,  
Still to the Romans vow undying hatred  
But 'tis the least source of our strife that rises  
From his pretensions and my enmity

ARBATES

What other motive arms your wrath against him ?

XIPHARES

I shall surprise you This fan Momma,  
Who won the King our father's heart, of whom  
My brother since declares himself the lover—

ARBATES

Well, Prince?

XIPHARES

I love her, and may own my passion  
Now that that brother is my only rival  
Doubtless you wonder at the words I speak,  
But 'tis no secret of a few short days,  
Long has this love of mine grown up in silence  
How I could make you realize its ardour,  
My earliest sighs, my latest disappointment'  
But in the state to which we are reduced

'Tis no fit time to task my memory  
With the recital of an amorous tale.  
Let it suffice, to justify myself,  
That it was I who first beheld the Queen,  
And loved her. Ere the name of Monima  
Had reach'd my father's ears, her charms had roused  
A lawful passion in my heart. He saw her,  
And courted her, but with unworthy suit,  
Deeming that she would prove an easy conquest,  
Without presuming to claim marriage honours.  
You know how warmly he assail'd her virtue,  
And, weary of a long and fruitless struggle,  
Absent, but never parted from Ins passion,  
He by your hands sent her his diadem.  
Judge of my grief, when tidings came that told  
Too truly of the purpose of the King,  
How Monima his destined bride had taken  
Her journey hither under your protection !

'Twas then, ah! odious time, my mother's eyes  
Were open'd to the offers of the Romans.  
Whether in jealous rage at these new nuptials,  
Or to procure me Pompey's powerful favour,  
My father she betray'd, and gave to Rome  
The town and treasures to her care intrusted.  
How did my mother's crime affect my feelings ?  
No more I saw a rival in my father,  
I thought not of the love his own had cross'd,  
And had no eyes but for my father's wrongs.  
Soon I attacked the Romans; and *my* mother,  
Distracted, saw me wounded to the death  
Recovering the place she had surrender'd,  
And with my dying breath cursing her name.  
Since then the Euxine has been free, and so  
Eemains ; from Pontus to the Bosphorus  
All own'd my father's sway ; his fleet victorious  
Found winds and waves its only enemies.  
More I would fam have done ; I thought, Arbates,  
To march upon Euphrates to his rescue,  
When I was stunn'd by tidings of his death.  
But mingled with my tears, I will confess it,  
Back to my thoughts came charming Monima,

**Intrusted by my father to your hands**  
**In these sad times I trembled for her life,**  
**Dreading** that in his cruel jealousy  
**The King**, as oft before with many a mistress,  
**Might** means have taken to secure her death  
 Hither I flew, and 'neath Nymphæum's walls  
 My anxious eyes encounter'd Pharnaces,  
 A sight, I trow, of evil augury  
 You received both of us, and know the rest  
 Hasty in all his actions, Pharnaces  
 Of his presumptuous wishes made no secret,  
 Related to the Queen my father's ruin,  
 And, since the King was dead, offer'd, himself  
 To fill his place, nor will his deeds fall short  
 Of words I too will show what I can do  
 The love that bade me reverence a sire  
 To whom from childhood I have own'd submission,  
 This very love, now rising in revolt,  
 Scorns the authority of this new rival  
 Either the suit I venture to advance  
 Must be by Momma herself rejected,  
 Or else, whatever ill may come of it,  
 She shall not be another's, while I live

Thus have I told the secrets of my heart,  
 With you it rests to choose the side you take  
 Which of us seems the worthier of allegiance,  
 The slave of Rome, or Mithridates' son?  
 Proud of her friendship, Pharnaces, no doubt,  
 Thinks to command all here, and to dictate  
 To me, where I refuse to own his pow'r  
 His heritage is Pontus, Colchis mine,  
 And ever have the Colchian princes claim'd  
 This Bosphorus as to their realms belonging

## ARBATES

Whatever strength I have is at your service,  
 My choice is made already, I will do  
 My duty, and the self-same zeal and valour  
 With which I served your father and maintain'd  
 This place against your brother and yourself,  
 Now that the King is dead, shall aid your efforts

Against all foes. Had it not been for you,  
 My certain death would, I know well, have follow'd  
 Your brother's entrance, and my blood have stain'd  
 These ramparts which he vainly sought to storm.  
 As to the Queen, you need not fear her choice,  
 And for the rest, unless false shadows mock me,  
 Pharnaces soon will leave you master here  
 To reap elsewhere the harvest of Rome's bounty.

XIPHARES.

Thanks, 'dear Arbates!

But I hear a footstep.

Leave me, my frien 'Tis Monima herself.

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES.

MONIMA.

My lord, I come to you; for if to-day  
 You help me not, then my last hope is gone.  
 Orphan'd and friendless, full of fears, forsaken,  
 Long call'd a queen, yet all the time a captive,  
 A widow now tho' never yet a wife,  
 These are, my lord, the lightest of my woes.  
 I tremble in your ears to breathe the name  
 Of my oppressor, but a heart so great  
 Will not, I trust, to ties of kindred blood  
 Between you, sacrifice the tears of grief.  
 Ay, now you know his name. 'Tis Pharnaces,  
 'Tis he, my lord, whose criminal presumption  
 Would by main force fast bind me to himself  
 In wedlock that to me were worse than death.  
 What baleful star must on my birth have shone!  
 Destined to loveless union with another,  
 Scarce am I free to taste a moment's peace  
 When to a yoke yet heavier I must bend.  
 Perchance, more humble in my misery,  
 I should remember that it is his brother

To whom I speak    But whether reason prompts,  
 Or fate, or hatred that with him confounds  
 The Rome whose aid he seeks, no marriage yet  
 Was e'er more odious than the one I dread  
 And if I cannot move you with my tears,  
 If I have naught to trust but my despair,  
 At the same altar where I stand a bride  
 You shall see Momma, thus only freed  
 From tyranny, fall stricken to the heart,  
 A heart that ne'er was hers to give away

XIPHARES

Madam, of my obedience rest assured,  
 Here your authority is paramount  
 Let Pharnaces, if so he will, elsewhere  
 Make himself dreaded    But you know not yet  
 All your distress

MONIMA

   Ah, what fresh trouble then  
 Frowns upon Momma ?

XIPHARES

   If loving you  
 Is sin, not Pharnaces alone is guilty ,  
 My crime is worse a thousand times than his

MONIMA

Yours ?

XIPHARES

   Reckon this the climax of misfortunes  
 Invoke the heav'nly Pow'rs, if so you must,  
 Against a seed accurst, born to torment  
 And persecute you, sire and sons alike  
 But howsoever bitter the surprise  
 With which you hear me own this fatal love,  
 Never could all your woes together reach  
 The anguish of my efforts to conceal it  
 Yet think not that, like Pharnaces, my brother,  
 I serve you now to take his place hereafter,  
 You would be free, I pledge *my* word you shall be,

Neither on Pharnaces nor me dependent.  
But when your wishes have been satisfied,  
Where will you choose the place of your retreat ?  
In regions far remote or near my States ?  
Shall I be suffer'd to escort you thither ?  
With the same eye will you regard my homage  
And his oppression ? Flying from my rival,  
From me too will you fly ? And for reward  
Of faithful service banish me for ever ?

MONIMA.

Ah, what is this you tell me ?

XIPHARES.

  If advantage  
In time, fair Monima, confers a right,  
Here I assure you it was I who first  
Saw and admired, resolved to make you mine,  
When, to *my* sire unknown, your budding charms  
Rejoiced your mother's eye, and hers alone.  
If, by my duty forced to quit your side,  
I could not all my ardent love display,  
Have you lost all remembrance of the grief  
With which I oft bewail'd that sad constraint ?  
Have you forgotten my last fond farewells  
At parting from the sight of your sweet eyes ?  
My heart alone retains those memories ;  
Confess that I recall a vanish'd dream.  
While far from you and hopeless of return  
I cherish'd still an unrequited love,  
You well content to wed my sire, scarce heaved  
A single sigh in sympathy for me.

MONIMA.

Alas!

XIPHARES.

Did my distress one moment move you ?

MONIMA.

Prince, do not mock me in my misery.

XIPHARES

Mock **you** ? Ye gods' when eager to defend you,  
 Daring to press no claim, asking for nothing'  
 What shall I say, then ? When I give my promise  
 To place you where you ne'er shall see me more'

MONIMA

You promise what you never will perform

XIPHARES

What ' Will you not believe my solemn oath ?  
 Think you that I shall so abuse my pow'r,  
 And that I mean to curb your liberty ?  
 Explain yourself, I pray you

Someone comes

One word

MONIMA

Protect me from your brother's rage  
 To make me grant consent to see you, Sir,  
 You *need* not have recourse to tyranny

XIPHARES

Ah, Madam'

MONIMA

Prince, you see your brother comes

### Scene 3

MONIMA, PHARNACES, XIPHARES

PHARNACES

**How** long will you expect my father, Madam ?  
 Fresh witness to his death arrives each moment  
 To satisfy your doubt and chide delay  
 Come, fly with me from this delight less clime,  
 Whose savage aspect cannot but remind you  
 Of bondage hard , obedient subjects wait you

'Neath happier skies and worthier of your charms.  
 Pontus has long acknowledged you her queen,  
 Still wears your brow the royal diadem  
 As token of your sovereignty, and pledge  
 Of her assured submission to your sway.  
 I by my father's will am master there.  
 And 'tis my privilege to keep his promise.  
 But, trust me, time is pressing, tarry not,  
 Our marriage and departure must be hasten'd ;  
 Our common interests and my heart demand it.  
 My ships are ready, waiting to receive you,  
 And from the altar you may go aboard,  
 Queen of the seas that are to bear you hence.

MONIMA.

Such kindness, Sir, I find too overwhelming.  
 But since time presses, and I needs must answer,  
 May I without disguise freely express  
 The secret feelings of my heart ?

PHARNACES.

You may,  
 And that without reserve.

MONIMA.

To you I think  
 My origin is known ; of Ephesus  
 A native, but of royal ancestry.  
 Kings were my sires, or heroes whom erewhile  
 Greece for their virtues rank'd higher than kings.  
 When Mithridates saw me, Ephesus  
 And all Ionia crown'd his prosperous arms.  
 This pledge of faithful love he deign'd to send me,  
 My family presumed not to dispute  
 His sovereign will. A slave, tho' crown'd, I went  
 To be his bride, as fortune had ordain'd.  
 While he in Pontus waited to receive me,  
 New projects call'd him thence, and he obey'd  
 The summons to wage war against the Romans,  
 Sending me hither to avoid the storm.

IT.

G

I came, and here I still abide My father  
 Pard dear, however, tor that dangerous honour,  
 For the first victim of victorious Rome  
 Was Philopcemen, sire of Momma,  
 A fatal title, costing him his life,  
 It was to speak of that I wish'd to see you  
 However justly moved to indignation,  
 I have no army to oppose to Rome,  
 Helpless I witness all her injuries,  
 No sceptre mine nor soldiers to avenge me,  
 Only a heart to feel All I can do  
 Is to be faithful to my filial duty,  
 Nor m my father's blood imbrue my hands  
 By wedding you, the sworn ally of Rome

## PHARNACES

Why speak you thus of Rome and her alliance ?  
 Why this suspicion and these words of anger ?  
 Who told you that the Romans are my friends ?

## MONIMA

Can you, my lord, deny that so it IS ?  
 How could you offer welcome as a queen  
 To me where all the land is m their pow'i  
 Did not a secret treaty with the Romans  
 Smooth your way thither and secure your throne ?

## PHARNACES

I might inform you of my puiposes,  
 For which I have good reasons, and could state them,  
 It, leaving once for all these vain disguises,  
 You had explam'd to me your secret feelings  
 But now, long baffled, I begin to gather  
 The meaning of your manifold excuses ,  
 I see an mt'rest you would fam conceal,  
 Another than a father prompts your speech

## XIPHARES

Whatever motive may inspire her words,  
 At least, Sir, they deserve no doubtful answer,

Nor should your just resentment against Rome  
One moment hesitate to burst in fury.  
What! After having learn'd our sire's disgrace,  
Slow to avenge him, swift to fill his place,  
Shall we forget our honour and his blood?  
We know that he is dead, but he may lie  
Unburied. While your soul with eager hope  
Dwells on the thought of hymeneal bliss,  
This King, whom ail the East, full of his feats,  
May justly name her last and greatest hero,  
In his own realms deprived of funeral rites,  
Or laid dishonour'd 'mid a meaner crowd,  
Perchance accuses Heav'n's unjust neglect  
And two unworthy sons who dare not fight  
For vengeance. Why should we lurk longer here?  
If any prince still free in all the world,  
Parthian, Sarmatian, Scythian, loves his freedom,  
There let us *find* allies and march beside them,  
To live or die, true sons of Mithridates.  
Whatever love beguiles us, let us think  
Rather of rescue from a foreign yoke,  
Than of constraining hearts that will not yield.

## PHARNACES.

He knows your feelings. Was I wrong, fair lady?  
Your father and my fancied league with Rome  
Are but the pretext for a stronger reason.

## XIPHARES.

Her secret feelings are to me unknown;  
But if I thought, like you, that I could read them,  
I would submit my claims to their decision.

## PHARNACES.

You would do well; and I too know my duty.  
I am not bound to copy your example.

## XIPHARES.

Here know I none at least who may presume  
To shape his conduct on another model.

PHARNACES

So might you boast in Colchis I admit

XIPHARES

Here and in Colchis is my right the same

PHARNACES

Not here, I ween, if you would 'scape destiuctrou

*Scene 4*

MONIMA, PHARNACES, XIPHARES, PHÆDIMA

PHCEDIMA

Pimces, the sea is all alive with ships,  
And soon, despite the tidings of his death,  
Will Mithndates disembark in person

MONIMA

The King '

XIPHARES

My father '

PHARNACFS

What is this I hear '

PHÆDIMA

Despatch boats have arrived to bring the news ,  
'Tis he himself, and, prompt to pay due homage  
Arbates goes to greet him ere he lands

XIPHARES (*to* MONIMA)

What have we done '

MONIMA (*to* XIPHARES)

Farewell, Pinice Wondrous tidings '

*Scene 5.*

PHARNACES, XIPHARES.

PHARNACES (*aside*).

The King returns! Ah, cruel stroke of Fortune!  
My life and love are both in jeopardy.  
Th' expected Romans will arrive too late:  
What shall I do?

*(To XIPHARES.)*

I know your heart is sore,  
I can imagine her sad words at parting;  
But this is not the time to speak of that,  
Cares more important task our thoughts to-day.  
The King returns, perchance implacable;  
More dreadful he, the more unfortunate.  
The peril is far worse than you suppose;  
We verily are guilty, and you know him,  
How rarely tenderness disarms his rage.  
His sons can have no more relentless judge,  
As shown to two of them who dread the victims  
Of mere suspicion. We have greater reason  
To fear, each for himself, and for the Queen.  
I pity her the more, the more he loves her;  
For amorous ardour piques his jealousy,  
And hatred ever far outstrips his love.  
Place no reliance on his past affection,  
His jealous fury will burn all the fiercer.  
Consider well. The favour of the army  
Is yours. I speak not of mine own resources.  
Be ruled by me. Let us secure our pardon,  
Make ourselves masters of this place, and so  
Force him to offer to his sons such terms  
As they shall be contented to accept.

XIPHARES.

I recognize my guilt, and know my father,  
My mother's crime besides have I to bear;

But tho' my eyes are dazzled still with love,  
When comes my sire I cannot but obey him

## PHARNACES

Let us at least be faithful to each other ,  
You know my secret, I have read your own  
The King, devising ever dangerous wiles,  
Will turn our slightest words to our destruction ,  
You know his way, how tenderness can mask  
Deceitful hatred   Lead and I will follow,  
Since it must needs be so, but, while submitting  
To duty, let us scorn to act the traitor

## ACT II

*Scene 1*

MONIMA, PHÆDIMA

PHÆDIMA

What' you here still, when Mithridates lands '  
When all are flocking to the shore m welcome'  
What mean you, Madam ?   What remembrance checks  
Your steps, and makes you turn them back ?   Will you  
Offend a King whose soul adores you only,  
Almost his wife—

MONIMA

Not yet, dear Phœdima ,  
And till that time I think my duty bids me  
Await him here, and not go forth to greet him

PHÆDIMA

Nay, you must not regard him as a lover  
Of common rank   Betrothed to this great King,  
Bound by a father's promise, you have pledges  
Which, when he will, the solemn rites of marriage  
May ratify   Go forth, and show yourself

MONIMA.

See, would you nave me meet him as I am ?  
Look at this tear-stain'd face, and tell me rather  
To hide myself than seek his presence thus.

PHÆDIMA.

Heav'ns ! What is this ?

MONIMA.

It kills me, his return!  
Wretch that I am, how can I dare to face him ?  
His diadem on my brow, and in my heart—  
Can you not read its secret in these blushes ?

PHÆDIMA.

What, is it so ? Crush'd by the same alarms  
That made you shed so many tears in Greece ?  
Your path seems always cross'd by Xiphares.

MONIMA.

Greater than you can think is my distress.  
Then, in my thoughts I dwelt on Xiphares  
Only as noble, virtuous, and brave ;  
I knew not that, inflamed with love for me,  
He was of mortals the most amorous.

PHÆDIMA.

He loves you, Madam ? And this charming hero—

MONIMA.

Is no less wretched, Phcedima, than I.  
His heart adores me, and the self-same sorrow  
That here tormented me elsewhere consumed him.

PHÆDIMA.

Knows he how far he has secured your favour ?  
Is he aware you love him ?

MONIMA

No, dear friend  
 Heav'n guarded me from that, I kept strict silence,  
 Or said at most but half of what I felt  
 Ah if you only knew how this sad heart  
 Has stur'd its resolution to maintain,  
 What conflicts, what assaults I have endured '  
 Hark, Phædima, I never more will see him,  
 If I can help it Vam were all my efforts,  
 I should be forced to speak, were I again  
 To see his grief He'll come in spite of me,  
 And tear my secret from me , but no joy  
 His love will thence derive , so dear the cost,  
 'Twere better had his bliss remam'd unknown

PHCEDIMA

See, the } are coining    What is to be done ?

MONIMA

I cannot, will not meet him, thus distiacted

*Scene 2*

MITHRIDAIES, PHARNACFS, XIPHARES, ARBATES,  
 GUARDS

MITHKIDATES

Pinces, whate'er excuses you may frame,  
 Your duty never should have brought you hither,  
 Nor made you quit at such a time of need,  
 Pontus and Colchis his, to your care confided  
 But an indulgent father is your "judge  
 Those rumours you believed which I myself  
 Dispersed , and, since you wish it, I will deem  
 You guiltless, and thank Heav'n for this our meeting  
 Vanquish'd as I have been, and all but shipwreck'd,  
 I nurse a project worthy of my courage,  
 Of which you soon shall learn the full details  
 But go, and leave me to repose a moment

*Scene 3.*

MITHRIDATES, ARBATES.

MITHRIDATES.

A year is gone, and once again you see me,  
But not as erst the favourite child of Fortune,  
Who kept the destinies of Rome suspended,  
Her rival for the empire of the world:  
I have been conquer'd. Pompey took advantage  
Of darkness that left little room for courage;  
My troops unarm'd, or in the gloom affrighted,  
Their ranks attack'd on all sides unawares,  
While wild disorder magnified their fears  
And made them turn their weapons on their comrades,  
Loud cries terrific from the rocks resounding,  
All the worst horrors of a midnight conflict;  
In such confusion what could valour do  
To help us ? Many fell, flight saved the rest ;  
So great the panic, that I owe my life  
To tidings of my slaughter left behind me.  
Some time unrecognized, I cross'd the Phasis,  
Thence to the foot of Caucasus I press'd,  
Soon I took shipping ready in the Euxine,  
And join'd the scatter'd fragments of my army.  
Thus, driven by disastrous fortune hither,  
In Bosphorus I find new woes await me.  
With the same love you see me still inflamed  
As ever; and this heart, tho' fed with carnage  
And hungry still, despite the weight of years  
And dire misfortunes, passionately clings  
To Monima, where'er I roam, and finds  
Its worst foes here in two ungrateful sons.

ARBATES.

Both of them, Sire?

MITHRIDATES.

Listen. My rage admits  
That Xiphares is different from his brother.

I know him ever to my will obedient,  
 Hating our common foe as much as I do,  
 And I have seen his valour justify  
 My secret tenderness, display'd to please me  
 I know too, av I know, with what despan,  
 To every other claim preferring duty,  
 He hasten'd to disown a faithless mother,  
 And from her crime won a fresh crown of glory,  
 I dare not, cannot think that, after all,  
 So good a son has wilfully offended  
 But what concern had either of them here ?  
 Have they not both made offers to the Queen ?  
 To which seems secretly her heart inclined ?  
 And with what looks shall I myself accost her ?  
 Speak Strongly as I feel her sweet attraction,  
 I must be told how matters stand between them  
 What has occur'd ? What have you seen ? What know  
 you?  
 How came you to submit ? Since when ? and why ?

## ARBATES

Eight days ago did Phamaces come first  
 Beneath these walls, with his authority  
 Confirming the vague rumour of your death,  
 Impatient for admittance , but no heed  
 Paid I to what I deem'd his rash assertions,  
 And deaf remam'd, until the Prince, his brother,  
 Less by his words, my liege, than by his tears  
 Assured me of their truth on his arnval

## MITHRIDATES

What did they then ?

## ARBATES

Scarce had the former enter'd,  
 When m hot haste he urged his amorous suit,  
 And promised as her husband to secure  
 To her the diadem your hand bestow'd

## MITHRIDATES

The traitor ' What, without a moment giv'n \*

To shed the tears that to my shade were due !  
What of his brother ?

ARBATES.

Till this very day  
His conduct has betray'd no sign of love,  
But all his soul, in sympathy with yours,  
Has seem'd to breathe no thought but war and vengeance.

MITHRIDATES.

What purpose brought him hither, then, Arbates ?

ARBATES.

That you will learn sooner or later, Sire.

MITHRIDATES.

Speak, I command you; I must hear it now.

ARBATES.

E'en till this very day his plea has been  
That he was justified, after your death,  
In reckoning this province as his own ;  
And, calling courage to support his claim,  
He came to take his heritage by force.

MITHRIDATES.

That were the least reward he could expect,  
Should Heav'n permit me to bequeath my pow'r.  
I breathe once more, Arbates, glad at heart :  
I trembled, I confess, both for a son  
Beloved, and for myself lest I had lost  
So sure a stay, and found myself at war  
With such a rival; not like Pharnaces  
Who has so long confronted my displeasure,  
And, holding Rome in secret admiration,  
Has ne'er opposed her but with sore reluctance.  
And if with favour Monima regards him,  
Lavish elsewhere of love that is my due,  
Then woe betide the wretch who comes to rob me,

**Defies his father and disdains his yoke '**   
 Say, does she love **him'\***

ARBATES

Heie she comes, my liege

*Scene 4*

MITHRIDVTL8, MONIMA

MITHEIDATFS

Madam, kind Heav'n at last has brought me back  
 To you, and, seconding my tender wishes,  
 Restores you to my love fairer than ever  
 I little thought that I should have to wait  
 So long to celebrate our marriage rites,  
 Nor that misfortune, marking my return,  
 Would show my sorriow lather than my love  
 Yet 'tis that lo\e which leads me to your side,  
 Nor let me choose another place of refuge,  
 And my worst troubles lose then bitterness  
 It but *my* presence here bungs none to you  
 To tell me so, only vouchsafe to hear me  
 Have you not long look'd forward to this day ?  
 You wear a pledge of my sincerity,  
 Which ever tells you that you arc my own  
 Come then, and let us seal our mutual vows ,  
 Far hence the voice of Grlory summons us,  
 And without hindiance to this giand design,  
 Wedded to-day, we must depait to-monow

MONIMA

Your will is law, the authois of my life  
 Then sov'ieign empire have on you conferr'd,  
 Whene'er you choose to exeicise that light,  
 I have no other answer but t' obey

MITHRIDATES

So, Madam, to an nksome yoke submissive,

## SCENE 4.]

## MITHRIDATES.

You to the altar go but as a victim;  
 And I, constraining a reluctant heart,  
 Shall owe no thanks to you for its possession.  
 Think you that such compliance can content me ?  
 Must I henceforth, despairing of your love,  
 Aspire to be your tyrant, nothing more ?  
 Have *my* misfortunes then made you despise me ?  
 Ah, were I yet new conquests to attempt,  
 With every obstacle to check my march,  
 To lower depths cast down by hostile Fate,  
 Vanquish'd, pursued, helpless, my sceptre lost,  
 Flying from sea to sea, less king than pirate,  
 The name of Mithridates only left me,  
 Know that that name aloue, renown'd in story,  
 Would win for me the world's admiring gaze;  
 There would not be a king worthy to reign  
 Who, seated on his throne, would not prefer  
 To rdyal splendour my more glorious ruin,  
 Which Rome and forty years have scarce effected.  
 With other eyes would you yourself behold me,  
 If in your soul your Grecian sires revived.  
 And since, in fine, your husband I must be,  
 Were it not nobler, worthier of yourself,  
 To freely choose what you accept from duty,  
 Oppose to Fortune's buffets your esteem,  
 And, soothing my distress, give me a balm  
 Against despair that dogs misfortune's steps —

What, Madam, have you no reply to make ?  
 Serves all my ardour only to confound you ?  
 Still you are dumb, and, even worse than silence,  
 I see, tho' you would hide them, rising tears.

## MONIMA.

Oh, no, my lord! I have no tears to shed.  
 Have you not had my answer ? I obey.  
 And is it not enough—

## MITHEIDATES.

Nay, it is not.  
 I understand this better than you think :

I see they told me true, just jealousy  
 By your own words is but too well confirm'd,  
 A faithless son, smitten by such rare beauty,  
 I see has wooed, and finds a willing ear  
 New terrors now I waken in your breast  
 For him, but not for long shall he enjoy  
 Your care, if my commands are heeded still,  
 On him your faithless eyes have look'd their last  
 Call Xiphares

MONIMA

Alas' What will you do ?

He -

MITHRIDATES

Xiphares has not betray'd his father,  
 You need not be so eager to disown him,  
 He has done nothing to estrange my love  
 Your crime were less, as less would be my shame,  
 If one so worthy of your high regard  
 Had roused some touches of yet warmer feelings  
 But that a traitor, bold in disobedience  
 In whom no virtue palliates presumption,  
 That Phamaees, too soon, should thus supplant me,  
 That he should be beloved, and I detested—

*Scene 5*

MITHRIDATES, MONIMA, XIPHARES

MITHRIDATES

Come, my son, come, your father is betray'd  
 I have a son who dares to mock my rum,  
 Thwarts my designs, inflicts a fatal wound,  
 Ay, to my Queen makes love, and wins her favour,  
 Stealing a heart she owes to me alone  
 Yet am I happy in this deep dishonour  
 To blame no other son than Phamaees,  
 To know a mother's treason and a brother's  
 Audacious plots have fail'd to make you swerve

SCENE 6.]

MITHRIDATES.

From duty! Yes, my son, on you alone  
I lean, and long have chosen you to be  
The worthy comrade of my great designs,  
Heir of my sceptre and my glorious name.  
Not now may Pharnaces and outraged love  
Engross my thoughts ; the careful preparation  
For an important enterprise, my ships  
Which I must hold in readiness to sail,  
My soldiers whose devotion I would try,  
Demand my presence at this very hour.  
Do you, however, here keep watch for me,  
And foil the plots of an insidious rival ;  
Nor quit the Queen, but strive to overcome  
Her opposition to a King who loves her ;  
Dissuade her from a choice iniquitous,  
And your unbiass'd judgment will convince her  
Better than I can. She has proved my weakness,  
Let her not try that tenderness too far,  
Or it may turn to fury, unrepented  
Till vengeance has atoned for wrong resented.

*Scene 6.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES.

XIPHARES.

What shall I say ? How may I understand  
This charge, these words incomprehensible ?  
Great gods! Can it be true that Pharnaces,  
Too dear to you, indeed deserves this rage ?  
That your distress is all for Pharnaces ?

MONIMA.

For Pharnaces ! Why speak of Pharnaces?  
Heav'ns! Is it not enough that this sad day  
Robs me of all I loved for evermore,  
And that I find myself, the slave of duty,  
Fast bound with chains of sorrow and despair ?

Must this last insult to my grief be added,  
 That I be thought to "weep for Pharnaces,  
 In spite of all my hatied deem'd too dear ?  
 I can forgive the King blinded by anger,  
 To him my heart must never be reveal'd,  
 But you, mv loid, but you, to treat me so '

## XIPHARES

Ah, Madam, paidon a distracted lo\er,  
 Who, himself loand by oruel bonds of duty,  
 Sees threaten'd loss of all nor dares take vengeance  
 But how am I to "judge of the King's fun ?  
 What other love is this with his conflictmg ?  
 Who then can be this happy cummal ?  
 Speak

## MONIMA

Why so ready to mcrease your woe  
 With seif-inflicted torture '

## XIPHARES

Ay, these fears  
 Add pangs to which it were a light afflecion  
 To see her whom I love mv father's bude,  
 To see a rival honour'd with your tears  
 This is indeed m\ crowning agonv  
 But m despan I fain would know the worst  
 Tell me for pity's sake who is this lover  
 And change suspicion into eertamt

## MONIMA

Is it so hard for you to guess the truth ?  
 Just now, when I sought lefuge from constiant  
 Of pow'r unjust, to whom did I appeal ?  
 On whose kind sucxoui did my heart rely ?  
 Whose woids of love heard I without displeasure ?

## XIPHARES

Heav'ns ' Can it be I am the lucky culput

Whom you are pleased to look upon with favour?  
Was it for Xiphares you deign'd to weep?

MONIMA.

Yes, Prince: I cannot keep the secret longer,  
My sorrow is too violent for silence.  
Tho' Duty's stern decree condemns my tongue,  
Yet must I violate her harsh commands,  
And utter f o r t h e first time and the last  
The language of my heart. Long have you loved  
Long has an equal tenderness for you  
Moved me with sad concern. Retrace the time  
When first you own'd affection for these charms  
Unworthy of your praise, the short-lived hope,  
The trouble that your father's passion raised,  
Tortured to lose me and to see him blest,  
To bow to duty when your heart was torn.  
You cannot, Prince, recall those memories  
Without repeating in your own misfortunes  
My story too; and, when I heard this morning  
Your tale, my heart responded to it all.  
Futile or rather fatal sympathy!  
Union too perfect to be realized!  
Ah! with what cruel care did Heav'n entwine  
Two hearts it never destined for each other!  
For, howsoe'er my heart is drawn to yours,  
I tell you once for all, where Honour leads  
I needs must follow, even to the altar,  
To swear to you an everlasting silence.  
I hear you groan: but, miserable fate,  
Your father claims me, I may ne'er be yours.  
You must yourself support my feeble will,  
And help me from my heart to banish you;  
Let me at least rely upon your kindness  
My presence to avoid henceforth for ever.  
Have I not said enough, Sir, to persuade you  
How many reasons urge you to obey me?  
After this moment, if that gallant heart  
Has ever felt true love for Monima,  
I will not recognize its loyalty  
Save by the care you take to shun me always.

## XIPHARES

Great gods ' How terrible a test of love  
 Hl-starr'd ' How happiness and misery  
 Are mine at once ' From what a glorious height  
 To what an awful gulf you cast me down'  
 Have I prevail' d to touch a heart like yours,  
 And won your love, only to see another  
 Possess that heart which fondly clings to mine ?  
 Father unjust and cruel,—but withal  
 Unhappy too '—

So you would have me fly

And yet the King has bidden me attend you  
 What will he say ?

## MONIMA

It matters not Obey me

Contrive such reasons as may blind his eyes,  
 Prove your heroic nature by an effort  
 Supreme And for your own self-sacrifice  
 Tax quick invention, as less noble lovers  
 Have done to gratify their chensh'd hopes  
 Weak as I know myself, with life at stake,  
 I cannot but distrust my strongest efforts ,  
 The sight of you would wake fond memories,  
 And guilty sighs betray the achmg heart  
 Which, torn asunder by a secret strife,  
 Would fain fly back to you, pow'rless to bear  
 Its separation But if it depends  
 On you to make me cherish thoughts so sweet,  
 I know you will do nothing to prevent me  
 From vindicating straight offended honour,  
 When, searching for your image in my heart,  
 My hand shall tear it thence, and leave me free  
 From shame But, ah, while yet a few brief moments  
 Are left us, how I take a fatal pleasure  
 In seeking to prolong the risk I shun,  
 And wish, the more I speak, for one word more  
 Oh, but I needs must force myself to fly,  
 Nor lose in parting words the feeble relics  
 Of firmness Prince, I go, farewell, remember,  
 See me no more , prove worthy of my tears

SCENE 1.]

MITHEIDATES.

XIPHARES.

Ah, Madam—

She is gone, she will not hear me.  
Unhappy Xiphares, what wilt thou do,  
Banish'd and yet beloved? One thing is clear,  
The path of duty is for her and thee  
The same. Swift death must end this agony.  
Yet till her fate is certain, let me wait;  
And, if a rival Monima must own,  
Dying I'll yield her to the King alone.

ACT III.

*Scene 1.*

MITHRIDATES, PHARNACES, XIPHARES.

MITHRIDATES.

Draw near, my sons. At last the hour is come  
My secret purpose to display before you;  
All things conspire to aid this noble venture;  
Nothing remains but to inform you of it.

I am a fugitive: so hostile Fortune  
Has will'd, but my life's history you know  
Too well to think that, long courting concealment,  
I should await my mnters in these deserts.  
War has its favours as it has its losses;  
Already more than once, my course retracing,—  
While, by my flight deceived, the foe in triumph  
Rode thro' the streets of Rome, 'mid idle plaudits,  
And, gravating his vain victories on brass,  
Display'd my conquer'd realms in captive chains,—  
The Bosphorus has seen me with fresh fleets  
Swarming from all her marshes, spreading terror,  
And from astonish'd Asia chasing Rome's  
Battalions back, undoing in a day  
Work of a year. New times demand new cares.  
Fiercer attacks have overwhelm'd the East,

Its plains are cover'd with yet vaster hosts  
 Of Romans, whom the war at our expense  
 Enriches Greedy of all nations' wealth,  
 Our rumour'd hoards have drawn the robbers thither,  
 In crowds they rush, each of his neighbour jealous,  
 Leaving their own to inundate our land  
 I only dare resist worn or subdued,  
 All my allies discard my fatal friendship,  
 A burden that their heads can ill support  
 Pompey's great name makes his success assured,  
 All Asia's dread, I will not seek him there,  
 Nay, 'tis to Koine, my sons, I mean to march  
 Surprised at this bold stroke, you think perhaps  
 Despair alone can give it birth to-day  
 I pardon your mistake, projects like this  
 Seem folly till successfully accomplish'd  
 Do not suppose that Rome from us is parted  
 By ramparts of eternal separation  
 I know each mountain pass that I must traverse,  
 And, if not thwarted by untimely death,  
 I need not set it farther, three months hence,  
 And you shall mount the Capitol with me  
 Two days upon the Euxme, never doubt it,  
 Will waft us westward to the Danube's mouth  
 Scythia with me has sworn a strict alliance,  
 Which lays the entrance into Europe open  
 There gathering our forces in their ports,  
 Their troops will join our ranks, and at each step  
 Dacians, Pannomans, Germans swell our numbers,  
 All wait but for a leader to repel  
 The common tyrant Have not Spain and Gaul  
 Sought to excite my vengeance 'gainst those walls  
 That Brennus once laid low? Yea, Greece herself  
 Has by her envoys' months blamed me for lack  
 Of vigour Ready to o'erflow on them,  
 This torrent, bearing me along, they know  
 Will whelm them all And to prevent its lavage,  
 They'll guide and follow me to Italy  
 There will you find Rome's name in horror held  
 Supreme, the fires still smouldering thro' the land  
 Which Freedom kindled with her dying breath

No, Princes, 'tis not in earth's realms remote  
Rome's galling fetters weigh most heavily:  
The nearer that she is the more abhorrd,  
Rome's greatest enemies are at her gates.  
Ah! if they chose, to free them from her yoke,  
Vile Spartacus, the gladiator slave,  
And follow'd vengeance with a band of robbers;  
Think with what noble ardour will their ranks  
March 'neath the colours of a conquering King  
Whose royal line from Cyrus boasts descent!  
Think, too, how we will take her by surprise,  
Stript of the legions that might else defend her,  
Were they not all busied in my pursuit.  
Will babes and women have the pow'r to stop me ?

Let us march on, and carry to her heart  
The havoc which she spreads from east to west;  
Let those proud conquerors crouch behind their walls,  
And tremble in their turn for hearth and home.  
Let us believe what Hannibal predicted,  
The Romans, save in Rome, will ne'er be vanquish'd.  
Let her own blood in righteous torrents drown her,  
And let the Capitol, that thought to see me  
In chains, to ashes sink ; let us destroy  
Its glory, and blot out the shame of kings  
Of every tribe and nation, with my own.  
Let fire consume all those illustrious names  
Devoted there to endless infamy.

Lo, this is the ambition that has seized me!  
But think not I will suffer Rome in peace  
To lord it over Asia in my absence;  
I know where I shall find her stout defenders.  
Rome, everywhere surrounded by fierce foes,  
Shall call in vain on Pompey to relieve her.  
The Parthian, name dreadful to Rome as mine,  
Is ready to take up my righteous quarrel;  
To seal this bond with union of our blood,  
He asks of me a son to wed his daughter.  
I for this honour have made choice of you,  
My Pharnaces ; go, be the happy bridegroom.  
No longer I delay ; to-morrow's dawn  
Shall see my ships far from the Bosphorus.

Go you at once, since nothing here detains you,  
 And let \ our ardour justify my choice  
 The marriage rites perform'd, re-cross Euphrates,  
 Let Asia see another Mithndates,  
 And terror blanch the faces of our foes,  
 While I at Rome rejoice to hear the tidings

## PHARNACES

Sir, you surpuse me, and I cannot hide it  
 This grand attempt I hear with admiration,  
 A bolder project never yet was broached  
 To make the vanquish'd turn the tide of war,  
 That dauntless heart in you I most admire  
 Winch seems to rise moie strong for being crusli'd  
 And yet, if I may dare to speak with frankness,  
 Aie you reduced to this extremity?  
 Why go so far on such a desperate errand,  
 While still your states offer a safe asylum?  
 Why undertake so difficult a task,  
 Fitter for leader of a band of exiles  
 Than for a monarch on whose banneis Hope  
 So lately smiled, wherever he appear'd,  
 Who founded upon thirty states the throne  
 Whose rum leaves a mighty empire yet '\*  
 You, after two score years, you, only you  
 Have courage left to struggle against Fate  
 To Rome and to lepose relentless foe,  
 Count not on troops heroic as yourself  
 Think not that hearts made timid by disaster,  
 Worn out with hardships and a long retreat,  
 Are eager to meet death 'neath foreign skies,  
 Encountering toils more terrible than dangers  
 If routed when their country's eyes were on them,  
 How will they meet the conqueror's fury there?  
 In his own city, with his gods, before him,  
 Will he strike less alarm, or yield himself  
 An easier prey?

So Parthia seeks alliance  
 With you in marriage Prompt to lend her aid  
 When all the world seem'd our support, will she  
 Receive a son-in-law poor and defenceless?

What! **shall I** go, **an** outcast and alone,  
To prove the Parthian faithless as of yore,  
And haply, as the fruit of match so hasty,  
Expose your credit to his court's contempt ?  
At least, if stoop we must, if we must borrow  
The unaccustom'd gestures of a suppliant,  
Send me not to embrace the Parthian's knees,  
Nor beg from kings whose pow'r is less than yours.  
Can we not take a surer course than that ?  
And, falling into arms of joyful welcome,  
Borne, readily appeased, will grant us favour—

## XIPHARES.

Rome! Does my brother then dare to propose  
Such base humiliation to the King,  
As in one day to make his life's long course  
A lie, to trust the Romans, and submit  
To tyranny for forty years resisted ?

Onward, my father! Vanquish'd as you are,  
War and its perils are your only refuge!  
Rome has in you a fatal foe, whose oath  
Is more implacable than Hannibal's.  
All crimson with her blood, do what you may,  
Ne'er look for peace but thro' such butchery  
As on a single day in Asia blasted  
A hundred thousand Romans by your order.

Yet spare your own inviolable head,  
March not yourself from land to land, nor show  
To gaping nations Mithridates humbled,  
Dark'ning the brilliant lustre of your name.  
The vengeance you must execute is just;  
Lay Rome in ruins, burn the Capitol.  
But 'tis enough for you to point the way;  
To younger hands pass on the fiery torch,  
And, while my brother keeps control of Asia,  
Honour my courage with this high exploit.  
Give the command, and let us justify  
Our title as your sons, heirs of your name  
Thro' all the world. Set east and west in flames,  
While still you tarry in the Bosphorus;  
And Rome, hard press'd on every side alike,

Shall find you omnipresent to destroy her  
 This very moment order me to start,  
 All that detains you here urges my flight,  
 And, if this enterprise surpass my pow'rs,  
 Such hope foilorn befits my evil case  
 Yes, I will go, too glad to end my woes  
 So soon—I will erase my mother's cinne  
 That makes me blush, my sire, here at your knees,  
 Ashamed to know myself a son of hers,  
 Scarce all my blood can wash away that stain  
 Only let me by death enhance your glory,  
 And Rome, the object of my grand despair,  
 Shall to the son of Mithridates offer  
 A worthy tomb

MITHRIDATES (*rising*)

My son, let us not speak  
 Of hei again Your father is content,  
 He knows your zeal, nor will he have you face  
 Dangers that his affection will not share  
 Nothing shall part us, you shall follow me  
 And you, prepare yourself, Prmce, to obey,  
 The ships are ready, I myself have older'd  
 The tram and the equipment you lequire  
 Arbates, charged to bring you to your bride,  
 Will let me know how you peifoim your duty  
 Go, and, maintaining your ancestral honour,  
 In this embrace recexve your sne's farewell

PHARNACES

Sir—

MITHRIDATES

Let th' expression of my will suffice you  
 Obey It were superfluous to repeat it

PHARNACES

Sir, might it please you to accept my death,  
 None shall be found more eager to embrace it  
 Let me fall fighting m your ranks before you

## MITHRIDATES.

I have commanded you to start directly,  
And if you linger—Prince, you hear my voice,  
Answer me not, or do it at your peril.

## PHARNACES.

If you should hold a thousand deaths in prospect,  
I could not seek a maiden whom I know not.  
My life is in your hands.

## MITHRIDATES.

Ha! As I thought!  
You cannot go! I understand you, traitor!  
I know what makes you shun this marriage. Here  
You have a quarry you are loath to leave:  
'Tis Monima detains you; guilty love  
Moved you to tear her from your father's arms.  
Neither the warmth with which you know I wooed her,  
Nor yet my diadem that decks her brow,  
Nor this retreat selected for her safety,  
Nor fear of *my* just wrath had force to check you.  
Was then your treacherous sympathy with Rome  
Offence so venial in your father's eyes,  
That this perfidious passion still was wanting  
To render you the horror of my life?  
Far from repentance, on your face I see  
Confusion due to rage and disappointment.  
You long already, from my hands escaping".  
To sell me to the Romans and secure  
My ruin. But to justice I'll defer  
Departure. Ho there, Guards!

*Scene 2*

MITHRIDATES, PHARNACES, XIPHARES, GUARDS

MITHEIDATES

Arrest the traitor '

Ay, him there, Pharnaces    Go    quit him not  
Till you have lock'd him safely in the tow'r

PHARNACFS

'Twere idle to assert me innocent  
Yes, it is true, my love deserves your hatred  
My love is hers, you have been told the truth,  
But Xiphares has not reveal'd the whole  
What he has said is less than what he hides,  
And this devoted son should have inform'd you  
That he, long smitten with the self-same passion,  
Loves the Queen also,—and is loved by her

*Scene 3*

MITHRIDATES, XIPHARES

XIPHARES

Sir, can you think me guilty of a scheme—

MITHRIDATES

My son, I know your brother's villainy  
May Heav'n preserve me ever from suspecting  
That you could make so cruel a return  
For all my kindness, that a son so dear  
Could have betray'd a father's trusting heart  
I'll not believe it    Go    far be the thought'  
Henceforth be all my mind bent upon vengeance

*Scene 4.*

## MITHRIDATES.

I'll not believe it?—Vainly flattering hope!  
You do believe it, wretched Mithridates!  
Is Xiphares my rival? Does the Queen  
Conspire with him, and dares she to deceive me?  
On whatsoever side I turn mine eyes,  
All hearts have lost their loyalty to me!  
Friendless without, within my home betray'd!  
Pharnaces, Monima, and thou, my son,  
Thou too, whose virtue solaced *my* disgrace—  
But know I not this Pharnaces a traitor?  
How weak am I to trust his baffled fury,  
Whom spite and envy arm against his brother,  
Or whose despair, inventing idle tales,  
To save himself would make all others guilty!  
Nay, I'll believe him not, nor be too hasty,  
But probe the truth. Yet where shall I begin?  
Whose witness will convince me? By what proofs?  
Ha! Heav'n inspires me with a sudden thought.  
I'll call the Queen. Yes, without going further,  
I'll hear her, and rely upon her witness.  
Love greedily believes what gives it pleasure.  
If he has won her heart, none else so well  
Can show it. Let me see which of the two  
Her love will charge. They have deserved a snare  
I scorn to use. 'Tis lawful to deceive  
Deceivers, and to unmask treachery—  
But here she conies: a skilful falsehood now  
Shall mock her hopes and make her truth avow.

*Scene 5*

MONIMA, MITHRIDATES

MITHRIDATES

My eyes at last are open, and I own  
 The claims of justice ' 'Twere a sorry gift  
 To charms so rare to offer you a hand  
 Burden'd with age and a long tram of troubles  
 Fortune and Victory have heretofore  
 With thnty crowns conceal'd my hoary head  
 But it is so no longer , once a king,  
 I am a fugitive, old and disgraced  
 My blow, despoil'd of all its royal honours,  
 Too plainly shows the ravages of time  
 Besides all that, a thousand schemes engross  
 My care, you hear the shouts of troops prepared  
 To start forthwith , once more I man the vessels  
 That brought us Nuptial rites would ill consort  
 With huffed flight, nor can I let you share  
 My shatter'd foitunes m this desp'rate quest  
 But think no more of Phamaces , for justice  
 Claims sacrifice on your part as on mine  
 I will not suffer this lebellious son  
 Whom I have bamsh'd from my sight for ever,  
 To own a heart which was domed to me,  
 And bring it into friendship with the Romans  
 My throne is due to you , far from regretmng  
 The gift, there will I place you ere I go,  
 If only you consent that one so dear  
 To me, a son worthy a father's love,  
 That Xiphares in short shall take my place,  
 Wed you, and wreak my vengeance on the traitor

MONIMA

Who ' Xiphares, my lord '

MITHRIDATES

Ay, Madam, he

Whence comes this agitation at his name ?

SCENE 5.]

MITHRIDATES.

What leads you to object to choice so just ?  
Is it disdain that reason cannot quell ?  
He, I repeat it, is my second self,  
Victorious in the field, a son who loves me,  
By me beloved, the foe of Rome, the heir  
Of my renown that will revive in him.  
And, whatsoever pledge you may have taken,  
'Tis only to his hands that I'll resign you.

MONIMA.

What say you ? Gracious Heav'n ! Can you approve  
Oh, why, my lord, why try me so severely ?  
Cease to torment a soul unfortunate.  
I know that I was destined to be yours,  
I know this very moment at the altar  
The victim stands to seal our marriage bond.  
Come.

MITHRIDATES.

I see clearly, do whate'er I may,  
You fain would keep yourself for Pharnaces.  
I find your scorn is as unjust as ever,  
Passing from me to my unhappy son.

MONIMA.

I scorn him ?

MITHRIDATES.

Let us speak of it no more.  
Pursue the shameful flame that lures you on.  
While with my son far from your sight I go  
To the world's end, seeking a glorious death,  
Stay here to share his brother's degradation,  
And to the Romans sell a father's blood.  
Come : can I better punish your disdain  
Than by committing you to hands so vile ?  
No longer shall your honour be to me  
Matter of moment, you shall be forgotten.  
Come, Madam. I am going to unite you.

MONIMA.

Punish me rather with a thousand deaths!

MITHRIDATES

Mere subterfuge' 'Tis idle to resist

MONIMA

To what extremity am I reduced'  
 But after all I cannot think that you  
 Could force yourself so long to act a part  
 Heav'n is my witness that I aim'd to please you,  
 And to its destiny my soul submitted  
 But if to any weakness I had yielded,  
 Had I been bound to fortify my heart  
 Against alarm, believe me, my good lord,  
 I ne'er had shed a tear for Pharnaces,  
 The son whom you esteem, whose image lives  
 Within your heart, whose victories have curb'd  
 The insolence of Rome, your second self,  
 That Xiphares whom you would have me love—

MITHRIDATES

You love him ?

MONIMA

Had the Fates not made me yours,  
 To be his bride were happiness supreme  
 Before this pledge of your affection reach'd me,  
 We loved each other You change countenance'

MITHRIDATES

No, no It is enough Go, and I'll send him  
 To you I must be busy, time is precious  
 I see that you are willing to obey me,  
 I am content

MONIMA (*going away*)

Heav'n grant this be no trick '

*Scene 6.*

## MITHRIDATES.

They love each other, I have been befool'd.  
Ah ! thou ungrateful son, thy death shall pay  
For all. I know how thou has stol'n from me  
My soldiers' hearts by virtues well assumed  
And martial glory. But my stroke shall fall  
Sure on the traitor; I will scatter far  
The seeds of mutiny, forestall rebellion,  
And keep no troops but such as I can trust.  
But I must still dissimulate, nor go  
Hence with a frown that may displeasure show.

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

MONIMA, PHÆDIMA.

## MONIMA.

Oh, in the name of Heav'n, dear Phœdima,  
Bo what I wish, see what is going on,  
And bring me word. My heart is ill at ease,  
Torn by a thousand terrible suspicions.  
Why tarries Xiphares ? What holds him back,  
Now, when his father's sanction crowns his vows ?  
His father said that he would send him hither—  
But may he not have feign'd, finding it needful  
To disavow the truth ? While I disclosed  
My inmost heart—Has Heav'n abandon'd me,  
And suffer'd my unguarded love to bring  
Upon my lover's head the King's resentment ?  
When thou, dear Prince, with passionate entreaty  
Didst urge me to confess my cherish'd secret,  
Full twenty times I cruelly refused,

And even punish'd thee for having torn  
 The veil aside, yet when thy sue, perchance,  
 Distrusts thee, when thy very life's in danger,  
 I speak and, but too easily deceived,  
 Point out the fatal spot to pierce thy heart '

## PHÆDIMA

Nay, Madam, treat the King with less injustice,  
 He is too great to stoop to tricks so mean  
 What need was his to tread the paths of guile ?  
 Before him to the altar you were bound  
 Without a muimur Would he slay a son  
 So fondly loved ? Nothing has pass'd to show  
 His promise false He told you that a scheme  
 Momentous must to-morrow take him hence  
 Against his will, this occupies his thoughts,  
 And, hastening his departure, on the shore  
 He orders all himself, and mans his ships,  
 While Xiphares accompanies his steps  
 Where'er he goes Is this a rival's fury ?  
 What has he done to contradict his words ?

## MONIMA

Yet Pharnaees, arrested by his order,  
 Finds him a nval haish and unrelenting  
 Will Xiphares be treated with more favour ?

## PHÆDIMA

He punishes in him the friend of Rome,  
 His just displeasure needs no other spur

## MONIMA

I grant you right, and, so far as I can,  
 Believe you Grief grows calmer while you speak  
 But Xiphares still comes not Why is this ?

## PHÆDIMA

Lovers expect too much' Fam would they have  
 All things give way to feed their fond desires'  
 Chafing against the smallest obstacle—

MONIMA.

Who could conceive this marvel, Phoedima ?  
 After two years of sorrow—ah, you know  
 How sore a burden,—I can breathe once more !  
 Dear Prince, shall I indeed see thee mine own,  
 And, so far from endangering thy life,  
 May I admit a love so long resisted,  
 As consonant with duty and with virtue!  
 May I each day assure thee that I love thee!  
 Why comes he not ?

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES, PHÆDIMA.

MONIMA.

Of you, Sir, I was speaking,  
 And longing in my heart to see you here,  
 To tell you—

XIPHARES

I must now bid you farewell!

MONIMA.

Farewell ?

XIPHARES.

Yes, Madam, and for all my life.

MONIMA.

What say you ? I was told—I've been betray'd !

XIPHARES.

Madam, I know not what insidious foe  
 Has sought my ruin, and betray'd our secrets;  
 But now the King, whom Pharnaces in vain  
 Tried to inflame against us, knows our hearts.  
 He hides his purpose under mock caresses;  
 But I, brought up as I have been beside him

And grown familiar with his every mood,  
 Have lead appioachmg vengeance m his looks  
 He sends away in haste all whom *my* woes  
 Might rouse to indignation and revolt  
 I see how forced and false are all his favours  
 Arbates by a single word confirm'd  
 My dread, and thus with tearful eyes address'd me  
 " Save yourself, fly," said he, " for all is known "  
 This made me shudder at the thought of danger  
 To you , 'tis that concern which brings me hither,  
 I fear what you may do, and on my knees  
 Entreat you to have pity on yourself  
 Your life is m the power of one whose rage  
 Too seldom spares the blood he holds most dear,  
 I dare not tell you to what cruelty  
 The jealousy of Mithridates oft  
 Impels him It may be that I alone  
 Incur his wrath, and he will pardon you  
 Dergn to appease him, m the name of Heav'n ,  
 Do not provoke him by a fresh refusal  
 The less you love him, strive the more to win  
 His favour, hide your feelings, and lemember  
 He is my father Be content to live,  
 And leave my woe this solace, that your tears  
 Are all that I have cost you

MONIMA

Ah' 'tis I

Have lum'd you '

XIPHARE&

My noble Momma,  
 Blame not your kindness for the ills that crush me  
 I am a wretch whom evil fate pursues,  
 'Tis she who robs me of my father's love,  
 Makes him my rival, made my mother rrse  
 Against him, and has roused a secret foe  
 At this disastrous moment to betray us

MONIMA

What' Is the traitor still to you unknown ?

XIPHARES.

To add to my distress, I know him not.  
 Happy were I if, ere my own destruction,  
 I might transfix that false and treacherous heart!

MONIMA.

Then from my lips learn who this monster is.  
 It needs not to search far to find your foe :  
 Let no regard restrain you, strike, my lord:  
 The guilt is mine, 'tis me you have to punish.

XIPHARES.

You!

MONIMA.

With what depths of cunning cruelty  
 He took my tender feelings by surprise !  
 How well did he affect to love you truly !  
 So pleas'd he seem'd that I should be your bride,  
 Who would have thought—but no, love should have been  
 More cautious than to trust to specious falsehood.  
 The gods, whose guidance I have follow'd ill,  
 Thrice warn'd me secretly to hold my peace.  
 I should have still kept silence, and maintain'd—  
 Yes ; it is I have been your evil fate ;  
 I should have dreaded that his gifts were poison'd ;  
 And, should you pardon me, I shall become  
 My own tormentor.

XIPHARES.

Was it then your love  
 Exposed me to this storm ? Springs bitterness  
 From source so sweet, and has excess of fondness  
 Betray'd our secret ? To have made me happy  
 Needs no excuse. What would I more ? I die,  
 Faithful and proud. Another fate invites  
 You to the throne ; no more resist that summons ;  
 Wed Mithridates, and consent to reign.

MONTMA.

What ! Do you ask me to espouse a savage  
 Whose hateful love parts you and me for ever ?

## XIPHARES

Remember you are pledged to be his bride  
This morning, and to see me nevermore

## MONIMA.

Ah, then I knew not all his cruelty  
What' shall I lend my sanction to his fury,  
And, after I have seen his dagger pierce you,  
Follow a tyrant to the marriage altar,  
And in a hand yet reeking with your blood  
Place mine—alas, the hand you loved to hold ?  
Go, seek some shelter from your father's rage,  
Nor in vain efforts to persuade me lose  
The precious moments here , the gods will teach me  
What part to play If he surprised you now—  
I hear a step Quick, ere it be too late '  
And live m patience till you learn my fate '

*Scene 3*

## MONIMA, PHCEDIMA

## PHCEDIMA

Oh what a nsk, dear Madam, did he run '  
It is the King '

## MONIMA

Go, help him to make good  
His exit Leave him not, make him secure  
His safety without learning what befalls me

*Scene 4*

## MITHRIDATES, MONIMA

## MITHRIDATES

Come, Madam, come, I have a secret reason  
For hastening my departure from this place

SCENE 4.]

MITHRIDATES.

While my devoted troops embark once more.  
Ready to follow me where'er I go,  
Come, at the altar be my promise seal'd,  
Let wedlock in eternal bonds unite us.

MONIMA.

Us, Sire?

MITHRIDATES.

You surely dare not hesitate.

MONIMA.

Did you not bid me cease to think of it ?

MITHRIDATES.

I had my reasons then; forget it, Madam.  
Think only now of answering my flame.  
Your heart, remember, is my property.

MONIMA.

Why then, Sire, did you give it back to me ?

MITHRIDATES.

What! still enamour'd of my faithless son ?  
You could not think—

MONIMA.

Have you deceived me

MITHRIDATES.

It well becomes a traitress to talk thus,  
Who, nursing in her heart illicit loves,  
When I was raising her to glory's height,  
The blackest treason had prepared for me!  
Have you forgotten, false, ungrateful woman,  
Worse than the Romans, my sworn enemies,  
From what exalted rank I dared to stoop,  
To offer you a throne, little expected ?  
See me not as I am, defeated, hunted—  
But as I was, victorious and renown'd.

Think how in Ephesus I you prefeir'd  
 To all the daughters of a hundred kings,  
 And, for your sake neglecting their alliance,  
 Laid at your feet innumerable realms  
 Ah, if the vision of another love  
 Made you insensible to gifts so splendid,  
 Why did you leave your home to find a husband  
 You hated, keeping silence till to-day ?  
 Did you postpone confession so unwelcome  
 Till Fate had robb'd me of all other treasure,  
 Till, whelm'd beneath a flood of countless evils,  
 I had no hope of happiness but you ?  
 And now, when I am willing to forgive  
 The gnevous wrong and bury its remembrance,  
 Dare you to bring the past before my eyes  
 Again, accusing him whom you have injured ?  
 I see infatuation for a traitor  
 Flatters your hopes    Gods'    How ye try my patience'  
 What was the secret charm that check'd a wrath  
 So prompt to punish with severity ?  
 Seize the brief moment that my love affords you  
 Come, this shall be my last appeal, nor draw  
 Superfluous perils on your head for one  
 Whom you shall never see again, a son  
 Who scorns me    Boast not of your faith to him ,  
 'Tis due to me    Let him be lost to mind  
 As well as sight    And hencefoith by your sense  
 Of gratitude deserve this proffer'd pardon

## MONIMA

My lord, not unremembei'd is the bounty  
 That should have claim'd my loyallest obedience,  
 Whatever rank my ancestors attain'd  
 Of yore, their distant glory dazzled not  
 My eyes, that recognise how far beneath  
 So glorious a bridegroom I was born,  
 And, m despite of early predilection  
 For Xiphares, the noblest of mankind  
 After yourself, when once this diadem  
 My brow adorn'd, him and my former love  
 Did I renounce    For both agreed to make

"SCENE 4.]

MITHRIDATES.

The sacrifice. By my command he left me.  
The secret flame was dying in my breast,  
Nor did my lot seem one to be deplored,  
Since, at the cost of vows once fondly cherish'd,  
I could bring happiness to such a hero.  
'Twas you, my lord, 'twas you yourself who tore  
The bond between us, set me free again:  
That fatal love which I had crush'd and conquer'd,  
The flame I deem'd extinguish'd and forgotten  
When he who kindled it was gone for ever,  
Your wiles detected ; and I cannot now  
Disown what I confess'd ; you cannot raze  
Its memory ; the shame of that avowal,  
To which you forced me, will abide for ever  
Present before my mind, and I should think  
That you were always of my faith uncertain.  
The grave itself to me were less abhorrent  
Than marriage bed shared with a spouse who took  
Cruel advantage of my simple trust,  
And, to destroy my peace for ever, fann'd  
A flame that fired my cheek for other love  
Than his.

MITHRIDATES.

Is this your answer then ? Do you  
Reject the honour I would fain confer ?  
Ponder it well, while yet the choice is yours.

MONIMA.

No, Sire. 'Tis vain to work upon my fears.  
I know you ; nor am ignorant what woes  
I for myself prepare ; I see them all ;  
But I'm resolved, and naught can shake my purpose.  
Judge for yourself, since thus I dare to speak,  
And in my zeal forget that modesty  
By which till now I ever curb'd my tongue.  
You from my hand unwitting took the knife  
To stab a son whose secret I betray'd,  
A son whose passion bore no stain of guilt ;  
And, though he only fear'd to lose your love,  
His death must follow. Faith or love from me

Shall ne'er reward such crooked cruelty  
 Let this decide your action Slay a rebel,  
 You have me in your pow'r, spare not to use it,  
 You can command, and I can wait the sentence  
 I beg but one thing ere I take my leave,  
 (Justice demands this tribute to desert.)  
 Believe me the sole traitor, no accomplice  
 Have I, and full success would crown your wishes,  
 Did I but heed the wishes of your son

*Scene 5*

**MITHRIDATES**

She leaves me ' And in silence like a coward  
 I seem to sanction her audacious flight'  
 My heart is almost ready to pronounce  
 Myself too cruel, and to take her side'  
 Who am I ? Is this Momma ? Am I  
 No longer Mithndates ? Rage returns  
 No lingering love shall make me pardon her  
 Three wretched victims shall appease my fury  
 At once, ere I set sail with Rome before me  
 This sacrifice shall render Heav'n propitious  
 'Tis right, 'tis easy , all the most seditious  
 Who might have help'd them have been far removed  
 No matter which I love or which I hate,  
 First Xiphares himself shall meet his fate  
 What am I saying ? These are words of madness '  
 Who is it thou wilt sacrifice ? Thy son,  
 The dread of Rome, who may avenge his sire '  
 Why should I shed blood to myself so precious ?  
 Ah' fallen as I am and brought so low,  
 Find I those friends too many who are left me ?  
 Nay, let me rather foster his affection ,  
 I need a sword of vengeance, not a mistress  
 Since I must lose her, would it not be better  
 To yield her to this son whose life I value ?  
 Ay, let me give her up'

A vain attempt,

**SCENE 6.]****MITHRIDATES.**

That only shows how feeble is the heart  
Which seeks its own deception. Still inflamed,  
It will not cease—

Ah! hers is guilt beyond  
Pardon. But pity checks my timid hand.  
Have I not punish'd others who were found  
Less faithless? O my Monima! My son!  
O futile wrath! What triumph, Rome, were thine,  
If thou should'st hear the tidings of my shame,  
And how conflicting feelings thus unman me!

What pains I took, fearing domestic treason,  
To arm my life against all kinds of poison!  
By long and careful study I have learn'd  
How best to neutralize their fatal pow'r.  
Ah! 't would have been a wiser, happier course,  
Forestalling danger from th' assaults of love,  
To fortify a heart, already frozen  
By age, 'gainst passion's hot envenorn'd cup!  
How shall I 'scape these toils that close around me?

*Scene 6.***MITHRIDATES, ARBATES.****ARBATES.**

Sire, all your troops refuse to go, detain'd  
By Pharnaces, who has to them reveal'd  
That for fresh warfare you are bound for Rome.

**MITHRIDATES.**

What! Pharnaces!

**ARBATES.**

His guards he first seduced,  
And the mere name of Rome alarms the boldest.  
A thousand frightful dangers they imagine:  
Some in their vehemence embrace the shore,  
Others, who were aboard, plunge in the waves.  
Or flash their weapons in the sailors' eyes.  
Confusion reigns, our orders disregarded;

Peace they demand, and talk of self surrender  
 And Phamaces, who flatters all their wishes,  
 Heads them, and offers in the name of Rome  
 The peace they ask

**MITHRIDATES**

Traitor' Let Xiphaies  
 Be summoned quickly, let him follow me,  
 And lend me succour

**ARBATES**

What he means I know not,  
 But to the port he suddenly has flown  
 And, follow'd by a band of trusty friends,  
 They say he has been seen among the rebels  
 And that is all I know

**MITHRIDATES**

What news is this '  
 Traitors ' Too long has vengeance been delay'd '  
 I fear them not, despite their insolence,  
 My presence will put down this mutiny  
 Ah ' let me only see them, and before  
 Then eves this hand shall slay two impious sons

*Scene 7*

**MITHRIDATES, ARBATES, ARCAS**

**ARCAS**

Sue all is lost' The rebels, Pharnaces,  
 The Romans, all are crowding thick around us

**MITHRIDATES**

The Romaib '

**ARCAS**

Ay, the shore is full of them,  
 And you will be be'eaguer'd here full soon

MITHRIDATES.

Hence, then, in Heav'n's name!

(To MONIMA )

Hear me, perjured Princess,  
No profit shall you reap from my misfortune !

ACT V.

Scene 1.

MONIMA, PHCEDIMA.

PHCEDIMA.

Whither, dear Madam, haste you ? What blind passion  
Makes you lay impious hands upon yourself ?  
What! You have tried with criminal intent  
To desecrate this sacred diadem !  
See how kind Heav'n, more merciful than you,  
This fatal noose has broken in your hands !

MONIMA.

Why will you obstinately thwart my wishes ?  
I long to die. Why would you have me live ?  
My Xiphares is dead. The King's despair  
Looks for naught better than assured destruction.  
What fruit expect you from your rude presumption ?  
Mean you to give me up to Pharnaces ?

PHCEDIMA.

Ah! wait at least till tidings, of whose truth  
We cannot doubt, confirm his brother's death.  
May it not be that, in the wild confusion  
Of which we hear, men's eyes have been deceived ?  
At first, you know, a scandalous report  
Ranged Xiphares upon the rebels' side;

**And** now they tell us these same mutineers  
 In cruel rage have turn'd their arms against **him**  
 One tale confutes the other Deign to listen—

## MONIMA

Nay, Xiphares is dead, I cannot doubt it  
 Nor has th' event belied my expectation  
 E'en if the fatal news had fail'd to reach me,  
 His death were no less sure, I know his courage,  
 And how his name is hateful to the Romans  
 Long have they thirsted for such noble blood  
 Rome's triumph now, alas, is but too certain'  
 What enemy opposed his hand to theirs ?  
 Wretch that I am, I dare not shift the blame  
 On others Momma, to thee he owes  
 His wotul fate , open thine eyes and see  
 Thy guilt m all his sufferings, thou hast arm'd  
 A host against his life How could he 'scape  
 So many blows ? The Romans and his brother  
 Were not enough, I to his father's wrath  
 Exposed him, I—the fatal torch of discord,  
 The Fury that Rome's demon bred and nursed  
 To ard them—I it was who fann'd the fire  
 Of mutual jealousy to conflagration  
**Yet** do I live, and wait till Pharnaces,  
 Bespatter'd with their blood, comes in the tram  
 Of Roman victors, and before mine eyes  
 Displays his savage joy Death to despair  
 Opens more ways than one your cruel kindness  
 In vain would bar swift passage to the tomb,  
 E'en m your arms I shall not miss the goal  
 Thou fatal band, ill-omen'd diadem,  
 The instrument and witness of my woes,  
 A thousand times bedew'd with scalding tears,  
 Could'st thou not do me this poor piece of service,  
 To rid me of my life and all its anguish ?  
 Go, object hateful to my weary eyes  
 Some other instrument will ard me better  
 Perish the day, curst be the fatal hand  
 That bound thee first upon this aching **brow** '

SCENE 2.]

MITHRIDATES.

PHCEDIMA.

See, Areas comes ! Heav'n grant that he appears  
With tidings which may banish all your fears !

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, PHCEDIMA, ARCAS.

MONIMA.

Say, is all over ? and has Pharnaces—

ARCAS.

Ask me not what has happen'd. I am charged  
With sterner duty, Madam, and this poison,  
Sent by the King, tells you his will and pleasure.

PHCEDIMA.

Unhappy Princess !

MONIMA.

O surpassing joy !  
Give it me, Arcas. Tell the King who sends it,  
Of all the gifts his bounty has bestow'd  
This is the one most welcome, most desired.

I breathe at last with freedom, saved by Heav'n  
From those whose irksome care forced me to live.  
For once he leaves me mistress of my fate,  
Nor interferes to check me in my choice.

PHCEDIMA.

Alas!

MONIMA.

Repress your cries, this happy moment  
Must not be troubled with unworthy tears.  
Your love, my Phædima, had better cause  
To weep, when I was honour'd with a title  
Pregnant with woe, when, torn from my sweet home,  
They dragg'd your mistress to this savage clime.

Now to that happy land return, and should  
 The name of Momma be there remember' d,  
 Say what you see, tell the sad history  
 Of all my glory, faithful Phcedima

And thou, with whom, parted by envious Fate  
 For ever from a heart that held thee dear,  
 I may not ask even to share the tomb  
 To which I go, receive this sacrifice,  
 Heroic soul, and may this poison now  
 Be my atonement for my lover's blood '

*Scene 3*

MONIMA, ARBATES, PHCEDIMA, ARCAS

ARBATES

Stop ' Stop'

ARCAS

What is it that you do, Arbates ?

ARBATES

Stop' I'm the bearer of the King's command

MONIMA

Ah ! leav e me—

ARBATES (*throwing down the poison*)

Cease, I tell you Suffer me  
 To execute the pleasure of the King  
 Live, Madam Haste to Mithndates, Arcas ,  
 Tell him success has crown'd my zealous service

*Scene 4.*

MONIMA, ARBATES, PHÆDIMA.

MONIMA.

Cruel Arbates, why prolong the woes  
I suffer? Was my punishment too mild?  
And does the King grudge me an end so sudden;  
A single death too little to content him?

ARBATES.

You soon shall see him, and I feel assured  
Your tears for him will mingle with mine own.

MONIMA.

What! Is the King—

ARBATES.

The King's last hour draws nigh,  
His eyes will never see another sun.  
I left him bleeding, borne upon a litter,  
And, weeping, by his side went Xiphares.

MONIMA.

Great Heavens! Xiphares! Am I awake?  
I tremble, and can scarce believe mine ears.  
Is he yet living? Xiphares, for whom—

ARBATES.

He lives, with glory crown'd, with grief o'erwhelm'd.  
The tidings of his death, here spread abroad,  
Not you alone have needlessly alarm'd.  
The Romans, crying out in all directions  
The fatal news, chill'd ev'ry hopeful heart.

The King, himself deceived, shed bitter tears,  
And, looking forward henceforth to defeat  
As certain, by a rebel son hard press'd,  
Despairing of relief, and all but forced

To yield, and seeing, to increase his pangs,  
The Roman eagle with his standards borne  
Against him, to no higher aim aspired  
Than to avoid the shame of a surrender  
Into their hands alive First he tried poisons,  
Such as he knew most deadly in effect,  
He found them all harmless and impotent  
" Vain help," said he, " too long with anxious care  
This body have I strengthen'd to resist  
All poisons, baffled by my own success  
Some aid more certain I must now attempt,  
And seek a death more fatal to my foes "  
He speaks, and bids the palace gates be thrown  
Wide open, in defiance of their numbers  
When they beheld those eyes whose noble fury  
Had spread such frequent terror thro' then ranks,  
You might have seen them all fall back amazed,  
Leaving wide interval 'tween us and them,  
While some, already struck with panic, ran  
And sought a refuge in the ships that brought them  
But, reassured—oh Heav'n's '—by Pharnaces,  
And shame withm their hearts awakening valoui,  
They take fresh courage, they attack the King,  
Round whom I rallied a small band of heroes  
Who could relate what feats incredible,  
While flash'd his sword as fiercely as his eyes,  
His arm perform'd in this the closing scene  
That brought him to the pinnacle of glory ?  
Weary at last, cover'd with blood and dust,  
He stood at bay behind a wall of corpses  
Another force advanced in arras against us ,  
The Romans all, ceasing to fight elsewhere,  
Jom'd with united strength to overwhelm him  
Then said he —" Dear Arbates, 'tis enough ,  
My fury has outrun my failing pow'rs  
Yet never will I yield myself alive "  
So saying in his breast he plunged his sword ,  
But Fate refused to free his mighty soul,  
And in my arms with gaping wound he lay  
Exhausted, chafing at death's slow approach,  
And vex'd that life still linger'd in his veins,

He could not speak, but raised his heavy hand,  
 And laid it on his heart, as if to ask  
 A surer stroke from me, to make an end.  
 While I, possess'd with overmastering grief,  
 Was minded rather to destroy myself,  
 With loud and sudden shouts the air was rent.  
 And I beheld a sight most marvellous.  
 From ev'ry quarter fled routed and vanquished  
 The Romans to their ships, with Pharnaces ;  
 And drawing near my dazzled eyes discern'd  
 Victorious Xiphares in hot pursuit.

MONIMA.

Oh, Heav'n is just!

ARBATES.

The faithful Xiphares  
 Had by his brother's orders been surrounded  
 When in the thickest of the fray, but he  
 After hard fighting had at last escaped  
 The rebels and regain'd his little band.  
 E'en in the jaws of death, with keen delight  
 Across a thousand corpses had he hewn  
 His way victorious to his father's side.  
 Alas ! What horror to that joy succeeded  
 Lifeless he would have fallen at his feet,  
 Had we not rush'd opposing his despair.  
 The dying King at that sad moment fix'd  
 His eye on me, and said with feeble voice :—  
 " Run, if there yet is time, and save the Queen ! "  
 My fears aroused for you, for Xiphares,  
 Suspecting secret orders had been giv'n,  
 All weary as I was, alarm and zeal  
 Inspired fresh strength and to my feet lent wings;  
 And some relief it is, 'mid all our woe,  
 Thus to have warded off this latest blow.

MONIMA.

Ah me! At this sad end of all his greatness  
 My horror-stricken heart is thrill'd with pity.  
 I would to Heav'n that I had had no share

In such a consummation of disaster,  
 And free from self-accusing thoughts might weep  
 Merely to witness woe so terrible '  
 He comes Ah! What a piteous sight appears,  
 The father dying, and the son m tears !

*Scene 5*

MITHRIDATES, MONIMA, XIPHARES, ARBATES, PH<EDIMA,  
 ARCAS, GUARDS (*supporting MITHRIDATES*)

**MONIMA**

Alas, my lord ' How dreadful is your fate '

**MITHRIDATES**

Cease, and let both of you restrain your tears  
(*Pointing to XIPHARES* )

From his devotion and your tenderness  
 I look for other feelings than compassion  
 My glory rather claims your admiration,  
 Sully it not with sighs and lamentation  
 As far as in me lay, I have avenged  
 The world, and death alone has balk'd my efforts  
 To strike a mortal blow at tyranny  
 The enemy of Rome, I spurn'd her yoke,  
 And in the roll of those heroic names  
 Whose hatred has opposed her, mine will stand  
 Pre-eminent for dear-bought victories  
 That fill her annals with unlucky days  
 'Twas not in HeavVs decrees that I should die  
 Amidst the ashes and the wreck of Rome  
 But my last moments by this thought are soothed,  
 Full many a foe has fallen ere I tell,  
 Full deeply have I dyed my hands with blood,  
 And I have seen the Romans fly ere death  
 Darkens my sight To Xiphares, *my son*,  
 I owe this boon , he spares my dying eyes  
 Their hateful presence To repay this service

SCENE 5.]

MITHRIDATES.

My glorious empire in its palmiest days  
Were not enough; and now for throne and scept  
I have but you. Let me present that gift;  
And all the love which for myself I claim'd  
I ask you to bestow on Xiphares,

MONIMA.

Live, my dear lord, for the world's happiness,  
Live for her liberty which rests on you  
Alone, for triumph o'er your vanquish'd foes,  
For vengeance—

MITHRIDATES.

Madam, I have done with life.  
My son, secure your safety, nor attempt  
Resistance against numbers so immense.  
Soon will the Romans, goaded on by shame,  
Return, and like a flood sweep all before them.  
Waste not the precious moments their retreat  
Affords, in vain devotion at my tomb.  
So many lifeless Romans lying round me  
Are a sufficient tribute to my ashes.  
Your name and person for a time conceal;  
Go, and reserve yourself—

XIPHARES.

How can I fly  
Ere Pharnaces is punish'd? Let me curb  
The pride of Rome—

MITHRIDATES.

Nay, I command you hence.  
Sooner or later Pharnaces must perish:  
Trust to the Romans for his recompense.  
But strength is ebbing fast; I feel that life  
Is all but ended.—Come, my son, come nearer,  
And in a last embrace, full of sweet comfort,  
Receive the parting soul of Mithridates.

MONIMA

He dies '

XIPHARES

In grief let us united be  
And search for vengeance over earth and sea\*

IPHIGENIA..

1674.



## INTRODUCTION TO IPHIGENIA.

**R**ACINE'S version of the time-honoured story of Iphigenia was acted for the first time in 1674. The model upon which it is shaped is the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of his favourite Euripides, but the French poet has heightened the romantic interest and complicated the plot by the important part which Eriphyle is made to play, a character which he derived from Pausanias and other writers, though her jealousy of Iphigenia, her treachery, and suicide, are due to his own invention. According to Æschylus and Sophocles the daughter of Agamemnon was actually slain at Aulis; and the graphic description of Lucretius which embodies this view of the catastrophe ("De Eerum Natura" lib. i. 85, etc.) has furnished Racine with one touch at least of exquisite pathos:—

"It was I  
Who call'd thee first by the dear name of father."  
(Act Iv. scene 4.)

According to Euripides a fawn was substituted for the maiden by divine interposition at the last moment, and Iphigenia herself was spirited away in a cloud to serve as priestess at the shrine of Artemis (Diana) among the Tauri, the savage inhabitants of what is now the Crimea. Ovid in his "Metamorphoses" (lib. xii. 31, etc.) adopts this myth, and the genius of Goethe has presented it afresh to the modern world in a drama which bears as close a relation to the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides, as this play does to the "Iphigenia in Aulide." The tradition that Racine has followed introduces another Iphigenia, a daughter of Helen by Theseus, as the actual victim. How far he has succeeded in disarming our sympathy with Eriphyle is a matter that admits of dispute, but there is at least a dramatic justice in representing her destruction as the result of her own treachery.

## CHARACTERS

AGAMEMNON

ACHILLES

ULYSSES

CLITELMNESTRA, *Wife of Agamemnon*

IPHIGENIA, *Daughter of Agamemnon*

HELEN, *Daughter of Helen and of Theseus\**

  } *Servants of Agamemnon*

EURYPISTES,

CECROPIA, *Attendant of Clytemnestra*

DORIS, *Friend of Erphyle*

GUARDS

The scene is laid at Aulis in the tent of Agamemnon

# IPHIGENIA.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

AGAMEMNON, ABCAS.

AGAMEMNON.

Ay, it is Agamemnon, 'tis thy King  
That wakes thee ; his the voice that strikes thine ear.

ABCAS.

Is't thou indeed, my lord ? What grave concern  
Has made thee leave thy couch before the dawn ?  
A feeble light scarce lets me see thy face,  
No eyes but ours are open yet in Aulis.  
Hast thou caught any sound of rising winds ?  
And can it be that Heav'n has heard our pray'r  
This night ? Nay, all are sleeping,—winds and waves  
As sleeps the host.

AGAMEMNON.

Happy the man content  
With humble fortune, free from the proud yoke  
'Neath which I bow, who lives a life obscure,  
Thanks to kind Heav'n !

ARCAS.

**How long, my lord, hast thou**  
Thought thus ? What secret injury has work'd  
This hatred and contempt of all the honours  
That Heav'n's rich bounty has on thee bestow'd ?

Blest as king, sire, and husband, son and heir  
 Of Atreus, the most favour'd land in Greece  
 Is thme, and thou canst boast kinship with Jove  
 Both by dnect descent as well as marriage ,  
 And young Achilles now, to whom the gods  
 Promise such fame by all their oracles,  
 Sues for thy daughter's hand, and at the flames  
 Of burning Troy would light the nuptial torch  
 What glory, Sire, what triumphs can be match'd  
 With this grand sight display'd along these shores ,  
 A thousand vessels and a score of kings,  
 All waiting here but for the winds to sail  
 'Neath thy command ? 'Tis true this tedious calm  
 Delays thy conquests, and, for three months chain'd,  
 The winds have block'd thy course to Troy too long  
 Supremely honour'd, thou art yet a mortal,  
 Nor has thy life from Fortune's shifting bieeze  
 Been promised happiness without alloy  
 Soon—

But what troubles, m that letter traced,  
 Force from thme eyes, my lord, a burst of tears ?  
 Is thine Orestes doom'd m infamy  
 To death ? For Clytæmnestra dost thou weep,  
 Or for Iphigenia? Prithee, tell me  
 What is writ there

AGAMEMNON

Thou shalt not dre, no, never  
 Will I consent

ARCAS

My lord'

AGAMEMNON

Thou seest my grief,  
 Learn thou its cause, and judge if I can rest  
 Thou dost remember when, m Aulis gather'd,  
 Our ships seem'd summon'd by the winds to sea  
 Our sails unfurl'd, a thousand cries of joy  
 Already carried threats to distant Troy ,  
 When, lo, a sudden marvel hush'd our shouts,

The favouring breeze deserted us in port.  
 In vain the oars smote the unruffled deep,  
 We were constrain'd to stop the fruitless toil.  
 That wondrous portent made me turn mine eyes  
 Toward the goddess who is worshipp'd here.  
 With Menelaus, Nestor, and Ulysses,  
 I sought her shrine and offer'd secret victims.  
 What was her answer ! Ah, with what distress  
 I heard these awful words from Calchas' lips :—  
     " The force ye arm to conquer Troy is vain,  
       Unless with rites of sacrifice and pray'r  
 Upon Diana's altar here be slain  
     A maid of Helen's blood, divinely fair ;  
 T' obtain the welcome wind that Heav'n denie.  
 'Tis needful that Iphigenia dies."

ARCAS.

Thy daughter!

AGAMEMNON.

Thou may'st fancy how I felt  
 Astonishment that seem'd to freeze my blood.  
 Speechless I stood, while my sole utterance  
 Was in a thousand choking sighs express'd ;  
 Then curs'd the gods, and, without hearing more  
 Vow'd, on their altars, I would disobey them.  
 Ah ! would that I had trusted love's alarm,  
 And instantly disbanded all the host !  
 Ulysses seem'd content with what I wish'd,  
 Nor check'd the torrent of my angry words.  
 But soon, returning to his cruel wiles,  
 He set before me honour and the claims  
 Of country, kings and people to my sway  
 Subject, and sov'reignty o'er Asia promised  
 To Greece ; how could I sacrifice, he ask'd,  
 The State to save a daughter, and go home  
 Disgraced for ever. I confess with shame,  
 My pow'r had yet some charm, and I was full  
 Of pride ; those sounding titles, King of kings,  
 Leader of Greece, tickled my swelling heart.  
 To crown my trouble, ev'ry night the gods,

Oft as light slumber gave me rest from care,  
 Avenged their cruel altars, and reproach'd  
 My sacrilegious pity, brandishing  
 The lightning's bolts before my dazzled eyes,  
 With arm already raised as if to punish  
 My fault I yielded, conquer'd by Ulysses,  
 And with wet eyes order'd my daughter's death  
 But from a mother's arms she must be torn  
 I had to have recourse to base deceit  
 Achilles loved her, and I wrote to Argos,  
 As if at his request, saying that he,  
 Eager to start with us, wish'd for her presence,  
 That he might wed her ere we sail'd for Troy

## ARCAS

Fearest thou not Achilles, quick in quarrel?  
 Dost think this hero, arm'd by love and reason,  
 Will calmly let his name be thus abused  
 To expedite her murder, and be dumb  
 Seeing his loved one slam before his eyes?

## AGAMEMNON

Achilles was not here, his father Peleus,  
 Fearing the efforts of a neighbouring foe,  
 Had, as thou wilt remember, call'd him from us,  
 And there was ev'ry cause to think this war  
 Would have detain'd him longer than it did  
 But who can stop that torrent in its course?  
 Achilles goes to fight, and wins forthwith,  
 The victor, pressing on the heels of Fame,  
 Arrived last night, and now is in the camp  
 Yet stronger motives paralyze mine arm  
 My daughter, who is hastening to her death,  
 Far from suspecting such a dreadful sentence,  
 Is pleas'd, perchance, her father is so kind,  
 My daughter—name that in itself is sacred,—  
 So near in blood, so young! Yet not for that  
 I mourn, but for her virtues and the love  
 Between us,—tenderness in me, in her  
 A piety that nothing can outweigh,  
 For which I promised a more meet return

Can I believe thy justice, gracious Heav'n,  
Approves this dark and savage sacrifice ?  
Thine oracles but put me to a test,  
And thou thyself would'st punish my obedience.  
Areas, to thee this private task I trust;  
Herein display thy prudence and thy zeal.  
The Queen, who found thee faithful when at Sparta,  
Has placed thee near my person. Take this letter,  
And go to meet the Queen without delay,  
Post-haste thy course pursuing tow'rd Mycenæ ;  
Whom when thou seest, forbid her to advance,  
Giving to her this letter I have written.  
Beware thou stray not; take a trusty guide.  
If once my daughter dear sets foot in Aulis,  
Her life is lost; Calchas, who waits her here,  
Will with a voice from Heaven drown our cries,  
The voice of angry gods, to which, alarm'd,  
The Greeks will hearken and to that alone ;  
Those too whose proud ambition loathes my glory  
Will reassert their claims with fresh intrigues,  
Rob me of pow'r offensive in their eyes—  
Go, save her from my weak irresolution.  
But prithee let not zeal outrun discretion,  
Give her no inkling of my wretched secret;  
But, still deceived, let not my daughter know  
The danger whereunto I had exposed her;  
Spare me the outcry of an angry mother,  
And with thy voice confirm what I have written.  
To send the daughter and the mother home,  
I tell them that Achilles' mind is changed,  
And that he wishes to postpone this marriage,  
For which he was so keen, till his return.  
Add that the secret of this sudden coldness  
Is thought to lie with fair young Eriphyle,  
Whom he himself from Lesbos brought, a captive,  
And who is kept at Argos with my daughter.  
That is enough to say, and on all else  
Be silent.

See how grows the light of day ;  
I hear a sound of voices. 'Tis Achilles.  
Go. And—good Heav'ns—Ulysses follows him !

*Scene 2*

AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, ULYSSES

AGAMEMNON

Prince, can it be with such a rapid course  
 That victory has brought thee back to Auhs ?  
 Are these the first flights of an unfledged valour ?  
 What triumphs will succeed such grand exploits !  
 All Thessaly reduced to peace, and conquest  
 Of Lesbos made while waiting our departure,  
 These would be trophies of eternal glory  
 To any other, but to thee the sport  
 Of idle moments

ACHILLES

Sir, my slight successes  
 Are too much praised    May Heav'n that now detains us,  
 Soon show a nobler field to rouse the heart  
 That fam would prove itself worthy of prize  
 So rare as that thou off'rest    But, *my lord*,  
 Am I to trust a rumour that I hear  
 With joy ? Dost deign so to promote my wishes ?  
 Am I so soon the happiest of mortals ?  
 'Tis said Iphigema comes to Auhs,  
 And soon our fortunes will be hnk'd together

AGAMEMNON

My daughter ?    Who has told thee she comes hither ?

ACHILLES

What is there to astonish thee m this ?

AGAMEMNON (*aside to ULYSSES*)

Heavns ' Can my fatal stratagem have reach'd  
 His ears '

ULYSSES

The King's astonishment is just  
 Dost thou forget how dark is all around us ?

SCENE 2.]

IPHIGENIA.

Nay, by the gods, this is no time for weddings !  
While idly float our vessels, from the sea  
Shut out, our forces wasting, and all Greece  
Perturb'd, when, to avert the wrath of Heav'n,  
We may be call'd on to spill blood most precious,  
Achilles thinks of love and love alone!  
Will he so rudely flout the general fear ?  
And shall the Grecian Leader so provoke  
The Fates as here and now to celebrate  
A marriage feast ? Ah, is it thus thy soul  
With patriotic fervour shares the woe  
Of Greece ?

ACHILLES.

Which loves her more, thou or myself,  
Our deeds shall prove on the wide plains of Troy :  
Till then I leave thee to display thy zeal,  
Nor will I interrupt thy pious prayers  
On her behalf. With victims load the altars,  
Thyself consult the entrails, and inquire  
Why Æolus imprisons all the winds :  
But I, resigning all such cares to Calchas,  
Must crave thy kind permission to despatch  
A marriage inoffensive to the gods.  
But thirst for glory will not let me rest,  
Soon on this strand will I rejoin the Greeks;  
'Twould vex me sorely if another foot  
Than mine should first land on the Trojan shore.

AGAMEMNON.

Oh, why does Heav'n with secret envy stirr'd,  
Close all approach to Asia 'gainst such heroes ?  
Have I beheld so noble a display  
Of zeal, but to return more sick at heart ?

ULYSSES.

Gods! How is this ?

ACHILLES

What dost thou dare to say?

AGAMEMNON

That each and all, brave prince, must hence retne ,  
That, lured too long by hopes that have deceived us,  
We vainly wait for winds that will not come  
Heav'n shelters Troy, and signifies its wrath  
By supernatural obstacles that bar  
Our passage thither

ACHILLES

By what signs has Heav'n  
Declared its wrath ?

AGAMEMNON

Thou knowest thine own fato  
Predicted by the gods,—foigive my freedom  
To thee have they assigned great Ilium's fall,  
But, as the price of such a glorious conquest,  
Thy tomb is mark'd out on the plains of Troy ,  
We know thy life, that else were long and happy,  
Is destined there to pesh in its prime

ACHILES

Shall then so many kings, met to avenge  
Thee and thine house, turn home disgraced and shamwed  
For ever ? And shall Paris, in his love  
Triumphant, keep unharm'd thy consoit's sister ?

AGAMEMNON

Has not thy valour, pi nice, outstripping ours,  
Sufficiently avenged our wounded honour?  
Unhappy Lesbos, by thine hands laid waste,  
Strikes terror into all th' Ægean isles  
Troy has beheld the flames, and to her ports  
The waves have roll'd charr'd beams and mangled corpses  
Nay more,—the Trojans weep another Helen,  
Whom to Mycenæ thou hast sent a captive  
For 'tis in vain to keep that birth a secret  
Which pride and beauty in each glance betray,  
Her very silence marks nobility,  
**And** tells us her illustrious origin

## ACHILLES.

No, no, all this is plausible evasion :  
Dim in far distance are the secrets known  
To Heav'n. Shall I be daunted by vain threats,  
And shun the path of honour in thy track ?  
The Fates, 'tis true, when to a mortal's couch  
My mother came, warn'd her *my* choice would lie  
Between a life long and inglorious,  
Or else an early death with fame to follow.  
But, since I soon or late must reach the tomb,  
Shall I, a useless burden on the earth,  
And chary of the blood a goddess gave,  
Wait with my father for obscure old age,  
And, scorning glory, leave behind no name  
To outlive death ? Away with obstacles  
Unworthy ! Honour speaks, it is enough ;  
That is my oracle. The gods command  
Our span of life, but in our own hand rests  
Our glory. Why should we torment ourselves  
With what belongs to Heaven ? Be it ours  
To rival the Immortals, and, let fate  
Act as it will, embrace the course that leads  
To destinies as mighty as their own.  
That goal is Troy, and, warn me as they may,  
I ask no other boon than winds to waft  
Me thither ; and tho' I alone should wage  
This war, Patroclus and myself will wreak  
Your vengeance. But not so, to thee is giv'n  
The task, I only crave a follower's place.  
No more I urge approval of the passion  
Which for a time would part me from these shores ;  
That very love, careful of thy renown,  
Prompts me to stay, and by a firm example  
Encourage all the army, nor consents  
To leave thee to be sway'd by timid counsels.

*Scene 3*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES

ULYSSES

You hear, my lord whatever price it cost,  
He is resolved to speed his course to Troy  
We fear'd his love, and, happily mistaken,  
To-day he aims our hands against himself

AGAMEMNON

Alas'

ULYSSES

What must I deem this sigh portends ?  
Is it a protest of reluctant nature /  
And has a single night sufficed to shake  
Your purpose ? Did your heart speak in the words  
Just heard ? Think well you owe to Greece your daughter,  
Your word is pledged to us, and on that promise  
Calchas relying to the Greeks foretells  
The sure return of favourable winds  
If the event conflicts with his prediction,  
Think you that Calchas can continue silent,  
That he will be persuaded to allow  
The gods are false, without accusing you ?  
Who knows what in their wrath, that seems them just,  
The Greeks may do, defrauded of their victim ?  
Beware of forcing an indignant people  
To make their choice between the gods and you  
Was it not you yourself whose urgent voice  
Summon'd us all to far Scamander's banks,  
From town to town appealing to those oaths  
Which Helen's suitors took in former days,  
When all your brother's rivals throughout Greece  
Sought her in marriage from Tyndareus  
Her sire ? Whatever bridegroom she might choose,  
His right we then swore stoutly to defend,  
And should his prize be stolen, we engaged  
To bring him the presumptuous robber's head

But without you that oath, which love imposed,  
Would with that love have pass'd and been forgotten  
**You** made us loose the later ties that bound  
**Our** hearts to home, leaving our wives and children.  
And when, assembled here from land and sea,  
The eyes of all flash vengeance for your sake ;  
When Greece, already voting you her leader,  
Owns you the author of this grand emprise ;  
When all her kings, who might dispute that rank  
With you, are ready in your cause to risk  
Their very lives ; lo, only Agamemnon  
Eefuses to buy victory and fame  
With a few drops of blood, and, sore dismay'd  
E'en at the outset, orders a retreat!

## AGAMEMNON.

Ah, it is easy for a heart that knows  
No woe like mine to be magnanimous !  
But if you saw your son Telemachus  
Approach the altar, deck'd for sacrifice,  
That dreadful spectacle would make you blench,  
And we should see you soon exchange your scorn  
For tears, pierced with such grief as now I feel,  
And cast yourself 'tween Calchas and your boy !  
You know that I have giv'n my solemn word,  
And, if my daughter comes, she shall be slain ;  
But if a happier fate, in spite of me,  
Keeps her at home, or stops her on the way,  
Then let these savage rites be urged no more,  
Let me interpret in my daughter's favour  
This obstacle, and welcome it as sent  
By some kind god who watches o'er her life.  
Your cruel counsels have prevail'd too far,  
**And** now I blush—

*Scene 4*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, EURYBATES

EURYBATES

My lord—

AGAMEMNON

Ah, with what message

Come you ?

EURYBATES

The Queen, whose steps my haste outstripp'd,  
Will soon consign your daughter to your arms ,  
She now draws near, but for some time she lost  
The way, within these woods around the camp,  
Amid their gloomy shades we haidly found  
Again the right direction we had quitted

AGAMEMNON

Good Heaves'

EURYBATES

She also brings young Enphyle  
Who fell into Achilles' hands m Lesbos,  
And comes to Aulis, as she says, to ask  
Of Calchas what her unknown destiny  
May be Already are the tidings spread  
Of their approach, and an enchanted crowd  
Admiring view Iphigenia's charms,  
And cry aloud to Heav'n with ceaseless pray'rs  
To bless her Some greet with respectful homage  
The Queen, while others fam would **learn** the cause  
Which brings her But they all alike confess  
That if the gods never enthroned a king  
More glorious, or with equal favours ercrown'd,  
Never was father happier there yourself

AGAMEMNON

Enough, Eurybates , no w you may leave us  
T must consider what is to be done

*Scene 5.*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES.

AGAMEMNON.

Just Heav'n, 'tis thus, making thy vengeance sure,  
That thou dost break the web vain prudence spins '  
Would that I were at least free to let fall  
Tears that relieve the anguish of the heart!  
Sad destiny of kings ! Slaves that we are  
To fate's severity and men's opinions,  
"We see ourselves beset with witnesses,  
And the most wretched do not dare to weep.

ULYSSES.

I am no stranger to a father's weakness,  
My own heart tells me all that thou must feel,  
And, sympathizing with each troubled sigh,  
I'm more disposed to share than blame thy tears.  
But now no plea is left for love to urge  
With justice. Lo, the gods have brought their victim  
To Calchas, and he knows it. If she tarry,  
He will not fail himself to come and claim her.  
Are we not yet alone ? Indulge thy grief,  
Check not the tears that tenderness extorts.  
Mourn for the maiden's blood, mourn ; but, to soothe  
Thine anguish, think what honour thence will spring :  
See Hellespont all white beneath our oars,  
And faithless Troy in flames, her people led  
In fetters, Priam prostrate at thy knees,  
And Helen to her spouse by thee restored ;  
See the gay garlands on each lofty stern  
Of our triumphant fleet, with thee return'd  
To Aulis here, in glory that shall be  
The theme of countless ages yet unborn.

AGAMEMNON.

I know too well 'tis useless to resist.  
Go ; and the victim soon shall follow thee.

But silence Calchas until all is ready ,  
 Help me the dreadful mystery to hide,  
 While far from sight so sad a mother's steps I guide

## ACT II

*Scene 1*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS

ERIPHYLE

Let us relieve them of our presence, Doris,  
 While in the arms of father and of husband  
 They vie in demonstration of their love,  
 Thus setting free my sorrow and their joy

DORIS

Why, Madam, acting as your own tormentor,  
 Give you yourself up to tears and misery ?  
 All is displeasing to a captive's eyes,  
 Joy vanishes with liberty, I know ,  
 But when in sorer straits we cross'd the waves,  
 Against our will, with him who conquer'd Lesbos ,  
 When in his vessel borne, a timid thrall,  
 You saw the victor who in human blood  
 Had waded, from your eyes fell fewer tears,  
 And sorrow was not then your sole employment  
 Now all smiles brightly , sweet Iphigenia  
 Is bound to you by ties of true affection ,  
 She pities you with all a sister's love,  
 And e'en at Troy you would not meet such kindness  
 You wish'd to see the place to which her father  
 Call'd her, and here at Aulis you arrive  
 With her Yet, strange fatality, your grief  
 Seems to increase with every step we take

ERIPHYLE

In vain, strange 'twould be if hapless Eriphyle  
 Could be a calm spectator of their joy

**SCENE 1.]****IPHIGENIA.**

Think you that my dejection ought to vanish  
At sight of happiness I may not share ?  
I see a daughter in a father's arms,  
The pride and glory of a mother's heart;  
While I, exposed to perils ever new,  
Indebted from my cradle to the care  
Of strangers, live since first I saw the light  
Without the comfort of a parent's smile.  
I know not who I am, and, worst of all,  
A dreadful oracle to ignorance  
Attaches safety, saying that the day  
That brings to light the source from which I sprang  
Must see me perish.

**BORIS.**

Nay, pursue your search  
Undaunted. Heav'n delights in mystery,  
And hides its meaning under strange disguise ;  
Losing a false name you will thus regain  
Your own. No other danger need you dread ;  
'Tis thus that Eriphyle is to perish.  
You know your name was changed in infancy.

**ERIPHYLE.**

Naught else about myself to me is known ;  
Your poor ill-fated sire, who knew the rest,  
Never vouchsafed me any further light.  
He said my proper rank should be restored  
To me in Troy, whither, alas, I thought  
To go invited, and resume the name  
Derived from royal ancestors. Already  
I seem'd to look upon that famous city.  
But Heaven brought to Lesbos fell Achilles,  
And all gave way before his dire attack.  
Your father, buried 'neath a heap of slain,  
Left me a captive, to myself unknown ;  
And there remain'd of all my promised greatness  
To me, the slave of Greeks, naught but the pride  
Of noble blood, which I am powerless  
To prove.

## DORIS

In slaying such a faithful witness,  
 How cruel, Madam, must that hand appear  
 Which did the deed ' But Calchas, famous Calchas  
 Is here, who reads the secrets of the gods  
 They deign themselves to teach him, and he sees  
 The future and the past alike unveil'd  
 He cannot fail to know your parentage  
 This camp itself is full of kind protectors  
 Wedding Achilles, soon Iphigenia  
 Will offer you a home beneath his care,  
 As promised in my presence and confirm'd  
 With oaths She looks for this as the first pledge  
 Of faith from him

## ERIPHYLE

What would you say, dear Doris,  
 If of my woes this marriage was the worst ?

## DORIS

What, Madam '

## ERIPHYLE

It surprises you to see  
 That my distress refuses consolation  
 Listen, and you will marvel that I live  
 To be a stranger, captive, and unknown  
 E'en to myself, is but a light affliction,  
 Achilles, author of the woes of Lesbos,  
 Of thme and mine, who took me prisoner,  
 Who snatch'd your father from me, and with him  
 The knowledge of my birth, whose very name  
 Should make me shudder, is of mortals dearest  
 Tome

## DORIS

Ah ! What is this you say '

## ERIPHYLE

I thought  
 To let eternal silence hide my weakness  
 But when the heart is full it overflows,

## SCENE I.]

## IPHIGENIA.

And once for all I make a true confession.  
Ask me not, on what slender hope relying,  
I learn'd to entertain this fatal love.  
I cannot charge therewith any false pity  
That my misfortunes seem'd to wake in him :  
The gods without a doubt take cruel joy  
In shooting all the shafts of their ill-will  
At me. Shall I recall the dread remembrance  
Of that sad day which cast us both in chains ?  
Long in those hands that tore me from *my* home  
I lay in darkness, lifeless and despairing.  
At last my wan eyes sought the light of day ;  
Seeing myself seized by an arm inured  
To blood, I trembled, Doris, and I fear'd  
To meet a savage conqueror's frightful frown.  
I went on board his vessel, holding him  
A hateful monster that my eyes were loath  
To look on. I beheld him ; in his face  
I saw no fierceness ; on my lips reproach  
Remain'd unutter'd, while against myself  
My heart declared, and, all my wrath forgotten,  
I could but weep, to such a gentle guide  
Submissive. Loved at Lesbos, no less dear  
Is he at Aulis. Offers of protection,  
Of sympathy and succour, all are vain,  
So works the madness that torments my heart  
Iphigenia's proffer'd hand I take  
Only, unseen, to arm myself against her,  
And thwart the happiness I cannot bear.

## DORIS.

How can a feeble spite avail to harm her ?  
Were it not better never to have left  
Mycenae, than t' encounter torture here,  
Struggling against a hopeless, hidden flame ?

## ERIPHYLE.

I wish'd to stay, my Boris, but the more  
I shunn'd the picture of her triumph here,  
So sad to me, fate drew me to these shores:

I heard a secret voice that bade me come  
 And whisper'd that my presence might relieve  
 My aching heart, and, on their joy intruding  
 With near approach, some shadow of my woe  
 Might fall, perchance, on them with fatal blight  
 That is what brings me hither, not impatience  
 To learn to whom I owe a birth so wretched  
 Or rather that their marriage may to me  
 Serve as the sentence that shall end my life  
 Yes, Doris, I will die, a sudden stroke  
 Shall bury me in the darkness of the tomb  
 My shame, heedless of parents still unknown,  
 Whom my infatuation has dishonour'd

DORIS

Ah, how I pity you ! What tyranny —

FRIPHYLE

Lo, Agamemnon and Iphigema !

*Scene 2*

AGAMEMNON, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

IPHIGENIA

Whither so fast away ? What urgent need  
 Calls thee, my lord, so soon from our embrace ?  
 To what shall I impute this hasty flight ?  
 With due respect I yielded to the Queen  
 The earliest greeting May I not, in turn,  
 Detain thee for a moment, and display  
 The joy that—

AGAMEMNON

Yes, my daughter, let thine arms  
 Clasp me, thy father has not ceased to love thee

IPHIGENIA

Dear is that love to me How I rejoice

SCENE 2.]

IPHIGENIA.

To see thee, in new majesty resplendent!  
What pow'r and glory ! Fame had told already  
A tale of wonder which had reach'd our ears ;  
But seeing close at hand a sight so welcome,  
How my surprise and pleasure are increased!  
Ye gods ! How Greece must love and honour him !  
What bliss to be the child of such a sire !

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter, thou did'st deserve a happier father.

IPHIGENIA.

What happiness is wanting to thy wishes ?  
What king to greater honours can aspire ?  
Are not my thanks—thanks only—due to Heav'n ?

AGAMEMNON (*aside*).

Great gods ! Shall I prepare her for her fate ?

IPHIGENIA.

Why dost thou hide thy face, my lord, and sigh ?  
It seems to pain thee but to look on me.  
Have we by thee unbidden left Mycenæ ?

AGAMEMNON.

I see thee, child, with the same eyes of love  
As ever ; but, with change of time and place,  
Gladness is overmatch'd with anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Father, forget the cares of office now.  
I know we must be parted, and for long.  
Thou need'st not blush to give a father's love  
A moment's sway. Thou seest that none is near  
But a young princess who has heard me boast  
Thy tenderness to me. A hundred times  
I promised thou would'st love her for my sake,  
And made no secret of my happiness :  
What will she think of this indifference ?

Have I buoy'd up her wishes with false hopes ?  
Wilt thou not clear this trouble from thy brow ?

My daughter !

AGAMEMNON

IPHIGENIA

Speak, I hear

AGAMEMNON

Ah, no , I cannot

IPHIGENIA

Pensh the Trojan prince, who caused these ills !

AGAMEMNON

Ere that may be, 'twill cost us many a tear

IPHIGENIA

The gods with special care watch o'er thy life'

AGAMEMNON

Long have I found them cruel and unheeding

IPHIGENIA

Calchas, I hear, a solemn sacrifice  
Prepares

AGAMEMNON

To mercy ' Ah, might I first their hearts incline

IPHIGENIA

Will it soon be offer'd ?

AGAMEMNON

Sooner

Than I could wish

IPHIGENIA

Shall I be free to 30m

SCENE 3.]

IPHIGENIA.

My pray'rs with thine, shall thy glad family  
Surround the altar ?

AGAMEMNON.

Ah!—

IPHIGENIA.

Why art thou silent ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt be there, my daughter !

Fare thee well.

*Scene 3.*

XPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

IPHIGENIA.

What am I to expect from this sad greeting ?  
A secret horror makes my blood run cold :  
Against my will I dread some ill unknown.  
Just gods ! Ye know whose safety I implore !

ERIPHYLE.

'Mid anxious cares that needs must overwhelm him,  
Does but a little coldness make you tremble ?  
Alas ! What reason then have I to sigh,  
Who never knew a parent's tender care,  
Cast among strangers from my very birth,  
Not even then perchance welcomed with looks  
Of love ! If your affection by a father  
Is scorn'd, at least you have a mother's breast  
Whereon to weep. Your woe is not so keen,  
But that a lover's hand can dry your tears !

IPHIGENIA,

I'll not gainsay it. Grief itself must yield  
Ere long before the efforts of Achilles.

HIS love, his valour—ay, a daughter's duty  
Give him just claim over my heart and soul  
But of himself I know not what to think  
This lover, so impatient to behold me,  
Whom nothing could induce to leave these shores  
Till from my distant home a father call'd me  
To be his bride,—where is the eagerness  
With which I deem'd him waiting to receive me ?  
For two days past, as ev'ry hour we came  
Nearer this place, which I so wish'd to see,  
I thought each timid glance would light on him  
With which I scanned the ways that led from Auhs,  
Sending my heart far in advance to meet him,  
And ask'd of all I saw, where was Achilles  
At last, without his escort, we arrive,  
Jostled and stared at by a crowd of strangers ,  
Still he appears not Agamemnon seems  
Afraid to let his lips pronounce his name  
Where is he ? Who can solve this mystery ?  
And shall I find the lover no less cold  
Than the sad father ? Have the cares of war  
Extinguish'd in all hearts the warmth of love ?  
But no, unjust alarm wrongs his devotion  
'Twas I who urged him to assist the cause  
Of Greece He was not present when at Sparta  
All Helen's suitors to her father took  
Their solemn oath Alone of all the Greeks  
Unbound by any pledge, if against Troy  
He sails, 'tis for my sake Myself the prize  
Sufficient, wedding me, thither he flies

*Scene 4\**

CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHTE, DORIS

CLYTEMNESTRA

My daughter, we must hence without delay,  
And save by flight your honour and my own  
I am no more astomsh'd that your father

Seem'd overwhelm'd with sorrow and confusion  
 At seeing us again : wishing to spare  
 The insult of rejection, he by Areas  
 Had sent this letter, only just received,  
 For, as we went astray, he fail'd to find us.  
 Come then, and let us save our wounded honour:  
 Achilles, it would seem, has changed his mind  
 About your marriage, and declines the favour  
 We would bestow, postponing the espousals  
 Till his return.

IPHIGENIA.

What do I hear ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

This insult

Flushes your cheek. Let pride your courage arm.  
 Though, of his suit approving, it was I  
 Myself who promised you to him in Argos,  
 Moved by the fame of his nobility  
 To wed you to the offspring of a goddess ;  
 Yet, since his base repentance now belies  
 Birth so divine as rumour has reported,  
 It rests with us to show him who we are,  
 And see in him the lowest of mankind.  
 Shall we by staying longer make him think  
 We wish and wait for the return of love  
 To his cold heart. The nuptials he defers  
 Let us dissolve. Your father has been told  
 Of my intent, and comes to take farewell.  
 I must make ready for our prompt departure.

*(To ERIPHYLE.)*

I do not urge you, Madam, to return  
 With us ; in dearer hands I leave you here.  
 Your secret schemes have come to light, nor was it  
 Calchas who drew your willing steps to Aulis.

*Scene 5*

IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

IPHIGENIA

In what despair and woe these words have left me'  
Achilles then is fickle in his love '  
I must go back to Argos in disgrace '  
And 'tis not Calchas you are seeking here '

ERIPHYLE

Madam, I fail to undeistand such speech

IPHIGENIA

Nay, you can comprehend me if you will  
Fate's cruel sentence robs me of a husband ,  
Will you abandon me to my misfortune ?  
You could not stay without me at Mycenæ,  
Are we to start from Aulis without you ?

ERIPHYLE

I wish to see the prophet ere I start

IPHIGENIA

Why do you then delay to let him know it ?

ERIPHYLE

A moment more will see you on your way

IPHIGENIA

A moment sometimes clears up many doubts  
But I am pressing you too closely, Madam ,  
I see what I was loath to thmk Achilles—  
In your impatience to get rid of me—

ERIPHYLE

I? You suspect me of this treachery ?  
How can I love the cruel hand that crush'd me,

Dyed crimson in the blood of all my kin,  
That lit the blazing torch, and laid in ashes  
Lesbos—

IPHIGENIA.

Ah yes, you love him, base deceiver !  
The savage conduct that you paint so well,  
Those arms that you have seen stain'd red with gore,  
Fury and flames, and Lesbos burnt to ashes,  
All these have stainp'd his image on your heart,  
And, far from shuddering at their remembrance,  
It even gives you pleasure to repeat them.  
When your complaints were loudest, more than once  
I might have seen your thoughts, and so I did,  
But always with good-natured readiness  
Replaced the bandage from mine eyes removed.  
You love him. Ah ! What fatal misconception  
Made me receive my rival in mine arms ?  
My heart I gave her blindly, and to-day  
Pledged the protection of its perjured lover.  
Little I thought so soon to see her triumph,  
And be myself chain'd to her chariot wheels.  
The selfishness of passion I can pardon  
That robs me of the heart I deem'd mine own ;  
But not the treachery that laid a snare  
To catch me, and then suffered me, unwarn'd,  
To step therein, finding thus, far from home,  
No ardent welcome, but a cold repulse.

ERIPHYLE.

This charge is one that fills me with surprise ;  
I have not been accustom'd to such words ;  
And though the gods have long press'd hard against me,  
As yet they spared my ears a wound so grievous.  
But some excuse is due to love's injustice.  
What warning would you wish me to have giv'n ?  
Can you suppose Achilles could prefer  
To Agamemnon's daughter one who knows  
Naught of her birth save that within her veins  
Flows blood such as Achilles burns to shed ?

II.

M

## IPHIGENIA

You triumph, cruel one, and flout my wrongs,  
 Making me feel my misery the more  
 Why with the honours of my birth compare  
 Your exile, but the better to enhance  
 Your victory unjust ? But curb your transports ,  
 This Agamemnon whom you choose to mock  
 Holds sway o'er Greece, yet condescends to love  
 His daughter, and resents her injuries  
 More warmly than herself My tears in prospect  
 Moved him to sighs he sought in vain to stifle  
 Alas ! His gloomy greeting I condemn'd  
 And dared to blame his want of tenderness '

*Scene 6*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

## ACHILLES

Can it be so ? Is it yourself I see ?  
 I thought that all the camp had been deceived  
 You here in Aulis ! With what purpose come you ?  
 I heard another tale from Agamemnon

## IPHIGENIA

Be of good cheer, my lord, I will not thwart  
 Your wishes, and shall soon be gone again

*Scene 7*

ACHILLES, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

## ACHILLES

She flies from me ! Am I awake, or dreaming ?  
 Into what fresh distraction am I plunged !  
 Madam, I know not if without offence  
 Achilles may present himself before you,

SCENE 7.]

IPHIGENIA,

But if you will not scorn a foe's entreaty,  
If e'er his captive touch'd a chord of pity  
In him, you know what brings their footsteps hither,  
You know—

ERIPHYLE.

And does my lord not know it too ?  
Did not your eager love a month ago  
Desire their presence here without delay ?

ACHILLES.

A month ago I was not here myself;  
It was but yesterday that I return'd.

ERIPHYLE.

What! Was it not your love inspired the letter  
That Agamemnon to Mycenæ wrote V  
Were you not smitten with his daughter's charms—

ACHILLES.

Ay, and more captivated now than ever.  
If wishes could have carried me to Argos,  
I would myself this journey have forestalled.  
Yet she flies from me. What has been my crime ?  
I see around me none but hostile eyes:  
This very moment Calchas and Ulysses,  
With Nestor too, used all their eloquence  
In opposition to my love, and seem'd  
To urge that honour had superior claim.  
What subtle scheme can they be hatching here!  
Am I a laughing-stock to all the army ?  
I'll enter, and extort from them their secret

*Scene 8*

ERNPHYLE, DORIS

ERIPHYLE

Ye gods, who see my si ame, where shall I hide me ?  
 Pioud rival, thou art loved , yet dost thou murmur !  
 Must I at once thy triumph and repioaches  
 Endure ? Ah, rather—

But I'm much mistaken,  
 Or over them a storm, leady to burst,  
 Threatens disturbance to then happiness  
 Iphigema is deceived, Achilles  
 Mock'd, Agamemnon groans I'll not despan ,  
 And if my hatred finds support from fate,  
 I shall know how to turn it to my profit,  
 Nor weep alone, nor dre without revenge

## ACT III

*Scene 1*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTÆMNESTRA

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Tis true, my lord, we should have gone ere now  
 Far on our way to Argos, where your daughter  
 Might weep for her disgrace, leaying Achilles  
 And you m anger, had not he himself  
 Iust now, abtonish'd at our sudden flight,  
 Restram'd. us with such oaths as could not fail  
 To make us trust him, urgent tor the marriage  
 We thought postponed, while love and wrath contended  
 For mastery, disowning the false rumour,  
 Eager to know its author and confound him  
 Banibh suspicions which have marr'd our joy

AGAMEMNON.

Yes, Madam, with my sanction you may trust him.  
I recognise the error that deceived me,  
And share your joy to th' utmost of my pow'r.  
Would you have Calchas to my family  
Unite him? Send your daughter to the altar;  
I will be there. But, ere proceeding further,  
I wish'd to speak a word with you in private.  
You see how you have brought her to a place  
Where all breathes war, not hymeneal songs.  
The tumult of a camp, soldiers and sailors  
With spears and javelins bristling round the altar,  
Offer a scene to swell Achilles' pride,  
But to your tender sight harsh and uncouth.  
Shall Greece there see the consort of their King  
Bereft of dignity and royal state?  
Hear me. Without you, let Iphigenia  
Go to this marriage, by your maids attended.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What! Must I then, to other arms confiding  
My child, not finish what I have begun,  
And, after bringing her from Argos hither,  
Refuse to guide her footsteps to the altar!  
Is yours to be a nearer place than mine  
By Calchas? Who will give her to Achilles,  
Or order the procession as is meet?

AGAMEMNON.

This is not Atreus' palace, where you are,  
But a rude camp—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where all submits to you,  
Where Asia's fate is to your hands intrusted,  
Where marshall'd 'neath your sway I see the whole  
Of Greece, where Thetis' son will call me mother.  
In what proud palace upon all the earth  
Could I appear with more magnificence?

## AGAMEMNON

Deign, Madam, for the sake of the Immortals  
 From whom we spring, to grant my love this **favour**  
 I have my reasons

## CLYTÆMNESTRA

By those selfsame gods  
 Deprive me not, my lord, of sight so sweet  
 Why should my presence here make you ashamed<sup>9</sup>

## AGAMEMNON

I had hoped more from your obliging temper  
 But, since the force of reason cannot move you  
 And my entreaty has so little pow'r,  
 My tone must change to one of stern command  
 It is my will you do as I have said  
 Obey

*Scene 2*

## CLYTJEMNESTRA

What means he, cruel and unjust,  
 Thus from the marriage altar to debar me?  
 Proud of new lank, forgets he who I am ?  
 And am I deem'd unworthy to appeal  
 Beside him ? Or, timid 'mid all his pow'r,  
 Fears he that Helen's sister may bring scorn  
 On him ? Why should I hide me ? Is it fair  
 His shame should be reflected on my brow ?  
 But, since it is his will, my own submits  
 Thy happiness, *my* daughter, makes amends  
 For all Heav'n gives Achilles to thme arms,  
 And I am oveijoy'd—

But, lo, himself'

*Scene 3.*

ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTRA.

ACHILLES.

Madam, all goes according to my wishes;  
Misunderstandings clear'd, the King is pleas'd  
To trust my ardour, and, ere all is said,  
With warm embrace accepts me for a son.  
Few words express'd consent. But have you heard  
What joy your presence to the camp has brought?  
The gods will be appeas'd; Calchas proclaims  
Their reconciliation in an hour;  
That Neptune and the winds our pray'rs will grant,  
Soon as his hand the victim's blood shall spill.  
Already every ship with sails outspread  
Is turn'd tow'rd's Troy, relying on his promise.  
As for myself, tho' love were gratified  
If Heav'n were still to keep its breezes back,  
Tho' I must grieve to quit this happy shore  
Where soon for me the nuptial torch will glow;  
Yet can I fail to welcome an occasion  
To seal our marriage-bond with Trojan blood,  
And 'neath Troy's ruins bury the disgrace  
Of one whose family will then be mine.

*Scene 4.*ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTEA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE,  
DORIS, ÆGINA.

ACHILLES.

On you, dear princess, all my hopes depend ;  
Your father to our union yields consent,  
And at the altar waits. There take a heart  
Already yours.

## IPHIGENIA

'Tis not yet time to go  
 With the queen's leave, my lord, I dare to ask  
 A pledge your love should grant right willingly  
 On this young princess, for my sake, take pity  
 Heav'n on her brow has stamp'd nobility  
 Her eyes bedew'd with tears, she ever mourns  
 Her inisey , you know it, for from you  
 It came And I myself, unjustly wroth,  
 Have made her moie unhappy than before  
 I fain would counteract by timely help  
 The wrong my words have done her, if I may  
 My voice I lend her now, I can no more  
 My lord, you only can undo your work  
 She is your captrve, and at your command  
 Her chams will fall, and give my heart relief  
 Thus then inaugmate this happy day,  
 Nor let the sight of us mciease her woe  
 Show that I am about to wed a king  
 Who, not content to strike men's hearts with fear,  
 Does not confine his tame to fire and sword,  
 But, melted by the tears of one he loves  
 And in his hour of victoey disarm'd  
 By grief, can imitate the gods from whom  
 He springss

## ERIPHYLE

Yes, Sir, assuage these poignant pangs  
 Lesbos subdued, your captive I became ,  
 But 'tis to push the rights of war too far  
 To add the tormentit that I suffer here

## ACHILLES

You, Madam ?

## ERIPHYLE

Yes, my lord, all else omitted,  
 What punishment more dire can you impose  
 Than this of giving my sad eyes the pain  
 Of seeing those who persecute me happy?  
 I hear on all sides threats against my people,

I see an army raging to attack them;  
And now, to add a sorer wound, I see  
Flames to devour my country in the torch  
Of Hymen. Far from Aulis and from you,  
For ever wretched and unknown for ever,  
Let me go hide a fate that claims compassion,  
Whose bitterness these tears but half express.

ACHILLES.

Too much, fair princess! Come that, in the sight  
Of Greece, Achilles may pronounce you free.  
This hour, to me more sweet than all before,  
Shall gladden you with liberty once more.

*Scene 5.*

ACHILLES, CLYTJEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, ARCAS,  
ÆGINA, DORIS.

ARCAS.

Madam, all's ready for the solemn rite.  
Beside the altar the King waits his daughter;  
I come to claim her: or, more truly, Sir,  
I come for her thy succour to implore  
Against him.

ACHILLES.

Arcas, what is this ?

CLYTJSMNESTRA.

Great gods!

ARCAS (*to* ACHILLES).

Thou, Sir, and thou alone, canst now defend her.

ACHILLES.

'Gainst whom ?

ARCAS.

His name I utter with regret;

Too long already have I kept his secret;  
 The knife, the fire, the fillet, all are ready,  
 And, were the stroke on mine own head to fall,  
 I needs must speak

CLYTEMNESTRA

Explain thyself I tremble

ACHILLES

Speak, be it what may, and have no fear

ARCAS

Thou her affianced husband, thou her mother,  
 Beware, send not the princess to her father

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why, what have we to dread ?

ACHILLES

Wherefore distrust him ?

ARCAS

He at the altar waits to offer her  
 In sacrifice

ACHILLES

Her sire '

CLYTEMNESTRA

His child '

IPHIGENIA

My father'

ERIPHYLE

Ye gods, what tidings !

ACHILLES

What blind rage can arm  
 His mind against her ? Who could hear of it  
 Without a shudder ?

SCENE 5.]

IPHIGENIA.

ARCAS.

Would that I could doubt it!

By Catenas' voice the oracle demands her,  
Refusing to accept another victim ;  
The gods, who hitherto have favour'd Paris,  
At this price only promise favouring winds  
And Troy's destruction.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Can the gods command  
Foul murder!

IPHIGENIA.

For what guilt am I condemned  
To such a fate ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

No more am I surprised  
That I should 'be forbidden to approach  
The altar.

IPHIGENIA (*to* ACHILLES).

This, then, is my destined marriage-!

ARCAS.

The King devised these nuptials to deceive you:  
Deceived was all the army like yourselves.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

See how I stoop to clasp thy knees!

ACHILLES (*raising her*).

Ah, Madam!

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

I loathe my royal dignity. Forget it.  
This sad humiliation suits a lot  
Desp'rate, unless my tears can stir thy pity.  
A mother feels no shame thus at thy feet  
To fall. Alas ! it is thy bride they snatch

Out of thine arms , whose tender hopes I nursed  
 From childhood 'Twas in search of thee we reach'd  
 This fatal shore , thy name brings her to death  
 Shall she go beg for justice from the gods,  
 And clasp their altars, for her sacrifice  
 Festoon'd ? She has none other here than thee ,  
 Thou art to her a father, husband, Heav'n,  
 Her only shelter In thine eyes I read  
 Unutterable grief With him, my child,  
 I leave thee Quit her not, but wait for me,  
 To faithless Agamemnon must I hasten,  
 And overwhelm him with indignant fury,  
 Calchas will have to find another victim  
 Or, if I cannot save my daughter's life,  
 My neck shall first be offer'd to the knife

*Scene 6*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA

ACHILLES

Madam, my tongue is silent, and my limbs  
 Seem palsied Is it to mine ears such words  
 Are spoken ? Must a mother kneel and sue  
 To me for thee, a queen fall at my feet  
 Prostrate ? And, wronging me by fears unjust,  
 Has she recourse to tears to melt *my* heart ?  
 Thy life to me is dearer than to all  
 Besides My faithful heart claims full reliance,  
 No harm to thee can fail to touch mine honour,  
 I answer for a life that to mine own  
 Is join'd But indignation moves me further  
 'Tis little to protect thee , to revenge  
 I run, and punishment for that vile scheme  
 Which dares to use my name for thy destruction

IPHIGENIA

Ah, stay, my lord, and deign to hear me

ACHILLES.

What!

Shall I endure so barbarous an insult ?  
 He sees me eager to avenge the wrong  
 His sister suffer'd, knows that it was I  
 Who voted first for him to be elected  
 Commander over twenty kings, his rivals;  
 And for the fruit of all my toil and care,  
 My sole reward for victory that will bring  
 Vengeance and wealth to him with glory's crown,  
 The height of my ambition was to hear  
 Thee call me husband, to be thine was all  
 I ask'd of him; yet savage and forsworn,  
 To-day he thinks it little to do outrage  
 To natural affection, and to show me  
 Thy bleeding heart consumed upon an altar;  
 Veiling this sacrifice with marriage rites,  
 He would that it were I should lead thee thither,  
 My hand should be his tool to hold the knife,  
 Thy promised bridegroom be thy murderer!  
 Ah, how these bloody nuptials might have ended,  
 Had I come one day later than I did!  
 This very moment, in their ruthless pow'r  
 Placed, thou wouldst search for me beside the altar  
 In vain, then unforeseen the knife would fall,  
 And dying thou wouldst blame me for deceit  
 Most base!

Then must I, in the sight of Greece,  
 Claim satisfaction for such treachery.  
 A husband's honour, Madam, is with thine  
 Involved, and thou must needs praise mine intent.  
 The cruel monster who has pour'd disdain  
 On me shall learn whose name he dared to stain.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh ! If thou lovest me and one last favour  
 Wilt grant, attentive to a lover's pray'r,  
 Now is the time for me to prove it, Sir.  
 Bethink thee that this monster thou defiest,  
 This barbarous, bloodthirsty, unjust foe  
 Is still, whate'er he may have done, my father.

## ACHILLES

Thy father' Nay, after this horrid scheme,  
I know him only as thy foul assassin

## IPHIGENIA

He is my father, Sir, once more I say it,  
Yea, and a father whom I love and honour,  
Himselt he holds me dear, and, till to-day,  
No tokens but of tenderness from him  
Have I received My heart, from childhood taught  
A daughtei's duty, cannot but be grieved  
At words that wound him Far from being changed  
So suddenly as to approve thy rage,  
Still less to fan this fury with my breath,  
Believe me, it is only the excess  
Of love for thee that suffer'd me to hear  
Those hateful names with which thou hast assail'd him  
Why will you deem him so unnatural  
As not to groan at the impending blow ?  
What father gladly would bereave himself  
Of his own offspring ? Why should he destroy me  
If he could save ? I saw him weep, believe me,  
Condemn him not, my lord, ere thou hast heard him  
Alas' his heart already is with horror  
Sorely oppress'd, let not thy hatred crush it'

## ACHILLES

What, Madam ' 'Mid such subjects for alarm,  
Are these the terrors that distress thee most ?  
A cruel sire (how can I call him else ?)  
Intends to slay thee by the hand of Calchas,  
And, when my love his fury would withstand,  
Thy sole concern is to secure his peace,  
To shut my mouth, to pity, and excuse  
'Tis I that do affright thee, and thy fears  
Are all for him ' So little has my care  
Avail'd to reach thy soul and fix Achilles there'

## IPHIGENIA

Ah, it is cruel thus to doubt my love'

Have I so long waited to make it known ?  
 Thou seest with what a calm indifference  
 I have received the tidings of my doom,  
 Nor did my cheek turn pale. Would thou hadst seen  
 How, just before, distracted with despair,  
 I heard, when we arrived, a false report  
 That thou hadst proved inconstant! In what anguish,  
 With what a torrent of upbraiding words  
 I blamed the spite alike of gods and men!  
 Ah! hadst thou seen me then, thou wouldst not need  
 To hear me say how much thy love is dearer  
 To me than life! Who knows if Heav'n, provoked  
 By my exceeding happiness, has will'd  
 Its end! Alas, a flame so fair and bright  
 Seem'd to uplift me to a higher sphere  
 Than earth.

ACHILLES.

My princess, live, if still to thee I'm dear.

*Scene 7.*

ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ÆGINA.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

My lord, unless you save us, all is lost;  
 For Agamemnon fears to see *my* face,  
 Refusing me all access to the altar:  
 The guards whom he has station'd there himself  
 Have on all sides forbidden me to pass.  
 He shuns me, for my passion makes him quail.

ACHILLES.

Then, Madam, 'tis for me to take your place.  
 I'll see him, and accost him face to face.

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, mother!—

Whither will you go, my lord ?  
 What mean you by unreasonable pray'rs ?

## ACHILLES

Still must it be that first against yourself  
I have to fight?

## CLYTÆMNESTRA

My child, explain your purpose

## IPHIGENIA

In Heaven's name, lest I am a frantic lover  
Let us avoid this perilous encounter  
Your fierce reproaches, Sir, would leave a feeling  
Too sharp, excruciating love, I know,  
Runs wild with rage My father's jealousy  
Brooks no control, proud are the sons of Atreus  
Leave it to lips more timid to address him  
Surprised at my delay, doubt not that hither  
He will himself soon come in search of me  
A mother's lamentations he will hear,  
And I, perchance, shall feel myself inspired  
With arguments that may prevent your tears  
Your indignation quell, and let me live  
For you

## ACHILLES

Since such your pleasure, I submit  
Let sound advice fall from your lips together,  
Recall his reason, and persuade his heart  
Not to destroy our peace and, more than ours,  
His own In idle talk the precious moments  
I lose From me not words but deeds are wanted

(To CLYTÆMNESTRA )

Madam, I will do all I can to serve you  
Go, seek your chamber, and take needful rest  
Your daughter shall not die, so I predict,  
An oracle more sure than that of Calchas  
Believe me that as long as I draw breath  
In vain the gods may have ordained her death,

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

DORIS.

How say you ? What strange madness makes you envy  
Iphigenia's lot? Within an hour  
She perishes. Yet never, so you tell me,  
Were you more jealous of her happiness.  
Who could believe it ? Where is heart so wild—

ERIPHYLE.

My mouth has never utter'd word more true:  
Never has her felicity so moved  
My anxious soul with envious unrest.  
Such danger were delight! But hope is vain '  
Did you not see her triumph,—his concern ?  
I saw and shunn'd tokens I could not doubt  
This hero, terrible to all besides,  
Who knows no tears but those he makes to flow,  
Who steel'd himself from infancy against them,  
And who, if rumour tells a tale of truth,  
Suck'd the fierce blood of lions and of bears,  
For her sake learns the language of alarm:  
Yes, she has seen him weep, his cheek turn pale.  
Yet Doris pities her ! What dire misfortune  
Would I not suffer, might those tears be shed  
For me ! Tho' I were doom'd to die like her  
Within an hour—Die ? Nay, believe it not.  
Think you Achilles is an idle dreamer,  
That, fearing for her safety, he will spare  
His boldest efforts to achieve her rescue ?  
No, you shall find this oracle was spoken  
But to enhance his glory and my torment,  
To leave her fairer in his eyes than ever.  
See you not all that in her favour works ?

The fatal sentence has been kept a secret,  
 And, though the funeral pyre be now prepared,  
 The victim's name is still unknown the camp  
 Remains in ignorance This silence, Doris,  
 Cannot but indicate a wavering purpose  
 What will he do? Has he a heart of iron,  
 To bear th' attack of then combined entreaties,  
 A mother's anger, and a daughter's tears,  
 Cries of despair from all his family,  
 His own affection ready to relent,  
 Nor least Achilles' threats that never fell  
 But to o'erwhelm? No, 'tis in vain that Heav'n  
 Condemns her Misery is mine alone  
 For ever If I follow'd mine own impulse—

DORIS

What's in your mind?

ERIPHYLE

I know not what restrains  
 My anger from revealing all the truth,  
 Divulging straightway what the gods have threaten'd,  
 And publishing abroad the guilty plots  
 Lard to dishonour them and cheat their altars

DORIS

Ah! What a thought!

ERIPHYLE

What joy if it were done!  
 How would the Trojan temples smoke with incense,  
 If, in revenge for my captivity,  
 I could arm Agamemnon 'gainst Achilles,  
 And, Troy forgotten, make them turn the sword,  
 Whetted for her destruction, on each other,  
 And Greece, embroil'd in civil strife by me,  
 Be sacrificed to save my countrymen!

DORIS

I hear a sound I think the queen approaches  
 Madam, compose your spirits, or retire

**ERIPHYLE.**

Let us go in and think how best my rage  
That Heaven sanctions may confound this marriage.

*Scene 2.*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

It breaks my heart to see her, dear Ægina.  
She sheds no tears, nor trembles for her life,  
But all her care is to excuse her father,  
And to persuade me to respect the hand  
That slays her. Oh, what filial constancy !  
He, in return for love so tender,, chides  
Delay, and soon will ask of me the reason,  
Still hoping to conceal his treachery.  
He comes. Let me not taunt him with injustice,  
But see if he persists in his deceit.

*Scene 3,*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGAINA.

AGAMEMNON.

What do you here ? Where is your daughter, Madam ?  
How is she not with you, as I expected ?  
Why waits she ? Did not Areas bring my orders  
To send her ? Is it you who keep her back ?  
Do you resist my reasonable wishes,  
And, save by you conducted, can she not  
Approach the altar ? Speak.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

If she must go,

My child is ready. But have you, my lord,  
No reason for delay ?

AGAMEMNON

I, Madam ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

**Have you**

Forgotten naught ?

AGAMEMNON

The altar is prepared,  
And Calchas by its side, all as it should be

CLYTEMNESTRA

My lord, you do not tell me of the victim

AGAMEMNON

What mean you, Madam ? Why should your concern—

#### *Scene 4*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ÆGINA

CLYTEMNESTRA

Come, daughter, come they only wait for thee  
Come, thank a father who so loves his child  
That he himself will lead her to the altar

AGAMEMNON

What do I see and hear ? Why weeps my daughter,  
With downcast eyes, as if ashamed to meet  
Mine own ? What troubles thee ? Thy mother too  
Is weeping Aicas has betray'd me '

IPHIGENIA

Father,  
Cease to be anxious, thou art not betray'd  
What thou commandest shall by *me* be done  
Thy will it is to take the **life thou gavest,**

I know it, and all subterfuge is vain.  
With heart no less submissive and content  
Than when the bridegroom of thy choice I hail'd,  
Will I, if need be, an obedient victim,  
Offer a guiltless head to Catenas' knife,  
And, since it is thy will, with due respect  
Yield the existence that I owe to thee.  
But if this dutiful obedience seem  
To merit in thine eyes some recompense,  
If thou hast pity for a mother's tears,  
Let me be bold to say that, young and happy,  
I well might find life sweet enough to make  
Me wish that it should not be snatch'd away,  
That cruel Fate had not so soon cut short  
The thread of which so little has been spun.  
I, Agamemnon's daughter, it was I  
Who call'd thee first by the dear name of father,  
And I, in whom so long your eyes delighted,  
Have made thee thank the gods that name was thine.  
How often hast thou lavish'd fond caresses  
On me, nor scorn'd as weakness love so tender.  
Ah! With what pleasure did I make thee tell  
Of countries that await thy conquering arm;  
And, auguring thy triumph over Troy,  
I was already in my mind preparing  
Glad welcome home. I little thought my blood  
Would be the first that thou would'st have to shed.  
It is not dread of this impending blow  
That makes me call past kindness to thy mind.  
Fear naught; my heart, is jealous of thine honour,  
Nor will I make my father blush to own me;  
And, had I only to defend my life,  
I never would have raised fond recollections.  
But well thou knowest how on my sad lot  
A lover's and a mother's happiness  
Depend. A prince, worthy to be thy son,  
Trusted this day would light for him the torch  
Of Hymen, and, relying on my heart  
And on thy promise, deem'd it one of joy.  
He knows thy purpose, judge of his alarm.  
Look on my mother, and behold her tears.

Forgive these efforts to prevent the grief  
That I shall cost them, if I die

AGAMEMNON

My daughter,  
Too true it is I know not for what crime  
The anger of the gods demands a victim,  
But they have named thee, and an oracle  
Dooms thee to death upon an altar here  
To guard thy life from this their murderous sentence.  
My love forestall'd thy pray'rs I will not say  
How often I resisted, never doubt  
That love to which thou hast thyself borne witness  
Tins very night, as thou perchance hast heard,  
I had revoked the order I was forced  
To write, and o'er the general good of Greece  
Thou didst prevail For thee I sacrificed  
My rank, my safety Areas from the camp  
Went to forbid thine entrance Heav'n forbade  
Your meeting, and frustrated my last hope  
Of saving one condemn'd by its decree  
Rely not then upon my feeble pow'r  
What can avail to check a rebel army,  
When Heav'n has giv'n us up to their blind zeal,  
And frees them from a yoke that they resent ?  
We must submit, my child , thine hour is come  
Bethink thee of thy royal rank and nurture  
Alas, I need the counsel that I give,  
The death stroke that awaits thee will no less  
Strike me Then, show thee worthy of thy birth,  
And put to shame the gods who have condemn'd thee  
Go, let the Greeks, who to thy sacrifice  
Consent, see in thy blood that shall be shed  
Mine own

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Fit offspring of a fatal stock !  
Thine is the blood of Atreus and Thyestes  
Thy daughter's murderer , there but remains  
One horror more, to serve her as a feast  
Before her mother Savage, this is then

The gladsome sacrifice thou wast preparing  
With artful care ! Did not thy hand refuse  
The infamy of writing a command  
So cruel ! Why dost thou pretend to feel  
A false distress ? Think not that tears can prove  
A love that shrinks from bold defence in arms.  
Why has not blood been shed for her in torrents ?  
What wreck and ruin tell of thy resistance ?  
What field with corpses cover'd seals my mouth ?  
Proofs such as these I would have had thee bring me  
Of thine affection and desire to save her.  
A fatal oracle ordains her death !  
But what an oracle may seem to say  
Not always is its meaning. Can just Heav'n  
Thirst for the blood of innocence, or be  
Honour'd by murder ? If for Helen's crime  
Her kin are punish'd, for her daughter send  
To Sparta. So let Menelaus ransom  
The wife whose frailty in his eyes seems small  
Match'd with her charms. But surely it is madness  
To make thyself the victim for her sin.  
And why should I, smiting upon my breast,  
With my own flesh and blood pay for her folly ?  
Does Helen then, for whom such jealous fires  
Were kindled, curse of Europe and of Asia,  
Seem worthy of thine efforts to regain her ?  
How often have we blush'd to speak her name !  
Ere, to his woe, thy brother link'd his fate  
With hers, she had been carried off by Theseus,  
Who, as thou knowest and hast heard from Calchas  
A thousand times, clandestinely unloosed  
Her virgin zone; and, pledge of that amour,  
A princess of her blood has been by her  
Kept in concealment. But a brother's honour  
Is the least cause of thy solicitude :  
That lust of empire nothing can extinguish,  
The pride of seeing twenty monarchs serve  
And fear thee, empire to thine hands confided,  
These are the gods who claim this sacrifice  
From thee, who far from offering resistance  
Dost make a barbarous merit of submission.

Jealous of pow'r that can excite their envy,  
 Thou dost not grudge to pay a heavy price  
 From thine own veins, that so thou may est quell  
 All opposition to thy sovereign sway  
 Is this to be a father? Outraged nature  
 Revolts at this perfidious cruelty  
 A priest, surrounded by a brutal crowd,  
 Will on my child lay hands of violence,  
 Rend her bared bosom, and with curious eye  
 For omens search her palpitating heart'  
 While I, who brought her hither proud and happy,  
 Must needs go back alone and in despair'  
 Still will the ways be scented with the flow'rs  
 That 'neath her feet were scatter'd as we tame!  
 It shall not be that to her doom I brought her,  
 Or thou wilt have to add my death to hers  
 Ay, thou shalt never tear her from these arms,  
 While life is mine no fears can shake my purpose  
 Ruthless alike as husband and as father  
 Come, if thou darest, snatch her from the breast  
 That nursed hei'  
 Go within again, my child '  
 And for the last time heed thy mother's voice

### *Scene 5*

AGAMEMNON

Such frenzied outburst might have been expected  
 These are the cues of anger that I fear'd  
 And I were happy, if my harass'd soul  
 Had nothing wise to dread than idle clamour '  
 Alas ' Great gods, who have imposed this task,  
 Why were the feelings of a father left me ?

*Scene 6.*

AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES.

ACHILLES.

My lord, a strange report has reach'd mine ears,  
Which I am slow to credit. It is said,  
And 'tis with horror I repeat the tale,  
This day Iphigeina is to die  
By thy command; that, stifling every instinct  
Of pity, thou wilt give her up to Calchas,  
And that the maiden whom I thought to wed  
Shall be by me conducted to the altar  
A victim not a bride, so vile a part  
Assign'd to me, deceived as well as she  
By a mock marriage. What am I to think ?  
Wilt thou not silence such offensive rumours ?

AGAMEMNON.

I am not bound, my lord, to give account  
Of *my* designs. My (laughter knows not yet  
My sovereign will; when she shall be inform'd,  
Thou too shalt learn what all the host shall hear.

ACHILLES.

Too well I know what fate thou dost reserve  
For her.

AGAMEMNON.

If known to thee, why ask it then ?

ACHILLES.

Why ask ? O Heavens, am I to believe  
Thou dardest to confess so foul a crime ?  
Dost think I will abet, thy villainy,  
And let thee slay thy child before my face,  
Forgetful of my faith, my love, mine honour?

## AGAMEMNON

But thou, who thus assailest me with threats,  
Dost thou forget to whom thou speakest here ?

## ACHILLES

Thou hast forgotten that it is thy daughter  
Whom thou dost wrong, and whom I love

## AGAMEMNON

Who gave thee  
Charge of my family ? Art thou her husband  
To question my disposal of my daughter ?  
Am I no more her father ? May she not—

## ACHILLES

She is no longer thine    Vain promises  
Shall not deceive me    While a drop of blood  
Flows in my veins, her life is lmk'd to mine,  
I will protect my rights, based on thine oaths  
Was 't not for me that thou didst summon her ?

## AGAMEMNON

Blame then the gods, who ask her at my hands  
Accuse the prophet Calchas, the whole army,  
Ulysses, Menelaus,—most thyself

## ACHILLES

Mvself '

## AGAMEMNON

Ay dost thou not complain to Heaven  
Daily, for checking thee in thy desire  
To conquer Asia ? Wast thou not offended  
At my just fears, making thy fury fill  
The camp ? I show'd thee how she might be saved,  
But thou canst think of nothing else than Troy  
I would have closed the course thou fain would'st run,  
Go, have thy wish    her death will open it  
Before thee

## ACHILLES.

How, ye gods, can I endure  
This language that adds taunts to perjury ?  
I, at the cost of her dear life, to wish  
To leave this shore! What has Troy done to me ?  
What is my interest in her destruction ?  
Deaf to the warnings of a goddess mother,  
Nor heeding a distracted father's voice,  
Why should I seek the death so oft predicted  
As there my doom ? No ships e'er left Scamander  
To plunder and lay waste Thessalian fields :  
No soft seducer to Larissa came  
To carry off my sister or my wife.  
What private grudge have I ? What loss sustain'd ?  
'Tis but for thee, barbarian, that I go,  
Tho' I alone of all the Greeks to thee  
Owe nothing, and by *my* voice thou was made  
Their chief and mine. Did not mine arm avenge thee  
In Lesbos, ere thou hadst this host assembled?  
And with what purpose are we gather'd here  
But to restore his wife to Menelaus ?  
How long have *I* been thought so chicken-hearted  
As to let any snatch away from me  
The bride I love? Is then thy brother's right  
To punish such an outrage his alone ?  
Thy daughter pleased me ; I essay'd to win  
Her favour, and my vows of love were paid  
Only to her ; the prospect of our bliss  
Made me pledge all to her, nothing to him,  
Ships, soldiers, arms. Let him, if so he will,  
Recover Helen, seek the victory  
My blood must purchase. Priam, Paris, Helen,  
I know them not ; I wish'd thy daughter's hand,  
And sail not else.

## AGAMEMNON.

Fly then: to Thessaly  
Return. Lo, I release thee from thine oath.  
Of others more submissive I shall find  
No lack, to wear the laurels promised thee,  
To force the Fates to grant their arms success,

And see the day of Ilium's overthrow  
 Thy scornful speech tells me how dear a price  
 For thy proud succour I should have to pay  
 Self-constituted arbiter of Greece,  
 Thou fain wouldst leave me but an empty name  
 Vaunting thy valour thou wouldst claim the lead,  
 And make all Greece crmge to thy sovereign will  
 A benefit that serves as ground for censure  
 Is an offence    Less care I for thy valour  
 Than for obedience    Fly    Thy feeble anger  
 I fear not, and I snap all ties between us

## ACHILLES

Be thankful for the single tre that holds  
 My wrath m check    Iphigema's father  
 I still respect    Haply, without that name,  
 Great as thy pow'i may be, such bold defiance  
 Were thy last utterance    Hear but one word  
 I have thy daughter and my fame alike  
 To guard    If her thou art resolved to slay,  
 Thy sword must through this body carve its way

*Scene 7*

## AGAMEMNON

Thus is it made impossible to save her'  
 My child, unaided, had more pow'r to move me  
 His saucy love, that thinks to make me tremble,  
 Will speed the stroke that he would fain prevent  
 No more demur '    Defy his violence '  
 My honour is at stake, and turns the scale  
 Achilles' threats settle my waveung heart  
 Pity would seem the consequence of fear  
 Ho ' Guards, advance '

*Scene 8.*

AGAMEMNON, EURYBATES, GUARDS.

EURYBATES.

My lord.

AGAMEMNON (*aside*).

What shall I do ?

How can I give them orders so inhuman ?  
 For what fierce conflict must I make me ready ?  
 Who is this foe whom they are to arrest ?  
 •A mother waits, intrepid to defend  
 Her offspring from a father bent on slaughter:  
 My troops, than I less cruel, will respect  
 The daughter of their King clasp'd in her arms.  
 Achilles utters scornful threats : does that  
 Lessen my daughter's dutiful submission ?  
 Has she been eager to escape the altar,  
 Or cried in terror at the stroke I wish  
 To deal her ? Why such wish ? This impious zeal,  
 What can it gain by sacrificing her ?  
 However glorious be the prize proposed,  
 What bays can please me, water'd with her blood ?  
 I wish to move th' almighty pow'rs of Heav'n :  
 What gods can be more cruel than myself ?  
 I cannot do it. No, a father's love  
 Shall conquer, and compassion raise no longer  
 A blush of shame. Yes, she shall live.

But, what!

Shall proud Achilles trample on mine honour ?  
 His arrogant presumption, so puff'd up,  
 Will think he made me tremble, made me yield-  
 Vain cares perplex my mind. Can I not bring  
 The haughty spirit of Achilles low ?  
 Let my child be a sight to vex his eyes:  
 He loves her, he shall see her wed another.

(To ETRYBATES )

Go, call the princess and the queen, and say  
That they have naught to fear

*Scene 9*

AGAMEMNON, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Great gods, if still  
Determined to bereave me of my child,  
Before your hatred what can mortals do ?  
My love I know, that fain would rescue her,  
But weighs her down, but such a costly victim  
Is worth a second summons to obey  
The harsh injunction that on me ye lay

*Scene 10*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTJEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLT  
ETRYBATES, DORIS, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Go, Madam, go, be careful of her life  
I give you back your child, a sacred trust  
Hasten her steps far from this dangerous place  
Areas shall be your escort, with my guards,  
His happy indiscretion I will pardon  
All hangs on secrecy and quick despatch  
As yet no word have Calchas or Ulysses  
Spoken, beware they hear not of this flight  
Let no one see your daughter, all the camp  
Must think I keep her still, and send you home  
Alone Now speed you hence May Heav'n content  
With tears already shed, withhold her long  
Prom my sad eyes '

*(To his Guards.)*

Follow the queen.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

My lord!

IPHIGENIA.

Father!

AGAMEMNON.

Let Calchas, thirsting for her blood,  
Be foil'd: delay not. And, to mask your flight,  
I will beguile him with some feign'd excuse:  
I'll cause the fatal rites to be suspended,  
Claiming a respite till this day be ended.

*Scene 11.*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

ERIPHYLE.

Follow me, Doris: our way lies not there.

DORIS.

Gro you not with them?

ERIPHYLE.

Ah! At last I yield.  
Achilles loves her,—thought that burns like fire  
I will not carry hence a useless rage;  
I hesitate no more; I must destroy her,  
Or die myself. Come. Calchas shall know all.

## A C T V

*Scene 1*

IPHIGENIA, ÆGISA

IPHIGENIA

Hinder me not, Ægina To the queen  
 Go back, the wrathful Gods must be appeas'd  
 In wishing to deprive them of my blood,  
 Look what a stoim they rouse, ready to fall,  
 Consider how my mother needs your care,  
 See how our flight is block'd by all the army,  
 With what insulting gestures everywhere  
 They flash their spear-points in our very faces  
 Our guards have been repuls'd,—the queen has fainted—  
 Ah 'tis too great a risk detain me not  
 Why should I here await her feeble succour ?  
 Leave me to take advantage of this swoon  
 My father too, if I must tell the truth,  
 E'en while he saves my life, tells me to dre

ÆGINA

Your fathei, Madam ' Why, what then has happen'd ?

IPHIGENIA

Achilles, in his zeal, may to the king  
 Have giv'n offence, and he would have me share  
 His hatred, and commands my heart to make  
 This sacrifice Areas convey'd his wishes  
 Ægma, he forbids me e'er again  
 To breathe his name

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam '

IPHIGENIA

The gods are kinder, they but ask my life <sup>Cruel sentence '!</sup>

Then let me die.

But who is this I see?  
Heav'ns! 'Tis Achilles!

*Scene 2.*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

Madam, follow me;  
Fear not the clamour of the crowd who press  
Around this tent, they bay but cannot bite.  
Face them, and, without waiting for my arm  
To strike, these roaring billows will be parted  
To give you passage. See, Patroclus brings,  
With other captains in my train, the flower  
Of my Thessalian troops. Around my standard  
The rest are gather'd, with a wall of iron  
To guard you. There take refuge from the storm  
Of persecution: 'neath Achilles' tent  
Let Calchas find you.

What! And is it thus  
You welcome timely aid, tears the sole answer  
To my appeal? Still look you for support  
To arms so weak? Delay not; tears already  
Have fail'd to move your sire.

IPHIGENIA.

I know it well,  
And in the death I am resolved to meet  
Lies my last hope.

ACHILLES.

Death! Speak not of your death.  
Think of the oath which binds us to each other;  
And, to cut short such foolish words, believe me,  
My happiness depends upon your life.

IPHIGENIA.

Nay, to a life so darken'd by misfortune  
II.

O



## IPHIGENIA.

Who ? I, a rebel to my father's orders,  
 Worthy to die the death that I would shun!  
 Shall I so disregard *my* highest duty—

## ACHILLES.

You will but trust yourself to one whose claims  
 Were sanction'd by himself. He shall not rob me  
 Of what he once bestow'd. Are oaths by him  
 Made to be broken ? Was he not your father  
 What time he made you mine, to be obey'd  
 As strictest duty bids ? Why do you heed him  
 Only when he has ceased to recognize  
 His child ? Too long you linger, and my fears—

## IPHIGENIA.

Surely, my lord, you will not use constraint ?  
 Let not the warmth of passion so mislead you.  
 You surely would not add to my afflictions  
 This crowning ill, holding in less esteem  
 My honour than my life \ Spare me, my lord I  
 Subject to orders I am bound t' obey,  
 Too long, Sir, have I listened to your voice;  
 It were unfair to press your victory  
 Farther; or else, by my own hands set free  
 From danger of the succour you propose,  
 I would prefer self-slaughter to disgrace.

## ACHILLES.

Ah, cruel maid ! I say no more Obey,  
 And seek a death you deem so glorious :  
 Offer your wire *a* heart wherein J read  
 Hatred for me more than *respect* for *him*.  
 Just indignation fires *my soul with fury*:  
 If you must to the altar go, *then* I  
 Will thither hie me too. *If Heaven thirsts*  
 For blood, its altars *never will have reek'd*  
 With more. To my blind love naught shall be sacred ;  
 The priest himself shall be the foremost victim ;

The funeral pyre by me thrown down, destroy'd,  
 Shall in the blood of the vile butchers swim,  
 And if, amid the carnage and confusion,  
 Your father should be wounded, fall, and perish,  
 Theu, seeing the sad fruits of your respect,  
 Take to yourself the blame for every blow.

**IPHIGENIA**

Cruel Achilles'—He has fled and left me '  
 Smite, ye just gods who have decreed my death.  
 Lo, here am I alone , end with my life  
 This terror, and me only overwhelm

*Scene 3*

CLYTMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, EURYBATES, ÆGINA,

GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Yes, I'll defend her against all the host,  
 Cowards, will ye betray your injured queen ?

**EURYBATES**

No, Madam , 'tis enough for us that you  
 Have giv'n command, and you shall see us fight  
 Till at your feet we fall But what can hands  
 So weak avail ? Against so many foes  
 Who can defend you ? 'Tis no idle crowd  
 Raising a tumult, but the fatal zeal  
 Of the whole camp, where Calchas reigns despotic.  
 Pity is banish'd and severe religion  
 Its offering claims The King sees himself strpt  
 Of pow'r, and bids us to the torrent yield  
 Invincible Achilles would himself  
 Vamly oppose his valour to this storm  
 What will he do ? Who can disperse these waves,  
 Foaming with rage, all ready to engulf him ?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me then let their impious zeal be proved,  
 And rob me of what little life is left!  
 Death, death alone can burst the knotted bands  
 With which these arms of mine would fain unite  
 My body shall be parted from my soul,  
 Ere I will ever suffer—Ah, *my child* !

## IPHIGENIA.

Under what baleful planet did you bear  
 Th' unhappy object of a love so tender !  
 What can you do in our forlorn estate ?  
 How can you struggle against gods and men ?  
 Will you confront an angry multitude ?  
 Ah, go not to a camp that has revolted  
 Against your husband, nor alone resist  
 Their will, lest, haled in an unseemly manner  
 By soldiers' hands, you offer to mine eyes,  
 As fruit of wasted efforts, a worse sight  
 Than death itself. Go ; let the Greeks complete  
 Their work, and quit this doleful shore for ever ;  
 Linger not near, or on your eye may strike  
 The flame uprising from the pyre that waits me.  
 And, mother, if you love me, above all  
 Never reproach my father with my death.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

By whom your heart, offered to cruel Calchas,—

## IPHIGENIA.

What efforts to restore me to your tears  
 Has he not made ?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

What treason left untried  
 To trick me ?

## IPHIGENIA.

He but renders to the gods  
 The gift they gave. My death bereaves you not

Of all the pledges of your mutual love  
 Your eyes will see my image in Orestes  
 Ah, may he prove less fatal to his mother '  
 You hear the cries of an impatient people ,  
 Open your arms that in a last embrace  
 Our lips may meet Take courage —  
To the altar,
 Eurybates, conduct the willing victim

*Scene 4*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

You shall not go alone, I am determin'd—  
 But crowds press forward to arrest my steps  
 Traitors ' Come, gratify your thirst for blood

ÆGINA

What would you do, dear Madam ? Whither haste you ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Alas ' I waste *my* strength in fruitless efforts,  
 Rising from anguish but to sink again  
 How can I die so often and yet live ?

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam, know you whose the crime, and whose  
 The treason ? Know you what ungrateful serpent  
 Iphigenia cherish'd in her bosom ?  
 'Twas Enphyle, by yourself brought hither,  
 And none but she, who to the Greeks betray'd  
 Your flight

CLYTÆMNESTRA

The monster ' offspring of Megsera '  
 Cast out of hell to harbour in our arms '  
 What ' Wilt not die ' To punish crimes so foul—

But where shall indignation seek a victim ?  
Wilt thou not, placid sea, vast gulfs disclose,  
To whelm a thousand vessels with their crews ?  
When Aulis, casting up that guilty fleet,  
Shall drive it forth out of the port that hides it,  
Will not those self-same winds, so long accused,  
Cover thy surface o'er with shatter'd ships ?  
And thou, O Sun, who in this land dost see  
And know the genuine son and rightful heir  
Of Atreus, thou who didst refuse to light  
The father's feast, go back, as they have taught thee.  
Meanwhile (immortal gods ! unhappy mother !)  
My daughter, crown'd with hateful chaplet, bares  
Her throat, and in her father's hands are knives.  
See Calchas treads on blood—Barbarians, stop ;  
That blood is drawn from him who wields the lightning—  
I hear the thunder roar, feel the earth shake:—  
Another crash ! A god comes swift revenge to take.

*Scene 5.*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, ARCAS, GUARDS.

**ARCAS.**

Doubt it not, Madam, a god fights for you ;  
Achilles even now answers your pray'rs.  
He, forcing the weak barrier of the Greeks,  
Stands at the altar. Calchas is dismay'd,  
The fatal sacrifice is interrupted ;  
The air resounds with threats, and to and fro  
Men run with flashing swords; around your child  
Achilles musteis all his friends, devoted  
To save her. Agamemnon, loath to own  
His grief (whether to hide his eyes from that  
He dreads to see, or to conceal his tears),  
Covers his face. Come, speak while he is silent,  
And with wise words support your brave defender.  
He longs with his own hand, deep dyed in blood,  
To give you back unharm'd the maid he loves ;

Himself he charged me to conduct your steps  
Fear nothing

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fear, say you? Ah, let us hasten  
I dread no danger, will go anywhere—  
But, O ye gods, do I not see Ulysses?  
'Tis he my child is dead' Too late, too late'

*Scene 6*

ULYSSES, CLYTEMNESTRA, ARCAS, ÆGINA, GUARDS

ULYSSES

No, your child lives, the gods are satisfied  
Be of good cheer, Heav'n deigns to give her back

CLYTEMNESTRA

She lives ' And is it you who tell me so?

ULYSSES

Yes it is I, -who long against you both  
Have thought it right to steel your husband's heart  
Who, jealous of the honour of our arms,  
By counsels stern have caused your tears to flow,  
Who come, since Heav'n is now at last appeas'd,  
To heal the wound that I erewhile inflicted

CLYTEMNESTRA

My child ' Good Heav'ns ' Marvel most astounding'  
Ah, prince, what god restores her to my arms?

ULYSSES

You see me, Madam, at this happy moment  
Struck with religious awe, with joy and rapture  
Never did day appear to Greece more fatal  
Discord, already mistress in the camp,  
Had spread a fatal blindness over all,

And given the dread signal for the conflict.  
Your daughter, at the horrid sight alarm'd,  
Saw the whole host against her, on her side  
Achilles, only he, but arm'd with fury  
That daunted all and gave the gods themselves  
Divided counsels. In the air arose  
A cloud of arrows ; blood already flow'd,  
First-fruits of carnage; Calchas in the midst  
Stepp'd forth ; stern was his look, his bristling hair  
And wild eyes show'd him master'd by the god.  
He cried : " Achilles, hear me, hear ye Greeks !  
The god who by my voice now speaks to you  
Explains his oracle, declares his choice.  
Another child of Helen's blood, another  
Iphigenia must be sacrificed  
Here on this shore. Helen, erst carried off  
By Theseus, was with him. in secret wedlock  
Soon after join'd, and from that union sprang  
A daughter, whom her mother hid; her name  
Iphigenia. I myself then saw  
The infant, and foretold disaster dire  
Threatening her future. Under a false name  
Has Fate and her own madness brought her hither.  
She sees me, hears me, is before your eyes :  
Yes, she it is whose life the gods demand."

Thus Calchas speaks. In silence and in awe  
All listening stand, and look on Eriphyle.  
She was beside the altar, in her heart  
Perhaps impatient for the sacrifice :  
For she herself had gone with hasty steps  
To tell the Grecian leaders of your flight.  
All wonder at her birth and destiny ;  
But, since the sack of Troy hangs on her death,  
The army with loud voice declare against her,  
And ratify the prophet's fatal sentence.  
Already Calchas lifts his arm to seize her.  
" Stop there," she cries, " approach me not. The blood  
Of heroes whom you make my ancestors  
Needs not your impious hands to give it exit; "  
Then, springing wildly to the altar, snatches  
The sacred knife, and plunges it amain

Into her breast Scarce has her life's blood dyed  
The earth, when peals of thunder from the gods  
Are heard, auspiciously the rustling winds  
Begin to blow, the roaring sea responds,  
And the white breakers on the distant shore  
Make moan, self-kindled flames the funeral pyre,  
The heav'ns are open'd, and the lightning's flash  
Inspires a holy awe, that reassures  
Our hearts Some say that, riding on a cloud,  
Diana to the blazing pile descended,  
That, rising then above the flames once more,  
She bore to Heav'n our incense and our pra'rs  
Ail is astir—soon all are gone Your daughter,  
Amid the general joy, alone deploras  
Her enemy Go, from her father's hands  
Receive her longing to see you again,  
He and Achilles, henceforth reconciled,  
Are ready to confirm the marriage contract

## CLYTAMNESTRA

How can the thanks I owe be paid to Heav'n.  
And to Achilles meet reward be giv'n ?

**PHÆDRA.**

1677.



## INTRODUCTION TO PHÆEDRA.

THIS, the most popular of Racine's tragedies, was first presented on New Year's Day, 1677. It is avowedly an imitation of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, and is indebted for many touches to Seneca's play founded on the same theme. The authority of Plutarch, in his "Life of Theseus," is followed, so far as relates to the exploits of that hero and his imprisonment in Epirus, upon which latter incident Racine has made so much depend; for it is only when believing the rumour of her husband's death that Phædra is induced to declare her passion to Hippolytus. The character of Aricia and the part she takes in the development of the plot may be said, in spite of his disclaimer, to be due to the invention of the modern poet; for though there was an ancient tradition to the effect that Hippolytus was wedded to a maiden of that name, it was said to have been after his restoration to life by Æsculapius, a story which Virgil has embodied in the Seventh Book of the "Æneid." The hero's own submission to those tender feelings which he professed to despise, if it somewhat impairs the sacred dignity of Diana's votary as made familiar to us by Euripides, nevertheless brings him more within the range of human sympathy and interest. In rousing the furious jealousy of Phædra, Racine has supplied an adequate motive for her silent compliance in Cœnone's offer to shield her mistress at the expense of Hippolytus. It was a decided improvement upon the older versions of the tale to make the Nurse and not Phædra herself the author of the calumny which brought the innocent son of Theseus to his death. In the tragedy of Euripides the false charge against Hippolytus is conveyed in a letter attached to Phædra's corpse; in that of Seneca it is uttered by her own lips, though afterwards retracted. According to the Greek tragedian, Phædra hanged herself before the arrival of Theseus, to whom Artemis (Diana) at last reveals the truth; the Latin author makes her thrust a sword into her heart after full confession of her guilt. In Racine's play she dies by poison which she has taken before exonerating Hippolytus.

## CHARACTERS

**THESEUS**, *Son of Ægevb and King of Athms*

**PHÆDRA**, *Wife of Thresus and Daicghter of Minos and Paitphac*

**HIPPOLYTUS**, *Son of Thesus and Antiope, Quern of the Ama-ons*

**ARJCIA**, *Princess of the Blood Royal of Athens*

**ÆLNONE**, *Nurse of Phædra*

**THERAMPNES**, *Tutor of Hippolytus*

**ISMENF** *Bosom Friend of Aricra*

**PANOPE**, *Wattmq woman of Phædra*

*Guards*

The scene is laid at Trazen, a town of the Peloponnesus.

# PHÆDRA.

## A C T I .

### *Scene 1.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

HIPPOLYTUS.

My mind is settled, dear Theramenes,  
And I can stay no more in lovely Trœzen.  
In doubt that racks my soul with mortal anguish,  
I grow ashamed of such long idleness.  
Six months and more my father has been gone,  
And what may have befallen one so dear  
I know not, nor what corner of the earth  
Hides him.

THERAMENES.

And where, prince, will you look for him ?  
Already, to content your just alarm,  
Have I not cross'd the seas on either side  
Of Corinth, ask'd if aught were known of Theseus  
Where Acheron is lost among the Shades,  
Visited Elis, doubled Toenarus,  
And sail'd into the sea that saw the fall  
Of Icarus ? Inspired with what new hope,  
Under what favour'd skies think you to trace  
His footsteps ? Who knows if the King, your father,  
Wishes the secret of his absence known ?  
Perchance, while we are trembling for his life,  
The hero calmly plots some fresh intrigue,  
And only waits till the deluded fair—

## HIPPOLYTUS

Cease, dear Theramenes, respect the name  
 Of Theseus Youthful errors have been left  
 Behind, and no unworthy obstacle  
 Detains him Phædra long has fix'd a heart  
 Inconstant once, nor need she fear a rival  
 In seeking him I shall but do my duty,  
 And leave a place I dare no longer see

## THERAMENES

Indeed' When, pimce, did you begin to dread  
 These peaceful haunts, so dear to happy childhood  
 Where I have seen you oft prefer to stay,  
 Rather than meet the tumult and the pomp  
 Of Athens and the court? What danger shun you,  
 Or shall I say what grief?

## HIPPOLYTUS

That happy time

Is gone, and all is changed, since to these shores  
 The gods sent Phædra

## THERAMENES

I perceive the cause

Of your distress It is the queen whose sight  
 Offends you With a step-dame's spite she schemed  
 Your exile soon as she set eyes on you  
 But if her hatred is not wholly vamsh'd,  
 It has at least taken a milder aspect  
 Besides, what danger can a dymg woman,  
 One too who longs for death, bring on your head?  
 Can Phædra, sick'nmg of a dire disease  
 Of which she will not speak, weary of life  
 And of herself, form any plots against you?

## HIPPOLYTUS

It is not her vam enmity I fear  
 Another foe alarms Ehppolytus.

I fly, it must be own'd, from young Aricia,  
The sole survivor of an impious race.

THEKAMENES.

What! You become her persecutor too!  
The gentle sister of the cruel sons  
Of Pallas shared not in their perfidy;  
Why should you hate such charming innocence ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

I should not need to fly, if it were hatred.

THERAMENES.

May I then learn the meaning of your flight ?  
Is this the proud Hippolytus I see,  
Than whom there breathed no fiercer foe to love  
And to that yoke which Theseus has so oft  
Endured ? And can it be that Venus, seorn'd  
So long, will justify your sire at last ?  
Has she, then, setting you with other mortals,  
Forced e'en Hippolytus to offer incense  
Before her ? Can you love ?

HIPrOLYTUS.

Friend, ask me not.  
You, who have known my heart from infancy  
And all its feelings of disdainful pride.  
Spare me the shame of disavowing all  
That I profess'd. Born of an Amazon,  
The wildness that you wonder at I suck'd  
With mother's milk. When come to riper age,  
Reason approved what Nature had implanted.  
Sincerely bound to me by zealous service,  
You told me then the story of my sire,  
And know how oft, attentive to your voice,  
I kindled when I heard his noble acts,  
As you described him bringing consolation  
To mortals for the absence of Alcides,  
The highways clear'd of monsters and, of robbers,  
Procrustes, Cercyon, Sciro, Sinnis slain,

The Epidaunan giant's bones dispersed,  
 Crete reeking with the blood of Minotaur  
 But when you told me of less glorious deeds,  
 Troth plighted here and there and everywhere,  
 Young Helen stolen from her home at Sparta,  
 And Peribœa's tears in Salamis,  
 With many another trusting heart deceived  
 Whose very names have 'scaped his memory.  
 Forsaken Ariadne to the rocks  
 Complaining, last this Phædra, bound to him  
 By better ties,—you know with what regret  
 I heard and urged you to cut short the tale,  
 Happy had I been able to erase  
 From my remembrance that unworthy part  
 Of such a splendid record I, in turn,  
 Am I too made the slave of love, and brought  
 To stoop so low ? The more contemptible  
 That no renown is mine such as exalts  
 The name of Theseus, that no monsters quell'd  
 Have given me a right to share his weakness  
 And if my pride of heart must needs be humbled,  
 Anxia should have been the last to tame it  
 Was I beside myself to have forgotten  
 Eternal barriers of separation  
 Between us ? By my father's stern command  
 Her brethren's blood must ne'er be reinforced  
 By sons of hers, he dreads a single shoot  
 From stock so guilty, and would fain with her  
 Bury their name, that, even to the tomb  
 Content to be his ward, for her no torch  
 Of Hymen may be ht Shall I espouse  
 Her rights against my sire, rashly provoke  
 His wrath, and launch upon a mad career—

#### THERAMENES

The gods, dear prince, if once your hour is come,  
 Care little for the reasons that should guide us  
 Wishing to shut your eyes, Theseus unseals them,  
 His hatred, stirring a rebellious flame  
 Within you, lends his enemy new charms

And, after all, why should a guiltless passion  
 Alarm you? Dare you not essay its sweetness,  
 But follow rather a fastidious scruple?  
 Fear you to stray where Hercules has wander'd?  
 What heart so stout that Venus has not vanquish'd?  
 Where would you be yourself, so long her foe,  
 Had your own mother, constant in her scorn  
 Of love, ne'er glowed with tenderness for Theseus?  
 What boots it to affect a pride you feel not?  
 Confess it, all is changed; for some time past  
 You have been seldom seen with wild delight  
 Urging the rapid car along the strand,  
 Or, skilful in the art that Neptune taught,  
 Making th' unbroken steed obey the bit;  
 Less often have the woods return'd our shouts;  
 A secret burden on your spirits cast  
 Has dimm'd your eye. How can I doubt you love?  
 Vainly would you conceal the fatal wound.  
 Has not the fair Arieia touch'd your heart?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

Theramenes, I go to find my father.

**THEBAMENES.**

Will you not see the queen before you start,  
 My prince?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

That is my purpose: you can tell her.  
 Yes, I will see her; duty bids me do it.  
 But what new ill vexes her dear Cœnone?

*Scene 2.*

HIPPOLYTUS, CœNONE, THEKAMRNES.

**CœNONE.**

Alas, my lord, what grief was e'er like mine?  
 The queen has almost touch'd the gates of death.  
 Vainly close watch I keep by day and night,

E'en in my arms a secret malady  
 Slays her, and ail her senses are disorder'd  
 Weary yet restless from her couch she rises,  
 Pants for the outer air, but bids me see  
 That no one on her misery intrudes  
 She comes

HIPPOLYTUS

Enough She shall not be disturb'd,  
 Nor be confronted with a face she hates

*Scene 3*

PHÆDRA, CENONE

PHÆDRA

We have gone far enough Stay, dear CEnone,  
 Strength fails me, and I needs must rest awhile  
 My eyes are dazzled with this glaring light  
 So long unseen, my trembling knees refuse  
 Support Ah me'

CENONE

Would Heaven that our tears  
 Might bring relief '

PHÆDRA

Ah, how these cumbrous gauds,  
 These veils oppress me ' What officious hand  
 Has tied these knots, and gather'd o'er my brow  
 These clustering coils ? How all conspires to add  
 To my distress'

CENONE

What is one moment wish'd,  
 The next, is irksome Did you not -just now,  
 Sick of inaction, bid us deck you out,  
 And, with your former energy recall'd,  
 Desire to go abroad, and see the light  
 Of day once more ? You see it, and would fain  
 Be hidden from the sunshine that you sought

PHÆDRA.

Thou glorious author of a hapless race,  
 Whose daughter 'twas my mother's boast to be,  
 Who well may'st blush to see me in such plight,  
 For the last time I come to look on thee,  
 O Sun!

CENONE.

What! Still are you in love with death?  
 Shall I ne'er see you, reconciled to life,  
 Forego these cruel accents of despair?

PHÆDRA.

Would I were seated in the forest's shade!  
 When may I follow with delighted eye,  
 Thro' glorious dust flying in full career,  
 A chariot—

CENONE.

Madam?

PHÆDRA.

Have I lost my senses?  
 What said I? and where am I? Whither stray  
 Vain wishes? Ah! The gods have made me mad.  
 I blush, CEnone, and confusion covers  
 My face, for I have let you see too clearly  
 The shame and grief that, in my own despite,  
 O'erflow these eyes of mine.

CENONE.

If you must blush,  
 Blush at a silence that inflames your woes.  
 Resisting all my care, deaf to my voice,  
 Will you have no compassion on yourself,  
 But let your life be ended in mid course?  
 What evil spell has drain'd its fountain dry?  
 Thrice have the shades of night obscured the heav'ns  
 Since sleep has enter'd thro' your eyes, and thrice  
 The dawn has chased the darkness thence, since food  
 Pass'd your wan lips, and you are faint and languid.

To what dread purpose is your heart inclined ?  
 How dare you make attempts upon your life,  
 And so offend the gods who gave it you,  
 Prove false to Theseus and your marriage vows,  
 Ay, and betray your most unhappy children,  
 Bending their necks yourself beneath the yoke ?  
 That day, be sure, which robs them of their mother,  
 Will give high hopes back to the stranger's son,  
 To that proud enemy of you and yours,  
 To whom an Amazon gave birth, I mean  
 Hippolytus—

PHÆDRA

Ye godss'

ÆNONE

Ah, this reproach

Moves you ?

PHÆDRA

Unhappy woman, to what name  
 Gave your mouth utterance ?

ÆNONE

Your wrath is just  
 'Tis well that that ill-omen'd name can rouse  
 Such rage Then live Let love and duty urge  
 Their claims Live, suffer not this son of Scythia,  
 Crushing your children 'neath his odious sway,  
 To rule the noble offspring of the gods,  
 The purest blood of Greece Make no delay,  
 Each moment threatens death, quickly restore  
 Your shattered strength, while yet the torch of life  
 Holds out, and can be fann'd into a flame

PHÆDRA

Too long have I endured its guilt and shame !

ÆNONE

Why ? What remorse gnaws at your heart ? What crime  
 Can have disturbed you thus ? Your hands are not  
 Polluted with the blood of innocence ?

PHÆDRA.

Thanks be to Heav'n, my hands are free from stain.  
Would that my soul were innocent as they !

CENONE.

What awful project have you then conceived,  
Whereat your conscience should be still alarm'd ?

PHÆDRA.

Have I not said enough ? Spare me the rest.  
I die to save myself-a full confession.

CENONE.

Die then, and keep a silence so inhuman;  
But seek some other hand to close your eyes.  
Tho' but a spark of life remains within you,  
My soul shall go before you to the Shades.  
A thousand roads are always open thither;  
Pain'd at your want of confidence, I'll choose  
The shortest. Cruel one, when has my faith  
Deceived you ? Think how in my arms you lay  
New born. For you, my country and my children  
I have forsaken. Do you thus repay  
My faithful service ?

PHÆDRA.

What do you expect  
From words so bitter ? Were I to break silence,  
Horror would freeze your blood.

CENONE.

What can you say  
To horrify me more than to behold  
You die before my eyes ?

PHÆDRA.

When you shall know  
My crime, my death will follow none the less,  
But with the added stain of guilt.

ÆNONE

Dear Madam,  
By all the tears that I have shed for you,  
By these weak knees I clasp, relieve my mind  
From torturing doubt

PHÆDRA

It is your wish    Then rise

ÆNONE

I hear you    Speak

PHÆDRA

Heav'ns '    How shall I begin ?

ÆNONE

Dismiss your fears, you wound me with distrust

PHÆDRA

O fatal animosity of Venus '  
Into what wild distractions did she cast  
My mother '

ÆNONF

Be they blotted from remembrance,  
And for all time to come buried in silence

PHÆDRA

My sister Anadine, by what love  
Were you betray'd to death, on lonely shores  
Forsaken '

ÆNONE

Madam, what deep-seated pain  
Prompts these reproaches against all your kin?

PHÆDRA.

It is the will of Venus, and I perish,  
Last, most unhappy of a family  
Where all were wretched

SCENE 3.]

THÆDRA.

ÆNONE.

Do you love ?

THÆDRA.

I feel

All its mad fever.

ÆNONE.

Ah ! For whom ?

PHÆDRA.

Hear now

The crowning horror. Yes, I love—*my* lips  
Tremble to say his name.

ÆNONE.

Whom ?

PHÆDEA.

Know you h

Son of the Amazon, whom I've oppress'd  
So long ?

ÆNONE.

Hippolytus ? Great gods !

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you

Have named him.

ÆNONE.

All my blood within my veins  
Seems frozen. O despair ! O cursed race !  
Ill-omen'd journey ! Land of misery !  
Why did we ever reach thy dangerous shores ?

PHÆDRA.

My wound is not so recent. Scarcely had I  
Been bound to Theseus by the marriage yoke.  
And happiness and peace seem'd well secured.

When Athens show'd me my proud enemy  
 I looked, alternately turn'd pale and blush'd  
 To see him, and my soul grew all distraught,  
 A mist obscured my vision, and my voice  
 Falter'd, my blood ran cold, then burn'd like fire ,  
 Venus I felt in all my fever'd frame,  
 Whose fury had so many of my race  
 Pursued With fervent vows I sought to shun  
 Her torments, built and deck'd for her a shrine,  
 And there, 'mid countless victims did I seek  
 The reason I had lost, but all for naught,  
 No remedy could cure the wounds of love'  
 In vam I offered incense on her altars,  
 When I invoked her name my heart adored  
 Hippolytus, before me constantly,  
 And when I made her altars smoke with victims,  
 'Twas for a god whose name I dared not utter  
 I fled his presence everywhere, but found him—  
 O crowning horror'—m his father's features  
 Against myself, at last, I raised revolt,  
 And stirr'd my courage up to persecute  
 The enemy I loved To banish him  
 I wore a step-dame's harsh and jealous carnage,  
 With ceaseless cries I clamour'd for his exile,  
 Till I had torn him from his father's arms  
 I breathed once more, CEnone, m his absence  
 My days flow'd on less troubled than before,  
 And innocent Submissive to *my* husband,  
 I hid my grief, and of our fatal marriage  
 Cherish'd the fruits Vain caution ' Cruel Fate'  
 Brought hither by my spouse himself, I saw  
 Again the enemy whom I had banish'd,  
 And the old wound too quickly bled afresh  
 No longer is it love hid in my heart,  
 But Venus in her might seizing her prey  
 I have conceived just terror for my crime,  
 I hate my life, and hold my love m horror  
 Dying I wish'd to keep my fame unsullied,  
 And bury in the grave a guilty passion,  
 But I have been unable to withstand  
 Tears and entreaties, I have told you all ,

SCENE 4.]

PHÆDEA.

Content, if only, as my end draws near,  
You do not vex me with unjust reproaches,  
Nor with vain efforts seek to snatch from death  
The last faint lingering sparks of vital breath.

*Scene 4.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE, PANOPE.

PANOPE.

Fain would I hide from you tidings so sad,  
But 'tis my duty, Madam, to reveal them.  
The hand of death has seized your peerless husband,  
And you are last to hear of this disaster.

CENONE.

What say you, Panope ?

PANOPE.

The queen, deceived  
By a vain trust in Heav'n, begs safe return  
For Theseus, while Hippolytus his son  
Learns of his death from vessels that are now  
In port.

PHÆEDRA.

Ye gods!

PANOPE.

Divided counsels sway  
The choice of Athens ; some would have the prince,  
four child, for master ; others, disregarding  
The laws, dare to support the stranger's son.  
'Tis even said that a presumptuous faction  
Would crown Aricia and the house of Pallas.  
I deem'd it right to warn you of this danger.  
Hippolytus already is prepared  
To start, and should he show himself at Athens,

'Tis to be fear'd the fickle crowd will all  
Follow his lead

ÆNONE

Enough The queen, who hears you,  
By no means will neglect this timely warning

*Scene 5*

PHÆDRA, ÆNONE

ÆNONE

Dear lady, I had almost ceased to urge  
The wish that you should live, thinking to follow  
My mistress to the tomb, from which my voice  
Had fail'd to turn you , but this new misfortune  
Alters the aspect of affairs, and prompts  
Fresh measures Madam, Theseus is no more,  
You must supply his place He leaves a son,  
A slave, if you should dre, but, if you live,  
A King On whom has he to lean but you? \*  
No hand but yours will dry his tears Then live  
For him, or else the tears of innocence  
Will move the gods, his ancestors, to wrath  
Against his mother Live, your guilt is gone,  
No blame attaches to your passion now  
The King's decease has freed you from the bonds  
That made the crime and horror of your love  
Hippolytus no longer need be dreaded,  
Him you may see henceforth without reproach  
It may be, that, convinced of your aversion,  
He means to head the rebels Undeceive him,  
Soften his callous heart, and bend his pride  
King of this fertile land, in Trœzen here  
His portion lies , but as he knows, the laws  
Give to your son the ramparts that Minerva  
Built and protects A common enemy  
Threatens you both, unite then to oppose  
Aricia

PHÆDRA.

To your counsel I consent.  
 Yes, I will live, if life can be restored,  
 If my affection for a son has pow'r  
 To rouse my sinking heart at such a dangerous hour.

A C T I T .

*Scene 1.*

ARICIA, ISMENE.

ARICIA.

Hippolytus request to see me here !  
 Hippolytus desire to bid farewell!  
 Is 't true, Ismene ? Are you not deceived ?

ISMENE.

This is the first result of Theseus' death.  
 Prepare yourself to see from every side  
 Hearts turn towards you that were kept away  
 By Theseus. Mistress of her lot at last,  
 Aricia soon shall find all Greece fall low,  
 To do her homage.

ARICIA.

'Tis not then, Ismene,  
 An idle tale ? Am I no more a slave ?  
 Have I no enemies ?

ISMENE.

The gods oppose  
 Your peace no longer, and the soul of Theseus  
 Is with your brothers.

ARICIA.

Does the voice of fame  
 Tell how he died ?

## ISMENE

Rumours incredible  
**Are** spread Some say that, seizing a new bride,  
 The faithless husband by the waves was swallow'd  
 Others affirm, and this report prevails,  
 That with Pnrthous to the world below  
 He went, and saw the shores of dark Cocytus,  
 Showing himself alive to the pale ghosts,  
 But that he could not leave those gloomy realms,  
 Which whoso enters there abides for ever

## ARICIA

Shall I belive that ere his destined hour  
 A mortal may descend into the gulf  
 Of Hades ? What attraction could overcome  
 Its terrors ?

## ISMENE

He is dead, and you alone  
 Doubt it The men of Athens mourn his loss  
 Treezen already hails Hippolytus  
 As King And Phaedra, fearing for her son,  
 Asks counsel of the friends who share her tiouble,  
 Here in this palace

## ARICIA

Will Hippolytus,  
 Think you, prove kinder than his sire, make light  
 My chains, and pity my misfortunes '

## ISMENE

Yes  
 I think so, Madam

## ARICIA

Ah, you know him not  
 Or you would never deem so haid a heart  
 Can pity feel, or me alone except  
 From the contempt in which he holds our sex  
 Has he not long avoided every spot  
 Where we lesort?

## ISMENE.

I know what tales are told  
Of proud Hippolytus, but I have seen  
Him near you, and have watch'd with curious eye  
How one esteem'd so cold would bear himself.  
Little did his behaviour correspond  
With what I look'd for; in his face confusion  
Appeaj'd at your first glance, he could not turn  
His languid eyes away, but gazed on you.  
Love is a word that may offend his pride,  
But what the tongue disowns, looks can betray.

## ARICIA.

How eagerly my heart hears what you say,  
Tho' it may be delusion, dear Ismene!  
Did it seem possible to you, who know me,  
That I, sad sport of a relentless Fate,  
Fed upon bitter tears by night and day,  
Could ever taste the maddening draught of love ?  
The last frail offspring of a royal race,  
Children of Earth, I only have survived  
War's fury. Cut off in the flow'r of youth,  
Mown by the sword, six brothers have I lost.  
The hope of an illustrious house, whose blood  
Earth drank with sorrow, near akin to his  
Whom she herself produced. Since then, you know  
How thro' all Greece no heart has been allow'd  
To sigh for me, lest by a sister's flame  
The brothers' ashes be perchance rekindled.  
You know, besides, with what disdain I view'd  
My conqueror's suspicions and precautions,  
And how, opposed as I have ever been  
To love, I often thank'd the King's injustice  
Which happily confirm'd my inclination.  
But then I never had beheld his son.  
Not that, attracted merely by the eye,  
I love him for his beauty and his grace,  
Endowments which he owes to Nature's bounty,  
Charms which he seems to know not or to scorn.  
I love and prize in **him** riches more rare,

The virtues of his sire, without his faults  
 I love, as I must own, that generous pride  
 Which ne'er has stoop'd beneath the amorous yoke  
 Phsedra reaps little glory from a lover  
 So lavish of his sighs , I am too proud  
 To share devotion with a thousand others,  
 Or enter where the door is always open  
 But to make one who ne'er has stoop'd before  
 Bend his proud neck, to pierce a heart of stone,  
 To bind a captive whom his chains astonish,  
 Who vantly 'gainst a pleasing yoke rebels,—  
 That piques my ardour, and I long for that  
 'Twas easier to disarm the god of strength  
 Than this Hippolytus, for Hercules  
 Yielded so often to the eyes of beauty,  
 As to make triumph cheap But, dear Ismene,  
 I take too little heed of opposition  
 Beyond my pow'r to quell, and you may hear me,  
 Humbled by sore defeat, upbraid the pride  
 I now admire What' Can he love ? and I  
 Have had the happiness to bend—

ISMENE

He comes

Yourself shall hear him

*Scene 2*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, ISMENE

HIPPOLYTUS

Lady, ere I go  
 My duty bids me tell you of your change  
 Of fortune My worst fears are realized ,  
 My sire is dead Yes, his protracted absence  
 Was caused as I foreboded Death alone,  
 Ending his toils, could keep him from the world  
 Conceal'd so long The gods at last have doom'd  
 Alcides' friend, companion, and successor

I think your hatred, tender to his virtues,  
 Can hear such terms of praise without resentment,  
 Knowing them due. One hope have I that sooths  
 My sorrow: I can free you from restraint.  
 Lo, I revoke the laws whose rigour moved  
 My pity; you are at your own disposal,  
 Both heart and hand; here, in *my* heritage,  
 In Trcezen, where my grands ire Pittheus reign' d  
 Of y6re and I am now acknowledged King,  
 I leave you free, free as myself,—and more.

ARICA.

Your kindness is too great, 'tis overwhelming.  
 Such generosity, that pays disgrace  
 With honour, lends more force than you can think  
 To those harsh laws from which you would release me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Athens, uncertain how to fill the throne  
 Of Theseus, speaks of you, anon of me,  
 And then of Phaedra's son.

ARICIA.

Of me, my lord?

HIPPOLYTITS.

I know myself excluded by strict law :  
 Greece turns to my reproach a foreign mother.  
 But if my brother were my only rival,  
 My rights prevail o'er his clearly enough  
 To make me careless of the law's caprice.  
 My forwardness is check'd by juster claims :  
 To you I yield my place, or, rather, own  
 That it is yours by right, and yours the sceptre,  
 As handed down from Earth's great son, Erechtheus.  
 Adoption placed it in the hands of Ægeus:  
 Athens, by him protected and increased,  
 Welcomed a king so generous as my sire,  
 And left your hapless brothers in oblivion.  
 Now she invites you back within her walls;

II.

Q

Protracted strife has cost her groans enough,  
 Her fields are glutted with your kinsmen's blood  
 Fatt'ning the furrows out of which it sprung  
 At first I rule this Troezen, while the son  
 Of Phaedra has in Crete a rich domain  
 Athens is yours I will do all I can  
 To join for you the votes divided now  
 Between us

ARICIA

Stunn'd at all I hear, my lord,  
 I fear, I almost fear a dream deceives me  
 Am I indeed awake ? Can I believe  
 Such generosity ? What god has put it  
 Into your heart ? Well is the fame deserved  
 That you enjoy' That fame falls short of truth '  
 Would you for me prove traitor to yourself ?  
 Was it not boon enough never to hate me,  
 So long to have abstain'd from harbouring  
 The enmity—

HIPPOLYTUS

To hate you ? I, to hate you ?  
 However darkly my fierce pride was painted,  
 Do you suppose a monster gave me birth ?  
 What savage temper, what evenom'd hatred  
 Would not be mollified at sight of you ?  
 Could I resist the soul-bewitching charm —

ARICIA

Why, what is this, Sir ?

HIPPOLYTUS

I have said too much  
 Not to say more Pnidence in vam resists  
 The violence of passion I have broken  
 Silence at last, and I must tell you now  
 The secret that my heart can hold no longer  
 You see before you an unhappy instance  
 Of hasty pride, a prince who claims compassion  
 I, who, so long the enemy of Love,

Mock'd at his fetters and despised his captives,  
Who, pitying poor mortals that were shipwreck'd,  
In seeming safety view'd the storms from land,  
Now find myself to the same fate exposed,  
Toss'd to and fro upon a sea of troubles!  
My boldness has been vanquish'd in a moment,  
And humbled is the pride wherein I boasted.  
For nearly six months past, ashamed, despairing,  
Bearing where'er I go the shaft that rends  
My heart, I struggle vainly to be free  
From you and from myself ; I shun you, present;  
Absent, I find you near ; I see your form  
In the dark forest depths ; the shades of night,  
Nor less broad daylight, bring back to my view  
The charms that I avoid ; all things conspire  
To make Hippolytus your slave. For fruit  
Of all my bootless sighs, I fail to find  
My former self. My bow and javelins  
Please me no more, my chariot is forgotten,  
With all the Sea God's lessons ; and the woods  
Echo my groans instead of joyous shouts  
Urging my fiery steeds.

Hearing this tale  
Of passion so uncouth, you blush perchance  
At your own handiwork. With what wild words  
I offer you my heart, strange captive held  
By silken jess! But dearer in your eyes  
Should be the offering, that this language comes  
Strange to my lips ; reject not vows express'd  
So ill, which but for you had ne'er been form'd.

*Scene 3.*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, THERAMENES, ISMENE.

THERAMENES.

Prince, the Queen comes. I herald her approach.  
'Tis you she seeks.

HIPPOLYTUS

Me?

THERAMENES

What her thought may be  
I know not But I speak on her behalf  
She would converse with you ere you go hence

HIPPOLYTUS

What shall I say to her ? Can she expect—

ARICIA

You cannot, noble Prince, refuse to hear her,  
Howe'er convinced she is your enemy,  
Some shade of pity to her tears is due

HIPPOLYTUS

Shall we part thus ? and will you let me go,  
Not knowing if my boldness has offended  
The goddess I adore ? Whether this heait,  
Left in your hands—

ARICIA

Go, Prince, pursue the schemes  
Your generous soul dictates, make Athens own  
My sceptre All the gifts you offer me  
Will I accept, but this high throne of empire  
Is not the one most precious in my sight

*Scene 4*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS

Friend, is all ready ?

But the Queen approaches  
Go, see the vessel in fit trim to sail

Haste, bid the crew aboard, and hoist the signal;  
Then soon return, and so deliver me  
From interview most irksome.

*Scene 5.*

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, CÆNONE.

PHÆDRA (*to* CÆNONE).

There I see him!

My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak  
What I am come to say.

CÆNONE.

Think of your son,  
How all his hopes depend on you.

PHÆDRA.

I hear  
You leave us, and in haste. I come to add  
My tears to your distress, and for a son  
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,  
And at no distant day my son must witness  
My death. Alrea'dy do a thousand foes  
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.  
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,  
And fear lest I have shut your ears against  
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger  
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned  
By me, his mother.

HIPPOLYTUS.

No such base resentment,  
Madam, is mine.

PHÆDRA.

I could not blame you, Prince,  
If you should hate me. I have injured you:  
So much you know, but could not read my heart.

T' m'cui your enmity has been mine aim  
 The self-same borders could not hold us both ,  
 In public and in private I declared  
 Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas  
 Parted us from each other I forbade  
 Your very name to be pronounced before me  
 And yet if punishment should be proportion'd  
 To the offence, if only hatred draws  
 Your hatred, never woman merited  
 More pity, less deserved your enmity

#### HIPPOLYTUS

A mother jealous of her children's rights  
 Seldom forgives the oft spring of a wife  
 Who reign'd before her Haiassmg suspicions  
 Are common sequels of a second marriage.  
 Of me would any other have been jealous  
 No less than you, perhaps more violent

Ah, Prince, how Heav'n has from the general law  
 Made me exempt, be that same Heav'n my witness  
 Far different is the trouble that devours me'

#### HIPPOLYTUS

Tis is no time for self-reproaches, Madam  
 It may be that your husband still beholds  
 The light, and Heav'n may grant him safe return,  
 In answer to our prayers His guardian god  
 Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain

#### PHÆDRA

He who has seen the mansions of the dead  
 Returns not thence Since to those gloomy shores  
 Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that Heav'n  
 May send him back Prince, there is no release  
 From Acheron's greedy maw And yet, methinks,  
 He lives, and breathes in you I see him still  
 Before me, and to him I seem to speak,

SCENE 5.]

PHÆDRA.

My heart—

Oh! I am mad; do what I will,  
I cannot hide my passion.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Yes, I see  
The strange effects of love. Theseus, tho' dead,  
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul  
There burns a constant flame.

PHÆDRA.

Ah, yes, for Theseus  
I languish and I long, not as the Shades  
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms  
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride  
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud  
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms  
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,  
Or like 3 ourself. He had your mien, your eyes,  
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle  
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he cross'd the waves,  
Worthy to win the love of Minos' daughters.  
What were you doing then? Why did he gather  
The flow'r of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?  
Oh, why were you too young to have embark'd  
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?  
At your hands would the monster then have pensh'd  
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.  
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze  
My sister would have arm'd you with the clue.  
But no, therein would Phædra have forestall'd her,  
Love would have first inspired me with the thought;  
And I it would have been whose timely aid  
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.  
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!  
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:  
I would myself have wish'd to lead the way,  
And share the peril you were bound to face;  
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,  
Willi you emerged in safety, or have perish'd

## HIPPOLYTUS

Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forgotten  
That Theseus is my lather and your husband?

## PHÆDRA

Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance  
Thereot, and am regardless of mine honour?

## HIPPOLYTUS

Forgive me, Madam With a blush I own  
That I misconstrued words of innocence  
For very shame I cannot bear your sight  
Longer I go—

## PHÆDRA

Ah! cruel Prince, too well  
You understood me I have said enough  
To save you from mistake I love But think not  
That at the moment when I love you most  
I do not feel my guilt, no weak compliance  
Has fed the poison that infects my brain  
The lil-starr'd object of celestial vengeance,  
I am not so detestable to you  
As to myself The gods will bear me witness,  
Who have within my veins kindled this fire,  
The gods, who take a barbarous delight  
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray  
Do you yourself recall to mmd the past  
'Twas not enough for me to fly, I chased you  
Out of the country, wishing to appear  
Inhuman, odious, to resist you better,  
I sought to make you hate me All in vain '  
Hating me more I loved you none the less  
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes  
I have been drown'd in tears, and scorch'd by fire,  
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,  
If tor one moment you could look at me  
What is 't I say? Think you this vile confession  
That I have made is what I meant to utter?  
Not daring to betray a son for whom

I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate him  
 I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full  
 Of love for you to speak of aught besides!  
 Take your revenge, punish my odious passion ;  
 Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,  
 And rid the world of an offensive monster!  
 Does Theseus' widow dare to love his son ?  
 The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!  
 Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.  
 Already prompt to expiate its guilt,  
 I feel it leap impatiently to meet  
 Your arm. Strike home. Or, if it would disgrace you  
 To steep your hand in such polluted blood,  
 If that were punishment too mild to slake  
 Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not  
 Your arm. Quick, give 't.

ÆNONE.

What, Madam, will you do?  
 Just gods! But someone comes. Go, fly from shame,  
 You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

*Scene 6.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

THERAMENES.

Is that the form of Phædra that I see  
 Hurried away? What mean these signs of sorrow?  
 Where is your sword? Why are you pale, confused?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confounded  
 With horror and astonishment extreme.  
 Phædra—but no; gods, let this dreadful secret  
 Remain for ever buried in oblivion.

**THERAMENES**

The ship is ready if you wish to sail  
 But Athens has already giv'n her vote,  
 Their leaders have consulted all her tribes,  
 Your brother is elected, Phaedra wms

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Phaedra ?

**THERAMENES**

A herald, charged with a commission  
 From Athens, has arnved to place the rems  
 Of power in her hands Her son is King

**HIPPOLYTUS**

Ye gods, who know her, do ye thus reward  
 Her virtue ?

**THERAMENES**

A faint rumour meanwhile whispers  
 That Theseus is not dead, but m Epirus  
 Has shown himself But, after all my seanh,  
 I know too well—

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Let nothing be neglected  
 This rumour must be traced back to its source  
 If it be found unworthy of belief,  
 Let us set sail, and cost whate'er it may.  
 To hands deserving trust the sceptre's sway

## ACT III.

*Scene 1.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! Let them take elsewhere the worthless honours  
 They bring me. Why so urgent I should see them?  
 What flattering balm can soothe my wounded heart?  
 Far rather hide me: I have said too much.  
 My madness has burst forth like streams in flood,  
 And I have utter'd what should ne'er have reach'd  
 His ear. Gods! How he heard me! How reluctant  
 To catch my meaning, dull and cold as marble,  
 And eager only for a quick retreat!  
 How oft his blushes made my shame the deeper!  
 Why did you turn me from the death I sought?  
 Ah! When his sword was pointed to my bosom,  
 Did he grow pale, or try to snatch it from me?  
 That I had touch'd it was enough for him  
 To render it for ever horrible,  
 Leaving defilement on the hand that holds it.

CENONE.

Thus brooding on your bitter disappointment,  
 You only fan a fire that must be stifled.  
 Would it not be more worthy of the blood  
 Of Minos to find peace in nobler cares,  
 And, in defiance of a wretch who flies  
 From what he hates, reign, mount the proffer'd throne?

PHÆDRA.

I reign! Shall I the rod of empire sway,  
 When reason reigns no longer o'er myself?  
 When I have lost control of all my senses?  
 When 'neath a shameful yoke I scarce can breathe?  
 When I am dying?

CENONE

Fly

PHÆDRA

I cannot leave him

CENONE

Dare you not fly from him you dared to bamsh ?

PHÆDRA

The time for that is past    He knows my frenzy  
 I have o'erstepp'd the bounds of modesty,  
 And blazon'd forth my shame before his eyes  
 Hope stole into my heart against my will  
 Bid you not rally my declining pow'rs?  
 Was it not you yourself recall'd my soul  
 When fluttering on my lips, and with your counsel,  
 Lent me fresh life, and told me I might love him '

CENONE

Blame me or blame me not for your misfortunes,  
 Of what was I incapable, to save you '  
 But if your indignation e'er was roused  
 By insult, can you pardon his contempt ?  
 How cruelly his eyes, severely fix'd,  
 Survey'd you almost prostrate at his feet'  
 How hateful then appeared his savage pride'  
 Why did not Phædra see him then as I  
 Beheld him ?

PHÆDRA.

                  This proud mood that you resent  
 May yield to time    The rudeness of the forests  
 Where he was bred, mured to rigorous laws,  
 Clings to him still, love is a word he ne'er  
 Had heard before    It may be his surprise  
 Stunn'd him, and too much vehemence was shown  
 In all I said

CENONE.

Remember that his mother  
Was a barbarian.

PHÆDRA.

Scythian tho' she was,  
She learnt to love.

CENONE.

He has for all the sex  
Hatred intense.

PHÆDRA.

Then in his heart no rival  
Shall ever reign. Your counsel comes too late.  
Cenone, serve my madness, not my reason.  
His heart is inaccessible to love :  
Let us attack him where he has more feeling.  
The charms of sovereignty appear'd to touch him ;  
He could not hide that he was drawn to Athens ;  
His vessels' prows were thither turn'd already,  
All sail was set to scud before the breeze.  
Go you on my behalf, to his ambition  
Appeal, and let the prospect of the crown  
Dazzle his eyes. The sacred diadem  
Shall deck his brow, no higher honour mine  
Than there to bind it. His shall be the pow'r  
I cannot keep; aud he shall teach my son  
How to rule men. It may be he will deign  
To be to him a father. Son and mother  
He shall control. Try ev'ry means to move him ;  
Your words will find more favour than can mine.  
Urge him with groans and tears; show Phædra dying,  
Nor blush to use the voice of supplication.  
In you is my last hope; I'll sanction all  
You say; and on the issue hangs my fate.

And see the day of Ilium's overthrow  
 Thy scornful speech tells me how dear a price  
 For thy proud succour I should have to pay  
 Self-constituted arbiter of Greece,  
 Thou fain wouldst leave me but an empty name  
 Vaunting thy valour thou wouldst claim the lead,  
 And make all Greece crmge to thy sovereign will  
 A benefit that serves as ground for censure  
 Is an offence    Less care I for thy valour  
 Than for obedience    Fly    Thy feeble anger  
 I fear not, and I snap all ties between us

## ACHILLES

Be thankful for the single tre that holds  
 My wrath in check    Iphigema's father  
 I still respect    Haply, without that name,  
 Great as thy pow'ri may be, such bold defiance  
 Were thy last utterance    Hear but one word  
 I have thy daughter and my fame alike  
 To guard    If her thou art resolved to slay,  
 Thy sword must through this body carve its way

*Scene 7*

## AGAMEMNON

Thus is it made impossible to save her!  
 My child, unaided, had more pow'r to move me  
 His saucy love, that thinks to make me tremble,  
 Will speed the stroke that he would fain prevent  
 No more demur '    Defy his violence '     
 My honour is at stake, and turns the scale  
 Achilles' threats settle my waveung heart  
 Pity would seem the consequence of fear  
 Ho ' Guards, advance '

*Scene 8.*

AGAMEMNON, EURYBATES, GUARDS.

EURYBATES.

My lord.

AGAMEMNON (*aside*).

What shall I do ?

How can I give them orders so inhuman ?  
 For what fierce conflict must I make me ready ?  
 Who is this foe whom they are to arrest ?  
 •A mother waits, intrepid to defend  
 Her offspring from a father bent on slaughter:  
 My troops, than I less cruel, will respect  
 The daughter of their King clasp'd in her arms.  
 Achilles utters scornful threats : does that  
 Lessen my daughter's dutiful submission ?  
 Has she been eager to escape the altar,  
 Or cried in terror at the stroke I wish  
 To deal her ? Why such wish ? This impious zeal,  
 What can it gain by sacrificing her ?  
 However glorious be the prize proposed,  
 What bays can please me, water'd with her blood ?  
 I wish to move th' almighty pow'rs of Heav'n :  
 What gods can be more cruel than myself ?  
 I cannot do it. No, a father's love  
 Shall conquer, and compassion raise no longer  
 A blush of shame. Yes, she shall live.

But, what!

Shall proud Achilles trample on mine honour ?  
 His arrogant presumption, so puff'd up,  
 Will think he made me tremble, made me yield-  
 Vain cares perplex my mind. Can I not bring  
 The haughty spirit of Achilles low ?  
 Let my child be a sight to vex his eyes:  
 He loves her, he shall see her wed another.

(To ETRYBATES )

Go, call the princess and the queen, and say  
That they have naught to fear

*Scene 9*

AGAMEMNON, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Great gods, if still

Determined to bereave me of my child,  
Before your hatred what can mortals do ?  
My love I know, that fain would rescue her,  
But weighs her down, but such a costly victim  
Is worth a second summons to obey  
The harsh injunction that on me ye lay

*Scene 10*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTJEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLT  
ETRYBATES, DORIS, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Go, Madam, go, be careful of her life  
I give you back your child, a sacred trust  
Hasten her steps far from this dangerous place  
Areas shall be your escort, with my guards,  
His happy indiscretion I will pardon  
All hangs on secrecy and quick despatch  
As yet no word have Calchas or Ulysses  
Spoken, beware they hear not of this flight  
Let no one see your daughter, all the camp  
Must think I keep her still, and send you home  
Alone Now speed you hence May Heav'n content  
With tears already shed, withhold her long  
Prom my sad eyes '

*(To his Guards.)*

Follow the queen.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

My lord!

IPHIGENIA.

Father!

AGAMEMNON.

Let Calchas, thirsting for her blood,  
Be foil'd: delay not. And, to mask your flight,  
I will beguile him with some feign'd excuse:  
I'll cause the fatal rites to be suspended,  
Claiming a respite till this day be ended.

*Scene 11.*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

ERIPHYLE.

Follow me, Doris: our way lies not there.

DORIS.

Go you not with them?

ERIPHYLE.

Ah! At last I yield.  
Achilles loves her,—thought that burns like fire  
I will not carry hence a useless rage;  
I hesitate no more; I must destroy her,  
Or die myself. Come. Calchas shall know all.

## A C T V

*Scene 1*

IPHIGENIA, ÆGISA

IPHIGENIA

Hinder me not, Ægina To the queen  
 Go back, the wrathful Gods must be appeas'd  
 In wishing to deprive them of my blood,  
 Look what a stoim they rouse, ready to fall,  
 Consider how my mother needs your care,  
 See how our flight is block'd by all the army,  
 With what insulting gestures everywhere  
 They flash their spear-points in our very faces  
 Our guards have been repuls'd,—the queen has fainted—  
 Ah 'tis too great a risk detain me not  
 Why should I here await her feeble succour ?  
 Leave me to take advantage of this swoon  
 My father too, if I must tell the truth,  
 E'en while he saves my life, tells me to dre

ÆGINA

Your fathei, Madam ' Why, what then has happen'd ?

IPHIGENIA

Achilles, in his zeal, may to the king  
 Have giv'n offence, and he would have me share  
 His hatred, and commands my heart to make  
 This sacrifice Areas convey'd his wishes  
 Ægma, he forbids me e'er again  
 To breathe his name

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam '

IPHIGENIA

The gods are kinder, they but ask my life <sup>Cruel sentence '!</sup>

Then let me die.

But who is this I see?  
Heav'ns! 'Tis Achilles!

*Scene 2.*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

Madam, follow me;  
Fear not the clamour of the crowd who press  
Around this tent, they bay but cannot bite.  
Face them, and, without waiting for my arm  
To strike, these roaring billows will be parted  
To give you passage. See, Patroclus brings,  
With other captains in my train, the flower  
Of my Thessalian troops. Around my standard  
The rest are gather'd, with a wall of iron  
To guard you. There take refuge from the storm  
Of persecution: 'neath Achilles' tent  
Let Calchas find you.

What! And is it thus  
You welcome timely aid, tears the sole answer  
To my appeal? Still look you for support  
To arms so weak? Delay not; tears already  
Have fail'd to move your sire.

IPHIGENIA.

I know it well,  
And in the death I am resolved to meet  
Lies my last hope.

ACHILLES.

Death! Speak not of your death.  
Think of the oath which binds us to each other;  
And, to cut short such foolish words, believe me,  
My happiness depends upon your life.

IPHIGENIA.

Nay, to a life so darken'd by misfortune  
II.

O



## IPHIGENIA.

Who ? I, a rebel to my father's orders,  
 Worthy to die the death that I would shun!  
 Shall I so disregard *my* highest duty—

## ACHILLES.

You will but trust yourself to one whose claims  
 Were sanction'd by himself. He shall not rob me  
 Of what he once bestow'd. Are oaths by him  
 Made to be broken ? Was he not your father  
 What time he made you mine, to be obey'd  
 As strictest duty bids ? Why do you heed him  
 Only when he has ceased to recognize  
 His child ? Too long you linger, and my fears—

## IPHIGENIA.

Surely, my lord, you will not use constraint ?  
 Let not the warmth of passion so mislead you.  
 You surely would not add to my afflictions  
 This crowning ill, holding in less esteem  
 My honour than my life \ Spare me, my lord I  
 Subject to orders I am bound t' obey,  
 Too long, Sir, have I listened to your voice;  
 It were unfair to press your victory  
 Farther; or else, by my own hands set free  
 From danger of the succour you propose,  
 I would prefer self-slaughter to disgrace.

## ACHILLES.

Ah, cruel maid ! I say no more Obey,  
 And seek a death you deem so glorious :  
 Offer your wire *a* heart wherein J read  
 Hatred for me more than *respect* for *him*.  
 Just indignation fires *my soul with fury*:  
 If you must to the altar go, *then* I  
 Will thither hie me too. *If Heaven thirsts*  
 For blood, its altars *never will have reek'd*  
 With more. To my blind love naught shall be sacred ;  
 The priest himself shall be the foremost victim ;

The funeral pyre by me thrown down, destroy'd,  
 Shall in the blood of the vile butchers swim,  
 And if, amid the carnage and confusion,  
 Your father should be wounded, fall, and perish,  
 Theu, seeing the sad fruits of your respect,  
 Take to yourself the blame for every blow.

**IPHIGENIA**

Cruel Achilles'—He has fled and left me '  
 Smite, ye just gods who have decreed my death.  
 Lo, here am I alone , end with my life  
 This terror, and me only overwhelm

*Scene 3*

CLYTMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, EURYBATES, ÆGINA,

GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Yes, I'll defend her against all the host,  
 Cowards, will ye betray your injured queen ?

**EURYBATES**

No, Madam , 'tis enough for us that you  
 Have giv'n command, and you shall see us fight  
 Till at your feet we fall But what can hands  
 So weak avail ? Against so many foes  
 Who can defend you ? 'Tis no idle crowd  
 Raising a tumult, but the fatal zeal  
 Of the whole camp, where Calchas reigns despotic.  
 Pity is banish'd and severe religion  
 Its offering claims The King sees himself strpt  
 Of pow'r, and bids us to the torrent yield  
 Invincible Achilles would himself  
 Vamly oppose his valour to this storm  
 What will he do ? Who can disperse these waves,  
 Foaming with rage, all ready to engulf him ?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me then let their impious zeal be proved,  
 And rob me of what little life is left!  
 Death, death alone can burst the knotted bands  
 With which these arms of mine would fain unite  
 My body shall be parted from my soul,  
 Ere I will ever suffer—Ah, *my child* !

## IPHIGENIA.

Under what baleful planet did you bear  
 Th' unhappy object of a love so tender !  
 What can you do in our forlorn estate ?  
 How can you struggle against gods and men ?  
 Will you confront an angry multitude ?  
 Ah, go not to a camp that has revolted  
 Against your husband, nor alone resist  
 Their will, lest, haled in an unseemly manner  
 By soldiers' hands, you offer to mine eyes,  
 As fruit of wasted efforts, a worse sight  
 Than death itself. Go ; let the Greeks complete  
 Their work, and quit this doleful shore for ever ;  
 Linger not near, or on your eye may strike  
 The flame uprising from the pyre that waits me.  
 And, mother, if you love me, above all  
 Never reproach my father with my death.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

By whom your heart, offered to cruel Calchas,—

## IPHIGENIA.

What efforts to restore me to your tears  
 Has he not made ?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

What treason left untried  
 To trick me ?

## IPHIGENIA.

He but renders to the gods  
 The gift they gave. My death bereaves you not

Of all the pledges of your mutual love  
 Your eyes will see my image in Orestes  
 Ah, may he prove less fatal to his mother '  
 You hear the cries of an impatient people ,  
 Open your arms that in a last embrace  
 Our lips may meet    Take courage —  
To the altar,  
 Eurybates, conduct the willing victim

*Scene 4*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

You shall not go alone, I am determin'd—  
 But crowds press forward to arrest my steps  
 Traitors ' Come, gratify your thirst for blood

ÆGINA

What would you do, dear Madam ? Whither haste you ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Alas ' I waste *my* strength in fruitless efforts,  
 Rising from anguish but to sink again  
 How can I die so often and yet live ?

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam, know you whose the crime, and whose  
 The treason ? Know you what ungrateful serpent  
 Iphigenia cherish'd in her bosom ?  
 'Twas Enphyle, by yourself brought hither,  
 And none but she, who to the Greeks betray'd  
 Your flight

CLYTÆMNESTRA

The monster ' offspring of Megsera '  
 Cast out of hell to harbour in our arms '  
 What ' Wilt not die ' To punish crimes so foul—

But where shall indignation seek a victim ?  
Wilt thou not, placid sea, vast gulfs disclose,  
To whelm a thousand vessels with their crews ?  
When Aulis, casting up that guilty fleet,  
Shall drive it forth out of the port that hides it,  
Will not those self-same winds, so long accused,  
Cover thy surface o'er with shatter'd ships ?  
And thou, O Sun, who in this land dost see  
And know the genuine son and rightful heir  
Of Atreus, thou who didst refuse to light  
The father's feast, go back, as they have taught thee.  
Meanwhile (immortal gods ! unhappy mother !)  
My daughter, crown'd with hateful chaplet, bares  
Her throat, and in her father's hands are knives.  
See Calchas treads on blood—Barbarians, stop ;  
That blood is drawn from him who wields the lightning—  
I hear the thunder roar, feel the earth shake:—  
Another crash ! A god comes swift revenge to take.

*Scene 5.*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, ARCAS, GUARDS.

**ARCAS.**

Doubt it not, Madam, a god fights for you ;  
Achilles even now answers your pray'rs.  
He, forcing the weak barrier of the Greeks,  
Stands at the altar. Calchas is dismay'd,  
The fatal sacrifice is interrupted ;  
The air resounds with threats, and to and fro  
Men run with flashing swords; around your child  
Achilles musteis all his friends, devoted  
To save her. Agamemnon, loath to own  
His grief (whether to hide his eyes from that  
He dreads to see, or to conceal his tears),  
Covers his face. Come, speak while he is silent,  
And with wise words support your brave defender.  
He longs with his own hand, deep dyed in blood,  
To give you back unharm'd the maid he loves ;

Himself he charged me to conduct your steps  
Fear nothing

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fear, say you? Ah, let us hasten  
I dread no danger, will go anywhere—  
But, O ye gods, do I not see Ulysses ?  
'Tis he my child is dead ' Too late, too late '

*Scene 6*

ULYSSES, CLYTEMNESTRA, ARCAS, ÆGINA, GUARDS

ULYSSES

No, your child lives, the gods are satisfied  
Be of good cheer, Heav'n deigns to give her back

CLYTEMNESTRA

She lives ' And is it you who tell me so?

ULYSSES

Yes it is I, -who long against you both  
Have thought it right to steel your husband's heart  
Who, jealous of the honour of our arms,  
By counsels stern have caused your tears to flow,  
Who come, since Heav'n is now at last appeas'd,  
To heal the wound that I erewhile inflicted

CLYTEMNESTRA

My child ' Good Heav'ns ' Marvel most astounding'  
Ah, prince, what god restores her to my arms ?

ULYSSES

You see me, Madam, at this happy moment  
Struck with religious awe, with joy and rapture  
Never did day appear to Greece more fatal  
Discord, already mistress in the camp,  
Had spread a fatal blindness over all,

And given the dread signal for the conflict.  
Your daughter, at the horrid sight alarm'd,  
Saw the whole host against her, on her side  
Achilles, only he, but arm'd with fury  
That daunted all and gave the gods themselves  
Divided counsels. In the air arose  
A cloud of arrows ; blood already flow'd,  
First-fruits of carnage; Calchas in the midst  
Stepp'd forth ; stern was his look, his bristling hair  
And wild eyes show'd him master'd by the god.  
He cried : " Achilles, hear me, hear ye Greeks !  
The god who by my voice now speaks to you  
Explains his oracle, declares his choice.  
Another child of Helen's blood, another  
Iphigenia must be sacrificed  
Here on this shore. Helen, erst carried off  
By Theseus, was with him. in secret wedlock  
Soon after join'd, and from that union sprang  
A daughter, whom her mother hid; her name  
Iphigenia. I myself then saw  
The infant, and foretold disaster dire  
Threatening her future. Under a false name  
Has Fate and her own madness brought her hither.  
She sees me, hears me, is before your eyes :  
Yes, she it is whose life the gods demand."

Thus Calchas speaks. In silence and in awe  
All listening stand, and look on Eriphyle.  
She was beside the altar, in her heart  
Perhaps impatient for the sacrifice :  
For she herself had gone with hasty steps  
To tell the Grecian leaders of your flight.  
All wonder at her birth and destiny ;  
But, since the sack of Troy hangs on her death,  
The army with loud voice declare against her,  
And ratify the prophet's fatal sentence.  
Already Calchas lifts his arm to seize her.  
" Stop there," she cries, " approach me not. The blood  
Of heroes whom you make my ancestors  
Needs not your impious hands to give it exit; "  
Then, springing wildly to the altar, snatches  
The sacred knife, and plunges it amain

Into her breast Scarce has her life's blood dyed  
The earth, when peals of thunder from the gods  
Are heard, auspiciously the rustling winds  
Begin to blow, the roaring sea responds,  
And the white breakers on the distant shore  
Make moan, self-kindled flames the funeral pyre,  
The heav'ns are open'd, and the lightning's flash  
Inspires a holy awe, that reassutes  
Our hearts Some sav that, riding on a cloud,  
Diana to the blazing pile descended,  
That, rising then above the flames once more,  
She bore to Heav'n our incense and our pra'rs  
Ail is astir—soon all are gone Your daughter,  
Amid the general joy, alone deplores  
Her enemy Go, from her father's hands  
Receive her longing to see you again,  
He and Achilles, henceforth reconciled,  
Are ready to confirm the marriage contact

## CLYTAMNESTRA

How can the thanks I owe be paid to Heav'n.  
And to Achilles meet reward be giv'n ?

**PHÆDRA.**

1677.



## INTRODUCTION TO PHÆEDRA.

THIS, the most popular of Racine's tragedies, was first presented on New Year's Day, 1677. It is avowedly an imitation of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, and is indebted for many touches to Seneca's play founded on the same theme. The authority of Plutarch, in his "Life of Theseus," is followed, so far as relates to the exploits of that hero and his imprisonment in Epirus, upon which latter incident Racine has made so much depend; for it is only when believing the rumour of her husband's death that Phædra is induced to declare her passion to Hippolytus. The character of Aricia and the part she takes in the development of the plot may be said, in spite of his disclaimer, to be due to the invention of the modern poet; for though there was an ancient tradition to the effect that Hippolytus was wedded to a maiden of that name, it was said to have been after his restoration to life by Æsculapius, a story which Virgil has embodied in the Seventh Book of the "Æneid." The hero's own submission to those tender feelings which he professed to despise, if it somewhat impairs the sacred dignity of Diana's votary as made familiar to us by Euripides, nevertheless brings him more within the range of human sympathy and interest. In rousing the furious jealousy of Phædra, Racine has supplied an adequate motive for her silent compliance in Cœnone's offer to shield her mistress at the expense of Hippolytus. It was a decided improvement upon the older versions of the tale to make the Nurse and not Phædra herself the author of the calumny which brought the innocent son of Theseus to his death. In the tragedy of Euripides the false charge against Hippolytus is conveyed in a letter attached to Phædra's corpse; in that of Seneca it is uttered by her own lips, though afterwards retracted. According to the Greek tragedian, Phædra hanged herself before the arrival of Theseus, to whom Artemis (Diana) at last reveals the truth; the Latin author makes her thrust a sword into her heart after full confession of her guilt. In Racine's play she dies by poison which she has taken before exonerating Hippolytus.

## CHARACTERS

**THESEUS**, *Son of Ægevb and King of Athms*

**PHÆDRA**, *Wife of Thresus and Daicghter of Minos and Paitphac*

**HIPPOLYTUS**, *Son of Thesus and Antiope, Quern of the Ama-ons*

**ARJCIA**, *Princess of the Blood Royal of Athens*

**ÆLNONE**, *Nurse of Phædra*

**THERAMPNES**, *Tutor of Hippolytus*

**ISMENF** *Bosom Friend of Aricra*

**PANOPE**, *Wattmq woman of Phædra*

*Guards*

The scene is laid at Trazen, a town of the Peloponnesus.

# PHÆDRA.

## A C T I .

### *Scene 1.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

HIPPOLYTUS.

My mind is settled, dear Theramenes,  
And I can stay no more in lovely Trœzen.  
In doubt that racks my soul with mortal anguish,  
I grow ashamed of such long idleness.  
Six months and more my father has been gone,  
And what may have befallen one so dear  
I know not, nor what corner of the earth  
Hides him.

THERAMENES.

And where, prince, will you look for him ?  
Already, to content your just alarm,  
Have I not cross'd the seas on either side  
Of Corinth, ask'd if aught were known of Theseus  
Where Acheron is lost among the Shades,  
Visited Elis, doubled Toenarus,  
And sail'd into the sea that saw the fall  
Of Icarus ? Inspired with what new hope,  
Under what favour'd skies think you to trace  
His footsteps ? Who knows if the King, your father,  
Wishes the secret of his absence known ?  
Perchance, while we are trembling for his life,  
The hero calmly plots some fresh intrigue,  
And only waits till the deluded fair—

## HIPPOLYTUS

Cease, dear Theramenes, respect the name  
 Of Theseus Youthful errors have been left  
 Behind, and no unworthy obstacle  
 Detains him Phædra long has fix'd a heart  
 Inconstant once, nor need she fear a rival  
 In seeking him I shall but do my duty,  
 And leave a place I dare no longer see

## THERAMENES

Indeed' When, pimce, did you begin to dread  
 These peaceful haunts, so dear to happy childhood  
 Where I have seen you oft prefer to stay,  
 Rather than meet the tumult and the pomp  
 Of Athens and the court? What danger shun you,  
 Or shall I say what grief?

## HIPPOLYTUS

That happy time  
 Is gone, and all is changed, since to these shores  
 The gods sent Phædra

## THERAMENES

I perceive the cause  
 Of your distress It is the queen whose sight  
 Offends you With a step-dame's spite she schemed  
 Your exile soon as she set eyes on you  
 But if her hatred is not wholly vamsh'd,  
 It has at least taken a milder aspect  
 Besides, what danger can a dymg woman,  
 One too who longs for death, bring on your head?  
 Can Phædra, sick'nmg of a dire disease  
 Of which she will not speak, weary of life  
 And of herself, form any plots against you?

## HIPPOLYTUS

It is not her vam enmity I fear  
 Another foe alarms Ehppolytus.

I fly, it must be own'd, from young Aricia,  
The sole survivor of an impious race.

THEKAMENES.

What! You become her persecutor too!  
The gentle sister of the cruel sons  
Of Pallas shared not in their perfidy;  
Why should you hate such charming innocence ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

I should not need to fly, if it were hatred.

THERAMENES.

May I then learn the meaning of your flight ?  
Is this the proud Hippolytus I see,  
Than whom there breathed no fiercer foe to love  
And to that yoke which Theseus has so oft  
Endured ? And can it be that Venus, seorn'd  
So long, will justify your sire at last ?  
Has she, then, setting you with other mortals,  
Forced e'en Hippolytus to offer incense  
Before her ? Can you love ?

HIPrOLYTUS.

Friend, ask me not.  
You, who have known my heart from infancy  
And all its feelings of disdainful pride.  
Spare me the shame of disavowing all  
That I profess'd. Born of an Amazon,  
The wildness that you wonder at I suck'd  
With mother's milk. When come to riper age,  
Reason approved what Nature had implanted.  
Sincerely bound to me by zealous service,  
You told me then the story of my sire,  
And know how oft, attentive to your voice,  
I kindled when I heard his noble acts,  
As you described him bringing consolation  
To mortals for the absence of Alcides,  
The highways clear'd of monsters and, of robbers,  
Procrustes, Cercyon, Sciro, Sinnis slain,

The Epidaunan giant's bones dispersed,  
 Crete reeking with the blood of Minotaur  
 But when you told me of less glorious deeds,  
 Troth plighted here and there and everywhere,  
 Young Helen stolen from her home at Sparta,  
 And Peribœa's tears in Salamis,  
 With many another trusting heart deceived  
 Whose very names have 'scaped his memory.  
 Forsaken Ariadne to the rocks  
 Complaining, last this Phædra, bound to him  
 By better ties,—you know with what regret  
 I heard and urged you to cut short the tale,  
 Happy had I been able to erase  
 From my remembrance that unworthy part  
 Of such a splendid record I, in turn,  
 Am I too made the slave of love, and brought  
 To stoop so low ? The more contemptible  
 That no renown is mine such as exalts  
 The name of Theseus, that no monsters quell'd  
 Have given me a right to share his weakness  
 And if my pride of heart must needs be humbled,  
 Anxia should have been the last to tame it  
 Was I beside myself to have forgotten  
 Eternal barriers of separation  
 Between us ? By my father's stern command  
 Her brethren's blood must ne'er be reinforced  
 By sons of hers, he dreads a single shoot  
 From stock so guilty, and would fain with her  
 Bury their name, that, even to the tomb  
 Content to be his ward, for her no torch  
 Of Hymen may be ht Shall I espouse  
 Her rights against my sire, rashly provoke  
 His wrath, and launch upon a mad career—

#### THERAMENES

The gods, dear prince, if once your hour is come,  
 Care little for the reasons that should guide us  
 Wishing to shut your eyes, Theseus unseals them,  
 His hatred, stirring a rebellious flame  
 Within you, lends his enemy new charms

And, after all, why should a guiltless passion  
 Alarm you? Dare you not essay its sweetness,  
 But follow rather a fastidious scruple?  
 Fear you to stray where Hercules has wander'd?  
 What heart so stout that Venus has not vanquish'd?  
 Where would you be yourself, so long her foe,  
 Had your own mother, constant in her scorn  
 Of love, ne'er glowed with tenderness for Theseus?  
 What boots it to affect a pride you feel not?  
 Confess it, all is changed; for some time past  
 You have been seldom seen with wild delight  
 Urging the rapid car along the strand,  
 Or, skilful in the art that Neptune taught,  
 Making th' unbroken steed obey the bit;  
 Less often have the woods return'd our shouts;  
 A secret burden on your spirits cast  
 Has dimm'd your eye. How can I doubt you love?  
 Vainly would you conceal the fatal wound.  
 Has not the fair Arieia touch'd your heart?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

Theramenes, I go to find my father.

**THEBAMENES.**

Will you not see the queen before you start,  
 My prince?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

That is my purpose: you can tell her.  
 Yes, I will see her; duty bids me do it.  
 But what new ill vexes her dear Cœnone?

*Scene 2.*

HIPPOLYTUS, CœNONE, THEKAMRNES.

**CœNONE.**

Alas, my lord, what grief was e'er like mine?  
 The queen has almost touch'd the gates of death.  
 Vainly close watch I keep by day and night,

E'en in my arms a secret malady  
 Slays her, and ail her senses are disorder'd  
 Weary yet restless from her couch she rises,  
 Pants for the outer air, but bids me see  
 That no one on her misery intrudes  
 She comes

HIPPOLYTUS

Enough She shall not be disturb'd,  
 Nor be confronted with a face she hates

*Scene 3*

PHÆDRA, CENONE

PHÆDRA

We have gone far enough Stay, dear CEnone,  
 Strength fails me, and I needs must rest awhile  
 My eyes are dazzled with this glaring light  
 So long unseen, my trembling knees refuse  
 Support Ah me'

CENONE

Would Heaven that our tears  
 Might bring relief'

PHÆDRA

Ah, how these cumbrous gauds,  
 These veils oppress me ' What officious hand  
 Has tied these knots, and gather'd o'er my brow  
 These clustering coils ? How all conspires to add  
 To my distress'

CENONE

What is one moment wish'd,  
 The next, is irksome Did you not -just now,  
 Sick of inaction, bid us deck you out,  
 And, with your former energy recall'd,  
 Desire to go abroad, and see the light  
 Of day once more ? You see it, and would fain  
 Be hidden from the sunshine that you sought

PHÆDRA.

Thou glorious author of a hapless race,  
 Whose daughter 'twas my mother's boast to be,  
 Who well may'st blush to see me in such plight,  
 For the last time I come to look on thee,  
 O Sun!

CENONE.

What! Still are you in love with death?  
 Shall I ne'er see you, reconciled to life,  
 Forego these cruel accents of despair?

PHÆDRA.

Would I were seated in the forest's shade!  
 When may I follow with delighted eye,  
 Thro' glorious dust flying in full career,  
 A chariot—

CENONE.

Madam?

PHÆDRA.

Have I lost my senses?  
 What said I? and where am I? Whither stray  
 Vain wishes? Ah! The gods have made me mad.  
 I blush, CEnone, and confusion covers  
 My face, for I have let you see too clearly  
 The shame and grief that, in my own despite,  
 O'erflow these eyes of mine.

CENONE.

If you must blush,  
 Blush at a silence that inflames your woes.  
 Resisting all my care, deaf to my voice,  
 Will you have no compassion on yourself,  
 But let your life be ended in mid course?  
 What evil spell has drain'd its fountain dry?  
 Thrice have the shades of night obscured the heav'ns  
 Since sleep has enter'd thro' your eyes, and thrice  
 The dawn has chased the darkness thence, since food  
 Pass'd your wan lips, and you are faint and languid.

To what dread purpose is your heart inclined ?  
 How dare you make attempts upon your life,  
 And so offend the gods who gave it you,  
 Prove false to Theseus and your marriage vows,  
 Ay, and betray your most unhappy children,  
 Bending their necks yourself beneath the yoke ?  
 That day, be sure, which robs them of their mother,  
 Will give high hopes back to the stranger's son,  
 To that proud enemy of you and yours,  
 To whom an Amazon gave birth, I mean  
 Hippolytus—

PHÆDRA

Ye godss'

ÆNONE

Ah, this reproach

Moves you ?

PHÆDRA

Unhappy woman, to what name  
 Gave your mouth utterance ?

ÆNONE

Your wrath is just  
 'Tis well that that ill-omen'd name can rouse  
 Such rage Then live Let love and duty urge  
 Their claims Live, suffer not this son of Scythia,  
 Crushing your children 'neath his odious sway,  
 To rule the noble offspring of the gods,  
 The purest blood of Greece Make no delay,  
 Each moment threatens death, quickly restore  
 Your shattered strength, while yet the torch of life  
 Holds out, and can be fann'd into a flame

PHÆDRA

Too long have I endured its guilt and shame!

ÆNONE

Why ? What remorse gnaws at your heart ? What crime  
 Can have disturbed you thus ? Your hands are not  
 Polluted with the blood of innocence ?

PHÆDRA.

Thanks be to Heav'n, my hands are free from stain.  
Would that my soul were innocent as they !

CENONE.

What awful project have you then conceived,  
Whereat your conscience should be still alarm'd ?

PHÆDRA.

Have I not said enough ? Spare me the rest.  
I die to save myself-a full confession.

CENONE.

Die then, and keep a silence so inhuman;  
But seek some other hand to close your eyes.  
Tho' but a spark of life remains within you,  
My soul shall go before you to the Shades.  
A thousand roads are always open thither;  
Pain'd at your want of confidence, I'll choose  
The shortest. Cruel one, when has my faith  
Deceived you ? Think how in my arms you lay  
New born. For you, my country and my children  
I have forsaken. Do you thus repay  
My faithful service ?

PHÆDRA.

What do you expect  
From words so bitter ? Were I to break silence,  
Horror would freeze your blood.

CENONE.

What can you say  
To horrify me more than to behold  
You die before my eyes ?

PHÆDRA.

When you shall know  
My crime, my death will follow none the less,  
But with the added stain of guilt.

ÆNONE

Dear Madam,  
By all the tears that I have shed for you,  
By these weak knees I clasp, relieve my mind  
From torturing doubt

PHÆDRA

It is your wish Then rise

ÆNONE

I hear you Speak

PHÆDRA

Heav'ns ' How shall I begin ?

ÆNONE

Dismiss your fears, you wound me with distrust

PHÆDRA

O fatal animosity of Venus '  
Into what wild distractions did she cast  
My mother '

ÆNONF

Be they blotted from remembrance,  
And for all time to come buried in silence

PHÆDRA

My sister Anadine, by what love  
Were you betray'd to death, on lonely shores  
Forsaken '

ÆNONE

Madam, what deep-seated pain  
Prompts these reproaches against all your kin?

PHÆDRA.

It is the will of Venus, and I perish,  
Last, most unhappy of a family  
Where all were wretched

SCENE 3.]

THÆDRA.

ÆNONE.

Do you love ?

THÆDRA.

I feel

All its mad fever.

ÆNONE.

Ah! For whom ?

PHÆDRA.

Hear now

The crowning horror. Yes, I love—*my* lips  
Tremble to say his name.

ÆNONE.

Whom ?

PHÆDEA.

Know you h

Son of the Amazon, whom I've oppress'd  
So long ?

ÆNONE.

Hippolytus ? Great gods !

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you

Have named him.

ÆNONE.

All my blood within my veins  
Seems frozen. O despair ! O cursed race!  
Ill-omen'd journey! Land of misery!  
Why did we ever reach thy dangerous shores ?

PHÆDRA.

My wound is not so recent. Scarcely had I  
Been bound to Theseus by the marriage yoke.  
And happiness and peace seem'd well secured.

When Athens show'd me my proud enemy  
I looked, alternately turn'd pale and blush'd  
To see him, and my soul grew all distraught,  
A mist obscured my vision, and my voice  
Falter'd, my blood ran cold, then burn'd like fire ,  
Venus I felt in all my fever'd frame,  
Whose fury had so many of my race  
Pursued With fervent vows I sought to shun  
Her torments, built and deck'd for her a shrine,  
And there, 'mid countless victims did I seek  
The reason I had lost, but all for naught,  
No remedy could cure the wounds of love'  
In vam I offered incense on her altars,  
When I invoked her name my heart adored  
Hippolytus, before me constantly,  
And when I made her altars smoke with victims,  
'Twas for a god whose name I dared not utter  
I fled his presence everywhere, but found him—  
O crowning horror'—m his father's features  
Against myself, at last, I raised revolt,  
And stirr'd my courage up to persecute  
The enemy I loved To banish him  
I wore a step-dame's harsh and jealous carnage,  
With ceaseless cries I clamour'd for his exile,  
Till I had torn him from his father's arms  
I breathed once more, CEnone, m his absence  
My days flow'd on less troubled than before,  
And innocent Submissive to *my* husband,  
I hid my grief, and of our fatal marriage  
Cherish'd the fruits Vain caution ' Cruel Fate'  
Brought hither by my spouse himself, I saw  
Again the enemy whom I had banish'd,  
And the old wound too quickly bled afresh  
No longer is it love hid in my heart,  
But Venus in her might seizing her prey  
I have conceived just terror for my crime,  
I hate my life, and hold my love m horror  
Dying I wish'd to keep my fame unsullied,  
And bury in the grave a guilty passion,  
But I have been unable to withstand  
Tears and entreaties, I have told you all ,

SCENE 4.]

PHÆDEA.

Content, if only, as my end draws near,  
You do not vex me with unjust reproaches,  
Nor with vain efforts seek to snatch from death  
The last faint lingering sparks of vital breath.

*Scene 4.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE, PANOPE.

PANOPE.

Fain would I hide from you tidings so sad,  
But 'tis my duty, Madam, to reveal them.  
The hand of death has seized your peerless husband,  
And you are last to hear of this disaster.

CENONE.

What say you, Panope ?

PANOPE.

The queen, deceived  
By a vain trust in Heav'n, begs safe return  
For Theseus, while Hippolytus his son  
Learns of his death from vessels that are now  
In port.

PHÆDRA.

Ye gods!

PANOPE.

Divided counsels sway  
The choice of Athens ; some would have the prince,  
four child, for master ; others, disregarding  
The laws, dare to support the stranger's son.  
'Tis even said that a presumptuous faction  
Would crown Aricia and the house of Pallas.  
I deem'd it right to warn you of this danger.  
Hippolytus already is prepared  
To start, and should he show himself at Athens,

'Tis to be fear'd the fickle crowd will all  
Follow his lead

ÆNONE

Enough The queen, who hears you,  
By no means will neglect this timely warning

*Scene 5*

PHÆDRA, ÆNONE

ÆNONE

Dear lady, I had almost ceased to urge  
The wish that you should live, thinking to follow  
My mistress to the tomb, from which my voice  
Had fail'd to turn you , but this new misfortune  
Alters the aspect of affairs, and prompts  
Fresh measures Madam, Theseus is no more,  
You must supply his place He leaves a son,  
A slave, if you should dre, but, if you live,  
A King On whom has he to lean but you? \*  
No hand but yours will dry his tears Then live  
For him, or else the tears of innocence  
Will move the gods, his ancestors, to wrath  
Against his mother Live, your guilt is gone,  
No blame attaches to your passion now  
The King's decease has freed you from the bonds  
That made the crime and horror of your love  
Hippolytus no longer need be dreaded,  
Him you may see henceforth without reproach  
It may be, that, convinced of your aversion,  
He means to head the rebels Undeceive him,  
Soften his callous heart, and bend his pride  
King of this fertile land, in Trœzen here  
His portion lies , but as he knows, the laws  
Give to your son the ramparts that Minerva  
Built and protects A common enemy  
Threatens you both, unite then to oppose  
Aricia

PHÆDRA.

To your counsel I consent.  
 Yes, I will live, if life can be restored,  
 If my affection for a son has pow'r  
 To rouse my sinking heart at such a dangerous hour.

A C T I T .

*Scene 1.*

ARICIA, ISMENE.

ARICIA.

Hippolytus request to see me here !  
 Hippolytus desire to bid farewell!  
 Is 't true, Ismene ? Are you not deceived ?

ISMENE.

This is the first result of Theseus' death.  
 Prepare yourself to see from every side  
 Hearts turn towards you that were kept away  
 By Theseus. Mistress of her lot at last,  
 Aricia soon shall find all Greece fall low,  
 To do her homage.

ARICIA.

'Tis not then, Ismene,  
 An idle tale ? Am I no more a slave ?  
 Have I no enemies ?

ISMENE.

The gods oppose  
 Your peace no longer, and the soul of Theseus  
 Is with your brothers.

ARICIA.

Does the voice of fame  
 Tell how he died ?

## ISMENE

Rumours incredible  
**Are** spread Some say that, seizing a new bride,  
 The faithless husband by the waves was swallow'd  
 Others affirm, and this report prevails,  
 That with Pnrthous to the world below  
 He went, and saw the shores of dark Cocytus,  
 Showing himself alive to the pale ghosts,  
 But that he could not leave those gloomy realms,  
 Which whoso enters there abides for ever

## ARICIA

Shall I belive that ere his destined hour  
 A mortal may descend into the gulf  
 Of Hades ? What attraction could overcome  
 Its terrors ?

## ISMENE

He is dead, and you alone  
 Doubt it The men of Athens mourn his loss  
 Trezen already hails Hippolytus  
 As King And Phaedra, fearing for her son,  
 Asks counsel of the friends who share her tiouble,  
 Here in this palace

## ARICIA

Will Hippolytus,  
 Think you, prove kinder than his sire, make light  
 My chains, and pity my misfortunes '

## ISMENE

I think so, Madam Yes

## ARICIA

Ah, you know him not  
 Or you would never deem so haid a heart  
 Can pity feel, or me alone except  
 From the contempt in which he holds our sex  
 Has he not long avoided every spot  
 Where we lesort?

## ISMENE.

I know what tales are told  
Of proud Hippolytus, but I have seen  
Him near you, and have watch'd with curious eye  
How one esteem'd so cold would bear himself.  
Little did his behaviour correspond  
With what I look'd for; in his face confusion  
Appeaj'd at your first glance, he could not turn  
His languid eyes away, but gazed on you.  
Love is a word that may offend his pride,  
But what the tongue disowns, looks can betray.

## ARICIA.

How eagerly my heart hears what you say,  
Tho' it may be delusion, dear Ismene!  
Did it seem possible to you, who know me,  
That I, sad sport of a relentless Fate,  
Fed upon bitter tears by night and day,  
Could ever taste the maddening draught of love ?  
The last frail offspring of a royal race,  
Children of Earth, I only have survived  
War's fury. Cut off in the flow'r of youth,  
Mown by the sword, six brothers have I lost.  
The hope of an illustrious house, whose blood  
Earth drank with sorrow, near akin to his  
Whom she herself produced. Since then, you know  
How thro' all Greece no heart has been allow'd  
To sigh for me, lest by a sister's flame  
The brothers' ashes be perchance rekindled.  
You know, besides, with what disdain I view'd  
My conqueror's suspicions and precautions,  
And how, opposed as I have ever been  
To love, I often thank'd the King's injustice  
Which happily confirm'd my inclination.  
But then I never had beheld his son.  
Not that, attracted merely by the eye,  
I love him for his beauty and his grace,  
Endowments which he owes to Nature's bounty,  
Charms which he seems to know not or to scorn.  
I love and prize in **him** riches more rare,

The virtues of his sire, without his faults  
 I love, as I must own, that generous pride  
 Which ne'er has stoop'd beneath the amorous yoke  
 Phsedra reaps little glory from a lover  
 So lavish of his sighs , I am too proud  
 To share devotion with a thousand others,  
 Or enter where the door is always open  
 But to make one who ne'er has stoop'd before  
 Bend his proud neck, to pierce a heart of stone,  
 To bind a captive whom his chains astonish,  
 Who vantly 'gainst a pleasing yoke rebels,—  
 That piques my ardour, and I long for that  
 'Twas easier to disarm the god of strength  
 Than this Hippolytus, for Hercules  
 Yielded so often to the eyes of beauty,  
 As to make triumph cheap But, dear Ismene,  
 I take too little heed of opposition  
 Beyond my pow'r to quell, and you may hear me,  
 Humbled by sore defeat, upbraid the pride  
 I now admire What' Can he love ? and I  
 Have had the happiness to bend—

ISMENE

He comes

Yourself shall hear him

*Scene 2*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, ISMENE

HIPPOLYTUS

Lady, ere I go  
 My duty bids me tell you of your change  
 Of fortune My worst fears are realized ,  
 My sire is dead Yes, his protracted absence  
 Was caused as I foreboded Death alone,  
 Ending his toils, could keep him from the world  
 Conceal'd so long The gods at last have doom'd  
 Alcides' friend, companion, and successor

I think your hatred, tender to his virtues,  
 Can hear such terms of praise without resentment,  
 Knowing them due. One hope have I that sooths  
 My sorrow: I can free you from restraint.  
 Lo, I revoke the laws whose rigour moved  
 My pity; you are at your own disposal,  
 Both heart and hand; here, in *my* heritage,  
 In Trcezen, where my grands ire Pittheus reign' d  
 Of y6re and I am now acknowledged King,  
 I leave you free, free as myself,—and more.

ARICA.

Your kindness is too great, 'tis overwhelming.  
 Such generosity, that pays disgrace  
 With honour, lends more force than you can think  
 To those harsh laws from which you would release me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Athens, uncertain how to fill the throne  
 Of Theseus, speaks of you, anon of me,  
 And then of Phaedra's son.

ARICIA.

Of me, my lord?

HIPPOLYTITS.

I know myself excluded by strict law :  
 Greece turns to my reproach a foreign mother.  
 But if my brother were my only rival,  
 My rights prevail o'er his clearly enough  
 To make me careless of the law's caprice.  
 My forwardness is check'd by juster claims :  
 To you I yield my place, or, rather, own  
 That it is yours by right, and yours the sceptre,  
 As handed down from Earth's great son, Erechtheus.  
 Adoption placed it in the hands of Ægeus:  
 Athens, by him protected and increased,  
 Welcomed a king so generous as my sire,  
 And left your hapless brothers in oblivion.  
 Now she invites you back within her walls;

II.

Q

Protracted strife has cost her groans enough,  
 Her fields are glutted with your kinsmen's blood  
 Fatt'ning the furrows out of which it sprung  
 At first I rule this Troezen, while the son  
 Of Phaedra has in Crete a rich domain  
 Athens is yours I will do all I can  
 To join for you the votes divided now  
 Between us

ARICIA

Stunn'd at all I hear, my lord,  
 I fear, I almost fear a dream deceives me  
 Am I indeed awake ? Can I believe  
 Such generosity ? What god has put it  
 Into your heart ? Well is the fame deserved  
 That you enjoy' That fame falls short of truth '  
 Would you for me prove traitor to yourself ?  
 Was it not boon enough never to hate me,  
 So long to have abstain'd from harbouring  
 The enmity—

HIPPOLYTUS

To hate you ? I, to hate you ?  
 However darkly my fierce pride was painted,  
 Do you suppose a monster gave me birth ?  
 What savage temper, what evenom'd hatred  
 Would not be mollified at sight of you ?  
 Could I resist the soul-bewitching charm —

ARICIA

Why, what is this, Sir ?

HIPPOLYTUS

I have said too much  
 Not to say more Pnidence in vam resists  
 The violence of passion I have broken  
 Silence at last, and I must tell you now  
 The secret that my heart can hold no longer  
 You see before you an unhappy instance  
 Of hasty pride, a prince who claims compassion  
 I, who, so long the enemy of Love,

Mock'd at his fetters and despised his captives,  
Who, pitying poor mortals that were shipwreck'd,  
In seeming safety view'd the storms from land,  
Now find myself to the same fate exposed,  
Toss'd to and fro upon a sea of troubles!  
My boldness has been vanquish'd in a moment,  
And humbled is the pride wherein I boasted.  
For nearly six months past, ashamed, despairing,  
Bearing where'er I go the shaft that rends  
My heart, I struggle vainly to be free  
From you and from myself ; I shun you, present;  
Absent, I find you near ; I see your form  
In the dark forest depths ; the shades of night,  
Nor less broad daylight, bring back to my view  
The charms that I avoid ; all things conspire  
To make Hippolytus your slave. For fruit  
Of all my bootless sighs, I fail to find  
My former self. My bow and javelins  
Please me no more, my chariot is forgotten,  
With all the Sea God's lessons ; and the woods  
Echo my groans instead of joyous shouts  
Urging my fiery steeds.

Hearing this tale  
Of passion so uncouth, you blush perchance  
At your own handiwork. With what wild words  
I offer you my heart, strange captive held  
By silken jess! But dearer in your eyes  
Should be the offering, that this language comes  
Strange to my lips ; reject not vows express'd  
So ill, which but for you had ne'er been form'd.

*Scene 3.*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, THERAMENES, ISMENE.

THERAMENES.

Prince, the Queen comes. I herald her approach.  
'Tis you she seeks.

HIPPOLYTUS

Me?

THERAMENES

What her thought may be  
I know not But I speak on her behalf  
She would converse with you ere you go hence

HIPPOLYTUS

What shall I say to her ? Can she expect—

ARICIA

You cannot, noble Prince, refuse to hear her,  
Howe'er convinced she is your enemy,  
Some shade of pity to her tears is due

HIPPOLYTUS

Shall we part thus ? and will you let me go,  
Not knowing if my boldness has offended  
The goddess I adore ? Whether this heait,  
Left in your hands—

ARICIA

Go, Prince, pursue the schemes  
Your generous soul dictates, make Athens own  
My sceptre All the gifts you offer me  
Will I accept, but this high throne of empire  
Is not the one most precious in my sight

*Scene 4*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS

Friend, is all ready ?

But the Queen approaches  
Go, see the vessel in fit trim to sail

Haste, bid the crew aboard, and hoist the signal;  
Then soon return, and so deliver me  
From interview most irksome.

*Scene 5.*

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, CÆNONE.

PHÆDRA (*to* CÆNONE).

There I see him!

My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak  
What I am come to say.

CÆNONE.

Think of your son,  
How all his hopes depend on you.

PHÆDRA.

I hear  
You leave us, and in haste. I come to add  
My tears to your distress, and for a son  
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,  
And at no distant day my son must witness  
My death. Alrea'dy do a thousand foes  
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.  
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,  
And fear lest I have shut your ears against  
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger  
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned  
By me, his mother.

HIPPOLYTUS.

No such base resentment,  
Madam, is mine.

PHÆDRA.

I could not blame you, Prince,  
If you should hate me. I have injured you:  
So much you know, but could not read my heart.

T' m'cui your enmity has been mine aim  
 The self-same borders could not hold us both ,  
 In public and in private I declared  
 Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas  
 Parted us from each other I forbade  
 Your very name to be pronounced before me  
 And yet if punishment should be proportion'd  
 To the offence, if only hatred draws  
 Your hatred, never woman merited  
 More pity, less deserved your enmity

#### HIPPOLYTUS

A mother jealous of her children's rights  
 Seldom forgives the oft spring of a wife  
 Who reign'd before her Haiassmg suspicions  
 Are common sequels of a second marriage.  
 Of me would any other have been jealous  
 No less than you, perhaps more violent

Ah, Prince, how Heav'n has from the general law  
 Made me exempt, be that same Heav'n my witness  
 Far different is the trouble that devours me'

#### HIPPOLYTUS

Tis is no time for self-reproaches, Madam  
 It may be that your husband still beholds  
 The light, and Heav'n may grant him safe return,  
 In answer to our prayers His guardian god  
 Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain

#### PHÆDRA

He who has seen the mansions of the dead  
 Returns not thence Since to those gloomy shores  
 Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that Heav'n  
 May send him back Prince, there is no release  
 From Acheron's greedy maw And yet, methinks,  
 He lives, and breathes in you I see him still  
 Before me, and to him I seem to speak,

SCENE 5.]

PHÆDRA.

My heart—

Oh! I am mad; do what I will,  
I cannot hide my passion.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Yes, I see  
The strange effects of love. Theseus, tho' dead,  
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul  
There burns a constant flame.

PHÆDRA.

Ah, yes, for Theseus  
I languish and I long, not as the Shades  
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms  
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride  
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud  
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms  
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,  
Or like 3 ourself. He had your mien, your eyes,  
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle  
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he cross'd the waves,  
Worthy to win the love of Minos' daughters.  
What were you doing then? Why did he gather  
The flow'r of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?  
Oh, why were you too young to have embark'd  
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?  
At your hands would the monster then have pensh'd  
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.  
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze  
My sister would have arm'd you with the clue.  
But no, therein would Phædra have forestall'd her,  
Love would have first inspired me with the thought;  
And I it would have been whose timely aid  
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.  
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!  
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:  
I would myself have wish'd to lead the way,  
And share the peril you were bound to face;  
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,  
Willi you emerged in safety, or have perish'd

## HIPPOLYTUS

Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forgotten  
That Theseus is my lather and your husband?

## PHÆDRA

Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance  
Thereot, and am regardless of mine honour?

## HIPPOLYTUS

Forgive me, Madam With a blush I own  
That I misconstrued words of innocence  
For very shame I cannot bear your sight  
Longer I go—

## PHÆDRA

Ah! cruel Prince, too well  
You understood me I have said enough  
To save you from mistake I love But think not  
That at the moment when I love you most  
I do not feel my guilt, no weak compliance  
Has fed the poison that infects my brain  
The lil-starr'd object of celestial vengeance,  
I am not so detestable to you  
As to myself The gods will bear me witness,  
Who have within my veins kindled this fire,  
The gods, who take a barbarous delight  
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray  
Do you yourself recall to mmd the past  
'Twas not enough for me to fly, I chased you  
Out of the country, wishing to appear  
Inhuman, odious, to resist you better,  
I sought to make you hate me All in vain '  
Hating me more I loved you none the less  
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes  
I have been drown'd in tears, and scorch'd by fire,  
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,  
If tor one moment you could look at me  
What is 't I say? Think you this vile confession  
That I have made is what I meant to utter?  
Not daring to betray a son for whom

I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate him  
 I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full  
 Of love for you to speak of aught besides!  
 Take your revenge, punish my odious passion ;  
 Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,  
 And rid the world of an offensive monster!  
 Does Theseus' widow dare to love his son ?  
 The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!  
 Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.  
 Already prompt to expiate its guilt,  
 I feel it leap impatiently to meet  
 Your arm. Strike home. Or, if it would disgrace you  
 To steep your hand in such polluted blood,  
 If that were punishment too mild to slake  
 Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not  
 Your arm. Quick, give 't.

ÆNONE.

What, Madam, will you do?  
 Just gods! But someone comes. Go, fly from shame,  
 You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

*Scene 6.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

THERAMENES.

Is that the form of Phædra that I see  
 Hurried away? What mean these signs of sorrow?  
 Where is your sword? Why are you pale, confused?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confounded  
 With horror and astonishment extreme.  
 Phædra—but no; gods, let this dreadful secret  
 Remain for ever buried in oblivion.

**THERAMENES**

The ship is ready if you wish to sail  
But Athens has already giv'n her vote,  
Their leaders have consulted all her tribes,  
Your brother is elected, Phaedra wms

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Phaedra ?

**THERAMENES**

A herald, charged with a commission  
From Athens, has arnved to place the rems  
Of power in her hands Her son is King

**HIPPOLYTUS**

Ye gods, who know her, do ye thus reward  
Her virtue ?

**THERAMENES**

A faint rumour meanwhile whispers  
That Theseus is not dead, but m Epirus  
Has shown himself But, after all my seanh,  
I know too well—

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Let nothing be neglected  
This rumour must be traced back to its source  
If it be found unworthy of belief,  
Let us set sail, and cost whate'er it may.  
To hands deserving trust the sceptre's sway

## ACT III.

*Scene 1.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! Let them take elsewhere the worthless honours  
They bring me. Why so urgent I should see them?  
What flattering balm can soothe my wounded heart?  
Far rather hide me: I have said too much.  
My madness has burst forth like streams in flood,  
And I have utter'd what should ne'er have reach'd  
His ear. Gods! How he heard me! How reluctant  
To catch my meaning, dull and cold as marble,  
And eager only for a quick retreat!  
How oft his blushes made my shame the deeper!  
Why did you turn me from the death I sought?  
Ah! When his sword was pointed to my bosom,  
Did he grow pale, or try to snatch it from me?  
That I had touch'd it was enough for him  
To render it for ever horrible,  
Leaving defilement on the hand that holds it.

CENONE.

Thus brooding on your bitter disappointment,  
You only fan a fire that must be stifled.  
Would it not be more worthy of the blood  
Of Minos to find peace in nobler cares,  
And, in defiance of a wretch who flies  
From what he hates, reign, mount the proffer'd throne?

PHÆDRA.

I reign! Shall I the rod of empire sway,  
When reason reigns no longer o'er myself?  
When I have lost control of all my senses?  
When 'neath a shameful yoke I scarce can breathe?  
When I am dying?

CENONE

Fly

PHÆDRA

I cannot leave him

CENONE

Dare you not fly from him you dared to bamsh ?

PHÆDRA

The time for that is past He knows my frenzy  
 I have o'erstepp'd the bounds of modesty,  
 And blazon'd forth my shame before his eyes  
 Hope stole into my heart against my will  
 Bid you not rally my declining pow'rs?  
 Was it not you yourself recall'd my soul  
 When fluttering on my lips, and with your counsel,  
 Lent me fresh life, and told me I might love him '

CENONE

Blame me or blame me not for your misfortunes,  
 Of what was I incapable, to save you '  
 But if your indignation e'er was roused  
 By insult, can you pardon his contempt ?  
 How cruelly his eyes, severely fix'd,  
 Survey'd you almost prostrate at his feet'  
 How hateful then appeared his savage pride'  
 Why did not Phædra see him then as I  
 Beheld him ?

PHÆDRA.

This proud mood that you resent  
 May yield to time The rudeness of the forests  
 Where he was bred, mured to rigorous laws,  
 Clings to him still, love is a word he ne'er  
 Had heard before It may be his surprise  
 Stunn'd him, and too much vehemence was shown  
 In all I said

CENONE.

Remember that his mother  
Was a barbarian.

PHÆDRA.

Scythian tho' she was,  
She learnt to love.

CENONE.

He has for all the sex  
Hatred intense.

PHÆDRA.

Then in his heart no rival  
Shall ever reign. Your counsel comes too late.  
Cenone, serve my madness, not my reason.  
His heart is inaccessible to love :  
Let us attack him where he has more feeling.  
The charms of sovereignty appear'd to touch him ;  
He could not hide that he was drawn to Athens ;  
His vessels' prows were thither turn'd already,  
All sail was set to scud before the breeze.  
Go you on my behalf, to his ambition  
Appeal, and let the prospect of the crown  
Dazzle his eyes. The sacred diadem  
Shall deck his brow, no higher honour mine  
Than there to bind it. His shall be the pow'r  
I cannot keep; aud he shall teach my son  
How to rule men. It may be he will deign  
To be to him a father. Son and mother  
He shall control. Try ev'ry means to move him ;  
Your words will find more favour than can mine.  
Urge him with groans and tears; show Phædra dying,  
Nor blush to use the voice of supplication.  
In you is my last hope; I'll sanction all  
You say; and on the issue hangs my fate.

*Scene 2*PHÆDRA (*alone*)

Venus implacable, who seest me shamed  
 And sore confounded, have I not enough  
 Been humbled? How can cruelty be stretch'd  
 Farther? Thy shafts have all gone home, and thou"  
 Hast triumph'd Would'st thou w<sup>m</sup> a new renown?  
 Attack an enemy more contumacious  
 Hippolytus neglects thee, braves thy wrath,  
 Nor ever at thine altars bow'd the knee  
 Thy name offends his proud, disdainful eais  
 Our interests are alike avenge thyself,  
 Force him to love—

But what is this? CEnone  
 Returned already? He detests me then,  
 And will not hear you

*Scene 3*

PHÆDRA, CENONE

CENONE

Madam, you must stifle  
 A fruitless love Recall your former virtue  
 The king who was thought dead will soon appear  
 Before your eyes, Theseus has just arrived,  
 Theseus is here The people flock to see him  
 With eager haste I went by your command  
 To find the prince, when with a thousand shouts  
 The air was rent—

PHÆDRA

My husband is alive,  
 That is enough, CEnone I have own'd  
 A passion that dishonours him He lives  
 I ask to know no more

SCENE 3.]

PHÆDRA

CENONE.

What?

PHÆDRA.

I foretold it,  
But you refused to hear. Your tears prevail'd  
Over my just remorse. Dying this morn,  
I had deserved compassion ; your advice  
I took, and die dishonour'd.

CENONE.

Die?

THÆDRA.

Just Heav'ns !  
What have I done to-day ? My husband comes,  
With him his son: and I shall see the witness  
Of my adulterous flame watch with what face  
I greet his father, while my heart is big  
With sighs he scorn'd, and tears that could not move  
Moisten mine eyes. Think you that his respect  
For Theseus will induce him to conceal  
My madness, nor disgrace his sire and king ?  
Will he be able to keep back the horror  
He has for me ? His silence would be vain.  
I know my treason, and I lack the boldness  
Of those abandon'd women who can taste  
Tranquillity in crime, and show a forehead  
All unabash'd. I recognize my madness,  
Recall it all. These vaulted roofs, methinks,  
These walls can speak, and, ready to accuse me,  
Wait but my husband's presence to reveal  
My perfidy. Death only can remove  
This weight of horror. Is it such misfortune  
To cease to live ? Death causes no alarm  
To misery. I only fear the name  
That I shall leave behind me. For my sons  
How sad a heritage ! The blood of Jove  
Might justly swell the pride that boasts descent

From Heav'n, but heavy weighs a mother's guilt  
 Upon her offspring Yes, I dread the scorn  
 That will be cast on them with too much truth,  
 For my disgrace I tremble when I think  
 That, crush'd beneath that curse, they'll never dare  
 To raise their eyes

**ÆNONE**

Doubt not I pity both ,  
 Never was fear more just than yours Why then  
 Expose them to this ignominy ? Why  
 Will you accuse yourself ? You thus destroy  
 The only hope that's left, it will be said  
 That Phædra, conscious of her perfidy,  
 Fled from her husband's sight Hippotus  
 Will be rejoiced that, dying, you should lend  
 His charge support What can I answer him ?  
 He'll find it easy to confute my tale,  
 And I shall hear him with an air of triumph  
 To every open ear repeat your shame  
 Sooner than that may fire from heav'n consume me '  
 Deceive me not Say, do you love him still ?  
 How look you now on this contemptuous pnnce?

**PHÆDRA**

As on a monster frightful to mine eyes

**ÆNONE**

Why yield him then an easy victory ?  
 You fear him Venture to accuse him first,  
 As guilty of the charge which he may bring  
 This day against you Who can say 'tis false ?  
 All tells against him in your hands his sword  
 Happily left behind, your present trouble,  
 Your past distress, your warnings to his father,  
 His exile which your earnest pray'rs obtain'd

**PHÆDRA**

What' Would you have me slander innocence ?

CENONE.

My zeal has need of naught from you out silence.  
 Like you I tremble, and am loath to do it ;  
 More willingly I'd face a thousand deaths.  
 But since without this bitter remedy  
 I lose you, and to me your life outweighs  
 All else, I'll speak. Theseus, howe'er enraged,  
 Will do no worse than banish him again.  
 A father, when he punishes, remains  
 A father, and his ire is satisfied  
 With a light sentence. But if guiltless blood  
 Should flow, is not your honour of more moment r  
 A treasure far too precious to be risk'd ?  
 You must submit, whatever it dictates;  
 For, when our reputation is at stake,  
 All must be sacrificed, conscience itself.  
 But someone comes. 'Tis Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

And I see

Hippolytus, my ruin plainly written  
 In his stern eyes. Do what you will ; I trust  
 My fate to you. I cannot help myself.

*Scene 4.*THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, PHÆDRA, CENONE,  
THERAMENES.

THESEUS.

Fortune no longer fights against my wishes,  
 Madam, and to your arms restores—

PHÆDRA.

Stay, Theseus!

Do not profane endearments that were once  
 So sweet, but which I am unworthy now  
 To taste. You have been wrong'd. Fortune has proved

Spiteful, nor in your absence spaied your wife  
 I am unfit to meet your fond caress,  
 How I may bear my shame my only care  
 Henceforth

*Scene 5*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

THESEUS

Strange welcome for your father, this !  
 What does it mean, my son ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Phaedra alone  
 Can solve this mystery But if my wish  
 Can move you, let me never see her more,  
 Suffer Hippolytus to disappear  
 For ever from the home that holds your wife

THESEUS

You, my son ! Leave me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

'Twas not I who sought her  
 'Twas you who led her footsteps to these shores  
 At your departure you thought meet, my lord,  
 To trust Aricra and the Queen to this  
 Trœzeman land, and I myself was charged  
 With their protection But what cares henceforth  
 Need keep me here ? My youth of idleness  
 Has shown its skill enough o'er paltry foes  
 That lange the woods May I not quit a life  
 Of such inglorious ease, and dip my spear  
 In nobler blood ? Ere you had reach'd my age  
 More than one tyrant, monster more than one  
 Had felt the weight of your stout arm Already,  
 Successful in attacking insolence,

You had removed all dangers that infested  
Our coasts to east and west. The traveller fear'd  
Outrage no longer. Hearing of your deeds,  
Already Hercules relied on you,  
And rested from his toils. While I, unknown  
Son of so brave a sire, am far behind  
Even my mother's footsteps. Let my courage  
Have scope to act, and if some monster yet  
Has scaped you, let me lay the glorious spoils  
Down at your feet; or let the memory  
Of death faced nobly keep my name alive,  
And prove to all the world I was your son.

## THESEUS.

Why, what is this ? What terror has possess'd  
My family to make them fly before me ?  
If I return to find myself so fear'd,  
So little welcome, why did Heav'n release me  
From prison ? My sole friend, misled by passion,  
Was bent on robbing of his wife the tyrant  
Who ruled Epirus. With regret I lent  
The lover aid, but Fate had made us blind,  
Myself as well as him. The tyrant seized me  
Defenceless and unarm'd. Pirithous  
I saw with tears cast forth to be devour'd  
By savage beasts that lapp'd the blood of men.  
Myself in gloomy caverns he inclosed,  
Deep in the bowels of the earth, and nigh  
To Pluto's realms. Six months I lay ere Heav'n  
Had pity, and I 'scaped the watchful eyes  
That guarded me. Then did I purge the world  
Of a foul foe, and he himself has fed  
His monsters. But, when with expectant joy  
To all that is most precious I draw near  
Of what the gods have left me, when my soul  
Looks for full satisfaction in a sight  
So dear, my only welcome is a shudder,  
Embrace rejected, and a hasty flight.  
Inspiring, as I clearly do, such terror,  
Would I were still a prisoner in Epirus !

Phaedra complains that I have suffer'd outrage  
Who has betray'd me ? Speak Why was I not  
Avenged ? Has Greece, to whom mine arm so oft  
Brought useful aid, sheltered the criminal?  
You make no answer Is my son, mine own  
Bear son, confederate with mine enemies ?  
I'll enter This suspense is overwhelming  
I'll learn at once the culprit and the crime,  
And Phaedra must explain her troubled state

*Scene 6*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLTTUS

What do these words portend, which seem'd to freeze  
My very blood? Will Phaedra, in her frenzy,  
Accuse herself, and seal her own destruction ?  
What will the King say ? Gods ' What fatal poison  
Has love spread over all his house' Myself,  
Pull of a fire his hatred disapproves,  
How changed he finds me from the son he knew'  
With dark forebodings is my mind alarm'd,  
But innocence has surely naught to fear  
Come, let us go, and in some other place  
Consider how I best may move my sire  
To tenderness, and tell him of a flame  
Vex'd but not vanquished by a father's blame

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

THESEUS, CENONE.

THESEUS.

Ah ! What is this I hear ? Presumptuous traitor!  
 And would he have disgraced his father's honour?  
 With what relentless footsteps Fate pursues me!  
 Whither I go I know not, nor where now  
 I am. O kind affection ill repaid !  
 Audacious scheme ! Abominable thought!  
 To reach the object of his foul desire  
 The wretch disdain'd not to use violence.  
 I know this sword that served him in his fury,  
 The sword I gave him for a nobler use.  
 Could not the sacred ties of blood restrain him ?  
 And Phædra,—was she loath to have him punish'd ?  
 She held her tongue. Was that to spare the culprit ?

CENONE.

Nay, but to spare a most unhappy father.  
 O'erwhelm'd with shame that her eyes should have kindled  
 So infamous a flame and prompted him  
 To crime so heinous, Phædra would have died.  
 I saw her raise her arm, and ran to save her.  
 To me alone you owe it that she lives;  
 And, in my pity both for her and you,  
 Have I against my will interpreted  
 Her tears.

THESEUS.

The traitor ! He might well turn pale.  
 'Twas fear that made him tremble when he saw me.  
 I was astonish'd that he show'd no pleasure;  
 His frigid greeting chill'd my tenderness.  
 But was this guilty passion that devours him

Declared already ere I banish'd him  
From Athens ?

**CENONE**

Sire, remember how the Queen  
Urged you Illicit love caused all her hatred

**THESEUS**

And then this fire- broke out again at Trcezen ?

**CENONE**

Sire, I hare told you all Too long the Queen  
Has been allow'd to bear her grief alone  
Let me now leave you and attend to her

*Scene 2*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS

**THESEUS**

Ah' Thiere he is Great gods ' That noble mien  
Might well deceive an eye less fond than mrne?<sup>?</sup>  
Why should the sacred stamp of virtue gleam  
Upon the forehead of an impious wretch ?  
Ought not the blackness of a traitor's heart  
To show itself by sure and certain signs ?

**HIPPOLYTUS**

My father, may I ask what fatal cloud  
Has troubled your majestic countenance ?  
Dare you not trust this secret to your son ?

**THESEUS**

Traitor, how dare you show yourself before me ?  
Monster, whom Heaven's bolts have spared too long '  
Survivor of that robber crew whereof  
I cleansed the earth After your brutal lust  
Scorn'd even to lespect *my* marriage bed,

You venture—you, my hated foe—to come  
 Into my presence, here, where all is full  
 Of your foul infamy, instead of seeking  
 Some unknown land that never heard my name.  
 Fly, traitor, fly ! Stay not to tempt the wrath  
 That I can scarce restrain, nor brave my hatred.  
 Disgrace enough have I incurr'd for ever  
 In being father of so vile a son,  
 Without your death staining indelibly  
 The glorious record of my noble deeds.  
 Fly, and unless you wish quick punishment  
 To add you to the criminals cut off\*  
 By me, take heed this sun that lights us now  
 Ne'er see you more set foot upon this soil.  
 I tell you once again,—fly, haste, return not,  
 "Rid all my realms of your atrocious presence.

To thee, to thee, great Neptune, I appeal;  
 If erst I clear'd thy shores of foul assassins,  
 Recall thy promise to reward those efforts,  
 Crown'd with success, by granting my first pray'r.  
 Confined for long in close captivity,  
 I have not yet call'd on thy pow'rful aid,  
 Sparing to use the valued privilege  
 Till at mine utmost need. The time is come,  
 I ask thee now. Avenge a wretched father!  
 I leave this traitor to thy wrath ; in blood  
 Quench his outrageous fires, and by thy fury  
 Theseus will estimate thy favour tow'rds him.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Phaedra accuses me of lawless passion !  
 This crowning horror all my soul confounds ;  
 Such unexpected blows, falling at once,  
 O'erwhelm me, choke my utterance, strike me dumb.

## THESEUS.

Traitor, you reckon'd that in timid silence  
 Phaedra would bury your brutality.  
 You should not have abandon'd in your flight  
 The sword that in *her* hands helps to condemn you

Or rather, to complete your perfidy,  
You should have robb'd her both of speech and life

#### HIPPOLYTUS.

Justly indignant at a lie so black  
I might be pardon'd if I told the truth,  
But it concerns your honour to conceal it  
Approve the reverence that shuts my mouth;  
And, without wishing to increase your woes,  
Examine closely what *ray* life has been  
Great crimes are never single, they are link'd  
To former faults He who has once transgress'd  
Mav violate at last all that men hold  
Most sacred, vice, like virtue, has degrees  
Of progress, innocence was never seen  
To sink at once into the lowest depths  
Of guilt No virtuous man can in a day  
Turn traitor, murderer, an incestuous wretch  
The nurblmg of a chaste, heroic mother,  
I have not proved unworthy of my birth  
Pittheus, whose wisdom is by all esteem'd,  
Deign'd to instruct me when I left her hands  
It is no wish of mine to vaunt my merits,  
But, if I mav lay claim to any virtue,  
I think beyond all else I have displav'd  
Abnonce of those sins with which I'm charged  
For this Hippolytus is known in Greece,  
So continent that he is deem'd austere  
All know my abstinence inflexible  
The daylight is not purer than my heart  
How then could I, burning with fire profane—

#### THESEUS

Yes, dastard, 'tis that very pride condemns you  
I see the odious reason of your coldness  
Phaedra alone bewitch'd your shameless eyes,  
Your soul, to others' charms indifferent,  
Disdain'd the blameless fires of lawful love

## HIPPOLYTUS.

'No, father, I have hidden it too long,  
This heart has not disdain'd a sacred flame.  
Here at your feet I own my real offence :  
I love, and love in truth where you forbid me ;  
Bound to Aricia by my heart's devotion,  
The child of Pallas has subdued your son.  
A rebel to your laws, her I adore,  
And breathe forth ardent sighs for her alone.

## THESEUS

You love her ? Heav'ns !

But no, I see the trick.  
You feign a crime to justify yourself.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Sir, I have shunn'd her for six months, and still  
Love her. To you yourself I came to tell it,  
Trembling the while. Can nothing clear your mind  
Of your mistake ? What oath can reassure you ?  
By heav'n and earth and all the pow'rs of nature—

## THESEUS.

The wicked never shrink from perjury.  
Cease, cease, and spare me irksome protestations,  
If your false virtue has no other aid.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Tho' it to you seem false and insincere,  
Phædra has secret cause to know it true.

## THESEUS.

Ah ! how your shamelessness excites my wrath !

## HIPPOLYTUS.

What is my term and place of banishment ?

## THESEUS

Were you beyond the Pillars of Alcides,  
Your perjured presence were too near me yet

## HIPPOLYTUS

What friends will pity me, when you forsake  
And think me guilty of a crime so vile ?

## THESEUS

Go, look you out for friends who hold m honour  
Adultery and clap their hands at incest,  
Low, lawless traitors, steep'd m infamy,  
The fit protectors of a knave like you

## HIPPOLYTUS

Are incest and adultery the words  
You cast at me ? I hold my tongue Yet think  
What mother Phaedra had , too well you know  
Her blood, not mine is tainted with those horrors

## THESEUS

What' Does your rage before my eyes lose all  
Restraint ? For the last time,—out of my sight '  
Hence, traitor' Wait not till a father's wrath  
Force thee away 'mid general execration

*Scene 3*THESEUS (*alone*)

Wretch ! Ther must meet inevitable ruin  
Neptune has sworn by Styx—to gods themselves  
A dreadful oath,—and he will execute  
His promise Thou canst not escape his vengeance  
I loved thee , and, in spite of thine offence,  
My heart is troubled by anticipation  
For thee But thou hast eain'd thy doom too well

SCENE 4.]

PHÆDRA.

Had father ever greater cause for rage ?  
Just gods, who see the grief that overwhelms me,  
Why was I cursed with such a wicked son ?

*Scene 4.*

PHÆDRA, THESEUS.

PKLÆDRA.

My lord, I come to you, fill'd with just dread.  
Your voice raised high in anger reach'd mine ears,  
And much I fear that deeds have follow'd threats.  
Oh, if there yet is time, spare your own offspring,  
Respect your race and blood, I do beseech you.  
Let me not hear that blood cry from the ground ;  
Save me the horror and perpetual pain  
Of having caused his father's hand to shed it.

THESEUS.

No, Madam, from that stain my hand is free  
But, for all that, the wretch has not escaped me.  
The hand of an Immortal now is charged  
With his destruction. 'Tis a debt that Neptune  
Owes me, and you shall be avenged.

PHÆDRA.

A debt

Owed you ? Pray'rs made in anger—

THESEUS.

Never fear

That they will fail. Rather join yours to mine.  
En all their blackness paint for me his crimes,  
And fan my tardy passion to white heat.  
But yet you know not all his infamy ;  
His rage against you overflows in slanders ;  
Your mouth, he says, is full of all deceit,  
He says Aricia has his heart and soul,  
That her alone he loves.

PHÆDRA

Alicia ?

THESEUS

Ay,  
 He said it to my face an idle pietyt'  
 A trick that gulls me not' Let us hope Neptune  
 Will do him speedy justice To his altars  
 I go, to urge performance of his oaths

*Scene 5*

PHJEDRA (*alone*)

Ah, he is gone ' What tidings struck mine ears ?  
 What fare, half smother'd, in my heart revives ?  
 What fatal stroke falls like a thunderbolt?  
 Stung by remorse that would not let me rest,  
 I tore myself out of Œnone's arms,  
 And flew to help Hippolytus with all  
 My soul and strength Who knows if that repentance  
 Might not have moved me to accuse myself ?  
 And, if my voice had not been choked with shame,  
 Perhaps I had confess' d the frightful truth  
 Hippolytus can feel, but not for me '  
 Ancia has his heart, his plighted troth  
 Ye gods, when, deaf to all my sighs and tears,  
 He arm'd his eye with scorn, his brow with threats,  
 I deem'd his heart, impregnable to love,  
 Was fortified 'gainst all my sex alike  
 And you another has prevail'd to tame  
 His pude, another has secured his favour  
 Perhaps he has a heart easily melted,  
 I am the only one he cannot bear'  
 And shall I charge myself with his defence ?

*Scene 6.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE.

PHÆDRA.

Know you, dear Nurse, what I have learn'd just, now ?

CENONE.

No; but I come in truth with trembling limbs.  
I dreaded with what purpose you went forth,  
The fear of fatal maciness made me pale.

PHÆDRA.

Who would have thought it, Nurse ? I had a rival.

CENONE.

A rival ?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, he loves. I cannot doubt it. .  
This wild untamable Hippolytus,  
Who scorn'd to be admired, whom lovers' sighs  
Wearied, this tiger, whom I fear'd to rouse,  
Fawns on a hand that has subdued his pride:  
Aricia has found entrance to his heart.

CENONE.

Aricia ?

PHÆDRA.

Ah! anguish as yet untried!  
For what new tortures am I still reserved ?  
All I have undergone. transports of passion,  
Longings and fears, the horrors of remorse,-  
The shame of being spurn'd with contumely,  
Were feeble foretastes of my present torments.  
They love each other ! By what secret charm  
Have they deceived me ? Where, and when, and  
Met they ? You knew it all. Why was I cozen'd

You never told me of those stolen hours  
 Of amorous converse Have they oft been seen  
 Talking together ? Did they seek the shades  
 Of thickest woods ? Alas<sup>?</sup> full freedom had they  
 To see each other Heav'n approved their sighs,  
 They loved without the consciousness of guilt,  
 And every morning's sun for them shone clear,  
 While I, an outcast from the face of Nature,  
 Shunn'd the bright day, and sought to hide myself  
 Death was the only god whose aid I dared  
 To ask I waited for the grave's release  
 Water'd with tears, nounsh'd with gall, my woe  
 Was all too closely watch'd, I did not dare  
 To weep without restraint In mortal dread  
 Tasting this dangerous solace, I disguised  
 My terror 'neath a tranquil countenance,  
 And oft had I to check my tears, and smile

## CENONE

What fruit will they enjoy of their vain love ?  
 They will not see each other more

## PHÆDRA

That love  
 Will last for ever Even while I speak,  
 Ah, fatal thought, they laugh to scorn the madness  
 Of my distracted heart In spite of exile  
 That soon must part them, with a thousand oaths  
 They seal yet closer union Can I suffer  
 A happiness, CEnone, which insults me ?  
 I crave your pity She must be destroy'd  
 My forsband's wrath against a hateful stock  
 Shall be revived, nor must the punishment  
 Be light the sister's guilt passes the brothers'  
 I will entreat him in my jealous rage  
 that am I saymg ? Have I lost my senses ?  
 Is Phædra jealous, and will she implore  
 Theseus for help ? My husband lives, and yet  
 I burn For whom ? Whose heart is this I claim  
 As mine ? At every word I say, my hair

Stands up with horror. Guilt henceforth has pass'd  
**All** bounds. Hypocrisy and incest breathe  
 At once thro' all. My murderous hands are ready  
 To spill the blood of guileless innocence.  
 Do I yet live, wretch that I am, and dare  
 To face this holy Sun from whom I spring ?  
 My father's sire was king of all the gods;  
 My ancestors fill all the universe.  
 Where can I hide ? In the dark realms of Pluto ?  
 But there my father holds the fatal urn;  
 His hand awards th' irrevocable doom :  
 Minos is judge of all the ghosts in hell.  
 Ah ! how his awful shade will start and shudder  
 When he shall- see his daughter brought before him,  
 Forced to confess sins of such varied *dye*,  
 Crimes it may be unknown to hell itself !  
 What wilt thou say, my father, at a sight  
 So dire ? I think I see thee drop the urn,  
 And, seeking some unheard-of punishment,  
 Thyself become my executioner.  
 Spare me ! A cruel goddess has destroy'd  
 Thy race; and in my madness recognize  
 Her wrath. Alas ! My aching heart has reap'd  
 No fruit of pleasure from the frightful crime  
 The shame of which pursues me to the grave,  
 And ends in torment life-long misery.

ÆNONE.

Ah, Madam, pray dismiss a groundless dread:  
 Look less severely on a venial error.  
 You love. We cannot conquer destiny.  
 You were drawn on as by a fatal charm.  
 Is that a marvel without precedent  
 Among us ? Has love triumph'd over you,  
 And o'er none else ? Weakness is natural  
 To man. A mortal, to a mortal's lot  
 Submit. You chafe against a yoke that others  
 Have **long** since borne. The dwellers in Olympus,  
 The gods themselves, who terrify with threats  
**The sins of men, have burn'd** with lawless **fires**.

## PHÆDRA

What words are these I hear ? What counsel this  
 You dare to give me ? Will you to the end  
 Pour poison in mine ears ? You have destroy'd me  
 You brought me back when I should else have quitted  
 The light of day, made me forget my duty  
 And see Hippolytus till then avoided  
 What hast thou done ? Why did your wicked mouth  
 With blackest lies slander his blameless life ?  
 Perhaps you've slam him, and the impious pray'r  
 Of an unreeling father has been answer'd  
 No, not another word ' Go, hateful monster,  
 Away, and leave me to my piteous fate  
 May Heav'n with justice pay you your deserts'  
 And may your punishment for ever be  
 A terror to all those who would, like you.  
 Nourish with artful wiles the weaknesses  
 Of princes, push them to the brink of ruin  
 To which then heart inclines, and smooth the path  
 Of guilt Such flatterers doth the wrath of Heav'n  
 Bestow on kings as its most fatal gift

CENONE (*alone*)

O gods' to serve her what have I not done ?  
 Tins is the due reward that I have won

## ACT V

*Scene 1*

## HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA

## ARICIA

Can you keep silent in this mortal peril'  
 Your father loves you Will you leave him thus  
 Deceived ? If in your cruel heart you scorn  
 My tears, content to see me nevermore,

Go, part from poor Aricia; but at least,  
Going, secure the safety of your life.  
Defend your honour from a shameful stain,  
And force your father to recall his pray'rs.  
There yet is time. Why out of mere caprice  
Leave the field free to Phædra's calumnies?  
Let Theseus know the truth.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Could I say more,  
Without exposing him to dire disgrace ?  
How should I venture, by revealing all,  
To make a father's brow grow red with shame ?  
The odious mystery to you alone  
Is known. My heart has been outpour'd to none  
Save you and Heav'n. I could not hide from you  
(Judge if I love you), all I fain would hide  
E'en from myself. But think under what seal  
I spoke. Forget my words, if that may be ;  
And never let so pure a mouth disclose  
This dreadful secret. Let us trust to Heav'n  
My vindication, for the gods are just;  
For their own honour will they clear the guiltless;  
Sooner or later punish'd for her crime,  
Phædra will not escape the shame she merits.  
I ask no other favour than your silence;  
In all besides I give my wrath free scope.  
Make your escape from this captivity,  
Be bold to bear me company in flight;  
Linger not here on this accursed soil,  
Where virtue breathes a pestilential air.  
To cover your departure take advantage  
Of this confusion, caused by my disgrace.  
The means of flight are ready, be assured;  
You have as yet no other guards than mine.  
Pow'rful defenders will maintain our quarrel;  
Argos spreads open arms, and Sparta calls us.  
Let us appeal for justice to our friends,  
Nor suffer Phædra, in a common ruin  
Joining us both, to hunt us from the throne,

And aggrandise her son by robbing us  
 Embrace this happy opportunity  
 What fear restrains ? You seem to hesitate  
 Your interest alone prompts me to urge  
 Boldness When I am all on fire, how comes it  
 That you are ice ? Fear you to follow then  
 A banish'd man ?

## ARICIA

Ah, dear to me would be  
 Such exile ! With what joy, my fate to yours  
 United, could I live by all the world  
 Forgotten ! But not yet has that sweet tie  
 Bound us together How then can I steal  
 Away with you ? I know the strictest honour  
 Forbids me not out of your father's hands  
 To free myself, this is no parent's home,  
 And flight is lawful when one flies from tyrants  
 But you, Sir, love me, and my virtue shrinks —

## HIPPOLYTUS

No, no, your reputation is to me  
 As dear as to yourself A nobler purpose  
 Brings me to you Fly from your foes, and follow  
 A husband Hoav'n, that sends us these misfortunes,  
 Sets free from human instruments the pledge  
 Between us Torches do not always light  
 The face of Hymen

At the gates of Troezen,  
 'Mid ancient tombs where princes of my race  
 Lie buried, stands a temple ne'er approach'd  
 By perjurers, where mortals dare not make  
 False oaths, for instant punishment befalls  
 The guilty Falsehood knows no stronger check  
 Than what is present there—the fear of death  
 That cannot be avoided Thither then  
 We'll go, if you consent, and swear to love  
 For ever, take the guardian god to witness  
 Our solemn vows, and his paternal care  
 Entreat I will invoke the name of all  
 The holiest Powers, chaste Dian, and the Queen

Of Heav'n, yea all the gods who know my heart  
Will guarantee my sacred promises.

ARICIA.

The King draws near. Depart,—make no delay.  
To mask my flight, I linger yet one moment.  
Go you; and leave with me some trusty guide,  
To lead my timid footsteps to your side.

*Scene 2.*

THESEUS, ARICIA, ISMENE.

THESEUS,

Ye gods, throw light upon my troubled mind,  
Show me the truth which I am seeking here.

ARICIA (*aside to ISMENE*).

Get ready, dear Ismene, for our flight.

*Scene 3.*

THESEUS, ARICIA.

THESEUS.

Your colour comes and goes, you seem confused,  
Madam! What business had my son with you?

ARICIA.

Sire, he was bidding me farewell for ever.

THESEUS.

Your eyes, it seems, can tame that stubborn pride;  
And the first sighs he breathes are paid to you.

ARICIA

I can't deny the truth , he has not, Sire,  
Inherited your hatred and injustice ,  
He did not treat me like a criminal

THESEUS

That is to say, he swore eternal love  
Do not rely on that inconstant heart,  
To others has he sworn as much before

ARICIA

He, Sire ?

THESEUS

You ought to check his roving taste  
How could you bear a partnership so vile ?

ARICIA

And how can you endure that vilest slanders  
Should make a life so pure as black as pitch ?  
Have you so little knowledge of his heart ?  
Do you so ill distinguish between guilt  
And innocence ? What mist before your eyes  
Blinds them to virtue so conspicuous ?  
Ah ! 'tis too much to let false tongues defame him  
Repent, call back your murderous wishes, Sire ,  
Fear, fear lest Heav'n in its seventy  
Hate you enough to hear and grant your pray'rs  
Oft in their wrath the gods accept our victims,  
And oftentimes chastise us with their gifts

THESEUS

No, vamy would you cover up his guilt  
Your love is blind to his depravity  
But I have witness inapproachable  
Tears have I seen, true tears, that may be trusted

ARICIA

Take heed, my lord Your hands invincible  
Have rid the world of monsters numberless

## SCENE 5.]

PHÆDRA.

But all are not destroyed, one you have left  
 Alive—Your son forbids me to say more.  
 Knowing with what respect he still regards you,  
 I should too much distress him if I dared  
 Complete my sentence. I will imitate  
 His reverence, and, to keep silence, leave you.

*Scene 4.*THESEUS *{alone}*.

What is there in her mind? What meaning lurks  
 In speech begun but to be broken short?  
 Would both deceive me with a vain pretence?  
 Have they conspired to put me to the torture?  
 And yet, despite my stern severity,  
 What plaintive voice cries deep within my heart?  
 A secret pity troubles and alarms me.  
 Cœnone shall be questioned once again,  
 I must have clearer light upon this crime.  
 Guards, bid Cœnone come, and come alone.

*Scene 5.*

THESEUS, PANOPE.

FANOPE.

I know not what the Queen intends to do,  
 But from her agitation dread the worst.  
 Fatal despair is painted on her features;  
 Death's pallor is already in her face.  
 Cœnone, shamed and driven from her sight,  
 Has cast herself into the ocean depths.  
 None knows what prompted her to deed so rash;  
 And now the waves hide her from us for ever.

THESEUS.

What say you?

PANOPE.

Her sad fate seems to have added  
 Fresh trouble to the Queen's tempestuous soul  
 Sometimes, to soothe her secret pain, she clasps  
 Her children close, and bathes them with her tears,  
 Then suddenly, the mother's love forgotten,  
 She thrusts them from her with a look of horror  
 She wanders to and fro with doubtful steps,  
 Her vacant eye no longer knows us Thrice  
 She wrote, and thence did she, changing her mind,  
 Destroy the letter ere 'twas well begun  
 Vouchsafe to see her, Sire vouchsafe to help her

THESEUS

Heav'n's ! Is CEnone dext, and Phaedra bent  
 On dying too ? Ob, call me back my son !  
 Let him defend himself, and I am ready  
 To heal him Be not hasty to bestow  
 Thy fatal bounty, Neptune, let my pray'is  
 Rather remain ever unheal'd Too soon  
 I lifted cruel hands, believing lips  
 That may have hed' Ah ! What despair may follow !

*Scene 6*

THESEUS, THERAMENES

THEIAMENES

Theiamenes, is 't thou ? Where is my son ?  
 I gave him to thy charge from tenderest childhood  
 But whence these tears that overflow thine eyes ?  
 How is it with my son ?

THERAMENES

Concern too late'  
 Affection vain ! Hippolytus is dead

THESEUS

Gods'

THERAMENES.

I have seen the flow'r of all mankind  
Cut off, and I am bold to say that none  
Deserved it less.

THESEUS.

What! My son dead! When I  
Was stretching out my arms to him, has Heav'n  
Hasteh'd his end? What was this sudden stroke?

THERAMENES.

Scarce had we pass'd out of the gates of Trœzen,  
He silent in his chariot, and his guards,  
Downcast and silent too, around him ranged;  
To the Mycenian road he turn'd his steeds,  
Then, lost in thought, allow'd the reins to lie  
Loose on their backs. His noble chargers, erst  
So full of ardour to obey his voice,  
With head depress'd and melancholy eye  
Seem'd now to mark his sadness and to share it.  
A frightful cry, that issues from the deep,  
With sudden discord rends the troubled air;  
And from the bosom of the earth a groan  
Is heard in answer to that voice of terror.  
Our blood is frozen at our very hearts;  
With bristling manes the list'ning steeds stand still,  
Meanwhile upon the watery plain there rises  
A mountain billow with a mighty crest  
Of foam, that shoreward rolls, and, as it breaks,  
Before our eyes vomits a furious monster.  
With formidable horns its brow is arm'd,  
And all its body clothed with yellow scales,  
In front a savage bull, behind a dragon  
Turning and twisting in impatient rage.  
Its long continued bellowings make the shore  
Tremble; the sky seems horror-struck to see it;  
The earth with terror quakes; its poisonous breath  
Infects the air. The wave that brought it ebbs  
In fear. All fly, forgetful of the courage  
That cannot aid, and in a neighbouring temple

Take refuge—all save bold Hippolytus  
 A hero's woithy son, he stays his steeds,  
 Seizes his darts, and, rushing forward, hurls  
 A missile with sure aim that wounds the monster  
 Deep in the flank With rage and pain it springs  
 E'en to the horses' feet, and, roaring, falls,  
 Writhes in the dust, and shows a fiery throat  
 That covers them with flames, and blood, and smoke  
 Fear lends them wmg's, deaf to his voice for once,  
 And heedless of the curb, they onward fly  
 Their master wastes his stien'gh in efforts vain ,  
 With foam and blood each courser's bit is red  
 Some say a god, amid this wild disorder,  
 Is seen with goads pricking their dusty flanks  
 O'er jagged rocks they rush urged on by terror,  
 Crash ' goes the axle-tree Th' intrepid youth  
 Sees his car broken up, flying to pieces,  
 He falls himself entangled in the reins  
 Pardon *my* grief That cruel spectacle  
 Will be for me a source of endless tears  
 I saw thy hapless son, I saw him, Sire,  
 Dragg'd by the horses that his hands had fed,  
 Pow'rless to check their fierce career, his voice  
 But adding to their fright, his body soon  
 One mass of wounds Our cries of anguish fill  
 The plain At last they slacken their swift pace,  
 Then stop, not far from those old tombs that mark  
 Where lie the ashes of his royal sires  
 Panting I thither run, and after me  
 His guard, along the track stain'd with fresh blood  
 That leddens all the rocks, caught in the briers  
 Locks of his hair hang dripping, gory spoils '  
 I come, I call him Stretching forth his hand,  
 He opes his dying eyes, soon closed again  
 " The gods have robb'd me of a guiltless life,"  
 I heai him say " Take care of sad Aricia  
 When I am dead Dear friend, if e'er my father  
 Mourn, undeceived, his son's unhappy fate  
 Falsely accused, to give my spirit peace,  
 Tell him to treat his captive tenderly,  
 And to restore—" **With that the hero's breath**

Fails, and a mangled corpse lies in my arms,  
A piteous object, trophy of the wrath  
Of Heav'n—so changed, his father would not know him.

THESEUS.

Alas, my son! Dear hope for ever lost!  
The ruthless gods have served me but too well.  
For what a life of anguish and remorse  
Am I reserved!

THERAMENES.

Arieia at that instant,  
Flying from you, comes timidly, to take him  
For husband, there, in presence of the gods.  
Thus drawing nigh, she sees the grass all red  
And reeking, sees (sad sight for lover's eye!)  
Hippolytus stretch'd there, pale and disfigured.  
But, for a time doubtful of her misfortune,  
Unrecognized the hero she adores,  
She looks, and asks—"Where is Hippolytus?"  
Only too sure at last that he lies there  
Before her, with sad eyes that silently  
Reproach the gods, she shudders, groans, and falls,  
Swooning and all but lifeless, at his feet.  
Lsinene, all in tears, kneels down beside her,  
And calls her back to life—life that is naught  
But sense of pain. And I, to whom this light  
Is darkness now, come to discharge the duty  
The hero has imposed on me, to tell thee  
His last request—a melancholy task.  
But hither comes his mortal enemy.

*Scene 7.*

THESEUS, PHÆDRA, THERAMENES, PANOPE, GUARDS.

THESEUS.

Madam, you've triumph'd, and my son is kill'd!  
Ah, but what room have I for fear! How justly  
Suspicion racks me that in blaming him

I err'd' But he is dead, accept your victim,  
 Rightly or wrongly slain, let your heart leap  
 For joy My eyes shall be for ever blind  
 Since you accuse him, I'll believe him guilty  
 His death affords me cause enough for tears,  
 Without a foolish search for further light  
 Which, pow'less to lestoie him to my grief,  
 Might only serve to make me more unhappy  
 Far from this shore and far from you I'll fly,  
 For here the image of my mangled son  
 Would haunt my memory and drive me mad  
 From the whole world I fain would banish me,  
 For all the world seems to rise up in judgment  
 Against me, and my very glory weights  
 My punishment, for, were my name lest, known,  
 'Twere easier to hide me All the favours  
 The gods have granted me I mourn and hate,  
 Nor will I importune them with vain prayers  
 Henceforth for ever Give me what they may,  
 What *they* have taken will all else outweigh

PHÆDRA

Theseus, I cannot hear you and keep silence  
 I must repair the wrong that he has suffer'd—  
 Your son was innocent

THESEUS

Unhappy father'  
 And it was on your word that I condemn'd him '  
 Think you such cruelty can be excused—

PHÆDRA

Moments to me are precious, hear me, Theseus  
 'Twas I who cast an eye of lawless passion  
 On chaste and dutiful Hippolytus  
 Heav'n in *my* bosom kindled baleful fire,  
 And vile CEnone's cunning did the rest  
 She fear'd Hippolytus, knowing my madness,  
 Would make that passion known which he regarded  
 With horror, so advantage of my weakness

SCENE 7.]

PHÆDRA.

She took, ana nasten d to accuse him first.  
For that she has been punish'd, tho' too mildly;  
Seeking to shun my wrath she cast herself  
Beneath the waves. The sword ere now had out  
My thread of life, but slander'd innocence  
Made its cry heard, and I resolved to die  
In a more lingering way, confessing first  
My penitence to you. A poison, brought  
To Athens by Medea, runs thro' my veins  
Already in my heart the venom works,  
Infusing there a, strange and fatal chill;  
Already as thro' thickening mists I see  
The spouse to whom my presence is an outrage;  
Death, from mine eyes veiling the light of heav'n,  
Restores its purity that they defiled.

PANOPE.

She dies, my lord !

THESEUS.

Would that the memory  
Of her disgraceful deed could perish with her!  
Ah, disabused too late ! Come, let us go,  
And with the blood of mine unhappy son  
Mingle our tears, clasping his dear remains,  
In deep repentance for a pray'r detested.  
Let him be honour'd as he well deserves ;  
And, to appease his sore offended ghost,  
Be her near kinsmen's guilt whate'er it may,  
Aricia shall be held my daughter from to-day.



**ESTIER.**

**A TRAGEDY FOUNDED ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.**



## INTRODUCTION TO ESTHER.

**E**STHER—the first of Racine's two sacred dramas—is a tragedy in the Aristotelian acceptance of the term, as being concerned with a great and noble action, and calculated to excite generous pity and fear, though the denouement is a happy one for the heroine and her compatriots. It was composed by Racine when he was in his fiftieth year, and acted at the Maison de Saint Cyrin 1689 (see biographical notice, p. xv). The incidents are in strict accordance with the Biblical narrative, but our poet was obliged to invent the character of Elizabeth in order to furnish Esther with the confidante deemed so indispensable in the French drama of the period, while Hydaspes is made to perform a similar office for Hainan. The fulsome prologue does not enhance our respect for the too courtly bard, who (speaking in the name of Piety!) extols bigotry, and singles out for special commendation the capital blunder which Louis XIV. had recently committed (1685) in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He praises the Dauphin for virtues which were only too conspicuous in him by their absence. His flattery is indirectly extended to Madame de Mainteuon in the opening lines of his play, the terms in which allusion is made to Vashti's disgrace being such as to recall the circumstances under which the former had supplanted Madame de Montespan in the king's favour; and the choral odes abound in delicate compliments to the distinguished patroness of the Maison de Saint Cyr.

Racine rejects the testimony of Herodotus to the purely monotheistic nature of the Persian religion. In this he has some ground of justification; but in representing the Persians as idolaters he is certainly wrong, and probably mistaken also in identifying Ahasuerus with Darius, son of Hystaspes. In "Esther" Racine for the first time introduces a Chorus, as in the ancient Greek drama, whose songs set to music by Moreau gratefully relieved the monotony of the somewhat stilted dialogue. The unity of place is, moreover, observed less rigidly than usual, a change of scene (though still within the limits of the royal palace) accompanying the rise of the curtain for each of the three Acts.

## CHARACTERS

AUASFRUS            *King of Persia*  
KSTHFR, *Queen of Persia*  
MORDECAI, *Esthers Uncle*  
HAMAN, *Fatourite of Ahasuerus*  
ZERFSH, *Hamans Wefe*  
HTDASPTS    *Chamberlain of the Inner Palace*  
ASAPH, *another of the Kings Officers*  
FARZABITII    *Confidential Frtend of Esther*  
TAHMAR, A *Jewess, one of Esther's Attendants*  
*Guards of King Ahasuerus*  
*Chorns of Young Jewish Maidens*

**The scene is laid at Shushan, m the King s Palace**  
**The Prologue is spoken by PHTY**

## PROLOGUE.

### PIETY.

From the Divine Creator's blest abode  
I to this dwelling-place of Grace descend  
Which Innocence, my constant comrade, haunts,  
And finds no surer refuge 'neath the skies.  
Here, far from tumult, by my hand is form'd  
In holiest offices a rising race ;  
I nourish in their hearts the fruitful seed  
Of virtues that may sanctify the world.  
A King, my guardian, a victorious King,  
Has trusted to my care this precious charge.  
'Tis he has gather'd here these timid doves,  
Else widely scatter'd, without help or guides :  
Raising this palace at his gates for them,  
He bids them find peace and abundance here.

Great God, forget not Thou this pious work !  
Let **all** the care he for Thy glory takes  
Be graven by Thy hand within the book  
Where the predestined names of kings beloved  
Of Heav'n are written ! Ever dost Thou hear me ;  
Am I not Piety, Thy daughter dear,  
Whose voice Thou knowest ? And this king's warm vows  
I bear, and from the altar of Thy love  
Kindle his heart. The fervent zeal that burns  
His soul with a consuming fire for Thee  
Is spread, from east to west. Thou seest him  
Daily before Thee bow his crowned head  
In worship, and, by his august example,  
Confounding pride, adore Thy sacred threshold.  
Of all earth's monarchs he alone maintains  
Thy **quarrel,** and, inspired with holy ardour,  
Fights for Thine honour. Jealousy and greed  
Conspire against Thee, for foul heresy

Contending, discord rages everywhere ,  
 All, as it seems, forsake Thy holy standards,  
 And hell, with dismal damps enshrouding all,  
 Has cast its darkness over samthest eyes  
 He only, grounded upon faith unchanging.  
 With ready eye and ear seeks naught but Thee,  
 And, vanquishing the fiend's vain subtlety,  
 Sustains the entire fabric of religion  
 Judge Thine own cause, great God, make bare to-day  
 Thine arm, that self-same arm which fought for him,  
 When the Rhine saw so many times dispersed  
 The armies of the nations that had sworn  
 To crush him Those same foes, m proud defiance,  
 Come to meet shipwreck on the rock before  
 Found fatal Everywhere firm barriers burst.  
 Forth from their ruin'd forts they swarm across  
 His borders Thou hast given him a son  
 Ready to fight, to aid, obey, command ,  
 A son whom, like himself, Conquest attends,  
 His highest aim to gam his father's heart,  
 A son whose love submits to all his wishes,  
 The terror and despair of all his foes,  
 Worthy to rank with those heroic souls  
 Thy Justice sends The King says, Go he springs  
 Forward with joy, his vengeance falls like lightning,  
 And he returns calmly to lay the spoils  
 Down at his feet

But while a mighty Monarch  
 Thus rights my wrongs, you who here taste delights  
 So pure, if he permits a moment's rest  
 To his brave heart, call to your blameless pastime  
 This hero , Esther's glorious history  
 Enact, and impious wiles by faith subdued  
 And ye for whom wild passions have a chaim  
 Kindled by fictions frivolous and vain,  
 Who love profane and pagan spectacles,  
 Whose ears are not attuned to solemn words,  
 The sacred joys I bring are not for you ,  
 Fly, for all here breathes God, and peace, **and** truth.

# ESTHER.

A TRAGEDY FOUNDED ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

ACT T.

*Scene*—ESTHER'S chamber.

*Scene* 1.

ESTHER, ELIZABETH.

**ESTHER.**

Is 't thou, Elizabeth ? Thrice happy day!  
Blessed be Heav'n that to my pray'rs restores  
The friend of earliest years, like me a daughter  
Of Benjamin, who, gall'd by the same yoke  
Of dire oppression, mourn'd with me the woes  
Of captured Zion. Ah, how memory dwells  
Still fondly on the visions of the past!  
But thou, "thine Esther's glory dost thou know ?  
Six months and more has search for thee been made;  
What clime, what desert so remote could hide thee ?

**ELIZABETH.**

Stricken with grief at rumours of thy death,  
I lived a life apart from all mankind,  
And waited only for that life of sadness  
To end, when suddenly a prophet spake:  
" Too long hast thou bewail'd the loss of one  
Who yet survives. Rise, take thy way to Shushan;  
There shalt thou see the object of thy tears

Seated in pomp and honour on a throne  
 Zion," said he, "comfort thy timid tribes,  
 The day draws nigh when the Lord God of hosts  
 Shall make the might of His strong arm appeal,  
 For He has heard His people's cry for help "  
 He spake and I, with joy and wonder moved,  
 Set off in haste, found entrance to this palace,  
 And see a spectacle that fills mine eyes  
 With admiration, worthy of the arm  
 That saved our fathers ' Proud Ahasuerus  
 His captive crowns, and falls before the feet  
 Of a fan Jewess ' By what secret springs  
 Has Heav'n accomplish'd this unhop'd for triumph ?

#### ESTHER

Thou may'st have heard the well-known story told  
 Of haughty Vashti's fall, whose place I fill,  
 When Persia's king, inflamed with sore displeasure,  
 Bamsh'd the queen both from his throne and bed,  
 But could not drive her from his thoughts so soon,  
 Long Vashti reign'd in his offended soul  
 Then must there search be made thro' all his lealms  
 For some new object that might wean him from her  
 From Ind to Hellespont his slaves went forth,  
 Daughters of Eg\pt show'd themselves at Shushan  
 E'en the wild Seythian and the Parthian sent  
 Then maidens to contend for beauty's pnze,  
 The sceptre I was being then brought up  
 In secret under the wise, watchful eyes  
 Of Mordecai, to whom I owe so much  
 When by the stroke of death I lost my paienth,  
 To me, his brother's offspring, he supplied  
 The place of father and of mother too  
 The Jews were then sore vexed night and day,  
 He drew me out of my obscurity,  
 And, their deliverance to my feeble hands  
 Confiding, he possess'd me with the hope  
 Of empire Trembling I obey'd his will  
 Hither I came, but hid my race and country.  
 Who could recount the jealousies and plots

**Hatch'd** by the multitude of rivals here  
**Who all**, disputing for so high a favour,  
Waited their sentence at the monarch's eyes ?  
Each had supporters, each a pow'ful faction;  
One boasted the advantages of birth;  
A-nother borrow'd help from skilful hands  
To deck herself in robes magnificent;  
But I placed all my trust in Heav'n's support,  
My only art the sacrifice of tears.

At last to me the summons of the King  
Came, and before his presence I appear'd.  
God holds the hearts of monarchs in His hands;  
He brings prosperity to guileless souls,  
While in their schemes of pride the wicked fall  
Entrapp'd. My feeble charms appear'd to move  
The King: in thoughtful silence long he gazed ;  
And Heav'n, that turn'd the balance in my favour,  
Work'd doubtless on his heart the while. At length,  
**With** eyes wherein a look of kindness reign'd,  
" Be thou my Queen," he said, and therewithal  
With his own hand upon my brow he placed  
His diadem. Then he, to show his joy,  
Loaded the great ones of his court with gifts;  
And throughout all his realms his bounty bade  
His subjects to the royal marriage feast.

During those days of jocund mirth, alas,  
What secret shame and grief within me burn'd!  
Esther, said I, Esther is clad in robes  
Of state, and half the world obeys her sceptre.  
While the grass grows over the walls of Salem ;  
Zion, the haunt of unclean reptiles, sees  
**Her** holy temple scatter'd heaps of stones,  
And ceased the festivals of Israel's God!

ELIZABETH.

Hast thou not told thy sorrow to the King ?

ESTHER.

Until this day he knows not who I am:  
He by whom under Heav'n my fate is ruled  
Forbids me yet this secret to reveal.

## ELIZABETH

Is Mordeear allow'd an entrance here ?

## ESTHER

His love for me sharpens his wit, tho' absent  
I ask his counsel, and his wise replies  
Find countless ways and means to reach mme ears,  
No father for the welfare of his child  
Has more concern    Already warn'd m secret  
By him, I to the king made known a plot  
Form'd by two household slaves against his life  
Meanwhile my warm attachment to our tribe  
Has fill'd this palace with young maids of Zion,  
Fair, tender flowers beaten by the storms  
Of life, transplanted to an alien clime  
With me    Apart from witnesses profane,  
I make their training my chief tare and study,  
And, hither thing from the flattering court,  
Sick of vain pomp, retired within myself,  
I come to kneel before Jehovah's feet,  
And taste the bliss of self-forgetfulness  
But from the Persians I conceal their race  
Now must I call them    Come, my children, come,  
Erst my companions in captivity,  
The patriarch Jacob's young postenty

*Scene 2*

ESTHER, ELIZABETH, CHORUS

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*singing behind the stage*)

Sister, whose invitation greets our ear ?

## ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Those pleasing accents well I know  
It is the Queen

BOTH MAIDENS.

My sisters, let us go.  
It is the Queen we hear,  
She calls us; let us hasten and draw near.

ALL THE CHORUS (*entering from different directions*).

It is the Queen we hear,  
She calls us: let us hasten and draw near.

ELIZABETH.

What an array of innocence and beauty  
Before mine eyes gather from every side !  
What modesty and grace each countenance  
Adorn ! All hail, hope of a holy stock !  
May your pure aspirations mount to Heav'n  
Like the sweet smoke of incense ! May our God  
Regard you with a look of loving kindness !

ESTHER.

My children, sing one of those sacred songs  
Wherewith so oft, mingling your tears with mine,  
Ye have lamented Zion's misery.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Where is the light that over Salem shone,  
The glory that the world admired of yore ?  
Thou art hut dust, that splendour nothing more  
Than a sad memory of brightness gone.  
Zion, exalted once to heaven's height,  
But now brought down to the abyss of hell,  
May dumbness my ingratitude requite,  
If in my songs I e'er forget to tell,  
Till my last breath, what sorrows thee befell ?

ALL THE CHORUS.

Ye banks of Jordan ! Plains beloved of Heav'n !  
Each fertile valley and each holy hill,  
To which God's countless wonders fame have giv'n !  
From our dear fatherland sad exiles still,  
This time of trouble shall we ne'er fulfil ?

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*)

When, Zion, shall I see thy ramparts raised,  
 Thy lofty tow'ns rebuilt in all their pride ?  
 By festal throngs pressing from every side  
 When shall I hear the God of Israel praised ?

## ALL THE CHORUS

Ye banks of Jordan ' Plains beloved of Heav'n '  
 Each fertile valley and each holy hill,  
 To which God's countless wonders fame have giv'n'  
 From our dear fatherland sad exiles still,  
 This time of trouble shall we ne'er fulfil ?

*Scene 3*

ESTHER, MORDECAI, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS

## ESTHER

Who dares these sacred precincts to invade ?  
 Is 't thou, my father ' See I Mordecai ?  
 Has then an angel of the Lord outspread  
 His holy wing to hide thee while he guided  
 Thy footsteps hither ? But whence comes that air  
 Of gloom, that robe of sackcloth, and those ashes  
 Cast on thine head What news ?

## MORDECAI

Unhappy Queen '  
 O guiltless people, to a barbarous fate  
 Condemn'd Read—read the hateful, cruel sentence—  
 We all are lost ' and Israel's race is run '

## ESTHER

Just Heav'n ' My blood is frozen in my veins

## MORDECAI

The name of Jew is to be blotted out  
 To bloody Hainan are we all betray'd ,

The swords, the knives already are prepared,  
And the whole nation meets one common doom.  
Haman, vile Haman, the Amalekite,  
Arms all his influence for this fatal blow,  
The King believes him, and has sign'd this edict.  
Biass'd against us by those lying lips,  
He thinks that Nature's very self abhors us.  
His orders have been giv'n ; in all his States  
The fatal day is fix'd for our destruction.  
Heav'ns, will ye look on this atrocious slaughter ?  
The sword will pity neither sex nor age;  
All will be prey for tigers and for vultures.  
In ten days hence this dreadful day arrives.

ESTHER.

O God, to Whom these deadly plots are known,  
Wilt Thou forsake the remnant of thy people ?

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF THE JEWISH MAIDENS.

Who will defend us, if Thou fight not for us ?

MORDECAI.

Leave tears, my Esther, to these tender babes.  
The only hope of thine unhappy kinsmen  
Rests upon thee. Help them ; but time is precious,  
It flies, and soon will bring the destined day  
For Israel's name to be wiped out for ever.  
Fired with the ardour of God's holy prophets,  
Go, boldly tell thy lineage to the King.

ESTHER.

Alas! Dost thou not know what laws severe  
Guard the King's privacy from all intruders ?  
In the seclusion of the inner palace  
None may behold his awful majesty ;  
'Tis death, without his summons, to presume  
To show oneself before the royal presence,  
Unless the King that instant should extend  
His sceptre to be kiss'd, as sign of pardon.

This fatal law affects all ranks alike,  
 In either sex the crime is still the same  
 Entitled as I am to share his throne,  
 Herein I am a subject like another,  
 And I must wait, if I would speak with him,  
 Until he seeks me, or else bids me come

MORDECAI

What ' When thou see'st thy country perishing,  
 Dost thou set store, my daughter, by thy life  
 God speaks, and dost thou fear a mortals wrath ?  
 Nay, Esthei Canst thou count thy life thine own ?  
 Belongs it not to those from whom thy blood  
 Derived its source ? Belongs it not to God  
 Who ga\|e it ? When He led thee to the throne,  
 Who knows if it was not to save His people ?  
 Pondei it well God has not chosen thee  
 To win vain admiration from the gawe  
 Of heathen eyes, to charm the tribes of Asia  
 For nobler ends doth He reserve His saints  
 Self-sacrifice for Him and for His flock  
 Is the true portion of a child of God  
 To risk thy life for His name's sake is bliss  
 Supreme Not that His arm needs our support,  
 Earth's mightiest kings cannot withstand His pow'r,  
 'T were vain for them to league themselves against Him ,  
 If He but show Himself their strength dissolves ,  
 He speaks and they return to dust The sea  
 Retreats before His voice, the heavens tremble ,  
 He looks upon the universe as nothing ,  
 And feeble mortals, playthings of an hour,  
 Are all as though they were not in His sight  
 If He has suffered Hainan's wickedness,  
 'Tis only, be assured, to prove thy zeal  
 'Tis He who, stirring me to this bold step,  
 Dear Esther, has vouchsafed to march before me  
 And if His voice must strike thine ear in vain,  
 We shall behold His wonders none the less  
 He can confound this Haman, He can burst  
 Our chains asundei by the weakesu hand

The world contains. But, should'st thou spurn His grace,  
It may be thou wilt perish with thy race.

**ESTHER.**

Go, and let all the Jews that dwell at Shushan,  
In earnest supplication night and day,  
Unite with thee to lend me all the help  
That prayer affords, and keep a three days' fast  
Severe. Already has dark night descended :  
To-morrow when the sun shall bring back day,  
Content to meet my death if die I must,  
I will go forth, and for my country offer  
Myself. Let all retire.

*{The Chorus withdraws to the back of the stage.}*

*Scene 4.*

ESTHER, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

**ESTHER.**

O God my King,  
Behold me trembling and ahen before Thee!  
How oft my father in my childhood taught me  
That Thou didst swear a covenant with us  
When, to prepare a people for Thyself,  
It pleased Thee in Thy love to choose our fathers:  
Yea, Thine own holy mouth did promise them  
Posterity that should endure for ever.  
Alas ! This people has despised Thy law ;  
The nation of Thy choice has been unfaithful ;  
She has cast off her Husband and her Father,  
To pay adulterous vows to other gods ;  
And now she stoops beneath the stranger's yoke.  
But to be slaves is not enough, our lives  
Are threaten'd ; our proud conquerors mock our tears,  
To their own gods ascribe their victories,  
And with one mortal blow would fain to-day  
Destroy Thy name, Thy people, and Thy worship.  
Shall then a traitor, after all Thy deeds

Of wondrous might, make vord Thy covenant,  
 Rob all mankind of Thy most precious gift,  
 The Holy One, long promised, long expected ?  
 No, no, forbid the Gentiles in their fury,  
 Drunk with our blood, to shut the only mouths  
 Which hymn Thy praises throughout all the world,  
 Confound their gods that are no gods at all

And as for me whom Thou hast placed among  
 These mfidels Thou knowest how I hate  
 Their sinful feasts, and count as profanations  
 Their table, and their offerings, and rites ,  
 This very pomp to which I am condemned,  
 This diadem, that I am forced to wear  
 On days of high solemnity and pride,  
 I trample under foot when all alone,  
 To these vain gauds preferring dust and ashes,  
 And take no pleasure but in tears like these  
 I have been waiting Thine appointed time  
 To venture boldly in Thy people's cause  
 The hour is come , and I, with prompt submission,  
 Will brave the dreadful presence of the King  
 'Tis m Thy name I go , guide Thou my steps  
 Before this lion fierce that knows Thee not,  
 Command his wrath to sleep at sight of me,  
 And lend me gracious words to charm his ear  
 The winds and tempests of the skies obey Thee,  
 Turn Thou his rage against our enemies

### Scene 5

THE CHORUS

*(All this scene is sung )*

A JEWISH MAIDEN *(alone)*

Faithful companions, to our tears and sighs  
 Let us give vent, nor cease to sob and moan ,  
 While tow'rd those holy hills we raise our eyes  
 Whence innocent e can look for help alone  
 What terrors round us rise '

SCENE 5.]

ESTHER.

Weep, Israel, weep thy total overthrow,  
Ne'er was there known so just a cause for woe  
As ours beneath the skies.

ALL THE CHORUS.

What terrors round us rise !

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Was't not enough the hateful conqueror's hand  
Should have destroy'd majestic Zion's charms,  
And led her children captive from their land ?

ALL THE CHORUS.

O terrible alarms!

THE SAME MAIDEN.

Like feeble sheep 'mid ravening wolves we stand,  
Our sighs to Heaven are our only arms.

ALL THE CHORUS.

O terrible alarms !

ONE MAIDEN.

Let me cast off these ornaments, and tear  
The veil that decks my head.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Sackcloth and ashes let us rather wear,  
Meet for the banquet dread  
By impious Hainan spread.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Let us cast off these ornaments, and tear  
The veil that decks each head.

ONE MAIDEN.

On every side terror and bloodshed reign,  
The aged and the young alike are slain,

The sister and the brother,  
 The daughter with the mother,  
 The dying father clasps his son in vain!  
 What scatter'd heaps of mangled corpses he  
     Unbuned on the ground '  
     While leopards prowl around,  
 And make Thy samts their food, great God on high '

## ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS

Alas ' What have I done ?  
 Can one so young deserve a fate so dire  
     Scarce has the promise of my life begun  
 To open, ere it falls, doom'd to expire  
     Like blossom that ne'er sees a sec aad sun  
     Alas ! What have I done  
 Can one so young desene e a fate so dire ?

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

Unhappy victims we of others' crimes,  
 What boots it our sad fortune to deplore ?  
 Our fathers smn'd, our fathers are no more  
 We bear the vengeance due to earher times

## ALL THE CHORUS

The Lord of hosts Whom we adore  
 Will ne er let righteous blood be spilt,  
 Confounding innocence with guilt

## ONE MAIDFN

Let not the heathen say  
 Where then is Israel's God ? Let Him display  
 His boasted pow'r to-day '

## ANOTHER MAIDLN

This jealous God, this God of matchless might,  
     (Quake, nations of the world '  
 This jealous God, this God of matchless might  
 Alone commands the depth, commands the height,  
     By Him heav'n's bolts are hurl'd ,  
 No other god can make the darkness bright

ANOTHER.

He overthrows the mighty in their pride;

ANOTHER.

Places the meek and humble at His side.

ALL THE CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts Whom we adore  
Will ne'er let righteous blood be spilt,  
Confounding innocence and guilt.

TWO MAIDENS.

O God, Whom glory hovers o'er,  
Who art in robes of light array'd,  
Who ridest where wild tempests roar,  
On cherub's wings as on Thy throne convey'd:

TWO OTHER OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

Thou Who art pleased that simple babes should raise  
With angel hosts their voices in Thy praise:

ALL THE CHORUS.

See Thou what perils round us rise :  
Give honour to Thy name, we pray,  
Nor let Thy glory pass away  
To foreign gods whom we despise.

ONE MAIDEN.

Arm Thyself, Lord, Thy people to defend;  
And, as the sea saw Thee of old, descend,  
That wicked men may be inclined  
To fear Thy wrath.  
Let them be, like the dust before the wind,  
Swept from Thy path !

ALL THE CHORUS.

See Thou what perils round us rise:  
Give honour to Thy name, we pray,  
Nor let Thy glory pass away  
To foreign gods whom we despise.

## ACT II

*Scene—The throne room of Ahasueius*

## Scene 1

HAMAN, HYDASPES

HAMAN

What' When the light of day scarce 'gins to dawn,  
Dost thou dare bring me to this hall of terrors '

HYDASPES

Thou knowest that my faithfulness is trusted ,  
These doora aie shut and open'd at my bidding,  
Mine only Come Elsewheie we may be heard

HAMAN

What is this secret then that thou woild'st tell me ?

HYDASPES

Honoui'd, my lord, by thee with countless favours,  
I ever bear m mind that I have sworn  
To show thee without falsehood or disguise  
Whatever mysteries this palace holds  
A melancholy eloud inwraps the King  
This very night a frightful dream disturb'd him  
While ail around was hush'd in peaceful silenet,  
His voice was heard in cries of agony  
I ran, and found him with disorder'd speech  
Complaining of a peril nigh at hand,  
A secret foe, a daring ravisher ,  
A\, and the name of Esther pass'd his lips  
In horrors such as these he spent the night  
But tired at last of trying to recall  
A vanish'd dream, its phantoms to dispel,  
He bade those annals to be brought, wherein  
The records of his reign, with care collected,

Are written out each day by faithful hands;  
Each service rendered, each offence is there  
Inscribed for gratitude or punishment.  
I left the King reclining on his couch  
More calm, and listening with attentive ear.

HAMAN.

What? portion of his life did he select ?

HYDASPES.

He is reviewing all those glorious times  
Since, by the choice of fate, Abasuerus  
Was call'd to sit upon the throne of Cyrus.

HAMAN.

Has then this dream escaped his memory ?

HYDASPES.

From all Chaldæa's most renown'd diviners  
Those have been gathered who can best interpret  
Dark messages from Heav'n in doubtful dreams—  
But why these signs of sudden agitation ?  
What have I said to cause thee such dismay ?  
Has happy Hainan then some secret care ?

HAMAN.

How canst thou ask, knowing how I am placed ?  
Fear'd, hated, envied, oftentimes more wretched  
Than any victim of my utmost vengeance !

HYDASPES.

On whom has Heaven ever look'd more kindly ?  
Thou seest the whole world prostrate before thee.

HAMAN.

Not all the world ! Each day there is a man,  
A worthless slave, who dares defy and scorn me.

## HYDASPES

**Who** is this enemy of King and country ?

## HAMAN

Say, dost thou know the name of Mordecar ?

## HYDASPES

What ? That vile leader of an impious race ?

## HAMAN

Ay, he forsooth

## HYDASPES

And can so weak a foe  
Disturb the peace of one so far above him ?

## HAMAN

The saucy fellow ne'er bows down before me  
In vain on bended knees all own the marks  
Of favour that the mightiest of kings  
Awards me When no Persian dares to lift  
His forehead bent to earth in sacred homage,  
He, proudly seated, never moves his head,  
Brands due obeisance as impiety,  
Confronts me with seditious looks nor deigns  
So much at least as to cast down his eyes'  
Moreover, he besets the palace gate  
Whatever be the hour I leave or enter,  
His hateful countenance offends and haunts me  
Ay, in my restless sleep I see him still  
This morn'g, though I had foisted the dawn,  
I found him covered o'er with dust and ashes,  
His raiment rent, cheek pale, but in his eye  
Gleam'd the same proud defiance as before  
My friend, whence comes this daring insolence ?  
Thou knowest all that passes in the palace,  
Tell me, is any voice here **raised** for him ?  
**What** is the broken reed on which he leans ?

HYDASPES.

My lord, you know his timely information  
Exposed the murderous plot that Teresh plann'd.  
The grateful King then promised to reward him,  
But since that time seems to have thought of it  
"No more.

HAMAN.

With thee I will throw off disguise.  
I have improved th' injustice of my lot:  
Brought as a slave to Persia when a child,  
I rule the empire now where I was sold ;  
My riches yield not to the wealth of kings,  
Children surround me to maintain my uow'r,  
I only lack the royal diadem.  
And yet (how blind are mortals to their boons !)  
The passing sweetness of this heap of honours  
Makes but a light impression on my heart;  
This Jew who sits before the palace gates  
Plunges a thousand daggers in my breast.  
And all my grandeur is to me insipid  
So long as shines the sun upon this wretch.

HYDASPES.

Ten days, and he will vex thy sight no more:  
He and his race are promised to the vultures.

HAMAN.

Ah, but the time is long to my impatience!  
'Tis he, I will not hide from thee my vengeance,  
'Tis he who, scorning to bow down before me,  
Has brought them ail under my arm to blast them.  
A single victim is for me too little;  
Revenge, if feebly wreak'd, tempts fresh transgression\*  
A man like Haman, when his wrath is roused,  
In his just fury cannot leap too far.  
There must be chastisement at which the world  
Will tremble when it weighs the punishment  
With the offence. Be a whole nation drown'd  
In blood, and be it said in times to come :—

" There was a shameless people once, the Jews,  
 Spread over all the earth, its face they covei'd ,  
 One of them dared to draw upon himself  
 The wrath of Hainan,—and his nation pensh'd

## HYDASPES

It is not then the blood of Amalek  
 That secreteh incites thee to destroy them ?

## HAMAN

Sprung as I am from that unhappy stock,  
 Eternal hatred I might well have felt  
 For those who slaughtered the Amalekites,  
 E'en to their flocks and herds no living thing  
 Was spared, and hardly did a wretched remnant  
 Escape the swoid But mine own exaltation  
 Engrosses every faculty I have,  
 And little loom is left for claims of blood  
 I need no further motive than th' offence  
 Of Mordecai Against them then I stirr'd  
 The King, inventing falsehoods, barbing slanders,  
 Alarm'd him for his honour, for his life  
 I show'd them rich and pow'rful, and seditious,  
 Their God Himself the foe of other gods  
 " How long shall such a people be allow'd  
 To breathe, and with their impious worship tamt  
 Thy realms ' A foreign race, to Peisia's laws  
 Opposed, they live a life apart from all,  
 They study only to distuibe our peace  
 Hated by all men, all mankind they hate  
 Crush them before their insolence has reach'd  
 Its ripeness , fill thy coffers with their spoils "  
 I spake and was believed The King's own seal  
 Of pow'r supreme was straightway to my hand  
 Committed " Go," said he, " secure my peace,  
 Destroy those wretches , take the spoil thyself "  
 Thus the whole nation was condemn'd at once  
 I with the King settled the day of slaughter  
 But my heart thirsts after this caitiff's blood,  
**And** that Ins death should be delay'd is torture

A secret trouble poisons all my joy.  
Why must I see the Jew for ten days more ?

HYDASPES.

And canst thou not destroy him with & Word ?  
Speak, and the King will leave him in thy hands,

HAMAN.

I watch to seize a favourable moment.  
Both thou and I know how the royal will  
Is stubborn, and how oft in sudden transports  
It breaks the springs of all our strategy.  
But I torment me with fantastic fears:  
What is the life of Mordecai to him !

HYDASPES.

Why linger, then ? Hence! quickly give command  
To raise the shameful instrument of death.

HAMAN.

I hear a sound. I go. Should the King call me,  
Do thou—

HYDASPES.

Enough.

*Scene 2.*

AHASUERUS, HYDASPES, ASAPH, ROYAL ATTENDANTS.

AHASUERUS.

So then, without this warning,  
Two traitors would have slain me in my bed ?  
Let Asaph stay, and all the rest withdraw.

*Scene 3*

AHASUERUS, ASAPH

AHASTERTTS (*seated on his throne*)

I must confess I almost had forgotten  
 The murderous scheme plann'd by this pair of traitors,  
 And I have twice grown pale at a rental  
 That leaves its stamp of terror on my heart  
 I see how punishment on guilt attended,  
 So that the miscreants breathed their last in tormento  
 But he, my zealous subject, whose keen eye  
 Traced the dark thread of their nefarious plot,  
 Who show'd me hands already raised to strike,  
 And by whose means Persia was saved with me,—  
 Has he been honoured, or received reward  
 For faithful service?

ASAPH

He was promised much.

I know no more

AHASUERUS

O culpable neglect!

Inevitable consequence of cares  
 Pressing upon a Prince like boisterous waves,  
 In quick succession to new objects ever  
 Drawing his thoughts The past is swallow'd up  
 Like lightning's flash What with the clamorous present,  
 Fears for the future, every hour a crowd  
 Of eager suitors vaunting their deserts  
 With selfish aims, he finds no faithful friend  
 To guard his Prince's honour from reproach,  
 Or to remind him of forgotten merit,  
 While all are eager to point out fit objects  
 For punishment Ah, rather let a wrong  
 'Escape vengeance, than a benefit so rare  
 Go unrewarded ' For he risk'd his life  
 To save his King This man of matchless zeal,  
 Say, lives he yet ?

ASAPH.

His eyes behold this sun.

AHASUERUS.

Then why has he not sooner claim'd his meed ?  
What distant land hides him from wealth and honours ?

ASAPH.

His usual seat is at thy palace gates ;  
There without blaming destiny or thee,  
He drags along a life of misery.

AHASUERUS.

So much the less should I forget the virtue  
Forgetful of itself. Tell me his name  
Once more.

ASAPH.

The name I read was Mordecai.

AHASUERUS.

What countryman ?

ASAPH.

Since I must tell the truth,  
One of those captives who are doom'd to die,  
Brought from the banks of Jordan to Euphrates.

AHASUERUS.

A Jew, then ? Gracious Heaven, when my life  
Was threaten'd by mine own ungrateful subjects,  
The kindness of a Jew baffled their efforts!  
A Jew preserved me from the sword of Persians?  
But, since he saved me, be he what he may,  
It matters not. Ho, some one!

*Scene 4*

AHASUERUS, HYDASPES, ASAPH

HYDASPES

Sire?

AHASTTERUS

Go, see

If any of m\ nobles wait without

HYDASPES

Hamau came hither ere the dawn of day

AHASUERUS

Well, let him enter    He may throw some light  
On this affair*Stene 5*

AHASUERUS, HAMAN, HYDASPES, ASAPH

AHASUERUS

Prop of my throne, appioach,  
 Soul of my counsels, who hast oft relieved  
 My hand exhausted with the sceptre's weight  
 I feel the secret stmg's of self-repioach  
 I know thy zeal devoted and sincere,  
 Thy tongue a stranger to deceitful words,  
 Thy constant aim my interest alone  
 Then tell me what a generous Prince should do,  
 To heap the highest honours on a subject  
 Whom he esteems ?    How can I recompense  
 Fidelity and virtue as becomes  
 A mighty monarch ?    To my gratitude  
 Impose no bounds, remember the vast pow'r  
 I wield

HAMAN (*aside*).

'Tis for thyself that thou art eall'd  
To speak. Who else so worthy of reward ?

AHASUERUS.

What thinkest thou ?

HAMAN.

I in my thoughts review  
The use and custom of the kings of Persia;  
But I recall them all in vain. For what  
Are they, to rule thy conduct ? Thine should rather  
Serve as a model to thy late descendants.  
If thou would'st recognise a subject's zeal,  
Bethink thee honour only has a charm  
For generous souls ; and my advice, O King,  
Is that this happy mortal be array'd  
In royal purple, wearing on his brow  
The sacred diadem, and let him ride  
One of thy steeds, in pompous trappings deck'd,  
Before all eyes in Shushan, and, to crown  
His glory, let the noblest man at court,  
The next to thee in riches and in pow'r,  
Hold his proud courser's bridle, as he walks  
Magnificently clad, and cry aloud  
In all the public places : " Mortals, bow  
With reverence due, 'tis thus the king delighteth  
To honour merit in a faithful subject."

AHASUERUS.

I recognise the wisdom that inspires  
Thy words, with mine own wishes in agreement.  
Go, lose no time: let all that thou hast said  
Be put in execution to the letter.  
Virtue shall not be buried in oblivion.  
'Tis Mordecai that I delight to honour,  
The Jew that sitteth at the palace gates;  
Order his triumph thou, and walk before him;  
Let Shushan's streets re-echo with his name,

And all men, when they see him, bow the knee,  
I would be now alone

HAMAI\* (*aside*)  
Gods'

*Scene 6*

AHASUERUS

Beyond doubt  
'Tis honour quite unheard of, such as subject  
Never enjoy'd before, but all the greater  
This Jew's leward, the more detestable  
His race, thereby I make my life more safe,  
By showing how I fear to be ungrateful,  
And how I can distinguish between guilt  
And innocence For none the less will I  
Destroy this rebel crew, whose crimes—

*Scene 7*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, ELIZABETH, TAMAR, SOME OF THE  
CHORUS

(ESTHER *enters leaving on ELIZABETH, four JEWISH  
MAIDENS bear her tram*)

AHASUERUS

Who enters

Unbidden? Who thus insolently courts  
Destruction? Guards—

What? Esther, is it thou?

I call'd thee not

ESTHER

My daughters, I'm undone '  
Support you dymg queen (*She falls in a swoon*)

AHASUERTTS,

Pow'rs of Heaven!  
 What deadly paleness suddenly o'erspreads  
 Her lovely face! What dost thou fear, my sister?  
 So harsh a law was never made for thee.  
 Live: I hold out to thee the golden sceptre,  
 Sure pledge and token of my clemency.

ESTHER.

Whose welcome voice is this that bids me live,  
 And calls my fluttering soul back to my breast?

AHASUERUS.

Dost thou not know thy husband's voice, my Esther?  
 Come to thyself! Once more I bid thee live!

ESTHER.

The majesty that's stamp'd upon thy brow  
 Has ever fill'd thy servant's eyes with fear.  
 Consider how that brow, with awful frown  
 Bent upon me, could not but terrify  
 My troubled soul. I seem'd to see thee ready  
 To crush me into dust, as from thy throne  
 Loud thunders peal'd. What heart was e'er so bold  
 That would not shudder as the lightning flash'd  
 From my lord's eyes? Thus does the wrath of Heav'n—

AHASUERUS.

O sun! Immortal torch of heav'nly light!  
 Mine own heart feels the shock that made hers cease  
 Its office, and I tremble at the sight  
 Of her distress. Calm, salm this agitation,  
 Esther, my queen, sole mistress of the heart  
 Of Persia's monarch! Only prove the love  
 With which it burns. Say, shall I give thee half  
 Of all my realms?

ESTHER.

Ah, can it be that thou,  
 Dreaded throughout the world, before whose throne

All kneel and kiss the dust, canst cast a look  
So edacious on thy slave, and deign to offer  
That heart as hers ?

**AHASUERUS**

Believe me, dearest Esther,  
This sceptre, and the homage fear inspires  
Have little charm for me , the pomp of pow'r  
Is oft a burden to its sad possessor  
In thee, thee only, do I find a grace  
That never palls nor loses its attraction  
How sweet the charm of loveliness and virtue'  
In Esther breaths the very soul of peace  
And innocence Dark shadows flee before her,  
She pours bright sunshine into days of gloom  
With thee beside me seated on this throne,  
I fear no more the wrath of adverse stars,  
My diadem, fair Esthei, seems to borrow  
A lustre from thy brow that gods themselves  
Might envy Answai boldly then, nor hide  
What urgent purpose leads thy footsteps hither  
What anxious cares perplex thy troubled breast ?  
Thine eyes are raised to Heaven as I speak  
Tell me thy wish , it shall be gratified,  
If its success depends on human hand

**ESTHER**

O kindness reassuring to the heart  
It honours ' No light matter piompts my pray'r  
Lo, misery or happiness awaits me,  
Which it shall be hangs trembling on thy will  
One word from thee, ending my sore suspense,  
Can lender Esther happiest of queens

**AHASUERUS**

Why torture me with cunosity ?

**ESTHFR**

If Esther has found favour in thy sight,  
If e'er thou wast disposed to giant her wishes,

Vouchsafe thy presence at her board to-day,  
Let Esther entertain her sovereign lord,  
And Haman be admitted to the banquet.  
Then, in his hearing, I will dare to utter  
What in his absence I must still conceal.

AHASUERUS.

How restless and impatient thou dost make me!  
Yet all shall be according to thy wishes.

*(To his attendants.)*

Let the Queen's invitation be convey'd  
To Haman's ear, bid him not fail to come.

*Scene 8.*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, ELIZABETH, TAMAR, HYDASPES,  
SOME OF THE CHORUS.

HYDASPES.

The wise Chaldaeans, call'd by thy command,  
Are all assembled in the hall of audience.

AHASUERUS.

A strange dream, Esther, occupies my thoughts;  
And in their answer thou too art concern'd  
As well as I. Come, and behind a curtain  
Hear what is said, and help me with the light  
Of thy clear judgment. For myself and thee  
I fear some secret foe.

ESTHER.

Follow me, Tamar.  
You, timid maidens, stay till I return,  
And, sheltered by this throne, fear no rude eye.

*Scene 9*

ELIZABETH, SOME OF THE CHORUS

*(This scene is paitly spoken and partly sung )*

ELIZABETH

What think ye, sisters, of our present state ?  
 Esther or Haman, which will win the day ?  
 The issue of the struggle we await,  
 Will it the pow'r of man or God display ?  
 Ye saw what wrath, that struck us all with fear,  
 Flash'd from the Monarch's eyes in glance severe.

ONE OF THE JEWISH MAIDENS

It dazzled like the lightning in the sky

ANOTHER MAIDEN

And when he spake 'twas like the thunder's roar

ELIZABETH

How did that wrath, so terrible before,  
 All in a moment vanish from his eye ?

ONE MAIDEN *Sings*

That stern heart in a moment has grow mild,  
 More like a gentle lamb than lion wild  
 God, our own God, has made the storm to cease,  
 And lull'd the waves to peace

THE CHORUS *sings*

God, our own God, has made the storm to cease,  
 And lull'd the waves to peace

THE SAME MAIDEN *Sings*

As flowing streams obey  
 The hand that marks the course that they should go,

And on the land fertility bestow,  
     Where'er their waters stray  
 Thus Thou, O God, Whose will our own doth guide,  
 Canst turn the hearts of kings from side to side.

ELIZABETH.

Ah, sisters, how I dread the dismal mists  
 That shroud the Monarch's eyes from Heaven's light!  
 The worship of his gods distorts his sight!

ONE MAIDEN.

Their hateful service all his zeal enlists.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

To all the lifeless fires that Heav'n displays  
 He impious homage pays.

ANOTHER.

His palace with their images is stored.

THE CHORUS *sin gs.*

Unhappy ye whe leave man's Sovereign Lord,  
 Who have the work of your own hands adored!

ONE MAIDEN *Sings.*

O Israel's God, scatter the shades of night:  
 When will compassion touch Thee for our tears ?  
 Shrouded in darkness all the world appears;  
 Rend Thou the veil that hides Thee from men's sight.  
 O God of Israel, let the dawn arise:  
 How long wilt Thou be hidden from our eyes ?

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

More softly, sisters, lest we be betray'd  
 To unbelieving ears in ambush laid.

ELIZABETH.

Daughter of Abraham, can fear already  
 Make thy voice feeble and thy faith unsteady ?

What wouldst thou do, should impious Hamau try  
 To make thy timid lips blaspheme  
 Th' Almighty, while the threatening gleam  
 Of his uplifted sword struck teiror on thine eye ?

ANOTHER MAIDEN

It may be that the King, in wrath profane,  
 If we to bow th' adoring knee refuse  
 Before dumb idols vile and vain,  
 Shall give command that we be slam  
 Then lite or death, dear sister, wilt thou choose

THE YOUNG MAIDEN

The God I love how can my lips betiay ?  
 Shall I adore a god deaf, dumb, and blind,  
 Hewn from a tree laid piostiate by the wind,  
 That cannot help itself m any way

THE CHORUS *Sings*

Those who such helpless gods miploie  
 Waste breath on empty an  
 Give them and all the demons they adore  
 Confusion and despair '

ONE MAIDEN *Sings*

Let heart and mouth and every pow'i I ha\e  
 Piaise the gieat God Who life and nuiture gave  
 In trouble and distress,  
 My soul, His goodness bless  
 E'en should He slay me, Him will I confers  
 Let heart and mouth and every pow'r I have  
 Praise the great God Who life and nurture gave

ELIZABETH

Shall impious pomp my admnation win ?

ANOTHER MAIDEN

Let others envy wealth that follows sin

## ELIZABETH.

The wicked seem to lack no happiness  
 Gold glitters on their dress;  
 In riches and in pride they know no bound,  
 The voice of mirth is in their dwellings found,  
 They wake from sleep at music's dulcet sound;  
 No hardships and no want their heart oppress.

## ANOTHER MAIDEN.

To crown the wicked man's prosperity,  
 He lives again in his posterity ;  
 Gay troops of children round his board grow up,  
 And share his joy from the same brimming cup.  
*(All the rest is sung.)*

## THE CHORUS.

The world counts happy all such men as these,  
 On whom good fortune in abundance flows;  
 But happier far those who Jehovah please,  
 And in His holy name their trust repose!

ONE MAIDEN *(alone)*.

Food for his frivolous desires to find,  
 The foolish man consumes himself in vain :  
 For wormwood will remain  
 In pleasure's cup behind.

ANOTHER MAIDEN *(alone)*.

The wicked soul is like the troubled sea,  
 That tosses to and fro and cannot cease.  
 True joy can only be  
 In innocence and peace.

THE SAME *(with another)*.

O peace sweet joy that gives!  
 O light that never dies!  
 New beauty shall surprise

The happy soul that in thy favour lives '  
     O peace sweet joy that gives '  
     O light that never dies '  
 Happy the soul that in thy presence lives!

## THE CHORUS

    O peace sweet joy that gives '  
     O light that never dies '  
     New beauty shall surprise  
 The happy soul that in thy presence lives!  
     O peace sweet joy that gives'

THE SAME MAIDEN (*alone*)

No peace for the wicked ' He seeks her in vain,  
 No tranquil repose shall lie ever attain,  
 From vengeance without he cannot depart,  
 And remorse lays her finger of ice on his heart

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

In a moment the glory of wickedness dies,  
     For ever consumed in the dust of the grave,  
 But more bright than the dawn, O my God, shall anse  
     Thy servants who fear Thee and walk in Thy way s

## THE CHORUS

    O peace sweet joy that gives '  
 Happy the heart that in thy presence lives '

ELIZABETH *Speak?*

Sisters, I hear them call These strams must end  
 Let us once more upon our Queen attend

## ACT III.

*Scene*—ESTHER'S garden, and one side of a pavilion, where a banquet is being held.

*Scene 1.*

HAMAN, ZERESH.

ZERESH.

This, then, is Esther's garden, gay with flow'rs,  
And this the tent spread for the royal feast.  
But while its door is still fast shut, do thou  
List to the counsel of a wife who fears  
Thy rashness. By the sacred bond between us,  
Conceal, my lord, this wrath that blinds thy judgment;  
Clear from thy brow that frown of discontent;  
Reproaches and complaints no king can bear.  
Of all the court thou only by the Queen  
Art bidden. Then enjoy this happiness.  
Against the ill that galls thee weigh the good.  
Have I not heard thee say a hundred times:  
The man too proud to swallow an affront,  
Or wear a mask upon his countenance,  
Should ne'er set foot within the courts of kings?  
There are mishaps a wise man must endure:  
Oft has an insult borne without resentment  
Served as a stepping-stone to highest honours.

HAMAN.

O grief! O torture insupportable!  
O shame, that never can be blotted out!  
A cursed Jew, humanity's disgrace,  
Has by my hands in purple been array'd!  
Not only did he triumph over me,  
I was myself his herald, and proclaim'd  
His glory, while he mock'd at my confusion;  
i And all the people too saw with derision  
My crimsond, countenance, and drew therefrom

Sure sign and presage of my coming fall  
 Such sports as these delight thee, cruel King  
 On me thou hast deceitful favours lavish'd,  
 Only to make me feel thy tyranny  
 The more, and crush me with the greatee shame

## ZERESH

Judge not the King so ill His only motne  
 Is to rewaid a good and loyal service  
 Must it not rather be matter for wonder  
 That payment should have been postponed so long ?  
 Besides, it was thine own advice he follow'd ,  
 Thou didst thyself dictate this sorry pageant  
 Thy rank is only second to his own  
 Knows he thy detestation of this Jew ?

## HAMAN

He knows that all he has he owes to me,  
 That I have tiodden under foot for him  
 Remorse and fear and shame, with heart of brass  
 Advanced his pow'r, reduced the laws to silent,  
 And 'midst the groans of innocence have sought  
 And chensh'd for his sake cuises and hatred  
 And for reward I find myself exposed  
 By his barbarity to jeers and laughtei '

## ZERESH

We aie alone Why should we gloze the tiutli ?  
 This zeal on his behalf, that sacrificed  
 So much to make him gicat (between ourselves),  
 Was not thme own promotion its sole end ?  
 To go no farther than these wretched Jews,  
 Dost thou not offer them in sacrifice  
 To thme own spleen ? Hast thou no cause to fear  
 Malicious whispers ?—all at court are foes,  
 The people hate us Ay, this very Jew,  
 Laden with honours, moves my dread m spite  
 Of mine own self Ills are oft hnk'd together,  
 His race was alway fatal to thme own  
 Learn how to profit by this light affiont

SCENE 2.]

ESTHER.

Fortune makes ready, it may be, to quit thee;  
Her fickle wheel lifts up but to cast down ;  
Forestall her humour ere her hand grows weary.  
What lure attracts thee higher ? Gulfs abysmal  
That open out before me make me shudder;  
If thou should'st slip, frightful would be thy fall.  
Seek somewhere else a calmer destiny ;  
Back to that distant Hellespont return,  
The refuge of thy wandering sires of yore,  
When Israel's vengeance, kindled to fierce fire,  
Drove out all Amalek from wasted Seir.  
Ere 't be too late, hide thee from Fortune's spite;  
Our richest treasures shall be sent before us.  
Leave me to manage the departure hence,  
And, above all, secure our children's flight.  
Meanwhile be only careful to conceal  
Thy purpose. Gladly will I follow thee  
As thou shalt see. The stormiest winds and wares  
Are safer far than this deceitful court.  
But I see some one walking quickly tow'rds thee:  
It is Hydaspes.

*Scene 2.*

HAMAN, ZERESH, HYDASPES.

HYDASPES (*to* HAMAN).

I am come to fetch thee.  
Whilst thou art absent, joy is in abeyance ;  
The King has sent me for thee. Linger not.

HAMAN.

Tell me, is Mordecai among the guests ?

HYDASPES,

Take not that face of gloom to Esther's table.  
Why should this Jew for ever blast thy peace ?  
Let him enjoy a triumph of no moment:  
He cannot think thus to escape the rigour

Of the King's sentence Dost thou not possess  
His ear and heart ? The punishment of crime  
Will follow zeal rewarded, and thy victim  
Is deck'd for sacrifice I'm much mistaken,  
Or thou shalt reap, supported by the Queen,  
Success beyond thy hopes

HAMAN

Can I believe  
These happy tidings ?

HYDASPES

I have heard the answer  
Of the diviners that a foreign traitor  
In the Queen's blood seeks to imbrue his hand  
And, knowing not where else to fix the guilt,  
The King imputes it to the Jews alone

HAMAN

Ay, they are monsters , he has cause to dread  
Then daring leader most of all, my friend  
Earth has endured the loathsome race too long,  
The sooner she is rid of them the better  
Ah ' I can breathe at last Farewell, dear Zeresh

HYDASPES

Esther's companions are advancing near us,  
With songs no doubt to celebrate the feast  
Enter, and be assured of ready welcome

SCENE 3.]

ESTHER.

*Scene 3.*

ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

*(The first part is spoken, not sung.)*

A JEWISH MAIDEN.

Tis. Haman !

ANOTHER.

Yes, 'tis he ; I know him well,  
And tremble.

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Fear and horror round me press.

THE SECOND.

'Tis the proud enemy of Israel!

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Ay, he who troubles all the earth no less.

ELIZABETH.

Who, seeing, cannot recognize that face ?  
Pride and disdain each feature plainly shows.

A MAIDEN.

His eye with rage and wildest fury glows.

ANOTHER.

Before him Death seems constantly to pace.

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

Does this fell tiger know his destined prey ?  
For, when he cast on us his hungry eyes,  
A fierce delight therein appear'd to play,  
Whereat I still feel fear and horror rise.

ELIZABETH.

How this new honour will increase his pride!  
To Esther's board he hastes with willing feet;

I see him, sisters, boldly take his seat,  
As tho' it were his right, at the King's side

ONE OF THE MAIDENS

Tell me, attendants at the feast, what faie,  
What wine for cruel Hainan ye prepare

ANOTHER

The orphan's blood

A THIED

The tears of the opprest

THE SECOND

Such aie the dainties that delight him best

THL THIRD

No other drink he finds so rich and lare

ELIZABETH

Deal sisters, let your grief be hush'd awhile  
They bid us sing Oh, may our bongs have skill  
The King from his harsh temper to beguile,  
As David erst Saul's jealous rage could still,  
And with sweet strains divert his savage will

*(All the rest of this scene is swig )*

A JEWISH MAIDEN

What happiness those subjects find,  
Whose king magnanimous and kind,  
Dreaded by others, to their love doth cling\*  
Oh, happy such a people, such a king '

ALL THE CHORUS

O sweet and calm repose '  
What a firm pledge it is of joy and peace,  
When a wise monarch knows  
How to make truth and righteousness increase,  
And prudent counsel shows '

SCENE 3.]

ESTHER.

*(The four following stanzas are sung alternately by voice and by all the Chorus.)*

Ye kings, drive calumny away;  
Her slanderous assaults can mar  
States that at peace and quiet are,  
To discord harmony betray.

Thirsting for blood, she madly tracks  
The pure and blameless everywhere.  
Kings, of her murderous tongue beware,  
That slays the good behind their backs.

This monster, ere her prey she grips,  
Ofttimes a mask of mildness wears;  
Fear her, for in her heart she bears  
Revenge, with pity on her lips.

Subtle and dexterous deceit  
Strews all her paths with blossoms gay,  
But, in her rear, along the way  
Comes vain regret with tardy feet.

A JEWISH MAIDEN *(alone)*.

As thunder clouds before the north wind fly,  
And threat'ning tempests vanish from the sky;  
So treacherous imposture cannot brook  
An upright monarch's lie-dispelling look.

ANOTHER.

A king with conquest crown'd we praise,  
Whose valour wins victorious bays ;  
But one who hates injustice, and is wise,  
Who suffers not the poor to feel  
The pressure of the rich man's heel,  
As Heaven's fairest gift we well may prize.

ANOTHER.

The widow trusts him, and well arm'd is she,

ANOTHER.

A father to the fatherless is he.

## ALL TOGETHER

The 311st man's tears, appealing to his might,—  
Are precious in his sight

ONE MAIDEN (*alone*)

Turn, turn thine ears, great King, away  
From cruel counsels by deception bled  
The time is come, awake to-day,  
Ere guiltless blood thine hand unwitting shed,  
Whilst slumbers on thine eyelids weigh  
Turn, turn thine ears, great King, away  
From cruel counsels by deception bred

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

So may the whole world tremble 'neath thine arm,  
So may thy valour far renown'd avail  
To strike thy foes ever with fresh alarm '  
If they attack thee, may they quickly fail'  
Let them be routed by thy strong right hand,  
The terror of thy name their troops disband '  
May their vast host like feeble infants yield,  
When they the onset of thy soldiers meet,  
If by one line of march they take the field,  
May thousands be too few for their retreat

*Scene 4*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS

AHASUERUS (*to ESTHER*)

Ah, yes, thy slightest words have secret charms  
A graceful modesty on every act  
Bestows a value above gold and purple  
What happy clime conceal'd so rare a treasure  
Who was the virtuous mother at whose breast  
Thine infancy was nursed, whose wise hand train'd  
Thy childhood? Tell me quickly thy request  
Whatever thou desirest shall be granted,

E'en should'st thou ask, dear Esther, half my kingdom ;  
So have I said, and gladly say again.

ESTHER.

No such exorbitant desire is mine.  
But since I must at last explain my sighs,  
Seeing my King himself will have me speak,  
*(She casts herself at the King's feet.)*  
I venture to beseech thee for my life,  
And for the lives of all that hapless race  
Which thou hast doom'd to be destroy'd with me.

AHASUERUS *(lifting her up)*.

Destroy'd with thee ? What mystery is this ?

HAMAN *(aside)*.

I tremble.

ESTHER.

Esther's father was a Jew :  
Thou knowest, Sire, thy pitiless decree.

HAM AN *(aside)*.

Gods!

AHASUERUS.

Oh, how deeply dost thou pierce my heart!  
The daughter of a Jew ! My best beloved,  
My Esther, innocence and gentleness  
Itself, whom I esteem'd Heav'n's choicest gift,  
Can she have sprung from origin so vile ?  
Wretched am I !

ESTHER.

Thou may'st reject my pray'r:  
But I would claim at least as a last boon  
That thou should'st hear my story to the end,  
Nor suffer Hainan's voice to interrupt.

AHASUERUS.

Speak.

## ESTHER

O my God, confound shameless imposture  
 These Jews of whom thou wouldest rid the world,  
 Whom thou dost deem the refuse of mankind,  
 Were once possessors of a wealthy land,  
 And, while they still adored their fathers God,  
 Found that His blessing brought prosperity

This God, sole Master of the earth and skies,  
 Cannot be represented to the sight  
 By any form, Jehovah is His name,  
 The world's Creator When the meek are wrong'd  
 He hears their sighs, judges with equal laws  
 All mortals, yea, examines kings themselves  
 From His high throne He but withdraws His hand,  
 And strongest States fall with a startling crash  
 The Jews presumed to worship other gods,  
 King, people, all were scatter'd in a day,  
 And Babylon's yoke of slavery was made  
 The just reward of their ingratitude

But to requite our masters in their turn  
 The Lord chose Cyrus ere he saw the light,  
 Promised his aid, and call'd him by his name  
 Born in due time. He arm'd him with His thunders  
 To break their ramparts down and gates of brass,  
 Into his hands gave princes for a spoil,  
 Avenged His temple's pillage and destruction,  
 And for our tears forced Babylon to pay  
 With usury Victorious thro' Him,  
 Cyrus proclaim'd His praise, and favour'd us,  
 His people, gave us back our laws and feasts  
 Divine, and horn its rums raised the temple  
 But his mad son, heir of so wise a father,  
 Forbade the progress of the work begun,  
 Deaf to our cries God cast his stock aside,  
 Cut off the monster, put thee in his place  
 "What hoped we not from such a noble king"  
 "God pitying looks on His unhappy people "  
 We said " a King now reigns who is the friend  
 Of innocence' " His mercy was extoll'd  
 By all, and from the Jews loud shouts of joy

Were heard. What, gracious Heaven! Must the ear  
 Of princes the most mild be aye beset  
 By cruelty, and goodness at its source  
 Be poison'd? From the heart of Thrace there came  
 A savage born and bred, here to breathe forth  
 Slaughter and threats, a minister who hates  
 Thy greatest glory—

HAMAN.

I? Canst thou believe it?  
 I have no other end, no other god—

AHASUERUS.

Be silent, till I order thee to speak.

ESTHER.

Our cruel enemy betrays himself:  
 Yes, it is he, that barbarous minister  
 Who has deceived thee with a cloak of zeal,  
 And arm'd thy virtue against innocence.  
 Who but a ruthless Scythian, O my God,  
 Could have suggested such a frightful order!  
 One simultaneous signal everywhere  
 Will fill with murders the astonish'd world,  
 Seeing a foreign traitor in the name  
 Of the most just of kings wasting thy realms;  
 While in thy palace, victims of his wrath,  
 Thy slaughter'd subjects with their blood defile  
 The throne.

What crime does his envenom'd hatred  
 Charge to the Jews? Have they awaken'd war  
 Within thy borders? Have they join'd thy foea?  
 Was ever thralldom's yoke more mildly borne?  
 Adoring in their chains God's chastisement,  
 Whilst thou with heavy hand upon them laid  
 Did'st give them up defenceless to their foes,  
 They still besought that God to guard thy life,  
 To shatter the devices of the wicked,  
 And o'er thy throne to spread His shadowing wings.  
 He has been thine upholder, doubt it not:  
 Parthian and Indian he alone subdued

Beneath thy feet, scattered the countless hosts  
 Of Scythia, and inclosed the seas within  
 Thy vast domains He to a Jew reveal'd  
 The plot two traitois hatch'd against thy life  
 Alas ' I was that Jew's adopted daughter

AHASUERUS

What' Mordecai?

ESTHER

He only of our house  
 Remain'd, my father's brother, like myself  
 From our first king's unhappy blood descended  
 Viewing with horror an Amalekite,  
 One of a race cursed by our God Himself,  
 He could not bow the knee, before this Hainan,  
 Nor pay him honours that he thinks are due  
 To thee alone hence, howso'er disguised,  
 This hatred 'gainst the Jews and Mordecai!  
 In vain hast thou bestow'd on him thy favours,  
 At Haman's door already is piepared  
 The mstiument of ignominious death ,  
 Withm an hour this venerable man,  
 Dragg'd by his order from thy palace gates,  
 Wearing thy purple robe, is to be hang'd

AHASUERUS

What dreadful light bursts on m) startled soul '  
 How my blood boils with anger and with shame '  
 I was the dupe, then—Heav'n vouchsafe to make  
 This matter clear ' A moment let me have  
 To breathe alone Call Mordecai, I'll hear  
 His story too

*(The King ietires)*

A JEWISH MAIDEN

Let Truth **from** Heav'n appear'

*Scene 5.*

ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

HAMAN (*to ESTHER*).

I am confounded with astonishment;  
 Deceived, betray'd by the Jews' enemies.  
 Heav'n be my witness that I thought to make  
 Thy life secure, whoever else might perish.  
 Command my influence on their behalf ;  
 The King, as thou canst see, wavers perplex'd.  
 I can restrain him, I can urge him on,  
 And at my pleasure raise or lull the storm.  
 Behold me willing to befriend the Jews.  
 Speak: and the instant slaughter of your foes,  
 Victims to ratify a solemn oath,  
 Shall make atonement for my fatal error.  
 What blood dost thou require ?

ESTHER.

Go, traitor, leave me.  
 The Jews want nothing from a wretch like thee.  
 God, the Avenger of the innocent  
 Already weighs thee in the scales of justice !  
 Soon will His righteous sentence be pronounced.  
 Tremble; His day draws nigh, thy reign is past.

HAMAN.

Yea, I confess, your God is to be fear'd.  
 But doth He bid you keep relentless hatred ?  
 My pride is humbled, I am forced to beg  
 For mercy ; haughty Haman kneels before thee.  
 (*He casts himself at her feet.*)  
 As thou would'st save thy people, and dost honour  
 Thine uncle's hoary head, by these thy feet  
 Which I embrace, appease a dreadful king;  
 Save Haman crouching, trembling at thy knees!

*Scene 6*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS,  
AND GUARDS

AHASUERUS

What ' Dares the traitor lay his hands on thee ?  
In the confusion of his look I lead  
His perfidy, confirming all thy words,  
And his whole course of villainy recalling  
Let not this monster live a moment longer ,  
At his own door instead of Mordecai,  
Both hea\ 'n and earth appeasing by his death,  
Let him afford a feast for just revenge  
*(Haman is led away by the Guards)*

*Scene 7*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, MORDECAI, ELIZABETH, THI:  
CHORUS

AHASUERUS *(t ontinuing to address MORDECAI)*

Moital beloved of Heaven, my soul's preserver,  
No more am I the prey of evil counsels,  
Mine eyes have been unseal'd, and crime confounded ,  
Come, shine beside me m thy proper sphere  
I give thee Hainan's wealth and Hainan's pow'r,  
Justly possess what his injustice seized  
I break the yoke 'neath which the Jews have groan'd,  
To them I yield the blood of all then foes  
Henceforth let Jews be honour'd equaly  
With Persians, all shall tremble at the name  
Of Esther's God Rebuild His temple, fill  
Your wasted cities , let your happy seed  
With sacred triumph celebrate this day,  
And in then memory live my name for aye '

*Scene 8.*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, MORDECAI, ASAPH, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

AHASUERUS.

What is it, Asaph ?

ASAPH.

He is dead, O King.  
Half torn asunder by the people's fury,  
Dragg'd through the streets, the traitor's mangled corpse  
They bear, a horrid spectacle of blood.

MORDECAI.

May Heaven ever guard our Monarch's life!  
The Jews are in sore peril and in need  
Of instant succour.

AHASUERUS.

Yes, I understand thee.  
Let us go countermand the bloody orders  
Of wicked Hainan.

ESTHER.

God, Thy will is wrought  
By ways of wisdom that pass human thought!

*Scene 9.*

THE CHORUS.

ALL THE CHORUS.

That innocence has triumph'd God be praised,  
To celebrate His pow'r our voices raised.

A JEWISH MAIDEN.

He saw the wicked leagued against our life,  
Laid bare the murderous knife

To shed our blood like water on the ground  
     His voice from Heav'n doth sound,  
 And the proud boaster wallows in the dust,  
 His own sharp arrows in his bosom thrust

**ANOTHER MAIDEN**

I saw the bold blasphemer set on high,  
     Like the tall cedar did he lift his head  
     Whose branches far above the earth are spread,  
 He seem'd to wield the thunders of the sky,  
 His vanquish'd foes beneath him did he tread,  
 Scarce had I pass'd, and God had struck him dead!

**ANOTHER**

Ill counsel oft the justest kings beguiles,  
     Themselves too upright to deceive,  
     Heedless of toils the wicked weave,  
 They fall an easy prey to subtle wiles  
 A noble heart is backward to believe  
     Another's malice, to his baseness blind,  
     By its own feelings to judge all inclined

**ANOTHER**

How has the storm been hush'd to peace?

**ANOTHER**

Whose hand has made the tempest cease?

**ALL THE CHORUS**

To gentle Esther owe we this release

**A JEWISH MAIDEN** (*alone*)

Her heart was kindled by the love of God,  
     Ready to meet her death with dauntless breast,  
 Her ardent zeal the path of danger trod,  
     She dared to speak, and Heav'n has done the rest

**TWO JEWISH MAIDENS**

Esther has triumph'd, Persia's dames retire,  
**To swell her** charms Nature and Heav'n conspire

SCENE 9.]

ESTHER.

NE OP THE TWO.

What guileless graces in each glance are seen!  
Say, was there ever such a lovely queen ?

THE OTHER.

The virtues of her heart yet more abound.  
Was ever queen so good and gracious crown'd ?

BOTH TOGETHER.

Esther has triumph'd, Persia's dames retire;  
To swell her charms Nature and Heav'n conspire.

ONE MAIDEN (*alone*).

Thy God, O Zion, is displeas'd no more;  
Rejoice, and out of dust and ashes rise;  
Throw off the garments that the captive wore,  
And let thy former splendour greet our eyes.  
The ways lie open to your land again;  
Break every chain,  
Tribes captive bound  
On foreign ground,  
Gather from east and west and south and north ;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Break every chain,  
Tribes captive bound  
On foreign ground  
Gather from east and west and south and north;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Those fields beloved once more shall meet mine eye.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

I'll weep where my forefathers' ashes lie.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Gather from east and west and south and north;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Once more, once more the stately porches raise  
 Of God's own temple, where He heareth pray'r,  
 To deck His altar purest gold prepare,  
 Out of the mountains hew ye marbles rare  
     Dark Lebanon let fall  
     Thine ancient cedars tall,  
 Make ready, holy priests, to sing His praise

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

To dwell with us again doth God descend  
 Tremble thou earth with gladness and with fear  
 His holiness and glory to revere,  
 Ye heav'ns in lowliest adoration bend'

## ANOTHER

How good is Israeli God, His yoke how sweet'  
 Blest those who in their youth that sweetness know  
 Ye children, run that gracious Lord to meet,  
 No earthly pleasure can for charm compete  
     With heartfelt joys that from His presence flow  
 How good is Israel's God, His yoke how sweet'  
 Blest those who in their youth that sweetness know'

## ANOTHER

Ready to pardon and forego His wrath,  
 Of thankless souls that wander from His path  
     He waiteth the return,  
 He can excuse our weak and wayward wills,  
     To seek us He doth yearn  
 Less tenderness for her own offspring till  
 A mother's heart Ah ' Who can share the love  
     We owe to God above?

## THREE JEWISH MAIDENS

We in His might alone have victory won

## ONE OF THE THREE

His glory shmeth on us like the sun.

**ALL THREE TOGETHER.**

Ah ! Who can share the love  
We owe to God above ?

**ALL THE CHORUS.**

Blest be His holy name, His name adore;  
His mighty acts enforce  
Till Time has run its course,  
Praise Him for ever and for evermore!



**AT ri A LIAH.**

**A TRAGEDY.**

**1691.**



## INTRODUCTION TO ATHALIAH.

**T**HIS fine play, with which Racine's dramatic career fitly concluded, was composed, like "Esther," for semi-private performance by the young ladies of the College of Saint Cyr, where it was first acted, as well as afterwards, at Versailles, in 1691. It was not represented at a public theatre till 1716, a delay due, it may be, in some measure to its sacred character, though probably quite as much to the general lack of appreciation with which it had for long to contend. It is now universally acknowledged to deserve either first or second place among Racine's masterpieces, "Phedre" and "Athalie" being rivals for the palm.

The scriptural narrative is faithfully followed as the main outline of the plot; and whatever Racine has added, such as Athaliah's dream, her first sight of the youthful Joash, and the characters of Abner and Mattan, so far from presenting incongruous elements, enhances the dramatic interest of the story.

## CHARACTERS

**JoASH**, *King of Judah and Son of Ahasiah*

**ATHALIAH**, *Widow of Joram, and Grandmother of Joash*

**JKBOIADA**, *the High Priest*

**J-HOSHKBA**, *Aunt of Joash, and Wife of the High Priest*

**ZACHARIAH**, *Son of Jehoiada and Jehosheba*

**SALOME**, *Sister of Zachariah*

**ABNER**, *one of the Chief Officers of the Kings of Judah*

**AZARIAH** , **ISHMAEL**, *and the three other Chiefs of the Priests,  
and Levites*

**MATT AN** *an Apostate priest, Chief Priest of Baal*

**NABAL**, *confidential Friend of Mattan*

**HAGAR**, *an Attendant of Athaliah*

*Hand of Priests and Levites*

*Attendants of Athaliah*

*Nurse of Joash*

*Chorus of young Maidens of the Tribe of Levi*

**The scene is laid in the Temple at Jerusalem, in an ante-chamber  
of the High Priest's dwelling**

# ATHALIAH.

A TRAGEDY POUNDED UPON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

JEHOIADA AND ABNER.

ABNER.

Yea, to the Temple of the Lord I come,  
To worship with the solemn rites of old,  
To celebrate with thee the famous day  
When from the holy mount our Law was giv'n.  
How times are changed ! Soon as the sacred trump  
With joyous blast announced this day's return,  
The Temple porticoes, with garlands gay,  
Could not contain the crowds of the devout;  
Before the altar they in order due,  
Bringing the earliest harvest of their fields,  
Offered those firstfruits to the Lord of all;  
Nor were there priests enough for sacrifice.  
A woman's will has dared to check these throngs,  
And turn'd the day's blight glory into gloom.  
Scarce dare a few most zealous worshippers  
Recall for us some shadow of the past;  
The rest are all forgetful of their God,  
Or, e'en to Baal's altars flocking now,  
In shameful orgies learn to bear their part,  
And curse the Name on which their fathers call'd.  
My soul is troubled,—naught will I conceal—  
Lest Athaliah visit upon thee

Her vengeance, spurn all remnant of respect,  
And tear thee from the altar of the Lord

JEHOIADA

Whence comes to thee this presage dark to-day ?

ABNER

Holy and righteous, how canst thou escape ?  
Long has she hated that rare constancy  
Which adds new brillhance to thy mitred blow,  
Long has she treated thy religious zeal  
As obstinate sedition and revolt  
The shining virtues of thy faithful spouse  
Have earned the special hatred of the Queen  
If Aaron's priesthood has devolved on thee,  
Thy wife is sister to our latest king  
Mattan moreover, that apostate pnest,  
His foul desertion from our altars crowns  
With eager persecution of all good,  
And, worse than Athahah, spurs her on  
'Tis not enough that m a foreign garb  
The Levite serves at Baal's altar now,  
This Temple is to him a sore offence,  
And he would fain destroy the God he left  
No means he leaves untried to rum thee,  
And undeimines with piaise no less than blame  
He feigns for thee a treacherous kindness,  
Masking the blackness of his venom thus  
Sometimes he prompts the Queen to diead thy power,  
And sometimes, looking to her lust for gold,  
Pretends that somewhere known to thee alone,  
Thou hidest treasures David had amass'd  
For two days past the proud imperious Queen  
Has seem'd as though consumed by baffled spite  
I saw her yesterday with furious eyes  
Glare at this sacred place, and mark'd her well,  
As if within the Temple's deep recess  
Lurk'd God's avengei arm'd to punish her  
The more I think thereon, the less I doubt  
On thee her wrath is ready now to burst,

And that, with all her mother's thirst for blood,  
E'en in His shrine she will defy our God.

**JEHOIADA.**

He who enchains the fury of the waves  
Knows how to curb the plots of wicked men.  
Submitting humbly to His holy will,  
I fear my God, and know no other fear.  
And yet, I thank thee, Abner, for thy zeal  
That o'er my peril keeps a watchful eye.  
I see injustice chafes thine inmost heart,  
Thou art a faithful son of Israel still.  
For that may Heaven be bless'd! But secret wrath  
And passive worth, art thou content with these ?  
Is faith sincere, if it declines to act ?  
An impious foreigner for eight long years  
Has David's throne usurp'd, with all its rights,  
Unpunish'd waded in our princes' blood,  
Foul murderess of the children of her son,  
And e'en against our God has raised her arm.  
And thou, a pillar of this trembling state,  
Bred in the camp of good Jehoshaphat,  
Under his son Jehoram in command,  
On whom alone our towns in terror lean'd  
When Ahaziall's unexpected death  
Scatter'd his armies before Jehu's face,  
Say'st thou—" I fear the Lord and own His truth !"  
Lo, by my mouth to thee the Lord replies,—  
" What boots it that thou boast zeal for My Law ?  
Thinkest to honour Me by barren vows ?  
What fruit have I of all thy sacrifice ?  
Need I the blood of heifers and of goats ?  
Thy princes' blood cries out, and is not heard.  
Break, break all compact with impiety,  
Boot up the crimes amidst My people rife,  
And come and sacrifice thy victims then."

**ABNER.**

What can I do ? The people have lost heart,  
Judah is cow'd, and Benjamin is weak ;

The day that saw their royal line extinct  
 Extinguish'd all their ancient valour too  
 The Lord Himself, they say, withdraws from us,  
 Tho' once so jealous of His people's praise,  
 He sees unmoved their majesty abased,  
 And His compassion is at last worn out  
 No more for us His mighty arm outstretch'd  
 With countless marvels terrifies our foes,  
 His Ark is dumb,—utters no oracle.

## JEHOIADA

Yet when did miracles abound as now ?  
 When by more signs has God display'd His power ?  
 Will ye have always eyes that cannot see,  
 Ungrateful people ? Shall His mightiest deeds  
 Strike on your ears, nor ever move your hearts ?  
 Say, my dear Abner, must I needs repeat  
 The wonders brought to pass in these our days,  
 The signal fall of Israel's tyrant kings,  
 And God found faithful to perform His threats,  
 Ahab destroy'd, and with his blood defiled  
 The plot of land which murder had usurp'd,  
 Hard by that fatal field Jezebel slain,  
 A Queen down trampled under horse's hoofs,  
 The dogs that hck'd up her inhuman blood,  
 The mangled limbs of her dishonour'd corpse,  
 The troop of living prophets brought to shame,  
 The fire from heav'n that on the altar fell,  
 Elijah's voice ruling the elements,  
 The skies thereby shut up, the earth like brass,  
 For three whole years left without rain or dew,  
 The dead arising at Elisha's word ?  
 Recall, O Abner, these portentous signs,  
 God is to-day as He has always been,  
 He can unfold His glory when He will,  
 And ever in His mind His people dwell

## ABNER

But where the promises so often made  
 To David and to Solomon his son ?

Alas! We hoped that from their fruitful stock  
 Kings were to issue in a numerous train;  
 That over every nation, tribe, and tongue  
 One of their lineage should extend his sway,  
 Should everywhere make war and strife to cease.  
 And at his footstool see earth's proudest kings.

JEHOTADA.

**And** why distrust the promises of Heaven ?

ABNER.

That son of David, where shall he be found ?  
 Can Heav'n itself restore the li-ving sap  
 Of that dry tree, now wither'd at the root ?  
 E'en in his cradle Athaliah slew  
 The babe, and eight years after can he live ?  
 Ah ! might it be her fury miss'd its aim,  
 That of our royal blood some drop escaped—

TEHOIADA.

What would'st thou do ?

ABNER.

O happy day for me !  
 How gladly would I go to meet my king !  
 Doubt not that to his feet our eager tribes,—  
 But wherefore mock me with these idle dreams ?  
 Ill-fated heir of our victorious kings,  
 We had but Ahaziah, with his sons;  
 By Jehu's darts I saw the father slain,  
 And thou his sons by his own mother murder'd.

JEHOIADA.

I cannot now explain ; but when the sun  
 Shall the third portion of his course complete,  
 Bringing the morning hour that bids to prayer,  
 Hither return and with the self-same zeal.  
 Then God may prove to thee by gracious deeds  
**His** word is faithful still, and never fails.

So, for this solemn day I must prepare  
And dawn aheady gilds the temple roof

ABNER

What gracious deed is this, to me unknown ?  
Tow'rd thee Jehosheba directs her steps ,  
I leave thee, and will join the taithful band  
Brought hither by this solemn festival

*Scene 2*

JEHOIADA AND JEHOSEBA

JFHOIADA

Pnncess, the time is come for us to speak,  
Thy happy theft can be no longer hid  
The insults of the enemies of God,  
Abusing this our silence, have too long  
Charged with unfaithfulm ss His promises  
Nay more , success has animated rage,  
And Athaliah would to Baal burn,  
E'en in God's couits, incense idolatrous  
Rear'd in His Temple 'neath th' Almighty's wing,  
'Tis ours to show the King thme hands have saved  
He'll pro\e himself courageous as his sires,  
Aheady in his wit beyond his age  
Ere I unfold his wondtous destiny,  
I offer him to God by Whom kings reign ,  
Then, gathering straight our Levites and our priests,  
I will proclaim their mastei s' long lost heir

JEHOSEBA

Knows he his name and noble fortune yet ?

JEHOIADA.

He owns no other than Ehakim,  
And thinks himself some foundlmg left to die,  
Whom I in pity treated as my son

JEHOSHEBA.

Ah ! from what perils I deliver'd him !  
What danger is he now to meet once more !

JEHOIADA.

What! Fails thy faith already in alarm ?

JEHOSHEBA.

My lord, I yield me to thy counsels wise.  
Since first I snatch'd this precious babe from death,  
I placed his welfare in thy careful hands;  
Yea, dreading e'en the fervour of my love,  
I shun his presence where and when I can,  
For fear lest my unguarded heart betray  
My secret with the tears I cannot check.  
Three days and nights I thought that duty bade  
Devote to weeping and impassion'd prayer.  
Yet may it be allow'd me now to ask,  
What friends thou hast ready to take thy side ?  
Abner, brave Abner, will he lend his aid ?  
Say, has he sworn to stand beside his King ?

JEHOIADA.

Abner, though on his faith we may rely,  
Knows not as yet that any King is ours.

JEHOSHEBA.

Who is to guard young Joash ? Wilt thou trust  
Obed or Amnon with so high a charge ?  
My father's kindness they have often proved,—

JEHOIADA.

And sold themselves to Athaliah's will.

JEHOSHEBA.

Whom to her hirelings wilt thou then oppose ?

JEHOIADA.

Have I not said ? Our Levites and our priests,

## JEHOSHEBA

I know that, secretly assembled near,  
 Their numbers have been doubled by thy care ,  
 That full of love for thee, horror for her,  
 A great oath binds them, ere the trial come,  
 To David's heir when he shall be reveal'd  
 But though with loyal ardour they may burn,  
 Can they unaided vindicate their king ?  
 Is zeal enough to cope with such a task ?  
 Doubt not the Queen when the first rumour spieads  
 Of Ahaziah's son m hiding here,  
 Will gather all her savage troops around,  
 Besiege the Temple, and break down its gates  
 Against such foes will sanctity avail,  
 And holy hands raised to the Lord m prayer  
 Their province is to intercede tor guilt,  
 No blood but that of victims have they shed ,  
 Joash, perchance, soie wounded m their arms,—

## JEHOIADA

Countest as naught the God who fights for us ?  
 God, who protects the orphan's innocence,  
 And e'en in weakness manifests His might,  
 God, who hates tyrants, and in Jezreel swore  
 He would root out Ahab and Jezebel,  
 Who, striking Joram, husband of their child,  
 And Joram's son, their family pursued,  
 Whose threatening arm, though for a time withheld,  
 Over that' impious race is ever stretch'd ?

## JLHOSHLBA

Yea, 'tis His ughteous sentence on them all  
 That makes me tremble for my brother's son  
 Who knows if he, inheriting their guilt,  
 Was not at birth condemn'd to share their fate  
 Or whether God exempts him from the curse,  
 And will for David's sake his pardon seal ?  
 Ah' his sad state when Heaven gave him me  
 Returns each moment to alarm my soul

With slaughter'd princes was the chamber full ;  
Dagger in hand, th' inexorable Queen  
To bloodshed urged her barbarous soldiery,  
And eagerly her murderous course pursued !  
Young Joash, left for dead, there met my eyes;  
I seem to see his terror-stricken nurse  
Still vainly crouching at the assassin's feet,  
His drooping form clasp'd to her feeble breast.  
I took him stain'd with blood. Bathing his face  
My copious tears restored his vanish'd sense •  
And, whether yet with fear or fond caress,  
I felt the pressure of his tender arms.  
Great God, forbid my love should be his bane,  
Last relic of the faithful David now.  
Bred in Thine House, and taught to love Thy Law,  
He knows no other Father than Thyself.  
If, ready to attack a murderous Queen,  
Faith falters trembling at the danger nigh ;  
If flesh and blood, disquieted this day,  
Have shed too many tears, alarm'd for him;  
Heir of Thy holy promise, guard him well,  
And for such weakness punish only me !

## JEHOIADA.

Thy tears, Jehosheba, no blame deserve.  
But God would have us trust Him as a Father.  
He visits not with blind resentment sins  
Of impious ancestors on pious sons.  
All that remains of faithful Israel still  
Will come to-day here to renew their vows;  
Deep as their reverence for David's race,  
They hold abhorr'd the child of Jezebel;  
Joash will move them with his modest grace,  
Seeming to light anew the glorious past;  
And the Lord's Voice, making our cause His own,  
Will in His Temple to their hearts appeal.  
Two faithless kings in turn have Him defied,  
Now must a monarch to the throne be raised  
Whose grateful memory shall bless the day  
When God by His own priests his rights restored,  
Who pluck'd him from th' oblivion of the tomb,

And David's lamp rekindled when put out  
 Great God, if Thy foreknowledge sees him base,  
 Bent to forsake the paths that David trod,  
 Then let him be like fruit ere ripeness pluck'd  
 Or flower wither'd by a noisome blast'  
 But if this child, obedient to Thy will,  
 Is destined to advance Thy wise designs,  
 Now let the rightful heir the sceptre sway,  
 Give to my feeble hands his pow'rful foes,  
 And baffle m her plots a cruel Queen  
 Vouchsafe, my God, on Nathan and on her  
 That spirit of blind foolishness to pour  
 Which leads deluded monarchs to their fall '  
 No moie, fare well Our children with them bung  
 Maidens, of holiest stock the hallow'd seed

*Scene 3*

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, CHORUS

JEHOSHFBFA

Dear Zachariah, go, nor stay thy steps,  
 Accompany thy venerable sire

Daughters of Levi, young and faithful band,  
 Whom with His zeal the Lord already fires,  
 Who come so often here to share my sighs,  
 Children, my only joy m griefs profound,  
 These gay festoons and coronets of flow'rs  
 Once well accoided with our stately feasts,  
 But now, alas, when shame and sorrow reign,  
 What offeing is more fit than one of tearb'  
 Already do I hear the solemn trump,  
 Soon will the Temple doors be opened wide,  
 While thither I myself prepare to go,  
 Sing, praise the God whose presence here ye seek.

*scene 4.*

## THE CHORUS.

## ALL THE CHORUS SINGS.

His glory fills the universe sublime,  
Lift to this God for aye the voice of prayer!  
He reign'd supreme before the birth of Time ;  
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

Vainly unrighteous force  
Would still His people's praise that must have course;  
His Name shall perish ne'er.  
Day tells to day His pow'r, from time to time;  
His glory fills the universe sublime;  
Sing of His loving care.

## ALL THE CHORUS REPEATS.

His glory fills the universe sublime ;  
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

He paints the flow'rs with all their lovely hues ;  
The fruit to ripeness grows,  
For daily He bestows  
The day's warm sunshine, and the night's cool dews,  
Nor does the grateful earth t' o'erpay the debt refuse.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

The sun at His command spreads joy around,  
'Tis from His bounteous hand its light proceeds;  
But in His Law, so pure, so holy found,  
We hail His richest gift to meet our needs.

## ANOTHER.

Oh ! mount of Sinai, let the memory stay  
Of that for ever great and famous day,

When on thy flaming head,  
 In clouds conceal'd, the Lord reveal'd  
 To mortal eyes a ray from His own glory shed  
 Tell us, why glow'd those lightning fires up there,  
 Why roll'd the smoke, why peal'd in troubled air  
 Thunder and trumpet's blaie?  
 Came He that, back to primal Chaos huil'd,  
 On its foundations of past ages whnl'd,  
 Came He to shake the world ?

## ANOTHER

He came that He to Israel might reveal  
 Th' immortal lustre of His holy Law ,  
 He came that to then hearts He might appeal,  
 To claim then lasting love, based upon reverent awe

## ALL THE CHORUS

O Law divine and full of grace '  
 Justice and goodness all supreme '  
 What reason and what joy extreme,  
 Our love and trust in such a God to place '

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

From slavery's yoke He did our fathers save,  
 And for then desert-food sweet manna gave ,  
 To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above  
 Save of Himself , for all He only claims our love

## THE CHORUS

Justice and goodness all supreme

## THE SAME VOICE

For them divided He the waters of the sea,  
 From the dry rock He made the torrent stream ,  
 To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above  
 Save of Himself, for all He only claims our love

SCENE 1.]

ATHALIAH.

THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace !  
What reason, and what joy extreme,  
Our love and trust in such a God to place !

ANOTHER VOICE *(alone)*.

You who can only know a servile fear,  
Whose thankless souls God's goodness fails to move;  
Does it to you so hard a task appear,  
So difficult to love ?  
Slaves dread the tyrant's lash that makes them smart,  
But children feel a love that hinds the heart;  
To share God's lavish bounty you are fain,  
But not to love again !

ALL THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace !  
Justice and goodness all supreme!  
What reason and what joy extreme,  
Our love and trust in such a God to place !

ACT II .

*Scene 1.*

JEHOSHEBA, SALOME, CHORUS.

JEHOSHEBA.

Maidens, it is enough; your songs must cease;  
'Tis time for us to join the public prayers.  
The hour is come to celebrate the feast,  
And in our turn before the Lord appear.

*Scene 2*

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH SALOME AND CHORUS

JEHOSHEBA

What do I see ? My son, what brings thee back ?  
So pale and breathless, whither dost thou run ?

ZACHARIAH

Mother '

JEHOSHEBA

Speak, then '

ZACHARIAH

The Temple is profaned '

JEHOSHEBA

What ?

ZACHARIAH

And the altar of the Lord forsaken '

JEHOSHEBA

I tremble Quickly tell thy mother all

ZACHARIAH

My father, the High Priest, with all due rites  
Presented to the Lord, Who feeds mankind,  
The first loaves of the harvest we have reap'd,  
And then, while offering with blood-stain'd hands  
The smoking inwards of the victims slain,  
And, standing by his side, Ehakim  
Help'd me to serve him, clad in linen stole,  
While with the blood of sacrifice the priests  
Sprinkled the altar and the worshippers,  
There rose a tumult, and the people turn'd,  
Sudden astonishment in every eye  
A woman—is to name her blasphemy ?—  
A woman—it was Athaliah's self

JEHOSHEBA.

Great Heav'n!

ZACHARIAH.

Within the court reserved for men  
This woman enters with uplifted brow,  
Yea, and attempts to pass the limit set,  
Where none but Levites have a right to come.  
The people fly, all scatter'd in dismay;  
My father—ah, what wrath blazed from his eyes!  
Moses to Pharaoh seem'd less terrible,—  
"Go, Queen," my father said, "and leave this place,  
Bann'd to thy sex and thine impiety!  
Comest to brave the majesty of God?"  
And then the Queen, fiercely confronting him,  
Seem'd as in act to utter blasphemies;  
I know not if the Angel of the Lord  
Appear'd before her with a glittering sword,  
But straight her tongue seem'd frozen in her mouth,  
And all her boldness utterly abash'd;  
She could not move her eyes, in terror fix'd  
And strange surprise on young Eliakim.

JEHOSHEBA.

What! Did he stand there in her very sight?

ZACHARIAH.

We both stood gazing on that cruel Queen,  
Stricken with equal horror at our hearts;  
But soon the priests en compass'd us around,  
And forced us to withdraw. I came to thee,  
To tell the outrage done; I know no more.

JEHOSHEBA.

Ah! she would doubtless tear him from our arms,  
E'en at God's altar hunting for her prey.  
Perchance, ere now, this child of many tears—  
Oh God, remember David, see and save!

SALOME\*

**Who** is he, thus to cause your tears to flow?

ZACHARIAH

Why should his life be threatened ? Can it be ?

SALOME

What can the boy have done to em age the Queen ?

ZACHARIAH

What fear they from a helpless orphan child ?

JEHOSHEBA

She comes ' She must not see us, let us go

*Scene 3*

ATHALIAH, ABNER, HAGAR, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

HAGAR

Madam, why stay m such a place as this,  
Where every sight offends and wounds thine eye ?  
Leave to *the* priests this temple where they dwell,  
Fly from this scene of tumult, and within  
Thy palace, lull each troubled sense to lest

ATHALIAH

I cannot Thou dost see me vex'd and weak  
Go thou, send word to Mattan that he come  
With haste oh! happy still, if by his ard  
I find that peace I seek, and seek in vain '

*(She seats herself)*

*Scene 4*

ATHALIAH, ABNKR, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

ABNER

Madam, forgive me if I dare defend him,  
His zeal should not surprise you For the God,

Whom we adore, Himself ordain'd it so,  
 And gave us charge to guard his altar well;  
 The work of sacrifice to Aaron's sons,  
 And to the Levites place and task assign'd;  
 To their descendants strictly He forbade  
 All fellowship with other deities.  
 Art thou the wife<sup>1</sup> and mother of our kings,  
 A stranger to our customs on this point ?  
 Dost thou not know our laws ? And must to-day—  
 But Mattan comes: with him I leave thee now.

ATHALIAH.

We need thy presence, Abner. Let it pass,  
 Jehoiada's presumptuous insolence,  
 With all that heap of superstitions vain  
 Which bid you keep your Temple to yourselves :  
 A subject far more urgent wakes alarm.  
 I know that from a child, rear'd in the camp,  
 Abner is generous, knowing how to pay  
 Alike to God and King the debt he owes.  
 Remain.

*Scene 5.*

ATHALIAH, ABNER, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH.

MATTAN.

Great Queen, is this a place for thee ?  
 What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart ?  
 What dost thou in the midst of enemies ?  
 Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach ?  
 Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away—

ATHALIAH.

Both of you lend me an attentive ear.  
 I do not wish now to recall the past,  
 Nor give account to you for blood I shed •  
 A sense of duty prompted all my acts.  
 Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;

<sup>1</sup> Racine has " fille" (daughter) by an oversight.

Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,  
 My vindication Heav'n has made its care  
 My pow'r, estabhsh'd on renown'd success,  
 Has magnified my name from sea to sea,  
 Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace,  
 The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more  
 Ravage his borders with continual raids,  
 Nor boasts Phihstia over Judah now,  
 And Syria owns me for a sister Queen

Lastly the traitor, who destroy'd my House,  
 And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,  
 Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails  
 Before a mighty rival's lapid stokes,  
 Whom I incited to attack my foe,  
 And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,  
 To leap the fruits of policy in peace

But for some days a gnawing care has come  
 To check the flood of my prosperity  
 A dream (why should a dream disquiet me ?)  
 Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease,  
 I try to banish it, it haunts me still

'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,  
 My mother Jezebel before me stood,  
 Richly attned as on the day she died,  
 Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch  
 That borrow'd brightness still her features wore,  
 Which she would paint upon her withei'd face,  
 To hide the ravages of ruthless age

" Tremble," she said, " chrid worthy of myself,  
 O'er thee too timmphs Judah's cruel god,  
 And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,  
 Whereat I grieve " With these alarming woids,  
 Her spectre o'er my bed appear'd to bend,  
 I stretch'd my hands to clasp her, but I found  
 Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,  
 Horribly bruised and mangled, dragg'd thro' mire,  
 Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey  
 Were growling over with devouring greed.

ABNER

Great God!

## ATHALIAH.

While thus disturb'd, before *me* rose  
The vision of a boy in shining robe,  
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.  
My drooping spirits at his sight revived:  
But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,  
Admired his noble air and modest grace,  
I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel  
Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.  
Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mix'd,  
May seem a work of chance, and I myself,  
For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,  
Referr'd it to a melancholy mood ;  
But while its memory linger'd in my soul,  
Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,  
Twice the same child before my eyes appear'd,  
Always about to stab me to the heart.

Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,  
I went to claim Baal's protecting care,  
And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.  
How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!  
And instinct seem'd to drive me to these courts,  
To pacify the god whom Jews adore;  
I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,  
That this their god might grow more merciful.  
Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive !  
I enter'd; and the sacrifice was stay'd,  
The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath  
Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw  
With terror and surprise that self-same boy  
Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;  
His mien the same, the same his linen stole,  
His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;  
It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walk'd,  
Till quickly they removed him from my sight.

That is the trouble which detains me here,  
And thereon would I fain consult you both.  
Mattan, what means this omen marvellous ?

MATTAN

Coincidence so stiance fills me with dread

ATHALIAH

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?  
Who is he ? What his family, his tribe ?

ABNER

Two children at the altar lend their aid,  
One is the High Priest's son, the other is  
To me unknown

MATTAN

Why hesitate to act ?  
Your Majesty must needs secure them both  
'Tis known how I repaid Jehoiada,  
Seeking no vengeance for my prrvate wrongs,  
In all my warnings studying to be fair,  
But, aftei all, were this indeed his son,  
Would he one moment let the guilty live "

ABNER

Of what crime can a child be capable ?

MATIAN

Heav'n showed him with a dagger in his hand,  
And Heav'n is just and wise, nor works, m vam  
What more dost want ?

ABNLR

But, trusting to a dream  
Say, would'st thou have us bathe in infant blood ?  
Ye know not yet his father nor his name

MATIAN

Enough for fear ' I have considered all  
If from illustrious parentage he springs,  
His rum should be hasten'd by his rank,  
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,

What matters it if worthless blood be spilt ?  
 Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind ?  
 On promptitude their safety oft depends;  
 No irksome scruples need their freedom check;  
 To be suspected is all one with guilt.

ABNER.

Mattan ! Is this the language of a priest ?  
 Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,  
 Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of Kings,  
 'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!  
 And thou, who owest him a father's love,  
 A minister of peace in times of wrath,  
 Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal  
 Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily !  
 Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought :  
 What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much ?  
 A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be  
 Too readily thy fancy recognised.

ATHALIAH.

Abner, I will admit I may be wrong.  
 Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.  
 More closely then must I behold that child,  
 And at my leisure scan his features well.  
 Let both the boys be brought before me now.

ABNER.

I fear—

ATHALIAH.

What! Can they fail to grant me this ?  
 What reason could they have to say me no ?  
 'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,  
 Or else her husband bring the children here;  
 I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.  
 Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests  
 Haye cause to bless my kindness hitherto ;  
 I know how far they freely have discuss'd  
 My conduct, and abused my sovereign power ;  
 And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.

**But** soon, I feel, the limit may be pass'd  
 Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,  
 And not piovoke my wrath a second time  
 Go

*Scene 6*

ATHALIAH, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALJAI\*

MATTAN

I may now at last m freedom speak,  
 And clearly set the truth before thine eyes  
 A growing monstei m this temple lurks ,  
 A tempest thieatens, wait not till it breaks  
 Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest conferi' d,  
 Thou knowest well his love for David's line  
 What if Jehoiada should in their ranks  
 Foist this young child with whom Heav'n thieatens thee,  
 His son or not—

ATHALIAH

Thou hast unseal'd mine eyes,  
 And Heaven'b warning vision grows distmct  
 But I would fain be free from every doubt  
 Children will leadily betray their thoughts,  
 One word will oft disclose some deep design  
 Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him  
 Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give  
 That all my Tynans quickly arm themselves

*Scene 7*

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER,  
 SALOME, TWO LEVITES, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS  
 OF ATHALIAH

JEHOSEBA (*to the* TWO LEVITES)

Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,  
 Over these children, precious and beloved

ABNER (*to* JEHOSEBA).

Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.

ATHALIAH.

Heav'ns ! the more closely I examine him,—  
'Tis he ! And horror seizes me again.

(*pointing to* JOASH.)

Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son ?

JEHOSEBA.

He, Madam ?

ATHALIAH.

He.

JEHOSEBA.

His mother ? No, not T.  
(*pointing to* ZACHARIAH.)

There is my son.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH).

Who is thy father, child ?

Answer, thyself.

JEHOSEBA.

Heav'n till this very day —

ATHALIAH.

Why in such haste to answer for the boy ?  
It is for him to speak.

JEHOSEBA.

From one so young  
What revelation canst thou hope to gain ?

ATHALIAH.

The young are innocent; and simple truth  
Their honest frankness knows not to disguise  
Let him explain all that concerns himself.

JEHOSHEBA (*aside*)

Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth<sup>f</sup>

ATHALIAH

What is thy name ?

JOASH

My name's Ehakim

ATHALIAH

Thy father?

JOASH

Fatherless, they say, I am  
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God,  
I never knew my parents, who they were

ATHALIAH

Hast thou no parents ?

JOASH

They abandon'd me

ATHALIAH

How ? and how long ago ?

JOASH

When I was born

ATHALIAH

Where is thy home ? This can at least be told

JOASH

This Temple is my home , none else I know

ATHALIAH

Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that ?

JOASH.

'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

ATHALIAH.

Who placed thee in this temple ?

JOASH.

One unknown,  
She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

ATHALIAH.

Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years ?

JOASH.

When did God e'er neglect His children's needs ?  
The feather'd nestlings He provides with food,  
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.  
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care  
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

ATHALIAH.

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!  
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace  
Unconsciously make enmity give way  
To—can it be compassion that I feel!

ABNER.

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy ?  
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;  
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,  
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH *and* JEHOSEBA).

Why are ye leaving ?

JEHOSEBA.

Thou hast heard his tale :  
His presence longer might be troublesome.

ATHALIAH (*to JoASH*)

Nay, child, come back    What dost thou all the day ?

JOASH

I worship God, and hear His Law explam'd ,  
His holy volume I am taught to read,  
And now to write it has my hand begun

ATHALIAH

What says that Law ?

JOASH

That God requires our love,  
Avenes, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,  
Is the protector of the fatherless,  
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes

ATHALIAH

I understand    But all withm these walls,  
How are they occupied ?

JOASH

In praising God

ATHALIAH

Does God claim constant seivice here and prayer ?

JOASH

All else is bamsh'd from His holy courts

ATHALIAH,

What pleasures hast thou ?

JOASH

Where God's altar stands,  
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt  
Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,  
And see His stately ritual perfonn'd

ATHALIAH.

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?  
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,  
And see my palace and my splendour there.

JOASH.

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

ATHALIAH.

I would not force thee to forget Him, child,

JOASH.

Thou dost not pray to Him.

ATHALIAH.

But thou shalt pray.

JOASH.

There I should hear another's name invoked.

ATHALIAH.

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.  
There are two powerful gods.

JOASH.

Thou must fear mine ;  
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

ATHALIAH.

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

JOASH.

The happiness of sinners melts away.

ATHALIAH.

Of sinners, who are they ?

**JEHOSHEBA**

Madam, excuse

A child—

**ATHALIAH**

I like to see how ye have taught him,  
 And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,  
 Being, and that past doubt, no common child  
 See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir,  
 Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,  
 And I will let thee share m all my wealth,  
 Make trial of my promise from this day,  
 Beside me at my table, everywhere,  
 Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son

**JOASH**

A son'

**ATHALIAH**

Yes, speak

**JOASH**

And such a Father leave

For—

**ATHALIAH**

Well, what ?

**JOASH**

Such a mother as thyself

**ATHALIAH (to JEHOSHEBA)**

His memory is good, in all he says  
 I recognise the lessons ye have given  
 Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,  
 Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,  
 Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,  
 Until they shudder but to hear my name

**JEHOSHEBA**

Can our misfortunes be conceal'd from them ?

All the world knows them ; are they not thy boast ?

## ATHALIAH.

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,  
My parents on my offspring I avenged.  
Could I see sire<sup>1</sup> and brother massacred,  
My mother from the palace roof cast down,  
And the same day beheaded all at once  
(Oh, horror!) fourscore<sup>2</sup> princes of the blood;  
And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,  
Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curb'd.  
Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,  
That I should act the coward and the slave,  
Too pitiful to cope with savages,  
By rendering death for death, and blow for blow ?  
David's posterity from me received  
Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!  
Where should I be to-day, had I not quell'd  
All weakness and a mother's tenderness,  
Had not this hand of mine like water shed  
My own heart's blood, and boldly cheek'd your plots ?  
Your god has vow'd implacable revenge;  
Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,  
David and all his offspring I abhor,  
Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

## JEHOSHEBA.

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

## ATHALIAH.

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,  
What will become of his predictions now ?  
Let him present you with that promised King,  
That Son of David, waited for so long,—  
We meet again. Farewell. I go content:  
I wished to see, and I have seen.

<sup>1</sup> Ahab was in reality mortally wounded at the battle of Itamoth. Gilead. (1 Kings xxii. 34.)

<sup>2</sup> Seventy, according to 2 Kings x. 7.

ABNER *(to JEHOSEBA)*

The trust

I undertook to keep, I thus resign

*Scene 8*

JOASH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JEHOIADA,  
ABNER, LEVITES, THE CHORUS

JEHOSEBA *(to JEHOIADA)*

My lord, thd'st hear the Queen's presumptuous words ?

JEHOIADA

I heaid them all, and felt for thee the while  
These Levites were with me ready to aid  
Or pesh with you, such was our resolve

*(To JoASH, embracing htm )*

May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,  
Just now, such noble witness to His Name  
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged  
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour  
I must return, this impious murderess  
Has stam'd my vision, and disturb'd my prayers,  
The very pavement that her feet have trod  
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood

*Scene 9*

C H O R U S

ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS

What star has burst upon our eyes ?  
What shall this wondrous child become one day ?  
Vain pomp and show he dares despise,  
Nor lets those charms, where danger lies,  
Lead his young feet from God astray

## ANOTHER VOICE.

While all to Baal's altar flock,  
 And for the Queen their faith disown,  
 A child proclaims that Israel's Rock  
 Is the eternal God alone,  
 And though this Jezebel may mock,  
 Elijah's spirit he has shown.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Who will the secret of thy birth explain ?  
 Dear child, some holy prophet lives in thee again I

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Thus grew the gentle Samuel of yore,  
 Beneath the shadow of God's dwelling-place;  
 And he became the hope of Israel's race,  
 To guide and comfort; this be thou and more!

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Oh ! blest beyond compare,  
 The child who knows His love,  
 Who early hears His voice, and keeps with care  
 The teaching he receives from God above !  
 Far severed from the world, from birth endued  
 With all the gifts of Heaven,  
 No evil influence has imbued  
 His innocence with sin's infectious leaven.

## ALL THE CHORUS.

A happy youth he spends,  
 Whom the Lord teaches, whom the Lord defends!

THE SAME VOICE (*alone*).

As in sequester'd vale,  
 Where a clear streamlet flows.  
 Shelter'd from every stormy gale  
 Darling of Nature, some young lily grows.  
 Far severed from the world, from birth endued  
 With all the gifts of Heaven,

No evil influence has imbued  
His innocence with sm's infectious leaveu

## ALL THE CHORUS

Blest more than tongue can tell,  
The child whom God inclines to keep His statutes well'

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

With faltering steps doth dawning Virtue tread  
'Mid countless perils that beset the way,  
What hindrances and snares for him are spread  
Who seeks Thee, Lord, and feais from innocence to  
btray'  
Where can Thy saints a shelter find,  
With foes in front and foes behind ?  
Sinners fill all the earth, my God, look where we may

## ANOTHER VOICE

Palace and City, David loved so well,  
O Mount, where God Himself long deigned to dwell,  
What has thy crime that draws down vengeance been ?  
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold,  
Seated where sat thy kings from days of old,  
An impious foreign Queen ?

## ALL THE CHORUS

What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold  
An impious foreign Queen,  
Seated wheie sat thy kings from days' of old?

THE SAME VOICE *Conhnues*

Where once the Lord was bless'd,  
Father and God confess'd,  
Where David's holy strains so sweet had been,  
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold  
Cursing the Name thy kings adored of old,  
Praising her own false gods, an impious foreign Queen ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

How often, Lord, how often yet shall we  
Against Thoe rising up the wicked see<sup>v</sup>

They with unhallow'd feet Thy courts defile,  
And all who worship Thee as fools revile.  
How often, Lord, how often yet shall we  
Against Thee rising up the wicked see ?

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Ah, what avails, say they, this virtue stern,  
That from sweet Pleasures voice  
Morosely bids you turn ?  
Your God does naught for you to justify your choice.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Where Pleasure leads, laughter and song be ours  
Thus speak those impious throngs:  
Care for the future to dull fools belongs,  
To passion give the reins, cull the sweet flow'rs;  
Too quickly at the best years take their flight,  
"Who knows if he shall see to-morrow's light ?  
Let us to-day enjoy life's fragrant bowers !

## ALL THE CHORUS.

Let tears and terrors, Lord, their portion be,  
These outcast wretches, who shall never see  
Thy holy city with eternal glory crown'd ;  
Be ours, on whom Thy beams immortal shine,  
To hymn Thy gifts divine,  
Be ours with voice of praise Thy majesty to sound !

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

Of all their false delights what will remain  
To souls absorb'd therein ? As visions vain,  
That vanish with the dawning day,  
When they awaken with dismay !  
While for the poor Thy table shall be spread,  
Deep shall they drain the cup of judgment dread  
That Thou shalt offer to all such as they,  
When Mercy's hour has fled.

ALL THE CHORUS

Oh, wakening of dismay  
From dream too quickly sped,  
From error's dangerous sway'

### ACT III

#### *Scene 1*

MATTAN, NABAL, THE CHORUS

MATTAN

Go, damsels let Jehosheba be told  
That Mattan would m private speak with her

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OP THE CHORUS

Mattan' May God in Heav'n confound his plots'

NABAL

They all disperse in flight without reply '

MATTAN

Let us draw near

#### *Scene 2*

ZACHARIAH, MATTAN, NABAL

ZACHARIAH

Rash man, where would'st thou go ?  
Beware thou do not step beyond this spot,  
This is a dwelling sacred to the priests,  
Our laws forbid all common entrance here  
Whom seekest thou ? This solemn day, my sire  
Shuns contact with impure idolatry,

And prostrate now before Jehovah's shrine,  
My mother will not have her pray'r disturb'd.

MATTAN.

My son, be not distress'd, we will wait here.  
To your illustrious mother I would speak;  
I come charged with a message from the Queen.

*Scene 3.*

MATTAN, NABAL.

NABAL.

Their very children ape their insolence !  
But what means Athaliah now to do ?  
Whence springs this indecision in her plans ?  
This morn, rebuff'd by that presumptuous priest,  
When dreams had warn'd of danger from a child,  
Her mind was to destroy Jehoiada,  
And in this temple Baal's altar place,  
With thee to serve him; in thy joy I shared,  
Hoping to gain my part in the rich spoil.  
What made her change her fickle purpose thus ?

MATTAN.

She has not been herself these two days past.  
No more is she the bold, clear sighted Queen,  
With spirit raised above her timid sex,  
Whose rapid action overwhelmed her foes,  
Who knew the value of an instant lost:  
Fear and remorse disturb that lofty soul;  
She wavers, falters, all the woman now.  
Not long ago I fill'd with bitter wrath  
Her heart already moved by threats from Heav'u,  
And she, intrusting vengeance to my care,  
Bade me assemble ail her guard in haste;  
But whether that young child, before her brought,  
(A poor, unhappy foundling, as they say,)  
Assuaged the terror that her dream had caused.  
Or seeing in the boy some secret charm,

I find her shaken in her dire resolve,  
 Postponing vengeance to some future day,  
 And fatal strife in all her counsels reigns  
 " I have inquired," said I, " about that child,  
 And hear strange boasts of royal ancestry,  
 How to the malcontents, from time to time,  
 The High Priest shows him, bids the Jews expect  
 In him a second Moses, and supports  
 His speech with lying oracles " These words  
 Made her brow flush Swiftly the falsehood work'd.  
 "Is it for me," she said, "to pine in doubt?  
 Let us be rid of this perplexity  
 Convey my sentence to Jehosheba  
 Soon shall the fire be kindled, and the\* sword  
 Deal slaughter, soon their Temple shall be razed,  
 Unless, as hostage for their loyalty,  
 They yield this child to me "

NABAL

For one unknown,  
 Whom chance, may be, has thrown into then aim\*,  
 Will they behold their Temple buried low—

MATTAN

Ah ! but no mortals have such pride as they  
 Rather than to my hands resign a child,  
 Whom to his God Jehoiada has vow'd,  
 He will endure to die the worst of deaths,  
 Besides, they manifestly love this child,  
 And, if I construe right the Queen's account,  
 Jehoiada knows more than he will say  
 Touching his birth Refusal I foresee,  
 In any case, with fatal consequence,  
 The rest be my concern , with fire and sword  
 To wipe this odious Temple from my eyes  
 Is my last hope

NABAL

What prompts so fierce a hate ?  
 Is it consuming zeal for Baal's cause ?

Myself a child of Ishmael, as thou knowest,  
I worship neither thine, nor Israel's god.

## MATTAN.

Dost think, my friend, that any senseless zeal  
For a dumb idol could my judgment blind,—  
A perishable log, that worms destroy  
In spite of all my efforts, day by day ?  
From birth devoted to the God, who here  
Is worshipp'd, Mattan still might be his priest,  
If but the love of grandeur, thirst for pow'r,  
Could be consistent with his stringent yoke.  
Nabal, I hardly need to thee recall  
The quarrel 'tween Jehoiada and me,  
When against him I dared the censer claim ;  
They made some stir, my struggle, tears, despair.  
Vanquish'd, I enter'd on a new career,  
And bound me, soul and body, to the Court.  
By slow degrees I gain'd the ear of kings,  
And soon my voice was deem'd oracular.  
Their hearts I studied, flatter'd each caprice,  
And sprinkled flow'rs for them on danger's brink.  
Nothing to me was sacred that they craved,  
Measure and weight I alter'd as they will'd.  
As often as Jehoiada's blunt speech  
Boldly offended their fastidious ears,  
So often I had pow'r and skill to charm ;  
Concealing from their eyes unpleasant truths,  
Gilding their savage passion with fair tints.  
And lavish more than all of human blood.

At length was raised by Athaliah's hands  
A temple to the god she introduced.  
Jerusalem with tears the outrage saw ;  
The sons of Levi, stricken with alarm,  
Appeal'd to Heaven with indignant cries.  
I only, leading cowards in ray train,  
Deserter from their Law, that act approved,  
And Baal's priesthood thereby merited.  
Thus made my rival's formidable foe,  
I donn'd the mitre; march'd along, his peer

Still, I confess, e'en at my glory's height,  
 Harass'd by memories of the *God* I left,  
 Some fear remain'd to discompose my soul,  
 And this it is that fans and feeds my rage  
 Happy if, wreaking vengeance on His shrine,  
 I may reduce His wrath to impotence,  
 And amidst rum, desolation, death,  
 Lose my remorse in plenitude of crime'  
 Here comes Jehokheba

*Scene 4*

JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

**MATTAN**

Sent by the Queen

To bring back peace, and hatred drive away,  
 Be not surprised that I should thee accost,  
 Princess, whose gentle spirit comes from Heav'n,  
 A rumour, which of falsehood I suspect,  
 Supports the warning that a dream had giv'n,  
 Accusing the High Priest of dangerous plots,  
 And raising in the Queen a storm of ire  
 I wish not here to vaunt my services,  
 Knowing Jehoiada to me unjust,  
 But good for evil is a due return  
 In short, I come commission'd to speak peace  
 Live, keep your feasts without a shade of fear,  
 For your obedience she but asks a pledge,—  
 (My efforts to dissuade her have been vain),  
 This orphan, whom she says that she has seen

**JEHOSHEBA**

Ehiakim

**MATTAN**

Whereat I feel some shame  
 On her account, making an idle dream  
 Of too much moment But unless ye give

•This child to me forthwith, her mortal foes  
Ye prove yourselves. Your answer she awaits.  
Impatient.

JEHOSHEBA.

These, then, are her words of peace!

MATTAN.

And can ye for one moment hesitate  
By slight concession such a boon to gain ?

JEHOSHEBA.

Strange would it be, if Mattan, free of guile,  
Could trample down th' injustice of his heart,  
And, after being of all ill contriver,  
Could be the author of some shade of good!

MATTAN.

What is your grievance ? Has the Queen, in rage,  
Sent to tear Zachariah from your arms ?  
He is your son ; the other why so dear ?  
This fondness, in my turn, surprises me.  
What treasure find ye there of priceless worth ?  
Has Heav'n in him sent a deliverer ?  
Bethink you, your refusal may confirm  
A secret rumour that begins to grow,

JEHOSHEBA.

What rumour ?

MATTAN.

That illustrious is his birth,  
And that thy husband hatches some grand part  
For him to play.

JEHOSHEBA,

And Mattan, by this tale  
That soothes his rage—

MATTAN.

Princess, it is for thee

B B

To disabuse my mind I know thou would'st,  
 As falsehood's ruthless foe, resign thy life  
 Sooner than sully thy sincerity  
 By the least word that is opposed to truth  
 Hast thou no clue then to this mystery?  
 Is his birth buried in the deepest night ?  
 Knowest thou not thyself from whom he sprang  
 Whose hands they were that gave him to thy spouse  
 I pause for answer, ready to believe thee  
 Give glory, Princess, to the God thou servest

JEHOSHEBA

Base man, it suits thee well to dare to name  
 A God whom thou hast taught men to blaspheme '  
 Can such a wretch as thou invoke His truth,  
 Thou on the seat of foul corruption throned,  
 Where falsehood reigns and spreads its poison round,  
 Whose lip with treachery and imposture teems'

*Scene 5*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

JEHOIADA

Where am I? Is this Baal's priest I see ?  
 Does David's daughter with a traitor talk,  
 And turn a listening ear ? Dost thou not fear  
 That 'neath his feet should gape a gulf profound,  
 And flames forth issuing straight scorch and consume  
 thee,  
 Or these walls crush thee falling upon him ?  
 What would he ? Why this bold effrontery ?  
 Why comes God's foe to taint this holy air ?

MATTAN

To rail is but to be Jehoiada '  
 Yet might he well, in reverence for the Queen,  
 Show greater prudence, and forbear to insult  
**The chosen envoy of her high command.**

JEHOIADA.

With what ill-omened tidings art thou charged ?  
What dreadful mission brings such messenger ?

MATTAN.

Jehosheba has heard the royal will.

JEHOIADA.

Then get thee from my presence, impious wretch ;  
Go, and fill up the measure of thy crimes.  
Soon will God make thee join the perjured crew  
Of Dathan, Doeg, and Ahithophel ;  
The dogs He fed with fallen Jezebel,  
Waiting to glut their fury upon thee,  
Besiege thy door, all howling for their prey !

MATTAN (*in confusion*).

Ere the day close—which of us is to be—  
'Twill soon be seen—but, Nabal, let us go.

NABAL.

Where dost thou stray ? Is then thy sense distraught ?  
There lies thy way.

*Scene 6.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSEBA.

JEHOSEBA.

The storm 's about to burst:  
The angry Queen demands Eliakim.  
Already they begin to penetrate  
The mystery of his birth and thy designs,  
Mattan could all but tell his father's name.

JEHOIADA.

Who to the traitor can have giv'n a clue ?  
Thine agitation may have told too much.

## JEH08HEBA

I have done all I could to master it  
 And yet, believe me, danger presses close  
 Let us reserve this child for happier times.  
 While still our wicked foes deliberate,  
 Ere they come round to tear him from our arms,  
 Let me, my lord, hide him a second time  
 The gates stand open, and the way is free  
 To wildest deserts must I carry him ?  
 Ready am I I know a secret path,  
 By which, without a chance of being seen,  
 Crossing the Kedron's torrent with the lad,  
 The wilderness I'll gain, where wept of old  
 David, in flight from his rebellious son,  
 And seeking safety from pursuit like us  
 I shall fear less for him lions and bears—  
 But why reject Jehu's good offices ?  
 Is not the counsel sound that I unfold ?  
 Let us in Jehu's charge this treasure place,  
 And one may reach his realm this very day,  
 The way that leads to him is short Nor starts  
 The heart of Jehu from compassion's touch,  
 The name of David he in honour holds  
 Ah ! lives there king so cruel and so hard,  
 Unless his mother were a Jezebel,  
 Who would not pity such a suppliant's cry ?  
 Must not all monarchs make his cause their own ?

## JEHOIADA

What timid counsels, and how boldly urged '  
 Canst thou then place thy hopes in Jehu's aid ?

## JEHOSHEBA

Does God forbid all forethought and all care ?  
 Condemns He not too blind a confidence ?  
 Making mankind fulfil His holy ends,  
 Is it not God Himself arms Jehu's hands ?

## JEHOIADA

Jehu, whom God in His deep wisdom chose

Jehu, on whom I see thy hopes are based,  
 Ungratefully forgets His benefits;  
 Ahab's fierce daughter he has left in peace,  
 And follows the vile steps of Israel's kings,  
 Keeps up the shrines of Egypt's bestial god,  
 And on high places rashly dares to burn  
 An incense that the Lord our God abhors.  
 Jehu too surely lacks the upright heart,  
 And clean hands, needed to promote His cause.  
 No, we must cling to God, and Him alone.  
 We must not hide but plainly show the boy,  
 With royal diadem around his brow;  
 I e'en intend to advance the appointed hour,  
 Ere Mattan can mature his counterplot.

*Scene 7.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, AZARIAH (*followed by the CHORUS,  
 and a number of LEVITES*).

JEHOIADA.

Well, Azariah, is the Temple closed ?

AZARIAH.

I have seen all the gates securely barr'd.

JEHOIADA.

Rem'ain there none but thou and thine allies ?

AZARIAH.

Twice have I gone all round the sacred courts,  
 All have fled hence, nor think they of return,  
 Scatter'd by panic like a flock of sheep;  
 The holy tribe are left sole worshippers.  
 Never, since they escaped from Pharaoh's pow'r,  
 Has such dismay as this the people seized.

## JEHOIADA

Fam't-hearted people, born for slavery,  
 Bold only against God! Let us pursue  
 The work we have in hand But who still keeps  
 These children in our midst ?

## ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS

Could we, my lord,  
 Sever ourselves from you ? No strangers we  
 Here, in God's House where ranged beside thee stand  
 Our fathers and our brothers

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

If to avenge  
 The shame of Israel we lack Jael's pow'r,  
 Who pierced the temples of God's impious foe,  
 We may at least for Him our lives lay down,  
 When for His threaten'd shrine your arms shall fight,  
 At least our tears may to His throne appeal

## JEHOIADA

Lo, what avengers of Thy holy cause,  
 O Wisdom infinite,—these priests and babes '  
 But, Thou supporting, who can make them fall ?  
 Thou canst, at will, recall us from our graves,  
 Canst wound and heal, canst kill and make alive  
 They put no trust in merits of their own,  
 But in Thy Name, for them so oft invoked,  
 Thy promise to the holiest of their kings,  
 This Temple where Thou dost vouchsafe to dwell,  
 Destined to last long as the sun in heaven  
 Why throbs my heart with holy ecstasy ?  
 Is it God's Spirit thus takes hold of me,  
 Glows in my breast, speaks, and unseals mine eyes ?  
 Before me spread dim distant ages rise  
 Ye Levites, let your melodies conspire  
 To fan the flame of inspiration's fire

THE CHORUS (*singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments*),

Lord, be Thy voice to our dull ears conveyed,  
 Thy holy message to our hearts be borne,  
 As to the tender blade  
 Comes, in the spring, the freshness of the morn !

JEHOIADA.

Ye heavens hear my voice; thou earth give ear :  
 That the Lord sleeps, no more let Israel fear:  
 The Lord awakes ! Ye sinners, disappear !

(*The music begins again, and JEHOIADA immediately resumes.*)

How has pure gold changed into worthless lead ?  
 What Pontiff's blood is at the altar shed ?  
 Weep, Salem; faithless city, weep in vain !  
 Thy murderous hands have God's own prophets slain :  
 Therefore His love for thee hath banish'd been,  
 Thine incense is to Him a smoke unclean.  
 Oh, whither are these tender captives led?  
 The Lord the queen of cities hath discrown'd,  
 Cast off her kings, her priests in fetters bound;  
 Within her streets no festal throngs are found:  
 The Temple falls ! high leap the flames with cedar fed !  
 Jerusalem, sad spectacle of woe,  
 How in one day thy beauty disappears !  
 Would that mine eyes might be a fount of tears,  
 To weep thine overthrow !

AZARIAH.

Oh, holy shrine!

JEHOSHEBA.

Oh, David!

THE CHORUS.

Lord, restore.  
 Favour to Thine own Zion, as of yore !

(*The music begins again, and JEHOIADA, a moment afterwards, breaks in upon it.*)

## JEHOIABA

What new Jerusalem is this draws nigh,  
With beams of light that from the desert shme ?  
She bears upon her brow a mark divme  
Ye peoples, raise your joyous song on high '  
Zion is born anew, far fairer to the eye  
From every side a gathering crowd I view,  
Childien that thine own bosom never knew,  
Jerusalem arise, lift up thine head '  
Thy glory fills with wonder all these kings,  
Each monarch of the earth his homage brings,  
Her mightiest kiss the dust where thou dost tread ;  
All press to hail the light around thee shed  
Blessed be he whose soul with ardour glows  
To see fair Zion rise'  
Drop down your dews, ye skies,  
And let the earth her Saviour now disclose '

## JEHOSHEBA

Ah, whence may we expect a gift so rare,  
If thobe, from whom that Saviour is to spring,—

## JEHOIADA

Prepare, Jehosheba, the royal crown,  
Which David wore upon his sacred brow  
*(To the Levites )*  
And ye, to arm yourselves, come, follow me  
Where are kept hidden, far from eyes profane,  
That dread array of lances, and of swords,  
Which once were drench'd with proud Philistia's blood,  
And conquering David, full of years and fame,  
Devoted to the Lord who shelter'd him  
Can we employ them for a nobler use ?  
Come , and I will myself distribute them

*Scene 8.*

SALOME, THE CHORUS.

SALOME.

What fearful scenes, my sisters, must we see !  
These arms, great God, strange sacrifice portend:  
What incense, what firstfruits do they intend  
To offer on Thine altar unto Thee ?

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHOEUS,

What sight is this to meet our timid eyes!  
Who would have thought that we should e'er behold  
Forests of spears arise,  
And swords flash forth, where Peace has dwelt from days  
of old?

ANOTHER.

How comes it that, when danger is at hand,  
Our city shows such dull indifference ?  
How comes it, sisters, that for our defence  
E'en valiant Abner leads no succouring band ?

SALOME.

Ah ! In a Court that owns no other laws  
Than force and violence,  
Who would embrace the inauspicious cause  
Of youthful innocence ?  
Baseness and blind submission there provide  
High honours that to virtue are denied.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

When danger and disorder grimly frown,  
For whom thus bring they forth the consecrated crown ?

SALOME.

The Lord hath deign'd to speak  
But vainly do we seek

His prophet's utterance to comprehend  
 Arms He destructions upon us to wreak ?  
 Or arms He to defend ?

ALL THE CHORUS *Sings*

Promise and threat' What may this mystery be ?  
 What evil and what good m turn foretold,<sup>1</sup>  
 How with such anger can such love agree ?  
 Who shall the clue unfold ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

Zion shall perish in devouring flame  
 And all her beauty shall be overthrown

ANOTHER VOICE

Zion's defence is m Jehovah's Name,  
 His deathless word her sure foundation stone.

THE FIRST VOICE

I see her glory sink before mine eyes '

THE SECOND VOICE

The spreading radiance of her light I see !

THE FIRST VOICE

Plunged m the deepest gulf of misery '

THE SECOND VOICE

Zion uplifts her forehead to the skies '

THE FIRST VOICE

What rum '

THE SECOND VOICE

Endless life to her belongs !

THE FIRST VOICE

What cries of pam '

SCENE

1.]

ATHALIAH.

THE SECOND VOICE.

Hark to victorious songs!

A THIRD VOICE.

Cease these perplexing thoughts to trace,  
God will the mystery solve, we know not how,

ALL THREE VOICES.

Before His wrath in reverence let us bow,  
And let our hopes His love embrace.

ANOTHER VOICE.

The heart whose love is Thine,  
My God, who can disturb its peace ?  
Thy will supreme its guiding star doth shine,  
With beams that never cease:  
What happiness in earth or heav'n can be  
Like peace that keeps in sweet tranquillity,  
The heart that loveth Thee ?

ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

JOASH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, A LEVITE,  
CHORUS.

SALOME.

With step majestic, by my mother's side,  
Comes with my brother young Eliakim.  
Sisters, what bear they wrapp'd within those veils ?  
What means that sword carried in front of them ?

JEHOSEBA (*to* ZACHARIAH).

My son, with reverence on this table place  
The awful volume of our holy Law.

And thou, my sweet Eliakim, lay here,  
 Close to the book of God, this diadem  
 Levite, it is Jehoiada's command,  
 Let Davids sword be placed beside his crown

JOASH

Dear Princess, tell me, what new sight is this ?  
 The sacred scroll, the sword, the diadem ?  
 Since God within His Temple shelter'd me,  
 No preparation have I seen like this

JEHOSHEBA

Soon will thy wondering doubts be clear'd, my son.

JOASH

Try not that diadem upon my brow '  
 'Tis profanation of the glorious dead '  
 The King who wore it claims more reverence  
 A poor unhappy child, left for the bears—

JEHOSHEBA (*trying the crown upon him*)

Let be, my son thus has it been enjoind

JOASH

But do I hear thee sob ? Princess, thy cheeks  
 Are wet with tears ' What pity touches thee ?  
 Am I, as Jephthah's daughter was of old,  
 To be presented for a sacrifice,  
 And, by my death, appease the wrath of God ?  
 A son has naught his Father may not claim  
 Ah me '

JEHOSHEBA

Lo, here is one who will declare God's will  
 To thee, alone fear not

Come, let us go

SCENE 2.]

ATHALIAH.

*Scene 2.*

**JOASH, JEHOIADA.**

JOASH *{running into the High Priest's arms}*.  
Father!

JEHOIADA.

My son!

JOASH.

What preparation's here ?

**JEHOIADA.**

'Tis right, my son, that thou should'st know the truth,  
And, sooner than all others, learn God's will,  
His purpose for His people and for thee.  
Arm thee with courage, and renew thy faith.  
The time is come to prove that fervent zeal  
Which I have cherish'd in thy heart with care,  
And to discharge the debt due to thy God.  
Art thou resolv'd to show a generous mind ?

JOASH.

Yea, ready if He will to give my life.

JEHOIADA.

Oft hast thou heard the story of our kings;  
Dost bear in mind, my son, how strict the laws  
A king must follow, worthy of the crown ?

JOASH.

Wise kings, for thus hath God Himself declared,  
Will not rely on riches and on gold,  
But fear the Lord their God, regarding still  
His precepts, and His judgments, and His laws,  
Nor yoke oppressive on their brethren lay.

**JEHOIADA.**

But wert thou bound to copy one such king,  
Which would'st thou choose to imitate, my son ?

JOASH

There seems to me none worthy to compare  
With faithful David, full of love divine

JEHOIADA

Thou would'st not follow then the erring steps  
Of faithless Joram and his impious son ?

JOASH

Father'

JEHOIADA

Proceed, and tell me all thy mind,

JOASH

Whoso resembles them perish as they

(JEHOIADA *pi osUates himself at hiseet* )

Father, why dost thou kneel before my face ?

JEHOIADA

I pay thee the respect I owe my King  
Joash, prove worthy of thine ancestor,  
Of David

JOASH

Am I Joash ?

JEHOIADA

Thou shalt know  
How graciously God fori'd the savage plot  
Of Athaliah, saving thee from death,  
Already with the dagger in thy breast.  
Nor from her fury art thou yet escaped  
With the same eagerness that would erwhile  
Have slam in thee her son's posterity,  
Her cruelty is bent on thy destruction,  
Nor does a change of name elude pursuit  
But 'neath thy standard I have gather'd here,

SCENE 3.]

ATHALIAH.

Prompt to avenge thee, an obedient band.  
Enter, brave captains of the holy seed,  
Honour'd by sacred service in your turns.

*Scene 3.*

JEHOIADA, JOASH, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, AND THE THREE  
OTHER CHIEFS OF THE LEVITES.

JEHOIADA (*continues*).

Lo there, the King's avengers 'gainst his foes!  
And there, ye priests, behold your promised King!

AZARIAH.

Why, 'tis Eliakim!

ISHMAEL.

Is that sweet child—

JEHOIADA.

The rightful heir of Judah's kings, the last  
Of hapless Ahaziah's lineage,  
Call'd by the name of Joash, as ye know.  
All Judah, like yourselves, bewail'd the fate  
Of that fair tender flow'r so soon cut down,  
Believing him witli all his brethren slain.  
With them he met the traitor's cruel knife:  
But Heaven tura'd aside the mortal stroke,  
Kept in his heart the smouldering spark of life,  
And let my wife, eluding watchful eyes,  
Convey him in her bosom, bathed in blood,  
And hide him in the Temple with his nurse,  
I being sole accomplice of her theft.

JOASH.

Ah, how, my father, can I e'er repay  
The kindness and the love so freely giv'n?

## JHHOIADA

The time will come to prove that gratitude  
Look then upon your King, your only hope '  
My care has been to keep him for this hour,  
Servants of God, 'tis yours that care to crown  
The child of Jezebel, the murderess queen,  
Inform'd that Joash lives, will soon be here,  
Opening for him the tomb a second time,  
His death determin'd, though himself unknown  
Priests, 'tis for you her fury to forestall,  
And Judah's shameful slavery to end,  
Avenge your princes slam, your Law restore,  
Make Benjamin and Judah own their King  
The enterprise, no doubt, is dangerous,  
Attacking a proud queen upon her throne,  
Who rallies to her standard a vast host  
Of hardy strangers and of faithless Jews  
But He who guides and strengthens me is God  
Think, on this child all Israel's hope depends  
The wrath of God already marks the Queen ,  
Here have I muster'd you, in her despite,  
Nor lack ye warlike arms as she believes  
Haste, crown we Joash, and proclaim him King,  
Then, our new Prince's valiant soldiers, march,  
Calling on Him with Whom all victory lies,  
And, waking loyalty in slumbering hearts,  
E'en to her palace track our enemy  
What hearts, so sunk in sloth's inglorious sleep,  
Will not be loused to follow m our steps,  
When in our sacred ranks they see advance  
A King whom God has at His altar fed,  
Aaron's successor, and a tram of priests  
Leading to battle Levi's progeny,  
And in those self-same hands, by all revered,  
The arms that David hallow'd to the Lord ?  
Our God shall spread His terror o'er His foes  
Shrink not from bathing you in heathen blood,  
Hew down the Tynans, yea, and Jacob's seed  
Are ye not from those famous Levites sprung  
Who, when inconstant Israel wickedly

At Sinai worshipped the Egyptian god,  
 Their dearest kinsmen slew with righteous zeal,  
 And sanctified their hands in traitors' blood,  
 Gaining the honour, by this noble deed,  
 Of serving at the altars of the Lord ?

But I perceive your zeal already fired;  
 Swear then upon this holy volume, first,  
 Before this King whom Heav'n restores to-day,  
 To live, to fight, yea, or to die for him !

AZAEIAH.

Here swear we, for ourselves and brethren all,  
 To establish Joash on his fathers' throne,  
 Nor, having taken in our hands the sword,  
 To lay it down till we have slain his foes.  
 If anyone of us should break this vow,  
 Let him, great God, and let his children feel  
 Thy vengeance, from Thine heritage shut out,  
 And number'd with the dead disown'd by Thee!

JEHOIADA.

And thou, my King, wilt thou not swear to be  
 Faithful to this eternal Law of God ?

JOASH.

How could I ever wish to disobey ?

JEHOIADA.

My son,—once more to call thee by that name,—  
 Suffer this fondness, and forgive the tears  
 Prompted by too well founded fears for thee.  
 Far from the throne, in ignorance brought up  
 Of all the poisonous charms of royalty,  
 Thou knowest not th' intoxicating fumes  
 Of pow'r uncurb'd, and flattery's magic spells ;  
 Soon will she whisper that the holiest laws,  
 Tho' governing the herd, must kings obey ;  
 A monarch owns no bridle but his will ;  
 All else must bow before his majesty ;  
 Subjects are rightly doom'd to toil and tears,

And with a rod of iron should be ruled,  
 For they will crush him if they be not crush'd  
 Thus will fresh pitfalls for your feet be dug,  
 New snares be spread to spoil your innocence,  
 Till they have made you hate the truth at last,  
 By painting virtue in repulsive guise  
 Alas' our wisest king was led astray  
 Swear on this book, before these witnesses,  
 That God shall be thy first and constant care,  
 Scourge of the evil, refuge of the good,  
 That you will judge the poor as God directs,  
 Rememb'ring how, in simple linen clad,  
 Thou wast thyself a helpless orphan child

JOASH

I promise to observe the Law's commands  
 If I forsake Thee, punish me, my God!

JEHOIADA

I must anoint thee with the holy oil  
 Jehosheba, thou mayest show thyself

*Scene 4*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME,  
 AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, THE THREE OTHER CHIEFS OF THE  
 LEVITES, THE CHORUS

JEHOSEBA (*embracing JOASH*)

My King, and son of David'

JOASH

Mother dear,  
 My only mother' Zachanah, come,  
 Embrace thy brother

JEHOSEBA (*to ZACHARIAH*)

Kneel before thy king  
 (*ZACHARIAH casts himself at the feet of JOASH*)

JEHOIADA (*while they embrace one another*).  
My children be united ever thus!

JEHOSHEBA (to JOASH).  
Thou knowest then whose blood has giv'n thee life ?

JOASH.  
And who had robb'd me of it, but for thee.

JEHOSHEBA.  
I then may call thee Joash, thy true name.

JOASH.  
And thee shall Joash never cease to love.

THE CHORUS.  
Why, there is—

JEHOSHEBA.  
Jpash.

JEHOIADA.  
Hear this messenger.

*Scene 5.*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME,  
AZABIAH, ISHMAEL, THE THREE OTHER CHIEFS OF THE  
LEVITES, A LEVITE, THE CHORUS.

A LEVITE.  
I know not what their impious plan may be,  
But everywhere resounds the threatening trump,  
And amid standards fires are seen to shine;  
The Queen is doubtless mustering her troops;  
Already, every way of succour closed,  
The sacred mount on which the Temple stands  
Insolent Tyrians on all sides invest;

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VOL. II.



## CONTENTS.

BAJAZET	1
MITHRIDAIES	
IPHIGSKMV •	133
PILLCRA	230
KSTHER	269
ATHVLIH	327



BAJAZET.

1672.



## INTRODUCTION TO BAJAZET.

THE time to which this tragedy relates is much later than that of any other of Racine's historical plays. The capture of Babylon (or rather Bagdad) from the Persians by Sultan Amurath IV., on which the catastrophe of the plot depends, occurred only a year before the poet's birth, viz., 1638; and our author thought it desirable to justify himself for choosing a subject so recent by the precedent of Æschylus, whose "Persae" commemorated the abortive expedition of Xerxes against Greece, in which struggle he had himself taken an active part. The unfamiliar manners and customs of the distant East may compensate in some measure, he maintains, for proximity in point of time. Racine derived his information about the circumstances of Bajazet's death from the narrative of the Comte de Cezy, who was French ambassador at Constantinople at the time, and had some personal knowledge of the unfortunate prince.

## CHARACTERS

BAJAZET, *Brother of Sultan Amurath*  
ROXANA, *Sultana, the favourite of Sultan Amurath*  
ATALIDT, *a Turkish Damsel of Royal Blood*  
ACHMLT, *the Grand Vizier*  
OMAN, *Friend of the Grand Vizier*  
FATIMA, *a Slave of the Sultana*  
ZARA *a Slave of Atahde*  
*Guards*

The scene is laid at Constantinople, formerly called Byzantium,  
in the sei aglio of the Sultan

# BAJAZET.

## ACT L

### *Scene 1.*

ACHMET, OSMAN.

ACHMET.

Come, follow me. Here the Sultana comes  
Anon: meanwhile we may converse together.

OSMAN.

How long, my lord, has entrance been allow'd  
To these forbidden precincts, where so lately  
The eyes that dared to pry would soon have closed  
In death ?

ACHMET.

When you have heard all that has pass'd,  
You will not be surprised that I am free  
To enter. But enough of that, dear Osman.

How long to my impatience seem'd the time  
Of your return! How glad am I to see you  
Here in Stamboul! What secrets have you learn'd  
By travelling so far on my behalf ?

**Tell** me sincerely what your eyes have seen;  
Consider, Osman, that on your report  
**The** future fortune of the Crescent hangs.  
**How** fares it with the army and the Sultan ?

## OSMAN

True to her prince, did Babylon, unmoved  
 By terror, see our hosts her walls encompass ,  
 The muster'd Persians to her aid were marching,  
 And daily neaier drew to Amurath's camp  
 He, weary with the tedious, fruitless siege,  
 Seem'd willing to leave Babylon at lest,  
 And, without making fresh assaults in vain,  
 Was waiting for the Persians, to give battle  
 But, as you know, Sir, make what haste I might.  
 Long is the journey hither from those parts ,  
 A thousand obstacles my course impeded,  
 Nor can I tell all that has happened since

## ACHMET

Our valiant Jamzanes—how did they  
 Comport themselves" Do the) to Ammath yield  
 Faithful allegiance ? Can you read men's heaits ?  
 Enjoys the Sultan undisputed pow'i ?

## OSMAN

If one ma\ take his word, he is content,  
 And seem'd full confident of victor)  
 But his apparent calmness cannot cheat as,  
 He knows not the repose that he assumes  
 In urn he masks habitual distrust,  
 And grants his janizaries easy access ,  
 He cannot but remember how he wish'd  
 To pare that gallant force of halt its strength,  
 And, as he said, to 'scape their tutelage  
 Oft have I heard them talk among themsehes  
 How Amurath fears them, and how they fear him ,  
 That sore still galls them, flatter as he may  
 They murmur at your absence, and regret  
 The time so dear to their couiageous hearts,  
 When under you, sure of success, they fought

## ACHMET

What' Think you, Osman, that my glory still  
 In their remembrance lives and stns their valour

That they would gladly follow me again,  
And hail the voice of their vizier with welcome ?

## OSMAN.

The fortune of the fight will rule their conduct:  
They must see Amurath's victory or defeat.  
Though loath, my lord, to march with him to lead them,  
They have to keep unstain'd their martial glory :  
They'll not betray honour so hardly won.  
But failure or success depends on fate.  
If, seconding their valour, Amurath's star  
Awards him victory on Babylon's plains,  
Then will you see them to Byzantium bring  
Submissive homage and a blind obedience;  
But if the heavy hand of destiny  
Crush in the conflict his aspiring schemes  
Of empire, doubt not his disgraceful flight  
Would spur their hatred on to bold contempt,  
And his disasters would to them appear  
High Heav'n's decree of wrath and reprobation.  
Meanwhile, if Rumour's voice has spoken truly,  
Three months ago he from the army sent  
Hither a slave charged with some secret message.  
All in the camp trembled for Bajazet,  
Fearing the Sultan had with cruel order  
Despatch'd him to demand his brother's head.

## ACHMET.

Such was his purpose. Ay, that slave has come,  
And shown his mandate —which was disregarded.

## OSMAN.

What! shall the Sultan see that slave again  
Without this pledge of your allegiance rendered ?

## ACHMET.

The **slave** is dead. A secret order cast him  
**Full many** a fathom deep beneath the Euxine.

OSMAN

His lengthen'd absence will surpse the Sultan,  
 Soon will he seek the cause, and take revenge  
 What will you answer him ?

ACHMFT

Perchance ere then  
 He'll have more pressing matters to engage him  
 I know that Amurath has sworn my rum,  
 I know what welcome his return will bring me  
 To tear me from his soldiers' hearts, behold  
 How he excludes me from his fights and sieges ,  
 Himself commands the army and leaves me  
 Here m Stamboul t'exert a pow'r that's useless  
 What base employment, Osman, for a vizier'  
 But I have used my time to worthier purpose,  
 And terrible surprises have prepared him,  
 Soon will the news thereof make his ears tingle

OSMAN

What havj you done ?

ACHMET

I hope that Bajazot  
 To-day will mount the throne,—with him Roxana.

OBMAN

Roxana, my good lord! whom Amurath chose  
 As fairest of that fair ariay which fill'd  
 His court from Europe and from Asia gather' d  
 In countless numbers, who alone has fix'd  
 The Sultan's heart, they say, whom he has named  
 Sultana, though no son she yet has borne him

ACHMET

Ay, more, dear Osman He has will'd that she  
 Should in his absence wield supreme command  
 You know the rigour that our Sultans practise,  
 Brothers are seldom suffered to enjoy

The dangerous honour of their royal rank  
Belated to their own by ties too near.  
The brainless Ibrahim, from peril free,  
Needs not to curse his birth, perpetual childhood  
Secures his safety, he, in life or death  
Alike contemn'd, is left to those who deign  
To feed him. With the other 'tis not so,  
Of Amurath's jealous fear a worthier object,  
Which every moment threatens his destruction:  
For Bajazet has ever scorned to live  
In slothful ease, like other sultans' sons.  
War was his favourite pastime from his boyhood,  
And practice under me has made him perfect.  
Have you not seen him charge where foes were thickest  
With courage that bewitch'd each soldier's heart,  
And stain'd with carnage, reap the rare delight  
Which valour's earliest triumph brings to youth?  
But cruel Amurath, 'spite of jealous fears,  
Dared not (before he had a son to make  
Succession sure) wreak upon Bajazet  
His vengeance, cutting short the royal stock.  
So for a time was Amurath's rage disarm'd,  
And Bajazet left prisoner in the palace.

He went, and will'd that, faithful to his hatred,  
Holding his brother's life at her disposal,  
Roxana, at the slightest breath of rumour,  
The least suspicion giv'n, no reason else,  
Should slay him. I, left here, justly incensed,  
Soon turn'd my wishes to the brother's side.  
Hiding my purpose, to the young Sultana  
I show'd how Amurath's return was doubtful,  
The murmurs of the camp, war's fickle fortunes,  
Praised Bajazet, and made her pity him,  
Dwelt on his charms, so jealously conceal'd,  
So near her eyes yet never seen by her.  
In short, so well I work'd upon Roxana  
That she was all impatient to behold him.

OSMAN.

But could they frustrate keen-eyed vigilance,  
And overstep the barriers placed between them?

## ACHMET

You may peihaps remember how the tidings,  
 False as they pioved, of Amurath's death were spread  
 In feign'd alarm Roxana heard the rumour,  
 And with loud tries of grief strove to confirm it  
 Trusting the witness of those tears, her slaves  
 Trembled, and those who guarded Baiazet,  
 In their perplexity by bribes coriupted,  
 Relax'd then watehful care , when the Sultana  
 Found means to see the prince, and in his ear  
 Whispei'd the seuet order she was charged with  
 No chuil is Bajazet, and, when he saw  
 That safety lay in pleasing her, full soon  
 He pleased her well To ard him all conspired,  
 Her kindh care, their mutual understanding  
 Based on the secret shared, sighs all the sweeter  
 For being stolen, silence that provoked  
 Wishes they dared not utter, fears and danger  
 Common to both, united them together ,  
 Whilst those whose eves should have observed them closely,  
 Failed to lesume the duty once neglected

## OSMAN

What! did Roxana from the first make known  
 Her heart to them, and to their eyes reveal  
 Her flame '

## ACHMET

They know it not, and till to-day  
 On then intrigue has Atahde bestow'd  
 The shelter of her name,—the niece, you know,  
 Of Amurath's sire, who with his children shared  
 His fondness, and with them her childhood pass'd  
 She, as it seem'd, his tender \ows received,  
 But only to coiney them to Roxana,  
 The willing instrument to aid their passion  
 And to secure *my* countenance, dear Osman,  
 Both ha\e agreed that Atahde shall be  
 My bride

## OSMAN

You love her, then <sup>f</sup>

ACHMET.

**Would'st have me learn**

**Now** at my age the worthless lore of love ?  
And shall a heart that years of toil have liarden'd  
Blindly submit to follow vain delights ?  
Nay, she attracts my gaze with other charms,  
I love in her the blood of royal sires.  
Through this alliance to the throne brought near  
By Bajazet, I thus secure a shield  
To guard myself against him. Some offence  
Is sure to rise, for scarcely has vizier  
Been chosen ere the Sultan fears his creature,  
And greed or envy soon effects his ruin.  
To-day he honours me and courts my favour,  
The risks he runs incline his heart toward me.  
But stablish'd on the throne, this Bajazet  
Perchance will throw aside a useless friend:  
And, if my faithful service be forgotten,  
The day may come when he will dare to doom me  
To death—. I say no more, but 'tis my purpose  
To keep him waiting for my head full long.  
I know the duty that I owe my masters,  
But 'tis for slaves to humour their caprices,  
Nor am I so besotted as to lick  
The hand that strikes me.

Thus it comes to pass  
That I within these walls have free admittance,  
And with mine eyes may look upon Roxaua.  
At first she listen'd to my voice herself  
Unseen, and fear'd to break the rigid laws  
That guard the harem. But those irksome scruples,  
Our converse hampering, ere long were banish'd.  
She has herself chosen this nook remote  
Where eyes may hearts discover unrestrain'd.  
A slave conducts me by a secret passage—  
But here she comes, with her loved Atalide.  
Stay, and be ready, should there need arise,  
To ratify the statement I shall make her.

*Scene 2*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, ACHMET, OSMAN, FATIMA, ZARA

ACHMET

Truth, Lady, has confirm'd the voice of Rumour,  
 Osman has seen the Sultan and the army  
 Proud Amurath is ever ill at ease,  
 And all hearts ever turn to Bajazet,  
 With one consent they call him to the throne  
 The Persian hosts, meanwhile, to Babylon  
 Were marching, and the rival camp will soon  
 Meet 'neath her walls to try the chance of battle,  
 Which must decide, they say, our destinies,  
 And, counting up the days of Osman's journey,  
 Heav'n has already settled the event,  
 And Amurath triumphs now, or flies defeated  
 Let us break silence, and declare ourselves,  
 From this day forth shutting our gates against him,  
 Nor wait to learn the issue of the conflict,  
 But hasten to anticipate the tidings  
 If he has lost, what fear you? Has he won?  
 Then are the promptest measures the most safe,  
 Delay too long, and failure must attend  
 Our efforts to seduce a people ready  
 To welcome home their sovereign I have gam'd  
 Th' expounders of our sacred law, intriguing  
 In secret Well I know religion's pow'r  
 To turn the multitude this way or that  
 Let Bajazet go forth beyond the walls,  
 And cease to be a prisoner in this palace  
 This fateful standard in his name display,  
 Our wonted signal when the State's in danger  
 The people, in his favour prepossess'd,  
 Know that his virtue is **his** only crime  
 Besides a vague report that I have foster'd  
 Has spread alarm, and made them think the **Sultan**  
 Disdains them and is minded to remove  
 His presence **and his throne far from Byzantium**

Let us declare what danger overhangs  
His brother's head, and show the cruel order  
Address'd to you ; let Bajazet assert  
His claim, and mount the throne, with courage worthy  
Of royalty.

**ROXANA.**

Enough, I' will maintain  
All I have promised. Go, brave Achmet, gather  
Our friends, their feelings sound, then bring report  
Of all, and you shall find my answer ready.  
I will see Bajazet. Nought can I say  
Till of his heart assured as one with mine.  
Go, and return.

*Scene 3.*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, ZARA.

**ROXANA.**

At length, fair Atalide,  
Must Bajazet decide my destiny.  
Now for the last time will I question him,  
And learn if I am loved.

**ATALIDE.**

Can you yet doubt it ?  
Hasten, dear lady, to complete your work.  
Did you not hear what Achmet said to urge you ?  
Is Bajazet beloved ? Think that to-morrow  
His liberty and life may be no longer  
In your control. Perchance this very moment  
The Sultan comes in fury to destroy him.  
Why is it that you doubt his heart to-day ?

**ROXANA.**

Will you be surety, e'en as you have been  
His advocate ?

ATALIDE

The care he takes to please you,  
 All you have done, all you can do for him,  
 His danger, and his homage to your charms,  
 Do not all these assure you of his love?  
 Doubt not your kindness lives in his remembrance

ROXANA

Ah ! it would give *me* peace, could I believe it '  
 But why then speaks he not, my tears to banish,  
 As I am told by others that he feels ?  
 Relying on your words, full twenty times  
 Have I enjoy'd a foretaste of his heart's  
 Emotion, and, in my desire to prove  
 His passion true, conferr'd with him in secret  
 My eagerness may make me hard to please,  
 But, to cut short a long and tedious story,  
 I found but little of that amorous ardour  
 Which flattering lips had led me to expect  
 In short, if I to him give life and empire,  
 I must have pledges that I cannot doubt

ATALIDE

How do you then propose to test his passion ?

ROXANA

That if he loves, he should ere nightfall wed me

ATALIDE

Wed you    Good Heav'ns    You surely cannot mean it

ROXANA

I know 'tis not the custom of our saltans,  
 Who in their pride stoop not to such constraints,  
 Nor hold the laws of marriage made for them  
 'Hid all the fair who v're for their caresses,  
 They sometimes deign to choose a favour'd mistress  
 But, still a slave, with no security

But beauty's charms, she shares her master's couch,  
And, without shaking off the servile yoke,  
Must bear a son ere she be named sultana.  
Like none before him, Amurath has will'd  
This honour to bestow for love alone.  
Mine is the title, mine the pow'r as well,  
And in my hands his brother's life he left.  
But in his ardour Amurath ne'er promised  
Prospect of marriage, other gifts to crown:  
And I, whose sole ambition was for this,  
Have all his other benefits forgotten.  
Yet what avails it to excuse my conduct ?  
'Tis Bajazet that from my memory wipes  
The past; more happy, 'spite of his misfortunes,  
Than Amurath, for he has learn'd to please me,  
Perhaps without the wish ; guards, women, vizier,  
All have been bribed for him, and in my heart  
He reigns supreme. Thanks to my love, right well  
I use the pow'r his brother gave me o'er him.  
His feet have all but reach'd the Sultan's throne,  
There needs but one step more, for that I wait.  
In spite of all my love, if he to-day  
Refuses to be bound to me by marriage,  
And dares to plead an odious privilege ;  
If he for me, who have done all for him,  
Will not do ask, that very moment,  
Regardless of my love and of my ruin,  
I give him up, and let the wretch return  
To that unhappy plight in which I found him.  
This is the issue Bajazet must settle,  
His weal or woe depends upon his answer.  
I do not wish that you to-day should lend  
Your voice to serve as my interpreter;  
Nay, his own mouth and countenance before me  
Shall all his heart reveal, and leave no shade  
Of doubt; brought hither secretly, must he  
All unprepared before mine eyes appear.  
Farewell. This meeting o'er, you shall know all.

*Scene 4*

ATALIDE, ZARA

ATALIDE

Zara, 'tis done, and Atalide is lost

ZARA

You?

ATALIDE

I foresee already what must come  
The only hope I have hes m despair

ZARA

But why so, Madam ?

ATALIDE

Have you not just heard  
The fatal purpose in Roxana's mmd?  
To what conditions she will bind him down ?  
The prince, she says, shall marry her or dre  
If he subnet what will become of me ?  
What will become of him, if he refuse ?

ZARA

I understand your grref But, to be frank.  
Your love should long ago have augur'd this

ATALIDE

Ah, Zara, is love ever dow'r'd with piudence ?  
All seem'd to fit so well with *my* desires,  
Roxana, blindly on my word relying,  
Believed the heart of Bajazet her own,  
All that concern'd him to my care confided,  
Spoke by my mouth, and saw him with mine eyes,  
And close at hand I deem'd the happy moment  
Which, thanks to her, should crown my lover's triumph,  
Heav'n has pronounced against my chensh'd scheme  
What more, my Zara, should I then have done ?

Ought I to have opposed Roxana's error,  
And lost my lover, to enlighten her ?  
Ere in her heart that passion had been planted,  
I loved him, well assured of being beloved.  
E'en from our earliest years, you will remember  
How ties more tender reinforced the bond  
Of kindred blood. Rear'd at his mother's lap  
With him, I learn'd to favour Bajazet  
Above his brother; she with joy approved  
Our fondness, and, though parted when she died,  
In absence still we held each other dear,  
And nursed in silence a perennial passion.  
Since then Roxana's eyes have seen the prince,  
And, unsuspecting of my feelings, told  
To me what love the sight of him inspired :  
With eager joy she stretch'd her hand to help him.  
As grateful as surprised, did Bajazet  
Return her kindness. How could he do less ?  
But love too readily believes its wishes!  
Roxana, with his courtesy contented,  
Led us both on to feed ill-founded hopes,  
And leave her to enjoy her sweet delusion.  
I must, however, own my weakness, Zara;  
A jealous feeling would not be suppress'd  
Roxana, loading him with benefits,  
Opposed an empire to my feeble charms ;  
Her constant care forbade him to forget her,  
She held before his eyes a dazzling prospect;  
While I, what can I do for him ? My heart  
Utter'd itself in sighs, and sighs repeated;  
Heav'n only knows how many tears I shed.  
But Bajazet at last dispell'd my fears;  
I wept no more, and, till to-day, have urged him  
To act a part, and made myself his mouthpiece.  
Alas! 'tis over now ; Roxana, scorn'd.  
Will soon be disabused of her mistake,  
For Bajazet can hide the truth no longer;  
I know his virtue quick to take alarm  
At falsehood, and I ever gave his words  
A sense too tender, trembling thus to use  
Deceit, and now exposure means destruction.

Would that my rival's voice through mine might speak  
 As erst' Or that at least I might have warn'd him  
 What to expect! But Zara, I can wait  
 His commg, and by word or look prepare him  
 Rather than perish let him marry her,  
 For die he must, if so Roxana wills  
 Ay, he will rush on ruin'

Stay, poor fool,  
 Your lover may be trusted, never tear  
 That he will court destruction for your sake  
 It well may be that Bajazet's desne  
 To save his life may e'en outiun your wishes

ZARA

Why let imaginary ills o'erwhelm you,  
 And ever meet affliction ere it comes ?  
 You cannot doubt it, Bajazet adores you  
 Calm your emotion, or at least conceal it,  
 Let not your tears betray the love between you  
 The hand that saved him will preseive him still,  
 If but, encougiaged m her sell-delusion,  
 Roxana never know she has a rival  
 Come, and elsewhein recover self-possession,  
 Then learn the prosperous of therr meeting

ATALIDF

Well, Zara, let us go  
And tliou, just Heav'n,
 If punishment await misguided lovers,  
 And this deception merit condemnation,  
 On me, than he more guilty, vent thy wrath

## ACT I I .

*Scene 1*

BAJAZET, ROXANA.

ROXANA.

At length, dear Prince, the fateful hour is come  
That Heav'n has kept in store to grant you freedom.  
No longer am I bound; this very day  
Can I accomplish what my love has plann'd.  
It is not mine t' assure an easy triumph,  
Nor place a tranquil sceptre in your hands;  
But all I can I do, as I have promised:  
I arm your valour 'gainst your enemies,  
And from your head remove a threatening danger;  
Your own firm courage will achieve the rest.  
Osman has seen the army, and their hearts  
Are yours, and those who represent our law  
Conspire with us, -Achtmet will anasw . for  
Stamboul; and, as you know, I hold submissive  
The offers, the eunuchs and the crowd  
Of slaves, who guard the precincts of the palace;  
Long have they bought my favour by their silence,  
Their very lives are placed at my disposal.  
Start now upon that grand career of glory  
Which I have open'd to your high ambitiou.  
The course that you will run involves no crime;  
Thus only may you 'scape th' assassin's hand.  
You will but follow an example set  
By other sultans who have reign'd before you.  
But for a fair beginning let us hasten  
To\* seal at once your happiness and mine  
Show to the world that in assisting you  
To wield the sceptre I have served my husband:  
Let marriage with a sacred bond unite us,  
And justify the faith so freely giv'n.

BAJAZET

Ah, Madam, what is this that you propose ?

ROXANA

What secret hindrance mars our happiness ?

BAJAZET

You needs must know the pride of royal state—  
Spare me the pain of being more explicit

ROXANA

I know that ever since one of your sultans,  
Proving' the fury of a barbarous foe  
Beheld his wife bound to the victor's car,  
And by all Asia dragg'd along in triumph,  
Few who succeeded him have deign'd to take  
The name of husband, jealous for their honoiu  
But love to such vam laws disowns obedience,  
And, not to quote more humble instances,  
Great Solyman (than whom none of your sues,  
Whose conpuenng arms struck all the earth with dread,  
Raised to so high a mtch the Turkish pow'r),  
Casting on Roxelana eyes of love  
Forgot the pride that was his ruling passion,  
And made her share alike his couch and throne,  
Though to that rank she had no other claim  
Than much adroitness and some little beauty

BAJAZET

'Tis true But then compare his matchless might  
With weakness like my own Great Solyman  
Held undisputed sway o'er land and sea  
Egypt reduced to yield complete submission,  
"Rhodes, that stiong rock of Ottoman dominion,  
Where all her brave defenders found their grave,  
The Danube's savage banks forced to obey him,  
The bounds of Persian empire far withdrawn,  
The burning sands of Africa subdued,  
These hush'd all opposition to his will

But what am I? Dependent on the people  
And on the troops, indebted to misfortune  
For all my fame. While doubtful yet of empire,  
Proscribed and threaten'd, shall I those offend  
To whom I sue? Will they believe our dangers  
And troubles true, seeing us steep'd in pleasures?  
Speak not to me of Solyman, but think  
Rather of hapless Othman's recent murder.  
The janizary chiefs, in their revolt  
Seeking fair pretext for their bloody schemes,  
Deem'd themselves authorised to take his life  
For marrying as you would have me do.  
The time may come when, in their hearts established,  
I may with safety dare to act more boldly.  
We must not be too hasty; deign to place me  
Firmly upon the throne, then will I show  
My gratitude.

ROXANA.

I see my own imprudence,  
And recognise your admirable foresight.  
Not the least danger can escape your notice  
To which my too impatient love might lead;  
You fear to face dishonour thence resulting,  
And since you tell me so I must believe it.  
But have you thought, if marriage bind us not  
Together, what worse perils you incur?  
How, without me, your way is hedged around you,  
And it behoves you most to win my favour?  
That it is I who hold the palace gates,  
Who can for you unlock them, or for ever  
Shut them against you? That your life is mine;  
That on my love your very breath depends;  
And, had you lack'd this love which you reject,  
That you would, in a word, be now no more?

BAJAZET.

Yes, I owe all to you. And I had reason  
To think the only glory that you sought  
Was to behold the triumph of my cause,  
And hear me pay you my acknowledgment.

I feel the obligation and confess it,  
 Respectful homage ever shall confirm it  
 The life that you have giv'n is at your service  
 But would you still—

ROXANA

Nay, I wish nothing more  
 With forced excuses trouble me no longer,  
 I see how far your thoughts from mine are parted,  
 Ungrateful as you are, I will not urge  
 Compliance farther To that abject state  
 Return, from which I saved you What assurance  
 Is wanting *yet* of his indifference ?  
 My ardour meets from him no warm response  
 What place has love in all his calculations ?  
 Ah, I can see your schemes Do what I may,  
 You think I've risk'd too much to throw you over,  
 That I am bound to you by bands too strong  
 For me to part my interests from yours  
 But sure am I your brother still is kind.  
 You know he loves me, and, despite his wrath,  
 I can appease him with a traitor's blood  
 To justify myself your death suffices,  
 And I will see to it this very moment  
 Yet hear me, Bajazet, I feel I love you  
 You must not let me go Why court destruction?  
 Still doth the way he open to repentance  
 Drive not a frenzied lover to despair  
 If but one word escape me, you are lost

BAJAZET

'Tis in your hands, and you can take it from me,  
 It may be that my death, serving your wishes,  
 And winning Amurath's pardon, may restore you  
 The place that in his heart you held before

ROXANA

His heart, say you ? E'en were it Amurath's wish,  
 And hope were lost of reigning in your own,  
 A sweet delusion long and fondly chensh'd,

Think you that I could entertain such thoughts,  
Or live henceforth unless I live for you V  
Lo, in your cruel hands myself have placed  
Arms to destroy so weak a wretch as I;  
Enjoy your triumph. All the proud disdain  
That I assumed just now, I own it false;  
My only happiness on you depends,  
Your death will be the signal for my own.  
Sad fruit of all my care to save your life!  
At last I hear you sigh, and see you troubled:  
Come, hide it not.

BAJAZET.

Ah, would that I could speak!

ROXANA.

What is it that I hear? What say you, Sir?  
Ha! you have secrets then I may not learn!  
Your feelings are too sacred to be shown  
To such as I!

BAJAZET.

Madam, 'tis yours once more  
To make your choice; open for me to empire  
A lawful road, or slay me—I am ready.

ROXANA.

This is too much! you shall be satisfied.  
Ho, guards there, enter!

*Scene 2.*

BAJAZET, ROXANA, ACHMET.

ROXANA.

Achmet, all is over;  
You may return, for I have naught to tell you.  
Save that I bow to Amurath's sov'reign sway.  
Go. Let the palace gates henceforth be loek'd,  
And all be order'd as it was aforetime.

*Scene 3*

BAJAZET, ACHMET

ACHMET

Prince, what is this I hear with strange surprise ?  
 What will become of you, and what of me ?  
 Whence comes this change ? and whom am I to blame ?  
 Good Heav'm !

BAJAZET

'TIS only right that you should **know**  
 Roaana is offended —burns for vengeance  
 Our mutual compact is for ever broken  
 Vizier, I warn you, to yourself take heed,  
 Act as seems best, and count no more on me

ACHMET

What ?

BAJAZET

You and yours, some place of refuge seek ,  
 My fuendship can afford you naught but perri  
 I hoped one day to have repard you better ,  
 But must not think it more—the bubble's burst

ACHMET

What is this rock on whch your hopes are wieck'd ?  
 Just now I left all peaceful m the palace,  
 What is this madness that has seized your minds ?

BAJAZET

She wishes me to wed her, Achmet

ACHMIT

Well,  
 'Tis true that wish accords not with the custom  
 That sultans use But is that rule so strict  
 That you should lose your life to follow it ?

What law more sacred than to save yourself?  
To snatch from certain death the royal blood  
Of Othman that in you alone survives ?

BAJAZET.

Nay, the last drop would he too dearly purchased,  
Were it to be preserved by cowardice.

ACHMET.

Why let your mind conceive so dark a picture ?  
Was Solyman's renown tarnish'd by marriage ?  
Yet Solyman himself was never menaced  
By danger so apparent as yourself.

BAJAZET.

These very dangers make the chief disgrace  
Of such a irarriage, prompted by mere love  
Of life. It was not so with Solyman :  
His slave found favour in her master's eyes,  
No dire necessity imposed its yoke,  
But freely did he offer heart and hand.

ACHMET.

Aud yet you love her ?

BAJAZET

Achmet, 'tis enough;  
Less than you think I murmur at my fate.  
Must I not deem dishonour worse than death.  
Which in your steps I follow'd while a youth,  
And learn'd to calmly face, when for no fault  
I lay in prison. Amurath to my eyes  
Has many a time the headsman's axe presented ;  
She will but end a life of ceaseless trouble.  
Alas, and if with some regret I quit it—  
Forgive me, Achmet; I have cause to pity  
Hearts that with kind attachment, ill rewarded,  
Made me the object of their every thought.

## ACHMET.

You only are to blame, Prmee, if we peris. ,  
 Speak but a word, and you can save us all  
 All the brave janizaries here remaining,  
 The holy ministers of our religion,  
 And those who, honour\*d for their good example,  
 Direct the currents of the public favour,  
 Wait to conduct you to the sacred gate  
 Thro\* which new sultans make their first appearance

## BATAZET

If then so dear they hold me, my brave Achmet,  
 Let them protect me from Roxana's pow'r,  
 Ay, and, if need be, break into the palace,  
 And with their valiant ard effect my rescue  
 I would go forth cover'd with wounds and blood  
 Sooner than loaded with that odious name,  
 Her husband In the tumult and confusion  
 Despan mav arm me in my own defence ,  
 And, fighting boldly I may give you time  
 To reach my side and prove your loyalty

## ACHMET

The utmost expedition well might fail  
 To thwart Roxana's violent revenge  
 Then what would all such fiery zeal have done,  
 Save to involve your friends in fruitless guilt ?  
 Promise , and, when no longer danger threatens  
 'Tis yours to give your word what weight you will

## BAJAZET

This to me, Achmet'

## ACHMET

Never blush the sons  
 Of Othman are not bound to keep their oaths  
 Like common slaves Take counsel of those heroes,  
 Who made their swords the measure of their rights  
 As of their faith, and march'd to victories  
 World-wide, State policy their only law,

Half of this sacred empire rests on pledges  
Lavishly given, sparingly fulfill'd.  
Pardon my warmth.

BAJAZET.

Yes, I am well aware  
How far they push'd the interest of the State;  
But these same heroes freely spent their blood,  
And scorn'd to purchase life by perfidy.

ACHMET.

O dauntless courage, but too firm and faithful!  
Which wins my admiration, tho' it end  
In ruin. Must a scruple then destroy—  
But some good angel sends us Atalide.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ACHMET.

ACHMET.

Ah, Madam! Come, unite your pray'rs with mine.  
Or he is lost.

ATALIDE.

'Tis that which brings me here.  
But leave us, Achmet. Bent on his destruction,  
Roxana means to shut the palace gates.  
In any case be within easy call,  
There may be reason for a quick return.

*Scene 5*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE

BAJAZET

Now is the moment come when I must leave you,  
 Heav'n has our common stratagem confounded,  
 No weapon can ward off its latest blow,  
 I should have dred, or have resign'd your love  
 Vamly have we contrived to mask our feelings,  
 And nothing gam'd but to defer my death  
 I told you how 't would be, but to your wish  
 Consented, and postponed your grief as long  
 As might be In return, fall Atahde,  
 Obey me now, avoid Roxana's presence.  
 Hide from her eyes the tears that would betiay you,  
 And let us part, delay is dangerous

ATALIDE

No, Prince Your kindness to a hapless maid  
 Has long enough resisted Fate's decrees  
 Your wish to spare me costs you far too dear,  
 You must submit Leave me, and mount the thaone

BAJAZET

Leave you!

ATALIDE

'Tis my desire and well consider'd  
 True is it that a thousand jealous thoughts  
 Have surged within me, and I could not bear  
 That Bajazet should live, yet not be mine,  
 And often as I pictured to myself  
 The hateful triumph of my happy rival,  
 Your death appear'd (pardon a lover's frenzy)  
 Less fraught with anguish to my tortured heart  
 But then there was not shown to my sad eyes  
 The fatal stroke ready to fall, I saw not,  
 As now I see, my Bajazet prepared  
 To bid his Atahde a last farewell.

I know, dear Prince, too well with what firm courage  
You go to meet the dread apyroaeh of Death;  
How with your heart's last sighs you fain would prove  
Your faithfulness to me; but have compassion  
Upon a soul more timid than your own ;  
Temper your woes to Atalide's endurance,  
Nor thus expose me to the liveliest sorrow  
That ever dried the fount of lovers' eyes.

BAJAZET.

And what will be your future, if to-day  
You see me celebrate this fatal marriage ?

ATALIDE.

My future need be no concern to you,  
I shall perhaps obey my destiny,  
And find some flattering balm to ease my sorrow;  
Soothed with this thought e'en in the midst of tears,  
You were resolved to lose your life for me,  
And live, because I would not let you die.

BAJAZET.

No, you will never see that cruel sight.  
The more you bid me be untrue to you,  
The more I see how truly you deserve  
To fail in gaining that which you desire.  
What! Shall this tender love, that in our childhood  
Was born, and grew in silence with our growth;  
Your tears that only I could wipe away ;  
My frequent oaths that I would ne'er forsake you ;  
Shall all these end in basest perfidy ?  
And whom would'st have me marry ? I will tell you,  
A slave who thinks of no one but herself,  
Who shows me instruments of death made ready,  
And offers me her hand,—or execution:  
Whilst Atalide, touched by my present dangers,  
And worthy of the sires from whom she springs,  
Would sacrifice herself, her love, and all.  
Ah! Let the jealous Sultan have my head,  
Its ransom were too costly.

ATALIDE

Geneious Prmce,  
You yet may live without betraymg me

BAJAZET

Speak If I can, I'm willing to obey you

ATALIDE

Roxana loves you, and, despite her wrath,  
If you, my lord, would take more pains to please her,  
Letting your amorous sighs instil the hope  
Of one day—

BAJAZET

Say no more I can't consent  
You must not fancy cowardly despair  
Has made me so faint-hearted that I dread  
The cares of royal pow'r that might be mine,  
And would avoid them by untimely death  
Rash counsels are to me but too congenial  
The glories of my race, *my* soul possessing  
And making ease repugnant, kindled hopes  
Of being number'd with that line of heroes  
But tho' ambition fiercely burns within me,  
I cannot longer dupe a lover's trust  
Vam would it be for me to promise it,  
My lips and eyes, foes to such craven falsehood,  
When I might be most anxious to beguile her,  
Would all the tumult of my mind betray,  
With anger she would see my sighs were forced  
From an unwilling breast, as cold as ice  
To her Heav'n knows how oft I had disclosed  
The truth, were mine own life alone at stake,  
And no fear present that her jealousy  
Might but too easily extend *to* you '  
And shall I promise what my heart belies,  
Acting the perjured villain to abuse—  
Ah ' if yur judgment were not waip'd by love,  
Far from enjomng this base subterfuge,  
You would be surely hrst to blush thereat

But lest you press me further to forget  
The claims of honour, I will find Roxana,  
And leave you, Madam.

**ATALIDE.**

Nay, I quit you not:  
Come, cruel Prince, I will conduct you thither,  
And tell our secret to her ears, myself.  
Since my distracted lover scorns my tears,  
And fain would die before my very eyes,  
Roxana shall at least in death unite us;  
My blood will better quench her rage than yours,  
And to your startled eyes will I present  
The rueful sight you would prepare for me.

**BAJAZET**

Heav'ns! What is this ?

**ATALIDE.**

Can you imagine, Sir,  
You hold your honour dearer than is mine  
To me ? Believe me, while I made you speak,  
My shame a hundred times all but compell'd  
Disclosure, but I saw your death too nigh.  
Why, since my own must follow, why refuse  
To do for me what I dared do for you ?  
One word a little kinder may suffice:  
Perchance Roxana in her heart forgives you  
She grants you, as you see, time for repentance ;  
Nor did she, quitting you, despatch the vizier.  
Nor send her guards to seize you in my presence:  
Her tears have shown me how her tender feelings  
With rage contend, imploring me to aid her.  
She waits to catch at hope, however faint.  
To drop the arms of vengeance from her hand.  
Go to her, Prince, and save your life and mine.

**BAJAZET.**

Well, be it so—but how shall I accost her ?

**ATALIDE.**

Nay, ask not me to choose befitting words,

Heav'n will supply them as occasion serves  
 Go I must not be present at your meeting,  
 Your eyes of mine would tell what trouble ails us  
 Go once again, I dare not be a witness  
 Say—all that may be needful, Sir, to save you.

## ACT III

*Scene 1*

ATAIIDF, ZARA

TALIDE

Is't true then, Zara ' Is his pardon seal'd ?

ZARA

Madam, as I have said, a slave, who ran  
 With eager steps to do Roxana's pleasure,  
 Admitted Achmet at the palace gates  
 To me they spoke not, but the vizier's joy  
 Mark'd on his face better than any words  
 That 'tis a happy change recalls him hither,  
 And that he comes to sign a lasting peace  
 No doubt Roxana leans to milder measures

ATAIIDF

Thus phasuire on all sides eludes my grasp,  
 And, leaving me forsaken, follows them  
 Zara, I've done my duty, nor repent it

ZARA

Why, Madam, what new trouble now alarms you?

ATAIIDF

Have you not heard, *my* Zara, by what charm,  
 Or rather should I say by what a compact,

The prince has brought about a change so sudden ?  
Roxana's fury seem'd inflexible ;  
Has she some pledge that vouches for his heart ?  
Speak. Does he wed her ?

ZARA.

I know naught of that.  
But if he thus alone could save himself,  
And acts as you yourself have bidden him,  
If, in a word, he weds her—

ATALIDE.

Weds her, Zara!

ZARA.

What! Do you then regret those generous words  
Which your unselfish care for him dictated?

ATALIDE

No, no. It is but right that he should do it.  
Too jealous feelings, hush your clamorous voice!  
Wedding Roxana, Bajazet obeys me.  
Respect the better nature that has quell'd you,  
Nor with its noble counsels mingle yours;  
Paint not my prince clasp'd in another's arms.  
But let me picture him without regret  
Set on the throne my love has made him mount.  
I am myself again, and firm as ever.  
It was his love, dear Zara, that I wish'd,  
He loves me; and this hope at least consoles me,  
That worthy of my lover I shall die.

ZARA.

Die ! What inspires so terrible a purpose ?

ATALIDE.

I have resign'd my lover ; does the rest  
Surprise you ? Can a death that ends these tears  
Be counted in the number of my woes ?

Enough for me that Bajazet shall live,  
 I wish'd it, wish it still, cost what it may  
 Be 't joy or grief I care not to inquire,  
 I love him well enough to give him up  
 But he must know that, if I can for him  
 Make sacrifice so great, tending his life  
 With anxious effort, yet I love too well  
 To wish to be the witness, of his bridal  
 Let us go learn—

ZARA

Pray calm yourself, dear Madam  
 The vizier comes to bring you news of all

*Scene 2*

ATALTDE, ACHMET, ZARA

ACHMET

At last our lovers have been reconciled,  
 And a fair breeze now wafts us into port  
 The wiath of the Sultana is disaim'd,  
 She has declared to me her latest wishes,  
 And while the dreadful standard of the Prophot  
 She to the city's startled bight displays,  
 And Bajazet prepares my steps to follow,  
 My task is to explain to all the people  
 What means this signal, louse a just alaim,  
 And the new Saltan publicly proclaim

Meanwhile permit me to remind you, Madam,  
 What guerdon has been promised to my zeal  
 Do not expect from me such rapturous sighs  
 As I have witness'd m those ardent loveis  
 But if respect more worthy of my years,  
 The careful homage of a heart devoted  
 To one so near in blood to royalty,  
 Can -

ATALIDE

Time may teach me what your merits claim,

And you in time may also learn to know me.  
But tell me now what transports did you witness ?

ACHMET.

Can you not fancy, Madam, the soft sighs  
Of two young lovers mutually enamour'd ?

ATALIDE.

Nay, 'tis a marvel fills me with surprise.  
What price exacts Roxana for this pardon ?  
Does he consent to wed her ?

ACHMET.

Yes, I think so.

I'll tell you all I saw with mine own eyes.  
'Twas with amazement at their angry quarrel,  
Exclaiming against lovers, love, and fortune,  
Ay, and in blank despair I left this palace.  
Lading a vessel ready in the harbour  
With treasure rescued from my ruin'd fortunes,  
I thought to sail to some far distant land,  
When, full of this sad purpose, I was summon'd  
Hither once more. Hope to my feet gave wings,  
And at my voice the palace doors flew open.  
A female slave my joyful eyes beheld,  
Who, all in silence, led me to a chamber  
Where with attentive ear Roxana hearken'd  
To Bajazet, while all around was stillness ;  
Resisting my impatience, and respecting  
Their secret conference, I stood aloof,  
And, motionless, long watch'd what pass'd between them.  
At last, with eyes that all her soul betray'd,  
The pressure of her hand pledged her affection,  
And he, with eloquent and amorous gaze,  
Assured her of his passion in his turn.

ATALIDE.

Alas!

ACHMET.

Then both of them perceived my presence:  
"Here," said she, " see your sovereign, yours and mine:

'Now to your hands, brave Achmet, I consign him  
 Go, and for him make ready regal pomp,  
 Let loyal crowds await him in the mosque,  
 Soon shall the palace set you the example "  
 Then at the feet of Bajazet I fell,  
 And straightway from their presence disappear' d,  
 Only too happy, on my way, to bring you  
 True tidings of their reconciliation,  
 And offer you my most respectful homage  
 I go to speed my task,—his coronation

*Scene 3.*

ATALIDE, ZARA.

ATALIDE

Let us withdraw, and not disturb their joy.

ZARA

Madam, believe—

ATALIDE

Why flatter me with falsehoods ?  
 How can I face a sight so terrible '  
 Farn would they wed forthwith , my fate is settled,  
 For welcome to Roxana is the love  
 He vows But why complain ? 'Twas I that wish'd it  
 And yet would you have thought this possible,  
 When no self-sacrifice seem'd great enough  
 To prove his faith to me, and he refused  
 The least concession to Roxana's wishes,  
 When with a secret pleasure I perceived  
 How all my tears were powerless to move him ?  
 Would you have deem'd his heart, that seem'd so constant,  
 Could e'er have found such eloquence to woo her ?  
 Ah' but too ready may that heart have been  
 To echo all his lips have learn'd to utter'  
 Perchance new graces in her eyes appear'd,  
 Responsive to more tender looks from him  
 She will have touch'd him with her tale of woe,

In generous hearts such love breeds sympathy,  
 Nor least when tears can purchase pow'r supreme.  
 Alas ! What reasons urge him to forget me!

ZARA.

But, Madam, their success is still uncertain.  
 Be patient.

ATALIDE.

No. What boots it to be blind?  
 I have no wish to swell my tide of trouble;  
 I know where lies for him the path of safety,  
 And when my tears recall'd him to Roxana,  
 I did not mean that he should disobey me.  
 But, with his fond farewell still in mine ears,  
 After such tender transports of affliction,  
 His joy, methinks, need not have been express'd  
 With such conspicuous warmth as Achmet witness'd.  
 Judge for yourself if I have cause to murmur.  
 Why am I only banish'd from their counsels?  
 Am I concerned so little in the fate  
 Of Bajazet ? Why lingers he so long  
 Away from me ? Does not his heart reproach him,  
 That thus he shrinks from meeting Atalide ?  
 But I will spare him this uneasiness,  
 He ne'er shall see me more.

ZARA.

Madam, he comes.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ZARA.

BAJAZET.

Your bidding has been done; and I have spoken.  
 My life no longer, Madam, is in danger;  
 And happy should I be if truth and honour  
 Reproach'd me not for having purchased safety

By means unjust, if mine own heart could pardon  
 My fault as readily as does Roxana  
 But I at last am free, my hand is arm'd,  
 And I may now meet my unnatural brother,  
 No more, dependent on your skill, contriving  
 Secret intrigues, here plotting to seduce  
 His mistress' heart, but following him afar  
 To other olimes, more nobly in fair fight  
 Disputing the affections of his people,  
 And making fame for valour judge between us  
 But why is this ? I see you weeping '

ATALIDE

No, Sn ,

I do not grudge you your new happiness  
 Heav'n's justice owed you this strange turn of fortune  
 You know if e'er your welfare I opposed ,  
 Your eyes are witnesses how all my life  
 Your perils have engioss'd my every care,  
 And, since my death alone can seal your safety,  
 It is without regret for you I die  
 True is it that, had Heav'n vouchsafed to hear  
 My piay'rs, I might have made a happrer end,  
 My rival would no less have been your bride,  
 And found you faithful to the mainage tre ,  
 But, though her husband, you would have withheld  
 Those tokens of true love so freely lavish'd  
 Less fervour would have satisfied Roxana,  
 And I, in dying, this sweet thought have cherish'd,  
 That, only yielding to my strict injunction,  
 You gave your hand to her, your heart to me,  
 Still, still mine own e'en m the world of shades ,  
 That I was leaving you, but not your love

BAJAZET

Why talk you thus, Madam, of love and marriage ?  
 What, m the name of Heav'n, affords you ground  
 For speech like this ? What falsehood has deceived you ?  
 I love Roxana ! I devote my life  
 To her' Ah, no ; and, far from thinking so,

Can you believe my tongue could even say it ?  
But, as it happen'd, there was need of neither:  
Roxana was as credulous as ever;  
And whether she at once thought my return  
A certain token of my true affection,  
Or time too precious for prolong'd resistance,  
Scarce had I said a few unheeded words,  
When with a flood of tears she cut me short,  
And, placing in my hands her life and fortune,  
Without reserve trusting my gratitude,  
Seer'd satisfied that I intended marriage.  
I, blushing to impose upon her faith,  
Unworthy of a love so generous,  
Show'd my confusion, but she fondly deem'd it  
Due to the warmth of passion, while I felt  
That I was basely cruel and unjust.  
Believe me, I had need that trying moment  
To call to mind all my concern for you,  
In order to preserve perfidious silence  
Unbroken to the end. Now, when I come  
After such conflicts seeking consolation  
Against remorse, I find you in displeasure,  
Charging my harass'd conscience with your death.  
Alas! I see too well e'en at this moment  
All that I say has little force to move you.

Madam, 'twere well to end what pains us both;  
Why should we vainly vex each other longer?  
Roxana is not far to seek; permit me  
To tell the truth, more gladly will I go  
To disabuse her, than I went so often,  
Forcing myself to play the hypocrite.  
Ah! here she comes.

ATALIDE.

Heav'n save him from his rashness!  
Prince, if you love me, do not deceive her.

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, BAJAZET, ATALIDE, ZARA.

**ROXANA**

Come, Bajazet, 'tis time to show yourself,  
 That all the Court may recognize its master  
 All that these walls contain, many Ill number,  
 Gather'd by my command, await my wishes  
 My slaves (the rest will follow where they lead).  
 Are the first subjects that my love allots you  
 This sudden change from wiath to milder mood  
 May well surprise you Madam For, but now,  
 Determined to take vengeance on a traitor,  
 I swore he should not see another day,  
 Yet almost ere he spoke my heart relented ,  
 'Twas love imposed that oath, and love revokes it  
 Reading deep passion m his wild distraction,  
 His paidon I pronounced, and trust his promise

**BAJAZTT**

Yes, I have promised, and my word is pledged  
 Ne'er to forget all that to you I owe  
 Have I not sworn that constant care and kindness  
 Shall duly pay my debt of gratitude ?  
 If on these terms your favour I may claim,  
 I go to wart the harvest of your bounty

*Scene 6*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, ZARA

**ROXANA**

Heav'ns ' What amazement strikes me at this moment'  
 Is it a dream ? and have mine eyes deceived me?  
 What mean these frigid words, this sombre greeting,  
 Which seems to cancel all that pass'd between us ?  
 What hope does he imagine mine, for which

I banish'd my resentment, and restored him  
To favour? He, methought, swore that his heart  
Would own me mistress to his dying day.  
Does he repent already of the peace  
That we had sign'd? Was I just now deluded?  
But was he not conversing with you, Madam?  
What did he say?

ATALIDE

To me? He loves you always.

ROXANA.

His life at least depends on my belief  
That it is so. But tell me, pray, when joy  
Should triumph, how you can explain the gloom  
That settled on his features as he left me?

ATALIDE.

Madam, I saw no cloud upon his brow.  
Oft has he told me of your gracious kindness,  
And he just now was full of it: at parting  
He seem'd to me the same as when he enter'd.  
But, be that as it may, need it surprise you  
That on the eve of such important issues  
He should be troubled and some signs escape him  
Of anxious thoughts that on his mind intrude?

.ROXANA.

Hueh plausible excuses do you credit  
For skill that pleads on his behalf more fairly  
Than he could do himself.

ATALIDE.

What other cause—

ROXANA.

Enough! I read your motive, Madam, better  
Than you suppose. Leave me, for I would be  
Alone a little while. I too am troubled,  
And anxious cares are mine as well as his,  
To which I owe a moment's thought, in secret.

*Scene 7*

## ROXANA

How must I construe all that I hare seen ?  
 Are they in league together to deceive me ?  
 Wherefore this change, those words, that quick depaiture ?  
 Did I not catch a glance that pass'd between them ?  
 Were they not both struck with embarrassment ?  
 Ah' why has Heav'n doom'd me to this affront?  
 Is this the fruit of all ray blind affection ?  
 So many painful days and sleepless nights,  
 Plots and intrigues, treason too deep lor pai don !  
 And shall they all turn to a lrvial's profit ?

But yet, too ready to torment myself,  
 I may too closely scan a passing cloud,  
 And take for passion what is mere caprice  
 Surely he would have carried to the end  
 His wiles, and, in full prospect of success,  
 He could have feign'd at least a moment longer  
 Love, uncontroll'd by reason, quakes at shadows,  
 Let me take courage Why should Atahde  
 Be dreaded as my rival ? What has he  
 To thank her for ? To which of us to-day  
 Owes he the sceptre ?

But too well I know  
 Love is a tyrant, and, if other charms  
 Attract what matter crowns or life itself ?  
 Can benefits outweigh the hearts attachment?  
 I need but search mine own Did gratitude  
 Constrain me to his brother, when this wretch  
 Bewitch'd me ? Ah<sup>!</sup> if other tie were absent,  
 Would the idea of marriage so alarm him ?  
 He gladly would have seconded my wishes,  
 And not have braved destruction by refusal  
 Just cause—

But someone comes to speak with me  
 What can she want ?

*Scene 8.*

ROXANA, FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Forgive me this intrusion:  
 But there is come a courier from the army;  
 And, though the seaward gate was shut, the guards,  
 On bended knees, without delay unlock'd it  
 To orders from the Sultan, to yourself  
 Address'd; and, strange to say, 'tis Orcan brings them.

ROXANA.

Orcan!

FATIMA.

Yes, he ; of all the Sultan's slaves  
 The one most trusted for his faithful service,  
 Blackest of those whom Afric's sun has scorch'd.  
 Madam, he asks impatiently for you;  
 I thought it best to give you timely notice,  
 And, lest you should be taken by surprise,  
 I have detain'd him *in* your own apartments.

ROXANA.

What new disaster comes to overwhelm me ?  
 What can his bidding be ? What my reply ?  
 Doubtless the Sultan, in his mind perturb'd,  
 Has Bajazet condemn'd a second time.  
 Without my sanction none will dare to take  
 His life ; for all obey me here. But ought I  
 To shield him ? Bajazet or Amurath,  
 Which claims allegiance ? One have I betray'd ;  
 The other may be false to me. Time presses ;  
 I must resolve this fatal doubt, nor let  
 The precious moments pass. Love, when most cautious,  
 Cannot conceal its secret inclination.  
 I will watch Bajazet and Atalide:  
 Then crown the lover, or destroy the traitor.

## ACT IV

Scene 1

ATALIDE, ZARA

ATALIDE

Ah, know you my alarm ? How in this palace  
 Fierce Orcan's odious features I have seen ?  
 I fear his picesence at this fatal moment—  
 But tell me, ha\e you seen prince Bajazet ?  
 What said he ? Will he hear the voice of reason,  
 And, going to Roxana, calm suspicion ?

ZARA

He may not go again without permission  
 Such are her orders, she will have him wait  
 No doubt she would not wish that slave to see him  
 On finding him I feign'd I had not sought him,  
 Gave him your letter, and received his answer  
 Here, Madam, read what tidings it cc crveys

ATALIDE *reads*

*"Why should thy love bid we accustom'd grown  
 To labyrinths of deceit, still wander there '  
 Yet shall my life be cherish'd with due care,  
 Since thou hast sworn thereon depends thine own  
 Yes, I will see Roxana, and will say  
 Words to appease her anger, if I may,  
 Swearing how grateful I will ever be  
 Exact no more For neither death nor thou  
 False promises of love shall make me vow,  
 When in my heart I cherish only thee "*

What need of protestations ? Does he think  
 I know not how devotedly he loves me ?  
 Is this the way m which he meets my wishes ?

Roxana, and not I, must be persuaded.  
How I am fill'd with anxious fears again !  
Why did I heed distrustful jealousy  
Reproaching me with blindness ? Why give voice  
To doubts that all his tales were tinged with falsehood ?  
Did not my happiness pass expectation ?  
I was beloved, Roxana well contented.  
Return, and, if you can, see Bajazet  
Once more. His frigid words will ne'er appease her ;  
Let eyes and lips alike swear that he loves her,  
And force her to believe him. Oh, that I  
Might quicken his indifference with my tears,  
And with the love I feel inspire his tongue!  
But to new perils I should thus expose him.

ZARA.

See, the Sultana comes.

ATALIDE.

Ah, hide that letter.

*Scene 2.*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, ZARA.

BOXANA (*to* FATIMA) .

This order has been sent me. I must use it  
To fright her.

ATALIDE (*to* ZARA).

Run, try all means to persuade him

*Scene 3*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA

ROXANA,

I have received a message from the army  
Madam, have you been told what there has happen'd?

ATALIDE

I heaid a slave came hither from the camp,  
But naught I know of anything besides

ROXANA

A change of fortune has to Amuiath  
Brought victory, and BabyIon has fallen

ATALIDE

What, Madam! Osman then—

ROXANA

Was ill inform'd,  
Since his departure was this slave despatch'd  
The war is over

ATALIDE

Fatal news'

ROXANA

And now,  
To crown disgrace, the Sultan follows close  
After his messenger

ATALIDE

The Persian hosts  
Bar not his progress ?

ROXANA

No He marches hither  
With rapid strides

ATALIDE.

I pity your alarm !  
**What you would** do must now be quickly finished.

ROXANA.

Too late the tide of conquest to oppose !

ATALIDE.

**Ah!**

ROXANA.

Time abates not his severity.  
 See, in my hand I hold his last commands.

ATALIDE.

And what are they ?

ROXANA.

Look : read them for yourself.  
 Madam, you know the writing and the seal.

ATALIDE.

I recognize the cruel Sultan's hand.

*(She reads.)*

*" While Babylon still scorn'd to own my sway,  
 To you express commandment did I send;  
 Which doubtless you were careful to obey,  
 And Bajazet ere this has met his end.*

*Now when proud Babylon my yoke must bear,  
 That order I confirm, if need there be,  
 Hold you your own life precious ? Take good care  
 That, when I come, his severed head I see."*

ROXANA.

Well, Madam?

ATALIDE *(asids)*.

Hide your tears, poor Atalide.

ROXANA

What think you?

ATALIDE

Still he seeks his brother's life  
But he beheves him helpless and alone  
He knows not of vour love that shelters him  
That you and Bajazet are one in soul,  
That you would rather dre—

ROXANA

For my part, Madam,  
I fain would save the prince, I cannot hate him,  
But—

ATALIDE

What have you deeded ?

ROXANA

ATATTDE

Obey?

POXANA

What choice is left at such a crisis  
I must

ATAIIDE

And will you then cut short that life,  
Which with fond vows to you the prince devoted ?

KOXANA

I must My order is already given

ATAIIDE

Oh ' I am dying

FATTMA

See, she falls, and seems  
Lifeless

ROXANA.

Go, take her to the nearest chamber ;  
Watch every look, and listen to each word,  
All that may proof afford of perfidy.

*Scene 4.*

ROXANA.

My rival has at last declared herself.  
On what a broken reed have I relied!  
Six months have I been thinking all her care  
Devoted day and night to aid my love ;  
While all that time, it seems, mine eyes have watch'd  
With zealous service to promote her own,  
Devising means whereby she might obtain  
Many a sweet and secret interview;  
And, e'en anticipating her desire,  
Oft have I hasten'd those delightful moments.  
This is not all: now must I get *to* know  
How far her perfidy has been successful,  
And must—But what more is there left to learn ?  
Is not my woe writ on her countenance ?  
Cannot I read beneath this wild distress  
Assurance that her lover's heart is hers?  
Free from suspicious doubts that harass me,  
The fear she feels is only for his life.  
No matter : I will learn the truth. She may  
Be trusting, like myself, false promises.  
I'll lay a trap to catch him unawares.  
But is not this a task vain and unworthy ?  
Devising means but to torment myself,  
Why should I rend the veil that hides his scorn ?  
And, after all, his caution may outwit  
My utmost skill. Besides time presses closely,  
I must take action and without delay.  
'Twere better if I shut mine eyes to all  
That I have seen, nor probed the galling wound  
I'll try how far he'll go and dare the worst,

See whether, when I've set him on the throne,  
 He will betray the love that saved his life,  
 And, with a dastard's liberality, -  
 Share with my rival all he owes to me  
 Shall I not always have it in my pow'r  
 To punish both at need? Yes, I will watch  
 The traitor, till my righteous fury finds  
 Fit season to surprise the amorous pair,  
 Then the same dagger shall in death unite them,  
 Both will I stab, and after them myself  
 This is the proper part for me to play  
 I will seem blind to all

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

What have you learn'd?  
 Is Bajazet indeed in love with her?  
 And do her words reveal their mutual flame

FATIMA

She has not spoken For her swoon continues,  
 And only long-drawn sighs and feeble moans  
 Betoken that she lives, while every moment  
 Her breath seems ready to depart for ever  
 Your ladies, emulous to give relief,  
 Removed the kerchief from her panting bosom  
 In mine own eagerness to aid their efforts,  
 I found this letter in its folds conceal'd,  
 Whereon I recognized your lover's writing,  
 And thought it best to bring it straight to you

ROXANA

Give it—Why throbs *my* heart, what sudden shock  
 Freezes my sense, arrests my trembling hand?  
 He may have written nothing to offend

My jealousy, he may—See, let me read it—

*. . . . . Neither death nor thou  
False promises of love shall make me vow,  
When in my heart I cherish only thee.*

Ha ! Have I then found the base treason out !  
I see the bait with which they thought to catch me.  
This then is his return for all my love,  
Mean wretch, unworthy of the life I left him !  
Now I can breathe once more ; what joy to know  
The traitor has for once betray'd himself !  
Free from the pressure of tormenting fears,  
My rage can calmly study its revenge.  
Ay, let the monster die ! Let him be seized,  
Go, bid my mutes prepare his punishment,  
And to his neck apply the fatal bowstring  
That ends the heinous guilt of such as he.  
Run, Fatima , be prompt to serve my wrath.

FATIMA.

Ah, Madam !

ROXANA.

Well, what is it ?

FATIMA.

May I venture  
Without displeasing you, so justly wroth,  
To ask indulgence for a timid voice ?  
'Tis true that Bajazet, of life unworthy,  
Deserves to suffer at their cruel hands ;  
But, ingrate as he is, 'tis Amurath  
Rather than he that should engage your fears  
To-day. Who knows but that some faithless tongue  
Already may have warn'd him of your plot ?  
And hearts like his, as you must know full well,  
When once offended know not how to pardon ;  
At such a moment the swift stroke of death  
Becomes the dearest token of their love.

ROXANA.

Ah, wath what cruelty and insolence

They both made sport of my credulity !  
 How readily, how gladly did I trust them '  
 'Twas no great victory the traitor gam'd  
 When he deceived a heart prepared to love him,  
 Which fear'd the thought so much, it would not dream  
 Of falsehood' From my proud estate I stoop'd,  
 And sought you first when in the lowest depths  
 Of misery, to change a life disturb'd  
 By constant dangers into one of peace  
 And pow'r But, after all my care and kindness,  
 You vow that you can never say you love me  
 But why with vanish'd dreams let memory stiaiy ?  
 You weep, poor fool ' Those tears, now shed too late,  
 Were needed rather when a vain desire  
 Bred the first fatal thought of seeing him  
 You weep' and he, still bent on treachery,  
 Thinks how he may ensnare you with his words,  
 And keep his life unharm'd to please your rival  
 The wretch shall dre'—

What' Fatima still here '

Begone But I myself must hasten hence  
 Like an avenging spirit let him see me,  
 Showing at once his brother's fatal sentence  
 And this indisputable proof of treason  
 You, Fatima, must keep my rival here,  
 And in his dying ear her cues shall sound  
 A last fare well Let her be well attended ,  
 My hatred needs her life, guard it with care  
 If apprehension of her lover's death  
 So touch'd her heart that almost she expired,  
 What surfeit of revenge, what strange delight,  
 To show him soon, a pallid corpse, before her'  
 Then will her eyes, while on that sight they gaze,  
 Repay me for the pleasures I have lent them  
 Go, guard her safely, above all keep silence  
 I—But who comes to make my vengeance linger ?

*Scene 6.*

ROXANA, ACHMET, OSMAN.

ACHMET,

What mean you, Madam, by this long delay,  
Wasting these precious moments? It has been  
My care to gather all Stamboul together,  
Whose leaders are assail'd by anxious questions;  
They all with my adherents wait the signal  
You promised me, this movement to explain.  
How comes it that, neglecting their impatience,  
The palace keeps meanwhile a gloomy silence?  
Madam, declare yourself, postpone no longer—

ROXANA.

You shall be satisfied, it shall be done.

ACHMET.

There's something in your look and voice severe  
That seems to contradict such an assurance.  
Does then your love, all obstacles o'ercome—

ROXANA.

The traitor Bajazet has lived too long.

ACHMET.

He, traitor!

ROXANA.

Ay, alike to me and you.  
We were his dupes,

ACHMET.

How so?

ROXANA,

That Atalide,  
Whose hand was a reward of little worth  
For all that you have dared on his behalf—

ACHMET

Well ?

ROXANA

Read, and, after such an insult, judge  
 If we should yet defend so foul a traitor  
 'Twere better far to face the just resentment  
 Of Amurath, who comes with laurels crown'd,  
 (Leaving a base accomplice to his fate),  
 And soothe the Sultan by a prompt submission

ACHMET (*giving her bad the letter*)

Yes, since the wretch dares to insult me thus,  
 I will myself most willingly avenge you  
 Leave it to me from both of us to clear  
 The stain with which his life has cover'd ours  
 Show me the road, and I will run

ROXANA

Nay, Achmet,  
 Be mine the pleasure of confounding him,  
 To see his terror, and enjoy his shame  
 Revenge would lose its sweetness if too swift  
 I go to make all ready You, meanwhile,  
 Disperse at once the crowds that have assembled

*Scene 7*

ACHMET OSMAN

ACHMET

Stay 'Tis not time to go away just yet

OSMAN

What ' Has your love bereft you of your judgment ?  
 Desire of vengeance carries you too far  
 Will you be witness of the prince's death ?

ACHMET.

What mean you ? Are you then so credulous  
As to suspect me of such foolish anger ?  
You think me jealous ? Would to Heav'n that he  
Had by his falsehood injured only me!

OSMAN.

Why then, instead of pleading for the prince,—

ACHMET.

Is the Sultana in a state to hear me ?  
Did you not see, when I proposed to find him,  
I meant to share with him success or ruin ?  
Unlucky issue of this tangled plot!  
Infatuated prince! or rather I,  
Loaded with years and honours, to have placed  
The labyrinthian clue in hands so young,  
And left my own frail and uncertain fortune  
To follow where these thoughtless lovers led !

OSMAN.

Leave her to wreak her wrath on Bajazet:  
If he will perish, think of your own safety.  
Who can reveal your secret schemes, my lord,  
But friends who may be trusted to keep silence ?  
The prince's death will pacify the Sultan.

ACHMET.

So in her madness may Roxana fancy,  
But I have keener eyes; experience  
Of many years has taught me how a monarch  
Both thinks and acts. Three sultans have I served,  
And seen my fellows drop like falling leaves:  
Boldness is better than servility  
To win and keep the favour of the great,  
As I have proved full oft. The cringing slave  
Must die when he incurs his master's wrath.

OSMAN.

Fly, then.

## ACHMET

Just now that seem'd the safest course,  
 But then my plot had not advanced so far,  
 Retreat is harder now than to press on  
 The lightning's brilliant flash must mark my fail,  
 Leaving behind me wreck and desolation  
 Which may retard my enemies' pursuit  
 Why be dumfounded? Ba-jazet still lives,  
 Have I not brought him out of sorer stiaits?  
 Come, let us save him, in his own despite,  
 For us, our fuends, ay, even for Roxana  
 Did you not see how, eager to protect him,  
 She stay'd my arm too ready to avenge her?  
 Little know I of love, but I am sure  
 His shame is what she longs for, not his life  
 We yet have time Roxana, tho' despairing,  
 Still loves him, Osman, and is gone to see him

## OSMAN

What has inspired in you such dauntless daring?  
 We tarry here but at Roxana's pleasure  
 Is not this palace full—

## ACHMFT

Of abject slaves,  
 Untiam'd to arms, shelter'd withm these walls  
 From birth But you, whose valour Amurath  
 Foigtts to honour, link'd by common grievance,  
 Will you support me to the bitter end?

## OSMAN

To doubt it is to wrong me If you dre,  
 I will dre too

## ACHMET

A bold and well arm'd troop  
 Of friends await us at the palace gates,  
 Roxana thinks the words I spoke sincere,  
 Brought up withm the palace, well I know  
 Its windings, and where Bajazet is lodged

Let us proceed, and, if I needs must die,  
Then let us perish, Osman, as becomes  
A vizier such as I am and his friend.

## A C T V.

*Scene 1.*

A T A L I D E .

Alas ! mine eyes search every spot in vain.  
Unhappy that I am ! How have I lost him ?  
Why did kind Heav'n allow my fatal love  
To hang such perils o'er his head to-day;  
And, worst of all, that this disastrous letter  
Should reach my rival's eyes ? Yes, it was here  
Roxana found me, and my timid hand  
Conceal'd the dangerous missive in my bosom,  
While, taken by surprise, I check'd my tears.  
Then, as with threatening voice she bade me know  
The Sultan's order, all my senses left me.  
When I recover'd, round me stood her ladies,  
Who now have vanuh'd from my wondering eyes.  
Ah, cruel were the hands that succour'd me ;  
Their help was purchased at too dear a *price*,  
*For* they convey'd this letter to Roxana.  
What horrid purpose now her mind engrosses ?  
Who will be first the victim of her vengeance ?  
What blood will satisfy her keen resentment ?  
Ah ! Bajazet is dead, or dies this moment,  
And I meanwhile am kept a prisoner here.  
But the door opens. I shall learn his fate.

*Scene 2*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA, GUARDS

ROXANA (*to* ATALIDE)

Withdraw '

ATALIDE

Forgive the feelings which o'ercome me—

ROXANA

Withdraw, I tell you , answer not a word'  
 Guaid, keep her close

*Scene 3*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

Yes, Fatima, all's ready  
 Black Orcan and the mutes await ther victim  
 Yet still, like hound at leash, I hold his fate  
 Restiam'd, but once let loose it slays its quarry  
 Sav, is he coming ?

'FATIMA

Close upon my footsteps  
 A slave conducts him    Unsuspecting seems he  
 Of imminent disgrace, for eagerly  
 To seek you, Madam, did he leave his chamber

ROXANA

Pool feeble soul, courting thine own deception,  
 Canst thou again suffer the traitor's presence ?  
 Dost think that words of thine, by love or fear  
 May move him ? E'en should he submrt, canst thou  
 Forgive ?    Should vengeance linger atiy longer?

SCENE 4]

BAJAZET.

Have not his wrongs yet overflow'd thy cup ?  
Waste no more efforts on a heart of stone,  
But let the caitiff perish—Ha! he comes.

*Scene 4.*

BAJAZET, ROXANA.

ROXANA.

I will not weary you with vain reproaches;  
The moments are too precious to be wasted  
In words, and I should say but what you know;  
Your very life bears witness to my care  
For you. And if my love meets no response,  
I murmur not thereat, tho', sooth to say,  
This love of mine, perchance, and all my kindness  
Might well add something to my feeble charms:  
But when in place of gratitude I find  
That you have met such love and confidence  
With feign'd affection and prolong'd deceit,  
Your baseness fills me with astonishment.

BAJAZET.

Mine, Madam ?

ROXANA.

Yours, I say ! Will you not still  
Disown the scorn you fancy undetected V  
Why should you not continue to disguise  
With hues of falsehood love that is another's,  
And swear to me with that perfidious tongue  
All that you feel for her—your Atalide?

BAJAZET.

For Atalide ! Good Heav'ns ! Who then has told you

ROXANA.

Stop, traitor, look, and then deny you wrote it !

BAJAZET (*after looking at the letter*)

I say no more this letter's frank avowal  
 Contains the revelation of a love  
 Cross'd by disaster, now you know a secret  
 Heady to leap to light, and all but own'd  
 A thousand times aheady Yes, I love,  
 And ere your flame had shown itself to blast  
 My hopes, this passion, form'd in infancy,  
 Had steel'd my heart against all other charms  
 If I may dare to tell you so, your love  
 Thought that by lavish kindness it might win me,  
 And your own heart interpreted my feelings  
 I knew your error, but what could I do ?  
 I saw 'twas one you would be loath to part with  
 Oft have ambitious hearts like mine been tempted  
 By offers of a throne the gift allured me  
 I hesitated not, but gladly seized  
 The opportunity of gaming freedom,  
 And all the more that to decline meant death,  
 That you yourself press'd me with eagerness,  
 And nothing feai'd so much as my refusal,  
 That would moreover have involved your ruin,  
 For, after having dared to speak with me,  
 Your greatest danger lay in drawing back  
 Yet (I would call your own complaints to witness),  
 Did I beguile you with false promises ?  
 Recall how many times you have reproach'd me  
 With silence thnt betray'd my inward trouble,  
 The neaier to the crown you held before me,  
 The more I blamed myself and felt abash'd  
 The Heav'n that heard me knows what vows smceie  
 I offer'd, which would surely have been kept,  
 Had but their pow'r been equal to my hopes,  
 And to my gratitude free scope afforded,  
 I with such honours and such dignities  
 Would have repaid your kindness and contented  
 Your pride, that even you, perhaps,—

ROXANA

And how  
 Could you do aught to please me, keeping back

Your heart? What vows of yours could profit me?  
 Have you forgotten who and what I am?  
 That, mistress here, your life is in my pow'r?  
 That to my guidance Amurath has trusted  
 The helm of State, made me Sultana, me  
 The sovereign of his heart, tho' yours disowns  
 Allegiance? On this pinnacle of glory  
 Already set, how could you lift me higher?  
 A tempting lot, forsooth, to linger here,  
 Rejected by a wretch whom I had crown'd,  
 Degraded from my proper rank, and made  
 At best the foremost of my rival's slaves!  
 Enough of idle words—they weary me;  
 For the last time, say, will you live and reign?  
 Here is the Sultan's order, yet can I  
 Still save you, but be quick. Speak!

BAJAZET.

What is it

That I must do?

ROXANA.

Come with me instantly,  
 And see my rival die, strangled by mutes;  
 Then, from a love released fatal to greatness,  
 Pledge me your faith, and time will do the rest.  
 This is the price that you must pay for pardon.

BAJAZET.

Should I consent, 'twould be to wreak revenge  
 On you, to make my horror and my scorn  
 Brand you with infamy before the world.

But fury surely makes me mad, that thus  
 I whet your rage against poor Atalide!  
 If I am guilty, she is no accomplice;  
 If you are wrong'd, no part had she therein;  
 Unmoved by selfish jealousy, she urged  
 That I should give both heart and hand to you.  
 Let not my fault stain her transcendent virtue.  
 Pour out your wrath, but temper it with justice;  
 Without delay perform the Sultan's orders;

But let my death at least be free from hatred  
Not her has Amurath's sentence doom'd with me,  
Then spare a life unfortunate enough  
Add this last favour to so many others,  
And if you ever held me dear—

ROXANA

Depart'

*Scene 5*

ROXANA, FATIMA

ROXANA

Never again shalt thou behold me, traitor,  
Thou marchest to the tomb that is thy due

FATIMA

Atalide craves your ear a moment, Madam,  
And farn would do obeisance at your feet  
She wishes to confide to you a secret  
That touches you more nearly than herself

ROXANA

Yes, let her come    You, follow Bajazet,  
And, when the time comes, tell me of his fate

*Scene 6*

ROXANA, ATALIDE

ATALIDE

I come not now to play the hypocrite,  
Too long have I abused your goodness, Madam,  
I blush to feel that I deserve your hatred,  
And prostrate at your feet confess my crime  
Yes, Madam, it is true, I have deceived you,

My own heart's passion all my care engross'd,  
 At sight of Bajazet you were forgotten,  
 And every word I spoke betray'd my trust;  
 I loved him from a child, and, ever since,  
 To keep him mine has been my constant study.  
 His royal mother, blind to Fate's decree,  
 Favour'd our union, and prepared his ruin.  
 You loved him later, better far for both  
 If you had known my heart, or, hiding yours,  
 Had with less confidence reposed on mine.  
 I do not wrong myself to justify  
 The prince. I swear by Heav'n, that sees my shame.  
 By those great ancestors from whom I spring,  
 Who kneel with me thus at your feet and plead  
 For their own blood, the purest they have left:  
 With time you would have won the love you sought,  
 And Bajazet been vanquished by your charms,  
 Had not my jealousy been prompt to urge  
 All that might hold him back ; naught I neglected,  
 Piteous complaints, or tears, or indignation,  
 And bade him reverence his mother's ashes.  
 This very day, the climax of misfortune,  
 Reproaching him with having raised your hopes,  
 And laying to his charge my death, I strove  
 With earnest importunity to wrest  
 A pledge that, giv'n at last against his will,  
 Has plunged him into ruin with myself.

But why should you be weary of your kindness,  
 Or dwell upon past coldness ? It was I  
 Who forced him to untie the knot, which soon  
 Will bind your hearts once more when I am gone.  
**And** yet, howe'er my crime may merit death,  
 Do not, yourself, inflict just punishment,  
 Nor show Roxana to his frenzied eyes  
 Red with the blood of Atalide, but spare  
 His tender heart so violent a shock.  
 You need not fear to leave me to my fate ;  
 The stroke of death will suffer no delay  
 Thereby, nor fail your triumph to secure.  
**Crown** him, and in a hero's love rejoice :  
 My death be my concern, his life be yours.

GO, Madam, go, and, ere you can return,  
You shall not need to fear a rival more

ROXANA

I hare no claim to sacrifice so great,  
I judge myself and know my own demerits  
So far from parting you, I mean to-day  
To bind you in inseparable bonds  
For ever    Soon your eyes shall feast upon him  
Rise—

Fatima!    What wild alarm has seized her!

*Scene 7*

ROXANA, ATALIDE, FATIMA

FATIMA

Ah, Madam, come and see how all the palace  
Is in possession of the traitor Achmet  
His friends with sacrilegious hands have forced  
An entiance right into the royal harem  
Your trembling slaves, half of their number fled,  
Doubt whethei he obeys or violates  
Your will

ROXANA

Let's hasten to confound the traitors  
You, guard my captive, if you love your life

*Scene 8*

ATALIDE, FATIMA

ATALIDE

Alas ! I know not which should have my pray'is,  
The purposes of both alike unknown  
If any pity for such woes can touch you,  
I beg you, Fatima, not to betray

Roxana's secrets, "but to tell me only  
How fares it now with hapless Bajazet.  
Say, have you seen him ? Is his life in danger ?

FATIMA.

I feel compassion for your troubles, Madam.

ATALIDE.

What! Has Roxana giv'n the fatal order  
Already ?

FATIMA.

I am pledged to secrecy.

ATALIDE.

Unhappy wretch, but tell me that he lives.

FATIMA.

'Tis much as life is worth to speak a word.

ATALIDE.

Too cruel thus to torture. Make an end;  
And give her yet a surer proof of zeal,  
This silence pains worse than a dagger's point.  
Pitiless slave of a barbarian captive,  
She fain would slay me,—pierce this heart yourself,  
And show yourself worthy of such a mistress.  
You cannot keep me here ; this very hour  
I must see Bajazet, or else must die.

*Scene 9.*

ATALIDE, ACHMET, FATIMA.

ACHMET.

Ah, tell me, Madam, where is Bajazet ?  
Have I yet time to save him ? I have search'd  
The palace through and through. At our first entrance  
We parted company ; with gallant Osman



ATALIDE.

Heav'n's justice then has suecour'd innocence !  
The prince yet lives. Run, Achmet, and release him.

ZARA.

You will learn all the truth from Osman's lips,  
Who saw it done.

*Scene 11.*

ATALIDE, ACHMET, OSMAN, ZARA.

ACHMET.

Have not her eyes deceived her ?  
Is the Sultana dead ?

OSMAN.

Yes, I have seen  
Th' assassin's dagger from her heart withdrawn  
Wet with her blood. 'Twas Orcan's cruel hand  
That did the deed, not unpremeditate,  
For he had secret orders from the Sultan  
To slay her lover first, and then Roxana.  
Ere we drew near Orcan caught sight of us :  
" Respect," said he. " your royal master's mandate,  
And recognize his own imperial seal.  
Hence, traitors, quit the palace you profane."  
Saying these words, he left his dying victim,  
Approach'd us, and with blood-stain'd hand unfolded  
The written order Amurath had giv'n  
The wretch, to execute this double murder.  
But, loath to hear him longer, we, my lord,  
Transported by the rage and grief that seized us,  
With fierce impatience struck the monster down,  
And so avenged the blood of Bajazet.

ATALIDE.

*Of Bajazet ?*

II.

F

ACHMET

What say you ?

OSMAN

He is dead

Did you not know it ?

ATALIDE

Giauous Heav'n

ObMAN

Roxana,

Feaung your succour nigh, madden'd with fuyi,  
 His life abandon'd to the fatal bowstring  
 That saddest of all sights myself I saw,  
 And vanly sought some lingering spark of life,  
 The prince was dead Around his body lay,  
 Dying or dead, a noble band who fought  
 For vengeance, and, by numbers overwhelm'd,  
 Accompanied his spirit to the shades  
 Now all is lost, and we must save ourselves

ACHMET

Ah, cruel Fates, to what have ye reduced me !  
 Madam, I know the loss that you have suffer'd  
 In Bajazet, and reverence your sorrow  
 Too much to offer you the poor support  
 Of hearts whose hopes lean'd only upon him,  
 His death has overwhehn'd me with despair,  
 No wish have I to save this guilty head,  
 But comrades in misfortune claim my care,  
 And to the end their lives will I defend  
 As to yourself, if you would shelter find  
 In some far distant land, consider now  
 If you will trust my guidance masters here,  
 My faithful friends your wishes will await,  
 While I, the favoiable moment seizing,  
 Hasten to make all needful prepaiation,  
 Then, where the sea washes the palace walls,  
 My vessels, furmsh'd for their voyage, shall fetch you

*Scene 12.*

ATALIDE, ZARA.

ATALIDE.

All then at last is over ! My deceits,  
Unjust suspicions, and accurst caprices  
Have brought me to this hour of agony  
When thro' my crime I see my lover die!  
Was it not misery enough for me  
That cruel Fate should doom me to survive him,  
That I must suffer torment past endurance  
Knowing his death due to my jealous madness ?  
Yes, my beloved, it is I have slain thee,  
I only, not Roxana, nor the Sultan.  
My hand it was that wove the fatal snare  
Into whose hateful meshes thou hast fall'n.  
Yet I outlive this horror at my heart,  
I, who so lately felt my senses leave me  
At the mere dread of danger to his life.  
Alas, and has my very love destroy'd thee ?  
I cannot think upon it more ; be swift,  
My trusty hand, and let my blood atone.

Ye heroes, who in him should have revived  
Your glory, whose repose I have disturb'd ;  
Unhappy Mother, who with other hopes  
Didst tell me that he loved me when a boy ;  
Ill-fated Achmet, friends disconsolate,  
And thou, Roxana, banded all against me,  
Come, add fresh anguish to a frantic heart,  
And take on me the vengeance I deserve.

*(She kills herself.)*

ZARA.

Ah, Madam—She is dead. Would God that I,  
Heart broken as I am, with her might die !



MITHRIDATES.

*1673.*



## INTRODUCTION TO MITHRIDATES.

**M**ITHRIDATES " appeared in 1673. None of the characters impress one with any very lively feeling ; the struggle in Xiphares between amorous rivalry and filial devotion is perhaps the nearest approach made to powerful treatment. The play has a tragic ending so far as the fate of the nominal hero is concerned ; but the chief interest of the reader or spectator is centred in the mutual affection of Monima and Xiphares, from the free indulgence of which all obstacles are removed by the final catastrophe. The closing scene, however, is one of sorrow and lamentation, in which the cry of " How are the mighty fallen " suffers no sound of rejoicing to be heard.

The historical features of the character and career of Mithridates VI. are in the main preserved, but Racine has complicated his relations with his sons by representing Monima as exerting an influence over them which is due to his own romantic imagination. Monima was in reality put to death by order of Mithridates, to prevent her falling into the hands of his previous conqueror, Lucullus. This was in the year B.C. 71, whereas his own death did not occur till B.C. 63.

## CHARACTEES

MITHRIDATES, *King of Pontus and of many other Stales*

MONIMA *betrothed to Mithridates, and already declared Queen*

XIPHARLS, } *Sons of Mithridates. but by different mothers*

ARBATES, *Frund of Mithndates, and Governor of Nymphawn*

PHCEDIMA, *Frrend of Momma*

ARCAS, *Servant of Mithridates*

*Guards*

The scene is laid at Nymphamra, a seaport on the Cimmanan Boaphorus, in the Tauric Chersonesus (now the Crrma )

# MITHRIDATES.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

XIPHARES, ARBATES.

XIPHARES.

We have received a true report, Arbates;  
Rome triumphs, Mithridates is no more.  
The Romans in a night attack surprised  
My father's wonted prudence, near Euphrates;  
The conflict was a long one, but at last  
His army, routed, left him on the field  
Among the slain, and into Pompey's hand  
A soldier, as I hear, his sword and crown  
Deliver'd. Thus he who for forty years  
Had baffled all Rome's bravest generals,  
And in the east with uniform success  
Maintain'd the common cause of all her kings,  
Dies, leaving two ill-fated sons behind,  
At variance with each other, to avenge him.

ARBATES.

You and your brother, Prince! And does desire  
To mount your father's throne already make you  
A foe to Pharnaees?

XIPHARES

Nay, at such price  
I would not buy, Arbates, the mere wreckage  
Of an ill-fated empire I respect  
His birthright, and, contented with the States  
Assign'd to me, shall see without regret  
All that Rome's friendship promises fall ready  
Into his hands

ARBATES

Rome's friendship with a son  
Of Mithndates! Is it true, my lord ?

XIPHARES

Ay, Pharnaces has long at heart been Roman,  
And now on Rome and Pompey rest his hopes  
While I, more faithful to my sire than ever,  
Still to the Romans vow undying hatred  
But 'tis the least source of our strife that rises  
From his pretensions and my enmity

ARBATES

What other motive arms your wrath against him ?

XIPHARES

I shall surprise you This fan Momma,  
Who won the King our father's heart, of whom  
My brother since declares himself the lover—

ARBATES

Well, Prince?

XIPHARES

I love her, and may own my passion  
Now that that brother is my only rival  
Doubtless you wonder at the words I speak,  
But 'tis no secret of a few short days,  
Long has this love of mine grown up in silence  
How I could make you realize its ardour,  
My earliest sighs, my latest disappointment'  
But in the state to which we are reduced

'Tis no fit time to task my memory  
With the recital of an amorous tale.  
Let it suffice, to justify myself,  
That it was I who first beheld the Queen,  
And loved her. Ere the name of Monima  
Had reach'd my father's ears, her charms had roused  
A lawful passion in my heart. He saw her,  
And courted her, but with unworthy suit,  
Deeming that she would prove an easy conquest,  
Without presuming to claim marriage honours.  
You know how warmly he assail'd her virtue,  
And, weary of a long and fruitless struggle,  
Absent, but never parted from Ins passion,  
He by your hands sent her his diadem.  
Judge of my grief, when tidings came that told  
Too truly of the purpose of the King,  
How Monima his destined bride had taken  
Her journey hither under your protection !

'Twas then, ah! odious time, my mother's eyes  
Were open'd to the offers of the Romans.  
Whether in jealous rage at these new nuptials,  
Or to procure me Pompey's powerful favour,  
My father she betray'd, and gave to Rome  
The town and treasures to her care intrusted.  
How did my mother's crime affect my feelings ?  
No more I saw a rival in my father,  
I thought not of the love his own had cross'd,  
And had no eyes but for my father's wrongs.  
Soon I attacked the Romans; and *my* mother,  
Distracted, saw me wounded to the death  
Recovering the place she had surrender'd,  
And with my dying breath cursing her name.  
Since then the Euxine has been free, and so  
Eemains ; from Pontus to the Bosphorus  
All own'd my father's sway ; his fleet victorious  
Found winds and waves its only enemies.  
More I would fam have done ; I thought, Arbates,  
To march upon Euphrates to his rescue,  
When I was stunn'd by tidings of his death.  
But mingled with my tears, I will confess it,  
Back to my thoughts came charming Monima,

**Intrusted by my father to your hands**  
**In these sad times I trembled for her life,**  
**Dreading** that in his cruel jealousy  
**The King**, as oft before with many a mistress,  
**Might** means have taken to secure her death  
 Hither I flew, and 'neath Nymphæum's walls  
 My anxious eyes encounter'd Pharnaces,  
 A sight, I trow, of evil augury  
 You leaved both of us, and know the rest  
 Hasty in all his actions, Pharnaces  
 Of his presumptuous wishes made no secret,  
 Related to the Queen my father's ruin,  
 And, since the King was dead, offer'd, himself  
 To fill his place, nor will his deeds fall short  
 Of words I too will show what I can do  
 The love that bade me reverence a sire  
 To whom from childhood I have own'd submission,  
 This very love, now rising in revolt,  
 Scorns the authority of this new rival  
 Either the suit I venture to advance  
 Must be by Momma herself rejected,  
 Or else, whatever ill may come of it,  
 She shall not be another's, while I live

Thus have I told the secrets of my heart,  
 With you it rests to choose the side you take  
 Which of us seems the worthier of allegiance,  
 The slave of Rome, or Mithridates' son?  
 Proud of her friendship, Pharnaces, no doubt,  
 Thinks to command all here, and to dictate  
 To me, where I refuse to own his pow'r  
 His heritage is Pontus, Colchis mine,  
 And ever have the Colchian princes claim'd  
 This Bosphorus as to their realms belonging

## ARBATES

Whatever strength I have is at your service,  
 My choice is made already, I will do  
 My duty, and the self-same zeal and valour  
 With which I served your father and maintain'd  
 This place against your brother and yourself,  
 Now that the King is dead, shall aid your efforts

Against all foes. Had it not been for you,  
My certain death would, I know well, have follow'd  
Your brother's entrance, and my blood have stain'd  
These ramparts which he vainly sought to storm.  
As to the Queen, you need not fear her choice,  
And for the rest, unless false shadows mock me,  
Pharnaces soon will leave you master here  
To reap elsewhere the harvest of Rome's bounty.

XIPHARES.

Thanks, 'dear Arbates!

But I hear a footstep.

Leave me, my frien 'Tis Monima herself.

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES.

MONIMA.

My lord, I come to you; for if to-day  
You help me not, then my last hope is gone.  
Orphan'd and friendless, full of fears, forsaken,  
Long call'd a queen, yet all the time a captive,  
A widow now tho' never yet a wife,  
These are, my lord, the lightest of my woes.  
I tremble in your ears to breathe the name  
Of my oppressor, but a heart so great  
Will not, I trust, to ties of kindred blood  
Between you, sacrifice the tears of grief.  
Ay, now you know his name. 'Tis Pharnaces,  
'Tis he, my lord, whose criminal presumption  
Would by main force fast bind me to himself  
In wedlock that to me were worse than death.  
What baleful star must on my birth have shone!  
Destined to loveless union with another,  
Scarce am I free to taste a moment's peace  
When to a yoke yet heavier I must bend.  
Perchance, more humble in my misery,  
I should remember that it is his brother

To whom I speak    But whether reason prompts,  
 Or fate, or hatred that with him confounds  
 The Rome whose aid he seeks, no marriage yet  
 Was e'er more odious than the one I dread  
 And if I cannot move you with my tears,  
 If I have naught to trust but my despair,  
 At the same altar where I stand a bride  
 You shall see Momma, thus only freed  
 From tyranny, fall stricken to the heart,  
 A heart that ne'er was hers to give away

XIPHARES

Madam, of my obedience rest assured,  
 Here your authority is paramount  
 Let Pharnaces, if so he will, elsewhere  
 Make himself dreaded    But you know not yet  
 All your distress

MONIMA

   Ah, what fresh trouble then  
 Frowns upon Momma ?

XIPHARES

   If loving you  
 Is sin, not Pharnaces alone is guilty ,  
 My crime is worse a thousand times than his

MONIMA

Yours ?

XIPHARES

   Reckon this the climax of misfortunes  
 Invoke the heav'nly Pow'rs, if so you must,  
 Against a seed accurst, born to torment  
 And persecute you, sire and sons alike  
 But howsoever bitter the surprise  
 With which you hear me own this fatal love,  
 Never could all your woes together reach  
 The anguish of my efforts to conceal it  
 Yet think not that, like Pharnaces, my brother,  
 I serve you now to take his place hereafter,  
 You would be free, I pledge *my* word you shall be,

Neither on Pharnaces nor me dependent.  
But when your wishes have been satisfied,  
Where will you choose the place of your retreat ?  
In regions far remote or near my States ?  
Shall I be suffer'd to escort you thither ?  
With the same eye will you regard my homage  
And his oppression ? Flying from my rival,  
From me too will you fly ? And for reward  
Of faithful service banish me for ever ?

MONIMA.

Ah, what is this you tell me ?

XIPHARES.

If advantage

In time, fair Monima, confers a right,  
Here I assure you it was I who first  
Saw and admired, resolved to make you mine,  
When, to *my* sire unknown, your budding charms  
Rejoiced your mother's eye, and hers alone.  
If, by my duty forced to quit your side,  
I could not all my ardent love display,  
Have you lost all remembrance of the grief  
With which I oft bewail'd that sad constraint ?  
Have you forgotten my last fond farewells  
At parting from the sight of your sweet eyes ?  
My heart alone retains those memories ;  
Confess that I recall a vanish'd dream.  
While far from you and hopeless of return  
I cherish'd still an unrequited love,  
You well content to wed my sire, scarce heaved  
A single sigh in sympathy for me.

MONIMA.

Alas!

XIPHARES.

Did my distress one moment move you ?

MONIMA.

Prince, do not mock me in my misery.

XIPHARES

Mock **you** ? Ye gods' when eager to defend you,  
 Daring to press no claim, asking for nothing'  
 What shall I say, then ? When I give my promise  
 To place you where you ne'er shall see me more'

MONIMA

You promise what you never will perform

XIPHARES

What ' Will you not believe my solemn oath ?  
 Think you that I shall so abuse my pow'r,  
 And that I mean to curb your liberty ?  
 Explain yourself, I pray you

Someone comes

One word

MONIMA

Protect me from your brother's rage  
 To make me grant consent to see you, Sir,  
 You *need* not have recourse to tyranny

XIPHARES

Ah, Madam'

MONIMA

Prince, you see your brother comes

### Scene 3

MONIMA, PHARNACES, XIPHARES

PHARNACES

**How** long will you expect my father, Madam ?  
 Fresh witness to his death arrives each moment  
 To satisfy your doubt and chide delay  
 Come, fly with me from this delight less clime,  
 Whose savage aspect cannot but remind you  
 Of bondage hard , obedient subjects wait you

'Neath happier skies and worthier of your charms.  
 Pontus has long acknowledged you her queen,  
 Still wears your brow the royal diadem  
 As token of your sovereignty, and pledge  
 Of her assured submission to your sway.  
 I by my father's will am master there.  
 And 'tis my privilege to keep his promise.  
 But, trust me, time is pressing, tarry not,  
 Our marriage and departure must be hasten'd ;  
 Our common interests and my heart demand it.  
 My ships are ready, waiting to receive you,  
 And from the altar you may go aboard,  
 Queen of the seas that are to bear you hence.

MONIMA.

Such kindness, Sir, I find too overwhelming.  
 But since time presses, and I needs must answer,  
 May I without disguise freely express  
 The secret feelings of my heart ?

PHARNACES.

You may,  
 And that without reserve.

MONIMA.

To you I think  
 My origin is known ; of Ephesus  
 A native, but of royal ancestry.  
 Kings were my sires, or heroes whom erewhile  
 Greece for their virtues rank'd higher than kings.  
 When Mithridates saw me, Ephesus  
 And all Ionia crown'd his prosperous arms.  
 This pledge of faithful love he deign'd to send me,  
 My family presumed not to dispute  
 His sovereign will. A slave, tho' crown'd, I went  
 To be his bride, as fortune had ordain'd.  
 While he in Pontus waited to receive me,  
 New projects call'd him thence, and he obey'd  
 The summons to wage war against the Romans,  
 Sending me hither to avoid the storm.

IT.

G

I came, and here I still abide My father  
 Pard dear, however, tor that dangerous honour,  
 For the first victim of victorious Rome  
 Was Philopcemen, sire of Momma,  
 A fatal title, costing him his life,  
 It was to speak of that I wish'd to see you  
 However justly moved to indignation,  
 I have no army to oppose to Rome,  
 Helpless I witness all her injuries,  
 No sceptre mine nor soldiers to avenge me,  
 Only a heart to feel All I can do  
 Is to be faithful to my filial duty,  
 Nor m my father's blood imbrue my hands  
 By wedding you, the sworn ally of Rome

## PHARNACES

Why speak you thus of Rome and her alliance ?  
 Why this suspicion and these words of anger ?  
 Who told you that the Romans are my friends ?

## MONIMA

Can you, my lord, deny that so it IS ?  
 How could you offer welcome as a queen  
 To me where all the land is m their pow'i  
 Did not a secret treaty with the Romans  
 Smooth your way thither and secure your throne ?

## PHARNACES

I might inform you of my puiposes,  
 For which I have good reasons, and could state them,  
 It, leaving once for all these vain disguises,  
 You had explam'd to me your secret feelings  
 But now, long baffled, I begin to gather  
 The meaning of your manifold excuses ,  
 I see an mt'rest you would fam conceal,  
 Another than a father prompts your speech

## XIPHARES

Whatever motive may inspire her words,  
 At least, Sir, they deserve no doubtful answer,

Nor should your just resentment against Rome  
One moment hesitate to burst in fury.  
What! After having learn'd our sire's disgrace,  
Slow to avenge him, swift to fill his place,  
Shall we forget our honour and his blood?  
We know that he is dead, but he may lie  
Unburied. While your soul with eager hope  
Dwells on the thought of hymeneal bliss,  
This King, whom ail the East, full of his feats,  
May justly name her last and greatest hero,  
In his own realms deprived of funeral rites,  
Or laid dishonour'd 'mid a meaner crowd,  
Perchance accuses Heav'n's unjust neglect  
And two unworthy sons who dare not fight  
For vengeance. Why should we lurk longer here?  
If any prince still free in all the world,  
Parthian, Sarmatian, Scythian, loves his freedom,  
There let us *find* allies and march beside them,  
To live or die, true sons of Mithridates.  
Whatever love beguiles us, let us think  
Rather of rescue from a foreign yoke,  
Than of constraining hearts that will not yield.

## PHARNACES.

He knows your feelings. Was I wrong, fair lady?  
Your father and my fancied league with Rome  
Are but the pretext for a stronger reason.

## XIPHARES.

Her secret feelings are to me unknown;  
But if I thought, like you, that I could read them,  
I would submit my claims to their decision.

## PHARNACES.

You would do well; and I too know my duty.  
I am not bound to copy your example.

## XIPHARES.

Here know I none at least who may presume  
To shape his conduct on another model.

PHARNACES

So might you boast in Colchis I admit

XIPHARES

Here and in Colchis is my right the same

PHARNACES

Not here, I ween, if you would 'scape destriuctrou

*Scene 4*

MONIMA, PHARNACES, XIPHARES, PHÆDIMA

PHCEDIMA

Pimces, the sea is all alive with ships,  
And soon, despite the tidings of his death,  
Will Mithndates disembark in person

MONIMA

The King '

XIPHARES

My father '

PHARNACFS

What is this I hear '

PHÆDIMA

Despatch boats have arrived to bring the news ,  
'Tis he himself, and, prompt to pay due homage  
Arbates goes to greet him ere he lands

XIPHARES (*to* MONIMA)

What have we done '

MONIMA (*to* XIPHARES)

Farewell, Pinice Wondrous tidings '

*Scene 5.*

PHARNACES, XIPHARES.

PHARNACES (*aside*).

The King returns! Ah, cruel stroke of Fortune!  
My life and love are both in jeopardy.  
Th' expected Romans will arrive too late:  
What shall I do?

*(To XIPHARES.)*

I know your heart is sore,  
I can imagine her sad words at parting;  
But this is not the time to speak of that,  
Cares more important task our thoughts to-day.  
The King returns, perchance implacable;  
More dreadful he, the more unfortunate.  
The peril is far worse than you suppose;  
We verily are guilty, and you know him,  
How rarely tenderness disarms his rage.  
His sons can have no more relentless judge,  
As shown to two of them who dread the victims  
Of mere suspicion. We have greater reason  
To fear, each for himself, and for the Queen.  
I pity her the more, the more he loves her;  
For amorous ardour piques his jealousy,  
And hatred ever far outstrips his love.  
Place no reliance on his past affection,  
His jealous fury will burn all the fiercer.  
Consider well. The favour of the army  
Is yours. I speak not of mine own resources.  
Be ruled by me. Let us secure our pardon,  
Make ourselves masters of this place, and so  
Force him to offer to his sons such terms  
As they shall be contented to accept.

XIPHARES.

I recognize my guilt, and know my father,  
My mother's crime besides have I to bear;

But tho' my eyes are dazzled still with love,  
When comes my sire I cannot but obey him

## PHARNACES

Let us at least be faithful to each other ,  
You know my secret, I have read your own  
The King, devising ever dangerous wiles,  
Will turn our slightest words to our destruction ,  
You know his way, how tenderness can mask  
Deceitful hatred   Lead and I will follow,  
Since it must needs be so, but, while submitting  
To duty, let us scorn to act the traitor

## ACT II

*Scene 1*

MONIMA, PHÆDIMA

PHÆDIMA

What' you here still, when Mithridates lands '  
When all are flocking to the shore m welcome'  
What mean you, Madam ?   What remembrance checks  
Your steps, and makes you turn them back ?   Will you  
Offend a King whose soul adores you only,  
Almost his wife—

MONIMA

Not yet, dear Phoedima ,  
And till that time I think my duty bids me  
Await him here, and not go forth to greet him

PHÆDIMA

Nay, you must not regard him as a lover  
Of common rank   Betrothed to this great King,  
Bound by a father's promise, you have pledges  
Which, when he will, the solemn rites of marriage  
May ratify   Go forth, and show yourself

MONIMA.

See, would you nave me meet him as I am ?  
Look at this tear-stain'd face, and tell me rather  
To hide myself than seek his presence thus.

PHÆDIMA.

Heav'ns ! What is this ?

MONIMA.

It kills me, his return!  
Wretch that I am, how can I dare to face him ?  
His diadem on my brow, and in my heart—  
Can you not read its secret in these blushes ?

PHÆDIMA.

What, is it so ? Crush'd by the same alarms  
That made you shed so many tears in Greece ?  
Your path seems always cross'd by Xiphares.

MONIMA.

Greater than you can think is my distress.  
Then, in my thoughts I dwelt on Xiphares  
Only as noble, virtuous, and brave ;  
I knew not that, inflamed with love for me,  
He was of mortals the most amorous.

PHÆDIMA.

He loves you, Madam ? And this charming hero—

MONIMA.

Is no less wretched, Phcedima, than I.  
His heart adores me, and the self-same sorrow  
That here tormented me elsewhere consumed him.

PHÆDIMA.

Knows he how far he has secured your favour ?  
Is he aware you love him ?

MONIMA

No, dear friend  
 Heav'n guarded me from that, I kept strict silence,  
 Or said at most but half of what I felt  
 Ah if you only knew how this sad heart  
 Has stur'd its resolution to maintain,  
 What conflicts, what assaults I have endured '  
 Hark, Phœdima, I never more will see him,  
 If I can help it Vam were all my efforts,  
 I should be forced to speak, were I again  
 To see his grief He'll come in spite of me,  
 And tear my secret from me , but no joy  
 His love will thence derive , so dear the cost,  
 'Twere better had his bliss remam'd unknown

PHCEDIMA

See, the } are coining    What is to be done ?

MONIMA

I cannot, will not meet him, thus distiacted

*Scene 2*

MITHRIDAIES, PHARNACFS, XIPHARES, ARBATES,  
 GUARDS

MITHKIDATES

Pinces, whate'er excuses you may frame,  
 Your duty never should have brought you hither,  
 Nor made you quit at such a time of need,  
 Pontus and Colchis his, to your care confided  
 But an indulgent father is your "judge  
 Those rumours you believed which I myself  
 Dispersed , and, since you wish it, I will deem  
 You guiltless, and thank Heav'n for this our meeting  
 Vanquish'd as I have been, and all but shipwreck'd,  
 I nurse a project worthy of my courage,  
 Of which you soon shall learn the full details  
 But go, and leave me to repose a moment

*Scene 3.*

MITHRIDATES, ARBATES.

MITHRIDATES.

A year is gone, and once again you see me,  
 But not as erst the favourite child of Fortune,  
 Who kept the destinies of Rome suspended,  
 Her rival for the empire of the world:  
 I have been conquer'd. Pompey took advantage  
 Of darkness that left little room for courage;  
 My troops unarm'd, or in the gloom affrighted,  
 Their ranks attack'd on all sides unawares,  
 While wild disorder magnified their fears  
 And made them turn their weapons on their comrades,  
 Loud cries terrific from the rocks resounding,  
 All the worst horrors of a midnight conflict;  
 In such confusion what could valour do  
 To help us ? Many fell, flight saved the rest ;  
 So great the panic, that I owe my life  
 To tidings of my slaughter left behind me.  
 Some time unrecognized, I cross'd the Phasis,  
 Thence to the foot of Caucasus I press'd,  
 Soon I took shipping ready in the Euxine,  
 And join'd the scatter'd fragments of my army.  
 Thus, driven by disastrous fortune hither,  
 In Bosphorus I find new woes await me.  
 With the same love you see me still inflamed  
 As ever; and this heart, tho' fed with carnage  
 And hungry still, despite the weight of years  
 And dire misfortunes, passionately clings  
 To Monima, where'er I roam, and finds  
 Its worst foes here in two ungrateful sons.

ARBATES.

Both of them, Sire?

MITHRIDATES.

Listen. My rage admits  
 That Xiphares is different from his brother.

I know him ever to my will obedient,  
 Hating our common foe as much as I do,  
 And I have seen his valour justify  
 My secret tenderness, display'd to please me  
 I know too, av I know, with what despan,  
 To every other claim preferring duty,  
 He hasten'd to disown a faithless mother,  
 And from her crime won a fresh crown of glory,  
 I dare not, cannot think that, after all,  
 So good a son has wilfully offended  
 But what concern had either of them here ?  
 Have they not both made offers to the Queen ?  
 To which seems secretly her heart inclined ?  
 And with what looks shall I myself accost her ?  
 Speak Strongly as I feel her sweet attraction,  
 I must be told how matters stand between them  
 What has occur'd ? What have you seen ? What know  
     you?  
 How came you to submit ? Since when ? and why ?

## ARBATES

Eight days ago did Phamaces come first  
 Beneath these walls, with his authority  
 Confirming the vague rumour of your death,  
 Impatient for admittance , but no heed  
 Paid I to what I deem'd his rash assertions,  
 And deaf remam'd, until the Prince, his brother,  
 Less by his words, my liege, than by his tears  
 Assured me of their truth on his arnval

## MITHRIDATES

What did they then ?

## ARBATES

    Scarce had the former enter'd,  
 When m hot haste he urged his amorous suit,  
 And promised as her husband to secure  
 To her the diadem your hand bestow'd

## MITHRIDATES

The traitor ' What, without a moment giv'n \*

To shed the tears that to my shade were due !  
What of his brother ?

ARBATES.

Till this very day  
His conduct has betray'd no sign of love,  
But all his soul, in sympathy with yours,  
Has seem'd to breathe no thought but war and vengeance.

MITHRIDATES.

What purpose brought him hither, then, Arbates ?

ARBATES.

That you will learn sooner or later, Sire.

MITHRIDATES.

Speak, I command you; I must hear it now.

ARBATES.

E'en till this very day his plea has been  
That he was justified, after your death,  
In reckoning this province as his own ;  
And, calling courage to support his claim,  
He came to take his heritage by force.

MITHRIDATES.

That were the least reward he could expect,  
Should Heav'n permit me to bequeath my pow'r.  
I breathe once more, Arbates, glad at heart :  
I trembled, I confess, both for a son  
Beloved, and for myself lest I had lost  
So sure a stay, and found myself at war  
With such a rival; not like Pharnaces  
Who has so long confronted my displeasure,  
And, holding Rome in secret admiration,  
Has ne'er opposed her but with sore reluctance.  
And if with favour Monima regards him,  
Lavish elsewhere of love that is my due,  
Then woe betide the wretch who comes to rob me,

Defies his father and disdains his yoke '  
Say, does she love **him**'-\*

ARBATES

Heie she comes, my liege

*Scene 4*

MITHRIDVTL8, MONIMA

MITHEIDATFS

Madam, kind Heav'n at last has brought me back  
To you, and, seconding my tender wishes,  
Restores you to my love fairer than ever  
I little thought that I should have to wait  
So long to celebrate our marriage rites,  
Nor that misfortune, marking my return,  
Would show my soriow lather than my love  
Yet 'tis that lo\e which leads me to your side,  
Nor let me choose another place of refuge,  
And my worst troubles lose then bitterness  
It but *my* presence here bungs none to you  
To tell me so, only vouchsafe to hear me  
Have you not long look'd forward to this day ?  
You wear a pledge of my sincerity,  
Which ever tells you that you arc my own  
Come then, and let us seal our mutual vows ,  
Far hence the voice of Grlory summons us,  
And without hindiance to this giand design,  
Wedded to-day, we must depait to-monow

MONIMA

Your will is law, the authois of my life  
Then sov'ieign empire have on you conferr'd,  
Whene'er you choose to exeicise that light,  
I have no other answer but t' obey

MITHRIDATES

So, Madam, to an nksome yoke submissive,

## SCENE 4.]

## MITHRIDATES.

You to the altar go but as a victim;  
And I, constraining a reluctant heart,  
Shall owe no thanks to you for its possession.  
Think you that such compliance can content me ?  
Must I henceforth, despairing of your love,  
Aspire to be your tyrant, nothing more ?  
Have *my* misfortunes then made you despise me ?  
Ah, were I yet new conquests to attempt,  
With every obstacle to check my march,  
To lower depths cast down by hostile Fate,  
Vanquish'd, pursued, helpless, my sceptre lost,  
Flying from sea to sea, less king than pirate,  
The name of Mithridates only left me,  
Know that that name aloue, renown'd in story,  
Would win for me the world's admiring gaze;  
There would not be a king worthy to reign  
Who, seated on his throne, would not prefer  
To rdyal splendour my more glorious ruin,  
Which Rome and forty years have scarce effected.  
With other eyes would you yourself behold me,  
If in your soul your Grecian sires revived.  
And since, in fine, your husband I must be,  
Were it not nobler, worthier of yourself,  
To freely choose what you accept from duty,  
Oppose to Fortune's buffets your esteem,  
And, soothing my distress, give me a balm  
Against despair that dogs misfortune's steps —

What, Madam, have you no reply to make ?  
Serves all my ardour only to confound you ?  
Still you are dumb, and, even worse than silence,  
I see, tho' you would hide them, rising tears.

## MONIMA.

Oh, no, my lord! I have no tears to shed.  
Have you not had my answer ? I obey.  
And is it not enough—

## MITHEIDATES.

Nay, it is not.  
I understand this better than you think :

I see they told me true, just jealousy  
 By your own words is but too well confirm'd,  
 A faithless son, smitten by such rare beauty,  
 I see has wooed, and finds a willing ear  
 New terrors now I waken in your breast  
 For him, but not for long shall he enjoy  
 Your care, if my commands are heeded still,  
 On him your faithless eyes have look'd their last  
 Call Xiphares

MONIMA

Alas' What will you do ?

He -

MITHRIDATES

Xiphares has not betray'd his father,  
 You need not be so eager to disown him,  
 He has done nothing to estrange my love  
 Your crime were less, as less would be my shame,  
 If one so worthy of your high regard  
 Had roused some touches of yet warmer feelings  
 But that a traitor, bold in disobedience  
 In whom no virtue palliates presumption,  
 That Phamaees, too soon, should thus supplant me,  
 That he should be beloved, and I detested—

*Scene 5*

MITHRIDATES, MONIMA, XIPHARES

MITHRIDATES

Come, my son, come, your father is betray'd  
 I have a son who dares to mock my rum,  
 Thwarts my designs, inflicts a fatal wound,  
 Ay, to my Queen makes love, and wins her favour,  
 Stealing a heart she owes to me alone  
 Yet am I happy in this deep dishonour  
 To blame no other son than Phamaees,  
 To know a mother's treason and a brother's  
 Audacious plots have fail'd to make you swerve

SCENE 6.]

MITHRIDATES.

From duty! Yes, my son, on you alone  
I lean, and long have chosen you to be  
The worthy comrade of my great designs,  
Heir of my sceptre and my glorious name.  
Not now may Pharnaces and outraged love  
Engross my thoughts ; the careful preparation  
For an important enterprise, my ships  
Which I must hold in readiness to sail,  
My soldiers whose devotion I would try,  
Demand my presence at this very hour.  
Do you, however, here keep watch for me,  
And foil the plots of an insidious rival ;  
Nor quit the Queen, but strive to overcome  
Her opposition to a King who loves her ;  
Dissuade her from a choice iniquitous,  
And your unbiass'd judgment will convince her  
Better than I can. She has proved my weakness,  
Let her not try that tenderness too far,  
Or it may turn to fury, unrepented  
Till vengeance has atoned for wrong resented.

*Scene 6.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES.

XIPHARES.

What shall I say ? How may I understand  
This charge, these words incomprehensible ?  
Great gods! Can it be true that Pharnaces,  
Too dear to you, indeed deserves this rage ?  
That your distress is all for Pharnaces ?

MONIMA.

For Pharnaces ! Why speak of Pharnaces?  
Heav'ns! Is it not enough that this sad day  
Robs me of all I loved for evermore,  
And that I find myself, the slave of duty,  
Fast bound with chains of sorrow and despair ?

Must this last insult to my grief be added,  
 That I be thought to "weep for Pharnaces,  
 In spite of all my hatied deem'd too dear ?  
 I can forgive the King blinded by anger,  
 To him my heart must never be reveal'd,  
 But you, mv loid, but you, to treat me so '

## XIPHARES

Ah, Madam, paidon a distracted lo\er,  
 Who, himself loand by oruel bonds of duty,  
 Sees threaten'd loss of all nor dares take vengeance  
 But how am I to "judge of the King's fun ?  
 What other love is this with his conflictmg ?  
 Who then can be this happy cummal ?  
 Speak

## MONIMA

Why so ready to mcrease your woe  
 With seif-inflicted torture '

## XIPHARES

Ay, these fears  
 Add pangs to which it were a light afflecion  
 To see her whom I love mv father's bude,  
 To see a rival honour'd with your tears  
 This is indeed m\ crowning agonv  
 But m despan I fain would know the worst  
 Tell me for pity's sake who is this lover  
 And change suspicion into eertamt

## MONIMA

Is it so hard for you to guess the truth ?  
 Just now, when I sought lefuge from constiant  
 Of pow'r unjust, to whom did I appeal ?  
 On whose kind sucxoui did my heart rely ?  
 Whose woids of love heard I without displeasure ?

## XIPHARES

Heav'ns ' Can it be I am the lucky culput

Whom you are pleased to look upon with favour?  
Was it for Xiphares you deign'd to weep?

MONIMA.

Yes, Prince: I cannot keep the secret longer,  
My sorrow is too violent for silence.  
Tho' Duty's stern decree condemns my tongue,  
Yet must I violate her harsh commands,  
And utter for the first time and the last  
The language of my heart. Long have you loved  
Long has an equal tenderness for you  
Moved me with sad concern. Retrace the time  
When first you own'd affection for these charms  
Unworthy of your praise, the short-lived hope,  
The trouble that your father's passion raised,  
Tortured to lose me and to see him blest,  
To bow to duty when your heart was torn.  
You cannot, Prince, recall those memories  
Without repeating in your own misfortunes  
My story too; and, when I heard this morning  
Your tale, my heart responded to it all.  
Futile or rather fatal sympathy!  
Union too perfect to be realized!  
Ah! with what cruel care did Heav'n entwine  
Two hearts it never destined for each other!  
For, howsoe'er my heart is drawn to yours,  
I tell you once for all, where Honour leads  
I needs must follow, even to the altar,  
To swear to you an everlasting silence.  
I hear you groan: but, miserable fate,  
Your father claims me, I may ne'er be yours.  
You must yourself support my feeble will,  
And help me from my heart to banish you;  
Let me at least rely upon your kindness  
My presence to avoid henceforth for ever.  
Have I not said enough, Sir, to persuade you  
How many reasons urge you to obey me?  
After this moment, if that gallant heart  
Has ever felt true love for Monima,  
I will not recognize its loyalty  
Save by the care you take to shun me always.

## XIPHARES

Great gods ' How terrible a test of love  
 HI-starr'd ' How happiness and misery  
 Are mine at once ' From what a glorious height  
 To what an awful gulf you cast me down'  
 Have I prevail'd to touch a heart like yours,  
 And won your love, only to see another  
 Possess that heart which fondly clings to mine ?  
 Father unjust and cruel,—but withal  
 Unhappy too '—

So you would have me fly  
 And yet the King has bidden me attend you  
 What will he say ?

## MONIMA

It matters not Obey me  
 Contrive such reasons as may blind his eyes,  
 Prove your heroic nature by an effort  
 Supreme And for your own self-sacrifice  
 Tax quick invention, as less noble lovers  
 Have done to gratify their chensh'd hopes  
 Weak as I know myself, with life at stake,  
 I cannot but distrust my strongest efforts ,  
 The sight of you would wake fond memories,  
 And guilty sighs betray the achmg heart  
 Which, torn asunder by a secret strife,  
 Would fain fly back to you, pow'less to bear  
 Its separation But if it depends  
 On you to make me cherish thoughts so sweet,  
 I know you will do nothing to prevent me  
 From vindicating straight offended honour,  
 When, searching for your image in my heart,  
 My hand shall tear it thence, and leave me free  
 From shame But, ah, while yet a few brief moments  
 Are left us, how I take a fatal pleasure  
 In seeking to prolong the risk I shun,  
 And wish, the more I speak, for one word more  
 Oh, but I needs must force myself to fly,  
 Nor lose in parting words the feeble relics  
 Of firmness Prince, I go, farewell, remember,  
 See me no more , prove worthy of my tears

SCENE 1.]

MITHEIDATES.

XIPHARES.

Ah, Madam—

She is gone, she will not hear me.  
Unhappy Xiphares, what wilt thou do,  
Banish'd and yet beloved? One thing is clear,  
The path of duty is for her and thee  
The same. Swift death must end this agony.  
Yet till her fate is certain, let me wait;  
And, if a rival Monima must own,  
Dying I'll yield her to the King alone.

ACT III.

*Scene 1.*

MITHRIDATES, PHARNACES, XIPHARES.

MITHRIDATES.

Draw near, my sons. At last the hour is come  
My secret purpose to display before you;  
All things conspire to aid this noble venture;  
Nothing remains but to inform you of it.

I am a fugitive: so hostile Fortune  
Has will'd, but my life's history you know  
Too well to think that, long courting concealment,  
I should await my mnters in these deserts.  
War has its favours as it has its losses;  
Already more than once, my course retracing,—  
While, by my flight deceived, the foe in triumph  
Rode thro' the streets of Rome, 'mid idle plaudits,  
And, gravating his vain victories on brass,  
Display'd my conquer'd realms in captive chains,—  
The Bosphorus has seen me with fresh fleets  
Swarming from all her marshes, spreading terror,  
And from astonish'd Asia chasing Rome's  
Battalions back, undoing in a day  
Work of a year. New times demand new cares.  
Fiercer attacks have overwhelm'd the East,

Its plains are cover'd with yet vaster hosts  
Of Romans, whom the war at our expense  
Enriches Greedy of all nations' wealth,  
Our rumour'd hoards have drawn the robbers thither,  
In crowds they rush, each of his neighbour jealous,  
Leaving their own to inundate our land  
I only dare resist worn or subdued,  
All my allies discard my fatal friendship,  
A burden that their heads can ill support  
Pompey's great name makes his success assured,  
All Asia's dread, I will not seek him there,  
Nay, 'tis to Koine, my sons, I mean to march  
Surprised at this bold stroke, you think perhaps  
Despair alone can give it birth to-day  
I pardon your mistake, projects like this  
Seem folly till successfully accomplish'd  
Do not suppose that Rome from us is parted  
By ramparts of eternal separation  
I know each mountain pass that I must traverse,  
And, if not thwarted by untimely death,  
I need not set it farther, three months hence,  
And you shall mount the Capitol with me  
Two days upon the Euxme, never doubt it,  
Will waft us westward to the Danube's mouth  
Scythia with me has sworn a strict alliance,  
Which lays the entrance into Europe open  
There gathering our forces in their ports,  
Their troops will join our ranks, and at each step  
Dacians, Pannomans, Germans swell our numbers,  
All wait but for a leader to repel  
The common tyrant Have not Spain and Gaul  
Sought to excite my vengeance 'gainst those walls  
That Brennus once laid low? Yea, Greece herself  
Has by her envoys' months blamed me for lack  
Of vigour Ready to o'erflow on them,  
This torrent, bearing me along, they know  
Will whelm them all And to prevent its lavage,  
They'll guide and follow me to Italy  
There will you find Rome's name in horror held  
Supreme, the fires still smouldering thro' the land  
Which Freedom kindled with her dying breath

No, Princes, 'tis not in earth's realms remote  
Rome's galling fetters weigh most heavily:  
The nearer that she is the more abhorrd,  
Rome's greatest enemies are at her gates.  
Ah! if they chose, to free them from her yoke,  
Vile Spartacus, the gladiator slave,  
And follow'd vengeance with a band of robbers;  
Think with what noble ardour will their ranks  
March 'neath the colours of a conquering King  
Whose royal line from Cyrus boasts descent!  
Think, too, how we will take her by surprise,  
Stript of the legions that might else defend her,  
Were they not all busied in my pursuit.  
Will babes and women have the pow'r to stop me ?

Let us march on, and carry to her heart  
The havoc which she spreads from east to west;  
Let those proud conquerors crouch behind their walls,  
And tremble in their turn for hearth and home.  
Let us believe what Hannibal predicted,  
The Romans, save in Rome, will ne'er be vanquish'd.  
Let her own blood in righteous torrents drown her,  
And let the Capitol, that thought to see me  
In chains, to ashes sink ; let us destroy  
Its glory, and blot out the shame of kings  
Of every tribe and nation, with my own.  
Let fire consume all those illustrious names  
Devoted there to endless infamy.

Lo, this is the ambition that has seized me!  
But think not I will suffer Rome in peace  
To lord it over Asia in my absence;  
I know where I shall find her stout defenders.  
Rome, everywhere surrounded by fierce foes,  
Shall call in vain on Pompey to relieve her.  
The Parthian, name dreadful to Rome as mine,  
Is ready to take up my righteous quarrel;  
To seal this bond with union of our blood,  
He asks of me a son to wed his daughter.  
I for this honour have made choice of you,  
My Pharnaces ; go, be the happy bridegroom.  
No longer I delay ; to-morrow's dawn  
Shall see my ships far from the Bosphorus.

Go you at once, since nothing here detains you,  
 And let \ our ardour justify my choice  
 The marriage rites perform'd, re-cross Euphrates,  
 Let Asia see another Mithndates,  
 And terror blanch the faces of our foes,  
 While I at Rome rejoice to hear the tidings

## PHARNACES

Sir, you surpuse me, and I cannot hide it  
 This grand attempt I hear with admiration,  
 A bolder project never yet was broached  
 To make the vanquish'd turn the tide of war,  
 That dauntless heart in you I most admire  
 Winch seems to rise moie strong for being crusli'd  
 And yet, if I may dare to speak with frankness,  
 Aie you reduced to this extremity?  
 Why go so far on such a desperate errand,  
 While still your states offer a safe asylum?  
 Why undertake so difficult a task,  
 Fitter for leader of a band of exiles  
 Than for a monarch on whose banneis Hope  
 So lately smiled, wherever he appear'd,  
 Who founded upon thirty states the throne  
 Whose rum leaves a mighty empire yet '\*  
 You, after two score years, you, only you  
 Have courage left to struggle against Fate  
 To Rome and to lepose relentless foe,  
 Count not on troops heroic as yourself  
 Think not that hearts made timid by disaster,  
 Worn out with hardships and a long retreat,  
 Are eager to meet death 'neath foreign skies,  
 Encountering toils more terrible than dangers  
 If routed when their country's eyes were on them,  
 How will they meet the conqueror's fury there?  
 In his own city, with his gods, before him,  
 Will he strike less alarm, or yield himself  
 An easier prey?

So Parthia seeks alliance  
 With you in marriage Prompt to lend her aid  
 When all the world seem'd our support, will she  
 Receive a son-in-law poor and defenceless?

What! **shall I** go, **an** outcast and alone,  
To prove the Parthian faithless as of yore,  
And haply, as the fruit of match so hasty,  
Expose your credit to his court's contempt ?  
At least, if stoop we must, if we must borrow  
The unaccustom'd gestures of a suppliant,  
Send me not to embrace the Parthian's knees,  
Nor beg from kings whose pow'r is less than yours.  
Can we not take a surer course than that ?  
And, falling into arms of joyful welcome,  
Borne, readily appeased, will grant us favour—

## XIPHARES.

Rome! Does my brother then dare to propose  
Such base humiliation to the King,  
As in one day to make his life's long course  
A lie, to trust the Romans, and submit  
To tyranny for forty years resisted ?

Onward, my father! Vanquish'd as you are,  
War and its perils are your only refuge!  
Rome has in you a fatal foe, whose oath  
Is more implacable than Hannibal's.  
All crimson with her blood, do what you may,  
Ne'er look for peace but thro' such butchery  
As on a single day in Asia blasted  
A hundred thousand Romans by your order.

Yet spare your own inviolable head,  
March not yourself from land to land, nor show  
To gaping nations Mithridates humbled,  
Dark'ning the brilliant lustre of your name.  
The vengeance you must execute is just;  
Lay Rome in ruins, burn the Capitol.  
But 'tis enough for you to point the way;  
To younger hands pass on the fiery torch,  
And, while my brother keeps control of Asia,  
Honour my courage with this high exploit.  
Give the command, and let us justify  
Our title as your sons, heirs of your name  
Thro' all the world. Set east and west in flames,  
While still you tarry in the Bosphorus;  
And Rome, hard press'd on every side alike,

Shall find you omnipresent to destroy her  
 This very moment order me to start,  
 All that detains you here urges my flight,  
 And, if this enterprise surpass my pow'rs,  
 Such hope foilorn befits my evil case  
 Yes, I will go, too glad to end my woes  
 So soon—I will erase my mother's cinne  
 That makes me blush, my sire, here at your knees,  
 Ashamed to know myself a son of hers,  
 Scarce all my blood can wash away that stain  
 Only let me by death enhance your glory,  
 And Rome, the object of my grand despair,  
 Shall to the son of Mithridates offer  
 A worthy tomb

MITHRIDATES (*rising*)

My son, let us not speak  
 Of hei again Your father is content,  
 He knows your zeal, nor will he have you face  
 Dangers that his affection will not share  
 Nothing shall part us, you shall follow me  
 And you, prepare yourself, Prmce, to obey,  
 The ships are ready, I myself have older'd  
 The tram and the equipment you lequire  
 Arbates, charged to bring you to your bride,  
 Will let me know how you peifoim your duty  
 Go, and, maintaining your ancestral honour,  
 In this embrace recexve your sne's farewell

PHARNACES

Sir—

MITHRIDATES

Let th' expression of my will suffice you  
 Obey It were superfluous to repeat it

PHARNACES

Sir, might it please you to accept my death,  
 None shall be found more eager to embrace it  
 Let me fall fighting m your ranks before you

## MITHRIDATES.

I have commanded you to start directly,  
And if you linger—Prince, you hear my voice,  
Answer me not, or do it at your peril.

## PHARNACES.

If you should hold a thousand deaths in prospect,  
I could not seek a maiden whom I know not.  
My life is in your hands.

## MITHRIDATES.

Ha! As I thought!  
You cannot go! I understand you, traitor!  
I know what makes you shun this marriage. Here  
You have a quarry you are loath to leave:  
'Tis Monima detains you; guilty love  
Moved you to tear her from your father's arms.  
Neither the warmth with which you know I wooed her,  
Nor yet my diadem that decks her brow,  
Nor this retreat selected for her safety,  
Nor fear of *my* just wrath had force to check you.  
Was then your treacherous sympathy with Rome  
Offence so venial in your father's eyes,  
That this perfidious passion still was wanting  
To render you the horror of my life?  
Far from repentance, on your face I see  
Confusion due to rage and disappointment.  
You long already, from my hands escaping".  
To sell me to the Romans and secure  
My ruin. But to justice I'll defer  
Departure. Ho there, Guards!

*Scene 2*

MITHRIDATES, PHARNACES, XIPHARES, GUARDS

MITHEIDATES

Arrest the traitor '

Ay, him there, Pharnaces    Go    quit him not  
Till you have lock'd him safely in the tow'r

PHARNACFS

'Twere idle to assert me innocent  
Yes, it is true, my love deserves your hatred  
My love is hers, you have been told the truth,  
But Xiphares has not reveal'd the whole  
What he has said is less than what he hides,  
And this devoted son should have inform'd you  
That he, long smitten with the self-same passion,  
Loves the Queen also,—and is loved by her

*Scene 3*

MITHRIDATES, XIPHARES

XIPHARES

Sir, can you think me guilty of a scheme—

MITHRIDATES

My son, I know your brother's villainy  
May Heav'n preserve me ever from suspecting  
That you could make so cruel a return  
For all my kindness, that a son so dear  
Could have betray'd a father's trusting heart  
I'll not believe it    Go    far be the thought'  
Henceforth be all my mind bent upon vengeance

*Scene 4.*

## MITHRIDATES.

I'll not believe it?—Vainly flattering hope!  
You do believe it, wretched Mithridates!  
Is Xiphares my rival? Does the Queen  
Conspire with him, and dares she to deceive me?  
On whatsoever side I turn mine eyes,  
All hearts have lost their loyalty to me!  
Friendless without, within my home betray'd!  
Pharnaces, Monima, and thou, my son,  
Thou too, whose virtue solaced *my* disgrace—  
But know I not this Pharnaces a traitor?  
How weak am I to trust his baffled fury,  
Whom spite and envy arm against his brother,  
Or whose despair, inventing idle tales,  
To save himself would make all others guilty!  
Nay, I'll believe him not, nor be too hasty,  
But probe the truth. Yet where shall I begin?  
Whose witness will convince me? By what proofs?  
Ha! Heav'n inspires me with a sudden thought.  
I'll call the Queen. Yes, without going further,  
I'll hear her, and rely upon her witness.  
Love greedily believes what gives it pleasure.  
If he has won her heart, none else so well  
Can show it. Let me see which of the two  
Her love will charge. They have deserved a snare  
I scorn to use. 'Tis lawful to deceive  
Deceivers, and to unmask treachery—  
But here she conies: a skilful falsehood now  
Shall mock her hopes and make her truth avow.

*Scene 5*

MONIMA, MITHRIDATES

MITHRIDATES

My eyes at last are open, and I own  
 The claims of justice ' 'Twere a sorry gift  
 To charms so rare to offer you a hand  
 Burden'd with age and a long tram of troubles  
 Fortune and Victory have heretofore  
 With thnty crowns conceal'd my hoary head  
 But it is so no longer , once a king,  
 I am a fugitive, old and disgraced  
 My blow, despoil'd of all its royal honours,  
 Too plainly shows the ravages of time  
 Besides all that, a thousand schemes engross  
 My care, you hear the shouts of troops prepared  
 To start forthwith , once more I man the vessels  
 That brought us Nuptial rites would ill consort  
 With huffed flight, nor can I let you share  
 My shatter'd foitunes m this desp'rate quest  
 But think no more of Phamaces , for justice  
 Claims sacrifice on your part as on mine  
 I will not suffer this lebellious son  
 Whom I have bamsh'd from my sight for ever,  
 To own a heart which was domed to me,  
 And bring it into friendship with the Romans  
 My throne is due to you , far from regretmng  
 The gift, there will I place you ere I go,  
 If only you consent that one so dear  
 To me, a son worthy a father's love,  
 That Xiphares in short shall take my place,  
 Wed you, and wreak my vengeance on the traitor

MONIMA

Who ' Xiphares, my lord '

MITHRIDATES

Ay, Madam, he

Whence comes this agitation at his name ?

SCENE 5.]

MITHRIDATES.

What leads you to object to choice so just ?  
Is it disdain that reason cannot quell ?  
He, I repeat it, is my second self,  
Victorious in the field, a son who loves me,  
By me beloved, the foe of Rome, the heir  
Of my renown that will revive in him.  
And, whatsoever pledge you may have taken,  
'Tis only to his hands that I'll resign you.

MONIMA.

What say you ? Gracious Heav'n ! Can you approve  
Oh, why, my lord, why try me so severely ?  
Cease to torment a soul unfortunate.  
I know that I was destined to be yours,  
I know this very moment at the altar  
The victim stands to seal our marriage bond.  
Come.

MITHRIDATES.

I see clearly, do whate'er I may,  
You fain would keep yourself for Pharnaces.  
I find your scorn is as unjust as ever,  
Passing from me to my unhappy son.

MONIMA.

I scorn him ?

MITHRIDATES.

Let us speak of it no more.  
Pursue the shameful flame that lures you on.  
While with my son far from your sight I go  
To the world's end, seeking a glorious death,  
Stay here to share his brother's degradation,  
And to the Romans sell a father's blood.  
Come : can I better punish your disdain  
Than by committing you to hands so vile ?  
No longer shall your honour be to me  
Matter of moment, you shall be forgotten.  
Come, Madam. I am going to unite you.

MONIMA.

Punish me rather with a thousand deaths!

MITHRIDATES

Mere subterfuge' 'Tis idle to resist

MONIMA

To what extremity am I reduced'  
 But after all I cannot think that you  
 Could force yourself so long to act a part  
 Heav'n is my witness that I aim'd to please you,  
 And to its destiny my soul submitted  
 But if to any weakness I had yielded,  
 Had I been bound to fortify my heart  
 Against alarm, believe me, my good lord,  
 I ne'er had shed a tear for Pharnaces,  
 The son whom you esteem, whose image lives  
 Within your heart, whose victories have curb'd  
 The insolence of Rome, your second self,  
 That Xiphares whom you would have me love—

MITHRIDATES

You love him ?

MONIMA

Had the Fates not made me yours,  
 To be his bride were happiness supreme  
 Before this pledge of your affection reach'd me,  
 We loved each other You change countenance'

MITHRIDATES

No, no It is enough Go, and I'll send him  
 To you I must be busy, time is precious  
 I see that you are willing to obey me,  
 I am content

MONIMA (*going away*)

Heav'n grant this be no trick '

*Scene 6.*

## MITHRIDATES.

They love each other, I have been befool'd.  
 Ah ! thou ungrateful son, thy death shall pay  
 For all. I know how thou has stol'n from me  
 My soldiers' hearts by virtues well assumed  
 And martial glory. But my stroke shall fall  
 Sure on the traitor; I will scatter far  
 The seeds of mutiny, forestall rebellion,  
 And keep no troops but such as I can trust.  
 But I must still dissimulate, nor go  
 Hence with a frown that may displeasure show.

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

MONIMA, PHÆDIMA.

## MONIMA.

Oh, in the name of Heav'n, dear Phœdima,  
 Bo what I wish, see what is going on,  
 And bring me word. My heart is ill at ease,  
 Torn by a thousand terrible suspicions.  
 Why tarries Xiphares ? What holds him back,  
 Now, when his father's sanction crowns his vows ?  
 His father said that he would send him hither—  
 But may he not have feign'd, finding it needful  
 To disavow the truth ? While I disclosed  
 My inmost heart—Has Heav'n abandon'd me,  
 And suffer'd my unguarded love to bring  
 Upon my lover's head the King's resentment ?  
 When thou, dear Prince, with passionate entreaty  
 Didst urge me to confess my cherish'd secret,  
 Full twenty times I cruelly refused,

And even punish'd thee for having torn  
 The veil aside, yet when thy sue, perchance,  
 Distrusts thee, when thy very life's in danger,  
 I speak and, but too easily deceived,  
 Point out the fatal spot to pierce thy heart '

## PHÆDIMA

Nay, Madam, treat the King with less injustice,  
 He is too great to stoop to tricks so mean  
 What need was his to tread the paths of guile ?  
 Before him to the altar you were bound  
 Without a muimur Would he slay a son  
 So fondly loved ? Nothing has pass'd to show  
 His promise false He told you that a scheme  
 Momentous must to-morrow take him hence  
 Against his will, this occupies his thoughts,  
 And, hastening his departure, on the shore  
 He orders all himself, and mans his ships,  
 While Xiphares accompanies his steps  
 Where'er he goes Is this a rival's fury ?  
 What has he done to contradict his words ?

## MONIMA

Yet Pharnæes, arrested by his order,  
 Finds him a nval haish and unrelenting  
 Will Xiphares be treated with more favour ?

## PHÆDIMA

He punishes in him the friend of Rome,  
 His just displeasure needs no other spur

## MONIMA

I grant you right, and, so far as I can,  
 Believe you Grief grows calmer while you speak  
 But Xiphares still comes not Why is this ?

## PHÆDIMA

Lovers expect too much' Fam would they have  
 All things give way to feed their fond desires'  
 Chafing against the smallest obstacle—

MONIMA.

Who could conceive this marvel, Phoedima ?  
 After two years of sorrow—ah, you know  
 How sore a burden,—I can breathe once more !  
 Dear Prince, shall I indeed see thee mine own,  
 And, so far from endangering thy life,  
 May I admit a love so long resisted,  
 As consonant with duty and with virtue!  
 May I each day assure thee that I love thee!  
 Why comes he not ?

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, XIPHARES, PHÆDIMA.

MONIMA.

Of you, Sir, I was speaking,  
 And longing in my heart to see you here,  
 To tell you—

XIPHARES

I must now bid you farewell!

MONIMA.

Farewell ?

XIPHARES.

Yes, Madam, and for all my life.

MONIMA.

What say you ? I was told—I've been betray'd !

XIPHARES.

Madam, I know not what insidious foe  
 Has sought my ruin, and betray'd our secrets;  
 But now the King, whom Pharnaces in vain  
 Tried to inflame against us, knows our hearts.  
 He hides his purpose under mock caresses;  
 But I, brought up as I have been beside him

And grown familiar with his every mood,  
 Have lead appioachmg vengeance m his looks  
 He sends away in haste all whom *my* woes  
 Might rouse to indignation and revolt  
 I see how forced and false are all his favours  
 Arbates by a single word confirm'd  
 My dread, and thus with tearful eyes address'd me  
 " Save yourself, fly," said he, " for all is known "  
 This made me shudder at the thought of danger  
 To you , 'tis that concern which brings me hither,  
 I fear what you may do, and on my knees  
 Entreat you to have pity on yourself  
 Your life is m the power of one whose rage  
 Too seldom spares the blood he holds most dear,  
 I dare not tell you to what cruelty  
 The jealousy of Mithridates oft  
 Impels him It may be that I alone  
 Incur his wrath, and he will pardon you  
 Dergn to appease him, m the name of Heav'n ,  
 Do not provoke him by a fresh refusal  
 The less you love him, strive the more to win  
 His favour, hide your feelings, and lemember  
 He is my father Be content to live,  
 And leave my woe this solace, that your tears  
 Are all that I have cost you

MONIMA

Ah' 'tis I

Have lum'd you '

XIPHARE&

My noble Momma,  
 Blame not your kindness for the ills that crush me  
 I am a wretch whom evil fate pursues,  
 'Tis she who robs me of my father's love,  
 Makes him my rival, made my mother rrse  
 Against him, and has roused a secret foe  
 At this disastrous moment to betray us

MONIMA

What' Is the traitor still to you unknown ?

XIPHARES.

To add to my distress, I know him not.  
 Happy were I if, ere my own destruction,  
 I might transfix that false and treacherous heart!

MONIMA.

Then from my lips learn who this monster is.  
 It needs not to search far to find your foe :  
 Let no regard restrain you, strike, my lord:  
 The guilt is mine, 'tis me you have to punish.

XIPHARES.

You!

MONIMA.

With what depths of cunning cruelty  
 He took my tender feelings by surprise !  
 How well did he affect to love you truly !  
 So pleas'd he seem'd that I should be your bride,  
 Who would have thought—but no, love should have been  
 More cautious than to trust to specious falsehood.  
 The gods, whose guidance I have follow'd ill,  
 Thrice warn'd me secretly to hold my peace.  
 I should have still kept silence, and maintain'd—  
 Yes ; it is I have been your evil fate ;  
 I should have dreaded that his gifts were poison'd ;  
 And, should you pardon me, I shall become  
 My own tormentor.

XIPHARES.

Was it then your love  
 Exposed me to this storm ? Springs bitterness  
 From source so sweet, and has excess of fondness  
 Betray'd our secret ? To have made me happy  
 Needs no excuse. What would I more ? I die,  
 Faithful and proud. Another fate invites  
 You to the throne ; no more resist that summons ;  
 Wed Mithridates, and consent to reign.

MONTMA.

What ! Do you ask me to espouse a savage  
 Whose hateful love parts you and me for ever ?

## XIPHARES

Remember you are pledged to be his bride  
This morning, and to see me nevermore

## MONIMA.

Ah, then I knew not all his cruelty  
What' shall I lend my sanction to his fury,  
And, after I have seen his dagger pierce you,  
Follow a tyrant to the marriage altar,  
And in a hand yet reeking with your blood  
Place mine—alas, the hand you loved to hold ?  
Go, seek some shelter from your father's rage,  
Nor in vain efforts to persuade me lose  
The precious moments here , the gods will teach me  
What part to play If he surprised you now—  
I hear a step Quick, ere it be too late '  
And live m patience till you learn my fate '

*Scene 3*

## MONIMA, PHCEDIMA

## PHCEDIMA

Oh what a nsk, dear Madam, did he run '  
It is the King '

## MONIMA

Go, help him to make good  
His exit Leave him not, make him secure  
His safety without learning what befalls me

*Scene 4*

## MITHRIDATES, MONIMA

## MITHRIDATES

Come, Madam, come, I have a secret reason  
For hastening my departure from this place

SCENE 4.]

MITHRIDATES.

While my devoted troops embark once more.  
Ready to follow me where'er I go,  
Come, at the altar be my promise seal'd,  
Let wedlock in eternal bonds unite us.

MONIMA.

Us, Sire?

MITHRIDATES.

You surely dare not hesitate.

MONIMA.

Did you not bid me cease to think of it ?

MITHRIDATES.

I had my reasons then; forget it, Madam.  
Think only now of answering my flame.  
Your heart, remember, is my property.

MONIMA.

Why then, Sire, did you give it back to me ?

MITHRIDATES.

What! still enamour'd of my faithless son ?  
You could not think—

MONIMA.

Have you deceived me

MITHRIDATES.

It well becomes a traitress to talk thus,  
Who, nursing in her heart illicit loves,  
When I was raising her to glory's height,  
The blackest treason had prepared for me!  
Have you forgotten, false, ungrateful woman,  
Worse than the Romans, my sworn enemies,  
From what exalted rank I dared to stoop,  
To offer you a throne, little expected ?  
See me not as I am, defeated, hunted—  
But as I was, victorious and renown'd.

Think how in Ephesus I you prefeir'd  
 To all the daughters of a hundred kings,  
 And, for your sake neglecting their alliance,  
 Laid at your feet innumerable realms  
 Ah, if the vision of another love  
 Made you insensible to gifts so splendid,  
 Why did you leave your home to find a husband  
 You hated, keeping silence till to-day ?  
 Did you postpone confession so unwelcome  
 Till Fate had robb'd me of all other treasure,  
 Till, whelm'd beneath a flood of countless evils,  
 I had no hope of happiness but you ?  
 And now, when I am willing to forgive  
 The gnevous wrong and bury its remembrance,  
 Dare you to bring the past before my eyes  
 Again, accusing him whom you have injured ?  
 I see infatuation for a traitor  
 Flatters your hopes    Gods'    How ye try my patience'  
 What was the secret charm that check'd a wrath  
 So prompt to punish with severity ?  
 Seize the brief moment that my love affords you  
 Come, this shall be my last appeal, nor draw  
 Superfluous perils on your head for one  
 Whom you shall never see again, a son  
 Who scorns me    Boast not of your faith to him ,  
 'Tis due to me    Let him be lost to mind  
 As well as sight    And hencefoith by your sense  
 Of gratitude deserve this proffer'd pardon

## MONIMA

My lord, not unremembeid is the bounty  
 That should have claim'd my loyallest obedience,  
 Whatever rank my ancestors attain'd  
 Of yore, their distant glory dazzled not  
 My eyes, that recognise how far beneath  
 So glorious a bridegroom I was born,  
 And, m despite of early predilection  
 For Xiphares, the noblest of mankind  
 After yourself, when once this diadem  
 My brow adorn'd, him and my former love  
 Did I renounce    For both agreed to make

"SCENE 4.]

MITHRIDATES.

The sacrifice. By my command he left me.  
The secret flame was dying in my breast,  
Nor did my lot seem one to be deplored,  
Since, at the cost of vows once fondly cherish'd,  
I could bring happiness to such a hero.  
'Twas you, my lord, 'twas you yourself who tore  
The bond between us, set me free again:  
That fatal love which I had crush'd and conquer'd,  
The flame I deem'd extinguish'd and forgotten  
When he who kindled it was gone for ever,  
Your wiles detected ; and I cannot now  
Disown what I confess'd ; you cannot raze  
Its memory ; the shame of that avowal,  
To which you forced me, will abide for ever  
Present before my mind, and I should think  
That you were always of my faith uncertain.  
The grave itself to me were less abhorrent  
Than marriage bed shared with a spouse who took  
Cruel advantage of my simple trust,  
And, to destroy my peace for ever, fann'd  
A flame that fired my cheek for other love  
Than his.

MITHRIDATES.

Is this your answer then ? Do you  
Reject the honour I would fain confer ?  
Ponder it well, while yet the choice is yours.

MONIMA.

No, Sire. 'Tis vain to work upon my fears.  
I know you ; nor am ignorant what woes  
I for myself prepare ; I see them all ;  
But I'm resolved, and naught can shake my purpose.  
Judge for yourself, since thus I dare to speak,  
And in my zeal forget that modesty  
By which till now I ever curb'd my tongue.  
You from my hand unwitting took the knife  
To stab a son whose secret I betray'd,  
A son whose passion bore no stain of guilt ;  
And, though he only fear'd to lose your love,  
His death must follow. Faith or love from me

Shall ne'er reward such crooked cruelty  
 Let this decide your action Slay a rebel,  
 You have me in your pow'r, spare not to use it,  
 You can command, and I can wait the sentence  
 I beg but one thing ere I take my leave,  
 (Justice demands this tribute to desert.)  
 Believe me the sole traitor, no accomplice  
 Have I, and full success would crown your wishes,  
 Did I but heed the wishes of your son

*Scene 5*

**MITHRIDATES**

She leaves me ' And in silence like a coward  
 I seem to sanction her audacious flight'  
 My heart is almost ready to pronounce  
 Myself too cruel, and to take her side'  
 Who am I ? Is this Momma ? Am I  
 No longer Mithndates ? Rage returns  
 No lingering love shall make me pardon her  
 Three wretched victims shall appease my fury  
 At once, ere I set sail with Rome before me  
 This sacrifice shall render Heav'n propitious  
 'Tis right, 'tis easy , all the most seditious  
 Who might have help'd them have been far removed  
 No matter which I love or which I hate,  
 First Xiphares himself shall meet his fate  
 What am I saying ? These are words of madness '  
 Who is it thou wilt sacrifice ? Thy son,  
 The dread of Rome, who may avenge his sire '  
 Why should I shed blood to myself so precious ?  
 Ah' fallen as I am and brought so low,  
 Find I those friends too many who are left me ?  
 Nay, let me rather foster his affection ,  
 I need a sword of vengeance, not a mistress  
 Since I must lose her, would it not be better  
 To yield her to this son whose life I value ?  
 Ay, let me give her up'

A vain attempt,

**SCENE 6.]****MITHRIDATES.**

That only shows how feeble is the heart  
Which seeks its own deception. Still inflamed,  
It will not cease—

Ah! hers is guilt beyond  
Pardon. But pity checks my timid hand.  
Have I not punish'd others who were found  
Less faithless? O my Monima! My son!  
O futile wrath! What triumph, Rome, were thine,  
If thou should'st hear the tidings of my shame,  
And how conflicting feelings thus unman me!

What pains I took, fearing domestic treason,  
To arm my life against all kinds of poison!  
By long and careful study I have learn'd  
How best to neutralize their fatal pow'r.  
Ah! 't would have been a wiser, happier course,  
Forestalling danger from th' assaults of love,  
To fortify a heart, already frozen  
By age, 'gainst passion's hot envenorn'd cup!  
How shall I 'scape these toils that close around me?

*Scene 6.***MITHRIDATES, ARBATES.****ARBATES.**

Sire, all your troops refuse to go, detain'd  
By Pharnaces, who has to them reveal'd  
That for fresh warfare you are bound for Rome.

**MITHRIDATES.**

What! Pharnaces!

**ARBATES.**

His guards he first seduced,  
And the mere name of Rome alarms the boldest.  
A thousand frightful dangers they imagine:  
Some in their vehemence embrace the shore,  
Others, who were aboard, plunge in the waves.  
Or flash their weapons in the sailors' eyes.  
Confusion reigns, our orders disregarded;

Peace they demand, and talk of self surrender  
 And Phamaces, who flatters all their wishes,  
 Heads them, and offers in the name of Rome  
 The peace they ask

**MITHRIDATES**

Traitor' Let Xiphaies  
 Be summoned quickly, let him follow me,  
 And lend me succour

**ARBATES**

What he means I know not,  
 But to the port he suddenly has flown  
 And, follow'd by a band of trusty friends,  
 They say he has been seen among the rebels  
 And that is all I know

**MITHRIDATES**

What news is this '  
 Traitors ' Too long has vengeance been delay'd '  
 I fear them not, despite their insolence,  
 My presence will put down this mutiny  
 Ah ' let me only see them, and before  
 Then eves this hand shall slay two impious sons

*Scene 7*

**MITHRIDATES, ARBATES, ARCAS**

**ARCAS**

Sue all is lost' The rebels, Pharnaces,  
 The Romans, all are crowding thick around us

**MITHRIDATES**

The Romaib '

**ARCAS**

Ay, the shore is full of them,  
 And you will be be'eaguer'd here full soon

MITHRIDATES.

Hence, then, in Heav'n's name!

(To MONIMA )

Hear me, perjured Princess,  
No profit shall you reap from my misfortune !

ACT V.

Scene 1.

MONIMA, PHCEDIMA.

PHCEDIMA.

Whither, dear Madam, haste you ? What blind passion  
Makes you lay impious hands upon yourself ?  
What! You have tried with criminal intent  
To desecrate this sacred diadem !  
See how kind Heav'n, more merciful than you,  
This fatal noose has broken in your hands !

MONIMA.

Why will you obstinately thwart my wishes ?  
I long to die. Why would you have me live ?  
My Xiphares is dead. The King's despair  
Looks for naught better than assured destruction.  
What fruit expect you from your rude presumption ?  
Mean you to give me up to Pharnaces ?

PHCEDIMA.

Ah! wait at least till tidings, of whose truth  
We cannot doubt, confirm his brother's death.  
May it not be that, in the wild confusion  
Of which we hear, men's eyes have been deceived ?  
At first, you know, a scandalous report  
Ranged Xiphares upon the rebels' side;

**And** now they tell us these same mutineers  
 In cruel rage have turn'd their arms against **him**  
 One tale confutes the other Deign to listen—

## MONIMA

Nay, Xiphares is dead, I cannot doubt it  
 Nor has th' event belied my expectation  
 E'en if the fatal news had fail'd to reach me,  
 His death were no less sure, I know his courage,  
 And how his name is hateful to the Romans  
 Long have they thirsted for such noble blood  
 Rome's triumph now, alas, is but too certain'  
 What enemy opposed his hand to theirs ?  
 Wretch that I am, I dare not shift the blame  
 On others Momma, to thee he owes  
 His wotul fate , open thine eyes and see  
 Thy guilt m all his sufferings, thou hast arm'd  
 A host against his life How could he 'scape  
 So many blows ? The Romans and his brother  
 Were not enough, I to his father's wrath  
 Exposed him, I—the fatal torch of discord,  
 The Fury that Rome's demon bred and nursed  
 To ard them—I it was who fann'd the fire  
 Of mutual jealousy to conflagration  
**Yet** do I live, and wait till Pharnaces,  
 Bespatter'd with their blood, comes in the tram  
 Of Roman victors, and before mine eyes  
 Displays his savage joy Death to despair  
 Opens more ways than one your cruel kindness  
 In vain would bar swift passage to the tomb,  
 E'en m your arms I shall not miss the goal  
 Thou fatal band, ill-omen'd diadem,  
 The instrument and witness of my woes,  
 A thousand times bedew'd with scalding tears,  
 Could'st thou not do me this poor piece of service,  
 To rid me of my life and all its anguish ?  
 Go, object hateful to my weary eyes  
 Some other instrument will ard me better  
 Perish the day, curst be the fatal hand  
 That bound thee first upon this aching **brow** '

SCENE 2.]

MITHRIDATES.

PHCEDIMA.

See, Areas comes ! Heav'n grant that he appears  
With tidings which may banish all your fears !

*Scene 2.*

MONIMA, PHCEDIMA, ARCAS.

MONIMA.

Say, is all over ? and has Pharnaces—

ARCAS.

Ask me not what has happen'd. I am charged  
With sterner duty, Madam, and this poison,  
Sent by the King, tells you his will and pleasure.

PHCEDIMA.

Unhappy Princess !

MONIMA.

O surpassing joy !  
Give it me, Arcas. Tell the King who sends it,  
Of all the gifts his bounty has bestow'd  
This is the one most welcome, most desired.

I breathe at last with freedom, saved by Heav'n  
From those whose irksome care forced me to live.  
For once he leaves me mistress of my fate,  
Nor interferes to check me in my choice.

PHCEDIMA.

Alas!

MONIMA.

Repress your cries, this happy moment  
Must not be troubled with unworthy tears.  
Your love, my Phædima, had better cause  
To weep, when I was honour'd with a title  
Pregnant with woe, when, torn from my sweet home,  
They dragg'd your mistress to this savage clime.

Now to that happy land return, and should  
 The name of Momma be there remember' d,  
 Say what you see, tell the sad history  
 Of all my glory, faithful Phcedima

And thou, with whom, parted by envious Fate  
 For ever from a heart that held thee dear,  
 I may not ask even to share the tomb  
 To which I go, receive this sacrifice,  
 Heroic soul, and may this poison now  
 Be my atonement for my lover's blood '

*Scene 3*

MONIMA, ARBATES, PHCEDIMA, ARCAS

ARBATES

Stop ' Stop'

ARCAS

What is it that you do, Arbates ?

ARBATES

Stop' I'm the bearer of the King's command

MONIMA

Ah ! leav e me—

ARBATES (*throwing down the poison*)

Cease, I tell you Suffer me  
 To execute the pleasure of the King  
 Live, Madam Haste to Mithndates, Arcas ,  
 Tell him success has crown'd my zealous service

*Scene 4.*

MONIMA, ARBATES, PHÆDIMA.

MONIMA.

Cruel Arbates, why prolong the woes  
I suffer? Was my punishment too mild?  
And does the King grudge me an end so sudden;  
A single death too little to content him?

ARBATES.

You soon shall see him, and I feel assured  
Your tears for him will mingle with mine own.

MONIMA.

What! Is the King—

ARBATES.

The King's last hour draws nigh,  
His eyes will never see another sun.  
I left him bleeding, borne upon a litter,  
And, weeping, by his side went Xiphares.

MONIMA.

Great Heavens! Xiphares! Am I awake?  
I tremble, and can scarce believe mine ears.  
Is he yet living? Xiphares, for whom—

ARBATES.

He lives, with glory crown'd, with grief o'erwhelm'd.  
The tidings of his death, here spread abroad,  
Not you alone have needlessly alarm'd.  
The Romans, crying out in all directions  
The fatal news, chill'd ev'ry hopeful heart.

The King, himself deceived, shed bitter tears,  
And, looking forward henceforth to defeat  
As certain, by a rebel son hard press'd,  
Despairing of relief, and all but forced

To yield, and seeing, to increase his pangs,  
The Roman eagle with his standards borne  
Against him, to no higher aim aspired  
Than to avoid the shame of a surrender  
Into their hands alive First he tried poisons,  
Such as he knew most deadly in effect,  
He found them all harmless and impotent  
" Vain help," said he, " too long with anxious care  
This body have I strengthen'd to resist  
All poisons, baffled by my own success  
Some aid more certain I must now attempt,  
And seek a death more fatal to my foes "  
He speaks, and bids the palace gates be thrown  
Wide open, in defiance of their numbers  
When they beheld those eyes whose noble fury  
Had spread such frequent terror thro' then ranks,  
You might have seen them all fall back amazed,  
Leaving wide interval 'tween us and them,  
While some, already struck with panic, ran  
And sought a refuge in the ships that brought them  
But, reassured—oh Heav'n's '—by Pharnaces,  
And shame withm their hearts awakening valoui,  
They take fresh courage, they attack the King,  
Round whom I rallied a small band of heroes  
Who could relate what feats incredible,  
While flash'd his sword as fiercely as his eyes,  
His arm perform'd in this the closing scene  
That brought him to the pinnacle of glory ?  
Weary at last, cover'd with blood and dust,  
He stood at bay behind a wall of corpses  
Another force advanced in arras against us ,  
The Romans all, ceasing to fight elsewhere,  
Jom'd with united strength to overwhelm him  
Then said he —" Dear Arbates, 'tis enough ,  
My fury has outrun my failing pow'rs  
Yet never will I yield myself alive "  
So saying in his breast he plunged his sword ,  
But Fate refused to free his mighty soul,  
And in my arms with gaping wound he lay  
Exhausted, chafing at death's slow approach,  
And vex'd that life still linger'd in his veins,

He could not speak, but raised his heavy hand,  
 And laid it on his heart, as if to ask  
 A surer stroke from me, to make an end.  
 While I, possess'd with overmastering grief,  
 Was minded rather to destroy myself,  
 With loud and sudden shouts the air was rent.  
 And I beheld a sight most marvellous.  
 From ev'ry quarter fled routed and vanquished  
 The Romans to their ships, with Pharnaces ;  
 And drawing near my dazzled eyes discern'd  
 Victorious Xiphares in hot pursuit.

MONIMA.

Oh, Heav'n is just!

ARBATES.

The faithful Xiphares  
 Had by his brother's orders been surrounded  
 When in the thickest of the fray, but he  
 After hard fighting had at last escaped  
 The rebels and regain'd his little band.  
 E'en in the jaws of death, with keen delight  
 Across a thousand corpses had he hewn  
 His way victorious to his father's side.  
 Alas ! What horror to that joy succeeded  
 Lifeless he would have fallen at his feet,  
 Had we not rush'd opposing his despair.  
 The dying King at that sad moment fix'd  
 His eye on me, and said with feeble voice :—  
 " Run, if there yet is time, and save the Queen ! "  
 My fears aroused for you, for Xiphares,  
 Suspecting secret orders had been giv'n,  
 All weary as I was, alarm and zeal  
 Inspired fresh strength and to my feet lent wings;  
 And some relief it is, 'mid all our woe,  
 Thus to have warded off this latest blow.

MONIMA.

Ah me! At this sad end of all his greatness  
 My horror-stricken heart is thrill'd with pity.  
 I would to Heav'n that I had had no share

In such a consummation of disaster,  
 And free from self-accusing thoughts might weep  
 Merely to witness woe so terrible '  
 He comes Ah! What a piteous sight appears,  
 The father dying, and the son m tears !

*Scene 5*

MITHRIDATES, MONIMA, XIPHARES, ARBATES, PH<EDIMA,  
 ARCAS, GUARDS (*supporting MITHRIDATES*)

**MONIMA**

Alas, my lord ' How dreadful is your fate '

**MITHRIDATES**

Cease, and let both of you restrain your tears  
*(Pointing to XIPHARES )*
 From his devotion and your tenderness  
 I look for other feelings than compassion  
 My glory rather claims your admiration,  
 Sully it not with sighs and lamentation  
 As far as in me lay, I have avenged  
 The world, and death alone has balk'd my efforts  
 To strike a mortal blow at tyranny  
 The enemy of Rome, I spurn'd her yoke,  
 And in the roll of those heroic names  
 Whose hatred has opposed her, mine will stand  
 Pre-eminent for dear-bought victories  
 That fill her annals with unlucky days  
 'Twas not in HeavVs decrees that I should die  
 Amidst the ashes and the wreck of Rome  
 But my last moments by this thought are soothed,  
 Full many a foe has fallen ere I tell,  
 Full deeply have I dyed my hands with blood,  
 And I have seen the Romans fly ere death  
 Darkens my sight To Xiphares, *my son,*  
 I owe this boon , he spares my dying eyes  
 Their hateful presence To repay this service

SCENE 5.]

MITHRIDATES.

My glorious empire in its palmiest days  
Were not enough; and now for throne and scept  
I have but you. Let me present that gift;  
And all the love which for myself I claim'd  
I ask you to bestow on Xiphares,

MONIMA.

Live, my dear lord, for the world's happiness,  
Live for her liberty which rests on you  
Alone, for triumph o'er your vanquish'd foes,  
For vengeance—

MITHRIDATES.

Madam, I have done with life.  
My son, secure your safety, nor attempt  
Resistance against numbers so immense.  
Soon will the Romans, goaded on by shame,  
Return, and like a flood sweep all before them.  
Waste not the precious moments their retreat  
Affords, in vain devotion at my tomb.  
So many lifeless Romans lying round me  
Are a sufficient tribute to my ashes.  
Your name and person for a time conceal;  
Go, and reserve yourself—

XIPHARES.

How can I fly  
Ere Pharnaces is punish'd? Let me curb  
The pride of Rome—

MITHRIDATES.

Nay, I command you hence.  
Sooner or later Pharnaces must perish:  
Trust to the Romans for his recompense.  
But strength is ebbing fast; I feel that life  
Is all but ended.—Come, my son, come nearer,  
And in a last embrace, full of sweet comfort,  
Receive the parting soul of Mithridates.

MONIMA

He dies '

XIPHARES

In grief let us united be  
And search for vengeance over earth and sea\*

IPHIGENIA..

1674.



## INTRODUCTION TO IPHIGENIA.

**R**ACINE'S version of the time-honoured story of Iphigenia was acted for the first time in 1674. The model upon which it is shaped is the "Iphigenia in Aulis" of his favourite Euripides, but the French poet has heightened the romantic interest and complicated the plot by the important part which Eriphyle is made to play, a character which he derived from Pausanias and other writers, though her jealousy of Iphigenia, her treachery, and suicide, are due to his own invention. According to Æschylus and Sophocles the daughter of Agamemnon was actually slain at Aulis; and the graphic description of Lucretius which embodies this view of the catastrophe ("De Eerum Natura" lib. i. 85, etc.) has furnished Racine with one touch at least of exquisite pathos:—

"It was I  
Who call'd thee first by the dear name of father."  
(Act Iv. scene 4.)

According to Euripides a fawn was substituted for the maiden by divine interposition at the last moment, and Iphigenia herself was spirited away in a cloud to serve as priestess at the shrine of Artemis (Diana) among the Tauri, the savage inhabitants of what is now the Crimea. Ovid in his "Metamorphoses" (lib. xii. 31, etc.) adopts this myth, and the genius of Goethe has presented it afresh to the modern world in a drama which bears as close a relation to the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides, as this play does to the "Iphigenia in Aulide." The tradition that Racine has followed introduces another Iphigenia, a daughter of Helen by Theseus, as the actual victim. How far he has succeeded in disarming our sympathy with Eriphyle is a matter that admits of dispute, but there is at least a dramatic justice in representing her destruction as the result of her own treachery.

## CHARACTERS

AGAMEMNON

ACHILLES

ULYSSES

CLYTEMNESTRA, *Wife of Agamemnon*

IPHIGENIA, *Daughter of Agamemnon*

HELEN, *Daughter of Helen and of Theseus\**

  } *Servants of Agamemnon*

EURYPIA,

CECROPIA, *Attendant of Clytemnestra*

DORIS, *Friend of Erphyle*

GUARDS

The scene is laid at Aulis in the tent of Agamemnon

# IPHIGENIA.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

AGAMEMNON, ABCAS.

AGAMEMNON.

Ay, it is Agamemnon, 'tis thy King  
That wakes thee ; his the voice that strikes thine ear.

ABCAS.

Is't thou indeed, my lord ? What grave concern  
Has made thee leave thy couch before the dawn ?  
A feeble light scarce lets me see thy face,  
No eyes but ours are open yet in Aulis.  
Hast thou caught any sound of rising winds ?  
And can it be that Heav'n has heard our pray'r  
This night ? Nay, all are sleeping,—winds and waves  
As sleeps the host.

AGAMEMNON.

Happy the man content  
With humble fortune, free from the proud yoke  
'Neath which I bow, who lives a life obscure,  
Thanks to kind Heav'n !

ARCAS.

**How long, my lord, hast thou**  
Thought thus ? What secret injury has work'd  
This hatred and contempt of all the honours  
That Heav'n's rich bounty has on thee bestow'd ?

Blest as king, sire, and husband, son and heir  
 Of Atreus, the most favour'd land in Greece  
 Is thme, and thou canst boast kinship with Jove  
 Both by dnect descent as well as marriage ,  
 And young Achilles now, to whom the gods  
 Promise such fame by all their oracles,  
 Sues for thy daughter's hand, and at the flames  
 Of burning Troy would light the nuptial torch  
 What glory, Sire, what triumphs can be match'd  
 With this grand sight display'd along these shores ,  
 A thousand vessels and a score of kings,  
 All waiting here but for the winds to sail  
 'Neath thy command ? 'Tis true this tedious calm  
 Delays thy conquests, and, for three months chain'd,  
 The winds have block'd thy course to Troy too long  
 Supremely honour'd, thou art yet a mortal,  
 Nor has thy life from Fortune's shifting bieeze  
 Been promised happiness without alloy  
 Soon—

But what troubles, m that letter traced,  
 Force from thme eyes, my lord, a burst of tears ?  
 Is thine Orestes doom'd m infamy  
 To death ? For Clytæmnestra dost thou weep,  
 Or for Iphigenia? Prithee, tell me  
 What is writ there

AGAMEMNON

Thou shalt not dre, no, never  
 Will I consent

ARCAS

My lord'

AGAMEMNON

Thou seest my grief,  
 Learn thou its cause, and judge if I can rest  
 Thou dost remember when, m Aulis gather'd,  
 Our ships seem'd summon'd by the winds to sea  
 Our sails unfurl'd, a thousand cries of joy  
 Already carried threats to distant Troy ,  
 When, lo, a sudden marvel hush'd our shouts,

The favouring breeze deserted us in port.  
In vain the oars smote the unruffled deep,  
We were constrain'd to stop the fruitless toil.  
That wondrous portent made me turn mine eyes  
Toward the goddess who is worshipp'd here.  
With Menelaus, Nestor, and Ulysses,  
I sought her shrine and offer'd secret victims.  
What was her answer ! Ah, with what distress  
I heard these awful words from Calchas' lips :—  
" The force ye arm to conquer Troy is vain,  
Unless with rites of sacrifice and pray'r  
Upon Diana's altar here be slain  
A maid of Helen's blood, divinely fair ;  
T' obtain the welcome wind that Heav'n denie.  
'Tis needful that Iphigenia dies."

ARCAS.

Thy daughter!

AGAMEMNON.

Thou may'st fancy how I felt  
Astonishment that seem'd to freeze my blood.  
Speechless I stood, while my sole utterance  
Was in a thousand choking sighs express'd ;  
Then curs'd the gods, and, without hearing more  
Vow'd, on their altars, I would disobey them.  
Ah ! would that I had trusted love's alarm,  
And instantly disbanded all the host !  
Ulysses seem'd content with what I wish'd,  
Nor check'd the torrent of my angry words.  
But soon, returning to his cruel wiles,  
He set before me honour and the claims  
Of country, kings and people to my sway  
Subject, and sov'reignty o'er Asia promised  
To Greece ; how could I sacrifice, he ask'd,  
The State to save a daughter, and go home  
Disgraced for ever. I confess with shame,  
My pow'r had yet some charm, and I was full  
Of pride ; those sounding titles, King of kings,  
Leader of Greece, tickled my swelling heart.  
To crown my trouble, ev'ry night the gods,

Oft as light slumber gave me rest from care,  
 Avenged their cruel altars, and reproach'd  
 My sacrilegious pity, brandishing  
 The lightning's bolts before my dazzled eyes,  
 With arm already raised as if to punish  
 My fault I yielded, conquer'd by Ulysses,  
 And with wet eyes order'd my daughter's death  
 But from a mother's arms she must be torn  
 I had to have recourse to base deceit  
 Achilles loved her, and I wrote to Argos,  
 As if at his request, saying that he,  
 Eager to start with us, wish'd for her presence,  
 That he might wed her ere we sail'd for Troy

## ARCAS

Fearest thou not Achilles, quick in quarrel?  
 Dost think this hero, arm'd by love and reason,  
 Will calmly let his name be thus abused  
 To expedite her murder, and be dumb  
 Seeing his loved one slam before his eyes?

## AGAMEMNON

Achilles was not here, his father Peleus,  
 Fearing the efforts of a neighbouring foe,  
 Had, as thou wilt remember, call'd him from us,  
 And there was ev'ry cause to think this war  
 Would have detain'd him longer than it did  
 But who can stop that torrent in its course?  
 Achilles goes to fight, and wins forthwith,  
 The victor, pressing on the heels of Fame,  
 Arrived last night, and now is in the camp  
 Yet stronger motives paralyze mine arm  
 My daughter, who is hastening to her death,  
 Far from suspecting such a dreadful sentence,  
 Is pleas'd, perchance, her father is so kind,  
 My daughter—name that in itself is sacred,—  
 So near in blood, so young! Yet not for that  
 I mourn, but for her virtues and the love  
 Between us,—tenderness in me, in her  
 A piety that nothing can outweigh,  
 For which I promised a more meet return

Can I believe thy justice, gracious Heav'n,  
Approves this dark and savage sacrifice ?  
Thine oracles but put me to a test,  
And thou thyself would'st punish my obedience.  
Areas, to thee this private task I trust;  
Herein display thy prudence and thy zeal.  
The Queen, who found thee faithful when at Sparta,  
Has placed thee near my person. Take this letter,  
And go to meet the Queen without delay,  
Post-haste thy course pursuing tow'rd Mycenæ ;  
Whom when thou seest, forbid her to advance,  
Giving to her this letter I have written.  
Beware thou stray not; take a trusty guide.  
If once my daughter dear sets foot in Aulis,  
Her life is lost; Calchas, who waits her here,  
Will with a voice from Heaven drown our cries,  
The voice of angry gods, to which, alarm'd,  
The Greeks will hearken and to that alone ;  
Those too whose proud ambition loathes my glory  
Will reassert their claims with fresh intrigues,  
Rob me of pow'r offensive in their eyes—  
Go, save her from my weak irresolution.  
But prithee let not zeal outrun discretion,  
Give her no inkling of my wretched secret;  
But, still deceived, let not my daughter know  
The danger whereunto I had exposed her;  
Spare me the outcry of an angry mother,  
And with thy voice confirm what I have written.  
To send the daughter and the mother home,  
I tell them that Achilles' mind is changed,  
And that he wishes to postpone this marriage,  
For which he was so keen, till his return.  
Add that the secret of this sudden coldness  
Is thought to lie with fair young Eriphyle,  
Whom he himself from Lesbos brought, a captive,  
And who is kept at Argos with my daughter.  
That is enough to say, and on all else  
Be silent.

See how grows the light of day ;  
I hear a sound of voices. 'Tis Achilles.  
Go. And—good Heav'ns—Ulysses follows him !

*Scene 2*

AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, ULYSSES

AGAMEMNON

Prince, can it be with such a rapid course  
 That victory has brought thee back to Auhs ?  
 Are these the first flights of an unfledged valour ?  
 What triumphs will succeed such grand exploits !  
 All Thessaly reduced to peace, and conquest  
 Of Lesbos made while waiting our departure,  
 These would be trophies of eternal glory  
 To any other, but to thee the sport  
 Of idle moments

ACHILLES

Sir, my slight successes  
 Are too much praised    May Heav'n that now detains us,  
 Soon show a nobler field to rouse the heart  
 That fam would prove itself worthy of prize  
 So rare as that thou off'rest    But, *my lord*,  
 Am I to trust a rumour that I hear  
 With joy ? Dost deign so to promote my wishes ?  
 Am I so soon the happiest of mortals ?  
 'Tis said Iphigema comes to Auhs,  
 And soon our fortunes will be hnk'd together

AGAMEMNON

My daughter ?    Who has told thee she comes hither ?

ACHILLES

What is there to astonish thee m this ?

AGAMEMNON (*aside to ULYSSES*)

Heavns ' Can my fatal stratagem have reach'd  
 His ears '

ULYSSES

The King's astonishment is just  
 Dost thou forget how dark is all around us ?

SCENE 2.]

IPHIGENIA.

Nay, by the gods, this is no time for weddings !  
While idly float our vessels, from the sea  
Shut out, our forces wasting, and all Greece  
Perturb'd, when, to avert the wrath of Heav'n,  
We may be call'd on to spill blood most precious,  
Achilles thinks of love and love alone!  
Will he so rudely flout the general fear ?  
And shall the Grecian Leader so provoke  
The Fates as here and now to celebrate  
A marriage feast ? Ah, is it thus thy soul  
With patriotic fervour shares the woe  
Of Greece ?

ACHILLES.

Which loves her more, thou or myself,  
Our deeds shall prove on the wide plains of Troy :  
Till then I leave thee to display thy zeal,  
Nor will I interrupt thy pious prayers  
On her behalf. With victims load the altars,  
Thyself consult the entrails, and inquire  
Why Æolus imprisons all the winds :  
But I, resigning all such cares to Calchas,  
Must crave thy kind permission to despatch  
A marriage inoffensive to the gods.  
But thirst for glory will not let me rest,  
Soon on this strand will I rejoin the Greeks;  
'Twould vex me sorely if another foot  
Than mine should first land on the Trojan shore.

AGAMEMNON.

Oh, why does Heav'n with secret envy stirr'd,  
Close all approach to Asia 'gainst such heroes ?  
Have I beheld so noble a display  
Of zeal, but to return more sick at heart ?

ULYSSES.

Gods! How is this ?

ACHILLES

What dost thou dare to say?

AGAMEMNON

That each and all, brave prince, must hence retne ,  
That, lured too long by hopes that have deceived us,  
We vainly wait for winds that will not come  
Heav'n shelters Troy, and signifies its wrath  
By supernatural obstacles that bar  
Our passage thither

ACHILLES

By what signs has Heav'n  
Declared its wrath ?

AGAMEMNON

Thou knowest thine own fato  
Predicted by the gods,—foigive my freedom  
To thee have they assigned great Ilium's fall,  
But, as the price of such a glorious conquest,  
Thy tomb is mark'd out on the plains of Troy ,  
We know thy life, that else were long and happy,  
Is destined there to pesh in its prime

ACHILES

Shall then so many kings, met to avenge  
Thee and thine house, turn home disgraced and shamwed  
For ever ? And shall Paris, in his love  
Triumphant, keep unharm'd thy consoit's sister ?

AGAMEMNON

Has not thy valour, pi nice, outstripping ours,  
Sufficiently avenged our wounded honour?  
Unhappy Lesbos, by thine hands laid waste,  
Strikes terror into all th' Ægean isles  
Troy has beheld the flames, and to her ports  
The waves have roll'd charr'd beams and mangled corpses  
Nay more,—the Trojans weep another Helen,  
Whom to Mycenæ thou hast sent a captive  
For 'tis in vain to keep that birth a secret  
Which pride and beauty in each glance betray,  
Her very silence marks nobility,  
**And** tells us her illustrious origin

## ACHILLES.

No, no, all this is plausible evasion :  
Dim in far distance are the secrets known  
To Heav'n. Shall I be daunted by vain threats,  
And shun the path of honour in thy track ?  
The Fates, 'tis true, when to a mortal's couch  
My mother came, warn'd her *my* choice would lie  
Between a life long and inglorious,  
Or else an early death with fame to follow.  
But, since I soon or late must reach the tomb,  
Shall I, a useless burden on the earth,  
And chary of the blood a goddess gave,  
Wait with my father for obscure old age,  
And, scorning glory, leave behind no name  
To outlive death ? Away with obstacles  
Unworthy ! Honour speaks, it is enough ;  
That is my oracle. The gods command  
Our span of life, but in our own hand rests  
Our glory. Why should we torment ourselves  
With what belongs to Heaven ? Be it ours  
To rival the Immortals, and, let fate  
Act as it will, embrace the course that leads  
To destinies as mighty as their own.  
That goal is Troy, and, warn me as they may,  
I ask no other boon than winds to waft  
Me thither ; and tho' I alone should wage  
This war, Patroclus and myself will wreak  
Your vengeance. But not so, to thee is giv'n  
The task, I only crave a follower's place.  
No more I urge approval of the passion  
Which for a time would part me from these shores ;  
That very love, careful of thy renown,  
Prompts me to stay, and by a firm example  
Encourage all the army, nor consents  
To leave thee to be sway'd by timid counsels.

*Scene 3*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES

ULYSSES

You hear, my lord whatever price it cost,  
He is resolved to speed his course to Troy  
We fear'd his love, and, happily mistaken,  
To-day he aims our hands against himself

AGAMEMNON

Alas'

ULYSSES

What must I deem this sigh portends ?  
Is it a protest of reluctant nature /  
And has a single night sufficed to shake  
Your purpose ? Did your heart speak in the words  
Just heard ? Think well you owe to Greece your daughter,  
Your word is pledged to us, and on that promise  
Calchas relying to the Greeks foretells  
The sure return of favourable winds  
If the event conflicts with his prediction,  
Think you that Calchas can continue silent,  
That he will be persuaded to allow  
The gods are false, without accusing you ?  
Who knows what in their wrath, that seems them just,  
The Greeks may do, defrauded of their victim ?  
Beware of forcing an indignant people  
To make their choice between the gods and you  
Was it not you yourself whose urgent voice  
Summon'd us all to far Scamander's banks,  
From town to town appealing to those oaths  
Which Helen's suitors took in former days,  
When all your brother's rivals throughout Greece  
Sought her in marriage from Tyndareus  
Her sire ? Whatever bridegroom she might choose,  
His right we then swore stoutly to defend,  
And should his prize be stolen, we engaged  
To bring him the presumptuous robber's head

But without you that oath, which love imposed,  
Would with that love have pass'd and been forgotten  
**You** made us loose the later ties that bound  
**Our** hearts to home, leaving our wives and children.  
And when, assembled here from land and sea,  
The eyes of all flash vengeance for your sake ;  
When Greece, already voting you her leader,  
Owns you the author of this grand emprise ;  
When all her kings, who might dispute that rank  
With you, are ready in your cause to risk  
Their very lives ; lo, only Agamemnon  
Eefuses to buy victory and fame  
With a few drops of blood, and, sore dismay'd  
E'en at the outset, orders a retreat!

## AGAMEMNON.

Ah, it is easy for a heart that knows  
No woe like mine to be magnanimous !  
But if you saw your son Telemachus  
Approach the altar, deck'd for sacrifice,  
That dreadful spectacle would make you blench,  
And we should see you soon exchange your scorn  
For tears, pierced with such grief as now I feel,  
And cast yourself 'tween Calchas and your boy !  
You know that I have giv'n my solemn word,  
And, if my daughter comes, she shall be slain ;  
But if a happier fate, in spite of me,  
Keeps her at home, or stops her on the way,  
Then let these savage rites be urged no more,  
Let me interpret in my daughter's favour  
This obstacle, and welcome it as sent  
By some kind god who watches o'er her life.  
Your cruel counsels have prevail'd too far,  
**And** now I blush—

*Scene 4*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, EURYBATES

EURYBATES

My lord—

AGAMEMNON

Ah, with what message

Come you ?

EURYBATES

The Queen, whose steps my haste outstripp'd,  
Will soon consign your daughter to your arms ,  
She now draws near, but for some time she lost  
The way, within these woods around the camp,  
Amid their gloomy shades we haidly found  
Again the right direction we had quitted

AGAMEMNON

Good Heaves'

EURYBATES

She also brings young Enphyle  
Who fell into Achilles' hands m Lesbos,  
And comes to Aulis, as she says, to ask  
Of Calchas what her unknown destiny  
May be Already are the tidings spread  
Of their approach, and an enchanted crowd  
Admiring view Iphigenia's charms,  
And cry aloud to Heav'n with ceaseless pray'rs  
To bless her Some greet with respectful homage  
The Queen, while others fam would **learn** the cause  
Which brings her But they all alike confess  
That if the gods never enthroned a king  
More glorious, or with equal favours ercrown'd,  
Never was father happier there yourself

AGAMEMNON

Enough, Eurybates , no w you may leave us  
T must consider what is to be done

*Scene 5.*

AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES.

AGAMEMNON.

Just Heav'n, 'tis thus, making thy vengeance sure,  
That thou dost break the web vain prudence spins '  
Would that I were at least free to let fall  
Tears that relieve the anguish of the heart!  
Sad destiny of kings ! Slaves that we are  
To fate's severity and men's opinions,  
"We see ourselves beset with witnesses,  
And the most wretched do not dare to weep.

ULYSSES.

I am no stranger to a father's weakness,  
My own heart tells me all that thou must feel,  
And, sympathizing with each troubled sigh,  
I'm more disposed to share than blame thy tears.  
But now no plea is left for love to urge  
With justice. Lo, the gods have brought their victim  
To Calchas, and he knows it. If she tarry,  
He will not fail himself to come and claim her.  
Are we not yet alone ? Indulge thy grief,  
Check not the tears that tenderness extorts.  
Mourn for the maiden's blood, mourn ; but, to soothe  
Thine anguish, think what honour thence will spring :  
See Hellespont all white beneath our oars,  
And faithless Troy in flames, her people led  
In fetters, Priam prostrate at thy knees,  
And Helen to her spouse by thee restored ;  
See the gay garlands on each lofty stern  
Of our triumphant fleet, with thee return'd  
To Aulis here, in glory that shall be  
The theme of countless ages yet unborn.

AGAMEMNON.

I know too well 'tis useless to resist.  
Go ; and the victim soon shall follow thee.

But silence Calchas until all is ready ,  
 Help me the dreadful mystery to hide,  
 While far from sight so sad a mother's steps I guide

## ACT I I

*Scene 1*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS

ERIPHYLE

Let us relieve them of our presence, Doris,  
 While in the arms of father and of husband  
 They vie in demonstration of their love,  
 Thus setting free my sorrow and their joy

DORIS

Why, Madam, acting as your own tormentor,  
 Give you yourself up to tears and misery ?  
 All is displeasing to a captive's eyes,  
 Joy vanishes with liberty, I know ,  
 But when in sorer straits we cross'd the waves,  
 Against our will, with him who conquer'd Lesbos ,  
 When in his vessel borne, a timid thrall,  
 You saw the victor who in human blood  
 Had waded, from your eyes fell fewer tears,  
 And sorrow was not then your sole employment  
 Now all smiles brightly , sweet Iphigenia  
 Is bound to you by ties of true affection ,  
 She pities you with all a sister's love,  
 And e'en at Troy you would not meet such kindness  
 You wish'd to see the place to which her father  
 Call'd her, and here at Aulis you are  
 With her Yet, strange fatality, your grief  
 Seems to increase with every step we take

ERIPHYLE

In vain, strange 'twould be if hapless Eriphyle  
 Could be a calm spectator of their joy

**SCENE 1.]****IPHIGENIA.**

Think you that my dejection ought to vanish  
At sight of happiness I may not share ?  
I see a daughter in a father's arms,  
The pride and glory of a mother's heart;  
While I, exposed to perils ever new,  
Indebted from my cradle to the care  
Of strangers, live since first I saw the light  
Without the comfort of a parent's smile.  
I know not who I am, and, worst of all,  
A dreadful oracle to ignorance  
Attaches safety, saying that the day  
That brings to light the source from which I sprang  
Must see me perish.

**BORIS.**

Nay, pursue your search  
Undaunted. Heav'n delights in mystery,  
And hides its meaning under strange disguise ;  
Losing a false name you will thus regain  
Your own. No other danger need you dread ;  
'Tis thus that Eriphyle is to perish.  
You know your name was changed in infancy.

**ERIPHYLE.**

Naught else about myself to me is known ;  
Your poor ill-fated sire, who knew the rest,  
Never vouchsafed me any further light.  
He said my proper rank should be restored  
To me in Troy, whither, alas, I thought  
To go invited, and resume the name  
Derived from royal ancestors. Already  
I seem'd to look upon that famous city.  
But Heaven brought to Lesbos fell Achilles,  
And all gave way before his dire attack.  
Your father, buried 'neath a heap of slain,  
Left me a captive, to myself unknown ;  
And there remain'd of all my promised greatness  
To me, the slave of Greeks, naught but the pride  
Of noble blood, which I am powerless  
To prove.

## DORIS

In slaying such a faithful witness,  
 How cruel, Madam, must that hand appear  
 Which did the deed ' But Calchas, famous Calchas  
 Is here, who reads the secrets of the gods  
 They deign themselves to teach him, and he sees  
 The future and the past alike unveil'd  
 He cannot fail to know your parentage  
 This camp itself is full of kind protectors  
 Wedding Achilles, soon Iphigenia  
 Will offer you a home beneath his care,  
 As promised in my presence and confirm'd  
 With oaths She looks for this as the first pledge  
 Of faith from him

## ERIPHYLE

What would you say, dear Doris,  
 If of my woes this marriage was the worst ?

## DORIS

What, Madam '

## ERIPHYLE

It surprises you to see  
 That my distress refuses consolation  
 Listen, and you will marvel that I live  
 To be a stranger, captive, and unknown  
 E'en to myself, is but a light affliction,  
 Achilles, author of the woes of Lesbos,  
 Of thme and mine, who took me prisoner,  
 Who snatch'd your father from me, and with him  
 The knowledge of my birth, whose very name  
 Should make me shudder, is of mortals dearest  
 Tome

## DORIS

Ah ! What is this you say '

## ERIPHYLE

I thought  
 To let eternal silence hide my weakness  
 But when the heart is full it overflows,

## SCENE I.]

## IPHIGENIA.

And once for all I make a true confession.  
Ask me not, on what slender hope relying,  
I learn'd to entertain this fatal love.  
I cannot charge therewith any false pity  
That my misfortunes seem'd to wake in him :  
The gods without a doubt take cruel joy  
In shooting all the shafts of their ill-will  
At me. Shall I recall the dread remembrance  
Of that sad day which cast us both in chains ?  
Long in those hands that tore me from *my* home  
I lay in darkness, lifeless and despairing.  
At last my wan eyes sought the light of day ;  
Seeing myself seized by an arm inured  
To blood, I trembled, Doris, and I fear'd  
To meet a savage conqueror's frightful frown.  
I went on board his vessel, holding him  
A hateful monster that my eyes were loath  
To look on. I beheld him ; in his face  
I saw no fierceness ; on my lips reproach  
Remain'd unutter'd, while against myself  
My heart declared, and, all my wrath forgotten,  
I could but weep, to such a gentle guide  
Submissive. Loved at Lesbos, no less dear  
Is he at Aulis. Offers of protection,  
Of sympathy and succour, all are vain,  
So works the madness that torments my heart  
Iphigenia's proffer'd hand I take  
Only, unseen, to arm myself against her,  
And thwart the happiness I cannot bear.

## DORIS.

How can a feeble spite avail to harm her ?  
Were it not better never to have left  
Mycenae, than t' encounter torture here,  
Struggling against a hopeless, hidden flame ?

## ERIPHYLE.

I wish'd to stay, my Boris, but the more  
I shunn'd the picture of her triumph here,  
So sad to me, fate drew me to these shores:

I heard a secret voice that bade me come  
 And whisper'd that my presence might relieve  
 My aching heart, and, on their joy intruding  
 With near approach, some shadow of my woe  
 Might fall, perchance, on them with fatal blight  
 That is what brings me hither, not impatience  
 To learn to whom I owe a birth so wretched  
 Or rather that their marriage may to me  
 Serve as the sentence that shall end my life  
 Yes, Doris, I will die, a sudden stroke  
 Shall bury me in the darkness of the tomb  
 My shame, heedless of parents still unknown,  
 Whom my infatuation has dishonour'd

DORIS

Ah, how I pity you ! What tyranny —

FRIPHYLE

Lo, Agamemnon and Iphigema !

*Scene 2*

AGAMEMNON, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

IPHIGENIA

Whither so fast away ? What urgent need  
 Calls thee, my lord, so soon from our embrace ?  
 To what shall I impute this hasty flight ?  
 With due respect I yielded to the Queen  
 The earliest greeting May I not, in turn,  
 Detain thee for a moment, and display  
 The joy that—

AGAMEMNON

Yes, my daughter, let thine arms  
 Clasp me, thy father has not ceased to love thee

IPHIGENIA

Dear is that love to me How I rejoice

SCENE 2.]

IPHIGENIA.

To see thee, in new majesty resplendent!  
What pow'r and glory ! Fame had told already  
A tale of wonder which had reach'd our ears ;  
But seeing close at hand a sight so welcome,  
How my surprise and pleasure are increased!  
Ye gods ! How Greece must love and honour him !  
What bliss to be the child of such a sire !

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter, thou did'st deserve a happier father.

IPHIGENIA.

What happiness is wanting to thy wishes ?  
What king to greater honours can aspire ?  
Are not my thanks—thanks only—due to Heav'n ?

AGAMEMNON (*aside*).

Great gods ! Shall I prepare her for her fate ?

IPHIGENIA.

Why dost thou hide thy face, my lord, and sigh ?  
It seems to pain thee but to look on me.  
Have we by thee unbidden left Mycenæ ?

AGAMEMNON.

I see thee, child, with the same eyes of love  
As ever ; but, with change of time and place,  
Gladness is overmatch'd with anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Father, forget the cares of office now.  
I know we must be parted, and for long.  
Thou need'st not blush to give a father's love  
A moment's sway. Thou seest that none is near  
But a young princess who has heard me boast  
Thy tenderness to me. A hundred times  
I promised thou would'st love her for my sake,  
And made no secret of my happiness :  
What will she think of this indifference ?

Have I buoy'd up her wishes with false hopes ?  
Wilt thou not clear this trouble from thy brow ?

My daughter !

AGAMEMNON

IPHIGENIA

Speak, I hear

AGAMEMNON

Ah, no , I cannot

IPHIGENIA

Pensh the Trojan prince, who caused these ills !

AGAMEMNON

Ere that may be, 'twill cost us many a tear

IPHIGENIA

The gods with special care watch o'er thy life'

AGAMEMNON

Long have I found them cruel and unheeding

IPHIGENIA

Calchas, I hear, a solemn sacrifice  
Prepares

AGAMEMNON

To mercy ' Ah, might I first their hearts incline

IPHIGENIA

Will it soon be offer'd ?

AGAMEMNON

Sooner

Than I could wish

IPHIGENIA

Shall I be free to 30m

SCENE 3.]

IPHIGENIA.

My pray'rs with thine, shall thy glad family  
Surround the altar ?

AGAMEMNON.

Ah!—

IPHIGENIA.

Why art thou silent ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt be there, my daughter !

Fare thee well.

*Scene 3.*

XPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

IPHIGENIA.

What am I to expect from this sad greeting ?  
A secret horror makes my blood run cold :  
Against my will I dread some ill unknown.  
Just gods ! Ye know whose safety I implore !

ERIPHYLE.

'Mid anxious cares that needs must overwhelm him,  
Does but a little coldness make you tremble ?  
Alas ! What reason then have I to sigh,  
Who never knew a parent's tender care,  
Cast among strangers from my very birth,  
Not even then perchance welcomed with looks  
Of love ! If your affection by a father  
Is scorn'd, at least you have a mother's breast  
Whereon to weep. Your woe is not so keen,  
But that a lover's hand can dry your tears !

IPHIGENIA,

I'll not gainsay it. Grief itself must yield  
Ere long before the efforts of Achilles.

HIS love, his valour—ay, a daughter's duty  
 Give him just claim over my heart and soul  
 But of himself I know not what to think  
 This lover, so impatient to behold me,  
 Whom nothing could induce to leave these shores  
 Till from my distant home a father call'd me  
 To be his bride,—where is the eagerness  
 With which I deem'd him waiting to receive me ?  
 For two days past, as ev'ry hour we came  
 Nearer this place, which I so wish'd to see,  
 I thought each timid glance would light on him  
 With which I scanned the ways that led from Auhs,  
 Sending my heart far in advance to meet him,  
 And ask'd of all I saw, where was Achilles  
 At last, without his escort, we arrive,  
 Jostled and stared at by a crowd of strangers ,  
 Still he appears not Agamemnon seems  
 Afraid to let his lips pronounce his name  
 Where is he ? Who can solve this mystery ?  
 And shall I find the lover no less cold  
 Than the sad father ? Have the cares of war  
 Extinguish'd in all hearts the warmth of love ?  
 But no, unjust alarm wrongs his devotion  
 'Twas I who urged him to assist the cause  
 Of Greece He was not present when at Sparta  
 All Helen's suitors to her father took  
 Their solemn oath Alone of all the Greeks  
 Unbound by any pledge, if against Troy  
 He sails, 'tis for my sake Myself the prize  
 Sufficient, wedding me, thither he flies

*Scene 4\**

CLYTÆMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHTE, DORIS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

My daughter, we must hence without delay,  
 And save by flight your honour and my own  
 I am no more astomsh'd that your father

Seem'd overwhelm'd with sorrow and confusion  
At seeing us again : wishing to spare  
The insult of rejection, he by Areas  
Had sent this letter, only just received,  
For, as we went astray, he fail'd to find us.  
Come then, and let us save our wounded honour:  
Achilles, it would seem, has changed his mind  
About your marriage, and declines the favour  
We would bestow, postponing the espousals  
Till his return.

IPHIGENIA.

What do I hear ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

This insult

Flushes your cheek. Let pride your courage arm.  
Though, of his suit approving, it was I  
Myself who promised you to him in Argos,  
Moved by the fame of his nobility  
To wed you to the offspring of a goddess ;  
Yet, since his base repentance now belies  
Birth so divine as rumour has reported,  
It rests with us to show him who we are,  
And see in him the lowest of mankind.  
Shall we by staying longer make him think  
We wish and wait for the return of love  
To his cold heart. The nuptials he defers  
Let us dissolve. Your father has been told  
Of my intent, and comes to take farewell.  
I must make ready for our prompt departure.

*(To ERIPHYLE.)*

I do not urge you, Madam, to return  
With us ; in dearer hands I leave you here.  
Your secret schemes have come to light, nor was it  
Calchas who drew your willing steps to Aulis.

*Scene 5*

IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

IPHIGENIA

In what despair and woe these words have left me'  
Achilles then is fickle in his love '  
I must go back to Argos in disgrace '  
And 'tis not Calchas you are seeking here '

ERIPHYLE

Madam, I fail to undeistand such speech

IPHIGENIA

Nay, you can comprehend me if you will  
Fate's cruel sentence robs me of a husband ,  
Will you abandon me to my misfortune ?  
You could not stay without me at Mycenæ,  
Are we to start from Aulis without you ?

ERIPHYLE

I wish to see the prophet ere I start

IPHIGENIA

Why do you then delay to let him know it ?

ERIPHYLE

A moment more will see you on your way

IPHIGENIA

A moment sometimes clears up many doubts  
But I am pressing you too closely, Madam ,  
I see what I was loath to thmk Achilles—  
In your impatience to get rid of me—

ERIPHYLE

I? You suspect me of this treachery ?  
How can I love the cruel hand that crush'd me,

Dyed crimson in the blood of all my kin,  
That lit the blazing torch, and laid in ashes  
Lesbos—

IPHIGENIA.

Ah yes, you love him, base deceiver !  
The savage conduct that you paint so well,  
Those arms that you have seen stain'd red with gore,  
Fury and flames, and Lesbos burnt to ashes,  
All these have stainp'd his image on your heart,  
And, far from shuddering at their remembrance,  
It even gives you pleasure to repeat them.  
When your complaints were loudest, more than once  
I might have seen your thoughts, and so I did,  
But always with good-natured readiness  
Replaced the bandage from mine eyes removed.  
You love him. Ah ! What fatal misconception  
Made me receive my rival in mine arms ?  
My heart I gave her blindly, and to-day  
Pledged the protection of its perjured lover.  
Little I thought so soon to see her triumph,  
And be myself chain'd to her chariot wheels.  
The selfishness of passion I can pardon  
That robs me of the heart I deem'd mine own ;  
But not the treachery that laid a snare  
To catch me, and then suffered me, unwarn'd,  
To step therein, finding thus, far from home,  
No ardent welcome, but a cold repulse.

ERIPHYLE.

This charge is one that fills me with surprise ;  
I have not been accustom'd to such words ;  
And though the gods have long press'd hard against me,  
As yet they spared my ears a wound so grievous.  
But some excuse is due to love's injustice.  
What warning would you wish me to have giv'n ?  
Can you suppose Achilles could prefer  
To Agamemnon's daughter one who knows  
Naught of her birth save that within her veins  
Flows blood such as Achilles burns to shed ?

II.

M

## IPHIGENIA

You triumph, cruel one, and flout my wrongs,  
 Making me feel my misery the more  
 Why with the honours of my birth compare  
 Your exile, but the better to enhance  
 Your victory unjust ? But curb your transports ,  
 This Agamemnon whom you choose to mock  
 Holds sway o'er Greece, yet condescends to love  
 His daughter, and resents her injuries  
 More warmly than herself My tears in prospect  
 Moved him to sighs he sought in vain to stifle  
 Alas ! His gloomy greeting I condemn'd  
 And dared to blame his want of tenderness '

*Scene 6*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

## ACHILLES

Can it be so ? Is it yourself I see ?  
 I thought that all the camp had been deceived  
 You here in Aulis ! With what purpose come you ?  
 I heard another tale from Agamemnon

## IPHIGENIA

Be of good cheer, my lord, I will not thwart  
 Your wishes, and shall soon be gone again

*Scene 7*

ACHILLES, ERIPHYLE, DORIS

## ACHILLES

She flies from me ! Am I awake, or dreaming ?  
 Into what fresh distraction am I plunged !  
 Madam, I know not if without offence  
 Achilles may present himself before you,

SCENE 7.]

IPHIGENIA,

But if you will not scorn a foe's entreaty,  
If e'er his captive touch'd a chord of pity  
In him, you know what brings their footsteps hither,  
You know—

ERIPHYLE.

And does my lord not know it too ?  
Did not your eager love a month ago  
Desire their presence here without delay ?

ACHILLES.

A month ago I was not here myself;  
It was but yesterday that I return'd.

ERIPHYLE.

What! Was it not your love inspired the letter  
That Agamemnon to Mycenæ wrote V  
Were you not smitten with his daughter's charms—

ACHILLES.

Ay, and more captivated now than ever.  
If wishes could have carried me to Argos,  
I would myself this journey have forestalled.  
Yet she flies from me. What has been my crime ?  
I see around me none but hostile eyes:  
This very moment Calchas and Ulysses,  
With Nestor too, used all their eloquence  
In opposition to my love, and seem'd  
To urge that honour had superior claim.  
What subtle scheme can they be hatching here!  
Am I a laughing-stock to all the army ?  
I'll enter, and extort from them their secret

*Scene 8*

ERNPHYLE, DORIS

ERIPHYLE

Ye gods, who see my si ame, where shall I hide me ?  
 Pioud rival, thou art loved , yet dost thou murmur !  
 Must I at once thy triumph and repioaches  
 Endure ? Ah, rather—

But I'm much mistaken,  
 Or over them a storm, leady to burst,  
 Threatens disturbance to then happiness  
 Iphigema is deceived, Achilles  
 Mock'd, Agamemnon groans I'll not despan ,  
 And if my hatred finds support from fate,  
 I shall know how to turn it to my profit,  
 Nor weep alone, nor dre without revenge

## ACT III

*Scene 1*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTÆMNESTRA

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Tis true, my lord, we should have gone ere now  
 Far on our way to Argos, where your daughter  
 Might weep for her disgrace, leaying Achilles  
 And you m anger, had not he himself  
 Iust now, abtonish'd at our sudden flight,  
 Restram'd. us with such oaths as could not fail  
 To make us trust him, urgent tor the marriage  
 We thought postponed, while love and wrath contended  
 For mastery, disowning the false rumour,  
 Eager to know its author and confound him  
 Banibh suspicions which have marr'd our joy

## AGAMEMNON.

Yes, Madam, with my sanction you may trust him.  
I recognise the error that deceived me,  
And share your joy to th' utmost of my pow'r.  
Would you have Calchas to my family  
Unite him? Send your daughter to the altar;  
I will be there. But, ere proceeding further,  
I wish'd to speak a word with you in private.  
You see how you have brought her to a place  
Where all breathes war, not hymeneal songs.  
The tumult of a camp, soldiers and sailors  
With spears and javelins bristling round the altar,  
Offer a scene to swell Achilles' pride,  
But to your tender sight harsh and uncouth.  
Shall Greece there see the consort of their King  
Bereft of dignity and royal state?  
Hear me. Without you, let Iphigenia  
Go to this marriage, by your maids attended.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

What! Must I then, to other arms confiding  
My child, not finish what I have begun,  
And, after bringing her from Argos hither,  
Refuse to guide her footsteps to the altar!  
Is yours to be a nearer place than mine  
By Calchas? Who will give her to Achilles,  
Or order the procession as is meet?

## AGAMEMNON.

This is not Atreus' palace, where you are,  
But a rude camp—

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where all submits to you,  
Where Asia's fate is to your hands intrusted,  
Where marshall'd 'neath your sway I see the whole  
Of Greece, where Thetis' son will call me mother.  
In what proud palace upon all the earth  
Could I appear with more magnificence?

## AGAMEMNON

Deign, Madam, for the sake of the Immortals  
 From whom we spring, to grant my love this **favour**  
 I have my reasons

## CLYTÆMNESTRA

By those selfsame gods  
 Deprive me not, my lord, of sight so sweet  
 Why should my presence here make you ashamed<sup>9</sup>

## AGAMEMNON

I had hoped more from your obliging temper  
 But, since the force of reason cannot move you  
 And my entreaty has so little pow'r,  
 My tone must change to one of stern command  
 It is my will you do as I have said  
 Obey

*Scene 2*

## CLYTJEMNESTRA

What means he, cruel and unjust,  
 Thus from the marriage altar to debar me?  
 Proud of new lank, forgets he who I am ?  
 And am I deem'd unworthy to appeal  
 Beside him ? Or, timid 'mid all his pow'r,  
 Fears he that Helen's sister may bring scorn  
 On him ? Why should I hide me ? Is it fair  
 His shame should be reflected on my brow ?  
 But, since it is his will, my own submits  
 Thy happiness, *my* daughter, makes amends  
 For all Heav'n gives Achilles to thme arms,  
 And I am oveijoy'd—

But, lo, himself'

*Scene 3.*

ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTRA.

ACHILLES.

Madam, all goes according to my wishes;  
Misunderstandings clear'd, the King is pleas'd  
To trust my ardour, and, ere all is said,  
With warm embrace accepts me for a son.  
Few words express'd consent. But have you heard  
What joy your presence to the camp has brought?  
The gods will be appeas'd; Calchas proclaims  
Their reconciliation in an hour;  
That Neptune and the winds our pray'rs will grant,  
Soon as his hand the victim's blood shall spill.  
Already every ship with sails outspread  
Is turn'd tow'rd's Troy, relying on his promise.  
As for myself, tho' love were gratified  
If Heav'n were still to keep its breezes back,  
Tho' I must grieve to quit this happy shore  
Where soon for me the nuptial torch will glow;  
Yet can I fail to welcome an occasion  
To seal our marriage-bond with Trojan blood,  
And 'neath Troy's ruins bury the disgrace  
Of one whose family will then be mine.

*Scene 4.*ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTEA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE,  
DORIS, ÆGINA.

ACHILLES.

On you, dear princess, all my hopes depend ;  
Your father to our union yields consent,  
And at the altar waits. There take a heart  
Already yours.

## IPHIGENIA

'Tis not yet time to go  
 With the queen's leave, my lord, I dare to ask  
 A pledge your love should grant right willingly  
 On this young princess, for my sake, take pity  
 Heav'n on her brow has stamp'd nobility  
 Her eyes bedew'd with tears, she ever mourns  
 Her inisey , you know it, for from you  
 It came And I myself, unjustly wroth,  
 Have made her moie unhappy than before  
 I fain would counteract by timely help  
 The wrong my words have done her, if I may  
 My voice I lend her now, I can no more  
 My lord, you only can undo your work  
 She is your captrve, and at your command  
 Her chams will fall, and give my heart relief  
 Thus then inaugmate this happy day,  
 Nor let the sight of us mciease her woe  
 Show that I am about to wed a king  
 Who, not content to strike men's hearts with fear,  
 Does not confine his tame to fire and sword,  
 But, melted by the tears of one he loves  
 And in his hour of victoey disarm'd  
 By grief, can imitate the gods from whom  
 He springss

## ERIPHYLE

Yes, Sir, assuage these poignant pangs  
 Lesbos subdued, your captive I became ,  
 But 'tis to push the rights of war too far  
 To add the tormentit that I suffer here

## ACHILLES

You, Madam ?

## ERIPHYLE

Yes, my lord, all else omitted,  
 What punishment more dire can you impose  
 Than this of giving my sad eyes the pain  
 Of seeing those who persecute me happy?  
 I hear on all sides threats against my people,

I see an army raging to attack them;  
And now, to add a sorer wound, I see  
Flames to devour my country in the torch  
Of Hymen. Far from Aulis and from you,  
For ever wretched and unknown for ever,  
Let me go hide a fate that claims compassion,  
Whose bitterness these tears but half express.

ACHILLES.

Too much, fair princess! Come that, in the sight  
Of Greece, Achilles may pronounce you free.  
This hour, to me more sweet than all before,  
Shall gladden you with liberty once more.

*Scene 5.*

ACHILLES, CLYTJEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLE, ARCAS,  
ÆGINA, DORIS.

ARCAS.

Madam, all's ready for the solemn rite.  
Beside the altar the King waits his daughter;  
I come to claim her: or, more truly, Sir,  
I come for her thy succour to implore  
Against him.

ACHILLES.

Arcas, what is this ?

CLYTJSMNESTRA.

Great gods!

ARCAS (*to* ACHILLES).

Thou, Sir, and thou alone, canst now defend her.

ACHILLES.

'Gainst whom ?

ARCAS.

His name I utter with regret;

Too long already have I kept his secret;  
 The knife, the fire, the fillet, all are ready,  
 And, were the stroke on mine own head to fall,  
 I needs must speak

CLYTEMNESTRA

Explain thyself I tremble

ACHILLES

Speak, be it what may, and have no fear

ARCAS

Thou her affianced husband, thou her mother,  
 Beware, send not the princess to her father

CLYTEMNESTRA

Why, what have we to dread ?

ACHILLES

Wherefore distrust him ?

ARCAS

He at the altar waits to offer her  
 In sacrifice

ACHILLES

Her sire '

CLYTEMNESTRA

His child '

IPHIGENIA

My father'

ERIPHYLE

Ye gods, what tidings !

ACHILLES

What blind rage can arm  
 His mind against her ? Who could hear of it  
 Without a shudder ?

SCENE 5.]

IPHIGENIA.

ARCAS.

Would that I could doubt it!

By Catenas' voice the oracle demands her,  
Refusing to accept another victim ;  
The gods, who hitherto have favour'd Paris,  
At this price only promise favouring winds  
And Troy's destruction.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Can the gods command  
Foul murder!

IPHIGENIA.

For what guilt am I condemned  
To such a fate ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

No more am I surprised  
That I should 'be forbidden to approach  
The altar.

IPHIGENIA (*to* ACHILLES).

This, then, is my destined marriage-!

ARCAS.

The King devised these nuptials to deceive you:  
Deceived was all the army like yourselves.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

See how I stoop to clasp thy knees!

ACHILLES (*raising her*).

Ah, Madam!

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

I loathe my royal dignity. Forget it.  
This sad humiliation suits a lot  
Desp'rate, unless my tears can stir thy pity.  
A mother feels no shame thus at thy feet  
To fall. Alas ! it is thy bride they snatch

Out of thine arms , whose tender hopes I nursed  
 From childhood 'Twas m search of thee we reach'd  
 This fatal shore , thy name brings her to death  
 Shall she go beg for justice from the gods,  
 And clasp their altars, for her sacrifice  
 Festoon' d ? She has none other here than thee ,  
 Thou art to her a father, husband, Heav'n,  
 Her only shelter In thine eyes I read  
 Unutterable gnef With him, my child,  
 I leave thee Quit her not, but wait for me,  
 To faithless Agamemnon must I hasten,  
 And overwhelm him with indignant fury,  
 Calchas will have to find another victim  
 Or, if I cannot save my daughter's life,  
 My neck shall first be offer'd to the knife

*Scene 6*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA

ACHILLES

Madam, my tongue is silent, and my limbs  
 Seem palsied Is it to mine ears such words  
 Are spoken ? Must a mother kneel and sue  
 To me for thee, a queen fall at my feet  
 Piostrate ' And, wronging me by fears unjust,  
 Has she recourse to tears to melt *my* heart'  
 Thy life to me is dearer ihau to all  
 Besides My faithful heart claims full reliance,  
 No harm to thee can fail to touch mine honour,  
 I answer for a life that to mine own  
 Is jom'd But indignation moves me further  
 'Tis little to protect thee , to revenge  
 I run, and punishment for that vile scheme  
 Which dares to use my name for thy destruction

IPHIGENIA

Ah, stay, my lord, and deign to hear me

ACHILLES.

What!

Shall I endure so barbarous an insult ?  
 He sees me eager to avenge the wrong  
 His sister suffer'd, knows that it was I  
 Who voted first for him to be elected  
 Commander over twenty kings, his rivals;  
 And for the fruit of all my toil and care,  
 My sole reward for victory that will bring  
 Vengeance and wealth to him with glory's crown,  
 The height of my ambition was to hear  
 Thee call me husband, to be thine was all  
 I ask'd of him; yet savage and forsworn,  
 To-day he thinks it little to do outrage  
 To natural affection, and to show me  
 Thy bleeding heart consumed upon an altar;  
 Veiling this sacrifice with marriage rites,  
 He would that it were I should lead thee thither,  
 My hand should be his tool to hold the knife,  
 Thy promised bridegroom be thy murderer!  
 Ah, how these bloody nuptials might have ended,  
 Had I come one day later than I did!  
 This very moment, in their ruthless pow'r  
 Placed, thou wouldst search for me beside the altar  
 In vain, then unforeseen the knife would fall,  
 And dying thou wouldst blame me for deceit  
 Most base!

Then must I, in the sight of Greece,  
 Claim satisfaction for such treachery.  
 A husband's honour, Madam, is with thine  
 Involved, and thou must needs praise mine intent.  
 The cruel monster who has pour'd disdain  
 On me shall learn whose name he dared to stain.

IPHIGENIA.

Oh ! If thou lovest me and one last favour  
 Wilt grant, attentive to a lover's pray'r,  
 Now is the time for me to prove it, Sir.  
 Bethink thee that this monster thou defiest,  
 This barbarous, bloodthirsty, unjust foe  
 Is still, whate'er he may have done, my father.

## ACHILLES

Thy father' Nay, after this horrid scheme,  
I know him only as thy foul assassin

## IPHIGENIA

He is my father, Sir, once more I say it,  
Yea, and a father whom I love and honour,  
Himselt he holds me dear, and, till to-day,  
No tokens but of tenderness from him  
Have I received My heart, from childhood taught  
A daughtei's duty, cannot but be grieved  
At words that wound him Far from being changed  
So suddenly as to approve thy rage,  
Still less to fan this fury with my breath,  
Believe me, it is only the excess  
Of love for thee that suffer'd me to hear  
Those hateful names with which thou hast assail'd him  
Why will you deem him so unnatural  
As not to groan at the impending blow ?  
What father gladly would bereave himself  
Of his own offspring ? Why should he destroy me  
If he could save ? I saw him weep, believe me,  
Condemn him not, my lord, ere thou hast heard him  
Alas' his heart already is with horror  
Sorely oppress'd, let not thy hatred crush it'

## ACHILLES

What, Madam ' 'Mid such subjects for alarm,  
Are these the terrors that distress thee most ?  
A cruel sire (how can I call him else ?)  
Intends to slay thee by the hand of Calchas,  
And, when my love his fury would withstand,  
Thy sole concern is to secure his peace,  
To shut my mouth, to pity, and excuse  
'Tis I that do affright thee, and thy fears  
Are all for him ' So little has my care  
Avail'd to reach thy soul and fix Achilles there'

## IPHIGENIA

Ah, it is cruel thus to doubt my love'

Have I so long waited to make it known ?  
 Thou seest with what a calm indifference  
 I have received the tidings of my doom,  
 Nor did my cheek turn pale. Would thou hadst seen  
 How, just before, distracted with despair,  
 I heard, when we arrived, a false report  
 That thou hadst proved inconstant! In what anguish,  
 With what a torrent of upbraiding words  
 I blamed the spite alike of gods and men!  
 Ah! hadst thou seen me then, thou wouldst not need  
 To hear me say how much thy love is dearer  
 To me than life! Who knows if Heav'n, provoked  
 By my exceeding happiness, has will'd  
 Its end! Alas, a flame so fair and bright  
 Seem'd to uplift me to a higher sphere  
 Than earth.

ACHILLES.

My princess, live, if still to thee I'm dear.

*Scene 7.*

ACHILLES, CLYTÆMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ÆGINA.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

My lord, unless you save us, all is lost;  
 For Agamemnon fears to see *my* face,  
 Refusing me all access to the altar:  
 The guards whom he has station'd there himself  
 Have on all sides forbidden me to pass.  
 He shuns me, for my passion makes him quail.

ACHILLES.

Then, Madam, 'tis for me to take your place.  
 I'll see him, and accost him face to face.

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, mother!—

Whither will you go, my lord ?  
 What mean you by unreasonable pray'rs ?

## ACHILLES

Still must it be that first against yourself  
I have to fight?

## CLYTÆMNESTRA

My child, explain your purpose

## IPHIGENIA

In Heaven's name, lest I am a frantic lover  
Let us avoid this perilous encounter  
Your fierce reproaches, Sir, would leave a feeling  
Too sharp, excruciating love, I know,  
Runs wild with rage My father's jealousy  
Begets no control, proud are the sons of Atreus  
Leave it to lips more timid to address him  
Surprised at my delay, doubt not that hither  
He will himself soon come in search of me  
A mother's lamentations he will hear,  
And I, perchance, shall feel myself inspired  
With arguments that may prevent your tears  
Your indignation quell, and let me live  
For you

## ACHILLES

Since such your pleasure, I submit  
Let sound advice fall from your lips together,  
Recall his reason, and persuade his heart  
Not to destroy our peace and, more than ours,  
His own In idle talk the precious moments  
I lose From me not words but deeds are wanted

(To CLYTÆMNESTRA )

Madam, I will do all I can to serve you  
Go, seek your chamber, and take needful rest  
Your daughter shall not die, so I predict,  
An oracle more sure than that of Calchas  
Believe me that as long as I draw breath  
In vain the gods may have ordained her death,

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

DORIS.

How say you ? What strange madness makes you envy  
Iphigenia's lot? Within an hour  
She perishes. Yet never, so you tell me,  
Were you more jealous of her happiness.  
Who could believe it ? Where is heart so wild—

ERIPHYLE.

My mouth has never utter'd word more true:  
Never has her felicity so moved  
My anxious soul with envious unrest.  
Such danger were delight! But hope is vain '  
Did you not see her triumph,—his concern ?  
I saw and shunn'd tokens I could not doubt  
This hero, terrible to all besides,  
Who knows no tears but those he makes to flow,  
Who steel'd himself from infancy against them,  
And who, if rumour tells a tale of truth,  
Suck'd the fierce blood of lions and of bears,  
For her sake learns the language of alarm:  
Yes, she has seen him weep, his cheek turn pale.  
Yet Doris pities her ! What dire misfortune  
Would I not suffer, might those tears be shed  
For me ! Tho' I were doom'd to die like her  
Within an hour—Die ? Nay, believe it not.  
Think you Achilles is an idle dreamer,  
That, fearing for her safety, he will spare  
His boldest efforts to achieve her rescue ?  
No, you shall find this oracle was spoken  
But to enhance his glory and my torment,  
To leave her fairer in his eyes than ever.  
See you not all that in her favour works ?

The fatal sentence has been kept a secret,  
 And, though the funeral pyre be now prepared,  
 The victim's name is still unknown the camp  
 Remains in ignorance This silence, Doris,  
 Cannot but indicate a wavering purpose  
 What will he do? Has he a heart of iron,  
 To bear th' attack of then combined entreaties,  
 A mother's anger, and a daughter's tears,  
 Cries of despair from all his family,  
 His own affection ready to relent,  
 Nor least Achilles' threats that never fell  
 But to o'erwhelm? No, 'tis in vain that Heav'n  
 Condemns her Misery is mine alone  
 For ever If I follow'd mine own impulse—

DORIS

What's in your mind?

ERIPHYLE

I know not what restrains  
 My anger from revealing all the truth,  
 Divulging straightway what the gods have threaten'd,  
 And publishing abroad the guilty plots  
 Lard to dishonour them and cheat their altars

DORIS

Ah! What a thought!

ERIPHYLE

What joy if it were done!  
 How would the Trojan temples smoke with incense,  
 If, in revenge for my captivity,  
 I could arm Agamemnon 'gainst Achilles,  
 And, Troy forgotten, make them turn the sword,  
 Whetted for her destruction, on each other,  
 And Greece, embroil'd in civil strife by me,  
 Be sacrificed to save my countrymen!

DORIS

I hear a sound I think the queen approaches  
 Madam, compose your spirits, or retire



AGAMEMNON

I, Madam ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

**Have you**

Forgotten naught ?

AGAMEMNON

The altar is prepared,  
And Calchas by its side, all as it should be

CLYTEMNESTRA

My lord, you do not tell me of the victim

AGAMEMNON

What mean you, Madam ? Why should your concern—

#### *Scene 4*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ÆGINA

CLYTEMNESTRA

Come, daughter, come they only wait for thee  
Come, thank a father who so loves his child  
That he himself will lead her to the altar

AGAMEMNON

What do I see and hear ? Why weeps my daughter,  
With downcast eyes, as if ashamed to meet  
Mine own ? What troubles thee ? Thy mother too  
Is weeping Aicas has betray'd me '

IPHIGENIA

Father,  
Cease to be anxious, thou art not betray'd  
What thou commandest shall by *me* be done  
Thy will it is to take the **life thou gavest,**

I know it, and all subterfuge is vain.  
With heart no less submissive and content  
Than when the bridegroom of thy choice I hail'd,  
Will I, if need be, an obedient victim,  
Offer a guiltless head to Catenas' knife,  
And, since it is thy will, with due respect  
Yield the existence that I owe to thee.  
But if this dutiful obedience seem  
To merit in thine eyes some recompense,  
If thou hast pity for a mother's tears,  
Let me be bold to say that, young and happy,  
I well might find life sweet enough to make  
Me wish that it should not be snatch'd away,  
That cruel Fate had not so soon cut short  
The thread of which so little has been spun.  
I, Agamemnon's daughter, it was I  
Who call'd thee first by the dear name of father,  
And I, in whom so long your eyes delighted,  
Have made thee thank the gods that name was thine.  
How often hast thou lavish'd fond caresses  
On me, nor scorn'd as weakness love so tender.  
Ah! With what pleasure did I make thee tell  
Of countries that await thy conquering arm;  
And, auguring thy triumph over Troy,  
I was already in my mind preparing  
Glad welcome home. I little thought my blood  
Would be the first that thou would'st have to shed.  
It is not dread of this impending blow  
That makes me call past kindness to thy mind.  
Fear naught; my heart, is jealous of thine honour,  
Nor will I make my father blush to own me;  
And, had I only to defend my life,  
I never would have raised fond recollections.  
But well thou knowest how on my sad lot  
A lover's and a mother's happiness  
Depend. A prince, worthy to be thy son,  
Trusted this day would light for him the torch  
Of Hymen, and, relying on my heart  
And on thy promise, deem'd it one of joy.  
He knows thy purpose, judge of his alarm.  
Look on my mother, and behold her tears.

Forgive these efforts to prevent the grief  
That I shall cost them, if I die

AGAMEMNON

My daughter,  
Too true it is I know not for what crime  
The anger of the gods demands a victim,  
But they have named thee, and an oracle  
Dooms thee to death upon an altar here  
To guard thy life from this their murderous sentence.  
My love forestall'd thy pray'rs I will not say  
How often I resisted, never doubt  
That love to which thou hast thyself borne witness  
Tins very night, as thou perchance hast heard,  
I had revoked the order I was forced  
To write, and o'er the general good of Greece  
Thou didst prevail For thee I sacrificed  
My rank, my safety Areas from the camp  
Went to forbid thme entrance Heav'n forbade  
Your meeting, and frustrated my last hope  
Of saving one condemn'd by its decree  
Rely not then upon my feeble pow'r  
What can avail to check a rebel army,  
When Heav'n has giv'n us up to their blind zeal,  
And frees them from a yoke that they resent ?  
We must submit, my child , thine hour is come  
Bethink thee of thy royal rank and nurture  
Alas, I need the counsel that I give,  
The death stroke that awaits thee will no less  
Strike me Then, show thee worthy of thy birth,  
And put to shame the gods who have condemn'd thee  
Go, let the Greeks, who to thy sacrifice  
Consent, see in thy blood that shall be shed  
Mine own

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Fit offspring of a fatal stock !  
Thme is the blood of Atreus and Thyestes  
Thy daughter's murderer , there but remains  
One horror more, to serve her as a feast  
Before her mother Savage, this is then

The gladsome sacrifice thou wast preparing  
With artful care ! Did not thy hand refuse  
The infamy of writing a command  
So cruel ! Why dost thou pretend to feel  
A false distress ? Think not that tears can prove  
A love that shrinks from bold defence in arms.  
Why has not blood been shed for her in torrents ?  
What wreck and ruin tell of thy resistance ?  
What field with corpses cover'd seals my mouth ?  
Proofs such as these I would have had thee bring me  
Of thine affection and desire to save her.  
A fatal oracle ordains her death !  
But what an oracle may seem to say  
Not always is its meaning. Can just Heav'n  
Thirst for the blood of innocence, or be  
Honour'd by murder ? If for Helen's crime  
Her kin are punish'd, for her daughter send  
To Sparta. So let Menelaus ransom  
The wife whose frailty in his eyes seems small  
Match'd with her charms. But surely it is madness  
To make thyself the victim for her sin.  
And why should I, smiting upon my breast,  
With my own flesh and blood pay for her folly ?  
Does Helen then, for whom such jealous fires  
Were kindled, curse of Europe and of Asia,  
Seem worthy of thine efforts to regain her ?  
How often have we blush'd to speak her name !  
Ere, to his woe, thy brother link'd his fate  
With hers, she had been carried off by Theseus,  
Who, as thou knowest and hast heard from Calchas  
A thousand times, clandestinely unloosed  
Her virgin zone; and, pledge of that amour,  
A princess of her blood has been by her  
Kept in concealment. But a brother's honour  
Is the least cause of thy solicitude :  
That lust of empire nothing can extinguish,  
The pride of seeing twenty monarchs serve  
And fear thee, empire to thine hands confided,  
These are the gods who claim this sacrifice  
From thee, who far from offering resistance  
Dost make a barbarous merit of submission.

Jealous of pow'r that can excite their envy,  
Thou dost not grudge to pay a heavy price  
From thine own veins, that so thou may est quell  
All opposition to thy sovereign sway  
Is this to be a father? Outraged nature  
Revolts at this perfidious cruelty  
A priest, surrounded by a brutal crowd,  
Will on my child lay hands of violence,  
Rend her bared bosom, and with curious eye  
For omens search her palpitating heart'  
While I, who brought her hither proud and happy,  
Must needs go back alone and in despair'  
Still will the ways be scented with the flow'rs  
That 'neath her feet were scatter'd as we tame!  
It shall not be that to her doom I brought her,  
Or thou wilt have to add my death to hers  
Ay, thou shalt never tear her from these arms,  
While life is mine no fears can shake my purpose  
Ruthless alike as husband and as father  
Come, if thou darest, snatch her from the breast  
That nursed hei'  
Go within again, my child '  
And for the last time heed thy mother's voice

### *Scene 5*

AGAMEMNON

Such frenzied outburst might have been expected  
These are the cues of anger that I fear'd  
And I were happy, if my harass'd soul  
Had nothing wise to dread than idle clamour '  
Alas ' Great gods, who have imposed this task,  
Why were the feelings of a father left me ?

*Scene 6.*

AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES.

ACHILLES.

My lord, a strange report has reach'd mine ears,  
Which I am slow to credit. It is said,  
And 'tis with horror I repeat the tale,  
This day Iphigeina is to die  
By thy command; that, stifling every instinct  
Of pity, thou wilt give her up to Calchas,  
And that the maiden whom I thought to wed  
Shall be by me conducted to the altar  
A victim not a bride, so vile a part  
Assign'd to me, deceived as well as she  
By a mock marriage. What am I to think ?  
Wilt thou not silence such offensive rumours ?

AGAMEMNON.

I am not bound, my lord, to give account  
Of *my* designs. My (laughter knows not yet  
My sovereign will; when she shall be inform'd,  
Thou too shalt learn what all the host shall hear.

ACHILLES.

Too well I know what fate thou dost reserve  
For her.

AGAMEMNON.

If known to thee, why ask it then ?

ACHILLES.

Why ask ? O Heavens, am I to believe  
Thou dar'st to confess so foul a crime ?  
Dost think I will abet, thy villainy,  
And let thee slay thy child before my face,  
Forgetful of my faith, my love, mine honour?

## AGAMEMNON

But thou, who thus assailest me with threats,  
Dost thou forget to whom thou speakest here ?

## ACHILLES

Thou hast forgotten that it is thy daughter  
Whom thou dost wrong, and whom I love

## AGAMEMNON

Who gave thee  
Charge of my family ? Art thou her husband  
To question my disposal of my daughter ?  
Am I no more her father ? May she not—

## ACHILLES

She is no longer thine    Vain promises  
Shall not deceive me    While a drop of blood  
Flows in my veins, her life is lmk'd to mine,  
I will protect my rights, based on thine oaths  
Was 't not for me that thou didst summon her ?

## AGAMEMNON

Blame then the gods, who ask her at my hands  
Accuse the prophet Calchas, the whole army,  
Ulysses, Menelaus,—most thyself

## ACHILLES

Mvself '

## AGAMEMNON

Ay dost thou not complain to Heaven  
Daily, for checking thee in thy desire  
To conquer Asia ? Wast thou not offended  
At my just fears, making thy fury fill  
The camp ? I show'd thee how she might be saved,  
But thou canst think of nothing else than Troy  
I would have closed the course thou fain would'st run,  
Go, have thy wish    her death will open it  
Before thee

## ACHILLES.

How, ye gods, can I endure  
This language that adds taunts to perjury ?  
I, at the cost of her dear life, to wish  
To leave this shore! What has Troy done to me ?  
What is my interest in her destruction ?  
Deaf to the warnings of a goddess mother,  
Nor heeding a distracted father's voice,  
Why should I seek the death so oft predicted  
As there my doom ? No ships e'er left Scamander  
To plunder and lay waste Thessalian fields :  
No soft seducer to Larissa came  
To carry off my sister or my wife.  
What private grudge have I ? What loss sustain'd ?  
'Tis but for thee, barbarian, that I go,  
Tho' I alone of all the Greeks to thee  
Owe nothing, and by *my* voice thou was made  
Their chief and mine. Did not mine arm avenge thee  
In Lesbos, ere thou hadst this host assembled?  
And with what purpose are we gather'd here  
But to restore his wife to Menelaus ?  
How long have *I* been thought so chicken-hearted  
As to let any snatch away from me  
The bride I love? Is then thy brother's right  
To punish such an outrage his alone ?  
Thy daughter pleased me ; I essay'd to win  
Her favour, and my vows of love were paid  
Only to her ; the prospect of our bliss  
Made me pledge all to her, nothing to him,  
Ships, soldiers, arms. Let him, if so he will,  
Recover Helen, seek the victory  
My blood must purchase. Priam, Paris, Helen,  
I know them not ; I wish'd thy daughter's hand,  
And sail not else.

## AGAMEMNON.

Fly then: to Thessaly  
Return. Lo, I release thee from thine oath.  
Of others more submissive I shall find  
No lack, to wear the laurels promised thee,  
To force the Fates to grant their arms success,

And see the day of Ilium's overthrow  
 Thy scornful speech tells me how dear a price  
 For thy proud succour I should have to pay  
 Self-constituted arbiter of Greece,  
 Thou fain wouldst leave me but an empty name  
 Vaunting thy valour thou wouldst claim the lead,  
 And make all Greece crmge to thy sovereign will  
 A benefit that serves as ground for censure  
 Is an offence    Less care I for thy valour  
 Than for obedience    Fly    Thy feeble anger  
 I fear not, and I snap all ties between us

## ACHILLES

Be thankful for the single tree that holds  
 My wrath in check    Iphigema's father  
 I still respect    Haply, without that name,  
 Great as thy pow'ri may be, such bold defiance  
 Were thy last utterance    Hear but one word  
 I have thy daughter and my fame alike  
 To guard    If her thou art resolved to slay,  
 Thy sword must through this body carve its way

*Scene 7*

## AGAMEMNON

Thus is it made impossible to save her!  
 My child, unaided, had more pow'r to move me  
 His saucy love, that thinks to make me tremble,  
 Will speed the stroke that he would fain prevent  
 No more demur '    Defy his violence '     
 My honour is at stake, and turns the scale  
 Achilles' threats settle my waveung heart  
 Pity would seem the consequence of fear  
 Ho ' Guards, advance '

*Scene 8.*

AGAMEMNON, EURYBATES, GUARDS.

EURYBATES.

My lord.

AGAMEMNON (*aside*).

What shall I do ?

How can I give them orders so inhuman ?  
 For what fierce conflict must I make me ready ?  
 Who is this foe whom they are to arrest ?  
 •A mother waits, intrepid to defend  
 Her offspring from a father bent on slaughter:  
 My troops, than I less cruel, will respect  
 The daughter of their King clasp'd in her arms.  
 Achilles utters scornful threats : does that  
 Lessen my daughter's dutiful submission ?  
 Has she been eager to escape the altar,  
 Or cried in terror at the stroke I wish  
 To deal her ? Why such wish ? This impious zeal,  
 What can it gain by sacrificing her ?  
 However glorious be the prize proposed,  
 What bays can please me, water'd with her blood ?  
 I wish to move th' almighty pow'rs of Heav'n :  
 What gods can be more cruel than myself ?  
 I cannot do it. No, a father's love  
 Shall conquer, and compassion raise no longer  
 A blush of shame. Yes, she shall live.

But, what!

Shall proud Achilles trample on mine honour ?  
 His arrogant presumption, so puff'd up,  
 Will think he made me tremble, made me yield-  
 Vain cares perplex my mind. Can I not bring  
 The haughty spirit of Achilles low ?  
 Let my child be a sight to vex his eyes:  
 He loves her, he shall see her wed another.

(To ETRYBATES )

Go, call the princess and the queen, and say  
That they have naught to fear

*Scene 9*

AGAMEMNON, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Great gods, if still  
Determined to bereave me of my child,  
Before your hatred what can mortals do ?  
My love I know, that fain would rescue her,  
But weighs her down, but such a costly victim  
Is worth a second summons to obey  
The harsh injunction that on me ye lay

*Scene 10*

AGAMEMNON, CLYTJEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, ERIPHYLT  
ETRYBATES, DORIS, GUARDS

AGAMEMNON

Go, Madam, go, be careful of her life  
I give you back your child, a sacred trust  
Hasten her steps far from this dangerous place  
Areas shall be your escort, with my guards,  
His happy indiscretion I will pardon  
All hangs on secrecy and quick despatch  
As yet no word have Calchas or Ulysses  
Spoken, beware they hear not of this flight  
Let no one see your daughter, all the camp  
Must think I keep her still, and send you home  
Alone Now speed you hence May Heav'n content  
With tears already shed, withhold her long  
Prom my sad eyes '

*(To his Guards.)*

Follow the queen.

CLYTÆMNESTRA.

My lord!

IPHIGENIA.

Father!

AGAMEMNON.

Let Calchas, thirsting for her blood,  
Be foil'd: delay not. And, to mask your flight,  
I will beguile him with some feign'd excuse:  
I'll cause the fatal rites to be suspended,  
Claiming a respite till this day be ended.

*Scene 11.*

ERIPHYLE, DORIS.

ERIPHYLE.

Follow me, Doris: our way lies not there.

DORIS.

Gro you not with them?

ERIPHYLE.

Ah! At last I yield.  
Achilles loves her,—thought that burns like fire  
I will not carry hence a useless rage;  
I hesitate no more; I must destroy her,  
Or die myself. Come. Calchas shall know all.

## A C T V

*Scene 1*

IPHIGENIA, ÆGISA

IPHIGENIA

Hinder me not, Ægina To the queen  
 Go back, the wrathful Gods must be appeas'd  
 In wishing to deprive them of my blood,  
 Look what a stoim they rouse, ready to fall,  
 Consider how my mother needs your care,  
 See how our flight is block'd by all the army,  
 With what insulting gestures everywhere  
 They flash their spear-points in our very faces  
 Our guards have been repuls'd,—the queen has fainted—  
 Ah 'tis too great a risk detain me not  
 Why should I here await her feeble succour ?  
 Leave me to take advantage of this swoon  
 My father too, if I must tell the truth,  
 E'en while he saves my life, tells me to dre

ÆGINA

Your fathei, Madam ' Why, what then has happen'd ?

IPHIGENIA

Achilles, in his zeal, may to the king  
 Have giv'n offence, and he would have me share  
 His hatred, and commands my heart to make  
 This sacrifice Areas convey'd his wishes  
 Ægma, he forbids me e'er again  
 To breathe his name

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam '

IPHIGENIA

The gods are kinder, they but ask my life <sup>Cruel sentence '!</sup>

Then let me die.

But who is this I see?  
Heav'ns! 'Tis Achilles!

*Scene 2.*

ACHILLES, IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

Madam, follow me;  
Fear not the clamour of the crowd who press  
Around this tent, they bay but cannot bite.  
Face them, and, without waiting for my arm  
To strike, these roaring billows will be parted  
To give you passage. See, Patroclus brings,  
With other captains in my train, the flower  
Of my Thessalian troops. Around my standard  
The rest are gather'd, with a wall of iron  
To guard you. There take refuge from the storm  
Of persecution: 'neath Achilles' tent  
Let Calchas find you.

What! And is it thus  
You welcome timely aid, tears the sole answer  
To my appeal? Still look you for support  
To arms so weak? Delay not; tears already  
Have fail'd to move your sire.

IPHIGENIA.

I know it well,  
And in the death I am resolved to meet  
Lies my last hope.

ACHILLES.

Death! Speak not of your death.  
Think of the oath which binds us to each other;  
And, to cut short such foolish words, believe me,  
My happiness depends upon your life.

IPHIGENIA.

Nay, to a life so darken'd by misfortune  
II.

O



## IPHIGENIA.

Who ? I, a rebel to my father's orders,  
 Worthy to die the death that I would shun!  
 Shall I so disregard *my* highest duty—

## ACHILLES.

You will but trust yourself to one whose claims  
 Were sanction'd by himself. He shall not rob me  
 Of what he once bestow'd. Are oaths by him  
 Made to be broken ? Was he not your father  
 What time he made you mine, to be obey'd  
 As strictest duty bids ? Why do you heed him  
 Only when he has ceased to recognize  
 His child ? Too long you linger, and my fears—

## IPHIGENIA.

Surely, my lord, you will not use constraint ?  
 Let not the warmth of passion so mislead you.  
 You surely would not add to my afflictions  
 This crowning ill, holding in less esteem  
 My honour than my life \ Spare me, my lord I  
 Subject to orders I am bound t' obey,  
 Too long, Sir, have I listened to your voice;  
 It were unfair to press your victory  
 Farther; or else, by my own hands set free  
 From danger of the succour you propose,  
 I would prefer self-slaughter to disgrace.

## ACHILLES.

Ah, cruel maid ! I say no more Obey,  
 And seek a death you deem so glorious :  
 Offer your wire *a* heart wherein J read  
 Hatred for me more than *respect* for *him*.  
 Just indignation fires *my soul with fury*:  
 If you must to the altar go, *then* I  
 Will thither hie me too. *If Heaven thirsts*  
 For blood, its altars *never will have reek'd*  
 With more. To my blind love naught shall be sacred ;  
 The priest himself shall be the foremost victim ;

The funeral pyre by me thrown down, destroy'd,  
 Shall in the blood of the vile butchers swim,  
 And if, amid the carnage and confusion,  
 Your father should be wounded, fall, and perish,  
 Theu, seeing the sad fruits of your respect,  
 Take to yourself the blame for every blow.

**IPHIGENIA**

Cruel Achilles'—He has fled and left me '  
 Smite, ye just gods who have decreed my death.  
 Lo, here am I alone , end with my life  
 This terror, and me only overwhelm

*Scene 3*

CLYTMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, EURYBATES, ÆGINA,

GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Yes, I'll defend her against all the host,  
 Cowards, will ye betray your injured queen ?

**EURYBATES**

No, Madam , 'tis enough for us that you  
 Have giv'n command, and you shall see us fight  
 Till at your feet we fall But what can hands  
 So weak avail ? Against so many foes  
 Who can defend you ? 'Tis no idle crowd  
 Raising a tumult, but the fatal zeal  
 Of the whole camp, where Calchas reigns despotic.  
 Pity is banish'd and severe religion  
 Its offering claims The King sees himself strpt  
 Of pow'r, and bids us to the torrent yield  
 Invincible Achilles would himself  
 Vamly oppose his valour to this storm  
 What will he do ? Who can disperse these waves,  
 Foaming with rage, all ready to engulf him ?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me then let their impious zeal be proved,  
 And rob me of what little life is left!  
 Death, death alone can burst the knotted bands  
 With which these arms of mine would fain unite  
 My body shall be parted from my soul,  
 Ere I will ever suffer—Ah, *my child!*

## IPHIGENIA.

Under what baleful planet did you bear  
 Th' unhappy object of a love so tender!  
 What can you do in our forlorn estate?  
 How can you struggle against gods and men?  
 Will you confront an angry multitude?  
 Ah, go not to a camp that has revolted  
 Against your husband, nor alone resist  
 Their will, lest, haled in an unseemly manner  
 By soldiers' hands, you offer to mine eyes,  
 As fruit of wasted efforts, a worse sight  
 Than death itself. Go; let the Greeks complete  
 Their work, and quit this doleful shore for ever;  
 Linger not near, or on your eye may strike  
 The flame uprising from the pyre that waits me.  
 And, mother, if you love me, above all  
 Never reproach my father with my death.

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

By whom your heart, offered to cruel Calchas,—

## IPHIGENIA.

What efforts to restore me to your tears  
 Has he not made?

## CLYTEMNESTRA.

What treason left untried  
 To trick me?

## IPHIGENIA.

He but renders to the gods  
 The gift they gave. My death bereaves you not

Of all the pledges of your mutual love  
 Your eyes will see my image in Orestes  
 Ah, may he prove less fatal to his mother '  
 You hear the cries of an impatient people ,  
 Open your arms that in a last embrace  
 Our lips may meet    Take courage —  
To the altar,
 Eurybates, conduct the willing victim

*Scene 4*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, GUARDS

CLYTÆMNESTRA

You shall not go alone, I am determin'd—  
 But crowds press forward to arrest my steps  
 Traitors ' Come, gratify your thirst for blood

ÆGINA

What would you do, dear Madam ? Whither haste you ?

CLYTÆMNESTRA

Alas ' I waste *my* strength in fruitless efforts,  
 Rising from anguish but to sink again  
 How can I die so often and yet live ?

ÆGINA

Ah, Madam, know you whose the crime, and whose  
 The treason ? Know you what ungrateful serpent  
 Iphigenia cherish'd in her bosom ?  
 'Twas Enphyle, by yourself brought hither,  
 And none but she, who to the Greeks betray'd  
 Your flight

CLYTÆMNESTRA

The monster ' offspring of Megsera '  
 Cast out of hell to harbour in our arms '  
 What ' Wilt not die ' To punish crimes so foul—

But where shall indignation seek a victim ?  
Wilt thou not, placid sea, vast gulfs disclose,  
To whelm a thousand vessels with their crews ?  
When Aulis, casting up that guilty fleet,  
Shall drive it forth out of the port that hides it,  
Will not those self-same winds, so long accused,  
Cover thy surface o'er with shatter'd ships ?  
And thou, O Sun, who in this land dost see  
And know the genuine son and rightful heir  
Of Atreus, thou who didst refuse to light  
The father's feast, go back, as they have taught thee.  
Meanwhile (immortal gods ! unhappy mother !)  
My daughter, crown'd with hateful chaplet, bares  
Her throat, and in her father's hands are knives.  
See Calchas treads on blood—Barbarians, stop ;  
That blood is drawn from him who wields the lightning—  
I hear the thunder roar, feel the earth shake:—  
Another crash ! A god comes swift revenge to take.

*Scene 5.*

CLYTÆMNESTRA, ÆGINA, ARCAS, GUARDS.

**ARCAS.**

Doubt it not, Madam, a god fights for you ;  
Achilles even now answers your pray'rs.  
He, forcing the weak barrier of the Greeks,  
Stands at the altar. Calchas is dismay'd,  
The fatal sacrifice is interrupted ;  
The air resounds with threats, and to and fro  
Men run with flashing swords; around your child  
Achilles musteis all his friends, devoted  
To save her. Agamemnon, loath to own  
His grief (whether to hide his eyes from that  
He dreads to see, or to conceal his tears),  
Covers his face. Come, speak while he is silent,  
And with wise words support your brave defender.  
He longs with his own hand, deep dyed in blood,  
To give you back unharm'd the maid he loves ;

Himself he charged me to conduct your steps  
Fear nothing

CLYTEMNESTRA

Fear, say you? Ah, let us hasten  
I dread no danger, will go anywhere—  
But, O ye gods, do I not see Ulysses?  
'Tis he my child is dead' Too late, too late'

*Scene 6*

ULYSSES, CLYTEMNESTRA, ARCAS, ÆGINA, GUARDS

ULYSSES

No, your child lives, the gods are satisfied  
Be of good cheer, Heav'n deigns to give her back

CLYTEMNESTRA

She lives' And is it you who tell me so?

ULYSSES

Yes it is I, -who long against you both  
Have thought it right to steel your husband's heart  
Who, jealous of the honour of our arms,  
By counsels stern have caused your tears to flow,  
Who come, since Heav'n is now at last appeas'd,  
To heal the wound that I erewhile inflicted

CLYTEMNESTRA

My child' Good Heav'ns' Marvel most astounding'  
Ah, prince, what god restores her to my arms?

ULYSSES

You see me, Madam, at this happy moment  
Struck with religious awe, with joy and rapture  
Never did day appear to Greece more fatal  
Discord, already mistress in the camp,  
Had spread a fatal blindness over all,

And given the dread signal for the conflict.  
Your daughter, at the horrid sight alarm'd,  
Saw the whole host against her, on her side  
Achilles, only he, but arm'd with fury  
That daunted all and gave the gods themselves  
Divided counsels. In the air arose  
A cloud of arrows ; blood already flow'd,  
First-fruits of carnage; Calchas in the midst  
Stepp'd forth ; stern was his look, his bristling hair  
And wild eyes show'd him master'd by the god.  
He cried : " Achilles, hear me, hear ye Greeks !  
The god who by my voice now speaks to you  
Explains his oracle, declares his choice.  
Another child of Helen's blood, another  
Iphigenia must be sacrificed  
Here on this shore. Helen, erst carried off  
By Theseus, was with him. in secret wedlock  
Soon after join'd, and from that union sprang  
A daughter, whom her mother hid; her name  
Iphigenia. I myself then saw  
The infant, and foretold disaster dire  
Threatening her future. Under a false name  
Has Fate and her own madness brought her hither.  
She sees me, hears me, is before your eyes :  
Yes, she it is whose life the gods demand."

Thus Calchas speaks. In silence and in awe  
All listening stand, and look on Eriphyle.  
She was beside the altar, in her heart  
Perhaps impatient for the sacrifice :  
For she herself had gone with hasty steps  
To tell the Grecian leaders of your flight.  
All wonder at her birth and destiny ;  
But, since the sack of Troy hangs on her death,  
The army with loud voice declare against her,  
And ratify the prophet's fatal sentence.  
Already Calchas lifts his arm to seize her.  
" Stop there," she cries, " approach me not. The blood  
Of heroes whom you make my ancestors  
Needs not your impious hands to give it exit; "  
Then, springing wildly to the altar, snatches  
The sacred knife, and plunges it amain

Into her breast Scarce has her life's blood dyed  
The earth, when peals of thunder from the gods  
Are heard, auspiciously the rustling winds  
Begin to blow, the roaring sea responds,  
And the white breakers on the distant shore  
Make moan, self-kindled flames the funeral pyre,  
The heav'ns are open'd, and the lightning's flash  
Inspires a holy awe, that reassutes  
Our hearts Some sav that, riding on a cloud,  
Diana to the blazing pile descended,  
That, rising then above the flames once more,  
She bore to Heav'n our incense and our pra'rs  
Ail is astir—soon all are gone Your daughter,  
Amid the general joy, alone deplores  
Her enemy Go, from her father's hands  
Receive her longing to see you again,  
He and Achilles, henceforth reconciled,  
Are ready to confirm the marriage contact

## CLYTAMNESTRA

How can the thanks I owe be paid to Heav'n.  
And to Achilles meet reward be giv'n ?

**PHÆDRA.**

1677.



## INTRODUCTION TO PHÆEDRA.

THIS, the most popular of Racine's tragedies, was first presented on New Year's Day, 1677. It is avowedly an imitation of the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, and is indebted for many touches to Seneca's play founded on the same theme. The authority of Plutarch, in his "Life of Theseus," is followed, so far as relates to the exploits of that hero and his imprisonment in Epirus, upon which latter incident Racine has made so much depend; for it is only when believing the rumour of her husband's death that Phædra is induced to declare her passion to Hippolytus. The character of Aricia and the part she takes in the development of the plot may be said, in spite of his disclaimer, to be due to the invention of the modern poet; for though there was an ancient tradition to the effect that Hippolytus was wedded to a maiden of that name, it was said to have been after his restoration to life by Æsculapius, a story which Virgil has embodied in the Seventh Book of the "Æneid." The hero's own submission to those tender feelings which he professed to despise, if it somewhat impairs the sacred dignity of Diana's votary as made familiar to us by Euripides, nevertheless brings him more within the range of human sympathy and interest. In rousing the furious jealousy of Phædra, Racine has supplied an adequate motive for her silent compliance in Cœnone's offer to shield her mistress at the expense of Hippolytus. It was a decided improvement upon the older versions of the tale to make the Nurse and not Phædra herself the author of the calumny which brought the innocent son of Theseus to his death. In the tragedy of Euripides the false charge against Hippolytus is conveyed in a letter attached to Phædra's corpse; in that of Seneca it is uttered by her own lips, though afterwards retracted. According to the Greek tragedian, Phædra hanged herself before the arrival of Theseus, to whom Artemis (Diana) at last reveals the truth; the Latin author makes her thrust a sword into her heart after full confession of her guilt. In Racine's play she dies by poison which she has taken before exonerating Hippolytus.

## CHARACTERS

**THESEUS**, *Son of Ægevb and King of Athms*

**PHÆDRA**, *Wife of Thresus and Daicghter of Minos and Paitphac*

**HIPPOLYTUS**, *Son of Thesus and Antiope, Quern of the Ama-ons*

**ARJCIA**, *Princess of the Blood Royal of Athens*

**ÆLNONE**, *Nurse of Phædra*

**THERAMPNES**, *Tutor of Hippolytus*

**ISMENF** *Bosom Friend of Aricra*

**PANOPE**, *Wattmq woman of Phædra*

*Guards*

The scene is laid at Trazen, a town of the Peloponnesus.

# PHÆDRA.

## A C T I .

### *Scene 1.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

HIPPOLYTUS.

My mind is settled, dear Theramenes,  
And I can stay no more in lovely Trœzen.  
In doubt that racks my soul with mortal anguish,  
I grow ashamed of such long idleness.  
Six months and more my father has been gone,  
And what may have befallen one so dear  
I know not, nor what corner of the earth  
Hides him.

THERAMENES.

And where, prince, will you look for him ?  
Already, to content your just alarm,  
Have I not cross'd the seas on either side  
Of Corinth, ask'd if aught were known of Theseus  
Where Acheron is lost among the Shades,  
Visited Elis, doubled Toenarus,  
And sail'd into the sea that saw the fall  
Of Icarus ? Inspired with what new hope,  
Under what favour'd skies think you to trace  
His footsteps ? Who knows if the King, your father,  
Wishes the secret of his absence known ?  
Perchance, while we are trembling for his life,  
The hero calmly plots some fresh intrigue,  
And only waits till the deluded fair—

## HIPPOLYTUS

Cease, dear Theramenes, respect the name  
 Of Theseus Youthful errors have been left  
 Behind, and no unworthy obstacle  
 Detains him Phædra long has fix'd a heart  
 Inconstant once, nor need she fear a rival  
 In seeking him I shall but do my duty,  
 And leave a place I dare no longer see

## THERAMENES

Indeed' When, pimce, did you begin to dread  
 These peaceful haunts, so dear to happy childhood  
 Where I have seen you oft prefer to stay,  
 Rather than meet the tumult and the pomp  
 Of Athens and the court? What danger shun you,  
 Or shall I say what grief?

## HIPPOLYTUS

That happy time

Is gone, and all is changed, since to these shores  
 The gods sent Phædra

## THERAMENES

I perceive the cause

Of your distress It is the queen whose sight  
 Offends you With a step-dame's spite she schemed  
 Your exile soon as she set eyes on you  
 But if her hatred is not wholly vamsh'd,  
 It has at least taken a milder aspect  
 Besides, what danger can a dymg woman,  
 One too who longs for death, bring on your head?  
 Can Phædra, sick'nmg of a dire disease  
 Of which she will not speak, weary of life  
 And of herself, form any plots against you?

## HIPPOLYTUS

It is not her vam enmity I fear  
 Another foe alarms Ehppolytus.

I fly, it must be own'd, from young Aricia,  
The sole survivor of an impious race.

THEKAMENES.

What! You become her persecutor too!  
The gentle sister of the cruel sons  
Of Pallas shared not in their perfidy;  
Why should you hate such charming innocence ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

I should not need to fly, if it were hatred.

THERAMENES.

May I then learn the meaning of your flight ?  
Is this the proud Hippolytus I see,  
Than whom there breathed no fiercer foe to love  
And to that yoke which Theseus has so oft  
Endured ? And can it be that Venus, seorn'd  
So long, will justify your sire at last ?  
Has she, then, setting you with other mortals,  
Forced e'en Hippolytus to offer incense  
Before her ? Can you love ?

HIPrOLYTUS.

Friend, ask me not.  
You, who have known my heart from infancy  
And all its feelings of disdainful pride.  
Spare me the shame of disavowing all  
That I profess'd. Born of an Amazon,  
The wildness that you wonder at I suck'd  
With mother's milk. When come to riper age,  
Reason approved what Nature had implanted.  
Sincerely bound to me by zealous service,  
You told me then the story of my sire,  
And know how oft, attentive to your voice,  
I kindled when I heard his noble acts,  
As you described him bringing consolation  
To mortals for the absence of Alcides,  
The highways clear'd of monsters and, of robbers,  
Procrustes, Cercyon, Sciro, Sinnis slain,

The Epidaunan giant's bones dispersed,  
Crete reeking with the blood of Minotaur  
But when you told me of less glorious deeds,  
Troth plighted here and there and everywhere,  
Young Helen stolen from her home at Sparta,  
And Peribœa's tears in Salamis,  
With many another trusting heart deceived  
Whose very names have 'scaped his memory.  
Forsaken Ariadne to the rocks  
Complaining, last this Phædra, bound to him  
By better ties,—you know with what regret  
I heard and urged you to cut short the tale,  
Happy had I been able to erase  
From my remembrance that unworthy part  
Of such a splendid record I, in turn,  
Am I too made the slave of love, and brought  
To stoop so low ? The more contemptible  
That no renown is mine such as exalts  
The name of Theseus, that no monsters quell'd  
Have given me a right to share his weakness  
And if my pride of heart must needs be humbled,  
Ancient should have been the last to tame it  
Was I beside myself to have forgotten  
Eternal barriers of separation  
Between us ? By my father's stern command  
Her brethren's blood must ne'er be reinforced  
By sons of hers, he dreads a single shoot  
From stock so guilty, and would fain with her  
Bury their name, that, even to the tomb  
Content to be his ward, for her no torch  
Of Hymen may be hid Shall I espouse  
Her rights against my sire, rashly provoke  
His wrath, and launch upon a mad career—

#### THERAMENES

The gods, dear prince, if once your hour is come,  
Care little for the reasons that should guide us  
Wishing to shut your eyes, Theseus unseals them,  
His hatred, stirring a rebellious flame  
Within you, lends his enemy new charms

And, after all, why should a guiltless passion  
 Alarm you? Dare you not essay its sweetness,  
 But follow rather a fastidious scruple?  
 Fear you to stray where Hercules has wander'd?  
 What heart so stout that Venus has not vanquish'd?  
 Where would you be yourself, so long her foe,  
 Had your own mother, constant in her scorn  
 Of love, ne'er glowed with tenderness for Theseus?  
 What boots it to affect a pride you feel not?  
 Confess it, all is changed; for some time past  
 You have been seldom seen with wild delight  
 Urging the rapid car along the strand,  
 Or, skilful in the art that Neptune taught,  
 Making th' unbroken steed obey the bit;  
 Less often have the woods return'd our shouts;  
 A secret burden on your spirits cast  
 Has dimm'd your eye. How can I doubt you love?  
 Vainly would you conceal the fatal wound.  
 Has not the fair Arieia touch'd your heart?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

Theramenes, I go to find my father.

**THEBAMENES.**

Will you not see the queen before you start,  
 My prince?

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

That is my purpose: you can tell her.  
 Yes, I will see her; duty bids me do it.  
 But what new ill vexes her dear Cœnone?

*Scene 2.*

HIPPOLYTUS, CœNONE, THEKAMRNES.

**CœNONE.**

Alas, my lord, what grief was e'er like mine?  
 The queen has almost touch'd the gates of death.  
 Vainly close watch I keep by day and night,

E'en in my arms a secret malady  
 Slays her, and ail her senses are disorder'd  
 Weary yet restless from her couch she rises,  
 Pants for the outer air, but bids me see  
 That no one on her misery intrudes  
 She comes

HIPPOLYTUS

Enough She shall not be disturb'd,  
 Nor be confronted with a face she hates

*Scene 3*

PHÆDRA, CENONE

PHÆDRA

We have gone far enough Stay, dear CEnone,  
 Strength fails me, and I needs must rest awhile  
 My eyes are dazzled with this glaring light  
 So long unseen, my trembling knees refuse  
 Support Ah me'

CENONE

Would Heaven that our tears  
 Might bring relief '

PHÆDRA

Ah, how these cumbrous gauds,  
 These veils oppress me ' What officious hand  
 Has tied these knots, and gather'd o'er my brow  
 These clustering coils ? How all conspires to add  
 To my distress'

CENONE

What is one moment wish'd,  
 The next, is irksome Did you not -just now,  
 Sick of inaction, bid us deck you out,  
 And, with your former energy recall'd,  
 Desire to go abroad, and see the light  
 Of day once more ? You see it, and would fain  
 Be hidden from the sunshine that you sought

PHÆDRA.

Thou glorious author of a hapless race,  
 Whose daughter 'twas my mother's boast to be,  
 Who well may'st blush to see me in such plight,  
 For the last time I come to look on thee,  
 O Sun!

CENONE.

What! Still are you in love with death?  
 Shall I ne'er see you, reconciled to life,  
 Forego these cruel accents of despair?

PHÆDRA.

Would I were seated in the forest's shade!  
 When may I follow with delighted eye,  
 Thro' glorious dust flying in full career,  
 A chariot—

CENONE.

Madam?

PHÆDRA.

Have I lost my senses?  
 What said I? and where am I? Whither stray  
 Vain wishes? Ah! The gods have made me mad.  
 I blush, CEnone, and confusion covers  
 My face, for I have let you see too clearly  
 The shame and grief that, in my own despite,  
 O'erflow these eyes of mine.

CENONE.

If you must blush,  
 Blush at a silence that inflames your woes.  
 Resisting all my care, deaf to my voice,  
 Will you have no compassion on yourself,  
 But let your life be ended in mid course?  
 What evil spell has drain'd its fountain dry?  
 Thrice have the shades of night obscured the heav'ns  
 Since sleep has enter'd thro' your eyes, and thrice  
 The dawn has chased the darkness thence, since food  
 Pass'd your wan lips, and you are faint and languid.

To what dread purpose is your heart inclined ?  
 How dare you make attempts upon your life,  
 And so offend the gods who gave it you,  
 Prove false to Theseus and your marriage vows,  
 Ay, and betray your most unhappy children,  
 Bending their necks yourself beneath the yoke ?  
 That day, be sure, which robs them of their mother,  
 Will give high hopes back to the stranger's son,  
 To that proud enemy of you and yours,  
 To whom an Amazon gave birth, I mean  
 Hippolytus—

PHÆDRA

Ye godss'

ÆNONE

Ah, this reproach

Moves you ?

PHÆDRA

Unhappy woman, to what name  
 Gave your mouth utterance ?

ÆNONE

Your wrath is just  
 'Tis well that that ill-omen'd name can rouse  
 Such rage    Then live    Let love and duty urge  
 Their claims    Live, suffer not this son of Scythia,  
 Crushing your children 'neath his odious sway,  
 To rule the noble offspring of the gods,  
 The purest blood of Greece    Make no delay,  
 Each moment threatens death, quickly restore  
 Your shattered strength, while yet the torch of life  
 Holds out, and can be fann'd into a flame

PHÆDRA

Too long have I endured its guilt and shame !

ÆNONE

Why ? What remorse gnaws at your heart ? What crime  
 Can have disturbed you thus ? Your hands are not  
 Polluted with the blood of innocence ?

PHÆDRA.

Thanks be to Heav'n, my hands are free from stain.  
Would that my soul were innocent as they !

CENONE.

What awful project have you then conceived,  
Whereat your conscience should be still alarm'd ?

PHÆDRA.

Have I not said enough ? Spare me the rest.  
I die to save myself-a full confession.

CENONE.

Die then, and keep a silence so inhuman;  
But seek some other hand to close your eyes.  
Tho' but a spark of life remains within you,  
My soul shall go before you to the Shades.  
A thousand roads are always open thither;  
Pain'd at your want of confidence, I'll choose  
The shortest. Cruel one, when has my faith  
Deceived you ? Think how in my arms you lay  
New born. For you, my country and my children  
I have forsaken. Do you thus repay  
My faithful service ?

PHÆDRA.

What do you expect  
From words so bitter ? Were I to break silence,  
Horror would freeze your blood.

CENONE.

What can you say  
To horrify me more than to behold  
You die before my eyes ?

PHÆDRA.

When you shall know  
My crime, my death will follow none the less,  
But with the added stain of guilt.

ÆNONE

Dear Madam,  
By all the tears that I have shed for you,  
By these weak knees I clasp, relieve my mind  
From torturing doubt

PHÆDRA

It is your wish Then rise

ÆNONE

I hear you Speak

PHÆDRA

Heav'ns ' How shall I begin ?

ÆNONE

Dismiss your fears, you wound me with distrust

PHÆDRA

O fatal animosity of Venus '  
Into what wild distractions did she cast  
My mother '

ÆNONF

Be they blotted from remembrance,  
And for all time to come buried in silence

PHÆDRA

My sister Anadine, by what love  
Were you betray'd to death, on lonely shores  
Forsaken '

ÆNONE

Madam, what deep-seated pain  
Prompts these reproaches against all your kin?

PHÆDRA.

It is the will of Venus, and I perish,  
Last, most unhappy of a family  
Where all were wretched

SCENE 3.]

THÆDRA.

ÆNONE.

Do you love ?

THÆDRA.

I feel

All its mad fever.

ÆNONE.

Ah! For whom ?

PHÆDRA.

Hear now

The crowning horror. Yes, I love—*my* lips  
Tremble to say his name.

ÆNONE.

Whom ?

PHÆDEA.

Know you h

Son of the Amazon, whom I've oppress'd  
So long ?

ÆNONE.

Hippolytus ? Great gods !

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you

Have named him.

ÆNONE.

All my blood within my veins  
Seems frozen. O despair ! O cursed race!  
Ill-omen'd journey! Land of misery!  
Why did we ever reach thy dangerous shores ?

PHÆDRA.

My wound is not so recent. Scarcely had I  
Been bound to Theseus by the marriage yoke.  
And happiness and peace seem'd well secured.

When Athens show'd me my proud enemy  
I looked, alternately turn'd pale and blush'd  
To see him, and my soul grew all distraught,  
A mist obscured my vision, and my voice  
Falter'd, my blood ran cold, then burn'd like fire ,  
Venus I felt in all my fever'd frame,  
Whose fury had so many of my race  
Pursued With fervent vows I sought to shun  
Her torments, built and deck'd for her a shrine,  
And there, 'mid countless victims did I seek  
The reason I had lost, but all for naught,  
No remedy could cure the wounds of love'  
In vam I offered incense on her altars,  
When I invoked her name my heart adored  
Hippolytus, before me constantly,  
And when I made her altars smoke with victims,  
'Twas for a god whose name I dared not utter  
I fled his presence everywhere, but found him—  
O crowning horror'—m his father's features  
Against myself, at last, I raised revolt,  
And stirr'd my courage up to persecute  
The enemy I loved To banish him  
I wore a step-dame's harsh and jealous carnage,  
With ceaseless cries I clamour'd for his exile,  
Till I had torn him from his father's arms  
I breathed once more, CEnone, m his absence  
My days flow'd on less troubled than before,  
And innocent Submissive to *my* husband,  
I hid my grief, and of our fatal marriage  
Cherish'd the fruits Vain caution ' Cruel Fate'  
Brought hither by my spouse himself, I saw  
Again the enemy whom I had banish'd,  
And the old wound too quickly bled afresh  
No longer is it love hid in my heart,  
But Venus in her might seizing her prey  
I have conceived just terror for my crime,  
I hate my life, and hold my love m horror  
Dying I wish'd to keep my fame unsullied,  
And bury in the grave a guilty passion,  
But I have been unable to withstand  
Tears and entreaties, I have told you all ,

SCENE 4.]

PHÆDEA.

Content, if only, as my end draws near,  
You do not vex me with unjust reproaches,  
Nor with vain efforts seek to snatch from death  
The last faint lingering sparks of vital breath.

*Scene 4.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE, PANOPE.

PANOPE.

Fain would I hide from you tidings so sad,  
But 'tis my duty, Madam, to reveal them.  
The hand of death has seized your peerless husband,  
And you are last to hear of this disaster.

CENONE.

What say you, Panope ?

PANOPE.

The queen, deceived  
By a vain trust in Heav'n, begs safe return  
For Theseus, while Hippolytus his son  
Learns of his death from vessels that are now  
In port.

PHÆEDRA.

Ye gods!

PANOPE.

Divided counsels sway  
The choice of Athens ; some would have the prince,  
four child, for master ; others, disregarding  
The laws, dare to support the stranger's son.  
'Tis even said that a presumptuous faction  
Would crown Aricia and the house of Pallas.  
I deem'd it right to warn you of this danger.  
Hippolytus already is prepared  
To start, and should he show himself at Athens,

'Tis to be fear'd the fickle crowd will all  
Follow his lead

ÆNONE

Enough The queen, who hears you,  
By no means will neglect this timely warning

*Scene 5*

PHÆDRA, ÆNONE

ÆNONE

Dear lady, I had almost ceased to urge  
The wish that you should live, thinking to follow  
My mistress to the tomb, from which my voice  
Had fail'd to turn you , but this new misfortune  
Alters the aspect of affairs, and prompts  
Fresh measures Madam, Theseus is no more,  
You must supply his place He leaves a son,  
A slave, if you should dre, but, if you live,  
A King On whom has he to lean but you? \*  
No hand but yours will dry his tears Then live  
For him, or else the tears of innocence  
Will move the gods, his ancestors, to wrath  
Against his mother Live, your guilt is gone,  
No blame attaches to your passion now  
The King's decease has freed you from the bonds  
That made the crime and horror of your love  
Hippolytus no longer need be dreaded,  
Him you may see henceforth without reproach  
It may be, that, convinced of your aversion,  
He means to head the rebels Undeceive him,  
Soften his callous heart, and bend his pride  
King of this fertile land, in Trœzen here  
His portion lies , but as he knows, the laws  
Give to your son the ramparts that Minerva  
Built and protects A common enemy  
Threatens you both, unite then to oppose  
Aricia

PHÆDRA.

To your counsel I consent.  
 Yes, I will live, if life can be restored,  
 If my affection for a son has pow'r  
 To rouse my sinking heart at such a dangerous hour.

A C T I T .

*Scene 1.*

ARICIA, ISMENE.

ARICIA.

Hippolytus request to see me here !  
 Hippolytus desire to bid farewell!  
 Is 't true, Ismene ? Are you not deceived ?

ISMENE.

This is the first result of Theseus' death.  
 Prepare yourself to see from every side  
 Hearts turn towards you that were kept away  
 By Theseus. Mistress of her lot at last,  
 Aricia soon shall find all Greece fall low,  
 To do her homage.

ARICIA.

'Tis not then, Ismene,  
 An idle tale ? Am I no more a slave ?  
 Have I no enemies ?

ISMENE.

The gods oppose  
 Your peace no longer, and the soul of Theseus  
 Is with your brothers.

ARICIA.

Does the voice of fame  
 Tell how he died ?

## ISMENE

Rumours incredible  
**Are** spread Some say that, seizing a new bride,  
 The faithless husband by the waves was swallow'd  
 Others affirm, and this report prevails,  
 That with Pnrthous to the world below  
 He went, and saw the shores of dark Cocytus,  
 Showing himself alive to the pale ghosts,  
 But that he could not leave those gloomy realms,  
 Which whoso enters there abides for ever

## ARICIA

Shall I belive that ere his destined hour  
 A mortal may descend into the gulf  
 Of Hades ? What attraction could overcome  
 Its terrors ?

## ISMENE

He is dead, and you alone  
 Doubt it The men of Athens mourn his loss  
 Trezen already hails Hippolytus  
 As King And Phaedra, fearing for her son,  
 Asks counsel of the friends who share her tiouble,  
 Here in this palace

## ARICIA

Will Hippolytus,  
 Think you, prove kinder than his sire, make light  
 My chains, and pity my misfortunes '

## ISMENE

I think so, Madam Yes

## ARICIA

Ah, you know him not  
 Or you would never deem so haid a heart  
 Can pity feel, or me alone except  
 From the contempt in which he holds our sex  
 Has he not long avoided every spot  
 Where we lesort?

## ISMENE.

I know what tales are told  
Of proud Hippolytus, but I have seen  
Him near you, and have watch'd with curious eye  
How one esteem'd so cold would bear himself.  
Little did his behaviour correspond  
With what I look'd for; in his face confusion  
Appeaj'd at your first glance, he could not turn  
His languid eyes away, but gazed on you.  
Love is a word that may offend his pride,  
But what the tongue disowns, looks can betray.

## ARICIA.

How eagerly my heart hears what you say,  
Tho' it may be delusion, dear Ismene!  
Did it seem possible to you, who know me,  
That I, sad sport of a relentless Fate,  
Fed upon bitter tears by night and day,  
Could ever taste the maddening draught of love ?  
The last frail offspring of a royal race,  
Children of Earth, I only have survived  
War's fury. Cut off in the flow'r of youth,  
Mown by the sword, six brothers have I lost.  
The hope of an illustrious house, whose blood  
Earth drank with sorrow, near akin to his  
Whom she herself produced. Since then, you know  
How thro' all Greece no heart has been allow'd  
To sigh for me, lest by a sister's flame  
The brothers' ashes be perchance rekindled.  
You know, besides, with what disdain I view'd  
My conqueror's suspicions and precautions,  
And how, opposed as I have ever been  
To love, I often thank'd the King's injustice  
Which happily confirm'd my inclination.  
But then I never had beheld his son.  
Not that, attracted merely by the eye,  
I love him for his beauty and his grace,  
Endowments which he owes to Nature's bounty,  
Charms which he seems to know not or to scorn.  
I love and prize in **him** riches more rare,

The virtues of his sire, without his faults  
 I love, as I must own, that generous pride  
 Which ne'er has stoop'd beneath the amorous yoke  
 Phsedra reaps little glory from a lover  
 So lavish of his sighs , I am too proud  
 To share devotion with a thousand others,  
 Or enter where the door is always open  
 But to make one who ne'er has stoop'd before  
 Bend his proud neck, to pierce a heart of stone,  
 To bind a captive whom his chains astonish,  
 Who vantly 'gainst a pleasing yoke rebels,—  
 That piques my ardour, and I long for that  
 'Twas easier to disarm the god of strength  
 Than this Hippolytus, for Hercules  
 Yielded so often to the eyes of beauty,  
 As to make triumph cheap But, dear Ismene,  
 I take too little heed of opposition  
 Beyond my pow'r to quell, and you may hear me,  
 Humbled by sore defeat, upbraid the pride  
 I now admire What' Can he love ? and I  
 Have had the happiness to bend—

ISMENE

He comes

Yourself shall hear him

*Scene 2*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, ISMENE

HIPPOLYTUS

Lady, ere I go  
 My duty bids me tell you of your change  
 Of fortune My worst fears are realized ,  
 My sire is dead Yes, his protracted absence  
 Was caused as I foreboded Death alone,  
 Ending his toils, could keep him from the world  
 Conceal'd so long The gods at last have doom'd  
 Alcides' friend, companion, and successor

I think your hatred, tender to his virtues,  
 Can hear such terms of praise without resentment,  
 Knowing them due. One hope have I that sooths  
 My sorrow: I can free you from restraint.  
 Lo, I revoke the laws whose rigour moved  
 My pity; you are at your own disposal,  
 Both heart and hand; here, in *my* heritage,  
 In Trcezen, where my grands ire Pittheus reign' d  
 Of y6re and I am now acknowledged King,  
 I leave you free, free as myself,—and more.

ARICA.

Your kindness is too great, 'tis overwhelming.  
 Such generosity, that pays disgrace  
 With honour, lends more force than you can think  
 To those harsh laws from which you would release me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Athens, uncertain how to fill the throne  
 Of Theseus, speaks of you, anon of me,  
 And then of Phaedra's son.

ARICIA.

Of me, my lord?

HIPPOLYTITS.

I know myself excluded by strict law :  
 Greece turns to my reproach a foreign mother.  
 But if my brother were my only rival,  
 My rights prevail o'er his clearly enough  
 To make me careless of the law's caprice.  
 My forwardness is check'd by juster claims :  
 To you I yield my place, or, rather, own  
 That it is yours by right, aud yours the sceptre,  
 As handed down from Earth's great son, Erechtheus.  
 Adoption placed it in the hands of Ægeus:  
 Athens, by him protected and increased,  
 Welcomed a king so generous as my sire,  
 And left your hapless brothers in oblivion.  
 Now she invites you back within her walls;

II.

Q

Protracted strife has cost her groans enough,  
 Her fields are glutted with your kinsmen's blood  
 Fatt'ning the furrows out of which it sprung  
 At first I rule this Troezen, while the son  
 Of Phaedra has in Crete a rich domain  
 Athens is yours I will do all I can  
 To join for you the votes divided now  
 Between us

ARICIA

Stunn'd at all I hear, my lord,  
 I fear, I almost fear a dream deceives me  
 Am I indeed awake ? Can I believe  
 Such generosity ? What god has put it  
 Into your heart ? Well is the fame deserved  
 That you enjoy' That fame falls short of truth '  
 Would you for me prove traitor to yourself ?  
 Was it not boon enough never to hate me,  
 So long to have abstain'd from harbouring  
 The enmity—

HIPPOLYTUS

To hate you ? I, to hate you ?  
 However darkly my fierce pride was painted,  
 Do you suppose a monster gave me birth ?  
 What savage temper, what evenom'd hatred  
 Would not be mollified at sight of you ?  
 Could I resist the soul-bewitching charm —

ARICIA

Why, what is this, Sir ?

HIPPOLYTUS

I have said too much  
 Not to say more Pnidence in vam resists  
 The violence of passion I have broken  
 Silence at last, and I must tell you now  
 The secret that my heart can hold no longer  
 You see before you an unhappy instance  
 Of hasty pride, a prince who claims compassion  
 I, who, so long the enemy of Love,

Mock'd at his fetters and despised his captives,  
Who, pitying poor mortals that were shipwreck'd,  
In seeming safety view'd the storms from land,  
Now find myself to the same fate exposed,  
Toss'd to and fro upon a sea of troubles!  
My boldness has been vanquish'd in a moment,  
And humbled is the pride wherein I boasted.  
For nearly six months past, ashamed, despairing,  
Bearing where'er I go the shaft that rends  
My heart, I struggle vainly to be free  
From you and from myself ; I shun you, present;  
Absent, I find you near ; I see your form  
In the dark forest depths ; the shades of night,  
Nor less broad daylight, bring back to my view  
The charms that I avoid ; all things conspire  
To make Hippolytus your slave. For fruit  
Of all my bootless sighs, I fail to find  
My former self. My bow and javelins  
Please me no more, my chariot is forgotten,  
With all the Sea God's lessons ; and the woods  
Echo my groans instead of joyous shouts  
Urging my fiery steeds.

Hearing this tale

Of passion so uncouth, you blush perchance  
At your own handiwork. With what wild words  
I offer you my heart, strange captive held  
By silken jess! But dearer in your eyes  
Should be the offering, that this language comes  
Strange to my lips ; reject not vows express'd  
So ill, which but for you had ne'er been form'd.

*Scene 3.*

HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA, THERAMENES, ISMENE.

THERAMENES.

Prince, the Queen comes. I herald her approach.  
'Tis you she seeks.

HIPPOLYTUS

Me?

THERAMENES

What her thought may be  
I know not But I speak on her behalf  
She would converse with you ere you go hence

HIPPOLYTUS

What shall I say to her ? Can she expect—

ARICIA

You cannot, noble Prince, refuse to hear her,  
Howe'er convinced she is your enemy,  
Some shade of pity to her tears is due

HIPPOLYTUS

Shall we part thus ? and will you let me go,  
Not knowing if my boldness has offended  
The goddess I adore ? Whether this heait,  
Left in your hands—

ARICIA

Go, Prince, pursue the schemes  
Your generous soul dictates, make Athens own  
My sceptre All the gifts you offer me  
Will I accept, but this high throne of empire  
Is not the one most precious in my sight

*Scene 4*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLYTUS

Friend, is all ready ?

But the Queen approaches  
Go, see the vessel in fit trim to sail

Haste, bid the crew aboard, and hoist the signal;  
Then soon return, and so deliver me  
From interview most irksome.

*Scene 5.*

PHÆDRA, HIPPOLYTUS, CÆNONE.

PHÆDRA (*to* CÆNONE).

There I see him!

My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak  
What I am come to say.

CÆNONE.

Think of your son,  
How all his hopes depend on you.

PHÆDRA.

I hear  
You leave us, and in haste. I come to add  
My tears to your distress, and for a son  
Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,  
And at no distant day my son must witness  
My death. Alrea'dy do a thousand foes  
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.  
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,  
And fear lest I have shut your ears against  
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger  
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned  
By me, his mother.

HIPPOLYTUS.

No such base resentment,  
Madam, is mine.

PHÆDRA.

I could not blame you, Prince,  
If you should hate me. I have injured you:  
So much you know, but could not read my heart.

T' m'cui your enmity has been mine aim  
 The self-same borders could not hold us both ,  
 In public and in private I declared  
 Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas  
 Parted us from each other I forbade  
 Your very name to be pronounced before me  
 And yet if punishment should be proportion'd  
 To the offence, if only hatred draws  
 Your hatred, never woman merited  
 More pity, less deserved your enmity

#### HIPPOLYTUS

A mother jealous of her children's rights  
 Seldom forgives the oft spring of a wife  
 Who reign'd before her Haiassmg suspicions  
 Are common sequels of a second marriage.  
 Of me would any other have been jealous  
 No less than you, perhaps more violent

Ah, Prince, how Heav'n has from the general law  
 Made me exempt, be that same Heav'n my witness  
 Far different is the trouble that devours me'

#### HIPPOLYTUS

Tins is no time for self-reproaches, Madam  
 It may be that your husband still beholds  
 The light, and Heav'n may grant him safe return,  
 In answer to our prayers His guardian god  
 Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain

#### PHÆDRA

He who has seen the mansions of the dead  
 Returns not thence Since to those gloomy shores  
 Theseus is gone, 'tis vain to hope that Heav'n  
 May send him back Prince, there is no release  
 From Acheron's greedy maw And yet, methinks,  
 He lives, and breathes in you I see him still  
 Before me, and to him I seem to speak,

SCENE 5.]

PHÆDRA.

My heart—

Oh! I am mad; do what I will,  
I cannot hide my passion.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Yes, I see  
The strange effects of love. Theseus, tho' dead,  
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul  
There burns a constant flame.

PHÆDRA.

Ah, yes, for Theseus  
I languish and I long, not as the Shades  
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms  
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride  
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud  
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms  
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,  
Or like 3 ourself. He had your mien, your eyes,  
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle  
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he cross'd the waves,  
Worthy to win the love of Minos' daughters.  
What were you doing then? Why did he gather  
The flow'r of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?  
Oh, why were you too young to have embark'd  
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?  
At your hands would the monster then have pensh'd  
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.  
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze  
My sister would have arm'd you with the clue.  
But no, therein would Phædra have forestall'd her,  
Love would have first inspired me with the thought;  
And I it would have been whose timely aid  
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.  
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!  
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:  
I would myself have wish'd to lead the way,  
And share the peril you were bound to face;  
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,  
Willi you emerged in safety, or have perish'd

## HIPPOLYTUS

Gods<sup>!</sup> What is this I hear? Have you forgotten  
That Theseus is my lather and your husband?

## PHÆDRA

Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance  
Thereot, and am regardless of mine honour?

## HIPPOLYTUS

Forgive me, Madam With a blush I own  
That I misconstrued words of innocence  
For very shame I cannot bear your sight  
Longer I go—

## PHÆDRA

Ah<sup>!</sup> cruel Prince, too well  
You understood me I have said enough  
To save you from mistake I love But think not  
That at the moment when I love you most  
I do not feel my guilt, no weak compliance  
Has fed the poison that infects my brain  
The lil-starr'd object of celestial vengeance,  
I am not so detestable to you  
As to myself The gods will bear me witness,  
Who have within my veins kindled this fire,  
The gods, who take a barbarous delight  
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray  
Do you yourself recall to mmd the past  
'Twas not enough for me to fly, I chased you  
Out of the country, wishing to appear  
Inhuman, odious, to resist you better,  
I sought to make you hate me All in vain '  
Hating me more I loved you none the less  
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes  
I have been drown'd in tears, and scorch'd by fire,  
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,  
If tor one moment you could look at me  
What is 't I say? Think you this vile confession  
That I have made is what I meant to utter?  
Not daring to betray a son for whom

I trembled, 'twas to beg you not to hate him  
 I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full  
 Of love for you to speak of aught besides!  
 Take your revenge, punish my odious passion ;  
 Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,  
 And rid the world of an offensive monster!  
 Does Theseus' widow dare to love his son ?  
 The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!  
 Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.  
 Already prompt to expiate its guilt,  
 I feel it leap impatiently to meet  
 Your arm. Strike home. Or, if it would disgrace you  
 To steep your hand in such polluted blood,  
 If that were punishment too mild to slake  
 Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not  
 Your arm. Quick, give 't.

ÆNONE.

What, Madam, will you do?  
 Just gods! But someone comes. Go, fly from shame,  
 You cannot 'scape if seen by any thus.

*Scene 6.*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES.

THERAMENES.

Is that the form of Phædra that I see  
 Hurried away? What mean these signs of sorrow?  
 Where is your sword? Why are you pale, confused?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Friend, let us fly. I am, indeed, confounded  
 With horror and astonishment extreme.  
 Phædra—but no; gods, let this dreadful secret  
 Remain for ever buried in oblivion.

**THERAMENES**

The ship is ready if you wish to sail  
But Athens has already giv'n her vote,  
Their leaders have consulted all her tribes,  
Your brother is elected, Phaedra wms

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Phaedra ?

**THERAMENES**

A herald, charged with a commission  
From Athens, has arnved to place the rems  
Of power in her hands Her son is King

**HIPPOLYTUS**

Ye gods, who know her, do ye thus reward  
Her virtue ?

**THERAMENES**

A faint rumour meanwhile whispers  
That Theseus is not dead, but m Epirus  
Has shown himself But, after all my seanh,  
I know too well—

**HIPPOLTTUS**

Let nothing be neglected  
This rumour must be traced back to its source  
If it be found unworthy of belief,  
Let us set sail, and cost whate'er it may.  
To hands deserving trust the sceptre's sway

## ACT III.

*Scene 1.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! Let them take elsewhere the worthless honours  
They bring me. Why so urgent I should see them?  
What flattering balm can soothe my wounded heart?  
Far rather hide me: I have said too much.  
My madness has burst forth like streams in flood,  
And I have utter'd what should ne'er have reach'd  
His ear. Gods! How he heard me! How reluctant  
To catch my meaning, dull and cold as marble,  
And eager only for a quick retreat!  
How oft his blushes made my shame the deeper!  
Why did you turn me from the death I sought?  
Ah! When his sword was pointed to my bosom,  
Did he grow pale, or try to snatch it from me?  
That I had touch'd it was enough for him  
To render it for ever horrible,  
Leaving defilement on the hand that holds it.

CENONE.

Thus brooding on your bitter disappointment,  
You only fan a fire that must be stifled.  
Would it not be more worthy of the blood  
Of Minos to find peace in nobler cares,  
And, in defiance of a wretch who flies  
From what he hates, reign, mount the proffer'd throne?

PHÆDRA.

I reign! Shall I the rod of empire sway,  
When reason reigns no longer o'er myself?  
When I have lost control of all my senses?  
When 'neath a shameful yoke I scarce can breathe?  
When I am dying?

CENONE

Fly

PHÆDRA

I cannot leave him

CENONE

Dare you not fly from him you dared to bamsh ?

PHÆDRA

The time for that is past He knows my frenzy  
 I have o'erstepp'd the bounds of modesty,  
 And blazon'd forth my shame before his eyes  
 Hope stole into my heart against my will  
 Bid you not rally my declining pow'rs?  
 Was it not you yourself recall'd my soul  
 When fluttering on my lips, and with your counsel,  
 Lent me fresh life, and told me I might love him '

CENONE

Blame me or blame me not for your misfortunes,  
 Of what was I incapable, to save you '  
 But if your indignation e'er was roused  
 By insult, can you pardon his contempt ?  
 How cruelly his eyes, severely fix'd,  
 Survey'd you almost prostrate at his feet'  
 How hateful then appeared his savage pride'  
 Why did not Phædra see him then as I  
 Beheld him ?

PHÆDRA.

This proud mood that you resent  
 May yield to time The rudeness of the forests  
 Where he was bred, mured to rigorous laws,  
 Clings to him still, love is a word he ne'er  
 Had heard before It may be his surprise  
 Stunn'd him, and too much vehemence was shown  
 In all I said

CENONE.

Remember that his mother  
Was a barbarian.

PHÆDRA.

Scythian tho' she was,  
She learnt to love.

CENONE.

He has for all the sex  
Hatred intense.

PHÆDRA.

Then in his heart no rival  
Shall ever reign. Your counsel comes too late.  
Cenone, serve my madness, not my reason.  
His heart is inaccessible to love :  
Let us attack him where he has more feeling.  
The charms of sovereignty appear'd to touch him ;  
He could not hide that he was drawn to Athens ;  
His vessels' prows were thither turn'd already,  
All sail was set to scud before the breeze.  
Go you on my behalf, to his ambition  
Appeal, and let the prospect of the crown  
Dazzle his eyes. The sacred diadem  
Shall deck his brow, no higher honour mine  
Than there to bind it. His shall be the pow'r  
I cannot keep; aud he shall teach my son  
How to rule men. It may be he will deign  
To be to him a father. Son and mother  
He shall control. Try ev'ry means to move him ;  
Your words will find more favour than can mine.  
Urge him with groans and tears; show Phædra dying,  
Nor blush to use the voice of supplication.  
In you is my last hope; I'll sanction all  
You say; and on the issue hangs my fate.

*Scene 2*PHÆDRA (*alone*)

Venus implacable, who seest me shamed  
 And sore confounded, have I not enough  
 Been humbled? How can cruelty be stretch'd  
 Farther? Thy shafts have all gone home, and thou"  
 Hast triumph'd Would'st thou w<sup>m</sup> a new renown?  
 Attack an enemy more contumacious  
 Hippolytus neglects thee, braves thy wrath,  
 Nor ever at thine altars bow'd the knee  
 Thy name offends his proud, disdainful eais  
 Our interests are alike avenge thyself,  
 Force him to love—

But what is this? CEnone  
 Returned already? He detests me then,  
 And will not hear you

*Scene 3*

PHÆDRA, CENONE

CENONE

Madam, you must stifle  
 A fruitless love Recall your former virtue  
 The king who was thought dead will soon appear  
 Before your eyes, Theseus has just arrived,  
 Theseus is here The people flock to see him  
 With eager haste I went by your command  
 To find the prince, when with a thousand shouts  
 The air was rent—

PHÆDRA

My husband is alive,  
 That is enough, CEnone I have own'd  
 A passion that dishonours him He lives  
 I ask to know no more

SCENE 3.]

PHÆDRA

CENONE.

What?

PHÆDRA.

I foretold it,  
But you refused to hear. Your tears prevail'd  
Over my just remorse. Dying this morn,  
I had deserved compassion ; your advice  
I took, and die dishonour'd.

CENONE.

Die?

THÆDRA.

Just Heav'ns !  
What have I done to-day ? My husband comes,  
With him his son: and I shall see the witness  
Of my adulterous flame watch with what face  
I greet his father, while my heart is big  
With sighs he scorn'd, and tears that could not move  
Moisten mine eyes. Think you that his respect  
For Theseus will induce him to conceal  
My madness, nor disgrace his sire and king ?  
Will he be able to keep back the horror  
He has for me ? His silence would be vain.  
I know my treason, and I lack the boldness  
Of those abandon'd women who can taste  
Tranquillity in crime, and show a forehead  
All unabash'd. I recognize my madness,  
Recall it all. These vaulted roofs, methinks,  
These walls can speak, and, ready to accuse me,  
Wait but my husband's presence to reveal  
My perfidy. Death only can remove  
This weight of horror. Is it such misfortune  
To cease to live ? Death causes no alarm  
To misery. I only fear the name  
That I shall leave behind me. For my sons  
How sad a heritage ! The blood of Jove  
Might justly swell the pride that boasts descent

From Heav'n, but heavy weighs a mother's guilt  
 Upon her offspring Yes, I dread the scorn  
 That will be cast on them with too much truth,  
 For my disgrace I tremble when I think  
 That, crush'd beneath that curse, they'll never dare  
 To raise their eyes

**ÆNONE**

Doubt not I pity both ,  
 Never was fear more just than yours Why then  
 Expose them to this ignominy ? Why  
 Will you accuse yourself ? You thus destroy  
 The only hope that's left, it will be said  
 That Phædra, conscious of her perfidy,  
 Fled from her husband's sight Hippotus  
 Will be rejoiced that, dying, you should lend  
 His charge support What can I answer him ?  
 He'll find it easy to confute my tale,  
 And I shall hear him with an air of triumph  
 To every open ear repeat your shame  
 Sooner than that may fire from heav'n consume me '  
 Deceive me not Say, do you love him still ?  
 How look you now on this contemptuous pnnce?

**PHÆDRA**

As on a monster frightful to mine eyes

**ÆNONE**

Why yield him then an easy victory ?  
 You fear him Venture to accuse him first,  
 As guilty of the charge which he may bring  
 This day against you Who can say 'tis false ?  
 All tells against him in your hands his sword  
 Happily left behind, your present trouble,  
 Your past distress, your warnings to his father,  
 His exile which your earnest pray'rs obtain'd

**PHÆDRA**

What' Would you have me slander innocence ?

CENONE.

My zeal has need of naught from you out silence.  
 Like you I tremble, and am loath to do it ;  
 More willingly I'd face a thousand deaths.  
 But since without this bitter remedy  
 I lose you, and to me your life outweighs  
 All else, I'll speak. Theseus, howe'er enraged,  
 Will do no worse than banish him again.  
 A father, when he punishes, remains  
 A father, and his ire is satisfied  
 With a light sentence. But if guiltless blood  
 Should flow, is not your honour of more moment r  
 A treasure far too precious to be risk'd ?  
 You must submit, whatever it dictates;  
 For, when our reputation is at stake,  
 All must be sacrificed, conscience itself.  
 But someone comes. 'Tis Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

And I see

Hippolytus, my ruin plainly written  
 In his stern eyes. Do what you will ; I trust  
 My fate to you. I cannot help myself.

*Scene 4.*THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, PHÆDRA, CENONE,  
THERAMENES.

THESEUS.

Fortune no longer fights against my wishes,  
 Madam, and to your arms restores—

PHÆDRA.

Stay, Theseus!

Do not profane endearments that were once  
 So sweet, but which I am unworthy now  
 To taste. You have been wrong'd. Fortune has proved

Spiteful, nor in your absence spaied your wife  
 I am unfit to meet your fond caress,  
 How I may bear my shame my only care  
 Henceforth

*Scene 5*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

THESEUS

Strange welcome for your father, this !  
 What does it mean, my son ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Phaedra alone  
 Can solve this mystery But if my wish  
 Can move you, let me never see her more,  
 Suffer Hippolytus to disappear  
 For ever from the home that holds your wife

THESEUS

You, my son ! Leave me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

'Twas not I who sought her  
 'Twas you who led her footsteps to these shores  
 At your departure you thought meet, my lord,  
 To trust Aricra and the Queen to this  
 Trœzeman land, and I myself was charged  
 With their protection But what cares henceforth  
 Need keep me here ? My youth of idleness  
 Has shown its skill enough o'er paltry foes  
 That lange the woods May I not quit a life  
 Of such inglorious ease, and dip my spear  
 In nobler blood ? Ere you had reach'd my age  
 More than one tyrant, monster more than one  
 Had felt the weight of your stout arm Already,  
 Successful in attacking insolence,

You had removed all dangers that infested  
Our coasts to east and west. The traveller fear'd  
Outrage no longer. Hearing of your deeds,  
Already Hercules relied on you,  
And rested from his toils. While I, unknown  
Son of so brave a sire, am far behind  
Even my mother's footsteps. Let my courage  
Have scope to act, and if some monster yet  
Has scaped you, let me lay the glorious spoils  
Down at your feet; or let the memory  
Of death faced nobly keep my name alive,  
And prove to all the world I was your son.

## THESEUS.

Why, what is this ? What terror has possess'd  
My family to make them fly before me ?  
If I return to find myself so fear'd,  
So little welcome, why did Heav'n release me  
From prison ? My sole friend, misled by passion,  
Was bent on robbing of his wife the tyrant  
Who ruled Epirus. With regret I lent  
The lover aid, but Fate had made us blind,  
Myself as well as him. The tyrant seized me  
Defenceless and unarm'd. Pirithous  
I saw with tears cast forth to be devour'd  
By savage beasts that lapp'd the blood of men.  
Myself in gloomy caverns he inclosed,  
Deep in the bowels of the earth, and nigh  
To Pluto's realms. Six months I lay ere Heav'n  
Had pity, and I 'scaped the watchful eyes  
That guarded me. Then did I purge the world  
Of a foul foe, and he himself has fed  
His monsters. But, when with expectant joy  
To all that is most precious I draw near  
Of what the gods have left me, when my soul  
Looks for full satisfaction in a sight  
So dear, my only welcome is a shudder,  
Embrace rejected, and a hasty flight.  
Inspiring, as I clearly do, such terror,  
Would I were still a prisoner in Epirus !

Phaedra complains that I have suffer'd outrage  
Who has betray'd me ? Speak Why was I not  
Avenged ? Has Greece, to whom mine arm so oft  
Brought useful aid, sheltered the criminal?  
You make no answer Is my son, mine own  
Bear son, confederate with mine enemies ?  
I'll enter This suspense is overwhelming  
I'll learn at once the culprit and the crime,  
And Phaedra must explain her troubled state

*Scene 6*

HIPPOLYTUS, THERAMENES

HIPPOLTTUS

What do these words portend, which seem'd to freeze  
My very blood? Will Phaedra, in her frenzy,  
Accuse herself, and seal her own destruction ?  
What will the King say ? Gods ' What fatal poison  
Has love spread over all his house' Myself,  
Pull of a fire his hatred disapproves,  
How changed he finds me from the son he knew'  
With dark forebodings is my mind alarm'd,  
But innocence has surely naught to fear  
Come, let us go, and in some other place  
Consider how I best may move my sire  
To tenderness, and tell him of a flame  
Vex'd but not vanquished by a father's blame

## ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

THESEUS, CENONE.

THESEUS.

Ah ! What is this I hear ? Presumptuous traitor!  
 And would he have disgraced his father's honour?  
 With what relentless footsteps Fate pursues me!  
 Whither I go I know not, nor where now  
 I am. O kind affection ill repaid !  
 Audacious scheme ! Abominable thought!  
 To reach the object of his foul desire  
 The wretch disdain'd not to use violence.  
 I know this sword that served him in his fury,  
 The sword I gave him for a nobler use.  
 Could not the sacred ties of blood restrain him ?  
 And Phædra,—was she loath to have him punish'd ?  
 She held her tongue. Was that to spare the culprit ?

CENONE.

Nay, but to spare a most unhappy father.  
 O'erwhelm'd with shame that her eyes should have kindled  
 So infamous a flame and prompted him  
 To crime so heinous, Phædra would have died.  
 I saw her raise her arm, and ran to save her.  
 To me alone you owe it that she lives;  
 And, in my pity both for her and you,  
 Have I against my will interpreted  
 Her tears.

THESEUS.

The traitor! He might well turn pale.  
 'Twas fear that made him tremble when he saw me.  
 I was astonish'd that he show'd no pleasure;  
 His frigid greeting chill'd my tenderness.  
 But was this guilty passion that devours him

Declared already ere I banish'd him  
From Athens ?

**CENONE**

Sire, remember how the Queen  
Urged you Illicit love caused all her hatred

**THESEUS**

And then this fire- broke out again at Trcezen ?

**CENONE**

Sire, I hare told you all Too long the Queen  
Has been allow'd to bear her grief alone  
Let me now leave you and attend to her

*Scene 2*

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTUS

**THESEUS**

Ah' Thiere he is Great gods ' That noble mien  
Might well deceive an eye less fond than mrne?<sup>2</sup>  
Why should the sacred stamp of virtue gleam  
Upon the forehead of an impious wretch ?  
Ought not the blackness of a traitor's heart  
To show itself by sure and certain signs ?

**HIPPOLYTUS**

My father, may I ask what fatal cloud  
Has troubled your majestic countenance ?  
Dare you not trust this secret to your son ?

**THESEUS**

Traitor, how dare you show yourself before me ?  
Monster, whom Heaven's bolts have spared too long '  
Survivor of that robber crew whereof  
I cleansed the earth After your brutal lust  
Scorn'd even to lespect *my* marriage bed,

You venture—you, my hated foe—to come  
 Into my presence, here, where all is full  
 Of your foul infamy, instead of seeking  
 Some unknown land that never heard my name.  
 Fly, traitor, fly ! Stay not to tempt the wrath  
 That I can scarce restrain, nor brave my hatred.  
 Disgrace enough have I incurr'd for ever  
 In being father of so vile a son,  
 Without your death staining indelibly  
 The glorious record of my noble deeds.  
 Fly, and unless you wish quick punishment  
 To add you to the criminals cut off\*  
 By me, take heed this sun that lights us now  
 Ne'er see you more set foot upon this soil.  
 I tell you once again,—fly, haste, return not,  
 "Rid all my realms of your atrocious presence.

To thee, to thee, great Neptune, I appeal;  
 If erst I clear'd thy shores of foul assassins,  
 Recall thy promise to reward those efforts,  
 Crown'd with success, by granting my first pray'r.  
 Confined for long in close captivity,  
 I have not yet call'd on thy pow'rful aid,  
 Sparing to use the valued privilege  
 Till at mine utmost need. The time is come,  
 I ask thee now. Avenge a wretched father!  
 I leave this traitor to thy wrath ; in blood  
 Quench his outrageous fires, and by thy fury  
 Theseus will estimate thy favour tow'rds him.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Phaedra accuses me of lawless passion !  
 This crowning horror all my soul confounds ;  
 Such unexpected blows, falling at once,  
 O'erwhelm me, choke my utterance, strike me dumb.

## THESEUS.

Traitor, you reckon'd that in timid silence  
 Phaedra would bury your brutality.  
 You should not have abandon'd in your flight  
 The sword that in *her* hands helps to condemn you

Or rather, to complete your perfidy,  
You should have robb'd her both of speech and life

**HIPPOLYTUS.**

Justly indignant at a lie so black  
I might be pardon'd if I told the truth,  
But it concerns your honour to conceal it  
Approve the reverence that shuts my mouth;  
And, without wishing to increase your woes,  
Examine closely what *ray* life has been  
Great crimes are never single, they are link'd  
To former faults He who has once transgress'd  
Mav violate at last all that men hold  
Most sacred, vice, like virtue, has degrees  
Of progress, innocence was never seen  
To sink at once into the lowest depths  
Of guilt No virtuous man can in a day  
Turn traitor, murderer, an incestuous wretch  
The nurblmg of a chaste, heroic mother,  
I have not proved unworthy of my birth  
Pittheus, whose wisdom is by all esteem'd,  
Deign'd to instruct me when I left her hands  
It is no wish of mine to vaunt my merits,  
But, if I mav lay claim to any virtue,  
I think beyond all else I have displav'd  
Abnonce of those sins with which I'm charged  
For this Hippolytus is known in Greece,  
So continent that he is deem'd austere  
All know my abstinence inflexible  
The daylight is not purer than my heart  
How then could I, burning with fire profane—

**THESEUS**

Yes, dastard, 'tis that very pride condemns you  
I see the odious reason of your coldness  
Phaedra alone bewitch'd your shameless eyes,  
Your soul, to others' charms indifferent,  
Disdain'd the blameless fires of lawful love

## HIPPOLYTUS.

'No, father, I have hidden it too long,  
This heart has not disdain'd a sacred flame.  
Here at your feet I own my real offence :  
I love, and love in truth where you forbid me ;  
Bound to Aricia by my heart's devotion,  
The child of Pallas has subdued your son.  
A rebel to your laws, her I adore,  
And breathe forth ardent sighs for her alone.

## THESEUS

You love her ? Heav'ns !

But no, I see the trick.

You feign a crime to justify yourself.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Sir, I have shunn'd her for six months, and still  
Love her. To you yourself I came to tell it,  
Trembling the while. Can nothing clear your mind  
Of your mistake ? What oath can reassure you ?  
By heav'n and earth and all the pow'rs of nature—

## THESEUS.

The wicked never shrink from perjury.  
Cease, cease, and spare me irksome protestations,  
If your false virtue has no other aid.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Tho' it to you seem false and insincere,  
Phaedra has secret cause to know it true.

## THESEUS.

Ah ! how your shamelessness excites my wrath !

## HIPPOLYTUS.

What is my term and place of banishment ?

## THESEUS

Were you beyond the Pillars of Alcides,  
Your perjured presence were too near me yet

## HIPPOLYTUS

What friends will pity me, when you forsake  
And think me guilty of a crime so vile ?

## THESEUS

Go, look you out for friends who hold m honour  
Adultery and clap their hands at incest,  
Low, lawless traitors, steep'd m infamy,  
The fit protectors of a knave like you

## HIPPOLYTUS

Are incest and adultery the words  
You cast at me ? I hold my tongue Yet think  
What mother Phaedra had , too well you know  
Her blood, not mine is tainted with those horrors

## THESEUS

What' Does your rage before my eyes lose all  
Restraint ? For the last time,—out of my sight '  
Hence, traitor' Wait not till a father's wrath  
Force thee away 'mid general execration

*Scene 3*THESEUS (*alone*)

Wretch ! Ther must meet inevitable ruin  
Neptune has sworn by Styx—to gods themselves  
A dreadful oath,—and he will execute  
His promise Thou canst not escape his vengeance  
I loved thee , and, in spite of thine offence,  
My heart is troubled by anticipation  
For thee But thou hast eain'd thy doom too well

SCENE 4.]

PHÆDRA.

Had father ever greater cause for rage ?  
Just gods, who see the grief that overwhelms me,  
Why was I cursed with such a wicked son ?

*Scene 4.*

PHÆDRA, THESEUS.

PKLÆDRA.

My lord, I come to you, fill'd with just dread.  
Your voice raised high in anger reach'd mine ears,  
And much I fear that deeds have follow'd threats.  
Oh, if there yet is time, spare your own offspring,  
Respect your race and blood, I do beseech you.  
Let me not hear that blood cry from the ground ;  
Save me the horror and perpetual pain  
Of having caused his father's hand to shed it.

THESEUS.

No, Madam, from that stain my hand is free  
But, for all that, the wretch has not escaped me.  
The hand of an Immortal now is charged  
With his destruction. 'Tis a debt that Neptune  
Owes me, and you shall be avenged.

PHÆDRA.

A debt

Owed you ? Pray'rs made in anger—

THESEUS.

Never fear

That they will fail. Rather join yours to mine.  
En all their blackness paint for me his crimes,  
And fan my tardy passion to white heat.  
But yet you know not all his infamy;  
His rage against you overflows in slanders;  
Your mouth, he says, is full of all deceit,  
He says Aricia has his heart and soul,  
That her alone he loves.

PHÆDRA

Alicia ?

THESEUS

Ay,

He said it to my face an idle pietyt'  
 A trick that gulls me not' Let us hope Neptune  
 Will do him speedy justice To his altars  
 I go, to urge performance of his oaths

*Scene 5*

PHJEDRA (*alone*)

Ah, he is gone ' What tidings struck mine ears ?  
 What fare, half smother'd, in my heart revives ?  
 What fatal stroke falls like a thunderbolt?  
 Stung by remorse that would not let me rest,  
 I tore myself out of Œnone's arms,  
 And flew to help Hippolytus with all  
 My soul and strength Who knows if that repentance  
 Might not have moved me to accuse myself ?  
 And, if my voice had not been choked with shame,  
 Perhaps I had confess' d the frightful truth  
 Hippolytus can feel, but not for me '  
 Ancia has his heart, his plighted troth  
 Ye gods, when, deaf to all my sighs and tears,  
 He arm'd his eye with scorn, his brow with threats,  
 I deem'd his heart, impregnable to love,  
 Was fortified 'gainst all my sex alike  
 And you another has prevail'd to tame  
 His pude, another has secured his favour  
 Perhaps he has a heart easily melted,  
 I am the only one he cannot bear'  
 And shall I charge myself with his defence ?

*Scene 6.*

PHÆDRA, CENONE.

PHÆDRA.

Know you, dear Nurse, what I have learn'd just, now ?

CENONE.

No; but I come in truth with trembling limbs.  
I dreaded with what purpose you went forth,  
The fear of fatal maciness made me pale.

PHÆDRA.

Who would have thought it, Nurse ? I had a rival.

CENONE.

A rival ?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, he loves. I cannot doubt it. .  
This wild untamable Hippolytus,  
Who scorn'd to be admired, whom lovers' sighs  
Wearied, this tiger, whom I fear'd to rouse,  
Fawns on a hand that has subdued his pride:  
Aricia has found entrance to his heart.

CENONE.

Aricia ?

PHÆDRA.

Ah ! anguish as yet untried !  
For what new tortures am I still reserved ?  
All I have undergone. transports of passion,  
Longings and fears, the horrors of remorse,-  
The shame of being spurn'd with contumely,  
Were feeble foretastes of my present torments.  
They love each other ! By what secret charm  
Have they deceived me ? Where, and when, and  
Met they ? You knew it all. Why was I cozen'd

You never told me of those stolen hours  
 Of amorous converse Have they oft been seen  
 Talking together ? Did they seek the shades  
 Of thickest woods ? Alas<sup>?</sup> full freedom had they  
 To see each other Heav'n approved their sighs,  
 They loved without the consciousness of guilt,  
 And every morning's sun for them shone clear,  
 While I, an outcast from the face of Nature,  
 Shunn'd the bright day, and sought to hide myself  
 Death was the only god whose aid I dared  
 To ask I waited for the grave's release  
 Water'd with tears, nounsh'd with gall, my woe  
 Was all too closely watch'd, I did not dare  
 To weep without restraint In mortal dread  
 Tasting this dangerous solace, I disguised  
 My terror 'neath a tranquil countenance,  
 And oft had I to check my tears, and smile

## CENONE

What fruit will they enjoy of their vain love ?  
 They will not see each other more

## PHÆDRA

That love  
 Will last for ever Even while I speak,  
 Ah, fatal thought, they laugh to scorn the madness  
 Of my distracted heart In spite of exile  
 That soon must part them, with a thousand oaths  
 They seal yet closer union Can I suffer  
 A happiness, CEnone, which insults me ?  
 I crave your pity She must be destroy'd  
 My forsband's wrath against a hateful stock  
 Shall be revived, nor must the punishment  
 Be light the sister's guilt passes the brothers'  
 I will entreat him in my jealous rage  
 that am I saymg ? Have I lost my senses ?  
 Is Phædra jealous, and will she implore  
 Theseus for help ? My husband lives, and yet  
 I burn For whom ? Whose heart is this I claim  
 As mine ? At every word I say, my hair

Stands up with horror. Guilt henceforth has pass'd  
**All** bounds. Hypocrisy and incest breathe  
 At once thro' all. My murderous hands are ready  
 To spill the blood of guileless innocence.  
 Do I yet live, wretch that I am, and dare  
 To face this holy Sun from whom I spring ?  
 My father's sire was king of all the gods;  
 My ancestors fill all the universe.  
 Where can I hide ? In the dark realms of Pluto ?  
 But there my father holds the fatal urn;  
 His hand awards th' irrevocable doom :  
 Minos is judge of all the ghosts in hell.  
 Ah ! how his awful shade will start and shudder  
 When he shall- see his daughter brought before him,  
 Forced to confess sins of such varied *dye*,  
 Crimes it may be unknown to hell itself !  
 What wilt thou say, my father, at a sight  
 So dire ? I think I see thee drop the urn,  
 And, seeking some unheard-of punishment,  
 Thyself become my executioner.  
 Spare me ! A cruel goddess has destroy'd  
 Thy race; and in my madness recognize  
 Her wrath. Alas ! My aching heart has reap'd  
 No fruit of pleasure from the frightful crime  
 The shame of which pursues me to the grave,  
 And ends in torment life-long misery.

ÆNONE.

Ah, Madam, pray dismiss a groundless dread:  
 Look less severely on a venial error.  
 You love. We cannot conquer destiny.  
 You were drawn on as by a fatal charm.  
 Is that a marvel without precedent  
 Among us ? Has love triumph'd over you,  
 And o'er none else ? Weakness is natural  
 To man. A mortal, to a mortal's lot  
 Submit. You chafe against a yoke that others  
 Have **long** since borne. The dwellers in Olympus,  
 The gods themselves, who terrify with threats  
**The sins of men, have burn'd** with lawless **fires**.

## PHÆDRA

What words are these I hear ? What counsel this  
 You dare to give me ? Will you to the end  
 Pour poison in mine ears ? You have destroy'd me  
 You brought me back when I should else have quitted  
 The light of day, made me forget my duty  
 And see Hippolytus till then avoided  
 What hast thou done ? Why did your wicked mouth  
 With blackest lies slander his blameless life ?  
 Perhaps you've slam him, and the impious pray'r  
 Of an unreeling father has been answer'd  
 No, not another word ' Go, hateful monster,  
 Away, and leave me to my piteous fate  
 May Heav'n with justice pay you your deserts'  
 And may your punishment for ever be  
 A terror to all those who would, like you.  
 Nourish with artful wiles the weaknesses  
 Of princes, push them to the brink of ruin  
 To which then heart inclines, and smooth the path  
 Of guilt Such flatterers doth the wrath of Heav'n  
 Bestow on kings as its most fatal gift

CENONE (*alone*)

O gods' to serve her what have I not done ?  
 Tins is the due reward that I have won

## ACT V

*Scene 1*

## HIPPOLYTUS, ARICIA

## ARICIA

Can you keep silent in this mortal peril'  
 Your father loves you Will you leave him thus  
 Deceived ? If in your cruel heart you scorn  
 My tears, content to see me nevermore,

Go, part from poor Aricia; but at least,  
Going, secure the safety of your life.  
Defend your honour from a shameful stain,  
And force your father to recall his pray'rs.  
There yet is time. Why out of mere caprice  
Leave the field free to Phædra's calumnies?  
Let Theseus know the truth.

## HIPPOLYTUS.

Could I say more,  
Without exposing him to dire disgrace ?  
How should I venture, by revealing all,  
To make a father's brow grow red with shame ?  
The odious mystery to you alone  
Is known. My heart has been outpour'd to none  
Save you and Heav'n. I could not hide from you  
(Judge if I love you), all I fain would hide  
E'en from myself. But think under what seal  
I spoke. Forget my words, if that may be ;  
And never let so pure a mouth disclose  
This dreadful secret. Let us trust to Heav'n  
My vindication, for the gods are just;  
For their own honour will they clear the guiltless;  
Sooner or later punish'd for her crime,  
Phædra will not escape the shame she merits.  
I ask no other favour than your silence;  
In all besides I give my wrath free scope.  
Make your escape from this captivity,  
Be bold to bear me company in flight;  
Linger not here on this accursed soil,  
Where virtue breathes a pestilential air.  
To cover your departure take advantage  
Of this confusion, caused by my disgrace.  
The means of flight are ready, be assured;  
You have as yet no other guards than mine.  
Pow'rful defenders will maintain our quarrel;  
Argos spreads open arms, and Sparta calls us.  
Let us appeal for justice to our friends,  
Nor suffer Phædra, in a common ruin  
Joining us both, to hunt us from the throne,

And aggrandise her son by robbing us  
 Embrace this happy opportunity  
 What fear restrains ? You seem to hesitate  
 Your interest alone prompts me to urge  
 Boldness When I am all on fire, how comes it  
 That you are ice ? Fear you to follow then  
 A banish'd man ?

## ARICIA

Ah, dear to me would be  
 Such exile ! With what joy, my fate to yours  
 United, could I live by all the world  
 Forgotten ! But not yet has that sweet tie  
 Bound us together How then can I steal  
 Away with you ? I know the strictest honour  
 Forbids me not out of your father's hands  
 To free myself, this is no parent's home,  
 And flight is lawful when one flies from tyrants  
 But you, Sir, love me, and my virtue shrinks —

## HTPPOLYTUS

No, no, your reputation is to me  
 As dear as to yourself A nobler purpose  
 Brings me to you Fly from your foes, and follow  
 A husband Hoav'n, that sends us these misfortunes,  
 Sets free from human instruments the pledge  
 Between us Torches do not always light  
 The face of Hymen

At the gates of Troezen,  
 'Mid ancient tombs where princes of my race  
 Lie buried, stands a temple ne'er approach'd  
 By perjurers, where mortals dare not make  
 False oaths, for instant punishment befalls  
 The guilty Falsehood knows no stronger check  
 Than what is present there—the fear of death  
 That cannot be avoided Thither then  
 We'll go, if you consent, and swear to love  
 For ever, take the guardian god to witness  
 Our solemn vows, and his paternal care  
 Entreat I will invoke the name of all  
 The holiest Powers, chaste Dian, and the Queen

Of Heav'n, yea all the gods who know my heart  
Will guarantee my sacred promises.

ARICIA.

The King draws near. Depart,—make no delay.  
To mask my flight, I linger yet one moment.  
Go you; and leave with me some trusty guide,  
To lead my timid footsteps to your side.

*Scene 2.*

THESEUS, ARICIA, ISMENE.

THESEUS,

Ye gods, throw light upon my troubled mind,  
Show me the truth which I am seeking here.

ARICIA (*aside to ISMENE*).

Get ready, dear Ismene, for our flight.

*Scene 3.*

THESEUS, ARICIA.

THESEUS.

Your colour comes and goes, you seem confused,  
Madam! What business had my son with you?

ARICIA.

Sire, he was bidding me farewell for ever.

THESEUS.

Your eyes, it seems, can tame that stubborn pride;  
And the first sighs he breathes are paid to you.

ARICIA

I can't deny the truth , he has not, Sire,  
Inherited your hatred and injustice ,  
He did not treat me like a criminal

THESEUS

That is to say, he swore eternal love  
Do not rely on that inconstant heart,  
To others has he sworn as much before

ARICIA

He, Sire ?

THESEUS

You ought to check his roving taste  
How could you bear a partnership so vile ?

ARICIA

And how can you endure that vilest slanders  
Should make a life so pure as black as pitch ?  
Have you so little knowledge of his heart ?  
Do you so ill distinguish between guilt  
And innocence ? What mist before your eyes  
Blinds them to virtue so conspicuous ?  
Ah ! 'tis too much to let false tongues defame him  
Repent, call back your murderous wishes, Sire ,  
Fear, fear lest Heav'n in its seventy  
Hate you enough to hear and grant your pray'rs  
Oft in their wrath the gods accept our victims,  
And oftentimes chastise us with their gifts

THESEUS

No, vamy would you cover up his guilt  
Your love is blind to his depravity  
But I have witness inapproachable  
Tears have I seen, true tears, that may be trusted

ARICIA

Take heed, my lord Your hands invincible  
Have rid the world of monsters numberless

## SCENE 5.]

PHÆDRA.

But all are not destroyed, one you have left  
Alive—Your son forbids me to say more.  
Knowing with what respect he still regards you,  
I should too much distress him if I dared  
Complete my sentence. I will imitate  
His reverence, and, to keep silence, leave you.

*Scene 4.*THESEUS *{alone}*.

What is there in her mind? What meaning lurks  
In speech begun but to be broken short?  
Would both deceive me with a vain pretence?  
Have they conspired to put me to the torture?  
And yet, despite my stern severity,  
What plaintive voice cries deep within my heart?  
A secret pity troubles and alarms me.  
Cœnone shall be questioned once again,  
I must have clearer light upon this crime.  
Guards, bid Cœnone come, and come alone.

*Scene 5.*

THESEUS, PANOPE.

FANOPE.

I know not what the Queen intends to do,  
But from her agitation dread the worst.  
Fatal despair is painted on her features;  
Death's pallor is already in her face.  
Cœnone, shamed and driven from her sight,  
Has cast herself into the ocean depths.  
None knows what prompted her to deed so rash;  
And now the waves hide her from us for ever.

THESEUS.

What say you?

PANOPE.

Her sad fate seems to have added  
 Fresh trouble to the Queen's tempestuous soul  
 Sometimes, to soothe her secret pain, she clasps  
 Her children close, and bathes them with her tears,  
 Then suddenly, the mother's love forgotten,  
 She thrusts them from her with a look of horror  
 She wanders to and fro with doubtful steps,  
 Her vacant eye no longer knows us Thrice  
 She wrote, and thence did she, changing her mind,  
 Destroy the letter ere 'twas well begun  
 Vouchsafe to see her, Sire vouchsafe to help her

THESEUS

Heav'n's ! Is CEnone dext, and Phaedra bent  
 On dying too ? Ob, call me back my son !  
 Let him defend himself, and I am ready  
 To heal him Be not hasty to bestow  
 Thy fatal bounty, Neptune, let my pray'is  
 Rather remain ever unheal'd Too soon  
 I lifted cruel hands, believing lips  
 That may have hed' Ah ! What despair may follow !

*Scene 6*

THESEUS, THERAMENES

THEIAMENES

Theiamenes, is 't thou ? Where is my son ?  
 I gave him to thy charge from tenderest childhood  
 But whence these tears that overflow thine eyes ?  
 How is it with my son ?

THERAMENES

Concern too late'  
 Affection vain ! Hippolytus is dead

THESEUS

Gods'

THERAMENES.

I have seen the flow'r of all mankind  
Cut off, and I am bold to say that none  
Deserved it less.

THESEUS.

What! My son dead! When I  
Was stretching out my arms to him, has Heav'n  
Hasteh'd his end? What was this sudden stroke?

THERAMENES.

Scarce had we pass'd out of the gates of Trœzen,  
He silent in his chariot, and his guards,  
Downcast and silent too, around him ranged;  
To the Mycenian road he turn'd his steeds,  
Then, lost in thought, allow'd the reins to lie  
Loose on their backs. His noble chargers, erst  
So full of ardour to obey his voice,  
With head depress'd and melancholy eye  
Seem'd now to mark his sadness and to share it.  
A frightful cry, that issues from the deep,  
With sudden discord rends the troubled air;  
And from the bosom of the earth a groan  
Is heard in answer to that voice of terror.  
Our blood is frozen at our very hearts;  
With bristling manes the list'ning steeds stand still,  
Meanwhile upon the watery plain there rises  
A mountain billow with a mighty crest  
Of foam, that shoreward rolls, and, as it breaks,  
Before our eyes vomits a furious monster.  
With formidable horns its brow is arm'd,  
And all its body clothed with yellow scales,  
In front a savage bull, behind a dragon  
Turning and twisting in impatient rage.  
Its long continued bellowings make the shore  
Tremble; the sky seems horror-struck to see it;  
The earth with terror quakes; its poisonous breath  
Infects the air. The wave that brought it ebbs  
In fear. All fly, forgetful of the courage  
That cannot aid, and in a neighbouring temple

Take refuge—all save bold Hippolytus  
 A hero's woithy son, he stays his steeds,  
 Seizes his darts, and, rushing forward, hurls  
 A missile with sure aim that wounds the monster  
 Deep in the flank With rage and pain it springs  
 E'en to the horses' feet, and, roaring, falls,  
 Writhes in the dust, and shows a fiery throat  
 That covers them with flames, and blood, and smoke  
 Fear lends them wmg's, deaf to his voice for once,  
 And heedless of the curb, they onward fly  
 Their master wastes his strength in efforts vain ,  
 With foam and blood each courser's bit is red  
 Some say a god, amid this wild disorder,  
 Is seen with goads pricking their dusty flanks  
 O'er jagged rocks they rush urged on by terror,  
 Crash ' goes the axle-tree Th' intrepid youth  
 Sees his car broken up, flying to pieces,  
 He falls himself entangled in the reins  
 Pardon *my* grief That cruel spectacle  
 Will be for me a source of endless tears  
 I saw thy hapless son, I saw him, Sire,  
 Dragg'd by the horses that his hands had fed,  
 Pow'rless to check their fierce career, his voice  
 But adding to their fright, his body soon  
 One mass of wounds Our cries of anguish fill  
 The plain At last they slacken their swift pace,  
 Then stop, not far from those old tombs that mark  
 Where lie the ashes of his royal sires  
 Panting I thither run, and after me  
 His guard, along the track stain'd with fresh blood  
 That leddens all the rocks, caught in the briers  
 Locks of his hair hang dripping, gory spoils '  
 I come, I call him Stretching forth his hand,  
 He opes his dying eyes, soon closed again  
 " The gods have robb'd me of a guiltless life,"  
 I hear him say " Take care of sad Aricia  
 When I am dead Dear friend, if e'er my father  
 Mourn, undeceived, his son's unhappy fate  
 Falsely accused, to give my spirit peace,  
 Tell him to treat his captive tenderly,  
 And to restore—" **With that the hero's breath**

Fails, and a mangled corpse lies in my arms,  
A piteous object, trophy of the wrath  
Of Heav'n—so changed, his father would not know him.

THESEUS.

Alas, my son! Dear hope for ever lost!  
The ruthless gods have served me but too well.  
For what a life of anguish and remorse  
Am I reserved!

THERAMENES.

Arieia at that instant,  
Flying from you, comes timidly, to take him  
For husband, there, in presence of the gods.  
Thus drawing nigh, she sees the grass all red  
And reeking, sees (sad sight for lover's eye!)  
Hippolytus stretch'd there, pale and disfigured.  
But, for a time doubtful of her misfortune,  
Unrecognized the hero she adores,  
She looks, and asks—"Where is Hippolytus?"  
Only too sure at last that he lies there  
Before her, with sad eyes that silently  
Reproach the gods, she shudders, groans, and falls,  
Swooning and all but lifeless, at his feet.  
Lsinene, all in tears, kneels down beside her,  
And calls her back to life—life that is naught  
But sense of pain. And I, to whom this light  
Is darkness now, come to discharge the duty  
The hero has imposed on me, to tell thee  
His last request—a melancholy task.  
But hither comes his mortal enemy.

*Scene 7.*

THESEUS, PHÆDRA, THERAMENES, PANOPE, GUARDS.

THESEUS.

Madam, you've triumph'd, and my son is kill'd!  
Ah, but what room have I for fear! How justly  
Suspicion racks me that in blaming him

I err'd' But he is dead, accept your victim,  
 Rightly or wrongly slain, let your heart leap  
 For joy My eyes shall be for ever blind  
 Since you accuse him, I'll believe him guilty  
 His death affords me cause enough for tears,  
 Without a foolish search for further light  
 Which, pow'less to lestoie him to my grief,  
 Might only serve to make me more unhappy  
 Far from this shore and far from you I'll fly,  
 For here the image of my mangled son  
 Would haunt my memory and drive me mad  
 From the whole world I fain would banish me,  
 For all the world seems to rise up in judgment  
 Against me, and my very glory weights  
 My punishment, for, were my name lest, known,  
 'Twere easier to hide me All the favours  
 The gods have granted me I mourn and hate,  
 Nor will I importune them with vain prayers  
 Henceforth for ever Give me what they may,  
 What *they* have taken will all else outweigh

PHÆDRA

Theseus, I cannot hear you and keep silence  
 I must repair the wrong that he has suffer'd—  
 Your son was innocent

THESEUS

Unhappy father'  
 And it was on your word that I condemn'd him '  
 Think you such cruelty can be excused—

PHÆDRA

Moments to me are precious, hear me, Theseus  
 'Twas I who cast an eye of lawless passion  
 On chaste and dutiful Hippolytus  
 Heav'n in *my* bosom kindled baleful fire,  
 And vile CEnone's cunning did the rest  
 She fear'd Hippolytus, knowing my madness,  
 Would make that passion known which he regarded  
 With horror, so advantage of my weakness

SCENE 7.]

PHÆDRA.

She took, ana nasten d to accuse him first.  
For that she has been punish'd, tho' too mildly;  
Seeking to shun my wrath she cast herself  
Beneath the waves. The sword ere now had out  
My thread of life, but slander'd innocence  
Made its cry heard, and I resolved to die  
In a more lingering way, confessing first  
My penitence to you. A poison, brought  
To Athens by Medea, runs thro' my veins  
Already in my heart the venom works,  
Infusing there a, strange and fatal chill;  
Already as thro' thickening mists I see  
The spouse to whom my presence is an outrage;  
Death, from mine eyes veiling the light of heav'n,  
Restores its purity that they defiled.

PANOPE.

She dies, my lord !

THESEUS.

Would that the memory  
Of her disgraceful deed could perish with her!  
Ah, disabused too late ! Come, let us go,  
And with the blood of mine unhappy son  
Mingle our tears, clasping his dear remains,  
In deep repentance for a pray'r detested.  
Let him be honour'd as he well deserves ;  
And, to appease his sore offended ghost,  
Be her near kinsmen's guilt whate'er it may,  
Aricia shall be held my daughter from to-day.



**ESTIER.**

**A TRAGEDY FOUNDED ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.**



## INTRODUCTION TO ESTHER.

**E**STHER—the first of Racine's two sacred dramas—is a tragedy in the Aristotelian acceptance of the term, as being concerned with a great and noble action, and calculated to excite generous pity and fear, though the denouement is a happy one for the heroine and her compatriots. It was composed by Racine when he was in his fiftieth year, and acted at the Maison de Saint Cyrin 1689 (see biographical notice, p. xv). The incidents are in strict accordance with the Biblical narrative, but our poet was obliged to invent the character of Elizabeth in order to furnish Esther with the confidante deemed so indispensable in the French drama of the period, while Hydaspes is made to perform a similar office for Hainan. The fulsome prologue does not enhance our respect for the too courtly bard, who (speaking in the name of Piety!) extols bigotry, and singles out for special commendation the capital blunder which Louis XIV. had recently committed (1685) in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He praises the Dauphin for virtues which were only too conspicuous in him by their absence. His flattery is indirectly extended to Madame de Mainteuon in the opening lines of his play, the terms in which allusion is made to Vashti's disgrace being such as to recall the circumstances under which the former had supplanted Madame de Montespan in the king's favour; and the choral odes abound in delicate compliments to the distinguished patroness of the Maison de Saint Cyr.

Racine rejects the testimony of Herodotus to the purely monotheistic nature of the Persian religion. In this he has some ground of justification; but in representing the Persians as idolaters he is certainly wrong, and probably mistaken also in identifying Ahasuerus with Darius, son of Hystaspes. In "Esther" Racine for the first time introduces a Chorus, as in the ancient Greek drama, whose songs set to music by Moreau gratefully relieved the monotony of the somewhat stilted dialogue. The unity of place is, moreover, observed less rigidly than usual, a change of scene (though still within the limits of the royal palace) accompanying the rise of the curtain for each of the three Acts.

## CHARACTERS

AUASFRUS            *King of Persia*  
KSTHFR, *Queen of Persia*  
MORDECAI, *Esthers Uncle*  
HAMAN, *Fatourite of Ahasuerus*  
ZERFSH, *Hamans Wefe*  
HTDASPTS    *Chamberlain of the Inner Palace*  
ASAPH, *another of the Kings Officers*  
FARZABITII    *Confidential Frtend of Esther*  
TAHMAR, A *Jewess, one of Esther's Attendants*  
*Guards of King Ahasuerus*  
*Chorns of Young Jewish Maidens*

**The scene is laid at Shushan, m the King s Palace**  
**The Prologue is spoken by PHTY**

## PROLOGUE.

### PIETY.

From the Divine Creator's blest abode  
I to this dwelling-place of Grace descend  
Which Innocence, my constant comrade, haunts,  
And finds no surer refuge 'neath the skies.  
Here, far from tumult, by my hand is form'd  
In holiest offices a rising race ;  
I nourish in their hearts the fruitful seed  
Of virtues that may sanctify the world.  
A King, my guardian, a victorious King,  
Has trusted to my care this precious charge.  
'Tis he has gather'd here these timid doves,  
Else widely scatter'd, without help or guides :  
Raising this palace at his gates for them,  
He bids them find peace and abundance here.

Great God, forget not Thou this pious work !  
Let **all** the care he for Thy glory takes  
Be graven by Thy hand within the book  
Where the predestined names of kings beloved  
Of Heav'n are written ! Ever dost Thou hear me ;  
Am I not Piety, Thy daughter dear,  
Whose voice Thou knowest ? And this king's warm vows  
I bear, and from the altar of Thy love  
Kindle his heart. The fervent zeal that burns  
His soul with a consuming fire for Thee  
Is spread, from east to west. Thou seest him  
Daily before Thee bow his crowned head  
In worship, and, by his august example,  
Confounding pride, adore Thy sacred threshold.  
Of all earth's monarchs he alone maintains  
Thy **quarrel,** and, inspired with holy ardour,  
Fights for Thine honour. Jealousy and greed  
Conspire against Thee, for foul heresy

Contending, discord rages everywhere ,  
 All, as it seems, forsake Thy holy standards,  
 And hell, with dismal damps enshrouding all,  
 Has cast its darkness over samthest eyes  
 He only, grounded upon faith unchanging.  
 With ready eye and ear seeks naught but Thee,  
 And, vanquishing the fiend's vain subtlety,  
 Sustains the entire fabric of religion  
 Judge Thine own cause, great God, make bare to-day  
 Thine arm, that self-same arm which fought for him,  
 When the Rhine saw so many times dispersed  
 The armies of the nations that had sworn  
 To crush him Those same foes, m proud defiance,  
 Come to meet shipwreck on the rock before  
 Found fatal Everywhere firm barriers burst.  
 Forth from their ruin'd forts they swarm across  
 His borders Thou hast given him a son  
 Ready to fight, to aid, obey, command ,  
 A son whom, like himself, Conquest attends,  
 His highest aim to gam his father's heart,  
 A son whose love submits to all his wishes,  
 The terror and despair of all his foes,  
 Worthy to rank with those heroic souls  
 Thy Justice sends The King says, Go he springs  
 Forward with joy, his vengeance falls like lightning,  
 And he returns calmly to lay the spoils  
 Down at his feet

But while a mighty Monarch  
 Thus rights my wrongs, you who here taste delights  
 So pure, if he permits a moment's rest  
 To his brave heart, call to your blameless pastime  
 This hero , Esther's glorious history  
 Enact, and impious wiles by faith subdued  
 And ye for whom wild passions have a chaim  
 Kindled by fictions frivolous and vain,  
 Who love profane and pagan spectacles,  
 Whose ears are not attuned to solemn words,  
 The sacred joys I bring are not for you ,  
 Fly, for all here breathes God, and peace, **and** truth.

# ESTHER.

A TRAGEDY FOUNDED ON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

ACT T.

*Scene*—ESTHER'S chamber.

*Scene* 1.

ESTHER, ELIZABETH.

**ESTHER.**

Is 't thou, Elizabeth ? Thrice happy day!  
Blessed be Heav'n that to my pray'rs restores  
The friend of earliest years, like me a daughter  
Of Benjamin, who, gall'd by the same yoke  
Of dire oppression, mourn'd with me the woes  
Of captured Zion. Ah, how memory dwells  
Still fondly on the visions of the past!  
But thou, "thine Esther's glory dost thou know ?  
Six months and more has search for thee been made;  
What clime, what desert so remote could hide thee ?

**ELIZABETH.**

Stricken with grief at rumours of thy death,  
I lived a life apart from all mankind,  
And waited only for that life of sadness  
To end, when suddenly a prophet spake:  
" Too long hast thou bewail'd the loss of one  
Who yet survives. Rise, take thy way to Shushan;  
There shalt thou see the object of thy tears

Seated in pomp and honour on a throne  
 Zion," said he, "comfort thy timid tribes,  
 The day draws nigh when the Lord God of hosts  
 Shall make the might of His strong arm appeal,  
 For He has heard His people's cry for help "  
 He spake and I, with joy and wonder moved,  
 Set off in haste, found entrance to this palace,  
 And see a spectacle that fills mine eyes  
 With admiration, worthy of the arm  
 That saved our fathers ' Proud Ahasuerus  
 His captive crowns, and falls before the feet  
 Of a fan Jewess ' By what secret springs  
 Has Heav'n accomplish'd this unhop'd for triumph ?

#### ESTHER

Thou may'st have heard the well-known story told  
 Of haughty Vashti's fall, whose place I fill,  
 When Persia's king, inflamed with sore displeasure,  
 Bamsh'd the queen both from his throne and bed,  
 But could not drive her from his thoughts so soon,  
 Long Vashti reign'd in his offended soul  
 Then must there search be made thro' all his lealms  
 For some new object that might wean him from her  
 From Ind to Hellespont his slaves went forth,  
 Daughters of Eg\pt show'd themselves at Shushan  
 E'en the wild Seythian and the Parthian sent  
 Then maidens to contend for beauty's pnze,  
 The sceptre I was being then brought up  
 In secret under the wise, watchful eyes  
 Of Mordecai, to whom I owe so much  
 When by the stroke of death I lost my paienth,  
 To me, his brother's offspring, he supplied  
 The place of father and of mother too  
 The Jews were then sore vexed night and day,  
 He drew me out of my obscurity,  
 And, their deliverance to my feeble hands  
 Confiding, he possess'd me with the hope  
 Of empire Trembling I obey'd his will  
 Hither I came, but hid my race and country.  
 Who could recount the jealousies and plots

**Hatch'd** by the multitude of rivals here  
**Who all**, disputing for so high a favour,  
 Waited their sentence at the monarch's eyes ?  
 Each had supporters, each a pow'ful faction;  
 One boasted the advantages of birth;  
 A-nother borrow'd help from skilful hands  
 To deck herself in robes magnificent;  
 But I placed all my trust in Heav'n's support,  
 My only art the sacrifice of tears.

At last to me the summons of the King  
 Came, and before his presence I appear'd.  
 God holds the hearts of monarchs in His hands;  
 He brings prosperity to guileless souls,  
 While in their schemes of pride the wicked fall  
 Entrapp'd. My feeble charms appear'd to move  
 The King: in thoughtful silence long he gazed ;  
 And Heav'n, that turn'd the balance in my favour,  
 Work'd doubtless on his heart the while. At length,  
**With** eyes wherein a look of kindness reign'd,  
 " Be thou my Queen," he said, and therewithal  
 With his own hand upon my brow he placed  
 His diadem. Then he, to show his joy,  
 Loaded the great ones of his court with gifts;  
 And throughout all his realms his bounty bade  
 His subjects to the royal marriage feast.

During those days of jocund mirth, alas,  
 What secret shame and grief within me burn'd!  
 Esther, said I, Esther is clad in robes  
 Of state, and half the world obeys her sceptre.  
 While the grass grows over the walls of Salem ;  
 Zion, the haunt of unclean reptiles, sees  
**Her** holy temple scatter'd heaps of stones,  
 And ceased the festivals of Israel's God!

ELIZABETH.

Hast thou not told thy sorrow to the King ?

ESTHER.

Until this day he knows not who I am:  
 He by whom under Heav'n my fate is ruled  
 Forbids me yet this secret to reveal.

## ELIZABETH

Is Mordeear allow'd an entrance here ?

## ESTHER

His love for me sharpens his wit, tho' absent  
 I ask his counsel, and his wise replies  
 Find countless ways and means to reach mme ears,  
 No father for the welfare of his child  
 Has more concern    Already warn'd m secret  
 By him, I to the king made known a plot  
 Form'd by two household slaves against his life  
 Meanwhile my warm attachment to our tribe  
 Has fill'd this palace with young maids of Zion,  
 Fair, tender flowers beaten by the storms  
 Of life, transplanted to an alien clime  
 With me    Apart from witnesses profane,  
 I make their training my chief tare and study,  
 And, hither thing from the flattering court,  
 Sick of vain pomp, retired within myself,  
 I come to kneel before Jehovah's feet,  
 And taste the bliss of self-forgetfulness  
 But from the Persians I conceal their race  
 Now must I call them    Come, my children, come,  
 Erst my companions in captivity,  
 The patriarch Jacob's young postenty

*Scene 2*

ESTHER, ELIZABETH, CHORUS

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*singing behind the stage*)

Sister, whose invitation greets our ear ?

## ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Those pleasing accents well I know  
 It is the Queen

BOTH MAIDENS.

My sisters, let us go.  
It is the Queen we hear,  
She calls us; let us hasten and draw near.

ALL THE CHORUS (*entering from different directions*).

It is the Queen we hear,  
She calls us: let us hasten and draw near.

ELIZABETH.

What an array of innocence and beauty  
Before mine eyes gather from every side !  
What modesty and grace each countenance  
Adorn ! All hail, hope of a holy stock !  
May your pure aspirations mount to Heav'n  
Like the sweet smoke of incense ! May our God  
Regard you with a look of loving kindness !

ESTHER.

My children, sing one of those sacred songs  
Wherewith so oft, mingling your tears with mine,  
Ye have lamented Zion's misery.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Where is the light that over Salem shone,  
The glory that the world admired of yore ?  
Thou art hut dust, that splendour nothing more  
Than a sad memory of brightness gone.  
Zion, exalted once to heaven's height,  
But now brought down to the abyss of hell,  
May dumbness my ingratitude requite,  
If in my songs I e'er forget to tell,  
Till my last breath, what sorrows thee befell ?

ALL THE CHORUS.

Ye banks of Jordan ! Plains beloved of Heav'n !  
Each fertile valley and each holy hill,  
To which God's countless wonders fame have giv'n !  
From our dear fatherland sad exiles still,  
This time of trouble shall we ne'er fulfil ?

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*)

When, Zion, shall I see thy ramparts raised,  
 Thy lofty tow'rs rebuilt in all their pride ?  
 By festal throngs pressing from every side  
 When shall I hear the God of Israel praised ?

## ALL THE CHORUS

Ye banks of Jordan ' Plains beloved of Heav'n '  
 Each fertile valley and each holy hill,  
 To which God's countless wonders fame have giv'n'  
 From our dear fatherland sad exiles still,  
 This time of trouble shall we ne'er fulfil ?

*Scene 3*

ESTHER, MORDECAI, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS

## ESTHER

Who dares these sacred precincts to invade ?  
 Is 't thou, my father ' See I Mordecai ?  
 Has then an angel of the Lord outspread  
 His holy wing to hide thee while he guided  
 Thy footsteps hither ? But whence comes that air  
 Of gloom, that robe of sackcloth, and those ashes  
 Cast on thine head What news ?

## MORDECAI

Unhappy Queen '  
 O guiltless people, to a barbarous fate  
 Condemn'd Read—read the hateful, cruel sentence—  
 We all are lost ' and Israel's race is run '

## ESTHER

Just Heav'n ' My blood is frozen in my veins

## MORDECAI

The name of Jew is to be blotted out  
 To bloody Hainan are we all betray'd ,

The swords, the knives already are prepared,  
And the whole nation meets one common doom.  
Haman, vile Haman, the Amalekite,  
Arms all his influence for this fatal blow,  
The King believes him, and has sign'd this edict.  
Biass'd against us by those lying lips,  
He thinks that Nature's very self abhors us.  
His orders have been giv'n ; in all his States  
The fatal day is fix'd for our destruction.  
Heav'ns, will ye look on this atrocious slaughter ?  
The sword will pity neither sex nor age;  
All will be prey for tigers and for vultures.  
In ten days hence this dreadful day arrives.

ESTHER.

O God, to Whom these deadly plots are known,  
Wilt Thou forsake the remnant of thy people ?

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST OF THE JEWISH MAIDENS.

Who will defend us, if Thou fight not for us ?

MORDECAI.

Leave tears, my Esther, to these tender babes.  
The only hope of thine unhappy kinsmen  
Rests upon thee. Help them ; but time is precious,  
It flies, and soon will bring the destined day  
For Israel's name to be wiped out for ever.  
Fired with the ardour of God's holy prophets,  
Go, boldly tell thy lineage to the King.

ESTHER.

Alas! Dost thou not know what laws severe  
Guard the King's privacy from all intruders ?  
In the seclusion of the inner palace  
None may behold his awful majesty ;  
'Tis death, without his summons, to presume  
To show oneself before the royal presence,  
Unless the King that instant should extend  
His sceptre to be kiss'd, as sign of pardon.

This fatal law affects all ranks alike,  
 In either sex the crime is still the same  
 Entitled as I am to share his throne,  
 Herein I am a subject like another,  
 And I must wait, if I would speak with him,  
 Until he seeks me, or else bids me come

MORDECAI

What ' When thou see'st thy country perishing,  
 Dost thou set store, my daughter, by thy life  
 God speaks, and dost thou fear a mortals wrath ?  
 Nay, Esthei Canst thou count thy life thine own ?  
 Belongs it not to those from whom thy blood  
 Derived its source ? Belongs it not to God  
 Who ga\|e it ? When He led thee to the throne,  
 Who knows if it was not to save His people ?  
 Pondei it well God has not chosen thee  
 To win vain admiration from the gawe  
 Of heathen eyes, to charm the tribes of Asia  
 For nobler ends doth He reserve His saints  
 Self-sacrifice for Him and for His flock  
 Is the true portion of a child of God  
 To risk thy life for His name's sake is bliss  
 Supreme Not that His arm needs our support,  
 Earth's mightiest kings cannot withstand His pow'r,  
 'T were vain for them to league themselves against Him ,  
 If He but show Himself their strength dissolves ,  
 He speaks and they return to dust The sea  
 Retreats before His voice, the heavens tremble ,  
 He looks upon the universe as nothing ,  
 And feeble mortals, playthings of an hour,  
 Are all as though they were not in His sight  
 If He has suffered Hainan's wickedness,  
 'Tis only, be assured, to prove thy zeal  
 'Tis He who, stirring me to this bold step,  
 Dear Esther, has vouchsafed to march before me  
 And if His voice must strike thine ear in vain,  
 We shall behold His wonders none the less  
 He can confound this Haman, He can burst  
 Our chains asundei by the weakesu hand

The world contains. But, should'st thou spurn His grace,  
It may be thou wilt perish with thy race.

**ESTHER.**

Go, and let all the Jews that dwell at Shushan,  
In earnest supplication night and day,  
Unite with thee to lend me all the help  
That prayer affords, and keep a three days' fast  
Severe. Already has dark night descended :  
To-morrow when the sun shall bring back day,  
Content to meet my death if die I must,  
I will go forth, and for my country offer  
Myself. Let all retire.

*{The Chorus withdraws to the back of the stage.}*

*Scene 4.*

ESTHER, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

**ESTHER.**

O God my King,  
Behold me trembling and aghast before Thee!  
How oft my father in my childhood taught me  
That Thou didst swear a covenant with us  
When, to prepare a people for Thyself,  
It pleased Thee in Thy love to choose our fathers:  
Yea, Thine own holy mouth did promise them  
Posterity that should endure for ever.  
Alas ! This people has despised Thy law ;  
The nation of Thy choice has been unfaithful ;  
She has cast off her Husband and her Father,  
To pay adulterous vows to other gods ;  
And now she stoops beneath the stranger's yoke.  
But to be slaves is not enough, our lives  
Are threaten'd ; our proud conquerors mock our tears,  
To their own gods ascribe their victories,  
And with one mortal blow would fain to-day  
Destroy Thy name, Thy people, and Thy worship.  
Shall then a traitor, after all Thy deeds

Of wondrous might, make vord Thy covenant,  
 Rob all mankind of Thy most precious gift,  
 The Holy One, long promised, long expected ?  
 No, no, forbid the Gentiles in their fury,  
 Drunk with our blood, to shut the only mouths  
 Which hymn Thy praises throughout all the world,  
 Confound their gods that are no gods at all

And as for me whom Thou hast placed among  
 These mfidels Thou knowest how I hate  
 Their sinful feasts, and count as profanations  
 Their table, and their offerings, and rites ,  
 This very pomp to which I am condemned,  
 This diadem, that I am forced to wear  
 On days of high solemnity and pride,  
 I trample under foot when all alone,  
 To these vain gauds preferring dust and ashes,  
 And take no pleasure but in tears like these  
 I have been waiting Thine appointed time  
 To venture boldly in Thy people's cause  
 The hour is come , and I, with prompt submission,  
 Will brave the dreadful presence of the King  
 'Tis m Thy name I go , guide Thou my steps  
 Before this lion fierce that knows Thee not,  
 Command his wrath to sleep at sight of me,  
 And lend me gracious words to charm his ear  
 The winds and tempests of the skies obey Thee,  
 Turn Thou his rage against our enemies

### Scene 5

THE CHORUS

*(All this scene is sung )*

A JEWISH MAIDEN *(alone)*

Faithful companions, to our tears and sighs  
 Let us give vent, nor cease to sob and moan ,  
 While tow'rd those holy hills we raise our eyes  
 Whence innocent e can look for help alone  
 What terrors round us rise '

SCENE 5.]

ESTHER.

Weep, Israel, weep thy total overthrow,  
Ne'er was there known so just a cause for woe  
As ours beneath the skies.

ALL THE CHORUS.

What terrors round us rise !

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Was't not enough the hateful conqueror's hand  
Should have destroy'd majestic Zion's charms,  
And led her children captive from their land ?

ALL THE CHORUS.

O terrible alarms!

THE SAME MAIDEN.

Like feeble sheep 'mid ravening wolves we stand,  
Our sighs to Heaven are our only arms.

ALL THE CHORUS.

O terrible alarms !

ONE MAIDEN.

Let me cast off these ornaments, and tear  
The veil that decks my head.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

Sackcloth and ashes let us rather wear,  
Meet for the banquet dread  
By impious Hainan spread.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Let us cast off these ornaments, and tear  
The veil that decks each head.

ONE MAIDEN.

On every side terror and bloodshed reign,  
The aged and the young alike are slain,

The sister and the brother,  
 The daughter with the mother,  
 The dying father clasps his son in vain!  
 What scatter'd heaps of mangled corpses he  
     Unbuned on the ground '  
     While leopards prowl around,  
 And make Thy samts their food, great God on high '

## ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS

Alas ' What have I done ?  
 Can one so young deserve a fate so dire  
     Scarce has the promise of my life begun  
 To open, ere it falls, doom'd to expire  
     Like blossom that ne'er sees a sec aad sun  
     Alas ! What have I done  
 Can one so young desene e a fate so dire ?

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

Unhappy victims we of others' crimes,  
 What boots it our sad fortune to deplore ?  
 Our fathers smn'd, our fathers are no more  
 We bear the vengeance due to earher times

## ALL THE CHORUS

The Lord of hosts Whom we adore  
 Will ne er let righteous blood be spilt,  
 Confounding innocence with guilt

## ONE MAIDFN

Let not the heathen say  
 Where then is Israel's God ? Let Him display  
 His boasted pow'r to-day '

## ANOTHER MAIDLN

This jealous God, this God of matchless might,  
     (Quake, nations of the world '  
 This jealous God, this God of matchless might  
 Alone commands the depth, commands the height,  
     By Him heav'n's bolts are hurl'd ,  
 No other god can make the darkness bright

ANOTHER.

He overthrows the mighty in their pride;

ANOTHER.

Places the meek and humble at His side.

ALL THE CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts Whom we adore  
Will ne'er let righteous blood be spilt,  
Confounding innocence and guilt.

TWO MAIDENS.

O God, Whom glory hovers o'er,  
Who art in robes of light array'd,  
Who ridest where wild tempests roar,  
On cherub's wings as on Thy throne convey'd:

TWO OTHER OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

Thou Who art pleased that simple babes should raise  
With angel hosts their voices in Thy praise:

ALL THE CHORUS.

See Thou what perils round us rise :  
Give honour to Thy name, we pray,  
Nor let Thy glory pass away  
To foreign gods whom we despise.

ONE MAIDEN.

Arm Thyself, Lord, Thy people to defend;  
And, as the sea saw Thee of old, descend,  
That wicked men may be inclined  
To fear Thy wrath.  
Let them be, like the dust before the wind,  
Swept from Thy path !

ALL THE CHORUS.

See Thou what perils round us rise:  
Give honour to Thy name, we pray,  
Nor let Thy glory pass away  
To foreign gods whom we despise.

## ACT II

*Scene—The throne room of Ahasueius*

## Scene 1

HAMAN, HYDASPES

HAMAN

What' When the light of day scarce 'gins to dawn,  
Dost thou dare bring me to this hall of terrors '

HYDASPES

Thou knowest that my faithfulness is trusted ,  
These doora aie shut and open'd at my bidding,  
Mine only Come Elsewheie we may be heard

HAMAN

What is this secret then that thou woild'st tell me ?

HYDASPES

Honoui'd, my lord, by thee with countless favours,  
I ever bear m mind that I have sworn  
To show thee without falsehood or disguise  
Whatever mysteries this palace holds  
A melancholy eloud inwraps the King  
This very night a frightful dream disturb'd him  
While ail around was hush'd in peaceful silenet,  
His voice was heard in cries of agony  
I ran, and found him with disorder'd speech  
Complaining of a peril nigh at hand,  
A secret foe, a daring ravisher ,  
A\, and the name of Esther pass'd his lips  
In horrors such as these he spent the night  
But tired at last of trying to recall  
A vanish'd dream, its phantoms to dispel,  
He bade those annals to be brought, wherein  
The records of his reign, with care collected,

Are written out each day by faithful hands;  
Each service rendered, each offence is there  
Inscribed for gratitude or punishment.  
I left the King reclining on his couch  
More calm, and listening with attentive ear.

HAMAN.

What? portion of his life did he select ?

HYDASPES.

He is reviewing all those glorious times  
Since, by the choice of fate, Abasuerus  
Was call'd to sit upon the throne of Cyrus.

HAMAN.

Has then this dream escaped his memory ?

HYDASPES.

From all Chaldæa's most renown'd diviners  
Those have been gathered who can best interpret  
Dark messages from Heav'n in doubtful dreams—  
But why these signs of sudden agitation ?  
What have I said to cause thee such dismay ?  
Has happy Hainan then some secret care ?

HAMAN.

How canst thou ask, knowing how I am placed ?  
Fear'd, hated, envied, oftentimes more wretched  
Than any victim of my utmost vengeance !

HYDASPES.

On whom has Heaven ever look'd more kindly ?  
Thou seest the whole world prostrate before thee.

HAMAN.

Not all the world ! Each day there is a man,  
A worthless slave, who dares defy and scorn me.

## HYDASPES

**Who** is this enemy of King and country ?

## HAMAN

Say, dost thou know the name of Mordecar ?

## HYDASPES

What ? That vile leader of an impious race ?

## HAMAN

Ay, he forsooth

## HYDASPES

And can so weak a foe  
Disturb the peace of one so far above him ?

## HAMAN

The saucy fellow ne'er bows down before me  
In vain on bended knees all own the marks  
Of favour that the mightiest of kings  
Awards me When no Persian dares to lift  
His forehead bent to earth in sacred homage,  
He, proudly seated, never moves his head,  
Brands due obeisance as impiety,  
Confronts me with seditious looks nor deigns  
So much at least as to cast down his eyes'  
Moreover, he besets the palace gate  
Whatever be the hour I leave or enter,  
His hateful countenance offends and haunts me  
Ay, in my restless sleep I see him still  
This morn'g, though I had foisted the dawn,  
I found him covered o'er with dust and ashes,  
His raiment rent, cheek pale, but in his eye  
Gleam'd the same proud defiance as before  
My friend, whence comes this daring insolence ?  
Thou knowest all that passes in the palace,  
Tell me, is any voice here **raised** for him ?  
**What** is the broken reed on which he leans ?

HYDASPES.

My lord, you know his timely information  
Exposed the murderous plot that Teresh plann'd.  
The grateful King then promised to reward him,  
But since that time seems to have thought of it  
"No more.

HAMAN.

With thee I will throw off disguise.  
I have improved th' injustice of my lot:  
Brought as a slave to Persia when a child,  
I rule the empire now where I was sold ;  
My riches yield not to the wealth of kings,  
Children surround me to maintain my uow'r,  
I only lack the royal diadem.  
And yet (how blind are mortals to their boons !)  
The passing sweetness of this heap of honours  
Makes but a light impression on my heart;  
This Jew who sits before the palace gates  
Plunges a thousand daggers in my breast.  
And all my grandeur is to me insipid  
So long as shines the sun upon this wretch.

HYDASPES.

Ten days, and he will vex thy sight no more:  
He and his race are promised to the vultures.

HAMAN.

Ah, but the time is long to my impatience!  
'Tis he, I will not hide from thee my vengeance,  
'Tis he who, scorning to bow down before me,  
Has brought them ail under my arm to blast them.  
A single victim is for me too little;  
Revenge, if feebly wreak'd, tempts fresh transgression\*  
A man like Haman, when his wrath is roused,  
In his just fury cannot leap too far.  
There must be chastisement at which the world  
Will tremble when it weighs the punishment  
With the offence. Be a whole nation drown'd  
In blood, and be it said in times to come :—

" There was a shameless people once, the Jews,  
 Spread over all the earth, its face they covei'd ,  
 One of them dared to draw upon himself  
 The wrath of Hainan,—and his nation pensh'd

## HYDASPES

It is not then the blood of Amalek  
 That secreteh incites thee to destroy them ?

## HAMAN

Sprung as I am from that unhappy stock,  
 Eternal hatred I might well have felt  
 For those who slaughtered the Amalekites,  
 E'en to their flocks and herds no living thing  
 Was spared, and hardly did a wretched remnant  
 Escape the swoid But mine own exaltation  
 Engrosses every faculty I have,  
 And little loom is left for claims of blood  
 I need no further motive than th' offence  
 Of Mordecai Against them then I stirr'd  
 The King, inventing falsehoods, barbing slanders,  
 Alarm'd him for his honour, for his life  
 I show'd them rich and pow'rful, and seditious,  
 Their God Himself the foe of other gods  
 " How long shall such a people be allow'd  
 To breathe, and with their impious worship tamt  
 Thy realms ' A foreign race, to Peisia's laws  
 Opposed, they live a life apart from all,  
 They study only to distuibe our peace  
 Hated by all men, all mankind they hate  
 Crush them before their insolence has reach'd  
 Its ripeness , fill thy coffers with their spoils "  
 I spake and was believed The King's own seal  
 Of pow'r supreme was straightway to my hand  
 Committed " Go," said he, " secure my peace,  
 Destroy those wretches , take the spoil thyself "  
 Thus the whole nation was condemn'd at once  
 I with the King settled the day of slaughter  
 But my heart thirsts after this caitiff's blood,  
**And** that Ins death should be delay'd is torture

A secret trouble poisons all my joy.  
Why must I see the Jew for ten days more ?

HYDASPES.

And canst thou not destroy him with & Word ?  
Speak, and the King will leave him in thy hands,

HAMAN.

I watch to seize a favourable moment.  
Both thou and I know how the royal will  
Is stubborn, and how oft in sudden transports  
It breaks the springs of all our strategy.  
But I torment me with fantastic fears:  
What is the life of Mordecai to him !

HYDASPES.

Why linger, then ? Hence! quickly give command  
To raise the shameful instrument of death.

HAMAN.

I hear a sound. I go. Should the King call me,  
Do thou—

HYDASPES.

Enough.

*Scene 2.*

AHASUERUS, HYDASPES, ASAPH, ROYAL ATTENDANTS.

AHASUERUS.

So then, without this warning,  
Two traitors would have slain me in my bed ?  
Let Asaph stay, and all the rest withdraw.

*Scene 3*

AHASUERUS, ASAPH

AHASTERTTS (*seated on his throne*)

I must confess I almost had forgotten  
 The murderous scheme plann'd by this pair of traitors,  
 And I have twice grown pale at a rental  
 That leaves its stamp of terror on my heart  
 I see how punishment on guilt attended,  
 So that the miscreants breathed their last in tormento  
 But he, my zealous subject, whose keen eye  
 Traced the dark thread of their nefarious plot,  
 Who show'd me hands already raised to strike,  
 And by whose means Persia was saved with me,—  
 Has he been honoured, or received reward  
 For faithful service?

ASAPH

He was promised much.

I know no more

AHASUERUS

O culpable neglect!

Inevitable consequence of cares  
 Pressing upon a Prince like boisterous waves,  
 In quick succession to new objects ever  
 Drawing his thoughts The past is swallow'd up  
 Like lightning's flash What with the clamorous present,  
 Fears for the future, every hour a crowd  
 Of eager suitors vaunting their deserts  
 With selfish aims, he finds no faithful friend  
 To guard his Prince's honour from reproach,  
 Or to remind him of forgotten merit,  
 While all are eager to point out fit objects  
 For punishment Ah, rather let a wrong  
 'Escape vengeance, than a benefit so rare  
 Go unrewarded ' For he risk'd his life  
 To save his King This man of matchless zeal,  
 Say, lives he yet ?

ASAPH.

His eyes behold this sun.

AHASUERUS.

Then why has he not sooner claim'd his meed ?  
What distant land hides him from wealth and honours ?

ASAPH.

His usual seat is at thy palace gates ;  
There without blaming destiny or thee,  
He drags along a life of misery.

AHASUERUS.

So much the less should I forget the virtue  
Forgetful of itself. Tell me his name  
Once more.

ASAPH.

The name I read was Mordecai.

AHASUERUS.

What countryman ?

ASAPH.

Since I must tell the truth,  
One of those captives who are doom'd to die,  
Brought from the banks of Jordan to Euphrates.

AHASUERUS.

A Jew, then ? Gracious Heaven, when my life  
Was threaten'd by mine own ungrateful subjects,  
The kindness of a Jew baffled their efforts!  
A Jew preserved me from the sword of Persians?  
But, since he saved me, be he what he may,  
It matters not. Ho, some one!

*Scene 4*

AHASUERUS, HYDASPES, ASAPH

HYDASPES

Sire?

AHASUERUS

Go, see

If any of m\ nobles wait without

HYDASPES

Hamau came hither ere the dawn of day

AHASUERUS

Well, let him enter He may throw some light  
On this affair*Stene 5*

AHASUERUS, HAMAN, HYDASPES, ASAPH

AHASUERUS

Prop of my throne, appioach,  
 Soul of my counsels, who hast oft relieved  
 My hand exhausted with the sceptre's weight  
 I feel the secret stmg's of self-repioach  
 I know thy zeal devoted and sincere,  
 Thy tongue a stranger to deceitful words,  
 Thy constant aim my interest alone  
 Then tell me what a generous Prince should do,  
 To heap the highest honours on a subject  
 Whom he esteems ? How can I recompense  
 Fidelity and virtue as becomes  
 A mighty monarch 2 To my gratitude  
 Impose no bounds, remember the vast pow'r  
 I wrel'd

HAMAN (*aside*).

'Tis for thyself that thou art eall'd  
To speak. Who else so worthy of reward ?

AHASUERUS.

What thinkest thou ?

HAMAN.

I in my thoughts review  
The use and custom of the kings of Persia;  
But I recall them all in vain. For what  
Are they, to rule thy conduct ? Thine should rather  
Serve as a model to thy late descendants.  
If thou would'st recognise a subject's zeal,  
Bethink thee honour only has a charm  
For generous souls ; and my advice, O King,  
Is that this happy mortal be array'd  
In royal purple, wearing on his brow  
The sacred diadem, and let him ride  
One of thy steeds, in pompous trappings deck'd,  
Before all eyes in Shushan, and, to crown  
His glory, let the noblest man at court,  
The next to thee in riches and in pow'r,  
Hold his proud courser's bridle, as he walks  
Magnificently clad, and cry aloud  
In all the public places : " Mortals, bow  
With reverence due, 'tis thus the king delighteth  
To honour merit in a faithful subject."

AHASUERUS.

I recognise the wisdom that inspires  
Thy words, with mine own wishes in agreement.  
Go, lose no time: let all that thou hast said  
Be put in execution to the letter.  
Virtue shall not be buried in oblivion.  
'Tis Mordecai that I delight to honour,  
The Jew that sitteth at the palace gates;  
Order his triumph thou, and walk before him;  
Let Shushan's streets re-echo with his name,

And all men, when they see him, bow the knee,  
I would be now alone

HAMAI\* (*aside*)  
Gods'

*Scene 6*

AHASUERUS

Beyond doubt  
'Tis honour quite unheard of, such as subject  
Never enjoy'd before, but all the greater  
This Jew's leward, the more detestable  
His race, thereby I make my life more safe,  
By showing how I fear to be ungrateful,  
And how I can distinguish between guilt  
And innocence For none the less will I  
Destroy this rebel crew, whose crimes—

*Scene 7*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, ELIZABETH, TAMAR, SOME OF THE  
CHORUS

(ESTHER *enters leaving on ELIZABETH, four JEWISH  
MAIDENS bear her tram*)

AHASUERUS

Who enters

Unbidden? Who thus insolently courts  
Destruction? Guards—

What? Esther, is it thou?

I call'd thee not

ESTHER

My daughters, I'm undone '  
Support you dymg queen (*She falls in a swoon*)

AHASUERTTS,

Pow'rs of Heaven!  
 What deadly paleness suddenly o'erspreads  
 Her lovely face! What dost thou fear, my sister?  
 So harsh a law was never made for thee.  
 Live: I hold out to thee the golden sceptre,  
 Sure pledge and token of my clemency.

ESTHER.

Whose welcome voice is this that bids me live,  
 And calls my fluttering soul back to my breast?

AHASUERUS.

Dost thou not know thy husband's voice, my Esther?  
 Come to thyself! Once more I bid thee live!

ESTHER.

The majesty that's stamp'd upon thy brow  
 Has ever fill'd thy servant's eyes with fear.  
 Consider how that brow, with awful frown  
 Bent upon me, could not but terrify  
 My troubled soul. I seem'd to see thee ready  
 To crush me into dust, as from thy throne  
 Loud thunders peal'd. What heart was e'er so bold  
 That would not shudder as the lightning flash'd  
 From my lord's eyes? Thus does the wrath of Heav'n—

AHASUERUS.

O sun! Immortal torch of heav'nly light!  
 Mine own heart feels the shock that made hers cease  
 Its office, and I tremble at the sight  
 Of her distress. Calm, salm this agitation,  
 Esther, my queen, sole mistress of the heart  
 Of Persia's monarch! Only prove the love  
 With which it burns. Say, shall I give thee half  
 Of all my realms?

ESTHER.

Ah, can it be that thou,  
 Dreaded throughout the world, before whose throne

All kneel and kiss the dust, canst cast a look  
So edacious on thy slave, and deign to offer  
That heart as hers ?

**AHASUERUS**

Believe me, dearest Esther,  
This sceptre, and the homage fear inspires  
Have little charm for me , the pomp of pow'r  
Is oft a burden to its sad possessor  
In thee, thee only, do I find a grace  
That never palls nor loses its attraction  
How sweet the charm of loveliness and virtue'  
In Esther breaths the very soul of peace  
And innocence Dark shadows flee before her,  
She pours bright sunshine into days of gloom  
With thee beside me seated on this throne,  
I fear no more the wrath of adverse stars,  
My diadem, fair Esthei, seems to borrow  
A lustre from thy brow that gods themselves  
Might envy Answai boldly then, nor hide  
What urgent purpose leads thy footsteps hither  
What anxious cares perplex thy troubled breast ?  
Thine eyes are raised to Heaven as I speak  
Tell me thy wish , it shall be gratified,  
If its success depends on human hand

**ESTHER**

O kindness reassuring to the heart  
It honours ' No light matter piompts my pray'r  
Lo, misery or happiness awaits me,  
Which it shall be hangs trembling on thy will  
One word from thee, ending my sore suspense,  
Can lender Esther happiest of queens

**AHASUERUS**

Why torture me with cunosity ?

**ESTHER**

If Esther has found favour in thy sight,  
If e'er thou wast disposed to giant her wishes,

Vouchsafe thy presence at her board to-day,  
Let Esther entertain her sovereign lord,  
And Haman be admitted to the banquet.  
Then, in his hearing, I will dare to utter  
What in his absence I must still conceal.

AHASUERUS.

How restless and impatient thou dost make me!  
Yet all shall be according to thy wishes.

*(To his attendants.)*

Let the Queen's invitation be convey'd  
To Haman's ear, bid him not fail to come.

*Scene 8.*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, ELIZABETH, TAMAR, HYDASPES,  
SOME OF THE CHORUS.

HYDASPES.

The wise Chaldaeans, call'd by thy command,  
Are all assembled in the hall of audience.

AHASUERUS.

A strange dream, Esther, occupies my thoughts;  
And in their answer thou too art concern'd  
As well as I. Come, and behind a curtain  
Hear what is said, and help me with the light  
Of thy clear judgment. For myself and thee  
I fear some secret foe.

ESTHER.

Follow me, Tamar.  
You, timid maidens, stay till I return,  
And, sheltered by this throne, fear no rude eye.

*Scene 9*

ELIZABETH, SOME OF THE CHORUS

*(This scene is paitly spoken and partly sung )*

ELIZABETH

What think ye, sisters, of our present state ?  
 Esther or Haman, which will win the day ?  
 The issue of the struggle we await,  
 Will it the pow'r of man or God display ?  
 Ye saw what wrath, that struck us all with fear,  
 Flash'd from the Monarch's eyes in glance severe.

ONE OF THE JEWISH MAIDENS

It dazzled like the lightning in the sky

ANOTHER MAIDEN

And when he spake 'twas like the thunder's roar

ELIZABETH

How did that wrath, so terrible before,  
 All in a moment vanish from his eye ?

ONE MAIDEN *Sings*

That stern heart in a moment has grow mild,  
 More like a gentle lamb than lion wild  
 God, our own God, has made the storm to cease,  
 And lull'd the waves to peace

THE CHORUS *sings*

God, our own God, has made the storm to cease,  
 And lull'd the waves to peace

THE SAME MAIDEN *Sings*

As flowing streams obey  
 The hand that marks the course that they should go,

And on the land fertility bestow,  
     Where'er their waters stray  
 Thus Thou, O God, Whose will our own doth guide,  
 Canst turn the hearts of kings from side to side.

ELIZABETH.

Ah, sisters, how I dread the dismal mists  
     That shroud the Monarch's eyes from Heaven's light!  
 The worship of his gods distorts his sight!

ONE MAIDEN.

Their hateful service all his zeal enlists.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

To all the lifeless fires that Heav'n displays  
     He impious homage pays.

ANOTHER.

His palace with their images is stored.

THE CHORUS *sin gs.*

Unhappy ye whe leave man's Sovereign Lord,  
 Who have the work of your own hands adored!

ONE MAIDEN *Sings.*

O Israel's God, scatter the shades of night:  
     When will compassion touch Thee for our tears ?  
     Shrouded in darkness all the world appears;  
 Rend Thou the veil that hides Thee from men's sight.  
 O God of Israel, let the dawn arise:  
 How long wilt Thou be hidden from our eyes ?

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

More softly, sisters, lest we be betray'd  
 To unbelieving ears in ambush laid.

ELIZABETH.

Daughter of Abraham, can fear already  
 Make thy voice feeble and thy faith unsteady ?

What wouldst thou do, should impious Hamau try  
 To make thy timid lips blaspheme  
 Th' Almighty, while the threatening gleam  
 Of his uplifted sword struck teiror on thine eye ?

ANOTHER MAIDEN

It may be that the King, in wrath profane,  
 If we to bow th' adoring knee refuse  
 Before dumb idols vile and vain,  
 Shall give command that we be slam  
 Then lite or death, dear sister, wilt thou choose

THE YOUNG MAIDEN

The God I love how can my lips betiay ?  
 Shall I adore a god deaf, dumb, and blind,  
 Hewn from a tree laid piostiate by the wind,  
 That cannot help itself m any way

THE CHORUS *Sings*

Those who such helpless gods miploie  
 Waste breath on empty an  
 Give them and all the demons they adore  
 Confusion and despair '

ONE MAIDEN *Sings*

Let heart and mouth and every pow'i I ha\e  
 Piaise the gieat God Who life and nuiture gave  
 In trouble and distress,  
 My soul, His goodness bless  
 E'en should He slay me, Him will I confers  
 Let heart and mouth and every pow'r I have  
 Praise the great God Who life and nurture gave

ELIZABETH

Shall impious pomp my admnation win ?

ANOTHER MAIDEN

Let others envy wealth that follows sin

## ELIZABETH.

The wicked seem to lack no happiness  
Gold glitters on their dress;  
In riches and in pride they know no bound,  
The voice of mirth is in their dwellings found,  
They wake from sleep at music's dulcet sound;  
No hardships and no want their heart oppress.

## ANOTHER MAIDEN.

To crown the wicked man's prosperity,  
He lives again in his posterity ;  
Gay troops of children round his board grow up,  
And share his joy from the same brimming cup.  
*(All the rest is sung.)*

## THE CHORUS.

The world counts happy all such men as these,  
On whom good fortune in abundance flows;  
But happier far those who Jehovah please,  
And in His holy name their trust repose!

ONE MAIDEN *(alone)*.

Food for his frivolous desires to find,  
The foolish man consumes himself in vain :  
For wormwood will remain  
In pleasure's cup behind.

ANOTHER MAIDEN *(alone)*.

The wicked soul is like the troubled sea,  
That tosses to and fro and cannot cease.  
True joy can only be  
In innocence and peace.

THE SAME *(with another)*.

O peace sweet joy that gives!  
O light that never dies!  
New beauty shall surprise

The happy soul that in thy favour lives '  
     O peace sweet joy that gives '  
     O light that never dies '  
 Happy the soul that in thy presence lives!

## THE CHORUS

    O peace sweet joy that gives '  
     O light that never dies '  
     New beauty shall surprise  
 The happy soul that in thy presence lives!  
     O peace sweet joy that gives'

THE SAME MAIDEN (*alone*)

No peace for the wicked ' He seeks her in vain,  
 No tranquil repose shall lie ever attain,  
 From vengeance without he cannot depart,  
 And remorse lays her finger of ice on his heart

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

In a moment the glory of wickedness dies,  
     For ever consumed in the dust of the grave,  
 But more bright than the dawn, O my God, shall anse  
     Thy servants who fear Thee and walk in Thy way s

## THE CHORUS

    O peace sweet joy that gives '  
 Happy the heart that in thy presence lives '

ELIZABETH *Speak?*

Sisters, I hear them call These strams must end  
 Let us once more upon our Queen attend

## ACT III.

*Scene*—ESTHER'S garden, and one side of a pavilion, where a banquet is being held.

*Scene 1.*

HAMAN, ZERESH.

ZERESH.

This, then, is Esther's garden, gay with flow'rs,  
And this the tent spread for the royal feast.  
But while its door is still fast shut, do thou  
List to the counsel of a wife who fears  
Thy rashness. By the sacred bond between us,  
Conceal, my lord, this wrath that blinds thy judgment;  
Clear from thy brow that frown of discontent;  
Reproaches and complaints no king can bear.  
Of all the court thou only by the Queen  
Art bidden. Then enjoy this happiness.  
Against the ill that galls thee weigh the good.  
Have I not heard thee say a hundred times:  
The man too proud to swallow an affront,  
Or wear a mask upon his countenance,  
Should ne'er set foot within the courts of kings?  
There are mishaps a wise man must endure:  
Oft has an insult borne without resentment  
Served as a stepping-stone to highest honours.

HAMAN.

O grief! O torture insupportable!  
O shame, that never can be blotted out!  
A cursed Jew, humanity's disgrace,  
Has by my hands in purple been array'd!  
Not only did he triumph over me,  
I was myself his herald, and proclaim'd  
His glory, while he mock'd at my confusion;  
i And all the people too saw with derision  
My crimsond, countenance, and drew therefrom

Sure sign and presage of my coming fall  
 Such sports as these delight thee, cruel King  
 On me thou hast deceitful favours lavish'd,  
 Only to make me feel thy tyranny  
 The more, and crush me with the greatee shame

## ZERESH

Judge not the King so ill His only motne  
 Is to rewaid a good and loyal service  
 Must it not rather be matter for wonder  
 That payment should have been postponed so long ?  
 Besides, it was thine own advice he follow'd ,  
 Thou didst thyself dictate this sorry pageant  
 Thy rank is only second to his own  
 Knows he thy detestation of this Jew ?

## HAMAN

He knows that all he has he owes to me,  
 That I have tiodden under foot for him  
 Remorse and fear and shame, with heart of brass  
 Advanced his pow'r, reduced the laws to silento,  
 And 'midst the groans of innocence have sought  
 And chensh'd for his sake cuises and hatred  
 And for reward I find myself exposed  
 By his barbarity to jeers and laughtei '

## ZERESH

We aie alone Why should we gloze the tiutli ?  
 This zeal on his behalf, that sacrificed  
 So much to make him gicat (between ourselves),  
 Was not thme own promotion its sole end ?  
 To go no farther than these wretched Jews,  
 Dost thou not offer them in sacrifice  
 To thme own spleen ? Hast thou no cause to fear  
 Malicious whispers ?—all at court are foes,  
 The people hate us Ay, this very Jew,  
 Laden with honours, moves my dread m spite  
 Of mine own self Ills are oft hnk'd together,  
 His race was alway fatal to thme own  
 Learn how to profit by this light affiont

SCENE 2.]

ESTHER.

Fortune makes ready, it may be, to quit thee;  
Her fickle wheel lifts up but to cast down ;  
Forestall her humour ere her hand grows weary.  
What lure attracts thee higher ? Gulfs abysmal  
That open out before me make me shudder;  
If thou should'st slip, frightful would be thy fall.  
Seek somewhere else a calmer destiny ;  
Back to that distant Hellespont return,  
The refuge of thy wandering sires of yore,  
When Israel's vengeance, kindled to fierce fire,  
Drove out all Amalek from wasted Seir.  
Ere 't be too late, hide thee from Fortune's spite;  
Our richest treasures shall be sent before us.  
Leave me to manage the departure hence,  
And, above all, secure our children's flight.  
Meanwhile be only careful to conceal  
Thy purpose. Gladly will I follow thee  
As thou shalt see. The stormiest winds and wares  
Are safer far than this deceitful court.  
But I see some one walking quickly tow'rds thee:  
It is Hydaspes.

*Scene 2.*

HAMAN, ZERESH, HYDASPES.

HYDASPES (*to* HAMAN).

I am come to fetch thee.  
Whilst thou art absent, joy is in abeyance ;  
The King has sent me for thee. Linger not.

HAMAN.

Tell me, is Mordecai among the guests ?

HYDASPES,

Take not that face of gloom to Esther's table.  
Why should this Jew for ever blast thy peace ?  
Let him enjoy a triumph of no moment:  
He cannot think thus to escape the rigour

Of the King's sentence Dost thou not possess  
 His ear and heart ? The punishment of crime  
 Will follow zeal rewarded, and thy victim  
 Is deck'd for sacrifice I'm much mistaken,  
 Or thou shalt reap, supported by the Queen,  
 Success beyond thy hopes

HAMAN

Can I believe  
 These happy tidings ?

HYDASPES

I have heard the answer  
 Of the diviners that a foreign traitor  
 In the Queen's blood seeks to imbrue his hand  
 And, knowing not where else to fix the guilt,  
 The King imputes it to the Jews alone

HAMAN

Ay, they are monsters , he has cause to dread  
 Then daring leader most of all, my friend  
 Earth has endured the loathsome race too long,  
 The sooner she is rid of them the better  
 Ah ' I can breathe at last Farewell, dear Zeresh

HYDASPES

Esther's companions are advancing near us,  
 With songs no doubt to celebrate the feast  
 Enter, and be assured of ready welcome

SCENE 3.]

ESTHER.

*Scene 3.*

ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

*(The first part is spoken, not sung.)*

A JEWISH MAIDEN.

Tis. Haman !

ANOTHER.

Yes, 'tis he ; I know him well,  
And tremble.

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Fear and horror round me press.

THE SECOND.

'Tis the proud enemy of Israel!

THE FIRST MAIDEN.

Ay, he who troubles all the earth no less.

ELIZABETH.

Who, seeing, cannot recognize that face ?  
Pride and disdain each feature plainly shows.

A MAIDEN.

His eye with rage and wildest fury glows.

ANOTHER.

Before him Death seems constantly to pace.

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST MAIDENS.

Does this fell tiger know his destined prey ?  
For, when he cast on us his hungry eyes,  
A fierce delight therein appear'd to play,  
Whereat I still feel fear and horror rise.

ELIZABETH.

How this new honour will increase his pride!  
To Esther's board he hastes with willing feet;

I see him, sisters, boldly take his seat,  
As tho' it were his right, at the King's side

ONE OF THE MAIDENS

Tell me, attendants at the feast, what faie,  
What wine for cruel Hainan ye prepare

ANOTHER

The orphan's blood

A THIED

The tears of the opprest

THE SECOND

Such aie the dainties that delight him best

THL THIRD

No other drink he finds so rich and lare

ELIZABETH

Deal sisters, let your grief be hush'd awhile  
They bid us sing Oh, may our bongs have skill  
The King from his harsh temper to beguile,  
As David erst Saul's jealous rage could still,  
And with sweet strains divert his savage will

*(All the rest of this scene is swig )*

A JEWISH MAIDEN

What happiness those subjects find,  
Whose king magnanimous and kind,  
Dreaded by others, to their love doth cling\*  
Oh, happy such a people, such a king '

ALL THE CHORUS

O sweet and calm repose '  
What a firm pledge it is of joy and peace,  
When a wise monarch knows  
How to make truth and righteousness increase,  
And prudent counsel shows '

## SCENE 3.]

## ESTHER.

*(The four following stanzas are sung alternately by voice and by all the Chorus.)*

Ye kings, drive calumny away;  
 Her slanderous assaults can mar  
 States that at peace and quiet are,  
 To discord harmony betray.

Thirsting for blood, she madly tracks  
 The pure and blameless everywhere.  
 Kings, of her murderous tongue beware,  
 That slays the good behind their backs.

This monster, ere her prey she grips,  
 Ofttimes a mask of mildness wears;  
 Fear her, for in her heart she bears  
 Revenge, with pity on her lips.

Subtle and dexterous deceit  
 Strews all her paths with blossoms gay,  
 But, in her rear, along the way  
 Comes vain regret with tardy feet.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

As thunder clouds before the north wind fly,  
 And threat'ning tempests vanish from the sky;  
 So treacherous imposture cannot brook  
 An upright monarch's lie-dispelling look.

ANOTHER.

A king with conquest crown'd we praise,  
 Whose valour wins victorious bays;  
 But one who hates injustice, and is wise,  
 Who suffers not the poor to feel  
 The pressure of the rich man's heel,  
 As Heaven's fairest gift we well may prize.

ANOTHER.

The widow trusts him, and well arm'd is she,

ANOTHER.

A father to the fatherless is he.

## ALL TOGETHER

The 311st man's tears, appealing to his might,—  
Are precious in his sight

ONE MAIDEN (*alone*)

Turn, turn thine ears, great King, away  
From cruel counsels by deception bled  
The time is come, awake to-day,  
Ere guiltless blood thine hand unwitting shed,  
Whilst slumbers on thine eyelids weigh  
Turn, turn thine ears, great King, away  
From cruel counsels by deception bred

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

So may the whole world tremble 'neath thine arm,  
So may thy valour far renown'd avail  
To strike thy foes ever with fresh alarm '  
If they attack thee, may they quickly fail'  
Let them be routed by thy strong right hand,  
The terror of thy name their troops disband '  
May their vast host like feeble infants yield,  
When they the onset of thy soldiers meet,  
If by one line of march they take the field,  
May thousands be too few for their retreat

*Scene 4*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS

AHASUERUS (*to ESTHER*)

Ah, yes, thy slightest words have secret charms  
A graceful modesty on every act  
Bestows a value above gold and purple  
What happy clime conceal'd so rare a treasure  
Who was the virtuous mother at whose breast  
Thine infancy was nursed, whose wise hand train'd  
Thy childhood? Tell me quickly thy request  
Whatever thou desirest shall be granted,

E'en should'st thou ask, dear Esther, half my kingdom ;  
So have I said, and gladly say again.

ESTHER.

No such exorbitant desire is mine.  
But since I must at last explain my sighs,  
Seeing my King himself will have me speak,  
*(She casts herself at the King's feet.)*  
I venture to beseech thee for my life,  
And for the lives of all that hapless race  
Which thou hast doom'd to be destroy'd with me.

AHASUERUS *(lifting her up)*.

Destroy'd with thee ? What mystery is this ?

HAMAN *(aside)*.

I tremble.

ESTHER.

Esther's father was a Jew :  
Thou knowest, Sire, thy pitiless decree.

HAM AN *(aside)*.

Gods!

AHASUERUS.

Oh, how deeply dost thou pierce my heart!  
The daughter of a Jew ! My best beloved,  
My Esther, innocence and gentleness  
Itself, whom I esteem'd Heav'n's choicest gift,  
Can she have sprung from origin so vile ?  
Wretched am I !

ESTHER.

Thou may'st reject my pray'r:  
But I would claim at least as a last boon  
That thou should'st hear my story to the end,  
Nor suffer Hainan's voice to interrupt.

AHASUERUS.

Speak.

## ESTHER

O my God, confound shameless imposture  
 These Jews of whom thou wouldest rid the world,  
 Whom thou dost deem the refuse of mankind,  
 Were once possessors of a wealthy land,  
 And, while they still adored their fathers God,  
 Found that His blessing brought prosperity

This God, sole Master of the earth and skies,  
 Cannot be represented to the sight  
 By any form, Jehovah is His name,  
 The world's Creator When the meek are wrong'd  
 He hears their sighs, judges with equal laws  
 All mortals, yea, examines kings themselves  
 From His high throne He but withdraws His hand,  
 And strongest States fall with a startling crash  
 The Jews presumed to worship other gods,  
 King, people, all were scatter'd in a day,  
 And Babylon's yoke of slavery was made  
 The just reward of their ingratitude

But to requite our masters in their turn  
 The Lord chose Cyrus ere he saw the light,  
 Promised his aid, and call'd him by his name  
 Born in due time. He arm'd him with His thunders  
 To break their ramparts down and gates of brass,  
 Into his hands gave princes for a spoil,  
 Avenged His temple's pillage and destruction,  
 And for our tears forced Babylon to pay  
 With usury Victorious thro' Him,  
 Cyrus proclaim'd His praise, and favour'd us,  
 His people, gave us back our laws and feasts  
 Divine, and horn its rums raised the temple  
 But his mad son, heir of so wise a father,  
 Forbade the progress of the work begun,  
 Deaf to our cries God cast his stock aside,  
 Cut off the monster, put thee in his place  
 "What hoped we not from such a noble king"  
 "God pitying looks on His unhappy people "  
 We said " a King now reigns who is the friend  
 Of innocence' " His mercy was extoll'd  
 By all, and from the Jews loud shouts of joy

Were heard. What, gracious Heaven! Must the ear  
 Of princes the most mild be aye beset  
 By cruelty, and goodness at its source  
 Be poison'd? From the heart of Thrace there came  
 A savage born and bred, here to breathe forth  
 Slaughter and threats, a minister who hates  
 Thy greatest glory—

HAMAN.

I? Canst thou believe it?  
 I have no other end, no other god—

AHASUERUS.

Be silent, till I order thee to speak.

ESTHER.

Our cruel enemy betrays himself:  
 Yes, it is he, that barbarous minister  
 Who has deceived thee with a cloak of zeal,  
 And arm'd thy virtue against innocence.  
 Who but a ruthless Scythian, O my God,  
 Could have suggested such a frightful order!  
 One simultaneous signal everywhere  
 Will fill with murders the astonish'd world,  
 Seeing a foreign traitor in the name  
 Of the most just of kings wasting thy realms;  
 While in thy palace, victims of his wrath,  
 Thy slaughter'd subjects with their blood defile  
 The throne.

What crime does his envenom'd hatred  
 Charge to the Jews? Have they awaken'd war  
 Within thy borders? Have they join'd thy foea?  
 Was ever thralldom's yoke more mildly borne?  
 Adoring in their chains God's chastisement,  
 Whilst thou with heavy hand upon them laid  
 Did'st give them up defenceless to their foes,  
 They still besought that God to guard thy life,  
 To shatter the devices of the wicked,  
 And o'er thy throne to spread His shadowing wings.  
 He has been thine upholder, doubt it not:  
 Parthian and Indian he alone subdued

Beneath thy feet, scattered the countless hosts  
 Of Scythia, and inclosed the seas within  
 Thy vast domains He to a Jew reveal'd  
 The plot two traitois hatch'd against thy life  
 Alas ' I was that Jew's adopted daughter

AHASUERUS

What' Mordecai?

ESTHER

He only of our house  
 Remain'd, my father's brother, like myself  
 From our first king's unhappy blood descended  
 Viewing with horror an Amalekite,  
 One of a race cursed by our God Himself,  
 He could not bow the knee, before this Hainan,  
 Nor pay him honours that he thinks are due  
 To thee alone hence, howso'er disguised,  
 This hatred 'gainst the Jews and Mordecai!  
 In vain hast thou bestow'd on him thy favours,  
 At Haman's door already is piepared  
 The mstiument of ignominious death ,  
 Withm an hour this venerable man,  
 Dragg'd by his order from thy palace gates,  
 Wearing thy purple robe, is to be hang'd

AHASUERUS

What dreadful light bursts on m) startled soul '  
 How my blood boils with anger and with shame '  
 I was the dupe, then—Heav'n vouchsafe to make  
 This matter clear ' A moment let me have  
 To breathe alone Call Mordecai, I'll hear  
 His story too

*(The King ietires)*

A JEWISH MAIDEN

Let Truth **from** Heav'n appear'

*Scene 5.*

ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

HAMAN (*to ESTHER*).

I am confounded with astonishment;  
 Deceived, betray'd by the Jews' enemies.  
 Heav'n be my witness that I thought to make  
 Thy life secure, whoever else might perish.  
 Command my influence on their behalf ;  
 The King, as thou canst see, wavers perplex'd.  
 I can restrain him, I can urge him on,  
 And at my pleasure raise or lull the storm.  
 Behold me willing to befriend the Jews.  
 Speak: and the instant slaughter of your foes,  
 Victims to ratify a solemn oath,  
 Shall make atonement for my fatal error.  
 What blood dost thou require ?

ESTHER.

Go, traitor, leave me.  
 The Jews want nothing from a wretch like thee.  
 God, the Avenger of the innocent  
 Already weighs thee in the scales of justice !  
 Soon will His righteous sentence be pronounced.  
 Tremble; His day draws nigh, thy reign is past.

HAMAN.

Yea, I confess, your God is to be fear'd.  
 But doth He bid you keep relentless hatred ?  
 My pride is humbled, I am forced to beg  
 For mercy ; haughty Haman kneels before thee.  
 (*He casts himself at her feet.*)  
 As thou would'st save thy people, and dost honour  
 Thine uncle's hoary head, by these thy feet  
 Which I embrace, appease a dreadful king;  
 Save Haman crouching, trembling at thy knees!

*Scene 6*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, HAMAN, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS,  
AND GUARDS

AHASUERUS

What ' Dares the traitor lay his hands on thee ?  
In the confusion of his look I lead  
His perfidy, confirming all thy words,  
And his whole course of villainy recalling  
Let not this monster live a moment longer ,  
At his own door instead of Mordecai,  
Both hea\ 'n and earth appeasing by his death,  
Let him afford a feast for just revenge  
*(Haman is led away by the Guards)*

*Scene 7*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, MORDECAI, ELIZABETH, THI:  
CHORUS

AHASUERUS *(t ontinuing to address MORDECAI)*

Moital beloved of Heaven, my soul's preserver,  
No more am I the prey of evil counsels,  
Mine eyes have been unseal'd, and crime confounded ,  
Come, shine beside me m thy proper sphere  
I give thee Hainan's wealth and Hainan's pow'r,  
Justly possess what his injustice seized  
I break the yoke 'neath which the Jews have groan'd,  
To them I yield the blood of all then foes  
Henceforth let Jews be honour'd equaly  
With Persians, all shall tremble at the name  
Of Esther's God Rebuild His temple, fill  
Your wasted cities , let your happy seed  
With sacred triumph celebrate this day,  
And in then memory live my name for aye '

*Scene 8.*

AHASUERUS, ESTHER, MORDECAI, ASAPH, ELIZABETH, THE CHORUS.

AHASUERUS.

What is it, Asaph ?

ASAPH.

He is dead, O King.  
Half torn asunder by the people's fury,  
Dragg'd through the streets, the traitor's mangled corpse  
They bear, a horrid spectacle of blood.

MORDECAI.

May Heaven ever guard our Monarch's life!  
The Jews are in sore peril and in need  
Of instant succour.

AHASUERUS.

Yes, I understand thee.  
Let us go countermand the bloody orders  
Of wicked Hainan.

ESTHER.

God, Thy will is wrought  
By ways of wisdom that pass human thought!

*Scene 9.*

THE CHORUS.

ALL THE CHORUS.

That innocence has triumph'd God be praised,  
To celebrate His pow'r our voices raised.

A JEWISH MAIDEN.

He saw the wicked leagued against our life,  
Laid bare the murderous knife

To shed our blood like water on the ground  
 His voice from Heav'n doth sound,  
 And the proud boaster wallows in the dust,  
 His own sharp arrows in his bosom thrust

**ANOTHER MAIDEN**

I saw the bold blasphemer set on high,  
 Like the tall cedar did he lift his head  
 Whose branches far above the earth are spread,  
 He seem'd to wield the thunders of the sky,  
 His vanquish'd foes beneath him did he tread,  
 Scarce had I pass'd, and God had struck him dead!

**ANOTHER**

Ill counsel oft the justest kings beguiles,  
 Themselves too upright to deceive,  
 Heedless of toils the wicked weave,  
 They fall an easy prey to subtle wiles  
 A noble heart is backward to believe  
 Another's malice, to his baseness blind,  
 By its own feelings to judge all inclined

**ANOTHER**

How has the storm been hush'd to peace?

**ANOTHER**

Whose hand has made the tempest cease?

**ALL THE CHORUS**

To gentle Esther owe we this release

**A JEWISH MAIDEN** (*alone*)

Her heart was kindled by the love of God,  
 Ready to meet her death with dauntless breast,  
 Her ardent zeal the path of danger trod,  
 She dared to speak, and Heav'n has done the rest

**TWO JEWISH MAIDENS**

Esther has triumph'd, Persia's dames retire,  
**To swell her** charms Nature and Heav'n conspire

SCENE 9.]

ESTHER.

NE OP THE TWO.

What guileless graces in each glance are seen!  
Say, was there ever such a lovely queen ?

THE OTHER.

The virtues of her heart yet more abound.  
Was ever queen so good and gracious crown'd ?

BOTH TOGETHER.

Esther has triumph'd, Persia's dames retire;  
To swell her charms Nature and Heav'n conspire.

ONE MAIDEN (*alone*).

Thy God, O Zion, is displeas'd no more;  
Rejoice, and out of dust and ashes rise;  
Throw off the garments that the captive wore,  
And let thy former splendour greet our eyes.  
The ways lie open to your land again;  
Break every chain,  
Tribes captive bound  
On foreign ground,  
Gather from east and west and south and north ;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Break every chain,  
Tribes captive bound  
On foreign ground  
Gather from east and west and south and north;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Those fields beloved once more shall meet mine eye.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

I'll weep where my forefathers' ashes lie.

ALL THE CHORUS.

Gather from east and west and south and north;  
Though seas and mountains must be pass'd, go forth.

A JEWISH MAIDEN (*alone*).

Once more, once more the stately porches raise  
 Of God's own temple, where He heareth pray'r,  
 To deck His altar purest gold prepare,  
 Out of the mountains hew ye marbles rare  
     Dark Lebanon let fall  
     Thine ancient cedars tall,  
 Make ready, holy priests, to sing His praise

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

To dwell with us again doth God descend  
 Tremble thou earth with gladness and with fear  
 His holiness and glory to revere,  
 Ye heav'ns in lowliest adoration bend'

## ANOTHER

How good is Israeli God, His yoke how sweet'  
 Blest those who in their youth that sweetness know  
 Ye children, run that gracious Lord to meet,  
 No earthly pleasure can for charm compete  
     With heartfelt joys that from His presence flow  
 How good is Israel's God, His yoke how sweet'  
 Blest those who in their youth that sweetness know'

## ANOTHER

Ready to pardon and forego His wrath,  
 Of thankless souls that wander from His path  
     He waiteth the return,  
 He can excuse our weak and wayward wills,  
     To seek us He doth yearn  
 Less tenderness for her own offspring till  
 A mother's heart Ah ' Who can share the love  
     We owe to God above?

## THREE JEWISH MAIDENS

We in His might alone have victory won

## ONE OF THE THREE

His glory shmeth on us like the sun.

**ALL THREE TOGETHER.**

Ah ! Who can share the love  
We owe to God above ?

**ALL THE CHORUS.**

Blest be His holy name, His name adore;  
His mighty acts enforce  
Till Time has run its course,  
Praise Him for ever and for evermore!



**AT ri A LIAH.**

**A TRAGEDY.**

**1691.**



## INTRODUCTION TO ATHALIAH.

**T**HIS fine play, with which Racine's dramatic career fitly concluded, was composed, like "Esther," for semi-private performance by the young ladies of the College of Saint Cyr, where it was first acted, as well as afterwards, at Versailles, in 1691. It was not represented at a public theatre till 1716, a delay due, it may be, in some measure to its sacred character, though probably quite as much to the general lack of appreciation with which it had for long to contend. It is now universally acknowledged to deserve either first or second place among Racine's masterpieces, "Phedre" and "Athalie" being rivals for the palm.

The scriptural narrative is faithfully followed as the main outline of the plot; and whatever Racine has added, such as Athaliah's dream, her first sight of the youthful Joash, and the characters of Abner and Mattan, so far from presenting incongruous elements, enhances the dramatic interest of the story.

## CHARACTERS

**JoASH**, *King of Judah and Son of Ahasiah*

**ATHALIAH**, *Widow of Joram, and Grandmother of Joash*

**JKBOIADA**, *the High Priest*

**J-HOSHKBA**, *Aunt of Joash, and Wife of the High Priest*

**ZACHARIAH**, *Son of Jehoiada and Jehosheba*

**SALOME**, *Sister of Zachariah*

**ABNER**, *one of the Chief Officers of the Kings of Judah*

**AZARIAH** , **ISHMAEL**, *and the three other Chiefs of the Priests,  
and Levites*

**MATT AN** *an Apostate priest, Chief Priest of Baal*

**NABAL**, *confidential Friend of Mattan*

**HAGAR**, *an Attendant of Athaliah*

*Hand of Priests and Levites*

*Attendants of Athaliah*

*Nurse of Joash*

*Chorus of young Maidens of the Tribe of Levi*

**The scene is laid in the Temple at Jerusalem, in an ante-chamber  
of the High Priest's dwelling**

# ATHALIAH.

A TRAGEDY POUNDED UPON HOLY SCRIPTURE.

ACT I.

*Scene 1.*

JEHOIADA AND ABNER.

ABNER.

Yea, to the Temple of the Lord I come,  
To worship with the solemn rites of old,  
To celebrate with thee the famous day  
When from the holy mount our Law was giv'n.  
How times are changed ! Soon as the sacred trump  
With joyous blast announced this day's return,  
The Temple porticoes, with garlands gay,  
Could not contain the crowds of the devout;  
Before the altar they in order due,  
Bringing the earliest harvest of their fields,  
Offered those firstfruits to the Lord of all;  
Nor were there priests enough for sacrifice.  
A woman's will has dared to check these throngs,  
And turn'd the day's blight glory into gloom.  
Scarce dare a few most zealous worshippers  
Recall for us some shadow of the past;  
The rest are all forgetful of their God,  
Or, e'en to Baal's altars flocking now,  
In shameful orgies learn to bear their part,  
And curse the Name on which their fathers call'd.  
My soul is troubled,—naught will I conceal—  
Lest Athaliah visit upon thee

Her vengeance, spurn all remnant of respect,  
And tear thee from the altar of the Lord

JEHOIADA

Whence comes to thee this presage dark to-day ?

ABNER

Holy and righteous, how canst thou escape ?  
Long has she hated that rare constancy  
Which adds new brillhance to thy mitred blow,  
Long has she treated thy religious zeal  
As obstinate sedition and revolt  
The shining virtues of thy faithful spouse  
Have earned the special hatred of the Queen  
If Aaron's priesthood has devolved on thee,  
Thy wife is sister to our latest king  
Mattan moreover, that apostate pnest,  
His foul desertion from our altars crowns  
With eager persecution of all good,  
And, worse than Athahah, spurs her on  
'Tis not enough that m a foreign garb  
The Levite serves at Baal's altar now,  
This Temple is to him a sore offence,  
And he would fain destroy the God he left  
No means he leaves untried to rum thee,  
And undeimines with piaise no less than blame  
He feigns for thee a treacherous kindness,  
Masking the blackness of his venom thus  
Sometimes he prompts the Queen to diead thy power,  
And sometimes, looking to her lust for gold,  
Pretends that somewhere known to thee alone,  
Thou hidest treasures David had amass'd  
For two days past the proud imperious Queen  
Has seem'd as though consumed by baffled spite  
I saw her yesterday with furious eyes  
Glare at this sacred place, and mark'd her well,  
As if within the Temple's deep recess  
Lurk'd God's avengei arm'd to punish her  
The more I think thereon, the less I doubt  
On thee her wrath is ready now to burst,

And that, with all her mother's thirst for blood,  
E'en in His shrine she will defy our God.

**JEHOIADA.**

He who enchains the fury of the waves  
Knows how to curb the plots of wicked men.  
Submitting humbly to His holy will,  
I fear my God, and know no other fear.  
And yet, I thank thee, Abner, for thy zeal  
That o'er my peril keeps a watchful eye.  
I see injustice chafes thine inmost heart,  
Thou art a faithful son of Israel still.  
For that may Heaven be bless'd! But secret wrath  
And passive worth, art thou content with these ?  
Is faith sincere, if it declines to act ?  
An impious foreigner for eight long years  
Has David's throne usurp'd, with all its rights,  
Unpunish'd waded in our princes' blood,  
Foul murderess of the children of her son,  
And e'en against our God has raised her arm.  
And thou, a pillar of this trembling state,  
Bred in the camp of good Jehoshaphat,  
Under his son Jehoram in command,  
On whom alone our towns in terror lean'd  
When Ahaziall's unexpected death  
Scatter'd his armies before Jehu's face,  
Say'st thou—" I fear the Lord and own His truth !"  
Lo, by my mouth to thee the Lord replies,—  
" What boots it that thou boast zeal for My Law ?  
Thinkest to honour Me by barren vows ?  
What fruit have I of all thy sacrifice ?  
Need I the blood of heifers and of goats ?  
Thy princes' blood cries out, and is not heard.  
Break, break all compact with impiety,  
Boot up the crimes amidst My people rife,  
And come and sacrifice thy victims then."

**ABNER.**

What can I do ? The people have lost heart,  
Judah is cow'd, and Benjamin is weak ;

The day that saw their royal line extinct  
 Extinguish'd all their ancient valour too  
 The Lord Himself, they say, withdraws from us,  
 Tho' once so jealous of His people's praise,  
 He sees unmoved their majesty abased,  
 And His compassion is at last worn out  
 No more for us His mighty arm outstretch'd  
 With countless marvels terrifies our foes,  
 His Ark is dumb,—utters no oracle.

## JEHOIADA

Yet when did miracles abound as now ?  
 When by more signs has God display'd His power ?  
 Will ye have always eyes that cannot see,  
 Ungrateful people ? Shall His mightiest deeds  
 Strike on your ears, nor ever move your hearts ?  
 Say, my dear Abner, must I needs repeat  
 The wonders brought to pass in these our days,  
 The signal fall of Israel's tyrant kings,  
 And God found faithful to perform His threats,  
 Ahab destroy'd, and with his blood defiled  
 The plot of land which murder had usurp'd,  
 Hard by that fatal field Jezebel slain,  
 A Queen down trampled under horse's hoofs,  
 The dogs that hck'd up her inhuman blood,  
 The mangled limbs of her dishonour'd corpse,  
 The troop of living prophets brought to shame,  
 The fire from heav'n that on the altar fell,  
 Elijah's voice ruling the elements,  
 The skies thereby shut up, the earth like brass,  
 For three whole years left without rain or dew,  
 The dead arising at Elisha's word ?  
 Recall, O Abner, these portentous signs,  
 God is to-day as He has always been,  
 He can unfold His glory when He will,  
 And ever in His mind His people dwell

## ABNER

But where the promises so often made  
 To David and to Solomon his son ?

Alas! We hoped that from their fruitful stock  
 Kings were to issue in a numerous train;  
 That over every nation, tribe, and tongue  
 One of their lineage should extend his sway,  
 Should everywhere make war and strife to cease.  
 And at his footstool see earth's proudest kings.

JEHOTADA.

**And** why distrust the promises of Heaven ?

ABNER.

That son of David, where shall he be found ?  
 Can Heav'n itself restore the li-ving sap  
 Of that dry tree, now wither'd at the root ?  
 E'en in his cradle Athaliah slew  
 The babe, and eight years after can he live ?  
 Ah ! might it be her fury miss'd its aim,  
 That of our royal blood some drop escaped—

TEHOIADA.

What would'st thou do ?

ABNER.

O happy day for me !  
 How gladly would I go to meet my king !  
 Doubt not that to his feet our eager tribes,—  
 But wherefore mock me with these idle dreams ?  
 Ill-fated heir of our victorious kings,  
 We had but Ahaziah, with his sons;  
 By Jehu's darts I saw the father slain,  
 And thou his sons by his own mother murder'd.

JEHOIADA.

I cannot now explain ; but when the sun  
 Shall the third portion of his course complete,  
 Bringing the morning hour that bids to prayer,  
 Hither return and with the self-same zeal.  
 Then God may prove to thee by gracious deeds  
**His** word is faithful still, and never fails.

So, for this solemn day I must prepare  
And dawn aheady gilds the temple roof

ABNER

What gracious deed is this, to me unknown ?  
Tow'rd thee Jehosheba directs her steps ,  
I leave thee, and will join the taithful band  
Brought hither by this solemn festival

*Scene 2*

JEHOIADA AND JEHOSEBA

JFHOIADA

Pnncess, the time is come for us to speak,  
Thy happy theft can be no longer hid  
The insults of the enemies of God,  
Abusing this our silence, have too long  
Charged with unfaithfulm ss His promises  
Nay more , success has animated rage,  
And Athaliah would to Baal burn,  
E'en in God's couits, incense idolatrous  
Rear'd in His Temple 'neath th' Almighty's wing,  
'Tis ours to show the King thme hands have saved  
He'll pro\e himself courageous as his sires,  
Aheady in his wit beyond his age  
Ere I unfold his wondtous destiny,  
I offer him to God by Whom kings reign ,  
Then, gathering straight our Levites and our priests,  
I will proclaim their mastei s' long lost heir

JEHOSEBA

Knows he his name and noble fortune yet ?

JEHOIADA.

He owns no other than Ehakim,  
And thinks himself some foundlmg left to die,  
Whom I in pity treated as my son

JEHOSHEBA.

Ah ! from what perils I deliver'd him !  
What danger is he now to meet once more !

JEHOIADA.

What! Fails thy faith already in alarm ?

JEHOSHEBA.

My lord, I yield me to thy counsels wise.  
Since first I snatch'd this precious babe from death,  
I placed his welfare in thy careful hands;  
Yea, dreading e'en the fervour of my love,  
I shun his presence where and when I can,  
For fear lest my unguarded heart betray  
My secret with the tears I cannot check.  
Three days and nights I thought that duty bade  
Devote to weeping and impassion'd prayer.  
Yet may it be allow'd me now to ask,  
What friends thou hast ready to take thy side ?  
Abner, brave Abner, will he lend his aid ?  
Say, has he sworn to stand beside his King ?

JEHOIADA.

Abner, though on his faith we may rely,  
Knows not as yet that any King is ours.

JEHOSHEBA.

Who is to guard young Joash ? Wilt thou trust  
Obed or Amnon with so high a charge ?  
My father's kindness they have often proved,—

JEHOIADA.

And sold themselves to Athaliah's will.

JEHOSHEBA.

Whom to her hirelings wilt thou then oppose ?

JEHOIADA.

Have I not said ? Our Levites and our priests,

## JEHOSHEBA

I know that, secretly assembled near,  
 Their numbers have been doubled by thy care ,  
 That full of love for thee, horror for her,  
 A great oath binds them, ere the trial come,  
 To David's heir when he shall be reveal'd  
 But though with loyal ardour they may burn,  
 Can they unaided vindicate their king ?  
 Is zeal enough to cope with such a task ?  
 Doubt not the Queen when the first rumour spieads  
 Of Ahaziah's son m hiding here,  
 Will gather all her savage troops around,  
 Besiege the Temple, and break down its gates  
 Against such foes will sanctity avail,  
 And holy hands raised to the Lord m prayer  
 Their province is to intercede tor guilt,  
 No blood but that of victims have they shed ,  
 Joash, perchance, soie wounded m their arms,—

## JEHOIADA

Countest as naught the God who fights for us ?  
 God, who protects the orphan's innocence,  
 And e'en in weakness manifests His might,  
 God, who hates tyrants, and in Jezreel swore  
 He would root out Ahab and Jezebel,  
 Who, striking Joram, husband of their child,  
 And Joram's son, their family pursued,  
 Whose threatening arm, though for a time withheld,  
 Over that' impious race is ever stretch'd ?

## JLHOSHLBA

Yea, 'tis His ughteous sentence on them all  
 That makes me tremble for my brother's son  
 Who knows if he, inheriting their guilt,  
 Was not at birth condemn'd to share their fate  
 Or whether God exempts him from the curse,  
 And will for David's sake his pardon seal ?  
 Ah' his sad state when Heaven gave him me  
 Returns each moment to alarm my soul

With slaughter'd princes was the chamber full ;  
 Dagger in hand, th' inexorable Queen  
 To bloodshed urged her barbarous soldiery,  
 And eagerly her murderous course pursued !  
 Young Joash, left for dead, there met my eyes;  
 I seem to see his terror-stricken nurse  
 Still vainly crouching at the assassin's feet,  
 His drooping form clasp'd to her feeble breast.  
 I took him stain'd with blood. Bathing his face  
 My copious tears restored his vanish'd sense •  
 And, whether yet with fear or fond caress,  
 I felt the pressure of his tender arms.  
 Great God, forbid my love should be his bane,  
 Last relic of the faithful David now.  
 Bred in Thine House, and taught to love Thy Law,  
 He knows no other Father than Thyself.  
 If, ready to attack a murderous Queen,  
 Faith falters trembling at the danger nigh ;  
 If flesh and blood, disquieted this day,  
 Have shed too many tears, alarm'd for him;  
 Heir of Thy holy promise, guard him well,  
 And for such weakness punish only me !

## JEHOIADA.

Thy tears, Jehosheba, no blame deserve.  
 But God would have us trust Him as a Father.  
 He visits not with blind resentment sins  
 Of impious ancestors on pious sons.  
 All that remains of faithful Israel still  
 Will come to-day here to renew their vows;  
 Deep as their reverence for David's race,  
 They hold abhorr'd the child of Jezebel;  
 Joash will move them with his modest grace,  
 Seeming to light anew the glorious past;  
 And the Lord's Voice, making our cause His own,  
 Will in His Temple to their hearts appeal.  
 Two faithless kings in turn have Him defied,  
 Now must a monarch to the throne be raised  
 Whose grateful memory shall bless the day  
 When God by His own priests his rights restored,  
 Who pluck'd him from th' oblivion of the tomb,

And David's lamp rekindled when put out  
 Great God, if Thy foreknowledge sees him base,  
 Bent to forsake the paths that David trod,  
 Then let him be like fruit ere ripeness pluck'd  
 Or flower wither'd by a noisome blast'  
 But if this child, obedient to Thy will,  
 Is destined to advance Thy wise designs,  
 Now let the rightful heir the sceptre sway,  
 Give to my feeble hands his pow'rful foes,  
 And baffle m her plots a cruel Queen  
 Vouchsafe, my God, on Nathan and on her  
 That spirit of blind foolishness to pour  
 Which leads deluded monarchs to their fall '  
 No moie, fare well Our children with them bung  
 Maidens, of holiest stock the hallow'd seed

*Scene 3*

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, CHORUS

JEHOSHFBFA

Dear Zachariah, go, nor stay thy steps,  
 Accompany thy venerable sire

Daughters of Levi, young and faithful band,  
 Whom with His zeal the Lord already fires,  
 Who come so often here to share my sighs,  
 Children, my only joy m griefs profound,  
 These gay festoons and coronets of flow'rs  
 Once well accoided with our stately feasts,  
 But now, alas, when shame and sorrow reign,  
 What offeing is more fit than one of tearb'  
 Already do I hear the solemn trump,  
 Soon will the Temple doors be opened wide,  
 While thither I myself prepare to go,  
 Sing, praise the God whose presence here ye seek.

*scene 4.*

## THE CHORUS.

## ALL THE CHORUS SINGS.

His glory fills the universe sublime,  
Lift to this God for aye the voice of prayer!  
He reign'd supreme before the birth of Time ;  
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

Vainly unrighteous force  
Would still His people's praise that must have course;  
His Name shall perish ne'er.  
Day tells to day His pow'r, from time to time;  
His glory fills the universe sublime;  
Sing of His loving care.

## ALL THE CHORUS REPEATS.

His glory fills the universe sublime ;  
Sing of His loving care.

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

He paints the flow'rs with all their lovely hues ;  
The fruit to ripeness grows,  
For daily He bestows  
The day's warm sunshine, and the night's cool dews,  
Nor does the grateful earth t' o'erpay the debt refuse.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

The sun at His command spreads joy around,  
'Tis from His bounteous hand its light proceeds;  
But in His Law, so pure, so holy found,  
We hail His richest gift to meet our needs.

## ANOTHER.

Oh ! mount of Sinai, let the memory stay  
Of that for ever great and famous day,

When on thy flaming head,  
 In clouds conceal'd, the Lord reveal'd  
 To mortal eyes a ray from His own glory shed  
 Tell us, why glow'd those lightning fires up there,  
 Why roll'd the smoke, why peal'd in troubled air  
 Thunder and trumpet's blaie?  
 Came He that, back to primal Chaos huil'd,  
 On its foundations of past ages whnl'd,  
 Came He to shake the world ?

## ANOTHER

He came that He to Israel might reveal  
 Th' immortal lustre of His holy Law ,  
 He came that to then hearts He might appeal,  
 To claim then lasting love, based upon reverent awe

## ALL THE CHORUS

O Law divine and full of grace '  
 Justice and goodness all supreme '  
 What reason and what joy extreme,  
 Our love and trust in such a God to place '

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

From slavery's yoke He did our fathers save,  
 And for then desert-food sweet manna gave ,  
 To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above  
 Save of Himself , for all He only claims our love

## THE CHORUS

Justice and goodness all supreme

## THE SAME VOICE

For them divided He the waters of the sea,  
 From the dry rock He made the torrent stream ,  
 To us He gives His Laws, all gifts above  
 Save of Himself, for all He only claims our love

SCENE 1.]

ATHALIAH.

THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace !  
What reason, and what joy extreme,  
Our love and trust in such a God to place !

ANOTHER VOICE (*alone*).

You who can only know a servile fear,  
Whose thankless souls God's goodness fails to move;  
Does it to you so hard a task appear,  
So difficult to love ?  
Slaves dread the tyrant's lash that makes them smart,  
But children feel a love that hinds the heart;  
To share God's lavish bounty you are fain,  
But not to love again !

ALL THE CHORUS.

O Law divine and full of grace !  
Justice and goodness all supreme!  
What reason and what joy extreme,  
Our love and trust in such a God to place !

ACT II .

*Scene 1.*

JEHOSHEBA, SALOME, CHORUS.

JEHOSHEBA.

Maidens, it is enough; your songs must cease;  
'Tis time for us to join the public prayers.  
The hour is come to celebrate the feast,  
And in our turn before the Lord appear.

*Scene 2*

JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH SALOME AND CHORUS

JEHOSHEBA

What do I see ? My son, what brings thee back ?  
So pale and breathless, whither dost thou run ?

ZACHARIAH

Mother '

JEHOSHEBA

Speak, then '

ZACHARIAH

The Temple is profaned '

JEHOSHEBA

What ?

ZACHARIAH

And the altar of the Lord forsaken '

JEHOSHEBA

I tremble Quickly tell thy mother all

ZACHARIAH

My father, the High Priest, with all due rites  
Presented to the Lord, Who feeds mankind,  
The first loaves of the harvest we have reap'd,  
And then, while offering with blood-stain'd hands  
The smoking inwards of the victims slain,  
And, standing by his side, Ehakim  
Help'd me to serve him, clad in linen stole,  
While with the blood of sacrifice the priests  
Sprinkled the altar and the worshippers,  
There rose a tumult, and the people turn'd,  
Sudden astonishment in every eye  
A woman—is to name her blasphemy ?—  
A woman—it was Athaliah's self

JEHOSHEBA.

Great Heav'n!

ZACHARIAH.

Within the court reserved for men  
 This woman enters with uplifted brow,  
 Yea, and attempts to pass the limit set,  
 Where none but Levites have a right to come.  
 The people fly, all scatter'd in dismay;  
 My father—ah, what wrath blazed from his eyes!  
 Moses to Pharaoh seem'd less terrible,—  
 "Go, Queen," my father said, "and leave this place,  
 Bann'd to thy sex and thine impiety!  
 Comest to brave the majesty of God?"  
 And then the Queen, fiercely confronting him,  
 Seem'd as in act to utter blasphemies;  
 I know not if the Angel of the Lord  
 Appear'd before her with a glittering sword,  
 But straight her tongue seem'd frozen in her mouth,  
 And all her boldness utterly abash'd;  
 She could not move her eyes, in terror fix'd  
 And strange surprise on young Eliakim.

JEHOSHEBA.

What! Did he stand there in her very sight?

ZACHARIAH.

We both stood gazing on that cruel Queen,  
 Stricken with equal horror at our hearts;  
 But soon the priests en compass'd us around,  
 And forced us to withdraw. I came to thee,  
 To tell the outrage done; I know no more.

JEHOSHEBA.

Ah! she would doubtless tear him from our arms,  
 E'en at God's altar hunting for her prey.  
 Perchance, ere now, this child of many tears—  
 Oh God, remember David, see and save!

SALOME\*

Who is he, thus to cause your tears to flow?

ZACHARIAH

Why should his life be threatened ? Can it be ?

SALOME

What can the boy have done to em age the Queen ?

ZACHARIAH

What fear they from a helpless orphan child ?

JEHOSHEBA

She comes ' She must not see us, let us go

*Scene 3*

ATHALIAH, ABNER, HAGAR, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

HAGAR

Madam, why stay m such a place as this,  
Where every sight offends and wounds thine eye ?  
Leave to *the* priests this temple where they dwell,  
Fly from this scene of tumult, and within  
Thy palace, lull each troubled sense to lest

ATHALIAH

I cannot Thou dost see me vex'd and weak  
Go thou, send word to Mattan that he come  
With haste oh! happy still, if by his ard  
I find that peace I seek, and seek in vain '

*(She seats herself)*

*Scene 4*

ATHALIAH, ABNKR, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

ABNER

Madam, forgive me if I dare defend him,  
His zeal should not surprise you For the God,

Whom we adore, Himself ordain'd it so,  
And gave us charge to guard his altar well;  
The work of sacrifice to Aaron's sons,  
And to the Levites place and task assign'd;  
To their descendants strictly He forbade  
All fellowship with other deities.  
Art thou the wife<sup>1</sup> and mother of our kings,  
A stranger to our customs on this point?  
Dost thou not know our laws? And must to-day—  
But Mattan comes: with him I leave thee now.

ATHALIAH.

We need thy presence, Abner. Let it pass,  
Jehoiada's presumptuous insolence,  
With all that heap of superstitions vain  
Which bid you keep your Temple to yourselves:  
A subject far more urgent wakes alarm.  
I know that from a child, rear'd in the camp,  
Abner is generous, knowing how to pay  
Alike to God and King the debt he owes.  
Remain.

*Scene 5.*

ATHALIAH, ABNER, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH.

MATTAN.

Great Queen, is this a place for thee?  
What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?  
What dost thou in the midst of enemies?  
Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?  
Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away—

ATHALIAH.

Both of you lend me an attentive ear.  
I do not wish now to recall the past,  
Nor give account to you for blood I shed •  
A sense of duty prompted all my acts.  
Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;

<sup>1</sup> Racine has "fille" (daughter) by an oversight.

Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,  
 My vindication Heav'n has made its care  
 My pow'r, estabhsh'd on renown'd success,  
 Has magnified my name from sea to sea,  
 Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace,  
 The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more  
 Ravage his borders with continual raids,  
 Nor boasts Phihstia over Judah now,  
 And Syria owns me for a sister Queen

Lastly the traitor, who destroy'd my House,  
 And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,  
 Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails  
 Before a mighty rival's lapid stokes,  
 Whom I incited to attack my foe,  
 And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,  
 To leap the fruits of policy in peace

But for some days a gnawing care has come  
 To check the flood of my prosperity  
 A dream (why should a dream disquiet me ?)  
 Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease,  
 I try to banish it, it haunts me still

'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,  
 My mother Jezebel before me stood,  
 Richly attned as on the day she died,  
 Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch  
 That borrow'd brightness still her features wore,  
 Which she would paint upon her withei'd face,  
 To hide the ravages of ruthless age

" Tremble," she said, " chrid worthy of myself,  
 O'er thee too timmphs Judah's cruel god,  
 And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,  
 Whereat I grieve " With these alarming woids,  
 Her spectre o'er my bed appear'd to bend,  
 I stretch'd my hands to clasp her, but I found  
 Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,  
 Horribly bruised and mangled, dragg'd thro' mire,  
 Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey  
 Were growling over with devouring greed.

ABNER

Great God!

## ATHALIAH.

While thus disturb'd, before *me* rose  
The vision of a boy in shining robe,  
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.  
My drooping spirits at his sight revived:  
But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,  
Admired his noble air and modest grace,  
I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel  
Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.  
Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mix'd,  
May seem a work of chance, and I myself,  
For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,  
Referr'd it to a melancholy mood ;  
But while its memory linger'd in my soul,  
Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,  
Twice the same child before my eyes appear'd,  
Always about to stab me to the heart.

Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,  
I went to claim Baal's protecting care,  
And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.  
How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!  
And instinct seem'd to drive me to these courts,  
To pacify the god whom Jews adore;  
I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,  
That this their god might grow more merciful.  
Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive !  
I enter'd; and the sacrifice was stay'd,  
The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath  
Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw  
With terror and surprise that self-same boy  
Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;  
His mien the same, the same his linen stole,  
His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;  
It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walk'd,  
Till quickly they removed him from my sight.

That is the trouble which detains me here,  
And thereon would I fain consult you both.  
Mattan, what means this omen marvellous ?

MATTAN

Coincidence so stiance fills me with dread

ATHALIAH

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?  
Who is he ? What his family, his tribe ?

ABNER

Two children at the altar lend their aid,  
One is the High Priest's son, the other is  
To me unknown

MATTAN

Why hesitate to act ?  
Your Majesty must needs secure them both  
'Tis known how I repaid Jehoiada,  
Seeking no vengeance for my prrvate wrongs,  
In all my warnings studying to be fair,  
But, aftei all, were this indeed his son,  
Would he one moment let the guilty live "

ABNER

Of what crime can a child be capable ?

MATIAN

Heav'n showed him with a dagger in his hand,  
And Heav'n is just and wise, nor works, m vam  
What more dost want ?

ABNLR

But, trusting to a dream  
Say, would'st thou have us bathe in infant blood ?  
Ye know not yet his father nor his name

MATIAN

Enough for fear ' I have considered all  
If from illustrious parentage he springs,  
His rum should be hasten'd by his rank,  
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,

What matters it if worthless blood be spilt ?  
 Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind ?  
 On promptitude their safety oft depends;  
 No irksome scruples need their freedom check;  
 To be suspected is all one with guilt.

ABNER.

Mattan ! Is this the language of a priest ?  
 Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,  
 Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of Kings,  
 'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!  
 And thou, who owest him a father's love,  
 A minister of peace in times of wrath,  
 Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal  
 Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily !  
 Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought :  
 What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much ?  
 A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be  
 Too readily thy fancy recognised.

ATHALIAH.

Abner, I will admit I may be wrong.  
 Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.  
 More closely then must I behold that child,  
 And at my leisure scan his features well.  
 Let both the boys be brought before me now.

ABNER.

I fear—

ATHALIAH.

What! Can they fail to grant me this ?  
 What reason could they have to say me no ?  
 'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,  
 Or else her husband bring the children here;  
 I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.  
 Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests  
 Haye cause to bless my kindness hitherto ;  
 I know how far they freely have discuss'd  
 My conduct, and abused my sovereign power ;  
 And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.

**But** soon, I feel, the limit may be pass'd  
 Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,  
 And not piovoke my wrath a second time  
 Go

*Scene 6*

ATHALIAH, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALJAI\*

MATTAN

I may now at last m freedom speak,  
 And clearly set the truth before thine eyes  
 A growing monstei m this temple lurks ,  
 A tempest thieatens, wait not till it breaks  
 Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest conferi' d,  
 Thou knowest well his love for David's line  
 What if Jehoiada should in their ranks  
 Foist this young child with whom Heav'n thieatens thee,  
 His son or not—

ATHALIAH

Thou hast unseal'd mine eyes,  
 And Heaven'b warning vision grows distmct  
 But I would fain be free from every doubt  
 Children will leadily betray their thoughts,  
 One word will oft disclose some deep design  
 Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him  
 Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give  
 That all my Tynans quickly arm themselves

*Scene 7*

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER,  
 SALOME, TWO LEVITES, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS  
 OF ATHALIAH

JEHOSHEBA (*to the* TWO LEVITES)

Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,  
 Over these children, precious and beloved

ABNER (*to* JEHOSEBA).

Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.

ATHALIAH.

Heav'ns ! the more closely I examine him,—  
'Tis he ! And horror seizes me again.

(*pointing to* JOASH.)

Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son ?

JEHOSEBA.

He, Madam ?

ATHALIAH.

He.

JEHOSEBA.

His mother ? No, not T.

(*pointing to* ZACHARIAH.)

There is my son.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH).

Who is thy father, child ?

Answer, thyself.

JEHOSEBA.

Heav'n till this very day —

ATHALIAH.

Why in such haste to answer for the boy ?  
It is for him to speak.

JEHOSEBA.

From one so young  
What revelation canst thou hope to gain ?

ATHALIAH.

The young are innocent; and simple truth  
Their honest frankness knows not to disguise  
Let him explain all that concerns himself.

JEHOSHEBA (*aside*)

Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth<sup>f</sup>

ATHALIAH

What is thy name ?

JOASH

My name's Ehakim

ATHALIAH

Thy father?

JOASH

Fatherless, they say, I am  
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God,  
I never knew my parents, who they were

ATHALIAH

Hast thou no parents ?

JOASH

They abandon'd me

ATHALIAH

How ? and how long ago ?

JOASH

When I was born

ATHALIAH

Where is thy home ? This can at least be told

JOASH

This Temple is my home , none else I know

ATHALIAH

Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that ?

JOASH.

'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.

ATHALIAH.

Who placed thee in this temple ?

JOASH.

One unknown,  
She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

ATHALIAH.

Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years ?

JOASH.

When did God e'er neglect His children's needs ?  
The feather'd nestlings He provides with food,  
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.  
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care  
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

ATHALIAH.

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!  
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace  
Unconsciously make enmity give way  
To—can it be compassion that I feel!

ABNER.

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy ?  
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;  
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,  
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

ATHALIAH (*to* JOASH *and* JEHOSEBA).

Why are ye leaving ?

JEHOSEBA.

Thou hast heard his tale :  
His presence longer might be troublesome.

ATHALIAH (*to JoASH*)

Nay, child, come back    What dost thou all the day ?

JOASH

I worship God, and hear His Law explam'd ,  
His holy volume I am taught to read,  
And now to write it has my hand begun

ATHALIAH

What says that Law ?

JOASH

That God requires our love,  
Avenes, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,  
Is the protector of the fatherless,  
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes

ATHALIAH

I understand    But all withm these walls,  
How are they occupied ?

JOASH

In praising God

ATHALIAH

Does God claim constant seivice here and prayer ?

JOASH

All else is bamsh'd from His holy courts

ATHALIAH,

What pleasures hast thou ?

JOASH

Where God's altar stands,  
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt  
Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,  
And see His stately ritual perfonn'd

ATHALIAH.

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?  
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,  
And see my palace and my splendour there.

JOASH.

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

ATHALIAH.

I would not force thee to forget Him, child,

JOASH.

Thou dost not pray to Him.

ATHALIAH.

But thou shalt pray.

JOASH.

There I should hear another's name invoked.

ATHALIAH.

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.  
There are two powerful gods.

JOASH.

Thou must fear mine ;  
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

ATHALIAH.

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

JOASH.

The happiness of sinners melts away.

ATHALIAH.

Of sinners, who are they ?

**JEHOSHEBA**

Madam, excuse

A child—

**ATHALIAH**

I like to see how ye have taught him,  
 And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,  
 Being, and that past doubt, no common child  
 See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir,  
 Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,  
 And I will let thee share m all my wealth,  
 Make trial of my promise from this day,  
 Beside me at my table, everywhere,  
 Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son

**JOASH**

A son'

**ATHALIAH**

Yes, speak

**JOASH**

And such a Father leave

For—

**ATHALIAH**

Well, what ?

**JOASH**

Such a mother as thyself

**ATHALIAH (to JEHOSHEBA)**

His memory is good, in all he says  
 I recognise the lessons ye have given  
 Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,  
 Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,  
 Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,  
 Until they shudder but to hear my name

**JEHOSHEBA**

Can our misfortunes be conceal'd from them ?

All the world knows them ; are they not thy boast ?

## ATHALIAH.

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,  
 My parents on my offspring I avenged.  
 Could I see sire<sup>1</sup> and brother massacred,  
 My mother from the palace roof cast down,  
 And the same day beheaded all at once  
 (Oh, horror!) fourscore<sup>2</sup> princes of the blood;  
 And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,  
 Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curb'd.  
 Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,  
 That I should act the coward and the slave,  
 Too pitiful to cope with savages,  
 By rendering death for death, and blow for blow ?  
 David's posterity from me received  
 Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!  
 Where should I be to-day, had I not quell'd  
 All weakness and a mother's tenderness,  
 Had not this hand of mine like water shed  
 My own heart's blood, and boldly cheek'd your plots ?  
 Your god has vow'd implacable revenge;  
 Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,  
 David and all his offspring I abhor,  
 Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

## JEHOSHEBA.

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

## ATHALIAH.

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,  
 What will become of his predictions now ?  
 Let him present you with that promised King,  
 That Son of David, waited for so long,—  
 We meet again. Farewell. I go content:  
 I wished to see, and I have seen.

<sup>1</sup> Ahab was in reality mortally wounded at the battle of Itamoth. Gilead. (1 Kings xxii. 34.)

<sup>2</sup> Seventy, according to 2 Kings x. 7.

ABNER *(to JEHOSEBA)*

The trust

I undertook to keep, I thus resign

*Scene 8*

JOASH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JEHOIADA,  
ABNER, LEVITES, THE CHORUS

JEHOSEBA *(to JEHOIADA)*

My lord, thd'st hear the Queen's presumptuous words ?

JEHOIADA

I heaid them all, and felt for thee the while  
These Levites were with me ready to aid  
Or pesh with you, such was our resolve

*(To JoASH, embracing htm )*

May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,  
Just now, such noble witness to His Name  
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged  
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour  
I must return, this impious murderess  
Has stam'd my vision, and disturb'd my prayers,  
The very pavement that her feet have trod  
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood

*Scene 9*

C H O R U S

ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS

What star has burst upon our eyes ?  
What shall this wondrous child become one day ?  
Vain pomp and show he dares despise,  
Nor lets those charms, where danger lies,  
Lead his young feet from God astray

## ANOTHER VOICE.

While all to Baal's altar flock,  
 And for the Queen their faith disown,  
 A child proclaims that Israel's Rock  
 Is the eternal God alone,  
 And though this Jezebel may mock,  
 Elijah's spirit he has shown.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Who will the secret of thy birth explain ?  
 Dear child, some holy prophet lives in thee again I

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Thus grew the gentle Samuel of yore,  
 Beneath the shadow of God's dwelling-place;  
 And he became the hope of Israel's race,  
 To guide and comfort; this be thou and more!

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Oh ! blest beyond compare,  
 The child who knows His love,  
 Who early hears His voice, and keeps with care  
 The teaching he receives from God above !  
 Far severed from the world, from birth endued  
 With all the gifts of Heaven,  
 No evil influence has imbued  
 His innocence with sin's infectious leaven.

## ALL THE CHORUS.

A happy youth he spends,  
 Whom the Lord teaches, whom the Lord defends!

THE SAME VOICE (*alone*).

As in sequester'd vale,  
 Where a clear streamlet flows.  
 Shelter'd from every stormy gale  
 Darling of Nature, some young lily grows.  
 Far severed from the world, from birth endued  
 With all the gifts of Heaven,

No evil influence has imbued  
His innocence with sm's infectious leaveu

## ALL THE CHORUS

Blest more than tongue can tell,  
The child whom God inclines to keep His statutes well'

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

With faltering steps doth dawning Virtue tread  
'Mid countless perils that beset the way,  
What hindrances and snares for him are spread  
Who seeks Thee, Lord, and feais from innocence to  
btray'  
Where can Thy saints a shelter find,  
With foes in front and foes behind ?  
Sinners fill all the earth, my God, look where we may

## ANOTHER VOICE

Palace and City, David loved so well,  
O Mount, where God Himself long deigned to dwell,  
What has thy crime that draws down vengeance been ?  
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold,  
Seated where sat thy kings from days of old,  
An impious foreign Queen ?

## ALL THE CHORUS

What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold  
An impious foreign Queen,  
Seated wheie sat thy kings from days' of old?

THE SAME VOICE *Conhnues*

Where once the Lord was bless'd,  
Father and God confess'd,  
Where David's holy strains so sweet had been,  
What sayest thou, dear Zion, to behold  
Cursing the Name thy kings adored of old,  
Praising her own false gods, an impious foreign Queen ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

How often, Lord, how often yet shall we  
Against Thee rising up the wicked see<sup>v</sup>

They with unhallow'd feet Thy courts defile,  
 And all who worship Thee as fools revile.  
 How often, Lord, how often yet shall we  
 Against Thee rising up the wicked see ?

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Ah, what avails, say they, this virtue stern,  
 That from sweet Pleasures voice  
 Morosely bids you turn ?  
 Your God does naught for you to justify your choice.

## ANOTHER VOICE.

Where Pleasure leads, laughter and song be ours  
 Thus speak those impious throngs:  
 Care for the future to dull fools belongs,  
 To passion give the reins, cull the sweet flow'rs;  
 Too quickly at the best years take their flight,  
 "Who knows if he shall see to-morrow's light ?  
 Let us to-day enjoy life's fragrant bowers !

## ALL THE CHORUS.

Let tears and terrors, Lord, their portion be,  
 These outcast wretches, who shall never see  
 Thy holy city with eternal glory crown'd ;  
 Be ours, on whom Thy beams immortal shine,  
 To hymn Thy gifts divine,  
 Be ours with voice of praise Thy majesty to sound !

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

Of all their false delights what will remain  
 To souls absorb'd therein ? As visions vain,  
 That vanish with the dawning day,  
 When they awaken with dismay !  
 While for the poor Thy table shall be spread,  
 Deep shall they drain the cup of judgment dread  
 That Thou shalt offer to all such as they,  
 When Mercy's hour has fled.

ALL THE CHORUS

Oh, wakening of dismay  
From dream too quickly sped,  
From error's dangerous sway'

### ACT III

#### *Scene 1*

MATTAN, NABAL, THE CHORUS

MATTAN

Go, damsels let Jehosheba be told  
That Mattan would m private speak with her

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OP THE CHORUS

Mattan' May God in Heav'n confound his plots'

NABAL

They all disperse in flight without reply '

MATTAN

Let us draw near

#### *Scene 2*

ZACHARIAH, MATTAN, NABAL

ZACHARIAH

Rash man, where would'st thou go ?  
Beware thou do not step beyond this spot,  
This is a dwelling sacred to the priests,  
Our laws forbid all common entrance here  
Whom seekest thou ? This solemn day, my sire  
Shuns contact with impure idolatry,

And prostrate now before Jehovah's shrine,  
My mother will not have her pray'r disturb'd.

MATTAN.

My son, be not distress'd, we will wait here.  
To your illustrious mother I would speak;  
I come charged with a message from the Queen.

*Scene 3.*

MATTAN, NABAL.

NABAL.

Their very children ape their insolence !  
But what means Athaliah now to do ?  
Whence springs this indecision in her plans ?  
This morn, rebuff'd by that presumptuous priest,  
When dreams had warn'd of danger from a child,  
Her mind was to destroy Jehoiada,  
And in this temple Baal's altar place,  
With thee to serve him; in thy joy I shared,  
Hoping to gain my part in the rich spoil.  
What made her change her fickle purpose thus ?

MATTAN.

She has not been herself these two days past.  
No more is she the bold, clear sighted Queen,  
With spirit raised above her timid sex,  
Whose rapid action overwhelmed her foes,  
Who knew the value of an instant lost:  
Fear and remorse disturb that lofty soul;  
She wavers, falters, all the woman now.  
Not long ago I fill'd with bitter wrath  
Her heart already moved by threats from Heav'u,  
And she, intrusting vengeance to my care,  
Bade me assemble ail her guard in haste;  
But whether that young child, before her brought,  
(A poor, unhappy foundling, as they say,)  
Assuaged the terror that her dream had caused.  
Or seeing in the boy some secret charm,

I find her shaken in her dire resolve,  
 Postponing vengeance to some future day,  
 And fatal strife in all her counsels reigns  
 " I have inquired," said I, " about that child,  
 And hear strange boasts of royal ancestry,  
 How to the malcontents, from time to time,  
 The High Priest shows him, bids the Jews expect  
 In him a second Moses, and supports  
 His speech with lying oracles " These words  
 Made her brow flush Swiftly the falsehood work'd.  
 "Is it for me," she said, "to pine in doubt?  
 Let us be rid of this perplexity  
 Convey my sentence to Jehosheba  
 Soon shall the fire be kindled, and the\* sword  
 Deal slaughter, soon their Temple shall be razed,  
 Unless, as hostage for their loyalty,  
 They yield this child to me "

NABAL

For one unknown,  
 Whom chance, may be, has thrown into then aim\*,  
 Will they behold their Temple buried low—

MATTAN

Ah ! but no mortals have such pride as they  
 Rather than to my hands resign a child,  
 Whom to his God Jehoiada has vow'd,  
 He will endure to die the worst of deaths,  
 Besides, they manifestly love this child,  
 And, if I construe right the Queen's account,  
 Jehoiada knows more than he will say  
 Touching his birth Refusal I foresee,  
 In any case, with fatal consequence,  
 The rest be my concern , with fire and sword  
 To wipe this odious Temple from my eyes  
 Is my last hope

NABAL

What prompts so fierce a hate ?  
 Is it consuming zeal for Baal's cause ?

Myself a child of Ishmael, as thou knowest,  
I worship neither thine, nor Israel's god.

## MATTAN.

Dost think, my friend, that any senseless zeal  
For a dumb idol could my judgment blind,—  
A perishable log, that worms destroy  
In spite of all my efforts, day by day ?  
From birth devoted to the God, who here  
Is worshipp'd, Mattan still might be his priest,  
If but the love of grandeur, thirst for pow'r,  
Could be consistent with his stringent yoke.  
Nabal, I hardly need to thee recall  
The quarrel 'tween Jehoiada and me,  
When against him I dared the censer claim ;  
They made some stir, my struggle, tears, despair.  
Vanquish'd, I enter'd on a new career,  
And bound me, soul and body, to the Court.  
By slow degrees I gain'd the ear of kings,  
And soon my voice was deem'd oracular.  
Their hearts I studied, flatter'd each caprice,  
And sprinkled flow'rs for them on danger's brink.  
Nothing to me was sacred that they craved,  
Measure and weight I alter'd as they will'd.  
As often as Jehoiada's blunt speech  
Boldly offended their fastidious ears,  
So often I had pow'r and skill to charm ;  
Concealing from their eyes unpleasant truths,  
Gilding their savage passion with fair tints.  
And lavish more than all of human blood.

At length was raised by Athaliah's hands  
A temple to the god she introduced.  
Jerusalem with tears the outrage saw ;  
The sons of Levi, stricken with alarm,  
Appeal'd to Heaven with indignant cries.  
I only, leading cowards in ray train,  
Deserter from their Law, that act approved,  
And Baal's priesthood thereby merited.  
Thus made my rival's formidable foe,  
I donn'd the mitre; march'd along, his peer

Still, I confess, e'en at my glory's height,  
 Harass'd by memories of the *God* I left,  
 Some fear remain'd to discompose my soul,  
 And this it is that fans and feeds my rage  
 Happy if, wreaking vengeance on His shrine,  
 I may reduce His wrath to impotence,  
 And amidst rum, desolation, death,  
 Lose my remorse in plenitude of crime'  
 Here comes Jehokheba

*Scene 4*

JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

**MATTAN**

Sent by the Queen

To bring back peace, and hatred drive away,  
 Be not surprised that I should thee accost,  
 Princess, whose gentle spirit comes from Heav'n,  
 A rumour, which of falsehood I suspect,  
 Supports the warning that a dream had giv'n,  
 Accusing the High Priest of dangerous plots,  
 And raising in the Queen a storm of ire  
 I wish not here to vaunt my services,  
 Knowing Jehoiada to me unjust,  
 But good for evil is a due return  
 In short, I come commission'd to speak peace  
 Live, keep your feasts without a shade of fear,  
 For your obedience she but asks a pledge,—  
 (My efforts to dissuade her have been vain),  
 This orphan, whom she says that she has seen

**JEHOSHEBA**

Ehiakim

**MATTAN**

Whereat I feel some shame  
 On her account, making an idle dream  
 Of too much moment But unless ye give

•This child to me forthwith, her mortal foes  
Ye prove yourselves. Your answer she awaits.  
Impatient.

JEHOSHEBA.

These, then, are her words of peace!

MATTAN.

And can ye for one moment hesitate  
By slight concession such a boon to gain ?

JEHOSHEBA.

Strange would it be, if Mattan, free of guile,  
Could trample down th' injustice of his heart,  
And, after being of all ill contriver,  
Could be the author of some shade of good!

MATTAN.

What is your grievance ? Has the Queen, in rage,  
Sent to tear Zachariah from your arms ?  
He is your son ; the other why so dear ?  
This fondness, in my turn, surprises me.  
What treasure find ye there of priceless worth ?  
Has Heav'n in him sent a deliverer ?  
Bethink you, your refusal may confirm  
A secret rumour that begins to grow,

JEHOSHEBA.

What rumour ?

MATTAN.

That illustrious is his birth,  
And that thy husband hatches some grand part  
For him to play.

JEHOSHEBA,

And Mattan, by this tale  
That soothes his rage—

MATTAN.

Princess, it is for thee

B B

To disabuse my mind I know thou would'st,  
 As falsehood's ruthless foe, resign thy life  
 Sooner than sully thy sincerity  
 By the least word that is opposed to truth  
 Hast thou no clue then to this mystery?  
 Is his birth buried in the deepest night ?  
 Knowest thou not thyself from whom he sprang  
 Whose hands they were that gave him to thy spouse  
 I pause for answer, ready to believe thee  
 Give glory, Princess, to the God thou servest

JEHOSHEBA

Base man, it suits thee well to dare to name  
 A God whom thou hast taught men to blaspheme '  
 Can such a wretch as thou invoke His truth,  
 Thou on the seat of foul corruption throned,  
 Where falsehood reigns and spreads its poison round,  
 Whose lip with treachery and imposture teems'

*Scene 5*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, MATTAN, NABAL

JEHOIADA

Where am I? Is this Baal's priest I see ?  
 Does David's daughter with a traitor talk,  
 And turn a listening ear ? Dost thou not fear  
 That 'neath his feet should gape a gulf profound,  
 And flames forth issuing straight scorch and consume  
 thee,  
 Or these walls crush thee falling upon him ?  
 What would he ? Why this bold effrontery ?  
 Why comes God's foe to taint this holy air ?

MATTAN

To rail is but to be Jehoiada '  
 Yet might he well, in reverence for the Queen,  
 Show greater prudence, and forbear to insult  
**The chosen envoy of her high command.**

JEHOIADA.

With what ill-omened tidings art thou charged ?  
What dreadful mission brings such messenger ?

MATTAN.

Jehosheba has heard the royal will.

JEHOIADA.

Then get thee from my presence, impious wretch ;  
Go, and fill up the measure of thy crimes.  
Soon will God make thee join the perjured crew  
Of Dathan, Doeg, and Ahithophel ;  
The dogs He fed with fallen Jezebel,  
Waiting to glut their fury upon thee,  
Besiege thy door, all howling for their prey !

MATTAN (*in confusion*).

Ere the day close—which of us is to be—  
'Twill soon be seen—but, Nabal, let us go.

NABAL.

Where dost thou stray ? Is then thy sense distraught ?  
There lies thy way.

*Scene 6.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA.

JEHOSHEBA.

The storm 's about to burst:  
The angry Queen demands Eliakim.  
Already they begin to penetrate  
The mystery of his birth and thy designs,  
Mattan could all but tell his father's name.

JEHOIADA.

Who to the traitor can have giv'n a clue ?  
Thine agitation may have told too much.

## JEH08HEBA

I have done all I could to master it  
 And yet, believe me, danger presses close  
 Let us reserve this child for happier times.  
 While still our wicked foes deliberate,  
 Ere they come round to tear him from our arms,  
 Let me, my lord, hide him a second time  
 The gates stand open, and the way is free  
 To wildest deserts must I carry him ?  
 Ready am I I know a secret path,  
 By which, without a chance of being seen,  
 Crossing the Kedron's torrent with the lad,  
 The wilderness I'll gain, where wept of old  
 David, in flight from his rebellious son,  
 And seeking safety from pursuit like us  
 I shall fear less for him lions and bears—  
 But why reject Jehu's good offices ?  
 Is not the counsel sound that I unfold ?  
 Let us in Jehu's charge this treasure place,  
 And one may reach his realm this very day,  
 The way that leads to him is short Nor starts  
 The heart of Jehu from compassion's touch,  
 The name of David he in honour holds  
 Ah ! lives there king so cruel and so hard,  
 Unless his mother were a Jezebel,  
 Who would not pity such a suppliant's cry ?  
 Must not all monarchs make his cause their own ?

## JEHOIADA

What timid counsels, and how boldly urged '  
 Canst thou then place thy hopes in Jehu's aid ?

## JEHOSHEBA

Does God forbid all forethought and all care ?  
 Condemns He not too blind a confidence ?  
 Making mankind fulfil His holy ends,  
 Is it not God Himself arms Jehu's hands ?

## JEHOIADA

Jehu, whom God in His deep wisdom chose

Jehu, on whom I see thy hopes are based,  
Ungratefully forgets His benefits;  
Ahab's fierce daughter he has left in peace,  
And follows the vile steps of Israel's kings,  
Keeps up the shrines of Egypt's bestial god,  
And on high places rashly dares to burn  
An incense that the Lord our God abhors.  
Jehu too surely lacks the upright heart,  
And clean hands, needed to promote His cause.  
No, we must cling to God, and Him alone.  
We must not hide but plainly show the boy,  
With royal diadem around his brow;  
I e'en intend to advance the appointed hour,  
Ere Mattan can mature his counterplot.

*Scene 7.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, AZARIAH (*followed by the CHORUS,  
and a number of LEVITES*).

JEHOIADA.

Well, Azariah, is the Temple closed ?

AZARIAH.

I have seen all the gates securely barr'd.

JEHOIADA.

Rem'ain there none but thou and thine allies ?

AZARIAH.

Twice have I gone all round the sacred courts,  
All have fled hence, nor think they of return,  
Scatter'd by panic like a flock of sheep;  
The holy tribe are left sole worshippers.  
Never, since they escaped from Pharaoh's pow'r,  
Has such dismay as this the people seized.

## JEHOIADA

Fam't-hearted people, born for slavery,  
 Bold only against God! Let us pursue  
 The work we have in hand But who still keeps  
 These children in our midst ?

## ONE OF THE MAIDENS FORMING THE CHORUS

Could we, my lord,  
 Sever ourselves from you ? No strangers we  
 Here, in God's House where ranged beside thee stand  
 Our fathers and our brothers

## ANOTHER MAIDEN

If to avenge  
 The shame of Israel we lack Jael's pow'r,  
 Who pierced the temples of God's impious foe,  
 We may at least for Him our lives lay down,  
 When for His threaten'd shrine your arms shall fight,  
 At least our tears may to His throne appeal

## JEHOIADA

Lo, what avengers of Thy holy cause,  
 O Wisdom infinite,—these priests and babes '  
 But, Thou supporting, who can make them fall ?  
 Thou canst, at will, recall us from our graves,  
 Canst wound and heal, canst kill and make alive  
 They put no trust in merits of their own,  
 But in Thy Name, for them so oft invoked,  
 Thy promise to the holiest of their kings,  
 This Temple where Thou dost vouchsafe to dwell,  
 Destined to last long as the sun in heaven  
 Why throbs my heart with holy ecstasy ?  
 Is it God's Spirit thus takes hold of me,  
 Glows in my breast, speaks, and unseals mine eyes ?  
 Before me spread dim distant ages rise  
 Ye Levites, let your melodies conspire  
 To fan the flame of inspiration's fire

THE CHORUS (*singing to the accompaniment of musical instruments*),

Lord, be Thy voice to our dull ears conveyed,  
 Thy holy message to our hearts be borne,  
 As to the tender blade  
 Comes, in the spring, the freshness of the morn !

JEHOIADA.

Ye heavens hear my voice; thou earth give ear :  
 That the Lord sleeps, no more let Israel fear:  
 The Lord awakes ! Ye sinners, disappear !

(*The music begins again, and JEHOIADA immediately resumes.*)

How has pure gold changed into worthless lead ?  
 What Pontiff's blood is at the altar shed ?  
 Weep, Salem; faithless city, weep in vain !  
 Thy murderous hands have God's own prophets slain :  
 Therefore His love for thee hath banish'd been,  
 Thine incense is to Him a smoke unclean.  
 Oh, whither are these tender captives led?  
 The Lord the queen of cities hath discrown'd,  
 Cast off her kings, her priests in fetters bound;  
 Within her streets no festal throngs are found:  
 The Temple falls ! high leap the flames with cedar fed !  
 Jerusalem, sad spectacle of woe,  
 How in one day thy beauty disappears !  
 Would that mine eyes might be a fount of tears,  
 To weep thine overthrow !

AZARIAH.

Oh, holy shrine!

JEHOSHEBA.

Oh, David!

THE CHORUS.

Lord, restore.  
 Favour to Thine own Zion, as of yore !

(*The music begins again, and JEHOIADA, a moment afterwards, breaks in upon it.*)



*Scene 8.*

SALOME, THE CHORUS.

SALOME.

What fearful scenes, my sisters, must we see !  
These arms, great God, strange sacrifice portend:  
What incense, what firstfruits do they intend  
To offer on Thine altar unto Thee ?

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHOEUS,

What sight is this to meet our timid eyes!  
Who would have thought that we should e'er behold  
Forests of spears arise,  
And swords flash forth, where Peace has dwelt from days  
of old?

ANOTHER.

How comes it that, when danger is at hand,  
Our city shows such dull indifference ?  
How comes it, sisters, that for our defence  
E'en valiant Abner leads no succouring band ?

SALOME.

Ah ! In a Court that owns no other laws  
Than force and violence,  
Who would embrace the inauspicious cause  
Of youthful innocence ?  
Baseness and blind submission there provide  
High honours that to virtue are denied.

ANOTHER MAIDEN.

When danger and disorder grimly frown,  
For whom thus bring they forth the consecrated crown ?

SALOME.

The Lord hath deign'd to speak  
But vainly do we seek

His prophet's utterance to comprehend  
 Arms He destructions upon us to wreak ?  
 Or arms He to defend ?

ALL THE CHORUS *Sings*

Promise and threat' What may this mystery be ?  
 What evil and what good m turn foretold,<sup>1</sup>  
 How with such anger can such love agree ?  
 Who shall the clue unfold ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

Zion shall perish in devouring flame  
 And all her beauty shall be overthrown

ANOTHER VOICE

Zion's defence is m Jehovah's Name,  
 His deathless word her sure foundation stone.

THE FIRST VOICE

I see her glory sink before mine eyes '

THE SECOND VOICE

The spreading radiance of her light I see !

THE FIRST VOICE

Plunged m the deepest gulf of misery '

THE SECOND VOICE

Zion uplifts her forehead to the skies '

THE FIRST VOICE

What rum '

THE SECOND VOICE

Endless life to her belongs !

THE FIRST VOICE

What cries of pam '

SCENE

1.]

ATHALIAH.

THE SECOND VOICE.

Hark to victorious songs!

A THIRD VOICE.

Cease these perplexing thoughts to trace,  
God will the mystery solve, we know not how,

ALL THREE VOICES.

Before His wrath in reverence let us bow,  
And let our hopes His love embrace.

ANOTHER VOICE.

The heart whose love is Thine,  
My God, who can disturb its peace ?  
Thy will supreme its guiding star doth shine,  
With beams that never cease:  
What happiness in earth or heav'n can be  
Like peace that keeps in sweet tranquillity,  
The heart that loveth Thee ?

ACT IV.

*Scene 1.*

JOASH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, A LEVITE,  
CHORUS.

SALOME.

With step majestic, by my mother's side,  
Comes with my brother young Eliakim.  
Sisters, what bear they wrapp'd within those veils ?  
What means that sword carried in front of them ?

JEHOSEBA (*to* ZACHARIAH).

My son, with reverence on this table place  
The awful volume of our holy Law.

And thou, my sweet Eliakim, lay here,  
 Close to the book of God, this diadem  
 Levite, it is Jehoiada's command,  
 Let Davids sword be placed beside his crown

JOASH

Dear Princess, tell me, what new sight is this ?  
 The sacred scroll, the sword, the diadem ?  
 Since God within His Temple shelter'd me,  
 No preparation have I seen like this

JEHOSHEBA

Soon will thy wondering doubts be clear'd, my son.

JOASH

Try not that diadem upon my brow '  
 'Tis profanation of the glorious dead '  
 The King who wore it claims more reverence  
 A poor unhappy child, left for the bears—

JEHOSHEBA (*trying the crown upon him*)

Let be, my son thus has it been enjoind

JOASH

But do I hear thee sob ? Princess, thy cheeks  
 Are wet with tears ' What pity touches thee ?  
 Am I, as Jephthah's daughter was of old,  
 To be presented for a sacrifice,  
 And, by my death, appease the wrath of God ?  
 A son has naught his Father may not claim  
 Ah me '

JEHOSHEBA

Lo, here is one who will declare God's will  
 To thee, alone fear not

Come, let us go

SCENE 2.]

ATHALIAH.

*Scene 2.*

**JOASH, JEHOIADA.**

JOASH *{running into the High Priest's arms}*.  
Father!

JEHOIADA.

My son!

JOASH.

What preparation's here ?

**JEHOIADA.**

'Tis right, my son, that thou should'st know the truth,  
And, sooner than all others, learn God's will,  
His purpose for His people and for thee.  
Arm thee with courage, and renew thy faith.  
The time is come to prove that fervent zeal  
Which I have cherish'd in thy heart with care,  
And to discharge the debt due to thy God.  
Art thou resolv'd to show a generous mind ?

JOASH.

Yea, ready if He will to give my life.

JEHOIADA.

Oft hast thou heard the story of our kings;  
Dost bear in mind, my son, how strict the laws  
A king must follow, worthy of the crown ?

JOASH.

Wise kings, for thus hath God Himself declared,  
Will not rely on riches and on gold,  
But fear the Lord their God, regarding still  
His precepts, and His judgments, and His laws,  
Nor yoke oppressive on their brethren lay.

**JEHOIADA.**

But wert thou bound to copy one such king,  
Which would'st thou choose to imitate, my son ?

JOASH

There seems to me none worthy to compare  
With faithful David, full of love divine

JEHOIADA

Thou would'st not follow then the erring steps  
Of faithless Joram and his impious son ?

JOASH

Father'

JEHOIADA

Proceed, and tell me all thy mind,

JOASH

Whoso resembles them perish as they

(JEHOIADA *pi osUates himself at hiseet* )

Father, why dost thou kneel before my face ?

JEHOIADA

I pay thee the respect I owe my King  
Joash, prove worthy of thine ancestor,  
Of David

JOASH

Am I Joash ?

JEHOIADA

Thou shalt know  
How graciously God fori'd the savage plot  
Of Athaliah, saving thee from death,  
Already with the dagger in thy breast.  
Nor from her fury art thou yet escaped  
With the same eagerness that would erwhile  
Have slam in thee her son's posterity,  
Her cruelty is bent on thy destruction,  
Nor does a change of name elude pursuit  
But 'neath thy standard I have gather'd here,

SCENE 3.]

ATHALIAH.

Prompt to avenge thee, an obedient band.  
Enter, brave captains of the holy seed,  
Honour'd by sacred service in your turns.

*Scene 3.*

JEHOIADA, JOASH, AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, AND THE THREE  
OTHER CHIEFS OF THE LEVITES.

JEHOIADA (*continues*).

Lo there, the King's avengers 'gainst his foes!  
And there, ye priests, behold your promised King!

AZARIAH.

Why, 'tis Eliakim!

ISHMAEL.

Is that sweet child—

JEHOIADA.

The rightful heir of Judah's kings, the last  
Of hapless Ahaziah's lineage,  
Call'd by the name of Joash, as ye know.  
All Judah, like yourselves, bewail'd the fate  
Of that fair tender flow'r so soon cut down,  
Believing him witli all his brethren slain.  
With them he met the traitor's cruel knife:  
But Heaven tura'd aside the mortal stroke,  
Kept in his heart the smouldering spark of life,  
And let my wife, eluding watchful eyes,  
Convey him in her bosom, bathed in blood,  
And hide him in the Temple with his nurse,  
I being sole accomplice of her theft.

JOASH.

Ah, how, my father, can I e'er repay  
The kindness and the love so freely giv'n?

## JHHOIADA

The time will come to prove that gratitude  
Look then upon your King, your only hope '  
My care has been to keep him for this hour,  
Servants of God, 'tis yours that care to crown  
The child of Jezebel, the murderess queen,  
Inform'd that Joash lives, will soon be here,  
Opening for him the tomb a second time,  
His death determin'd, though himself unknown  
Priests, 'tis for you her fury to forestall,  
And Judah's shameful slavery to end,  
Avenge your princes slam, your Law restore,  
Make Benjamin and Judah own their King  
The enterprise, no doubt, is dangerous,  
Attacking a proud queen upon her throne,  
Who rallies to her standard a vast host  
Of hardy strangers and of faithless Jews  
But He who guides and strengthens me is God  
Think, on this child all Israel's hope depends  
The wrath of God already marks the Queen ,  
Here have I muster'd you, in her despite,  
Nor lack ye warlike arms as she believes  
Haste, crown we Joash, and proclaim him King,  
Then, our new Prince's valiant soldiers, march,  
Calling on Him with Whom all victory lies,  
And, waking loyalty in slumbering hearts,  
E'en to her palace track our enemy  
What hearts, so sunk in sloth's inglorious sleep,  
Will not be loused to follow m our steps,  
When in our sacred ranks they see advance  
A King whom God has at His altar fed,  
Aaron's successor, and a tram of priests  
Leading to battle Levi's progeny,  
And in those self-same hands, by all revered,  
The arms that David hallow'd to the Lord ?  
Our God shall spread His terror o'er His foes  
Shrink not from bathing you in heathen blood,  
Hew down the Tynans, yea, and Jacob's seed  
Are ye not from those famous Levites sprung  
Who, when inconstant Israel wickedly

At Sinai worshipped the Egyptian god,  
 Their dearest kinsmen slew with righteous zeal,  
 And sanctified their hands in traitors' blood,  
 Gaining the honour, by this noble deed,  
 Of serving at the altars of the Lord ?

But I perceive your zeal already fired;  
 Swear then upon this holy volume, first,  
 Before this King whom Heav'n restores to-day,  
 To live, to fight, yea, or to die for him !

AZAEIAH.

Here swear we, for ourselves and brethren all,  
 To establish Joash on his fathers' throne,  
 Nor, having taken in our hands the sword,  
 To lay it down till we have slain his foes.  
 If anyone of us should break this vow,  
 Let him, great God, and let his children feel  
 Thy vengeance, from Thine heritage shut out,  
 And number'd with the dead disown'd by Thee!

JEHOIADA.

And thou, my King, wilt thou not swear to be  
 Faithful to this eternal Law of God ?

JOASH.

How could I ever wish to disobey ?

JEHOIADA.

My son,—once more to call thee by that name,—  
 Suffer this fondness, and forgive the tears  
 Prompted by too well founded fears for thee.  
 Far from the throne, in ignorance brought up  
 Of all the poisonous charms of royalty,  
 Thou knowest not th' intoxicating fumes  
 Of pow'r uncurb'd, and flattery's magic spells ;  
 Soon will she whisper that the holiest laws,  
 Tho' governing the herd, must kings obey ;  
 A monarch owns no bridle but his will ;  
 All else must bow before his majesty ;  
 Subjects are rightly doom'd to toil and tears,

And with a rod of iron should be ruled,  
 For they will crush him if they be not crush'd  
 Thus will fresh pitfalls for your feet be dug,  
 New snares be spread to spoil your innocence,  
 Till they have made you hate the truth at last,  
 By painting virtue in repulsive guise  
 Alas' our wisest king was led astray  
 Swear on this book, before these witnesses,  
 That God shall be thy first and constant care,  
 Scourge of the evil, refuge of the good,  
 That you will judge the poor as God directs,  
 Rememb'ring how, in simple linen clad,  
 Thou wast thyself a helpless orphan child

JOASH

I promise to observe the Law's commands  
 If I forsake Thee, punish me, my God!

JEHOIADA

I must anoint thee with the holy oil  
 Jehosheba, thou mayest show thyself

*Scene 4*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME,  
 AZARIAH, ISHMAEL, THE THREE OTHER CHIEFS OF THE  
 LEVITES, THE CHORUS

JEHOSHEBA (*embracing JOASH*)

My King, and son of David'

JOASH

Mother dear,  
 My only mother' Zachanah, come,  
 Embrace thy brother

JEHOSHEBA (*to ZACHARIAH*)

Kneel before thy king  
 (*ZACHARIAH casts himself at the feet of JOASH*)

JEHOIADA (*while they embrace one another*).  
My children be united ever thus!

JEHOSHEBA (to JOASH).  
Thou knowest then whose blood has giv'n thee life ?

JOASH.  
And who had robb'd me of it, but for thee.

JEHOSHEBA.  
I then may call thee Joash, thy true name.

JOASH.  
And thee shall Joash never cease to love.

THE CHORUS.  
Why, there is—

JEHOSHEBA.  
Jpash.

JEHOIADA.  
Hear this messenger.

*Scene 5.*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME,  
AZABIAH, ISHMAEL, THE THREE OTHER CHIEFS OF THE  
LEVITES, A LEVITE, THE CHORUS.

A LEVITE.  
I know not what their impious plan may be,  
But everywhere resounds the threatening trump,  
And amid standards fires are seen to shine;  
The Queen is doubtless mustering her troops;  
Already, every way of succour closed,  
The sacred mount on which the Temple stands  
Insolent Tyrians on all sides invest;

**And one of these blasphemers now brings word  
That Abner is m chains, so cannot help**

JEHOSHEBA (to JOASH)

A h<sup>1</sup> dearest child, by Heav'n in vain restored,  
Alas<sup>1</sup> for safety I can do no more  
God has forgotten David and his seed<sup>?</sup>

JEHOIADA (to JEHOSHEBA)

Dost thou not fear to draw the wrath divme  
Down on thyself, and on the King thou lovest?  
And e'en tho' God should snatch him from thine arms,  
And will that David's house pensh with him,  
Art thou not here upon the holy hill,  
Where Abraham our father raised his hand  
Obediently to slay his blameless son,  
Nor murmur'd as he to the altar bound  
The fruit of his old age, leaving to God  
Fulfilment of His promise, though this son  
Held in himself the hope of all his race?

Friends, let us take our several posts the side  
That looks towards the east let Ishmael guard,  
Guard thou the north, thou, west, and thou the south  
Take heed that no one, with imprudent zeal,  
Levite or priest, unmasking my designs,  
Burst forth m he adlong haste before the time,  
Let each, as with one common will inspired,  
Wherever placed, till death his post maintain  
Our foes regard you, in their blmded rage,  
As timid flocks for slaughter set aside,  
And think that ye will scatter m dismay  
Let Azariah on the King attend

(To JOASH)

Come, precious scion of a vigorous stock,  
And with fresh courage thy defenders **fill**,  
Come, don the diadem before their eyes,  
And die, if it must be so, like a King

(To JEHOSEBA.)

Follow him, Princess.

(To a LEVITE.)

Give me thou those arms.

(To the CHORUS.)

Offer to God the tears of innocence.

*Scene 6.*

SALOME, THE CHORUS.

ALL THE CHORUS *sings.*

Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go :  
Never did cause of greater fame  
The spirit of your sires inflame.  
Go forth, ye sons of Aaron, go :  
'Tis for your God and King this day ye strike the blow.

ONE VOICE (*alone*).

Hast Thou no shafts in store,  
That Justice may let fly ?  
Art Thou the jealous God no more,  
No longer God of Vengeance throned on high ?

ANOTHER VOICE.

Where, God of Jacob, is Thy goodness fled ?  
With horrors all around us pressing near,  
Have but our sins a voice which Thou canst hear ?  
Wilt Thou on us no more Thy pardon shed ?

ALL THE CHORUS.

Where is Thine ancient lovingkindness fled ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

'Tis against Thee that in this fray,  
 The wicked set the arrow to the bow,  
 " Let us destioy His feasts," say they,  
 " No longer let the earth His worship show ,  
 Nor his vexatious yoke let mortals longer know  
 His altars overturn, His votaries slay,  
 Till of His name and glory  
 Remains not e'en the story ,  
 Of Him and His Anointed break the sway "

## ALL THE CHORUS

Hast Thou no shafts m store,  
 That Justice may let fly ?  
 Art Thou the jealous God no more,  
 No longer God of Vengeance throned on high ?

ONE VOICE (*alone*)

Sad relic of our kings,  
 Last precious blossom of a stem so fair,  
 Ah' will the knife this time refuse to spare,  
 Which to his breast a cruel parent brings ?  
 Tell us, sweet Prince, if o'er thy cradle hovered  
 Some Angel that protected thee from death ?  
 Or did thy lifeless form in daikness covered,  
 At God's awakening voice resume its breath ?

## ANOTHER VOICE

Great God, dost Thou the guilt upon him lay,  
 That his rebellious sires forsook Thy way P  
 Is Thy compassion then clean gone for aye ?

## THE CHORUS

Where, God of Jacob, is Thy goodness fled ?  
 Wilt Thou no more Thy gracious pardon shed ?

ONE OF THE MAIDENS OF THE CHORUS  
(*speaking, not singing*)

Dear sisters, cruel Tynans hem us round,  
 Do ye not hear their trumpets' dreadful sound ?

ACT V. SCENE 1.]

ATHALIAH.

SALOME.

Yea, and I hear them raise their savage cry;  
I tremble with alarm;  
Haste, let us to our place of refuge fly,  
Where God's Almighty Arm  
Shall in His Temple shelter us from harm.

A C T V.

*Scene 1.*

ZACHARIAH, SALOME, THE CHORUS.

SALOME.

What news, dear Zachariah, dost thou bring ?

ZACHARIAH.

Double the fervour of your prayers to Heav'n!  
Sister, our latest hour perhaps draws nigh.  
For the dread conflict orders have been giv'n.

SALOME.

And what does Joash ?

ZACHARIAH.

He has just been crown'd,  
And by the High Priest with the holy oil  
Anointed. Oh, what joy in every eye  
Welcomed a sovereign ransom'd from the tomb,  
A scar still showing where the dagger fell!  
There too might have been seen his faithful nurse,  
Who, almost hidden in a far recess,  
Was watching her loved charge, tho' none but God  
And our dear mother witness'd her concern.  
Our Levites wept in tenderness and joy,  
Mingling with sobs their cries of glad delight:  
He 'mid these transports, all untouch'd by pride,

Gave gracious smiles, words, pressure of the hand,  
 And, swearing to conform with their adYice,  
 This one his father, that his brother call'd.

**SALOME**

And has our secret reach'd the world without ?

**ZACHARIAH**

'Tis known to none beyond the Temple walls.  
 The sons of Levi, in divided bands,  
 Are ranged in solemn silence at the doors,  
 All m an instant ready to rush forth  
 And raise the signal shout, " Long live the King ' "  
 But Azariah has been strictly charged  
 To guard the Prince's life from any risk  
 Meanwhile the scornful Queen, dagger m hand,  
 Laughs at our trail defence Of brazen doors,  
 Awaits the engines that shall break them down,  
 And threatens blood and rum with each breath  
 Some priests, my sister, ventured to advise  
 That m a crypt, dug m the days of old,  
 We should at least the precious Ark conceal,  
 " Such fears insult our God," my father said,  
 " Shall then the Ark that caused proud tow'rs to fall,  
 That drove the waters of the Jordan back,  
 And shatter'd to the earth Philistia's gods,  
 Flee from before a shameless woman's face'"  
 Our mother, standing near in mortal dread,  
 Now to the Prmce, now to the altar turns  
 Hor wavering glance, yielding to mute alarm,  
 A sight to make a very savage weep  
 From time to time the King, with fond embrace,  
 Soothes her—Dear sisters, follow in my steps,  
 And, if this day our King is doom'd to dre,  
 Let the same fate with him unite us all

**SALOME**

What rude hand knocks with quick repeated strokes ?  
 What makes these Levites m confusion run ?

Why with such caution do they hide their arms ?  
Say, is the Temple forced ?

ZACHARIAH.

Your fears dispel,  
God sends us Abner.

*Scene 2.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, ABNER,

ISHMAEL, TWO IJEVITES,- THE CHORUS.

JEHOIADA.

Can I trust mine eyes ?  
How did dear Abner find his way to us,  
Right through the enemy's blockading camp ?  
'Twas said that Athaliah, to insure  
The execution of her cruel plots,  
Had bound in iron chains thy generous hands.

ABNER.

My lord, she fear'd my courage and my zeal,  
And worse than fetters gave me for reward,  
Confining me within a loathsome den,  
To wait until the Temple should be burn'd,  
And she, unsated still with streams of blood,  
Should come to free me from an irksome life,  
And cut short days, which sorrows to survive  
My princes should have ended long ago.

JEHOIADA.

*What* miracle procured thee thy release ?

ABNER.

God only knows how works her cruel heart.  
She sent for me; and said with anxious air,—  
" Thou seest this temple by my troops beset:  
Soon will the vengeful flames but ashes leave,

In spite of all thy god can do to save  
 Yet upon two conditions may his priests  
 Redeem their lives, but no time must be lost,  
 That in my pow'r they place Eliakim,  
 With treasure known to them, and them alone,  
 Amass'd by David when he reign'd of yore,  
 And left a secret in the High Priest's charge,  
 Go, tell them on these terms I let them live "

JEHOIADA

What course, dear Abner, thinkest thou the best?

ABNER

Give her the gold, if it indeed be true,  
 That in thy keeping David's treasure lies,  
 And all besides, that from her greedy hands  
 Thou hitherto hast saved, precious and rare  
 Give all, or thou wilt have vile murderers come,  
 To break the altar, burn the cherubim,  
 And, on our sacred Ark laying rude hands,  
 Stain with thy pnestly blood the inner shrine

JEHOIADA

But, Abner, how can I in honour yield  
 To punishment a poor unhappy child,  
 Whom God Himself intrusted to my care,  
 And save our lives by sacrificing his?

ABNER

Would to Almighty God, Who sees my heart,  
 That Athaliah might forget the boy,  
 And be content her cruelty to slake  
 With Abner's blood, thinking thereby to soothe  
 Her angry gods ' but what avails your care ?  
 If ye all perish, will he die the less ?  
 Does God command what is impossible ?  
 When, in obedience to a tvrant's law,  
 His mother trusted Moses to the Nile,  
 Almost as soon as born, condemn'd to die,

Yet God, against all hope, his life preserved,  
And made the King himself his childhood rear.  
Who knows His purpose tow'rd Eliakim ?  
E'en such a lot may be for him in store,  
And the fell murderess of the royal seed  
Be render'd sensitive to pity's touch.  
Not long ago I saw steal o'er her face  
A tender look, that by Jehosheba  
Was mark'd as well, calming her wrathful mood.  
Princess, the hour of danger claims thy voice !  
What! Shall Jehoiada, with thy consent,  
For a mere stranger, let his son and thee,  
Yea all this people, fruitlessly be slain,  
And flames devour the only spot on earth  
Where God is worshipp'd? What could ye do more,  
Were he the sole survivor of our Kings,  
Your ancestors ?

JEHOSHEBA (*aside to JEHOIADA*).

Thou seest his loyal heart;  
Tell him the truth.

**JEHOIADA.**

The time is not yet come.

**ABNER.**

Time is more precious than thou thinkest, Sir.  
While thou art doubting what reply to give,  
Mattan, at Athaliah's ear, demands,  
Burning with rage, a speedy massacre.  
Must I fall prostrate at thy hallow'd knees ?  
Now in the name of that Most Holy Place,  
Unseen by mortal eye save thine, where dwells  
God's glory ; howsoever hard the task,  
Let us think how to meet the sudden blow.  
I only beg a moment's breathing space:  
To-morrow, yea to-night, I will secure  
The Temple, and make outrage dangerous.  
But I perceive my words are lost on thee,  
Tears and entreaties pow'rless to persuade,

Too strict thy sense -of duty to *give way*  
 Well, find me then some weapon, spear or sword,  
 And, where the foe await me, at these gates,  
 Abner at least can dre a soldier's death

## JEHOIADA

I yield Your proffer'd counsel I embrace  
 Abner, we will avert these threaten'd ills  
 'Tis true that David left a treasure here,  
 That to my charge was trusted, the last hope  
 Left to the Jews in their calamities,  
 My watchful care bestowed it secretly,  
 But, since we cannot hide it from your Queen,  
 She shall be satsied, and through these doors  
 Enter, attended by her officers,  
 But from these altars let her keep afar  
 The savage fury of her foreign troops,  
 And spare the House of God from pillage dire  
 Arrange with her the number of her train,  
 Childien and priests can small suspicion rouse  
 Touching this child she dreads so much, to thee,  
 Knowing thine upright heart, I will unfold  
 The secret of his birth, when she can hear,  
 And thou shalt judge between us, if I must  
 Place this young boy in Athaliah's pow'r

## ABNER

I take him under my protection now;  
 Fear naught, my lord Back to the Queen I haste

*Scene 3*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, ISHMAEL,  
 TWO LEVITES, THE CHORUS.

## JEHOIADA

Great God! The hour is come that brmgs Thy prey '  
 Hark, Ishmael

(*He whispers in his ear,*)

## JEHOSHEBA.

Almighty King of Heaven,  
Place a thick veil before her eyes once more,  
As when, making her crime of none effect,  
Thou in my bosom didst her victim hide.

## JEHOIADA.

Good Ishmael, go, there is no time to lose;  
Fulfil precisely this important task ;  
And, above all, take heed, when she arrives  
And passes, that no threatening signs be seen.  
Children, for Joash be a throne prepared ;  
Let our arm'd Levites on his steps attend.  
Princess, bring hither too his trusty nurse,  
And dry the copious fountain\* of thy tears.

(To a LEVITE.)

Soon as the Queen, madly presumptuous,  
Has cross'd the threshold of the Temple gates,  
Let all retreat be made impossible;  
That very moment let the martial trump  
Wake sudden terror in the hostile camp:  
Call all the people to support their King,  
And make her ears ring with the wondrous tale  
Of Joash by God's providence preserved.  
He comes.

*Scene 4.*

JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JOASH,  
AZARIAH, A BAND OF PRIESTS AND LEVITES, THE  
CHORUS.

JEHOIADA *continues.*

Ye Levites, and ye priests of God,  
Range yourselves round, but do not show yourselves;  
Leave it to me to keep your zeal in check,  
And tarry till my voice bids you appear.

(*They all hide themselves.*)

My King, methinks this hope rewards thy vows ,  
 Come, see thy foes fall prostrate at thy feet  
 She who in fury sought thine infant life  
 Comes hither in hot haste to slay thee now,  
 But fear her not think that upon our side  
 Stands the destroying angel as thy guard  
 Ascend thy throne—The gates are opening wide,  
 One moment let this curtain cover thee

*(He draws a curtain )*

Princess, thy colour changes

JEHOSHEBA

Can I see

Assassins fill God's house, and not grow pale ?  
 Why, look how numerous the retinue—

JEHOIADA

I see them shut the Temple doors again  
 All is secure

*Scene 5*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNEB, ATHAXIAH,

AND HER ATTENDANTS

*(JOASH IS hidden behind the curtain )*

ATHALIAH *(to JEHOIADA)*

Deceiver, there thou art!

Author of mischief, plots, conspiracies,  
 Whose hopes are all upon disturbance based,  
 Inveterate foe of sovereign majesty'  
 Dost thou still lean upon thy god's support,  
 Or has that flimsy trust forsaken thee ?  
 He leaves thee and thy temple in my pow'r  
 Well might I on the altar thou dost serve—  
 But no, thine offer'd ransom shall suffice,  
 Fulfil what thou hast promised That young boy,  
 That treasure which thou must to me resign,  
 Where are they ?

## JEHOIADA.

Straight shalt thou be satisfied:  
I am about to show them both at once.

*{The curtain is drawn up. Jo ASH is discovered on his throne; his nurse is kneeling on his right; AZARIAH, sword in hand, is standing on his left; and near him ZACHARIAH and SALOME are kneeling on the steps of the throne ; a number of LBVITJES, with swords in their hands, are ranged on either side.}*

Appear, dear child, worthy of royal sires.  
Queen, dost thou recognize King David's heir?  
Observe at least these marks thy dagger left :  
Behold thine offspring, Ahaziah's son !  
Welcome King Joash, Abner, people all !

## ABNER.

Heav'ns!

## ATHALIAH.

Traitor!

## JEHOIADA.

See this fait<sup>1</sup>ful Jewess here,  
Whose bosom, as thou knowest, nursed him then.  
Saved from thy fury by Jehosheba,  
Within this temple God has guarded him.  
Lo, here is all of David's treasure left!

## ATHALIAH.

Traitor, thy fraud will but destroy the child:  
Rid me, my soldiers, of this vile pretence !

## JEHOIADA.

Soldiers of God, draw near, defend your King i

*{The back of the stage opens: the interior of the temple is shown; and armed LEVITES enter from all around upon the stage.}*

## ATHALIAH

Treason t Oh, where am I, unhappy Queen t  
Weapons and enemies on every side '

## JEHOIADA

Thy search is vain, thou canst not 'scape the toils  
Cast round thee by the God whom thou hast scorn'd  
Into our hands has He delivei'd thee,  
Drunken with blood He calls thee to His bai

## ATHALIAH

My warriors are turn'd craven, numb with fear '  
Abner, is this thy coward's snare ?

## ABNER

As God is witness—  
My Queen,

## ATHALIAH

Never mind thy god,  
Avenge me

ABNER *{throwing himself at the feet of JOASH}*

Upon whom ? Joash ? My prince ?

## ATHALIAH

He Joash ' He thy King ' Bethmk you, knaves,  
That ye are still beleaguer'd by my arms,  
I hear my soldiers call me with loud shouts  
Tremble, ye rebels ' Succour is at hand

*Scene 6*

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOIADA, ISHMAEL, *and all the actors  
in the preceding scene.*

ISHMAEL (*to* JEHOIADA).

My lord, our foes have left the Temple free:  
The foreigners are fled, the Jews submit.  
As smoke is driv'n away before the wind,  
Th' Almighty's voice this army has dispersed.  
Our Levites, high above the courts around,  
Have Ahaziah's son to all proclaim'd,  
Told of his infant life saved from the sword,  
And Athaliah's fall into the snare.  
The trumpets sounded from all sides at once,  
And, mingled with their cries, such terror spread  
Throughout the camp as struck with wild dismay  
Proud Midian at the flash of Gideon's sword.  
The Tyrians, casting arms and shields away,  
The first, in all directions disappear'd.  
Some Jews, in dazed confusion, shared their flight;  
The rest for Joash loudly have declared,  
Owning herein the guiding hand of God.  
Yea, all the people, with one heart inspired,  
Women, old men, and babes embrace with joy,  
Blessing Jehovah and the King He sends,  
And hymn the son of David raised to life.  
All in the holy city execrate  
The name of Baal, and destroy his shrine.  
Mattan is slain.

ATHALIAH.

Jehovah, thou hast won!  
Yes, it is Joash. Vain denial now!  
'Twas here I gave command to have him slain;  
He has the mien and features of his sire;  
I trace his kinship with the line I hate.  
Thus David triumphs, Ahab is destroy'd,  
Relentless god, this is thy work alone,

II.

D D

With hopes of easy vengeance luring me,  
 And twenty times a day setting my thoughts  
 In conflict, now remorseful for this child,  
 Now dazzled with the prospect of rich spoil,  
 And loath to give it to devouring flames  
 Well, let him reign, thy care and handiwork '  
 And, to inaugurate his sovereignty,  
 Bid him dnect this dagger to my heart'  
 This for my grandson is my dying wish,—  
 My Wish, nay more than wish, my trust and hope,  
 That weary of thy law, thy yoke eontemn'd,  
 True to the blood of Ahab, drawn from me,  
 Following his grandsire's and his father's steps,  
 He, David's heir, shall make himself abhorr'd,  
 Profane thine altar, 10b thee of thy rites,  
 So avenge Ahab, Jezebel, and me'

(ATHALIAH goes out, the Levites follow her )

#### JEHOIADA

Out of the Temple precincts have her forth  
 At once, nor be its holy courts profaned  
 Go, and avenge your princes massacred,  
 Whose blood cries out till pacified by hers  
 If any venture to defend her cause,  
 Him let the swoid, along with her, devour

#### Scene 7

JOASH, JEHOIADA, JEHOSHEBA, ABNER, and all the actors  
 in the preceding scene

JOASH *{after descending from his throne}*

Thou seest, O Lord, the anguish of my soul,  
 Oh, turn her malediction from me far,  
 And never suffer it to be fulfill'd '  
 Let Joash die ere he forgets his God '

JEHOIADA *(to the Levites)*

Call all the people, they shall see their King

Let trem approach, and fresh allegiance swear.  
King, priests, and people, let us all confirm  
The covenant that Jacob made with God;  
Grateful for mercy, for our sins ashamed,  
And with new vows binding ourselves to Him.  
Abner, resume thy post beside the King.

. *Scene 8.*

JOASH, JEHOIADA, A LEVITE, *and all the actors in the preceding scene.*

JEHOIADA (*to the Levite*).

Well, has that monster met with punishment?

THE LEVITE.

Her guilt has been atoned for with the sword.  
Jerusalem, so long her fury's prey,  
Relieved at last from her detested yoke.  
With joy beholds her weltering in her blood.

JEHOIADA.

By this, the dreadful end her crimes deserved,  
Learn, King of Judah, nor this truth forget:—  
Kings have in Heav'n their Judge severe, Who to the  
fatherless  
Is Father, and will punish those who innocence oppress!







