

## ACT THE FOURTH.

## SCENE I.

*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter DON ALONZO and ZANGA.*

*Alon.* Oh, what a pain to think! when every thought,  
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,  
And reason knits th' inextricable toil,  
In which herself is taken!  
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,  
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,  
And to her trembling heart presenting death,  
Force all the secret from her.

*Zan.* O, forbear!  
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean?

*Zan.* That will discover all,  
And kill my hopes. What can I think or do?

*Alon.* What dost thou murmur?

*Zan.* Force the secret from her?  
What's perjury to such a crime as this?  
Will she confess it then? O, groundless hope!  
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,  
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;  
Such is her father's power.

[*Aside.*]

*Alon.* No more, I care not;  
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

*Zan.* But for what better will you change this  
load?

Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

*Alon.* No, it would cure me of my mortal pangs:  
By hatred and contempt I should despise her,  
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.

*Zan.* Ah! were I sure of that, my lord——

*Alon.* What then?

*Zan.* You should not hazard life to gain the secret.

*Alon.* What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm  
on the rack,

I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,  
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.

*Zan.* That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet  
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it,  
Tho' gone too far, Heaven knows—"Tis I am guilty—  
I have ta'en pains, as you, I know, observ'd,  
To hinder you from diving in the secret,  
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.

*Alon.* Thou dost confound me.

*Zan.* I confound myself,  
And frankly own it, tho' to my shame I own it:  
Nought but your life in danger could have torn  
The secret out, and made me own my crime.

*Alon.* Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.

*Zan.* Not yet, dread sir:  
First, I must be convinc'd, that, if you find  
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,  
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.

*Alon.* O 'twill, by Heaven.

*Zan.* Alas! I fear it much,  
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this  
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain  
From all self-violence, and save my lord.

*Alon.* I trebly swear.

Zan. You'll bear it like a man?

Alon. A god.

Zan. Such have you been to me, these tears confess it.

And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:

And what amends is now within my power,

But to confess, expose myself to justice,

And as a blessing claim my punishment.

Know then, Don Carlos——

Alon. Oh!

Zan. You cannot bear it.

Alon. Go on, I'll have it, though it blast mankind;

I'll have it all, and instantly. Go on.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

*Enter LEONORA.*

Leon. My Lord Alonzo, you are absent from us;  
And quite undo our joy.

Alon. I'll come, my love:

Be not our friends deserted by us both;

I'll follow you this moment.

Leon. My good lord,

I do observe severity of thought

Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the moors?

Alon. No, my delight.

Leon. What then employ'd your mind?

Alon. Thou, love, and only thou; so Heaven befriend me,

As other thought can find no entrance here.

Leon. How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares

Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,

To drop one thought on me!

*[He shows the utmost Impatience.]*

Alon. Know then, to thy comfort,

Thou hast me all, my throbbing heart is full

With thee alone, I've thought of nothing else;

Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.

My life, our friends expect thee.

Leon. I obey.

*[Exit.]*

Alon. Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy?

If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,

And beauty shall no more belong to Heaven——

Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

Proceed, good Zanga, so thy tale began.

Zan. Don Carlos did return at dead of night;

That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I

Command the watch that guards the palace gate.

He told me he had letters for the King,

Despatch'd from you.

Alon. The villain ly'd!

Zan. My lord,

I pray, forbear——Transported at his sight,

After so long a bondage, and your friend,

(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)

No farther I inquir'd, but let him pass,

False to my trust, at least imprudent in it.

Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,

As is my custom when the night's serene,

And took a moonlight walk: when soon I heard

A rustling in an arbour that was near me.

I saw two lovers in each other's arms,

Embracing and embrac'd. Anon the man

Arose, and falling back some paces from her,

Gaz'd ardently awhile, then rush'd at once,

And throwing all himself into her bosom,

There softly sigh'd! "O, night of ecstasy!

When shall we meet again?"——Don Carlos then

Led Leonora forth.

Alon. Oh! O, my heart! *[He sinks into a Chair.]*

Zan. Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul!

'Tis thro' his brain, his eyeballs roll in anguish.

*[Aside.]*

My lord, my lord, why will you rack my soul?

Speak to me, let me know, that you still live.

I'm your own Zanga,

So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—

Rise, sir, for honour's sake. Why should the moors,  
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?

*Alon.* Oh, she was all!—

My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,

All stoop'd to her, my blood was her possession.

Deep in the secret foldings of my heart

She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.

To think on't is the torment of the damn'd;

And not to think on't is impossible.

How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul!

How bright the eye, that set it in a flame!

How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace

For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!

How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!

How deep, how black, the horror and despair!

*Zan.* You said you'd bear it like a man.

*Alon.* I do.

Am I not almost distracted?

*Zan.* Pray, be calm.

*Alon.* As hurricanes:—be thou assur'd of that.

*Zan.* Is this the wise Alonzo?

*Alon.* Villain, no!

He dy'd in the harbour—he was murder'd there!

I am his demon though—My wife!—my wife!—

*Zan.* He weeps,—he weeps.

[*Aside.*]

*Alon.* O, villain, villain, most accurs'd!

If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?

*Zan.* Hear me, my lord, your anger will abate.

I knew it not:—I saw them in the garden;

But saw no more than you might well expect

To see in lovers destin'd for each other.

Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,

'Till after-proofs conspir'd to blacken it?

Sad proofs, which came too late, which broke not

out,

(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)

'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;

And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,

In duty, and compassion to your peace.

*Alon.* Live now, be damn'd hereafter—for I want  
thee.

“O, night of ecstasy!”—Ha! was't not so?

I will enjoy this murder.—Let me think—

The jasmine bower—'tis secret and remote:

Go wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.

[*Exit ZANGA.*]

How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!

“When shall we meet again?”—To-night, in hell.

*Enter LEONORA.*

Ha! I'm surprised! I stagger at her charms!

*Leon.* My lord, excuse me; see, a second time

I come in embassy from all your friends,

Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.

*Alon.* This moment, Leonora, I was coming ]

To thee, and all—but sure, or I mistake,

Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy. Oh!

*Leon.* Why sighs my lord?

*Alon.* I sigh'd not, Leonora.

*Leon.* I thought you did; your sighs are mine,  
my lord,

And I shall feel them all.

*Alon.* Dost flatter me?

*Leon.* If my regards for you are flattery,

Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment

In this day's solemn rite.

*Alon.* What rite?

*Leon.* You sport me.

*Alon.* Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.

*Leon.* And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness,

As on the health of virtue.

*Alon.* Virtue!—Damn—

*Leon.* What says my lord?

*Alon.* Thou art exceeding fair.

*Leon.* Beauty alone is but of little worth;  
But when the soul and body of a piece,  
Both shine alike, then they obtain a price,  
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,  
Heaven's pay on earth for such great souls as  
yours;—

If fair and innocent, I am your due.

*Alon.* Innocent! [*Aside.*]

*Leon.* How—My lord I interrupt you.

*Alon.* No, my best life, I must not part with thee;  
This hand is mine—O, what a hand is here!  
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!

*Leon.* In tears, my lord?

*Alon.* What less can speak my joy!  
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks for ever,  
And drink in all my being from thine eyes:  
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,  
And hurl destruction—

*Leon.* My lord, you fright me.  
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?  
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?  
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?  
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,  
That heart which I have purchas'd with my own?  
Lay it before me then; it is my due.  
Unkind Alonzo! though I might demand it,  
Behold I kneel! See, Leonora kneels!  
The bride foregoes the homage of her day,  
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!

[*Takes his Hand.*]

Speak then, I charge you speak, or I expire,  
And load you with my death. My lord—my lord!

*Alon.* Ha! ha! ha!

[*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the Floor.*]

*Leon.* Are these the joys, which fondly I con-  
ceiv'd?

And is it thus a wedded life begins?

What did I part with, when I gave my heart?  
The maid, that loves,  
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,  
And puts her trust in miracles for safety. [*Rises.*]  
Where shall I sigh?—where pour out my complaints.  
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,  
He is the source of all.

*Alon.* Go to thy chamber;  
I soon will follow; that, which now disturbs thee,  
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[*Exit LEON.*]

O how like innocence she looks!—What, stab her!  
And rush into her blood!—I never can!  
Mine is the guilt—mine—to supplant my friend.—  
How then? Why thus—no more; it is determin'd.

*Enter ZANGA.*

*Zan.* I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must  
die.

Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,  
To sting our human nature, and effect it? [*Aside.*]

*Alon.* This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,  
Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.  
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.  
Day buries day, month month, and year the year,  
Our life is but a chain of many deaths;  
Can then death's self be fear'd? our life much rather.  
Life is the desert, life the solitude,  
Death joins us to the great majority:  
'Tis to be borne to Plato's, and to Cæsars;  
'Tis to be great for ever;  
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

*Zan.* I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

*Alon.* I did.

*Zan.* I give you joy, then Leonora's dead.

*Alon.* No Zanga, the greatest guilt is mine,  
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;  
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:

These, and a thousand tokens more ; and yet,  
For which the saints absolve my soul, did wed.

*Zan.* Whither tends this ?

*Alon.* To shed a woman's blood  
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious ;

But just resentment to myself, bears in it  
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds.  
He, who, superior to the checks of nature,  
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,  
Does in some sort that reason deify,  
And take a flight at heaven.

*Zan.* Alas, my lord,  
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty finds  
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword.  
You cannot close an eye, that is so bright,  
You cannot strike a breast, that is so soft,  
That has ten thousand ecstasies in store  
For Carlos ?——No, my lord, I mean for you.

*Alon.* O, through my heart and marrow ! Pr'ythee  
spare me :

Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord.  
I own, I try'd, I quarell'd with my heart,  
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death ;  
But, oh, her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

*Zan.* I know not what to answer to my lord.  
Men are but men ; we did not make ourselves.  
Farewell then, my best lord, since you must die,  
Oh, that I were to share your monument,  
And in eternal darkness close these eyes,  
Against those scenes, which I am doom'd to suffer !

*Alon.* What dost thou mean ?

*Zan.* And is it then unknown  
Oh, grief of heart, to think that you should ask it !  
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,  
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust——  
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,  
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,

Who brought you thither by their lawless loves.  
For there they'll revel, and exult to find  
Him sleep so fast, who else might mar their joys.

*Alon.* Distraction !——But Don Carlos, well thou  
know'st,  
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.

*Zan.* Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,  
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek.  
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,  
How will he rush like lightning to her arms !  
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul ;  
But not in grief——sad obsequies to thee !——  
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear  
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstasy,  
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another :  
Thank Heaven, these torments will be all my own.

*Alon.* I'll ease thee of that pain. Let Carlos die,  
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.  
'Tis my command. [*Gives his Signet.*]

*Zan.* I dare not disobey.

*Alon.* My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.

*Zan.* Ah, sir ! think, think again. Are all men  
buried

In Carlos' grave ? You know not womankind.  
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke  
The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,  
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.

*Alon.* That thought has more of hell than had the  
former ;

Another, and another, and another !  
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb.  
I am convinc'd ; I must not, will not die.

*Zan.* You cannot die ; nor can you murder her.  
What then remains ? In nature no third way,  
But to forget, and so to love again.

*Alon.* Oh !

*Zan.* If you forget, the world will call you wise ;  
If you forgive, the world will call you good :

If you receive her to your grace again,  
The world will call you, very, very kind.

*Alon.* Zanga, I understand thee, well. She dies ;  
Though my arm trembles at the stroke, she dies.

*Zan.* That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up  
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,  
But doing right, in stern despite to nature,  
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,  
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd ?  
At Aulis one pour'd out a daughter's life,  
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars ;  
Another slew a sister in just rage ;  
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,  
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.  
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,  
As he at Carthage, an immortal name !  
Yet there is one step left above them all,  
Above their history, above their fable,  
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—do that,  
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

*Alon.* 'Tis done !—Again new transports fire my  
brain :

I had forgot it, 'tis my bridal night.  
Friend, give me joy, we must be gay together ;  
See, that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,  
And music gives the elevating sound,  
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,  
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,  
Thou, Zanga, thou my solemn friends invite,  
From the dark realms of everlasting night,  
Call Vengeance, call the furies, call Despair,  
And Death, our chief-invited guest, be there ;  
He with pale hand shall lead the bride, and spread  
Eternal curtains round her nuptial bed. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT THE FIFTH.

## SCENE I.

*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter ALONZO.*

*Alon.* O pitiful ! O terrible to sight !  
Poor mangled shade ! all cover'd o'er with wounds ;  
And so disguis'd with blood !—Who murder'd  
thee ?

Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.  
Ha ! Carlos ?—Horror ! Carlos !—oh, away !  
Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine ;  
I cannot bear the sight—What sight ?—Where  
am I ?

There's nothing here—

*Enter ZANGA.*

Is Carlos murder'd ?

*Zan.* I obey'd your order.  
Six ruffians overtook him on the road ;  
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew.  
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death.  
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd  
His bones might rest near yours.

*Alon.* O Zanga, Zanga !  
But I'll not think :