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SOPHONISBA:

O R,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *NATHANIEL LEE*, Gent.

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. Petronius.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Angel* in the *Pall-Mall*,
over-against *St. James's-Square*. MDCCIV.

ROPHONIA: A

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To Her Grace the

DUTCHESSES

O F

P O R T S M O U T H.

Madam,

IF *Sophonisba* receiv'd some Applause upon the Stage, I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the Poem, but, as I ought, with the humblest Acknowledgments and profoundest Gratitude, impute it to the favourable Aspects of the Court-Stars. But above all, I must pay my Adorations to Your Grace, who, as You are the most Beautiful, as well in the bright Appearances of Body, as in the immortal Splendors of an elevated Soul, did shed mightier Influence, and darted on me a largeness of Glory answerable to your stock of Beams. *Hannibal* himself, whose hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair imperious *Rosalinda*; nay, he who in spite of Beauty's

Charms durst gaze upon that Sun with Eagle-eyes, and tax her with a Blemish, now making his Approaches to Your Grace, seems aw'd with the Source of so many Rays, and dazl'd with a Presence so illustrious. He sees, with new Bleedings, Eyes more attractive than those of *Rosalinda*, something more delicate in Your Shape, and lofty in Your Mien; an Air so charming Sweet, that 'tis miraculous it should be Majestick too; Smiles of more delightful Shine than *April* Suns; such Softnesses and Languishings as the almighty Poet's Hand cannot describe, nor Painter's Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am resolv'd to look up to You daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to Your Grace, to spend all the store of my yet unexhausted Fancy in Your unbounded Fame. For I declare, to be wreath'd in Lawrel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being, Madam,

Your Grace's most Humble

and Devoted Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE

To the University of Oxford.

Written by J. Dryden, Esquire.

THespis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, says Horace, in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank e'er trod the Stage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned Sport
Of tossing Poets in a Tennis-Court:
But 'tis the Talent of our English Nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation;
And some Years hence, if Anarchy go on,
Jack Presbyter will here erect his Throne,
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And ev'ry Pray'r be longer than a Play:
Then all our Heathen Wits shall go to Pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish Plot:
Nor should we want the Sentence to depart,
Evn in our first Original, a Cart.
Occham, Dun, Scotus, must, though Learn'd, go down;
As Chief Supporters of the Tripple-Crown:
And Aristotle, for Destruction ripe,
Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
Which by some little help of Derivation,
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.
Your wiser Judgments farther penetrate,
Who late found out one Tare amongst the Wheat.
This is our Comfort, none e'er cry'd us down,
But who dislik'd both Bishop and a Crown.

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Hannibal</i> , General of <i>Carthage</i> .	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Maherbal</i> , Lieutenant-General.	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Bomilcar</i> , Master of the Horse and Elephants.	Mr. <i>Winterfal</i> .
<i>Scipio</i> , Consul of <i>Rome</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Lelius</i> , His Lieutenant.	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Varro</i> , A Tribune.	Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
<i>Massinissa</i> , King of <i>Numidia</i> , marry'd to <i>Sophonisba</i> .	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Trebellius</i> , A Roman Officer.	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Massina</i> , Nephew of <i>Massinissa</i> .	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
<i>Menander</i> , The Confident of <i>Massinissa</i> .	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Sophonisba</i> , A <i>Carthaginian</i> Lady, Daugh- ter of <i>Asdrubal</i> ; first marry'd to <i>Syphax</i> , and afterwards to <i>Massinissa</i> .	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Rosalinda</i> , A Roman Lady, the Mistress of <i>Hannibal</i> .	Mrs. <i>Boutell</i> .
<i>Rezambe</i> , } Maids of Honour, and Confi- <i>Merna</i> , } dents of <i>Sophonisba</i> .	
<i>Aglave</i> , } Priestesses of <i>Bellona</i> .	Mrs. <i>Nep</i> .
<i>Cumana</i> , }	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
Attendants.	

Scene Z A M A

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
S O P H O N I S B A.

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

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar, Guards and Attendants.

Han. **C**onquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
 And *Rome* in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
 Like Gods we pass'd the rugged *Alpine Hills*,
 Melted our Way, and drove our hissing Wheels
 Though Cloudy Deluges, Eternal Rills:
 What after Ages shall with Pain believe,
 Through Burning Quarries did our Passage cleave;
 Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
 Whose horrid Force the Nerves of Flints unloos'd:
 Made Nature start to see us root up Rocks,
 And open all the Adamantine Locks;
 Shake off her massie Bars, o'er Mountains go,
 Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of solid Snow.
 On our last Elephant while we did sleep,
 In *Arnus* foggy Fens and Marshes deep,

One Light we lost, for *Carthage* underwent
 War's tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits spent,
 And all the stock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.

Mak. But what Return has that slow City made?
 Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
 While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
 The Traitor *Hanno* your Destruction fought:
 No Succours were for your Assistance meant;
 For still to *Rome* Intelligence was sent,
 That did the *Carthaginians* Strength declare,
 Which Way they pass'd, and what their Numbers were.

Bom. By his Design your Brother's Death was wrought,
 When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
 Too well that Barb'rous States-Man, *Hanno*, knew,
 If Gallant *Asdrubal* should join with you,
 The *Romans* could no Hope of Safety have,
 No Pow'r on Earth could their lost Empire save:
 With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
 Your two all-conqu'ring Armies to divide.
 How fatally did his curs'd Plots succeed?
 When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed.

Han. Great States-Men Kings should watch, while they employ;
 Left, what they build, those under-hand destroy.
 Nor has his separating Chiefs been known
 Only on Land, but on the Ocean shown:
 Where Fleets divided, by close practis'd Arts,
 Have melted Womens Eyes, and Soldiers Hearts.

Bom. Now all the Fiends those Traitors drag to Hell,
 Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country sell.

Han. How would the Slaves have quak'd, had they but seen
 The Flights of *Trebid*, or of *Thrasimen*,
 Or dreadful *Cannæ*?

Where the dire Sisters bit the *Roman* Looms,
 As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.

Bom. Where Fourscore Valiant Senators we kill'd,
 The Blood of Seventy thousand Soldiers spill'd,
 And great *Emilius* Death our Conquest swell'd.

Han. When all with Crimson Slaughter cover'd o'er,
 We urg'd our Horses through a Flood of Gore;
 Whilst from the Battlements of Heav'n's high Wall
 Each God look'd down, and shook his awful Head,
 Mourning to see so many Thousands fall,
 And then look'd pale, to see us look so red.

Mab. That was a Time worthy severest Fate,
 When Victory on Hills of Heroes sat,
 And turn'd her Eyes all blood-shot on the Fray,
 And laugh'd, and clapp'd her Wings, and bless'd the Day.

Han. And are we thus at last rewarded then?
 Dare they review our Dangers with Disdain?
 Dull Counsellors, who only talk of Harm,
 Sleep 'till high Noon, to costly Banquets swarm,
 And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm.
 Instead of fighting *Scipio*, let us haste,
 Set Fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waste;
 Melt all their hoarded Treasures down, and pour
 Into their thirsty Throats the scalding Oar.

Bom. Go on, Great Sir; their trusty Coffers burn;
 Their tow'ring Pride to Desolation turn.

Mab. How I should laugh, to see their Ermines smoke!
 May sulph'rous Flames their gorged Vitals choke.

Han. Maberbal, stay; though *Carthage* us'd me ill,
 Spight of my Wrongs, she is my Country still:
 My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
 (Who, while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
 Swore me *Rome's* Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
 Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood,
 And taught me to be obstinately good:
Rome, the World's Gyant Empress, to invade,
 'Till her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade,
 And all her Golden Spires in Dust were laid.

Bom. *Carthage* and *Rome*, which did so long divide
 The troubl'd World, to prop their weighty Pride,
 Will brook no more each others mighty Sway,
 The Gods to this or that must give the Day:

Since such Majestick Pow'r to both is giv'n,
As each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.

Mab. Besides the nat'ral Hate to *Rome* you bear,
With *Scipio* Love obliges you to war,
Since *Rosalinda* is a Pris'ner there.
Heav'n's! shall he dare to keep your Love in Bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Hearts commands.

Han. O my *Maherbal*! thou wert always kind,
Seest all my Goods, but to my Ills art blind:
Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and striding o'er the dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior—But, 'tis lost;
That Hour, that did so many last Hours cost!
The Gods and Opportunity ride post.
Melting at *Capua* I in Pleasures lay,
And for a Mistress gave the World away.

Mab. Grudge you the World! Could I such Hearts subdue,
Were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heav'n too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coursest Mold by Fortune laid.

Han. Haste to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar*, fly,
Take Scouts along, unseen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Posture of the Enemy:
Learn, if thy Knowledge may so happy be,
Where *Rosalinda* mourns for Liberty;
Seek her as thou wouldst Wreaths for Glory's Toil,
As after Conquest thou wouldst seek for Spoil.

*The SCENE. drawn discovers a pleasant Grotto, King
Massinissa, Massina, and Menander sitting upon a Bank:
Soft Musick is heard.*

K. Mas. Since Love, the brightest Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown;
That with sweet Hopes does our harsh Pains beguile,
And 'midst of Javelins makes the Soldier smile,
Since this great Trophy's lost, quite lost to me,
What wretched things must Fame and Empire be!

Men. Yet once your Soul was of another strain,
 And still you talk'd how God-like 'twas to Reign,
 In mystick Empire to be plac'd alone;
 And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne:
 Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
 And smiling would your Father's Scepter hold,
 And talk'd, when young, how you would rule when old.

K. Mas. Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.

Mass. What is Ambition, Sir?

K. Mas. The Lust of Power.

Like Glory, Boy, it licenses to kill;
 A strong Temptation to do bravely ill,
 A Bait to draw the bold and backward in;
 The dear-bought Recompence of highest Sin:
 For when to Death we make the Conquer'd yield,
 What are we, but the Murd'ers of the Field?

Men. In gallant Souls, Ambition is no more
 The Bawd of Empire, or the Lust of Pow'r,
 Than lawful Mirth is Lewdness in a Bride,
 Or Neatness in a Vestal Virgin, Pride.

K. Mas. Then be it so; yet I will out no more,
 Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for Shore.
 No, but I had a Soul could Storms out-wear,
 Durst against Rocks, or over Quick-sands steer.
 For Love, if *Venus* had like *Juno* bid,
 I durst as much as e'er *Alcides* did:
 But I am lost; Nothing, *Massina*, now;
 With Love's each Blast, I like a Bulrush bow;
 Am I not alter'd much of late?

Mass. Alas!

You look like wither'd Flow'rs, or Mountain Grass.

K. Mas. O *Sophonisba*! oh!

Mass. Why sighs my Lord?

Speak, for I will revenge you with my Sword.
 What cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breast?
 Like fester'd Wounds, it takes away your Rest.
 You will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,
 And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.

Who is it that these killing Grievs has wrought,
That bends your Brow, and turns you into Thought?

K. Mas. My Sorrow's load, alas! thou can'st not bear.

Mass. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear?
What is it, for your sake, I could not bear?

K. Mas. *Massina*, thou art all that I would have;
There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:

Obdurate stubborn Heart, still wilt thou hold?
Observe me, Boy, when thou shalt see me cold,
Grown by my Death a longer Line of Woe,
Pale as wrong'd Lovers Ghosts, that sigh below;
Then learn to curse the Author of my Fate.

Mass. What horrid things are these which you relate?

K. Mas. Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with Care,
I th' painful Discipline of tedious War:

In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,
And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;
Show'd thee to chace Wild Boars upon the Heath,
And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.
When I by *Boccar* hotly was pursu'd,
And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,
Thou leap'dst in after me.

Mass. I did, my Lord,
But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;
Where when I struggl'd, and my Strength grew slack,
You dash'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back:
So through the *Hellepont Europa* rode,
Half dead with Fear, though mounted on a God.

K. Mas. But, my *Massina*, there's one Danger more,
More dreadful than all those we pass'd before:
Vile Women.

Mass. Women, Sir, I oft have seen
Dancing with Timbrels on the flow'ry Green,
Or like small Clouds upon the Mountain's Brow;
But never thought they Thunder bore 'till now.
I know they are all black, have rolling Eyes,
Thick Lips, flat Noses, Breasts of mighty size.

Hannibal's Overtthrow.

7

K. Mas. Thou never yet in shining Courts hast been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind hast seen,
Who close in *Africk* Palaces reside,
And from th' injurious Sun their Faces hide:
To whom compar'd, these seem all hideous Night;
But those, like *Cynthia's* Silver Crescent, bright.

Mass. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With those white Maids, that are so Fine and Fair?

K. Mas. Shun 'em, *Massina*, as thou wou'dst thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.
Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Not Lions, Tigers, such hid Fury bear:
Those appear Monsters, but these seem all mild:
None ever yet destroy'd, but still she smil'd.
They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter they destroy.
Lye down, sweet Youth. A Fair White Woman was,
Of what thou seest me now, the cruel Cause;
Though clear her Form appear'd, without one Stain,
Bright as those Bodies which o'er Darkness reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does his Lodging take.

Mass. Then Beauty's Breast is like a Bank of Flow'rs,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.

K. Mas. There's not one Safe and Fair; all Seas of Sin.
Shou'dst thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twould make thee Gray: Hear not my Story told.

Mass. Will Women, if they use me, make me old?

K. Mas. I had a Mistress once,
For her I fought, and did her Cause maintain
Against the World, upon the list'd Plain:
The Gods too know with what obliging Smiles,
And blushing Joy, she prais'd my mighty Toils:
And when to kiss her Hand I bended low,
She made it meet my Lips, and press'd 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from sight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a loose we lov'd.

Men. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
 Call'd as a Witness to the secret Tie;
 Thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there,
 With rich *Sabean* Scents perfum'd the Air,
 And utter'd sacred Vows, and binding Prayer.

K. Mas. When you were gone,
 And none but I left with that charming Maid,
 What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
 With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
 With Pangs I grasp'd her, like a dying Man:
 Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
 We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Mass. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!
 Tell it all Night, my Lord, the Stars will shine.

K. Mas. Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call,
 Her brighter Eyes a show'r of Tears let fall:
 Which in my panting Bosom trick'd down,
 She prest me close, and cry'd, Must you be gone?
 Then round my Neck her snowy Arms did twine,
 She sigh'd; But will you be for ever mine?
 Will you be true?—and then our Lips did join.

Mass. Kind, pretty Heart.

K. Mass. Her last Words were,
 Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never blest,
 If *Massinissa* be not to this Breast
 The sweetest, dearest, everlasting Guest.
 Yet she, this fair, this soft deluding she,
 Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me;
 While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars Alarms,
 Resign'd her self up to another's Arms.

Enter Lelius and Varro.

Lel. At length he's found: Rise, *Massinissa*, rise;
 Shake off these Clouds that hang about your Eyes:
 Glory's in view, and courts us with her Call,
 New storms of War like Hail around us fall.

Var. Fury, that fate at home, on massie Shields,
Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.

Lel. *Syphax* and *Asdrubal* their Forces join,
With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies shine:
Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,
That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire?

Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Armour make their Robe,
Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun:
Why should you *Sophonisba's* loss bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries, Come on?

K. Mas. Ha! That the base Usurper did but dare
Meet me alone, without his Crowds of War!

Lel. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun.
But, *Varro*, we mistake; this is not he:
This is some Porer on Morality;
Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.

K. Mas. Awake! Where hast thou been, my drowsie Soul?
In *Lethe* steep'd, or freezing near the Pole?
I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inspire,
My Spirits shoot and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark:
Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will:
To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill;
Kill her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms,
War; how it sounds! away, to Arms, to Arms:

Let's go where the Illustrious *Scipio* calls;
 I'll be the first shall Scale proud *Carthage* Walls:
 Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
 To Conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lel. Spoke like your self; thus we our Homage pay;
 So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.

Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:
 'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.

K. Mas. As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;
 My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:
 Swift as the Gods, in haste out-strips the Wind,
 And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind.
 Yet stay; methinks I am uneasy still;
 What real Pleasure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wav'ring all his Actions be,
 By Passions tofs'd in Love's tempestuous Sea?
 War fires the Brave.

K. Mas. Yet War contracts a Guilt;
 And the Brave grieve when many Lives are spilt:
 Love, like a Monarch, merciful and young,
 Shedding no Blood, effeminates the strong;
 But War does, like a Tyrant, vex us more,
 And breaks those Hearts, which Love did melt before. [*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter Scipio, King Massinissa, Massina, Menander,
 Lelius and Varro.*

Scip. **T**HE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they survey'd
 The Camp?

Lel. Your Will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and grieve to hear,
 That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
 In Glory's School you had the foremost Name,
 Skill'd in the dark mysterious Book of Fame;

Did those worn Characters with Pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the Mighty dead:
But by this act of Softness you will drown
Those noble Parts, and forfeit your Renown;
Truant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.

K. Mas. I strove, Sir, by your great Atchievements taught,
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought;
But I as well to Heav'n might carry Wars,
And quench the Influence of our crosser Stars:
Like those, with fatal Fire she gilds my Way,
And leads me on, that I may further stray.

Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail;
To prove me civil, for your self be wise;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.

K. Mas. Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love?

Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her; shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.

K. Mas. And would you have me live?

Scip. When she is dead:
Why should you wish her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome*? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought:
By Heav'n I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.

K. Mas. You'd have me shake her off and live; I'd know
Whether this Flesh you wear you can forego,
And be the same. Here through my Bosom run
Your Sword, and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking Gore,
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.

Scip. You are resolv'd, it seems, to cross my Will:
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.

K. Mas. O then endure yet more, and let me speak,
Without some Vent my lab'ring Heart will break:

'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome's* Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and God of War.

Can any Man that's brave
His Mistress Injuries with Patience hear?
Let any other in your Cause appear,
And justify the Words that you have said;
By the Immortal Powers, I'll strike him dead.

Lel. My Lord.

{ *As the King moves forward, Lelius
lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Lelius*, hold;
He shall be hotter yet, to be more cold:
My Virtue all the storms of Passion knows,
Has try'd its Calms, its wondrous Ebbs and Flows.
Since a Request so small you can deny,
From greater Proofs how would your Friendship fly?

K. Mas. Try me, my Lord, but any other way,
Heav'ns! with what readiness would I obey!
While Blood kind warmth does to these Limbs afford,
While I can shake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
You shall be ever *Massinissa's* Lord:
Go on, and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
Go sail to some unhospitable Shoar,
Where dreadful Monsters guard the horrid Land;
Though down to Hell I sink, at your Command
I'll throw my Body on the untry'd Sand:
Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* slain,
Or see their Cities levell'd with the Plain?
With chearful Toil the Business shall be done,
Give me but *Sophonisba* for my Crown.

Scip. To conquer Enemies abroad's no more
Than ev'ry Tribune here has done before:
Search all the Army through, and find that one,
Who, if I bid, the force of Fire dares shun,
Or will not from a Precipice leap down:
At my Command, *Lelius*, wou'd you refuse
To die?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not lose;

At thy Command, Temples and Shrines shou'd blaze;
 I'd spoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze;
 And with my Fury make 'em dread thee more,
 Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To conquer Kingdoms, and on Scepters tread,
 Is but to imitate great Heroes dead:
 Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
 The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
 But if ungovern'd Passion you can bind,
 And quench th'inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
 Your Fame shall with that haughty Victor's vie,
 Which all the Eastern Beauties cou'd defie:
 If still you are resolv'd her Charms to trust,
 The World may truly term you rash, unjust;
 And when you perish, say, he dy'd for Lust.

K. Mas. You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know;
 But urge me not too far; for I may grow
 Beyond all Limits, just Revenge pursue,
 And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him—By the Gods your worst I dare,
 A single Arm *Rome's* Consul cannot fear:
 I shine above thee like a Star fix'd higher,
 Whom though you cannot reach, you may admire.

K. Mas. Like Meteors rather you false Glory take,
 Whose short-liv'd Blaze, low Earthy Vapours make:
 Yet, since with fancied Fires you fill the Sky,
 Shall not one Prince at your dread Aspect die?

Scip. How have I err'd? Your Trial's at an end,
 Heav'n! that I e'er shou'd call this Man my Friend!
 How cou'd my Soul so grossly be o'erseen?
 From all Mankind wert thou selected then?
 O most ungrate! ill-temper'd, barb'rous King,
 No Good did ever from this *Africk* Spring.
 Did I for this each *Roman* Friendship shun,
 And to those Savage Arms for Refuge run?
 When with the weighty Cares of War oppress'd,
 Lean'd all my Troubles on that sullen Breast;

Took no Petition, granted no Command,
 But what was given by *Massina's* Hand?
 What Triumphs did I ever yet design,
 Wherein your Glory might not equal shine?
 Yet for a Woman, and a false one too,
 Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendship you forego.
 Still let the Great of Favourites beware;
 They most deceive us, who most trusted are.

[*The Consul turns away.*]

K. Mas. Stay, Consul; stay, my Friend, my noble Lord;
 Could you then cast me off for one rash Word?
 Forsake me ever? O, you never lov'd
 Your *Massinissa*, who could be thus mov'd.
 Go, if thou please, leave this ungrateful King,
 This savage, barb'rous, indigested Thing.
 Whate'er my Passion did should pardon'd be,
 For I confess you are a God to me.
 Yet it had been more friendly, and more kind,
 Not to have met the Tempest of my Mind.

Scip. But was it possible in this our Strife,
 That *Massinissa* should attempt my Life?

K. Mas. Pronounce my Death, cut off these cursed Hands,
 Send me to *Syphax*, bound with shameful Bands,
 That I may all the subtlest Torments bear,
 And after Death no more Reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue I am made
 For ever yours——Say, do I now upbraid?
 Are these Reproaches?

K. Mas. O ye Powers look down,
 And hear me swear by your Eternal Throne:
 Whatever this your Likeness shall command,
 Though *Sophonisba* from my trembling Hand,
 I will obey:——Or curse me where I stand.

Scip. As your first Trial, strait to *Cirta* fly,
 And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates despise.
 Our Troops must conquer, when led on by you:
 Chiefly his Wife endeavour to subdue;

Whose subtil working Wit wrought all this Care,
And with her beauteous Grievs renew'd the War..

K. Mas. This Youth, my Kinsman, as a Pledge I leave;
My All, the Darling of my Soul receive,
As I in War shall False or Faithful be,
So may just Heav'n do both to him and me.

Mass. Ah! if I am that Darling of your Heart,
How can you leave me thus forlorn behind?
Take me along, or I shall think 'twas Art
That made you seem so pitiful and kind.

K. Mas. Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend.
Something that's fatal sure these Tears portend;
I was not us'd to weep.

Scip. Nor must not now.
At your Request we will to *Zama* go;
From hence to *Bagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our Strength with desp'rate *Hannibal*,
And keep that Famous Conqueror in Awe,
That talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.

K. Mas. My Blood boils in my Veins, and catches Fire;
Such Words, such Courage would the Dead inspire:
Yes, we will Fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'Count his boasted Valour call.

Scip. Like some vast ill-built Tower, so high he grows,
His Marble Front nods with each Blast that blows.

K. Mas. Our Arms, like Thunder, levell'd at his Crown,
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our Rage, rush on,
And in a Moment roll his Glories down. }
[*Manet Massina solus.*

Mass. Was ever Youth unfortunate as I?
But I will be reveng'd on him, and die.
Perhaps to lose me in the Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not out-go my Years.

Enter Rosalinda.

Ros. I've 'scap'd with must ado the Tribune's Hands:
But 'tis the Consul who must break my Bands,

And

And send me with a Pass-port back——Who's there?
What are you?

Mass. First instruct me what you are,
And how you came to be thus Heav'nly Fair:
What is it makes your Cheeks so fresh and bright,
The Red of Roses, or the Lillies white?

Ros. Were you ne'er thus before?

Mass. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Feavers too.

Ros. I'll leave you, Sir.

Mass. You cannot if you would,
You may as easily forego your Blood:
Like that, I'll blushing creep about you still,
And my sick Thoughts with silent Pleasures fill.

Ros. What is't you'd have?

Mass. Alas! I do not know;
Something there is which Nature will not show:
When e'er you speak, as at melodious Strains,
There's something purls and trickles through my Veins;
Like Quick-silver it moves, so cold and fast;
Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their last.

Ros. It shews like Love; but in its Birth destroy
A Passion which scarce Pity can enjoy.

Mass. Perhaps you think me Born of common Race;
But Royal Blood does my high Lineage grace:
Ah! do not then put out this harmless Flame,
Since from your Eyes the tingling Torment came.

Ros. In vain your Passion's Ardour you alledge,
The Fort's impregnable, break up your Siege;
No Force nor Art can the least Out-work win,
There's one, for you too mighty, enter'd in:
The haughtiest, bravest, foremost Man on Earth,
Who from the Blood of Gods derives his Birth.

Mass. To his Immortal Kindred leave him then;
You may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.
Besides, who knows but his Divinity,
As Gods will sometimes very froward be,
May chance take Pet as you in Love engage,
And Thunder you to pieces in his Rage?

Ros.

Ros. 'Tis true, in War most dreadful he appears,
All Cruel, Glorious; Dangers thick he wears:
Not to amuse you, when you have nam'd all
That's Great and Lovely, think on *Hannibal*.

Mass. Is't possible!

In Age can Beauty ought that's lovely spy?
Can Dreams of Glory waking Youth supply?

Ros. Though his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
Were his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
My Youth his Age, into one Piece should grow.

Mass. All you have said, I know, in jest was spoke;
What should you do with such a sapless Oak?
When a young pleasant Vine so near you stands,
And bows with all his Clusters to your Hands.

Ros. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
I'm for the best and bravest Man in War,
And since the World knows none so great as he,
None else shall Lord of my Affection be:
In shorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Those Transitory Pleasures of a Night;
But I more lasting Happiness design:
In my Illustrious Warrior's Heart to shine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb Engrav'd,
This, this is she who *Hannibal* enslav'd.

Mass. Though I no dawn of Comfort can descry,
Yet in this hopeless Love I will engage,
And ev'ry Thought of Royalty cast by,
Through all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiss,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind Look, and I will prize the Bliss
Above those Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Ros. Since then you are resolv'd a while to wait,
As your first Task, shew me the Consul straight:
My Beauty, like a Comet, shall arise,
That Temp'rate Lord of Nations to surprize,
I'll Thunder in his Ears, and Lighten in his Eyes.

}
} [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Carthaginian Camp.**Hannibal is discover'd in his Tent, sitting at a Table with Lights.*

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil and ling'ring Pain,
That racks a General's Breast, and breaks his Brain!

Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,

Yet all the Day 'tis busie as the Sun;

And all the Night 'tis watchful as the Moon.

When shall I sleep from Noise and Business freed?

'Tis hush'd, but Beauty Business does succeed:

Beauty, which *Jove* could draw from Heav'n's high Tow'r;

When Nymphs in Groves his Godhead stoop'd t'adore,

So much he lov'd Delight above Almighty Pow'r:

In his deep Blood the soft Contagion ran,

Staining his Son, that vast Immortal Man,

The Great *Alcides*; who a Distaff made

Of that huge Club, which Nations could Invade;

Would in his Mistress's Glas kind Looks devise,

Less'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,

And tun'd his mighty Voice to tender Cries.

Since Gods themselves, and God-like Men have lov'd,

Why should not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?

The highest Pow'r has Love's blind Mazes trod;

Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter Bomilcar.

Bomilcar here? so suddenly return'd?

You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.

Bom. My Lord, we were discover'd.

Han. Ha! How then?

Was your lost Freedom given you again?

Bom. The gen'rous Consul knowing who we were,

Commanded us to dissipate our Fear:

Then to his Officers gave strict Command,

To let us take a view of ev'ry Band;

But

But such brave Men, and such strict Discipline!

Han. You speak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.

Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I say, these Eyes
Ne'er yet beheld such gallant Enemies.

When we had seen what might less Spirits damp,
He generously dismiss'd us from the Camp.

Han. This civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me so,
I shall to Battel with half Fury go;
Doubts enter here, which yet my Breast ne'er felt:
Doubts beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.
But of my Love, Cousin, you nothing said,
Is she alive? How I that Answer dread!
Or is it possible she can be dead?

Bom. Though in the Search our utmost Wit essay'd,
We nought could hear of that illustrious Maid.

Han. Perhaps his Heart, for Temp'rance so Renown'd,
From her all-conqu'ring Eyes might take a Wound,
And now he keeps her close; which should he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will instantly our Bodies join;
The World's at stake, let it be his or mine,

Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods set;
A hundred thousand Lives at once are met,
That on your side will all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

Mab. Come forth, my Lord, haste from your Tent, behold
Sights that may chill the fiery, daunt the bold;
Shrill Trumpets Echo through the Arch of Heav'n,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n:
Two Suns their gaudy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandish'd Lightning hurl;
Red Bolts rush flaming through a bloody Sky
Wounding the Air, vast pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and seem to die;
A Host of Heav'nly Warriors bright and gay,
Appointed stand, and ready for the Fray:

In Golden Arms their shining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value set, they bear.

Han. The End of all things sure is drawing nigh.

Mab. Through the void Place swift Darts obliquely fly;
Black swarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they drum aloud;
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlaid,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made;
Mountains are bury'd in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where first they had their Birth;
Our Household Gods sweat as they stand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all bloodied o'er,
And by his side a Savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and Slaughter there began;
Nor stopp'd they, but through all the Army ran;
'Till fatiated with Blood, the Monsters fled,
Vanish'd from sight, and in dark Forests hid.

Han. Lead to the Place from whence we may descry
These dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Priests a Sacrifice prepare,
T' appease the angry Demons of the Air.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE drawn discovers a Heaven of Blood, two Suns, Spirits in Battel, Arrows shot to and fro in the Air; Cries of yielding Persons, &c. Cries of Carthage is fall'n, Carthage, &c.

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by these phantastick Forms?
And unprovok'd, why do they raise such Storms?

Mab. When dreadful Prodigies like these appear,
The sure Destruction of some State is near.
Our Gen'ral's mov'd, his angry Looks dart Fire,
And noble Rage does his griev'd Soul inspire.

Han. Can this be true? Answer, ye Pow'rs Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory shine?

Has Fate our Ruin fix'd? Is it decreed
 That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* must bleed?
 Yet with unshaken Souls our Doom we'll wait,
 And perish bravely, though unfortunate:
 Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
 Whom you untimely to Destruction call,
 Still what he was, shall like a Soldier fall.
 Let *Hanno* shiver in the Arms of Death;
 But loud Reports shall wait our parting Breath:
 We'll drown the talking Gods with our last Cry,
 And Earth shall thunder back upon the Sky.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Scene, *A Roman Camp.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Attendants, Varro, Guard.

Scip. 'TIS strange that we no News from *Cirta* hear;
 No Soldier thence?

Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.

Scip. 'Twere fit some Tribune with our Horse should go,
 And the Intents of *Massinissa* know.

Enter Rofalinda and Massina.

Rof. Where is the Gen'ral? By your Majesty,
 And august Garb, you should the Consul be:
 If such you are, I charge you set me free.

Scip. Your strict Commands are told in such a way,
 The Consul doubts whether he should obey;
 Nor know I, Fair One, what, or whose you are,
 Wrongfully held, or Prisoner of War.

Rof. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine,
 'Tis fit you straight my Liberty enjoin;

To

To keep me here against my Will, is wrong,
 Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:

Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. We all things dare,
 But would not willingly offend the Fair;
 None shall presume your Freedom to deny,
 If with the Gift we way your Friendship buy.

Ros. My Friendship? No; to Death I hate you all,
 All that bear Arms against my *Hannibal*;
 A Man so great, I, though a *Roman* born,
 Can, for his sake, my Friends, my Country scorn;
 Who drives the Bravest of you from the Field,
 As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.

Rome! she's not fit, though she her Head lay down,
 To be his Foot-stool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unshaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
 No force of War, or Love could ever wound:
 But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
 And strike me with an Object fierce and fair.
 How her Eyes shine? what killing Fires they dart!
 And all within I feel the fatal Smart.

Away with her, she is a Sorceress, go.

Mass. Stay, stay, my Lord, remember she's your Foe;
 Besides I love her; and if she depart,
 Or suffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.

By all those noble Promises you made,
 When *Asdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,
 And I your Pris'ner was, you lov'd me then,
 With Gold and Jewels sent me home again,
 And hung about my Neck a Diamond Chain.

[*Kneels.*

Scip. At your Request, she shall not go, but stay
 With me.

Mass. With you? Dispatch her, Sir, away.
 A Rival in my Love I cannot bear:
 Love-toys, my Lord, below your Greatness are,
 They'll take you off the Bus'ness of the War.

Scip. Though War usurp the Day, Love claims the Night,
 At least we'll try this am'rous new Delight.

Mass.

Mass. Yes, you may try, but ne'er can please like me;
You'll still be dreaming, Sir, of Victory,
Of storming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,
And call for Arms, and break your Mistress's Sleep.

Ros. The serious Trifles of your Love adjourn.
For know I view you both with equal Scorn.
O mighty *Hannibal!* thou all Divine,
This Loyal Heart shall never be but thine;
How little these compar'd to thee? how low?

Scip. Trophies as great, and Conquest we can show,
Noble as those which his fam'd Arms adorn,
From as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.

Ros. 'Tis true some Glory you atchiev'd in *Spain*,
And *Carthagina* by Surprize did gain;
For your late Conquest poorly did conspire,
Pretending Peace, you set the Camp on Fire:
Yet you will loudly talk of *Roman* Fame,
When all your Eagles Dove-like flew so tame:
But *Hannibal* with Noise to War proceeds,
Makes the World start at his unequal'd Deeds;
He like some rolling Whale, who as he laves,
With his bright Armory gilds all the Waves;
Dashes the frighted Nations from his side,
That pale and foaming Fury far off ride,
O'er all the wat'ry Region does command;
The Ocean's Lord and Tyrant of the Land:
While your tame Legions, like the smaller Fry,
Glide silent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip. Take her, *Massina*, bear her from my Tent,
To Freedom, Chains, to Death or Banishment:
Bear her where I may never see her more.

[*Massina leads her off.*]

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore,
My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns;
Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
Bever and Bucklers, Swords and massie Shields,
And all the wonted Objects Fancy yields,
Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields.

}
}
}
} Enter

Enter Mahercbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Consul speaks.

Mah. From *Hannibal* I come with you to Treat,
E'er Fortune half the frighted World Defeat:
The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
He thanks you for: But with his Sword in Hand,
He who ne'er yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
Since War is to the dreadful Upshot come,
Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's Doom.

Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the Place?

Mah. On *Zama's* Plain,
Attended only with Five hundred Men;
Soon as the Morn's first Blushes shall appear,
Expect the Terror of your Armies there.

[*Exit.*

Scip. Would it were done, the great Decision made;
Rome Crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields,
King *Massinissa* does to *Scipio* send,
His God-like Master, and his Warlike Friend.

Scip. Relate in brief the Progress of his Arms,

Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarms,
He sent some Troops of Horse abroad to scout,
Which were by equal Numbers put to rout.
Urg'd with Despair, and by his Charming Wife,
Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in Perion forth to end the Strife.
Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought,
'Till to the last Extreame our Troops were brought;
When *Massinissa* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Those mighty odds, which first our Soldiers fear'd.

Scip.

Scip. Some wond'rous Act of Fortitude was shown,
Which could resettle Troops half overthrown.

Treb. Where e'er our Gen'ral turn'd Death mark'd his Look,
And whom he ey'd, with his cold Arrow strook;
Like some vast Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Desolation lay.

Syphax, whose Name he made to Heav'n resound,
With Cries of echoing Joys at last he found,
Trembling, though with his Guards encompass'd round;
Swift as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horse with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies view:
Which seen, with one consent the Soldiers fled,
As if all Hopes were with their Monarch dead.

Scip. *Cirta* should after such a Loss, in course,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb. It did, great Sir: To *Massinissa* now
The gravest Lords with willing Homage bow,
Where, as I did amongst the foremost ride,
'Twas wish'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.

Scip. I rather wish thou cou'dst not Conquest boast,
And that the King were with the Battel lost.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, instantly repair,
And make that subtil Queen our Prisoner:
If *Massinissa* should oppose you, say,
'Tis my Command, who swore you to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal and Bomilcar.

Han. My *Rosalinda* freed, and in my Tent?
But wherefore was that Stranger with her sent?
Thou hast a Tempest rais'd within my Mind;
Speak, was this Youth so Fair, and she so Kind?

Bom. Your *Rosalinda's* Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day; all piercing, sprightly clear:
But he who led her seem'd so soft and young,
As if that Pity handed Love along;

And Tears his blushing Cheeks did so adorn,
Methought the Sun came usher'd by the Morn.

Han. Cease thy unwelcome Praise; what did she say?

Bom. That she would there for your Appearance stay:
I bow'd, and went, but being curious grown,
I stopp'd a while, to mark that Fair unknown:
When she with languishing Intreaties said,
Is this your Love? Shall I not be obey'd?
Be gone, be gone, if *Hannibal* should come,
And but suspect, Death were a certain Doom.

Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate; with Ravens dwell,
Thy Tale at Midnight to the dying tell:
Oh! it has pierc'd me like a poison'd Dart,
Which by degrees infects the Blood and Heart;
And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
Where, like a Plague, its pointed Venoms spread,
My Brain ten thousand various Tortures turn;
Now Agues chill me, and now Feavers burn.
Oh *Rosalinda*! False, ungrateful Maid,
Am I for loss of Glory thus repaid?
But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
That Ravisher of all my Hopes shall bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosalinda and Massina.

Ros. Why will you stay? if you did ever love,
Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.

Mass. Permit me, as your Menial Servant, stay,
And near your Person sigh my Life away:
Is that so much?

Ros. It cannot, must not be,
That you should idly spend your Hours with me:
You, like the Golden Planet of the Day,
Should, as you rise, all glorious set, all gay;
A gen'rous Pity does my Heart subdue,
Which bids you now Eternally adieu.

Mass. Say, your Disdain.—Alas! how can I part?
Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:

But

But since you are resolv'd it must be so,
Near to some murm'ring Brook I'll lay me down;
Whose Waters, if they should too shallow flow,
My Tears shall swell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Asper.

Rof. Massina, stay; I strictly charge you live.

Han. Not Heav'n nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he shall die:

Bomilcar, bind him, bind him instantly:

False *Rosalinda!*—Bear him from my sight,
And shade his Beauties with Eternal Night.

Is it for this at last we meet again?

Wou'd you had still the Consul's Captive been.

Rof. Oh *Hannibal!* can you resist my Tears?
What change is this your stormy Temper wears?

He shall not die, *Bomilcar, Asper*, stay,

'Tis I command you; dare you disobey?

Han. Be gone, he dies who listens to her Pray'r,

Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear,

With Fetters fret his soft and supple Skin,

Too light a Penance for so foul a Sin. [*Massina is taken away.*]

Rof. If *Rosalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,

This Stranger's Freedom instantly enjoin.

And you shall ever be the Lord of mine.

Han. How dar'st thou plead for him, false as you are?

Falser, if possible, than thou art Fair:

In his behalf no Intercession make,

His Torments shall be doubled for thy sake.

Rof. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts retreat,

Thou best, but rare Companion of the Great:

Since thus abus'd, ah! visit them no more,

But rest thy Sorrows at some Shepherd's Door.

Han. Oh Guilt! canst thou to Innocence appeal,

Who to this Youth such Kindness did reveal?

Ros. If Pity Kindness be, I was most kind,
Who all my Softness to his Grievs resign'd;
And what but Marble Hearts could see him mourn,
Yet so much Sweetness with such Sorrows scorn?

Han. Pity, like yours, that does so swiftly move,
Is the Forerunner of approaching Love.

Ros. Unworthy of the Honour you possess;
My Passion's great, wou'd I cou'd make it less:
Know, most unjust and jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealousie's great Weakness in great Men;
My constant Soul did for thy Glory wave
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful, and Brave.
My Charms the cold and temp'rate Consul felt,
Whilst Beauty's Beams did fiercely on him play:
'The Frost, which long had bound his Heart, did melt,
And Love, like Sun-shine, thaw'd his Ice away.

Han. Your Looks methinks have quite another Air;
Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
So faint Love's Colours in your Face appear,
Like Silks that lose their Gloss by being dy'd.

Ros. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
Have bound, cou'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
Is as Heav'n's high Decree most justly true;
And I am innocent, as thou art frail.

Han. Alas! 'twas Innocence to say, Be gone,
If *Hannibal* shou'd but suspect, you're dead!

Ros. Compassion, for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to speak what you have heard was said;
Therefore release him instantly from Bands,
And yield him safe into the Consul's Hands:
Without Delays or Murm'ring free him strait;
Or may your Laurels never more be green;
Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Rosalinda* but with Frowns be seen.

Han. Stay, Madam,——Haste, the Captive Prince unbind,
My Heart, to others rough, the Soldier's Crime,
As Rocks to Seas, or stubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as those must yield to Time:

Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
 In which I stood almost Immortal Man,
 'Till Love let fall a Blow that made me reel,
 And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran:
 Can you forgive the Rudeness of my Mind?

Ros. Forego your Jealousie, and I'll be kind.

Enter Massina unbound.

Han. May a rash Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon crave?

Mass. No, Sir, my Pardon you shall never have;
 For know, I hate thee on a double Score,
 Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r:
 Princes who have like me dishonour'd been,
 Should blush to be dishonour'd so again.
 Fall, die, dispatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
 Thy Royal Uncle would not own thee now.
 Life proffer'd with the World I wou'd not take,
 Yet I cou'd live for *Rosalinda's* sake:

Speak, *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy Share resign?

Ros. He may; but I can never part with mine.

Mass. How, never?

Ros. Never.

Mass. O unkind hard Heart!

Love, when he shot me, sure mistook his Dart,
 Or chang'd with Death, whose quick destroying Shaft
 Thus drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.

[*Stabs himself.*

Ros. Hold, cruel Prince, the Dagger from him wrest.

Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breast.

Ros. What have you done?

Mass. Only my Body drain'd
 Of that sick Blood, which *Hannibal* had stain'd:
 What less than Death could I to Honour give?
 And Love neglected charg'd me not to live.
 Now you may take him, take him to you all,
 This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal*.

Han.

Han. The bus'ness of our Life's a senseless thing;
 Why burns th'ambitious Man to be a King?
 Or to what purpose does the Warrior call
 For Arms? Or Gown-men bustle in the Hall?
 Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,
 As Boys blow watry Bubbles in the Air.
 My Help?

Mass. Ah let me not be touch'd by thee,
 If Foes may capable of Pity be.

Your *Rosalinda* seize, and with her fly
 To Golden Beds; embrace her fast, while I
 Within my dark and dusty Dungeon lie.

} [*Dies.*

Han. Crouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul dismay.
 His Body to the *Roman* Camp convey,
 Hears'd in a Mourning Chariot, softly tread,
 And look so sad that they may think you dead.

[*They bear off the Body.*

Ros. This your Suspicion of my Honour was:
 See the Effects where Jealousie's the Cause.
 Ah cruel Victor, I could curse thee now;
 With all thy Lawrels blasted on thy Brow.
 Love sickens, with this Deed, my Transports fade,
 Would we were both in Earth's low Cavern laid,
 Curtain'd with shady Horrors, where the Sun
 And Stars their fiery Coursers never run,
 But all the Business of the World is done.

} [*Exit.*

Han. Oh that my Heart her future State could find:
 Know to what Good or Ill this Life's design'd.
 Prudence against such Knowledge may advise:
 But who of all Mankind was always wise?
 For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go;
 And if they fail me, fathom for't below,
 Though hid by Fate under a thousand Rocks,
 And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
 Let it as ghastly as a Gorgon come,
 Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom.

The SCENE the City of Cirta.

Enter King Massiniffa and Menander.

[Trumpets Sound a lofty March.

K. *Maf.* Was ever Victory so swiftly won?
We scarce had leisure to demand the Town:
Their Gates were open'd with such haste and fear,
As if our conqu'ring Swords Enchanted were.

Men. *Syphax*, the great Usurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
In Hell's low Vallies grown the darkest Weed,
And feels the Stings that make Ambition bleed.

K. *Maf.* Straight to the Palace bid our Forces turn,
Where *Sophonisba* does her Losses mourn.
We'll visit that Forsworn, Illustrious Fair,
To let her see how unconcern'd we are.

Men. Since you have promis'd that you would forsake,
Why should your Virtue needless Trials make?
Love, though scarce warm, within your Bosom pent,
Fann'd with her killing Sighs, may get a Vent:
Like Heat which stifled in some closer space,
If any Air gets in, fires all the place.

K. *Maf.* Dar'st thou suspect? I say, it cannot be:
Has Air, or its wing'd Rangers, Liberty?
Loose, like the Wind; as the wide Ocean free;
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling *Syren's* Song;
Braving her Eyes, her Falshood I'll upbraid,
For those rude Wrongs she on my Virtue laid.

Men. Your Majesty best knows what's fit to chuse;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuse.

K. *Maf.* Perhaps my present Rage I may not keep;
For she has Words would make the Cruel weep;
And Charms as powerful as *Circe's* Wiles;
As ravish'd *Virgin's* Sighs, or *Infant's* Smiles.

But

But I more blind with Rage than she with Tears,
 Maugre the Cunning which her Sorrow wears,
 Her Hopes will laugh at, and despise her Fears.

The SCENE the Palace.

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe and Merna.

Soph. Rome and the World against my Life combine;
 Methinks I'm still a Queen whilst this is mine.
 Though *Massinissa* has the King o'erthrown,
 And his Victorious Troops possess the Town;
 Yet *Sophonisba* is, and shall be free,
 Spight of the frighted Senator's Decree.
 They blush to see this Life so glorious shine,
 And fear their Eagles Eyes should dazzl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deserv'd,
 Be grateful thus, and thou hast nobly serv'd.

Mer. Not for the World.

Soph. *Rezambe*, thou art brave,
 Strike, and the *Carthaginian* Glory save.
 How will the Just, the Valiant, and the Wise,
 Extol thy Virtue, and thy Courage prize?
 Who durst the Softness of thy Sex forego,
 And free thy Country with one desperate Blow;
 A Deed that will even *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez. Rather than I would live to see those Hands,
 Which Kings have kiss'd, fetter'd with *Roman* Bands;
 That Body, like a Pageant Wretch adorn'd,
 Gracing the Victor's Wheels your Greatness scorn'd:
 Rather than this endure, by all that's good,
 I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm Flood,
 'Till the Haft reek'd with your Heart's Royal Blood.

Soph. O thou most noble, martial, worthy Maid,
 If by thy Eyes my Soul could be survey'd,
 Thou wou'dst believe what cannot be express'd,
 How dear thou art to *Sophonisba's* Breast.

Thy Voice, like sad, but pleasing Musick flew;
 Like dying Swans, 'twas sweet and fatal too.
 Now strike, and bravely act thy Tragick Part:
 Just here, strike through and through this wretched Heart.

Rez. Death's our last Remedy, as 'tis the worst:
 'Tis fit you try the Victor's Mercy first.

Prince *Massinissa* lov'd you once; who knows
 But the same Passion in his Bosom glows?
 Blow it into a Flame; try all your Charms;
 Love laughs at brandish'd Swords and glitt'ring Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Massinissa* kind;
 By Nature mild, and am'rously inclin'd.
 Not vanquish'd *Syphax* dying fell so low,
 As this charm'd Prince will to your Beauty bow.

Rez. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
 Let Guilt shrink back, and Innocence appear:
 I'll hide the Ponyard in my Robe; if he
 Dooms you a Slave, this gives you Liberty.

Soph. When Breach of Faith join'd Hearts does disingage,
 The calmest Temper turns to wildest Rage:
 He thinks me false, though I have been most true;
 And thinking so, what may his Fury do?

Rez. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
 Here wait your Fate, and this Victorious King.

Enter King Massinissa, Menander, Attendants.

K. Mas. Madam, I come to tell you that you are
 No more a Queen, but Prisoner of War.
 The King, whose Loss 'tis probable you grieve,
 To whose lov'd Memory those Tears you give,
 For Judgment is to Heav'n's Tribunal gone;
 And now I come to claim my Father's Throne.
 You in the War have been Unfortunate;
 Not but your Cause deserv'd a better Fate.

Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
 More willingly than I did ever take.

Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,
To *Massinissa* I my Crown resign.

K. Mas. Not as your Gift; Crowns I should then despise.
But as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla's* Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.

Soph. These Springs of Grief Unkindness now supplies.

K. Mas. *Syphax* deserv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.

Soph. There is a Cause more worthy of these Tears.

K. Mas. More worthy! what, than *Syphax*? for your sake,
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make,
Giving Love over-measure; when at last,
He threw his Life up for you as a Cast?

Soph. If what I speak might kindly be receiv'd——
But Misery can never be believ'd.

K. Mas. Not you believ'd! O Gods, is it clear Day?
So manifest are all things that you say.
Not you believ'd! what harden'd Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?

Soph. I will, when Sorrow shall permit me, speak;
But sure my Heart must with Unkindness break.

K. Mas. 'Tis possible; yet, Madam, e'er I go,
Express your Will, for I have much to do:
My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I must, I must be gone.
Menander, do we Triumph?

Men. Bravely, Sir;
All like your self, and more than Conqueror.

Rez. Merna, we're lost; with what a haughty Scorn
He turns away, and smiles to see her mourn!

Soph. Are you not *Massinissa* call'd?

K. Mas. I am.

Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophonisba's* Name?
She who unmov'd your high Disdain endures;
Yet *Sophonisba*, who was always yours.

K. Mas. Oh Heav'ns!

Soph. Whom wasting Cares did all the Day devour,
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious Hour:
And never found that there were Joys in Pow'r.

K. *Maf.* Ha! *Sophonisba!* Yes, I knew her well,
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er she fell.
Oh, *Sophonisba*, hadst thou but a Mind
Half beauteous as the Case where 'tis inshrin'd,
Thou wert——but she is dangerous to name:
My Reason's snatch'd by a tempestuous Flame.

Menander, help——

Or I shall sink in the Abyfs of Thought,
My Vows, my Friendship, Glory, all forgot:
As when we launch into the Sea, the Land
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighb'ring Strand.

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you stay.

K. *Maf.* What, from the vanquish'd shall we run away?

Mer. Still there's some Hopes, since at her Name he shook;
And now he eyes her with a kindling Look.

Rez. With that last Glance methought Love shot him there.

K. *Maf.* Yes, Madam, this is *Massinissa* here;

I am (to thy Confusion be it known)

A walking Grave, with Sorrows over-grown,
With rooted Cares, and every baneful Weed,
That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.
Once I was free from these, and flourish'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I blossom'd in the Air,
My chearful Friends like Birds about me sung;
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And rip'ning Hopes blooming around me hung:
'Till thou, fair Murd'ress, didst like Lightning fall,
And blasted Blossoms, Branches, Root, and all.

Soph. O, *Massinissa*, hear I this from thee?

K. *Maf.* 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me,
Or any here:——Why, Madam, not from me?
But if my Presence should a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your Sight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Massinissa*, stay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with such strange Motion roll?
Your-Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. *Maf.* Where does that Searcher of the Soul reside,

Who through blind Tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?
Lo here's a Bar, a Stop to all his Art;
Who wou'd not swear that such a Love was true?

Soph. Do I not love you? By the Gods I do.

K. Mas. Oh thou Dissembler! Once this would have done;
But all thy practis'd Wiles at last are known.
Just so she talk'd, and so she wept before,
And with that beauteous honest Look she swore:
Gods! if I stay, I shall believe again;
Farewel thou greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain.

Soph. By all our Loves, this cannot, must not be;
Those cruel Words could not be meant to me.
To me, who love you with an Heart entire,
A Flame more lasting than the Vestal's Fire;
To me, who am indeed all one Desire.
Ah Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,
The Treasure I would hoard, my only Wealth:
Take not that from me.

K. Mas. 'Tis but vain Delay.

Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away?
You shall not go, 'till you have left me dead:
My Tears 'till now were never vainly shed.
O hear my Sighs, my Vows, ye Pow'rs above,
If any Pow'r like me could ever love,
Let loose your Fires, and thaw this frozen Heart;
And thou, dread God of Love, try ev'ry Dart.
You sha'not stir,

[*Kneels.*

K. Mas. What means this rising Flood?

[*Weeps.*

Soph. Nature will start at such Ingratitude;
Revenge on after Ages this Disgrace,
And only Monsters make of Human Race:
Inhuman thou.

K. Mas. She shall not; yet she shall;
She grasps my Heart, and cries, she'll have it all.
'Tis so, her Eyes resistless Magick bear;
Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.
Rise, Madam, rise; each Sigh, each soft'ning Glance,
Lulls my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd, and in a Trance.

Men.

Men. His Sighs flow from him with so strong a Gale,
As if his Soul would through his Lips exhale.

Soph. Could you be thus? On your poor Mistress frown?
What was my Fault, alas! What have I done?

K. Mas. Nothing; why, nothing; only this thou art,
My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart;
Whose Hand's least thrilling Touch does please above
The very Act of any other Love.

Gods, how she charms! none sure was e'er like thee;
Nor wild as I: Storms borrow Rage of me.
But thou art soft, and sweet, and silent all,
As Births of Roses, or as Blossoms fall.

Soph. This Rose that sticks so near, your Heart will fade,
When planted by your Hand in Death's cold Shade.

K. Mas. By mine! Not Savages would harm thy Breast;
On whose refreshing Pillows *Jove* might rest,
And with Immortal Sweets be ever bless'd.
So Fair, 'tis well thou art not Faithful too;
I could not bear my Blifs, if thou wert true.

Soph. Think me not false, though I did *Syphax* wed,
Who ever was a Stranger to my Bed.

Forc'd by my Father's positive Command,
I must confess I suffer'd him my Hand:
Heaven curse me if I ever granted more;
Could I be his, having been yours before?

K. Mas. Why do you stop? still as a Statue low
I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
Speak, and it shall be Night; not one shall dare
To sigh, though on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Pray'r.

Soph. Make your Love long, and let it burn less fast:
These sudden Raptures are too hot to last.

K. Mas. Right, Madam; long if we such Joys should feel,
The furious Transports of Delight would kill.

Menander, to the Temple lead away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage-day.

Soph. Your Fame does far above all Censure sit,
Free from the Taunts of low repining Wit.

Kings, though they err, should never be arraign'd,
But if I yield my Glory will be stain'd.

What will the World report of such a Bride,
Who marry'd the same Day her Husband dy'd?

K. Mas. Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It must be so upon Necessity.

Who yet will not molest you being mine.

Soph. Then to the Gods let me my Breath resign.

K. Mas. Can you consent, rather than be my Wife,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?

Soph. But, Sir——

K. Mas. But, Madam, say what you can say,
You ought not, must not, and I cannot stay;
One Minute more casts both our Lives away.

Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the same;
And though the World this Act may justly blame,
I will be yours, and in that Way you name.

But first, by all the Gods and Glory, swear,
Rather than yield me up *Rome's* Prisoner,
That you some fatal Token will present,
To free me from inglorious Punishment.

K. Mas. I swear by Heav'n, by Glory, and by Arms,
By something more, by your own Conqu'ring Charms,
You shall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you Liberty.

Soph. Now lead me where you please.

K. Mas. A Taste of Blifs.

The God of Marriage seal our Vows with this;
Nectar, and Flames, the Sweets of *Hibla* grow,
About her Lips Ambrosial Odours flow.

[*Kisses her.*]

Let melancholy Monarchs Counsel take,
Wed by Advice, and fullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamonds, or to Hills of Gold.
Spight of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Mien,
She was my Mistress, and shall be my Queen.

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

Bellona's Temple.

An Altar is shown with a Soldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, standing each upon a Tripas, with Daggers in their Right Hands, and Censers in their Left.

Agla. **E**'ER we our Solemn Rites begin,
The Sacred Cavern purge from Sin:

About the dreadful Altar go;
About it Incantations blow.

Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,
And with his Blood our Temples stain:
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your Dagger in his Throat:
Gash him deep, and suck his Blood;
Prepare his frighted Ghost a Shroud.

Agla. Rise, ye Sulph'rous Flames, arise;
Consume the baleful Sacrifice:
That of his Ashes we may take,
And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.

Cum. Our Goddesses smil'd; 'tis done, 'tis done;
The *Romans* have the Battel won:
From yonder Battlement of Heav'n,
I saw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.
They fly, they fly: The Consul there
Pursues 'em through long Tracts of Air:
He puts their General to rout;
And drives 'em like a Storm about.

Agla. Our Goddesses shall have Death enough;
Her Shrine with Fat of thousands stuff;
With goary Heads her Altar fill:
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em spill.

Enter

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But lo, who comes? what, what are these,
That pry into our Mysteries?
Speak, speak, *Aglave*; I'll be gone,
Their Business know, I'll come anon:
The Fit of Prophecy's come on.
Our Goddesses does the Tunnel wind,
And sacred Horrors swell my Mind.

[*Exit.*

Agl. What are you? and what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, Rome's dreadful Foe:
Who after many Battels lost and won,
Resolve to perish, or my Conquest Crown.
One Day the World's great Empire must decide;
But, what the Gods and that great Day provide,
We wish to know, who dare the worst abide.

Agl. *Cumana* to the sacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breast enlarg'd, the Goddesses now receives,
And now she rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With Fury's acted, rends the Holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about she roams,
Stares, Gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain Foams:
Cuts her hot Flesh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, Dances, kicks the Golden Tripods round.

*Enter Cumana scratching her Face, stabbing a Dagger into
her Arms: Spirits following her.*

Sings.

*Beneath the Poplar's Shadow lay me;
No raging Fires will there dismay me:
Near some Silver Current lying,
Under sleepy Poppies dying.
I swell, and am bigger than Typhon e'er was;
With a strong Band of Brass, O bind me about:
Lest my Body should burst, for the Secret to pass,
And a Vent being given, the Fury got out.*

*I cannot, I will not be vex'd any longer ;
While I rage, I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.*

She speaks.

*If Hannibal to Zama tend,
His Valour Scipio shall commend.
And near Bagrada, on the Plain,
There shall be thousand Romans slain.
Thou with thy old Italian band
Shalt put the Consul to a stand.*

Sings.

*Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle.
Tararara, Tararara the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell mell they mingle.
What rustling and bustling ;
And splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,
Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and Daggers ?
The stout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted staggers.*

*See, the Saddle-Girts burst,
And the Gen'ral's unhorst ;
But he rallies again,
And brings up his Men,
Spight of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppose ;
He hacks, and he hews,
Through the Hearts of his Foes.*

*Cease, Goddess, cease, thy Servant to torment ;
My Lungs are with Prophetick Fury spent
The struggling Fates within my Bosom turn,
And Heav'nly Fires my trembling Heart-strings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me rest,
Too mighty for a Mortal Breast ?*

G

Agla.

Agla. Cumana, to a Period haste:
 You shall have Ease when you have done;
 And sweet refreshing Slumbers taste,
 Upon the borders of the Moon.

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo afar off the curfs'd *Bythinian* Band,
 A poyson'd General rules upon the Sand.
 Gods, how he swells! how bloated is his Look!
 Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took.

[Exit.

Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
 And *Carthage* sink? what mean these mysttick Words?
 A foolish Bard as much as this might tell;
 Or a white Witch, without the aid of Hell.
 More I must know; speak *Rosalinda's* Doom:
 Let all the losses of a *Battel* come,
 May *Scipio* in the Dust our Glory soil,
 We'll bear the Frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* smile.

Agla. Too curious Mortal, seek not what, once known,
 May snatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.
 Your Fate crowds back, and would not come in view;
 Do not too far th'unwilling Gods pursue:
 Like one, who rashly dares give Spirits chace,
 They fly a while to some dark ruin'd Place,
 Through Caverns run, through Cloysters dodge him round,
 Or dance before him over Fairy Ground;
 'Till urg'd too far, a Face all pale and sad
 Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
 And yet methinks I dread to tarry here.

Mab. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,
 And with my *Battel-Ax* have Hundreds fell'd;
 Yet here I'm shaken, th' Object's too funest,
 I'd rather see a *Jav'lin* at my Breast.

Han. Aglave, by your Goddess Arms I swear,
 We will not from the sacred Cavern stir,

'Till

'Till you have clear'd my Doubts; though ev'ry Star
 At your dread Call start from his flaming Sphere;
 Though from her Orb, close mantled in a Cloud,
 The Moon slide down to wander in this Wood;
 Though with your Charms the Sun dissolve in Blood:
 Fathom the Depth of Destiny below,
 And all the Terrors of your Magick show.

Agla. Beneath those burthen'd Branches stand,
 Safe from the Spirit I Command.

Arise, appear thou whom his Soul does love,
 His Heart with visionary Horrors move.

*Rosalinda rises in a Chair, pale, with a Wound on her Breast;
 two Cupids descend, and hang weeping over her.*

Han. Shall *Rosalinda* then untimely die?
 'Tis false; and all these damn'd Deceivers lie.
 Facing thy Fate, with my Sword drawn I'll stand,
 Back'd with my Conquering old *Italian* Band;
 With the same haughty Fierceness rushing on,
 Which the *Saguntins* City thunder'd down:
 Like *Troy's* young Hero;
 Who, while the World about him did admire,
 His Father bore through Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
 Spite of opposing Hell, and War's worst harms;
 So will I bear my Love upon my Arms.

Bom. To Horse, my Lord; and leave this cursed Place,
 Let's go, and instantly the Consul face.

Mab. No more in this damn'd Sorcerers confide;
 Permit my Sword her Body to divide:
 Or from her Corps cut her enchanted Head,
 And her black Brains upon the Altar shed.

Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*, with to Morrow's dawn,
 On the vast Plain our Squadrons shall be drawn:
 Yet for some minutes Battel shall decline;
 We'll see this Consul e'er our Bodies join;
 And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
 For *Carthage* sake I'll court my Enemy.

Bom. 'Tis just you should Deliberation take,
With Caution deal, and manage the last Stake.

Mab. Your Armies are the Cards which both must play,
At least come off a Saver, if you may.

Han. But like *Sol's* Off-spring, swell'd with dang'rous Fies,
He to the Management of all aspires:

Alone the Scepter of the World would sway,
Alone would rule the Heav'n, and drive the Day.
Like that indulgent God, I'll first advise;
Shew him the Tracks through which Ambition flies:

If deaf to all, let him ascend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which must weigh him down;

Like *Jove* we'll toss him from his glitt'ring Chair,
Sing'd in the Clouds, hissing through liquid Air,

And dart him headlong like a falling Star.

} [Exeunt.]

Enter Scipio, meeting Lelius disarm'd; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. *Lelius* return'd! and sad! Tell the Event.

Lel. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* sent:

For e'er some thousand Paces got from hence,

I *Massinissa* met, that wretched Prince:

Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warrior's grace,

Like *Mars* when thund'ring on the Plains of *Thrace*:

But in a Chariot drawn by Milk-white Steeds,

Like soft *Adonis* driving through the Meads;

And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breast,

Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntsman blest.

Scip. Are these his Vows? Some new way we must try;

Rather than live dishonour'd, he shall die.

Lel. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'erthrown,

With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town:

Which enter'd, straight he to the Palace flew,

Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd a-new;

The Conquer'd did the Conqueror subdue.

In short, her Tears, and Beauty won so far,

In view of all the World he married her.

} They

They are arriv'd; and now upon the Plain,
In a Pavilion Royal doth remain.

Scip. Trebellius, go, this subtle Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards t'assist against the King;
And say, that we'll attend him in his Tent;
But first expect the Queen be Prisoner sent;
Tell him, She is the *Roman's* Foe; and shall
A Sacrifice for Blood of thousands, fall.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter King Massinissa, Sophonisba.

K. Mas. Let him arm all his Pow'r against this Breast
My Heart unmov'd shall stand the mighty Test.
What I have sworn shall like thy Virtue last;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-strings fast.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whose very Look drives stormy Troubles hence,
Does all the Blessings of the Gods dispence.
Why dost thou tremble? let no sawcy Fear
Make thy Heart pant, or cause thee shed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave safe from these Troubles laid:
Rather ten thousand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.
'Tis true, that you have deeply sworn you wou'd
Defend me.

K. Mas. To my Heart's last drop of Blood;
Or may I by some Coward mangled lye:
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygress will revenge her ravish'd young,
'Midst Darts, and Spears, and Jav'lins rush along:
The Clown, so low, and ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to save his swarthy Dame:
And shall not I for thee waste all this Blood,
Thou softest Blessing, and the sweetest Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis most certain I am near my End:

Not that Death's darkeſt Horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a load I cannot bear.

K. Maſ. Quit all thoſe Fancies that diſturb thy Reſt,
And caſt thy Melancholy on this Breſt.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord,
If you ſhou'd break——but you will keep your Word,
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heav'n and you know beſt,
Some ſurfeit with their Love, as on a Feaſt,
And then they loath when once they're fatiated;
But you'll remember me when I am dead.
From theſe dear Eyes to endleſs Shades remov'd,
None e're will love you ſure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without.—My Lord, you muſt reſign
The Queen, whom I have order to confine.

K. Maſ. Touch her not for thy Life, but ſtraight retire;
Safer thou may'ſt with Thunder play, kiſs Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,
With all his fatal purple Pomp array'd.

Trebellius goes to ſeize her, Maſſiniſſa kills him

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curſe on your Strife;
To die thus, when I buſineſs had for Life!
Juſt *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware;
I feel I'm going, though I know not where

K. Maſ. Nought but thy Blood cou'd waſh thy Guilt away,
Who durſt the rancor of thy Heart diſplay,
And fully with rude Hands the faireſt Piece
That the Gods ever drew. Your Troubles ceaſe:
I'm in; and now no hope of Safety's nigh,
Yet ſtill a King, we will attended die.
Like a brave Merchant,

Who, when his long-toſs'd loaded Veſſel hits
Againſt ſome Rock, and with loud Horror ſplits;

First

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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First grasps one Casket which does all contain,
Then fearless, shoots himself into the Main:
So I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,
Amidst the num'rous slain at last must fall.
The Noise comes near: Here safe, retire from View;
Glory and Love shall teach us what to do.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Varro, Guards.

Lel. *Trebellius* slain! and in a Woman's Cause!
Shame to our Arms, disgrace to Honour's Laws.
What flames of Mischief from this spark might rise?
'Tis just with Rigour you his Fault chastise.

Scip. Yet, *Massinissa*, thou shalt dearly buy
Thy ill-got Love, and fatal Gallantry.
Curle on in wanton Ways, bask in her Charms;
By *Mars*, she is a Victim to our Arms.

King Massinissa meets him.

K. Mas. Your high Displeasure in your Face I spy:
When the great *Scipio* frowns, great Danger's nigh.
The Fact I must confess, done in defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpless Innocence.

Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled?
E'er to extreamest Rigour we proceed,
I strictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed:
Or on thy Person I will Vengeance take;
And thou shalt perish for thy Mistress's sake.

K. Mas. With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you swear to free my Wife.

Scip. You shall not for her sake have leave to die,
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.
For *Rome*, not for your sake, this War was wag'd,
You only as a Voluntier engag'd:
Therefore what ever Towns, or Captives, fall
Into your Hands, they are the *Romans* all.

K. Mas.

K. *Maf.* Then thus I draw; think it not Insolence,
 For it's not meant, Sir, in my own Defence;
 But to preserve a sacred Innocence.
 From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
 And range themselves in Battel on my Side:
 Beneath a Cause so just I cannot fall;
 I, and the Gods, will fight it with you all.

Scip. Thou deem'st thy Lust an Action great and good;
 Death ought to cool this Feaver in thy Blood.
 With me contending, against Fate you strive,
 Yet I will Pity shew: Take him alive.

K. *Maf.* Ingloriously you have a Conquest made.
 That Breast my tim'rous Arm durst not invade.
 My Heart, though prompted by her pow'rful Charms,
 Fainted before the Master of my Arms.
 Nor shall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treasure reach,
 My Body thus dams up the narrow Breach:
 And he who dares——
 Rashly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
 I'll grasp his Soul, I'll spurn him to the dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

Scip. What means this mournful Noise, whose Tragick sound
 With solemn Horror does my Thoughts confound?

Men. O, sacred Sir.

Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears?

Men. Sorrow her self close Mourner now appears:
 The Prince *Massina* slain; see blasted there
 The Hopes you lov'd, the Darling of the War.
 That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
 He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
 Where *Hannibal*, of's Beauty jealous grown,
 Cast him in Bands; but when his Birth was known,
 As soon unbound; but then Despair did move,
 Despair of Glory, and Despair of Love:
 Which when the Royal Youth had rashly weigh'd,
 And Fate with murm'ring Thoughts a while delay'd;

A Poniard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon strook.

Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event!

Yet, *Massinissa*, wilt thou not repent?

Behold the Pledge you left, for your Default,

By Heav'n's high Justice to Perdition brought.

K. Mas. Was ever Man thus wretched, and durst live?

Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;

Left Bankrupt-like I lavish what's not mine,

Since all my Stock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.

Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his sight,

Lest too much Grief should to Distraction fright.

Yet if thou'lt bring her forth, we will forget

This daring Rashness, which is Passion's heat;

Thy Glory with fresh Laurels we'll advance,

And with due Praise thy valiant Acts inhance:

Thy Pile of Honour this Right-hand shall build.

Why dost thou weep?

K. Mas. Because I dare not yield:

No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,

Though you have touch'd me in the noblest way.

Scip. Canst thou both Promises and Threats refuse?

K. Mas. Death, and what's worse, you only bid me chuse.

Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou shalt enjoy.

K. Mas. Is that a Life? Your Purpose act; destroy:

Turn all your Jav'lins points against this Breast;

But let it not of Love be dispossess.

Scip. Must I, who can command, thus vainly sue?

K. Mas. My stubborn Heart Death only can subdue.

Scip. Then take that Death which you so little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; first thou shalt strike me dead:

Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breast,

And fix my panting Heart on thy proud Crest;

There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,

To all the wond'ring World let it be shown:

That none but Fools the Conquest may deplore,

While all the Brave admire the Conqueror.

A Conqueror so great, with one sole Blow,
 He cou'd even *Hercules* himself out-do.
 O Heav'ns! he durst attempt, (what shall I say?
 What Words his Heart's fierce Grandeur can display?)
 In heat of Blood he durst a Woman slay!

Scip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier should be mute:
 Besides, I have no Leisure to dispute.

As. Helen did to *Troy* Perdition bring,
 Where e'er you come your Eyes Destruction fling.
 When will your thirsty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
 Two Kings you have, like that fair *Greek*, destroy'd,
 Spight of your Pride, you shall to *Rome* be led,
 And there, for all your Witchcrafts, lose your Head.

Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent Course pursue,
 Enjoy thy bloody wishes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born,
 By such a Wretch her Glories are not worn,
 Unless when dress'd up to be Sacrific'd:
 To thee, the *Moors* and *Goths* are civiliz'd:
 Gorge thy self, *Saturn*, make my Flesh thy Food,
 And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queen's Blood.

K. Mas. All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
 Add not fresh Fuel to the dying Fire.

Soph. To you, and Heav'n, my Heart must ever bow,
 Consul, with thee I am not angry now.

Scip. Observe, ungovern'd Prince, with how much ease
 This Royal Foe we, if we wou'd, might seize;
 Yet, on your Promise that she shall not go
 'Till we the Fate of War at *Zama* know,
 We will permit her in your Tent remain.

But oh, my Friend, break this inglorious Chain:
 Contrive some means to keep your Faith with me;
 And set your Heart from that curs'd Charmer free.

[Exit.

K. Mas. O rigid Honour, must we sepr'ate then!
 Lose all the sweets of Life to purchase Pain!

Men. If she were dead, your Glory were secure.

K. Mas. But cou'd I then this wretched Life endure?

Without.

Without her live? It's fatal to refuse,
And Glory ruins me if Love I chuse.

What Help, *Menander*?

Men. 'Tis the sport of Heav'n,
When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n:
Having through thousand stormy Dangers pass'd,
In prospect of your Blifs, you're wrack'd at last.

K. Mas. Like one, who, having 'scap'd the Waves, arrives
To some lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;
Half famish'd, on the ragged Flint he stands,
Viewing with wat'ry Eyes the distant Strands,
And, past his Call, Men walking on the Lands:
With Sighs he swells the Wind; and looking round,
Mourns his sad Choice, or to be starv'd or drown'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal and Scipio.

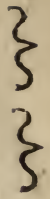
Han. ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?
Scip. Art thou the much more famous *Hannibal*?

Han. Since by our partial Fate it is ordain'd,
That I, who have such dreadful Battels gain'd,
That Torrent like, which from some Mountain falls,
Ran from the Cloudy *Alps*, to *Rome's* proud Walls,
Shou'd now at last for Peace inglorious sue;
I thank the Gods that they have chosen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview.

Scip. In civil Praise, and from so brave a Foe,
True Courage does a sence of Pleasure show:
Thy Words inspire me with such vast Delight,
'Twill scarce be more to vanquish thee in Fight.

Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you should *Italy*, we *Africk* have;
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood has spilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* Fury felt:
What say'st thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invasion made by us we will repair:

We'll give you *Cicily, Sardinia, Spain,*
 And all the Islands which our Arms did gain,
 'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk*, on the Main.
 Thy boiling Courage does to War incline,
 And Glory more than Profit you design;
 Such Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
 But long Experience, and the Chance of War,
 Makes me at present certain Peace prefer.
 Grasp not at Scepters which may turn to Rods:
 To Day is yours, to Morrow is the Gods.



Scip. That your late Landing upon *Leptis Coast*,
 Restor'd those Hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
 All must confess; we know you are that Man,
 Whose Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
 Born in a Winter's Camp, in Battels bred,
 Whilst yet a Stripling durst an Army head;
 Whose very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
 And forc'd dead Groans from ev'ry hollow Urn:
 The boldest Senators began to droop;
 Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up,
 And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar,
 Shot Warmth, and rose upon 'em like a Star:
 To *Africk* came, and in few Months retriev'd
 All that your Arms for many Years atchiev'd.
 Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
 You give nought yet but what was ours before.
 Since all the neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
 It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
 Let one Victorious be, the other die.



Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should bow
 To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
 Forgetful *Hero*, couldst thou court the Son,
 Twice by whose Force his Father was o'rethrown?
Scipio, thou may'st too late repent thy Pride,
 And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
 On *Fabius* think, *Rome's* Shield, her Guard from Harms;
 Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:

Remember great *Emilius* slain by me,
 And then think last what may thy Fortune be.
 E'er yet the Day be done,
 With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighb'ring Wood;
 And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* Blood.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy last, thy last Alarms.

Han. In Battel we shall meet: To Arms, to Arms. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosalinda in Man's Apparel.

Ros. Thus dress'd, and with this warlike Weapon drawn,
 What hinders but an Army I lead on?
 O cruel Nature, why didst thou disgrace
 So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
 All Women wou'd, but sure no Woman can,
 Be chang'd into the Lordly Creature Man.
 However, with this Garb I fit my Mind,
 Whose high Ambition has great things design'd:
 I'll out, and chase, if *Hannibal* succeeds;
 And if he falls, then *Rosalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are lost, the *Carthaginians* yield,
 Fierce *Caius Lelius* drives 'em through the Field:
 The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
 The *Massilian* King does all confound:
 With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
 As Hurricanes toss Showers, and scatter Hail.

Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
 And tramples on those mercenary Slaves,
 Who scouring through the Field avoid his Stroke,
 And fly like flocks of Doves before a Hawk.

Mah. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops stand fast,
 Resolv'd to fight your Battel to the last.
 The Conqu'ring Consul riding o'er the Plain,
 With all his Officers and bravest Men:

The *Hastati* and *Triarii* this way comes,
With Trumpets sounding, and with beat of Drums.

Han. Auspicious *Juno*, thou that didst e'er while
Favour our Cause, and on our *Carthage* smile,
Prosper our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
And *Hannibal* shall the Foundation lay
Of such a Temple, sacred to thy Name,
As ne'er was found in the Records of Fame,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King Massinissa, Lelius.

K. Mas. Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em fly,
Not worthy by such Conqu'ring Swords to die.
'Tis time we to the Consul should repair,
Rejoin our Forces, and conclude the War.

SCENE of *Hannibal* and *Scipio* fighting, the Consul gives
ground: *Enter K. Mas. and Lel. and beat Han. off.*

Scip. Gods, what prodigious Valour have you sent,
And what Rewards are worthy to present!
O *Massinissa!*

With what impetuous swiftness Fortune's Wheel
Turn'd with thy Strokes! how did the Valiant reel!

Lel. As when some distant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We see his Arm rais'd for a second Stroak,
E'er the first Blow's Report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our Sense; nor could it reach him there.

Scip. Th'*Italian* Troops shrunk from his Marshal Fire,
But *Hannibal* himself did last retire:
All Lion-like,

Whom a bold Band of Huntsmen having found,
And dar'd to rouse, he rolls his Eyes around,
Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground,
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmish goes,
Majestick stalks, and turns upon his Foes:
So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his Loss, and rising from his Fall.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Hannibal's Overthrow.

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Enter Soldiers skirmishing, Rosalinda falls.

Ros. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst, there needs no more:
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r,
And shake the Glass that holds my latest Hour.
O, *Hannibal!* did I for this design
This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
Pride and Neglect on ev'ry Lover hurl'd,
Scorn'd him that Conquers thee, and all the World?
From me, lost *Hero*, learn, be great, and die:
The Brave should bleed for loss of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. *Carthage* is lost, and *Hannibal* o'erthrown;
What is there left that we may call our own?
The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conquest claim,
And swells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
Yet spite of Fate our length of Earth we have,
Thus vanquish'd, Glory shrowd thee in a Grave.

Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid;
Vengeance is due; first let false *Hanno* bleed,
Who cut the Wings of Conquest 'till she fell.

Mah. By me he shall be headlong sent to Hell:
Where Fiends for Treason kindle double Fire:
Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.

Ros. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there?

Mah. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded Fair:
Sure in your *Capuan* Mistress I have seen
The same Majestick Air, and charming Mien

Han. Ha! thou hast rows'd a Thought, that wracks me more
Than all the Losses I in Battel bore.
Either I dream, or in this closing Eye
My dazzled Senses *Rosalinda* spie.

Ros. Where do th' Ambitious rest? O *Hannibal!*

Han. What art, that dost upon the Wretched call?

Ros. One that's more wretched and more rash than thou,
That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow.

Disguis'd

Disguis'd and dying *Rosalinda* see,
Who mourns in Death thy loss of Victory:
That last Disgrace.

Han. Dire Goddesses of the War,
Too true I find all thy Prefages are.
The Gods have given a double Overthrow;
Wou'd I had bravely perish'd by my Foe:
Stretch'd in the Field, this Loss I had not known,
Nor should my tortur'd Soul thy Ruin moan.

Rof. Is it so hard our Wishes to obtain?
Sad Hearts with Bleeding lose Love's burning Pain.

Han. O dying Fair, look up, revive a while;
With one short Joy eternal Care beguile:
The setting Sun, all curtain'd round with Night,
At his Departure gives a larger Light.

Rof. Flow faster, Blood: It will not be, I fear;
The Wound's so small, Death cannot enter here.
But shall I stay behind, when Honour's fled?

Han. Live, and I'll raise that Honour from the Dead.

Rof. Renown runs on like Time, but ne'er turns back.

Han. Then we that swift Renown will overtake:
We'll haste where Glory baits, to every Hold,
And mount new Fame 'till we outstrip the old.

Rof. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wish I cou'd:
But 'twill not be; Life trembling takes the Flood,
'Till well-nigh swallowed in Waves of Blood.
The *Roman* Glory shines too fatal Bright;
And with its gath'ring Lustre dims my Sight:
Eternally adieu: my Body take,

Chaste and intire I kept it for your Sake:
'Tis the last Present that I now can make.

Han. For ever gone? All her sweet stock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of rich Death.
Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
Or else they envy'd my full Trade of War:
Which cou'd so vast a State of Beauty buy,
As far surpass'd the Mannors of their Sky.
Dead *Rosalinda*—

}
} [Dies.

Bom. Raife you from the Ground,
And let not Love your Virtue's force confound;
Where is that Heat and haughty Courage gone,
Which againſt Nature's Lets your Troops led on?

Mab. Think you for naught the Gods ſuch Valour gave?
You ſhould prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms ſave.
Buried in thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.

Han. Maherbal, no; aſtoniſh'd thou ſhalt be,
We dare be brave in ſpight of Deſtiny.
Though robb'd of all the Riches Love could give,
And ſtrip'd of Glory too, yet we will live:
Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,
And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.
To this ſtill haughty Breſt ſuch Fire is giv'n,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heav'n:
Cou'd, like the great Eternal Mover, ſway
The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.
'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,
But I am ruffled now into a Storm.

Bom. Your Miſtreſs Body hence we will convey,
And in ſome hallowed Vault her Relicks lay.

Mab. Like Pilgrims, once a year we'll Mourning go,
And on her Urn ſad Yew with Cypreſs throw,
And all our ſtock of Tears and Sighs beſtow.

Han. For ever, brighteſt of the Kind, farewell,
Who wert too worthy; therefore early fell.
As the young Phœnix does in ſacred Myrrhe
His Father's Duſt to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houſes ſhalt-thou Honour'd be,
And every God ſhall have a grain of thee.

Mab. Since Glory with her laſt Breath ſhe profeſt,
Mây wiſh'd Dominion widen all your Breſt.

Han. Haſte, haſte, *Maherbal,* and freſh Levies make;
Honour, that did but now calm Slumbers take,
Shall like the Ocean in a Tempeſt wake:
We'll paſs new *Alps,* new Conſuls overthrow,
To *Rome* with far more dreadful Armies go;

Forcing the *Apian* and *Emilian* way,
 To the *Suburra* we'll pursue the Fray;
 Nor stop 'till *Rosalinda's* Statue, Crown'd,
 Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scipio, *K. Massinissa*, *Lelius*, &c.

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, so often to deny;
 She must a Captive be, or we must die.

K. Mas. I know she must, if you will have it so;
 But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
 O spare her then; as you would be forgiv'n
 At your last Hour, when you prepare for Heav'n.

Scip. Learn to ask Blessings; those you shall not want:
 This is a Curse, which I can never grant.
 Like one, who in a burning Feaver lyes,
 And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:
 I, like a wise Physician, thwart your Will,
 And vanquish your Distemper with my Skill.

K. Mas. For the Gods sake, for Friendship, Glory, Love,
 By all that's good below, or blest'd above,
 Let not at last my well-taught Courage droop;
 Break not the Heart, which you have foster'd up.
 Oh *Sophonisba!*——Give her to my Pray'rs,
 To these fast rising Sighs, and falling Tears:
 No other Crown I ask as Valour's due,
 For all that I have done, or all that I shall do.
 Lo, at your Knees, behold a Monarch fall:
 Yet more, your Friend, and then I have said all.

Scip. Let not your Passion Royalty degrade;
 Rise, Valiant Prince, I've thought of what you said.
 And, as your Friend, my Temper cannot keep,
 Mourn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep:
 Curse *Roman* Tyranny, and wish you were
 For ever join'd with that unhappy Fair.

K. Mas. Oh you have blest'd me!

Scip. Massinissa, stay;
 You only heard what Friendship bid me say:
 But as *Rome's* Consul, and the Lord of Pow'r,
 I now command you never see her more,

Unless

Unless the View to her may fatal be;
This is my last immutable Decree.

K. Mas. Is your fain'd Pity come to this? Your Tears,
Falsfer than those which *Egypt's* Monster wears?
Tyrannick Rome! Barbarous are all thy Laws;
Have I for this, in thy accursed Cause,
Starv'd Life, by lavishing her precious Food,
My Spirits lost, emptied my dearest Blood,
Fought 'till I Rampiers made of Bodies round;
So mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one Wound,
Yet rais'd thy bleeding Eagles from the Ground?

Scip. Think no more on't; her Memory forget.

K. Mas. Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out; yet,
In ev'ry smallest Particle of me,
You shall the Form of *Sophonisha* see:
All like my Soul, and all in ev'ry Part:
Bath'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.

Scip. Lelius, secure the Queen.

K. Mas. Stay, *Lelius,* Stay;
I've done, my Lord, and will your Power obey:
The Queen shall die, on a King's Word she shall;
She must a Victim for the Empire fall.
How am I now?

Scip. For *Sophonisbà's* loss,
Your Arms *Numidia's* Empire shall engross.
For your late Gallantry at *Zama* shown,
Kind *Rome* presents you an Imperial Crown,
Salutes you King. Now all your Griefs desie;
Thus we embrace thee as our brave Allie.
Give your Grief Truce; thus prais'd and thus adorn'd,
Let all the Beauties of the Earth be scorn'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Mas. Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
While I in Winding-sheets embrace my Bride.
For 'tis decreed that we must never part,
We'll be one Spirit, as we're now one Heart:
Traverse the glittering Chambers of the Sky,
Born in a Cloud, in View of Fate I'll lye;
And press her Soul, while Gods stand wishing by.

Men. My Lord, if you will hear.

K. Mas. What canst thou say?

Men. Reason's a Rebel, when high Passions sway.

K. Mas. And such art thou; yet speak, what shall I do?
Instruct me to be greatly false or true.

Men. The Queen must die.

K. Mas. Ha! must? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is giv'n, or *Roman* Pow'r.

K. Mas. Neither; she shall not die; nor shall she live
The *Romans* Slave; I'll give her Reprieve.

Men. But how?

K. Mas. Why thus: I'll kill my self, kill thee,
Rome, *Carthage*, all the World; and then she shall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you lose.

K. Mas. O *Rome*! Oh Heav'n! both equally my Foes:
Was ever Heart thus miserable torn?

Were ever Woes like mine so calmly born?

From the Contagion of my Troubles take

As much as might the Spring a Winter make,

Freeze the hot Blood of a Crown'd Conqueror,

Damp the wish'd Joys of a young bridal Pair;

Yet then I shall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue, thus oppress'd, Mankind does see,
What fearful dreaming Fool will pious be?

Martyrs no more shall Racks or Flames require,

Nor Dying wish; but only Life desire,

To murder Priests, and Temples set on fire.

K. Mas. Why, ye Immortal Gods, is all this Care?

Why do you drive your Creatures to Despair?

Had I upon my Throne fate King of Fears,

The Orphan wrong'd, or drunk the Widows Tears:

Had I brav'd Heav'n by some outrageous Sin,

For these Afflictions there had Reason been:

But 'tis all well, I no Injustice have;

The Gods but take the Being which they gave.

Menander, haste, two Bowls with Poyson fill;

And when I call, like Fate, come forth, and kill.

Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand.

K. Mas. It's glorious too; dispute not my Command.

Men.

Men. I'll not presume to fathom your deep Thought;
But straight your Will shall by your Slave be wrought.

K. Mas. Love and Ambition have their utmost done;
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.

Like a rash Boy, who a steep Mountain climbs,
Big with brave Thoughts of reaching Heav'n betimes,
And puffs and blows, and mighty Pains he takes,
Plies all his Strength, and much ado he makes;
But having reach'd the Top, he views aloof
The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof:
So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
And fleeting Love my tarring Hopes beguile.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. The Consul is return'd with' Conquest Crown'd;
Triumphant Voices rend the Ecchoing Ground,
And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors sound;
Yet I no News of *Massinissa* hear:
Shou'd he be slain, which I with Reason fear,
Most lost of Women, desperate, undone,
What could'st thou do? what Gods would'st thou atone?
Abhorr'd, thou must to angry *Rome* repair,
And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
No, *Sophonisba*, think what thou hast been,
The Mistress of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
If thou must fall, bravely resign thy Breath,
And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Massinissa.

Oh my lov'd Lord! are you then come at last?
Are you alive? and do I hold you fast?

K. Mas. Best of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
The fairest Mistress, and the gentlest Wife!
So great and glorious, Emperors envy thee;
And art so good, that the Gods envy me.
They sent thee here, but as an Angle-scout,
With a short Lightning view, to gaze, and out:
Torments of Hell, and Racks of Destiny!
Thou must, oh that I live to speak it! die.

Soph.

Soph. Blest Sound! we shall not then to *Rome* be led,
 But solemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.
 This last Alarm my drooping Spirits cheers,
 As when the Warrior his lov'd Trumpet hears;
 His Martial-blood begins to warm apace,
 And boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,
 And much he longs to strive in Glory's Race.
 Speak Death again, my Guard and sure Defence;
 It bears a mighty Sound, and mighty Sense.

}

K. Mas. O keep thee there; now, while thy Virtues glow,
 And dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow.
 Come forth, *Menander*, with those fatal Bowls,
 Whose Juice, though it the Body's Force controls,
 Revives the Mind, and flakes the Thirst of Souls.

}

Enter Menander, with two Bowls.

Give me the Draught.

Soph. What means my Royal Love?

K. Mas. By your bright Self, by all the Pow'rs above
 No Angel's Eloquence my Soul shall move.
 To die with thee, and thy dear Honour save;
 What greater Glory cou'd th'Ambitious have?
 'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave.
 Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,
 I tremble when I think upon thy Death.

}

Soph. Thou best of Men, whose Fame, where e'er it flies,
 Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
 Let not your Soul tremble for me; for I
 Can fear no Torment, but to see you die.

K. Mas. Then chearfully let's go; here's to my Love,
 And to our meeting with the Bless'd above. [Drinks.]

Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does shake,
 Or the fresh springing Blood my Cheeks forsake.
 Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
 'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift.

[Drinks.]

K. Mas. *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewell,
 Haste, and our Story to the Consul tell.
 On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
 Thou should'st rejoyce to see me bravely die.

[Ex. Men.
How

How fares my only Love? My first, last Dear?
The Sweets of thousand Springs are blowing here.
All in thy Sighs!

Soph. Ah, give your Kindness o'er,
Or we shall live, and feel the *Roman* Pow'r.
Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain,
But your warm Kisses shot through ev'ry Vein
A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again. }

K. Mas. Thus let us launch into Eternity:
Sink in Death's Bottomless and Boundless Sea:
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces fast,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other cast.

Soph. What could long Life or Empire give like this?

K. Mas. Thy Love is Empire, and eternal Bliss.

Soph. I go, where shall we meet? [Dies.

K. Mas. The Gods can tell.

Heav'n's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell. [Dies.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, and Menander.

Men. See there, Great Sir, th'Effects of your rash Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to *Rome*.

Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here refrain,
Beholding two such Royal Lovers slain?

Scip. These unexpected Objects so amaze
My Reason, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, most great and lovely Prince art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* shall no longer tread:
With *Carthage* Peace we'll instantly conclude,
Which, had'st thou liv'd, our Arms might have subdu'd:
To *Rome* our drooping Eagles then shall steer,
Where, after tiresome Honours, we'll repair
To some small Village, *Lelius*, thou and I;
And study not to Live, but how to Die.

EPILOGUE, Spoken to Sophonisba, at
its Playing at OXFORD.

TO this Learn'd Audience gladly we submit
At once our Action, and our Poet's Wit,
Whose Shades well pleas'd to these fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muses breath their Native Air:
Free from the partial Censure of the Town,
Where senseless Faction runs the Poet down:
Where flatt'ring Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they spend in Noise and Brawl,
Sleep out the rest, then wake, and damn it all:
To you the Labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own:
When some fam'd Hero on the Stage is seen,
You straight reflect, Such was his God-like Mien;
To such Extent did his vast Conquests swell,
He Reign'd thus Glorious, thus untimely fell.
Knowing th'Original, you the Copy praise,
And Crown the Artist with deserved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our Selves your milder Censure crave;
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
To our straitned Stage; 'tis ours, the Women's Suit:
The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind:
'Twas from the Schools our first Respects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have feign'd.
Thus were the Muses, thus the Graces dress'd,
And Plato thus his Virtue has express'd.
We know what's due to Sophonisba's Fame,
And more to Rosalinda's Chaster Name:
Nor can we wholly ignorant appear
Of those Learn'd Languages that flourish here.
Be not surpriz'd, if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's or Catullus Loves recite;
Or pass from Virgil's Labours of Æneas,
To Menin acide thea Peleiae ô Achilleos.

F I N I S.

