

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
DON ALONZO	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
DON CARLOS	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>	<i>Mr. Bariley.</i>
DON ALVAREZ	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
DON MANUEL	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
ZANGA	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	<i>Master Betty.</i>
LEONORA	<i>Mrs. Litchfield.</i>	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
ISABELLA	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>	<i>Miss Boyce.</i>

SCENE—Spain.

THE  
REVENGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*Battlements, with a Sea Prospect.*

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* Whether first nature, or long want of peace,  
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;  
But horrors now are not displeasing to me: [*Thunder.*]  
I like this rocking of the battlements.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

Rage on, ye winds, burst, clouds, and waters roar!  
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,  
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.  
Who's there? My love!

*Isa.* Why have you left my bed?  
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

[*Thunder.*]  
*Zan.* The dead alone in such a night can rest,  
And I indulge my meditation here.  
Woman, away. I chuse to be alone.

*Isa.* I know you do, and therefore will not leave  
you;

Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.

[Thunder.]

Is this a night for walks of contemplation?  
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,  
And I will know it; by our loves I will.  
To you I sacrific'd my virgin fame;  
Ask I too much to share in your distress.

Zan. In tears? Thou fool! then hear me, and be  
plung'd

In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.  
To strike thee with astonishment at once,  
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,  
And then thou shalt hear farther.

Isa. Hate Alonzo!

I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend,  
And that he lost the master in that name.

Zan. Hear then. 'Tis twice three years since that  
great man

(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)  
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.  
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,  
While I with pious rage pursu'd revenge.  
I then was young, he plac'd me near his person,  
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.  
One day, (may that returning day be night,  
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)  
For something, or for nothing, in his pride  
He struck me. (While I tell it, do I live?)  
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him,  
For that were poor revenge—E'er since, his folly  
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap  
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.  
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!  
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;  
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.

Isa. But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story;  
To see your strong emotions startles me.

Zan. Yes, woman, with the temper that befits it.

Has the dark adder venom? So have I,  
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me!  
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,  
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,  
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame.  
I from that day have bless'd the coming night,  
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;  
The blow return'd for ever in my dream.  
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion  
Of ample vengeance; none is yet arriv'd.  
Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes  
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition,  
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.  
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise  
The Moorish camp; but I have taken care  
They shall be ready to receive his favour.  
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,  
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

Isa. Just as I enter'd an express arriv'd.

Zan. To whom?

Isa. His friend, Don Carlos.

Zan. Be propitious,

O, Mahomet, on this important hour,  
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!  
What is revenge, but courage to call in  
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert  
Others' self-love into our own protection?  
But see, the morning ray breaks in upon us;  
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*The Palace.**Enter DON CARLOS and DON MANUEL.*

*Man.* My Lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

*Car.* Alonzo's glory, and the Moor's defeat.  
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,  
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.  
He'll soon arrive. Oh, how I long to embrace  
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!  
I lov'd fair Leonora long before  
The chance of battle gave me to the Moors,  
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed  
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,  
To be my gentle advocate in love.

*Man.* And what success?

*Car.* Alas, the cruel maid——  
Indeed her father, who, though high at court,  
And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart  
To heal his devastation from the Moors,  
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the east,  
My fleet now sailing in the sight of Spain,  
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)  
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

*Man.* Her aged father, see,  
Leads her this way.

*Car.* She looks like radiant truth,  
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time——  
You to the port with speed, 'tis possible  
Some vessel is arriv'd. [*Exit MAN.*] Heav'n grant it  
bring  
Tidings which Carlos may receive with joy!

*Enter DON ALVAREZ and LEONORA.*

*Alv.* Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour  
With all a parent's soft authority,  
And earnest counsel.

*Car.* Angels second you!  
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

*Alv.* Daughter, the happiness of life depends  
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;  
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood,  
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune.  
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,  
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold.  
His keels are freighted with that sacred power,  
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.  
Sir, you have my good wishes, and I hope

[*To CARLOS.*]  
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [*Exit.*]

*Car.* Oh, Leonora! why art thou in tears?  
Because I am less wretched than I was?  
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,  
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eyes serene.

*Leon.* Think you my father too indulgent to me,  
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?  
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,  
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint.

*Car.* Ah, my torn heart!

*Leon.* Regard not me, my lord,  
I shall obey my father.

*Car.* Disobey him,  
Rather than come thus coldly, than come thus  
With absent eyes and alienated mien,  
Suffring address, the victim of my love.  
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty.  
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of,  
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life,  
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;  
All these possess'd, are nought, but as they are

The proof, the substance of an inward passion,  
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

*Leon.* I pray, my lord, no more.

*Car.* Must I despair then? Do not shake me  
thus:

Heav'n's! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,  
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,  
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;  
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:  
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left  
The promis'd fight, I left Alonzo too,  
To stand the war, and quell a world alone.

[*Drums and Trumpets.*]

*Leon.* The victor comes. My lord, I must with-  
draw.

*Car.* And must you go?

*Leon.* Why should you wish me stay?

Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,  
My presence none; it pains you and myself;  
For both our sakes permit me to withdraw. [*Exit.*]  
[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

*Enter DON ALONZO, with ATTENDANTS.*

*Car.* Alonzo!

*Alon.* Carlos!—I am whole again;  
Clasp'd in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

*Car.* Whom dare I thus embrace? The conqueror  
Of Afric.

*Alon.* Yes, much more—Don Carlos' friend.  
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,  
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee.  
I rise in virtues to come nearer to thee.  
'Twas Carlos conquer'd, 'twas his cruel chains  
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown till then,  
And threw my former actions far behind.

*Car.* I love fair Leonora. How I love her!  
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)  
Another heart, another soul for thee.

Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports  
Like music, pure the joy, without allay,  
Whose very rapture is tranquillity:  
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,  
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;  
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* Manuel, my lord, returning from the port<sup>n</sup>  
On business both of moment and of haste,  
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

*Car.* In private!—Ha!—Alonzo, I'll return;  
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*]

*Zan.* My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.

*Alon.* Will the fair Leonora pass this way?

*Zan.* She will, my lord, and soon.

*Alon.* Come near me, Zanga;

For I dare open all my heart to thee.  
There's not a wounded captive in my train,  
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,  
With half a life, and beggary, and chains,  
But is a god to me: I am most wretched.—  
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,  
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)  
Deputed me his advocate in love;  
What did I do?—I lov'd myself. Indeed,  
One thing there is might lessen my offence,  
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd)  
I thought him dead; for (by what fate I know not)  
His letters never reach'd me.

*Zan.* Thanks to Zanga,  
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.

*Alon.* Yes, curs'd of Heav'n! I lov'd, myself; and  
now,

In a late action, rescu'd from the Moors,  
I have brought home my rival in my friend.

Zan. We hear, my lord, that in that action too,  
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.

Alon. It did—with more than the expense of  
mine;

For, O, this day is mention'd for their nuptials.

Zan. My lord, she comes.

Alon. I'll take my leave and die. [Exit.]

Zan. Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would  
please me.

Unhappy fate! My country overcome!

My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd!—

Would nature were—I will not fall alone:

But others' groans shall tell the world my death.

[Aside, and exit.]

Enter LEONORA and ALONZO.

Alon. When nature ends with anguish like to this,  
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,  
And bid his light adieu. [Weeps.]

Leon. The mighty conqueror

Dismay'd! I thought you gave the foe your sorrows.

Alon. O, cruel insult! are those tears your sport,  
Which nothing but a love for you could draw?

Afric I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase

Your leave to sigh unscorn'd; but I complain not;

'Twas but a world, and you are—Leonora.

Leon. That passion which you boast of is your  
guilt,

A treason to your friend.

Alon. O, Leonora!

What could I do?—In duty to my friend,

I saw you: and to see is to admire.

For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely.

You know I did. I sought but your esteem;

If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty.

Leon. If from your guilt none suffer'd but your-  
self,

It might be so—Farewell.

[Going.]

Alon. Who suffers with me? [Takes her Hand.]

Leon. Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.

[Weeps.]

Alon. What mean these tears?

Leon. I weep by chance; nor have my tears a  
meaning.

But, O, when first I saw Alonzo's tears,

I knew their meaning well!

Alon. Heavens! what is this? That excellence, for  
which

Desire was planted in the heart of man;

Virtue's supreme reward on this side Heav'n;

The cordial of my soul—and this destroys me—

Indeed, I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.

Leon. Alonzo, pardon me the injury  
Of loving you. I struggled with my passion,  
And struggled long: let that be some excuse.

You well may wonder at such words as these;

I start at them myself, they fright my nature;

Great is my fault; but blame not me alone;

Give him a little blame, who took such pains

To make me guilty.

Alon. Blame you! you know I think your love a  
blessing

Beyond all human blessings! 'tis the price

Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying.

But, O, the curse of curses!—O, my friend!—

Leon. Alas!

Alon. What says my love? Speak, Leonora.

Leon. Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick  
In finding out objections to our love?

Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,

It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

Alon. Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

Leon. Indeed my father once had thought that  
way;

But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,

Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd,  
Your counsel, which determines him in all,  
Should finish the debate.

*Alon.* O, agony!

Must I not only lose her, but be made  
Myself the instrument? Not only die,  
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?

*Leon.* What, do you tremble lest you should be  
mine?

For what else can you tremble? Not for that  
My father places in your power to alter.

*Alon.* What's in my pow'r? O, yes, to stab my  
friend!

*Leon.* To stab your friend were barbarous indeed:  
Spare him—and murder me.

*Alon.* First perish all!

No Leonora, I am thine for ever;  
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more.  
For whatsoever crime I can commit,  
I've felt the pains already.

*Leon.* Hold, Alonzo,

And hear a maid whom doubly thou hast conquer'd.

I love thy virtue as I love thy person,  
And I adore thee for the pains it gave me;  
But as I felt the pains, I'll reap the fruit;  
I'll shine out in my turn, and show the world  
Thy great example was not lost upon me.

Thus then I tear me from thy hopes for ever.  
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?

No, tho' the life-blood gushes from my heart,  
You shall not be ashamed of Leonora;

Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example  
You lately lent; O, take it while you may,

While I can give it you, and be immortal! *[Exit.]*

*Alon.* She's gone, and I shall see that face no  
more;

But pine in absence, and till death adore.

When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,  
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue  
Her name will tremble with a feeble moan,  
And love with fate divide my dying groan. *[Exit.]*

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ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*The Palace.*

*Enter DON MANUEL and ZANGA.*

*Zan.* If this be true, I cannot blame your pain  
For wretched Carlos; 'tis but humane in you.  
But when arriv'd your dismal news?

*Man.* This hour.

*Zan.* What, not a vessel sav'd? And is Alvarez  
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?  
That treasure was on shore; must that too join  
The common wreck?

*Man.* Alvarez pleads, indeed,  
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,  
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,  
When he concurr'd: the tempest broke the match;  
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold.  
The love of gold is double in his heart,  
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.

*Zan.* How does Don Carlos bear it?

*Man.* Like a man,  
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,  
And reasons best a human heart can reason.

*Zan.* But is he then in absolute despair?