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vol. 2

G.3814.5.2



William Holgate.



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F I N I S

The Conquest

O F

GRANADA

BY THE

SPANIARDS:

In Two Parts.

Acted at the *Theater-Royall.*

Written by JOHN DRYDEN Servant
to His Majesty.

*Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo. Virg: Æneid: 7.*

In the SAVOY,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, and are to
be sold at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk
of the *New Exchange.* 1672:

The Conquest

GRANADA

SPANIARDS

In Two Parts.

Acted at the Theatre-Royal,

Whenever JOHN BRIDEN performs
in the Majesty

Right Hon. and Excellent Lady
the Queen's Theatre

LONDON

Printed by W. Johnston, Stationer and Printer,
at the Sign of the Golden Ball, in the Strand,
at the New Exchange, 1675.



To

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

The

D U K E.

SIR,



Eroique Poesie has always been sacred to Princes and to *Heroes*. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneids* to *Augustus Caesar*; and, of latter Ages, *Tasso* and *Ariosto* dedica-
ted their Poems to the house of

Est. 'Tis, indeed, but justice, that the most excellent and most profitable kind of writing, should be addressed by Poets to such persons whose Characters have, for the most part, been the guides and patterns of their imitation. And Poets, while they imitate, instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the

true: and the dead vertue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by precept and Example; and both these can onely have influence from those persons who are above us, that kind of Poesy which excites to vertue the greatest men, is of greatest use to humane kind.

'Tis from this consideration, that I have presum'd to dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint representations of your own worth and valour in Heroique Poetry: or, to speak more properly, not to dedicate, but to restore to you those Ideas, which, in the more perfect part of my characters, I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praises, both as they are farther incitements to their vertue, and as they are the highest returns which mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd either by the conduct, the personal valour, or the good fortune of a Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole life has been a continu'd Series of Heroique Actions: which you began so early that you were no sooner nam'd in the world, but it was with praise and Admiration. Even the first blossomes of your youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood. While you practis'd but the rudiments of War you out-went all other Captains: and have since found none to surpass, but your self alone. the opening of your
glory

glory was like that of light : you shone to us from afar ; and disclos'd your first beams on distant Nations : yet so, that the lustre of them was spread abroad , and reflected brightly on your native Country. You were then an honour to it, when it was a reproach to it self : and, when the fortunate Usurper sent his arms to *Flanders*, many of the adverse party were vanquish'd by your fame, ere they try'd your valour. the report of it drew over to your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels : and made them forsake successfull wickedness to follow an oppress'd and exil'd vertue. your reputation wag'd war with the Enemies of your royal family, even within their trenches ; and the more obstinate, or more guilty of them , were forc'd to be spies over those whom they commanded : lest the name of *YORK* should disband that Army in whose fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards* ; and force *Dunkirk* to surrender. Yet, those victorious forces of the Rebels were not able to sustain your arms : where you charg'd in person you were a Conqueror : 'tis true they afterwards recover'd Courage ; and wrested that Victory from others which they had lost to you. And it was a greater action for them to rally than it was to overcome. Thus , by the presence of your Royal Highness, the English on both sides remain'd victorious : and that Army , which was broken by your valour , became a terror to those for whom they conquer'd.

then

Then it was that at the cost of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your native Country, and to vindicate its honour from the insolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from the obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted those by whose Charity they were first protected: and, (being swell'd up to a preheminance of Trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the eyes of three Nations were then cast on you: and, by the joynt suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries. to which, though you had an undoubted title by your birth, you had yet a greater by your courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations. the most glorious victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that war, was in that first engagement: wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute triumph was acknowledg'd. you conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London*. and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretence for a false bon-fire, or a dissembled day of publick Thanks giving. All our atchievements against them afterwards, though we sometimes conquer'd

quer'd and were never overcome, were but a copy of that victory: and they still fell short of their original. somewhat of fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. or, perhaps, the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent: and would not employ his utmost vigour for a less important stake than the life and honor of a Royal Admiral.

And, if since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace the fruits of so glorious a reputation, 'twas occasion onely has been wanting to your courage; for, that can never be wanting to occasion the same ardor still incites you to Heroique actions: and the same concernment for all the interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own glory. you are still meditating on new labours for your self; and new triumphs for the Nation. and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again sollicite fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will, then, lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past injuries: and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquish'd. Let our Enemies make their boast of a surprisè; as the *Sammites* did of a successful stratagem: but the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiv'n till they are reveng'd. I have alwaies observ'd in your Royal
Highness

Highness an extream concernment for the honour of your Country 'tis a passion common to you with a Brother, the most excellent of Kings : and in your two persons , are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroique vertue: the commanding part in *Agamemnon*, and the executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not , from both your actions, but to have abundant matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign: and to perform the part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh employments for our pens : I have been examining my own forces, and making tryal of my self how I shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely perfect : but of an excessive and overboyling courage. but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my precedents. both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well consider'd that a tame Heroe who never transgresses the bounds of moral vertue , would shine but dimly in an Epick poem. the strictness of those Rules might well give precepts to the Reader , but would administer little of occasion to the writer. But a character of an excentrique vertue is the more exact Image of humane life ; because he not wholly exempted from its frailties. such a person is *Almanzor* : whom I present,
with

with all humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a roughness of Character, impatient of injuries; and a confidence of himself, almost approaching to an arrogance. but these errors are incident only to great spirits. they are moles and dimples which hinder not a face from being beautifull; though that beauty be not regular. they are of the number of those amiable imperfections which we see in Mistresses: and which we pass over, without a strict examination, when they are accompanied with greater graces. And such, in *Almanzor*, are a frank and noble openness of Nature: an easiness to forgive his conquer'd enemies; and to protect them in distress; and above all, an inviolable faith in his affection. This, Sir, I have briefly shaddow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be asham'd of that Heroe whose protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so illustrious a name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing, which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness shou'd defend or own, what, possibly, may be my error, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor*, in the nature of a suspected Criminal. By the suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the sentence of some, condemn'd. But, as I have no reason to stand to the award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the partiality of my friends. I make my last appeal to your Royal

Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes shou'd onely be judg'd by Heroes; because they onely are capable of measuring great and Heroick actions by the rule and standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honor, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the patern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of personal Vallour and of conduct, of a Souldier, and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantageous than what he has; of the most unshaken friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I shou'd then draw to all the world, a true resemblance of your worth and vertues; at least as farr as they are capable of being copied, by the mean abilities of

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble and most

obedient Servant

J. DRYDEN.



OF
HEROIQUE PLAYES.

An Essay.



Hether Heroique verse ought to be admitted into serious Playes, is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the Stage: and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be receiv'd without it. All the arguments, which are form'd against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as Prose; and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all, who understand Poetry, that serious Playes ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. and, if you once admit of a Latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the life, and describ'd in measure without Rhyme, that leads you insensibly, from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and, to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open field, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the last perfection of Art. But it was onely custome which cozen'd

as so long: we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme was not capable of describing it. but time has now convinc'd most men of that Error. 'Tis indeed, so difficult to write verse, that the Adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it. they have cozen'd many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sence. In fine, they have succeeded: though 'tis true they have more dishonour'd Rhyme by their good Success than they could have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument: 'tis free for every man to write, or not to write, in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Tallet; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre was from the late Sir William D' Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to those good people, who could more easily disp'ossess their lawful Sovereign than endure a wanton jeast; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way: and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musique. The Original of this musick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the Italian Opera's: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be acted as a just Drama; but as few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect: There wanted the fulness of a Plot, and the variety of Characters to form it as it ought: and, perhaps,

perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the stile. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature. For my self and others, who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent ground-work which he laid: and, since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to our selves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of his Siege of Rhodes: which was design, and variety of Characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by meer accident, I open'd the next Book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could desire.

Le Donne, I Cavalier, L' arme, gli amori,
Le Cortesie, l' audace imprese jo canto, &c.

for the very next reflection which I made was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an imitation, in little of an Heroick Poem: and, consequently, that Love and Valour ought to be the Subject of it. Both these, Sir William D' Avenant had begun to shadow: but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with headlands, and Promontories, and some few out-lines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the designer saw not clearly. The common Drama oblig'd him to a Plot well-form'd and pleasant, or, as the Antients call'd it, one entire and great Action: but this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height: and indulg'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage,

as that is beyond the common words and actions of humane life: and therefore, in the scanting of his Images, and design, he comply'd not enough with the greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my opinion of this kind of writing, without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same respect to him as if he were now alive, and overlooking my Paper while I write. his judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easy shape: more fitted to the common actions and passions of humane life: and, in short, more like a glass of Nature, showing us our selves in our ordinary habits: and figuring a more practicable vertue to us, then was done by the Antients or Moderns: thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or stage Poetry: and accordingly, intended to divide it into five Books, representing the same number of Acts; and every Book into several Cantos, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the opinion of a single man to the practice of the most excellent Authors both of Antient and latter ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his judgment on this question: 'tis Petronius Arbiter, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the Latine tongue: who, after he had given many admirable rules, for the structure, and beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following words:

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendæ sunt; quod longè melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus; ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiøsæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which sentence, and in his own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan; who follow'd too much the truth of history, crowded Sentences

ces together, was too full of points, and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the sting of an Epigram, than of the dignity and state of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the help of his heathen Deities, there was neither the ministry of the Gods, nor the precipitation of the Soul, nor the fury of a Prophet, (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia: he treats you more like a Philosopher, than a Poet: and instructs you, in verse, with what he had been taught by his Uncle Seneca, in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly, a foot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not alwayes this Religious historian. the Oracle of Appius, and the witchcraft of Erictho will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen, and known argument, to follow truth, with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spencer could have form'd their Poems half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick parts of Poetry, which compose the most noble parts of all their writings. and I will ask any man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their tastes who do not) if the Ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted wood in Tasso, and the Bower of bliss, in Spencer (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their works some of the greatest beauties in them. and if any man object the improbabilities of a spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick, I boldly answer him, that an Heroick Poet is not ty'd to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable: but that he may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things, as depending not on sence, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for imagination. 'Tis enough that in all ages and Religions, the greatest part of mankind have believ'd the power of Magick, and that there are Spirits, or Spectres, which have appear'd. This I say is foundation enough for Poetry: and I dare farther affirm that the whole Doctrine of separated beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal substances, (which

Mr.

Mr. Hobbs, with some reason thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly Poetical; they have onely their fancy for their guide, and that, being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a phlegmatick, heavy gown-man, will see farther, in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some men think they have rais'd a great argument against the use of Spectres and Magique in Heroique Poetry, by saying, They are unnatural: but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material, 'tis enough that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature: and what ever is or may be, is not, properly, unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowleys verses before Gondibert; (though his authority is almost sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epique Poetry to a fantastique fayery land: but he has contradicted himself by his own Example. For, he has himself made use of Angels, and Visions in his Davideis, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought digression by the Reader, if he please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroique Playes, by the Rules of an Heroique Poem. And, if that be the most noble, the most pleasant and the most instructive way of writing in verse, and, withall, the highest patern of humane life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other Argument to justify my choice in this imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view, what the Poem onely does relate, and, *Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,* as Horace tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets; and my representations of Battels, I answer, I introduc'd them not on the English Stage, Shakespear us'd
them

them frequently: and, though Jonson shows no Battel in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the scenes, the sounding of Trumpets, and the shouts of fighting Armies. *But*, I add farther; that these warlike Instruments, and, even the representations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an Heroick Play. that is, to raise the imagination of the Audience, and to perswade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theater is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavour an absolute dominion over the minds of the Spectators: for, though our fancy will contribute to its own decept, yet a Writer ought to help its operation. and that the *Red Bull* has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd medicine because a *Mountebank* has us'd it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an Author, make a particular defence of this. but the common opinion (how unjust soever,) has been so much to my advantage, that I have reason to be satisfi'd: and to suffer, with patience, all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easy for me, than to defend the character of *Almanzor*, which is one great exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said that *Almanzor* is no perfect pattern of Heroick vertue: that he is a contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therefore, avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. the first Image I had of him was from the *Achilles* of *Homer*, the next from *Tasso's Rinaldo*. (who was a copy of the former:) and the third from the *Artaban* of *Monfieur Calprenede*: (who has imitated both.) the original of these, (*Achilles*) is taken by *Homer* for his Heroe: and is described by him as one, who in strength and courage surpass'd the rest of the *Grecian Army*: but, withall, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his King, and General, that, when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the command of *Agamemnon*, he not onely disobey'd it; but return'd him an answer full of

contumely; and in the most approbrious terms he could imagine. they are Homers words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude.

Οἶνος αὐτῷ, κωνὸς ὀμμαῖ' ἔχων, κρηδίσω δ' ἐλπίσσι:
 ἄημοβόρος βασιλῆος, &c.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his insolence, as to draw out his sword, with intention to kill him.

Ἐλκεῖ δ' ἐν κρηδίσῳ μέγα ξίφος.

and, if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and 'twas all she could do to disswade him from it: the event was that he left the army; and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his character thus to Nestor.

Ἄλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐδέλει πῶς πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄρσεν,
 Πάντων μὲν κρητίζον ἐδέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνέστιν.

and Horace gives the same description of him in his Art of Poetry.

—————Honoratum, si forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, Acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a man of the same temper: for, when he had slain Gernando, in his heat of passion, he not onely refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General. but threatn'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by arms upon him: witness these following lines of Tasso.

Venga egli, o mandi, jo terro fermo il piede;
 Giudici fian tra noi la sorte e' l' arme:
 Fera tragedia vuol che s' appresenti
 Per lor diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the point of Honour, so much magnified by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their Hero's men of honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of humane passions, and frailties. they contented themselves to show you, what men of great spirits would certainly do, when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the strict rules of moral vertue, for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso; and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my characters to the French standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by drams and scruples. yet, where I have design'd the patterns of exact vertue, such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing sides: And what tye has he on him to the contrary? he is not born their Subject whom he serves: and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. he threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power: but so do Achilles and Rinaldo; who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloign. he talks extravagantly in his Passion: but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution. for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it: to kill all the Senate for his part of the action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant, he sayes, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former calumnies will stick: and, therefore, 'tis at last charg'd upon me that Almanzor does all things: or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their non-sence who make it, that he performs impossibilities. they say, that being a stranger he appeases two fighting factions, when the Authority of their Lawful Sovereign could not. this is, indeed, the most improbable of all his actions: but, 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his

people, as the History of Granada tells us. and Almanzor, though a stranger, yet, was already known to them, by his gallantry in the Juego de toros, his engagement on the weaker side, and, more especially, by the character of his person, and brave actions, given by Abdalla just before. and, after all, the greatness of the enterprize consisted onely in the daring: for, he had the Kings guards to second him. but we have read both of Cæsar, and many other Generals, who have not onely calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their enemies; which, upon sight of them, has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their trenches. In the rest of Almanzors actions, you see him for the most part victorious: but, the same fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary. Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him. for, in the first Part, he is made a Prisoner: and, in the last, defeated; and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play, expos'd to the Criticks, without defence.

The concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them, who have been favorable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their own opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not:

Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and with the common good fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune curst by some, and my faults arraign'd by others, and to suffer both without reply.

On Mr. Dryden's Play,
The Conquest of GRANADA.

TH' applause I gave among the foolish Croud,
Was not distinguish'd, though I clap'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my judgment had been hid:
I clap'd for Company as others did:
Thence may be told the fortune of your Play;
Its goodness must be try'd another way:
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill:
There will be Praise enough: yet not so much,
As if the world had never any such:
Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are
As well as you, to have a Poets share.
You who write after, have besides, this Curse,
You must write better, or, you else write worse:
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems stoln or borrow'd from the former store:
Though blind as *Homer* all the Antients be,
'Tis on their shoulders like the Lamewe fee.
Then, not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praises though less, are greater when they'r true)
You'r equal to the best, outdone by you;
Who had outdone themselves, had they liv'd now.

Vaughan.



PROLOGUE

to the First Part.

Spoken by *Mris. Ellen Guyn* in a broad-brim'd hat,
and waſtbelt.

T*His jeaſt was firſt of t'other houſes making,
And, five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.
For 'twere a ſhame a Poet ſhould be kill'd*

Under the ſhelter of ſo broad a ſhield.

This is that hat whoſe very ſight did win yee

To laugh and clap, as though the Devil were in yee.

As then, for Nokes, ſo now, I hope, you'll be

So dull, to laugh, once more, for love of me.

I'll write a Play, ſayes one, for I have got

A broad-brim'd hat, and waſtbelt tow'rds a Plot.

Sayes t'other, I have one more large than that:

Thus they out-write each other with a hat.

The brims ſtill grew with every Play they writ;

And grew ſo large, they cover'd all the wit.

Hat was the Play: 'twas language, wit and tale:

Like them that find, Meat, drink, and cloth, in Ale.

What dulneſs do theſe Mungrill-wits confeſs

When all their hope is acting of a dreſs!

Thus two, the beſt Comedians of the Age

Muſt be worn out, with being blocks o'th' Stage.

Like a young Girl, who better things has known,

Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.

See now, what Charity it was to ſave!

They thought you lik'd, what onely you forgave:

And

And brought you more dull sence. -dull sence, much worse
Than brisk, gay Non-sence; and the heavier Curse.
They bring old Ir'n, and glass upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians of our Age.
Still they write on; and like great Authors show:
But 'tis as Rowlers in wet gardens grow;
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they goe.
May none who have so little understood
To like such trash, presume to praise what's good!
And may those drudges of the Stage, whose fate
Is, damn'd dull farce more dully to translate,
Fall under that excise the State thinks fit
To set on all French wares, whose worst, is wit.
French farce worn out at home, is sent abroad;
And, patch'd up here, is made our English mode.
Hence forth, let Poets, 'ere allow'd to write,
Be search'd, like Duellists, before they fight,
For wheel-broad hats, dull humour, all that chaffe,
Which makes you mourn, and makes the Vulgar laugh.
For these, in Playes, are as unlawful Arms,
As, in a Combat, Coats of Mayle, and Charms.

Persons.

Persons Represented.

M E N.

By

<i>Mahomet Boabdelin</i> , the last King of <i>Granada</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
Prince <i>Abdalla</i> , his Brother.	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Abdelmelech</i> , chief of the <i>Abencerrages</i> .	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Zulema</i> , chief of the <i>Zegrys</i> .	Mr. <i>Harris</i> .
<i>Abenamar</i> , an old <i>Abencerago</i> .	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
<i>Selin</i> , an old <i>Zegry</i> .	Mr. <i>Wintershall</i> .
<i>Ozmyn</i> a brave young <i>Abencerago</i> , son to <i>Abenamar</i>	} Mr. <i>Beeston</i> .
<i>Hamet</i> , brother to <i>Zulema</i> , a <i>Zegry</i> .	
<i>Gomel</i> , a <i>Zegry</i> .	Mr. <i>Powell</i> .
<i>Almanzor</i> .	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Ferdinand</i> , King of <i>Spain</i> .	Mr. <i>Littlewood</i> .
Duke of <i>Arcos</i> , his General.	Mr. <i>Bell</i> .
<i>Don Alonzo</i> , d' <i>Aguilar</i> , a Spanish Captain.	

W O M E N.

By

<i>Almahide</i> , Queen of <i>Granada</i> .	Mrs. <i>Ellen Guy</i> .
<i>Lyndaraxa</i> , Sister to <i>Zulema</i> ; a <i>Zegry</i> Lady.	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Benzayda</i> , daughter to <i>Selin</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bowtell</i> .
<i>Esperanza</i> , slave to the Queen.	Mrs. <i>Reeve</i> .
<i>Halyma</i> , slave to <i>Lyndaraxa</i> .	Mrs. <i>Eastland</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , Queen of <i>Spain</i> .	Mrs. <i>Jeames</i> .

Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The SCENE, in *Granada*, and the Christian
Camp besieging it.



Almanzor and Almabide,

Or, The

CONQUEST

OF

Granada.

The First Part.

Bgabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, Guards.

Boab. **T**HUS, in the Triumphs of soft Peace I reign;
And, from my Walls, defy the Powr's of *Spain*:
With pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep distance; & attend my State.

Parent to her whose eyes my Soul inthrall; [To *Aben.*
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;

Abenamar, thy Youth these sports has known,
Of which thy age is now Spectator grown:

Judge-like thou sitst, to praise, or to arraign

The flying skirmish of the darted Cane :

A

But,

But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the Place,
 And our bold *Moors* their Loves with danger grace,
 Then, heat new bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,
 And a short youth runs warm through every Vein.

Aben. I must confess th' Encounters of this day
 Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way :
 Not with the fire of Youth ; but gen'rous rage
 To see the glories of my Youthful age
 So far outdone.

Abdel. *Castile* could never boast, in all its pride,
 A pomp so splendid ; when the lists set wide,
 Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
 In *Sierra Ronda*, 'ere the War began:
 Who, with high Nostrils, Snuffing up the Wind,
 Now stood, the Champions of the Salvage kind.
 Just opposite, within the circled place,
 Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* race
 (Each brandishing his Bull-spear in his hand,)
 Did their proud Ginnets gracefully command.
 On their steel'd heads their demy-Lances wore
 Small pennons, which their Ladies colours bore.
 Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* goe ;
 Each Lady as he rode, saluting low ;
 At the chief stands, with reverence more profound,
 His well-taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd the ground ;
 Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,
 Still facing, till he out of sight was gone.

Boab. You praise him like a friend, and I confess
 His brave deportment merited no less.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his victorious arm,
 Whose wary Ginnet, shunning still the harm,
 Seem'd to attend the shock ; and then leap'd wide :
 Mean while, his dext'rous Rider, when he spy'd
 The beast just stooping ; 'twixt the neck and head
 His Lance, with never erring fury, sped.

Aben. My Son did well ; and so did *Hamet* too ;
 Yet did no more then we were wont to do ;

But

But what the stranger did, was more then man :

Abdel. He finish'd all those Triumphs we began,
 One Bull, with curld black head beyond the rest,
 And dew-laps hanging from his brawny chest,
 With nodding front awhile did daring stand,
 And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand:
 Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
 Th'amaz'd assistants back each other crow'd,
 While, Monach-like he rang'd the list'd field:
 Some tofs'd, some goar'd, some, trampling down, he kill'd.
 Th'ignobler Moors, from far, his rage provoke,
 With woods of darts, which from his sides he shooke.
 Mean time, your valiant Son who had before
 Gain'd fame, rode round to every Mirador,
 Beneath each Ladies stand, a stop he made;
 And, bowing, took th'applauses, which they paid.
 Just in that point of time, the brave unknown,
 Approach'd the Lists,

Boab. ————— I mark'd him, when alone }
 (Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
 He enter'd first; and with a graceful pride
 His fiery Arab, dextrously did guide:
 Who, while his Rider every stand survey'd,
 Sprung loose, and flew, into an Escapade:
 Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
 Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.
 What after pass'd —————
 Was far from the *Ventanna* where I sate, [To *Abdel.*
 But you were near; and can the truth relate.

Abdel. Thus, while he stood, the Bull who saw this foe,
 His easier Conquests proudly did forego:
 And, making at him, with a furious bound,
 From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.
 A rising Murmure, ran through all the field,
 And every Ladies blood with fear was chill'd.
 Some schriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
 Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave youth, beware!
 At this he turn'd, and, as the Bull drew near,

Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.
The Lance broke short: the beast then bellow'd lowd,
And his strong neck to a new onset bow'd.

Th' undaunted youth——

Then drew; and from his Saddle bending low,
Just where the neck did to the shoulders grow, }
With his full force discharg'd a deadly blow. }
Not heads of Poppies, (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swayn,
Then fell this head:——

It fell so quick, it did even death prevent:
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound:
And yet their clangors in our shouts were drown'd.

[A confus'd noise within.

Boab. Th' Alarm-bell rings from our *Alhambra* walls,
And, from the Streets, sound Drums, and Ataballes.

[Within, a Bell, Drums & Trumpets.

How now! from whence proceed these new alarms?

[To them a Messenger.

Mess. The two fierce factions are again in arms:
And, changing into blood the dayes delight,
The *Zegrys* with the *Abencerrages* fight,
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Maças* here, the *Alabazes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomels* line.

Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* place;
Double my guards, these factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their King:

Exit Boabdelin.

The Factions appear; At the head of the Abencerrages, Ozmyn; at the head of the Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet, Gomel, and Selin: Abenamat and Abdelmelech joyned with the Abencerrages.

Zulema. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their ground ;
 Preſs 'em ; put home your thruſts to every wound.

Abdelmelech. *Zegry*, on manly force our Line relies ;
 Thine, poorly takes th' advantage of ſurprize.
 Unarm'd, and much outnumber'd we retreat
 You gain no fame, when baſely you defeat :
 If thou art brave, ſeek nobler Victory ;
 Save Moorish blood ; and, while our bands ſtand by, }
 Let two to two an equal combat try.

Hamet. 'Tis not for fear the Combat we reſuſe ;
 But we our gain'd advantage will not looſe.

Zul. In combating, but two of you will fall ;
 And we reſolve we will diſpatch you all.

Ozmyn. Wee'l double yet th' exchange before we dye ;
 And each of ours two lives of yours ſhall buy.

*Almanzor enter's betwixt them, as they ſtand ready
 to engage.*

Almanz. I cannot ſtay to aſk which cauſe is beſt ;
 But this is ſo to me becauſe oppreſt. [*Goes to the Abencer-
 rages.*
To them Boabdelin and his Guards going betwixt them.

Boab. On your Allegiance, I command you ſtay ;
 Who paſſes here, through me muſt make his way.
 My life's the *Iſthmos* ; through this narrow line
 You firſt muſt cut, before thoſe Sea's can joyn.
 What fury, *Zegrys*, has poſſeſt your minds,
 What rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds ?
 If, of your Courage you new proofs wou'd ſhow,
 Without much travel you may find a foe.
 Thoſe foes are neither ſo remote nor few,
 That you ſhou'd need each other to purſue.
 Lean times, and foreign Warrs ſhould minds unite,
 When poor, men mutter, but they ſeldome fight.
 O holy *Alha*, that I live to ſee

Thy

Thy *Granadins* assist their Enemy,
 You fight the Christians battels ; every life
 You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,
 Does from our weak foundations, take one prop
 Which helpt to hold our sinking Country up.

Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity should cease;
 Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek peace.

Zulem. No, Murd'rer, no ; I never will be won
 To peace with him whose hand has slain my Son.

Ozmyn. Our Prophets curse ———
 On me, and all th' *Abencerrages* light.
 If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

Abdelmel. A band of *Zegry's* ran within the Place,
 Match'd with a Troop of thirty of our race.
 Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first Squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like *Parthyans*, charg'd and fled.
 The Ground was strow'd with Canes, where we did meet,
 Which crackled underneath our Coursers feet.

When *Tarifa*, (I saw him ride apart)
 Chang'd his blunt Cane for a steel pointed Dart,
 And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
 Who wanted time for Treason to provide,
 He, basely, threw it at him, undefy'd :

[*Ozmyn* showing his arm.
 Witness this blood ——— which, when by Treason sought,
 That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.

Zulema. His hate to thee was grounded on a grudge
 Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge ;
 Thy villain blood thou openly didst place
 Above the purple of our Kingly race.

Boabd. From equal Stems their blood both houses draw,
 They from *Marocco*, you from *Cordova*.

Hamet. Their mungril race is mixt with Christian breed,
 Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in prisons feed.

Abdel. Our holy Prophet wills, that Charity
 Shoud, ev'n to birds and beasts extended be:
 None knows what fate is for himself design'd ;
 The thought of humane Chance should make us kind.

Gomel. We waste that time we to revenge shou'd give:
Fallon; let no *Abencerragolive*. [*Advancing before the
rest of his Party.*]

*Almanzor, advancing on the other side; and de-
scribing a line with his sword.*

Upon thy life pass not this middle space;
Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden place.

Gomel. To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher.
Thus, wer't thou compass'd in with circling fire.

[*They fight.*]

Boab. Disarm 'em both; if they resist you, kill.

*Almanzor, in the midst of the Guards
kills Gomel, and then is disarmed.*

Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings of my will.

Boab. Kill him; this insolent Unknown shall fall,
And be the Victime to atone you all.

Ozmyrn. If he must die, not one of us will live,
That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab. It was a Traytors voice that spoke those words;
So are you all, who do not sheath your swords.

Zulema. Outrage unpunish'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to scorn the rights of Majesty:
No Subject his Protection can expect
Who, what he owes himself, does first neglect.

Abenamar. This stranger, Sir is he,
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* place
Did, with so loud applause, your Triumphs grace.

Boab. The word which I have giv'n, Ile not revoke;
If he be brave he's ready for the stroke.

Almanz. No man has more contempt than I, of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
Obey'd as Sovereign by thy Subjects be,
But know, that I alone am King of me.
I am as free as Nature first made man
'Ere the base Laws of Servitude began
When wild in woods the noble Savage ran.

Boab. Since, then, no pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind shou'd use you like a common foe,

You shou'd be hunted like a Beast of Prey;
By your own law, I take your life away.

Almanz. My laws are made but only for my sake,
No King against himself a Law can make.

If thou pretendst to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which should thy Pattern be.
I saw th' oppress'd, and thought it did belong
To a King's office to redress the wrong:

I brought that Succour which thou oughtst to bring,
And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King.

Boab. I do not want your Council to direct,
Or aid to help me punish or protect. (know

Almanz. Thou wantst 'em both, or better thou wouldst
Then to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.

Divided int'rests while thou thinkst to sway,
Draw like two brooks thy middle stream away:

For though they band, and jar, yet both combine
To make their greatness by the fall of thine.

Thus, like a buckler, thou art held in fight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab. Away; and execute him instantly.

[To his Guards.]

Almanz. Stand off; I have not leisure yet to dye.

To them *Abdalla* hastily.

Abdalla. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n sake hold,
Defer this noble Strangers punishment,
Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother, you know not yet his insolence.

Abdal. Upon your self you punish his offence:

If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable Court.

And who, henceforth, to our defence will come,

If death must be the brave *Almanzors* doom?

From *Africa* I drew him to your ayd;

And for his succour have his life betray'd.

Boab. Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When first their swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?

Abdalla.

Abdalla: This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
 And to the juster cause the Conquest brought:
 Till the proud *Santo*, seated in the Throne,
 Disdain'd the service he had done, to own:
 Then, to the vanquish'd part, his fate he led;
 The vanquish'd triumph'd, and the Victor fled;
 Vast is his Courage; boundless is his mind,
 Rough as a storm, and humorous as wind;
 Honour's the onely Idol of his Eyes:
 The charms of Beauty like a pest he flies:
 And, rais'd by Valour, from a birth unknown;
 Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

Boabdelin coming to Almanzor.

Impute your danger to our ignorance;
 The bravest men are subject most to chance.
Granada much does to your kindness owe:
 But Towns, expecting Sieges, cannot show
 More honour, than t'invite you to a foe.

Almanzor. I do not doubt but I have been too blame:
 But, to pursue the end for which I came,
 Unite your Subjects first; then let us goe,
 And poure their common rage upon the foe.

Boab. to the Factions.

Lay down your Arms; and let me beg you cease
 Your Enmities.

Zulema. ——— We will not hear of peace,
 Till we by force have first reveng'd our slain:

Abdel. The Action we have done we will maintain:

selin. Then let the King depart, and we will try
 Our cause by armes:

Zul. ——— For us and Victory.

Boab. A King intreats you.

Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard:
 A Begger speaks too softly, to be heard:

Lay down your Armes; 'tis I command you now.

Do it—or by our Prophets soul I vow,

My hands shall right your King on him I seize.

Now, let me see whose look but disobeys.

Omnes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin* :

Alman. No more ; bu husht'd as midnight silence go :
He will not have your Acclamations now,
Hence you unthinking Crowd ———

*The common people go off
on both parties.*

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
When such as these unmake, or make a King !

Abdalla. How much of vertue lies in one great Soul
[embracing him.]

Whose single force can multitudes controll !
A trumpet within.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir, —
Does with a trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him, he shall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of *Arcos*.

Arcos. The Monarchs of *Castile* and *Arragon* }
Have sent me to you, to demand this Town :
To which their just, and rightful claim is known. }

Boab. Tell *Ferdinand* my right to it appears
By long possession of eight hundred years.
When first my Ancestors from *Affrique* sail'd,
In *Rodriques* death your *Gothique* title fail'd.

Arcos. The Successours of *Rodrique* still remain ;
And ever since have held some part of *Spain*.
Ev'n in the midst of your victorious pow'rs ———
Th' *Asturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no right, except you force allow ;
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab. 'Tis true ; from force the noblest title springs ;
I therefore hold from that, which first made Kings. —

Arcos. Since then by force you prove your title true,
Ours must be just ; because we claim from you.

When

When with your Father you did joyntly reign,
 Invading with your Moores the South of *Spain*,
 I, who that day the Christians did command,
 Then took; and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

Boab. Ile hear no more; defer what you would say:
 In private wee'l discourse some other day.

Arcos. Sir, you shall hear, however you are loath,
 That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your oath.
 To gain your freedom you a Contract sign'd,
 By which your Crown you to my King resign'd.
 From thenceforth as his Vassail holding it,
 And paying tribute, such as he thought fit:
 Contracting, when your Father came to dye,
 To lay aside all marks of Royalty:
 And at *Purchena* privately to live;
 Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.

Boab. The force us'd on me, made that Contract voyd:

Arcos. Why have you then its benefits enjoy'd?
 By it you had not only freedom then,
 But since had ayd of mony and of men.
 And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
 You were by us restor'd, and he expel'd.
 Since that, in peace we let you reap your grain,
 Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain,
 And more——

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous care
 Against his Rebels prosecute the war,
 While he secure in your protection, slept,
 For him you took, but for your selves you kept.
 Thus, as some fawning usurer does feed
 With present summs th'unwary Unthrif's need;
 You sold your kindness at a boundless rate,
 And then repaid the debt from his Estate:
 Which, mouldring piecemeal, in you hands did fall;
 Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

Arcos. The wrong you do my King I cannot bear;
 Whose kindness you would odiously compare.

Th' Estate was his ; which yet, since you deny,
He's now content in his own wrong to buy.

Almanz. And he shall buy it dear what his he calls :
We will not give one stone from out these Walls :

Boab. Take this for answer, then—
What 'ere your arms have conquer'd of my land
I will, for peace, resign to *Ferdinand* :

To harder terms my mind I cannot bring ;
But as I still have liv'd, will dye a King.

Arcos. Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the last extremities of war :
My King his hope from heavens assistance draws :

Almanz. The Moors have Heav'n and me t' assist their
(cause.

Exit Arcos.

Enter Esperanza.

Esper. Fair *Almahide*.

(Who did with weeping eyes these discords see,
And fears the *omen* may unlucky be :)
Prepares a *Zambra* to be danc'd this Night,
In hope soft pleasures may your minds unite.

Boab. My Mist'ris gently chides the fault I made :
But tedious business has my love delay'd ;
Business, which dares the joyes of Kings invade.

Almanz. First let us sally out, and meet the foe :

Abdalla. Led on by you we to Triumph goe.

Boab. Then, with the day let war and tumult cease :
The night be sacred to our love and peace :
'Tis just some joyes on weary Kings shoul waite ;
'Tis all we gain by being slaves of State.

Exeunt omnes.

A. C. T.

ACT. II.

Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyn, Zulema, Hamet,
as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. **T**His happy day does to *Granada* bring
A lasting peace ; and triumphs to the King :
The two fierce factions will no longer jarr,
Since they have now been brothers in the war :
Those, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common danger to one body brought ;
And to his cost the proud *Castillian* finds
Our Moorish Courage in united minds.

Abdelmel. Since to each others ayd our lives we owe,
Loose we the name of Faction and of foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa's* beauty I adore.

Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* charms
Which gain the conquest I should loose by Arms ;
And wish my Sister may continue fair
That I may keep a good,
Of whose possession I should else despair.

Ozmyn. While we indulge our common happiness
He is forgot by whom we all possess ;
The brave *Almanzor* to whose arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we shall do ;
Who, like a Tempest that out rides the wind,
Made a just battle 'ere the bodies joyn'd.

Abdalla. His Victories we scarce could keep in view ;
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough drew.

Abdel. Fate after him, below with pain did move,
And Victory could scarce keep pace above.

Death

Death did at length so many slain forget ;
And lost the tale, and took 'em by the great.

*To them Almanzor, with the
Duke of Arcos prisoner.*

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did command
The vanquish'd Army of King Ferdinand :

Almanzor to the Duke of Arcos.

Thus far your Masters arms a fortune find
Below the sweld ambition of his mind :
And *Alba* shuts a mis-believers raig
From out the best and goodliest part of *Spain*.
Let *Ferdinand Calabrian* Conquests make,
And from the French contested *Millan* take,
Let him new worlds discover to the old,
And break up shining Mountains big with Gold,
Yet he shall finde this small Domestique foe
Still sharp, and pointed to his bosome grow.

Duke of Arc. Of small advantages too much you boast,
Yout beat the outguards of my Masters hoast:
This little loss in our vast body, shews
So small, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath 'ere she can fly so farr
To tell 'em all, that you have 'ere made warr.

Almanz. It pleases me your Army is so great:
For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have behinde ;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the winde :
And, with bent forehead, full against it goe,
Till I have found the last and utmost foe.

Duke. Believe you shall not long attend in vain ;
To morrow's daun shall cover all your Plain.
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar ;
A wood of Launces, and a moving warr.
But I, unhappy in my bands, must yet
Be onely pleas'd to hear of your defeat :

And

And, with a slaves inglorious ease remain,
Till conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my chain.

Almanz. Vain man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak!
I hold thy chain too fast for him to break.
But since thou threatn'st us, I'll set thee free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

Duke. Old as I am I take thee at thy word,
And will tomorrow thank thee with my sword.

Almanz. I'll go and instantly acquaint the King:
And suddain orders for thy freedom bring.
Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

*Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos; and
the rest; excepting only Abdalla
and Zulema.*

Abdalla. Of all those Christians who infest this town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of most renown.

Zulema. Oft have I heard, that in your Fathers reign,
His bold Advent'ers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then, under *Ponce Leon's* name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
Till in disgrace, from *Spain* at length he went,
And since, continued long in banishment.

Abdalla. But see, your beauteous Sister does appear.

[To them Lindaraxa.

Zulema. By my desire she came to find me here:

*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper;
then Zulema goes out; and Linda-
raxa is going after.*

Abdalla. Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you fly

[staying her.

A Prince, who at your feet is proud to dye?

Lindaraxa. Sir I should blush to own so rude a thing,

[staying.

As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

Abdal. In my hard fortune I some ease should find
Did your disdain extend to all Mankind.

But

But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lindar. Take my Esteem, if you on that can live,
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.

If, from my heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the place is taken up before.

Abdal. My Rivall merits you.

To *Abdelmelech* I will Justice doe,
For he wants Worth who dares not praise a Foe.

Lind. That for his Vertue, Sir, you make defence,
Shows in your own a Noble confidence:

But him defending, and excusing me,
I know not what can your advantage be.

Abdal. I fain would ask, ere I proceed in this,
If, as by choice, you are by promise, his?

Lindar. Th'Engagement only in my Love does lye;
But that's a knot which you can ne're untye.

Abdal. When Cities are besieg'd and treat to yeild,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flagg of Parley may be taken down,
Till the success of those without be known.

Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet possess't,
Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for my brest.

Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a day,
Some chance might break it, would you but delay:
If I can judge the Secrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest part;
And wisdom then will shew some difference
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

Lindar. Princes are Subjects still: ———
Subject and Subject can small diff'rence bring:
The diff'rence is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And since, Sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For less then Empire I'll not change my love.

Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I should prize in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.

Lin. Had you that Crown which you but wish not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might stoop, and take it up.

But till your wishes, and your hopes agree,
You shall be still a private Man with me.

Abdall. If I am King, and if my Brother dye——

Lindar. Two if's, scarce make one possibility.

Abd. The rule of happiness by reason scan;
You may be happy with a Private man.

Lindar. That happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that Private man must not be you.

Where e're I love, I'm happy in my choice;

If I make you so, you shall pay my price.

Abdall. Why wou'd you be so great?

Lindar. ————— Because I've seen

This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.

Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her Eye:

None could be seen while *Almahide* was by;

Because she is to be her Majesty.

Why wou'd I be a Queen! because my Face

Wou'd wear the Title with a better grace.

If I became it not, yet it wou'd be

Part of your duty, then, to Flatter me.

These are not half the Charms of being great:

I wou'd be somewhat——that I know not yet:

Yes; I avowe th' ambition of my Soul,

To be that one, to live without controul:

And that's another happiness to me

To be so happy as but one can be.

Abdall. Madam, (because I would all doubts remove,)
Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?

Lind. I wou'd accept it; and to show 'tis true;
From any other man as soon as you.

Abdall. Your sharp replies make me not love you less;
But make me seek new paths to Happiness.

What I design, by time will best be seen.

You may be mine; and yet may be a Queen:

When you are so, your Word your Love assures.

Lind. Perhaps not love you——but I will be yo ars.

He offers to take her hand and kiss it.

Stay Sir ; that grace I cannot yet allow ;
 Before you set the Crown upon my Brow.
 That favour which you seek——
 Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King must have,
 When you are so, then you may be my slave.

Exit : but looks smiling back on him.

Abdal. How 'ere imperious in her words she were,
 Her parting looks had nothing of severe.
 A glancing smile allur'd me to command ;
 And her soft fingers gently prest my hand.
 I felt the pleasure glide through every part ;
 Her hand went through me to my very heart.
 For such another pleasure did he live,
 I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
 What did I say !

Father ! that impious thought has shock'd my mind :
 How bold our Passions are, and yet how blind !
 She's gone ; and now
 Methinks there is less glory in a Crown ;
 My boiling passions settle and goe down :
 Like Amber chaf't, when she is near she acts,
 When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

To him Zulema.

Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou wouldst be
 That friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.
 Betwixt my love and vertue I am tost ;
 This must be forfeited or that be lost :
 I could do much to merit thy applause ;
 Help me to fortify the better cause,
 My Honour is not wholly put to flight.
 But would, if seconded, renew the fight.

Zul. I met my sister ; but I do not see
 What difficulty in your choice can be :
 She told me all ; and 'tis so plain a case
 You need not ask, what council to embrace.

Ab. dalla. I stand reprov'd, that I did doubt at all ;
 My waiting Vertue stay'd but for thy call.

'Tis plain that she who for a Kingdom, now
 Would sacrifice her love, and break her vow,
 Not out of Love but int'rest, acts alone,
 And wou'd, Ev'n in my arms, lie thinking of a throne.

Zulema. Add to the rest this one reflection more,
 When she is married, and you still adore,
 Think then, and think what comfort it will bring,
 She had been mine——

Had I but onely dar'd to be a King!

Abdalla. I hope you only would my honour try;
 I'm loath to think you vertue's enemy.

Zulema. If, when a Crown and Mistrefs are in place,
 Vertue intrudes with her lean holy face;
 Vertues then mine, and not I vertues foe;
 Why does she come where she has nought to do?
 Let her with Anchorit's not with Lovers lye;
 States-men and they keep better Company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our headstrong will:

Zulema. Reason but shews a weak Physitians skill:
 Gives nothing while the raging fit does last.
 But staves to cure it when the worst is past.
 Reason's a staff for age, when Nature's gone;
 But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Abdall. In curst ambition I no rest should find;
 But must for ever loose my peace of mind.

Zul. Methinks that peace of mind were bravely lost;
 A Crown, what're we give, is worth the cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each man his right,
 But what she gives not should I take by might?

Zulem. If Justice will take all and nothing give,
 Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

Abdal. Had fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born;
 And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

Zul. Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find;
 Man makes his fate according to his mind.
 The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her slave;
 But she's a drudge, when Hector'd by the brave.

If Fate weaves common Thrid, he'l change the doom :
And with new purple spread a Nobler loom.

Abdal. No more ; — I will usurp the Royal Seat ;
Thou who hast made me wicked, make me great.

Zulema. Your way is plain ; the Death of *Tarifa*
Does, on the King, our *Zegry's* hatred draw ;
Though with our Enemies in show we close,
'Tis but while we to purpose can be foes.

Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son ;
But favour hinders justice to be done.
Proud *Ozmyn* with the king his pow'r maintains :
And, in him, each *Abencerrago* reigns.

Abdalla. What face of any title can I bring ?

Zul. The right an eldest Son has to be King.
Your Father was at first a private man ;
And got your brother 'ere his reign began :
When, by his Valour, he the Crown had won,
Then you were born, a Monarch's eldest Son.

Abdal. To sharp-ey'd reason this would seem untrue ;
But reason, I through Loves false Optiques view.

Zul. Loves mighty pow'r has led me Captive too :
I am in it, unfortunate as you.

Abdalla. Our Loves and fortunes shall together go,
Thou shalt be happy when I first am so.

Zul. The *Zegry's* at old *Selin's* house are met ;
Where in close Council, for revenge they sit,
There we our common int'rest will unite ;
You their revenge shall own, and they your right.
One thing I had forgot which may import ;
I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court.
But with a discompos'd and speedy pace,
A fiery colour kindling all his face :
The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd :
And that refusal has provok'd his pride.

Abdal. Would he were ours !
Ple try to guild th' injustice of the cause ;
And court his valour with a vast applause.

Zulema.

Zulema. The bold are but the Instruments o' th' wife:
They undertake the dangers we advise.
And while our fabrick with their pains we raise,
We take the profit, and pay them with praise.

Exeunt.

A C T. III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. **T**Hat he should dare to do me this disgrace!
Is Fool or Coward writ upon my face?
Refuse my Pris'ner! I such means will use
He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse.

Abdal. He said you were not by your promise ty'd;
That he absolv'd your word when he deny'd.

Almanz. He break my promise and absolve my vow!
'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do.
The word which I have giv'n shall stand like Fate;
Not like the King's, that weathercock of State.
He stands so high, with so unfixt a mind,
Two Factions turn him with each blast of wind.
But now he shall not veer: my word is past:
I'll take his Heart by th' roots, and hold it fast. (hour,

Abdal. You have your Veng'ance in your hand this
Make me the humble Creature of your pow'r:
The *Granadins* will gladly me obey;
(Tir'd with so base and impotent a sway.)
And when I shew my Title, you shall see
I have a better right to Reign, than he.

Almanz. It is sufficient that you make the claim:
 You wrong our Friendship when your Right you name,
 When for my self I fight, I weigh the cause;
 But Friendship will admit of no such Laws:
 That weighs by th' lump, and, when the cause is light,
 Puts kindness in to set the Ballance right.
 True, I would wish my friend the juster side:
 But in th' unjust my kindness more is try'd,
 And all the opposition I can bring,
 Is, that I fear to make you such a King.

Abdal. The Majesty of Kings we should not blame,
 When Royal minds adorn the Royal name:
 The vulgar, greatness too much idolize,
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

Almanz. I onely speak of him,
 Whom Pomp and Greatness sit so loose about,
 That he wants Majesty to fill 'em out.

Abdal. Haste, then, and lose no time——
 The business must be enterpriz'd this night:
 We must surprize the Court in its delight.

Almanz. For you to Will, for me 'tis to obey;
 But I would give a Crown in open day:
 And, when the Spaniards their Assault begin,
 At once beat those without, and these within.

Exit Almanzor.

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. *Abdalla*, hold; there's somewhat I intend
 To speak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
 And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do.
 Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship too,
 All for a fickle Beauty you foregoe.
 Think, and turn back before it be too late;
 Behold, in me th' example of your Fate.

I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and lost,
My Ruines stand to warn you from the Coast.

Abdal. Your Councils, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My reason to accept 'em ; not my Love.
Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak defence
To trust frail reason with the rule of Sence !
'Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While sence weighs down the Scale ; and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away :
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels sway.

Abdelm. No, no ; our Reason was not vainly lent ;
Nor is a slave but by its own consent,
If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An easie King deserves no better Fate.

Abdal. You speak too late ; my Empire's lost too far,
I cannot fight.

Abdelm. ——— Then make a flying War,
Dislodge betimes before you are beset.

Abdal. Her tears, her smiles, her every look's a Net.
Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land ;
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her hand.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the danger still ?

Abdal. Love like a Lethargy has seiz'd my Will.
I'm, not my self, since from her sight I went ;
I lean my Trunck that way ; and there stand bent.
As one, who in some frightful Dream, would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run ;
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans,
So I ———

Abdelm. ——— Some Friend in Charity, should shake
And rowse, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, till settled in her Reign ;
Then proudly she insults, and gives you cares
And jealousies ; short hopes, and long despairs.
To this hard yoke you must hereafter bow ;
Howe're she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal.

Abdal. Like him, who on the ice
Slides swiftly on, and sees the water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his Carrear:
So am I carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Cyrce's* Isle, is peopled with a Race
Of dogs and swine, yet, though their fate I know,
I look with pleasure and am turning too.

Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th' allurements of her face;
'Ere she return with some resistless grace,
And with new magique covers all the place.

Abdalla. I cannot, will not; nay I would not fly;
I'll love; be blind, be couzen'd till I dye.
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
I'll hate, and if I can, I'll kill you for her sake,

Abdel. Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that choice approve,
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
Prudence, that stemm'd the stream, is out of breath;
And to go down it, is the easier death.

Lyndaraxa re-enters and smiles on Abdalla.

Exit Abdalla.

Abdelm. That smile on Prince *Abdalla*, seem's to say
You are not in your killing mood to day,
Men brand, indeed, your sex with Cruelty,
But you'r too good, to see poor Lovers dye.
This Godlike pity in you I extoll;
And more, because, like heav'ns, 'tis general.

Lynd. My smile implies not that I grant his suit:
'Twas but a bare return of his salute.

Abdelm. It said, you were engag'd and I in place:
But to please both, you would divide the grace:

Lynd. You've cause to be contented with your part:
When he has but the look, and you the heart.

Abdelm.

Abdel. In giving but that look, you give what's mine :
I'll not one corner of a glance resign :
All's mine ; and I am cov'rous of my store :
I have not love enough ; I'll tax you more.

Lindarax. I gave not love ; 'twas but Civility,
He is a Prince ; that's due to his Degree.

Abdel. That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still :
And shou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lynd. I know not how to show so rude a spight.

Abdel. That is, you know not how to love aright ;
Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our Souls, then 'twixt our Quality.

Mark if his birth makes any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Sence :
That duty which his birth can make his due
I'll pay ; but it shall not be paid by you.
For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lynd. And when did I my pow'r so far resigne,
That you should regulate each Look of mine ? (pow'r.

Abdel. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that

Lynd. 'Twas during pleasure, 'tis revok'd this hour.
Now call me false, and rail on Woman-kind,
'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.

Abdel. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you ; and this visit is my last.

Lynd. Do't, if you can ; you know I hold you fast.
Yet, for your quiet, would you could resigne
Your love, as easily as I do mine.

Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks !
With what indifference all her Vows she breaks !
Curse on me but she smiles.

Lynd. That smile's a part of Love ; and all's your due :
I take it from the Prince, and give it you. (prove

Abdel. Just heav'n, must my poor heart your May-game
To bandy, and make Childrens play in Love. { Half
Ah how have I this Cruelty deserv'd, { crying.
I who so truly and so long have serv'd !

And left so easily ! oh cruel Maid.
 So easily ! 'twas too unkindly said.
 That Heart which could so easily remove,
 Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

Lynd. You Lodg'd it so uneasie in your Brest,
 I thought you had been weary of the Guest,
 First I was Treated like a stranger there ;
 But, when a Household Friend I did appear,
 You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere.
 Then, by degrees, your feign'd respect withdrew :
 You mark'd my Actions ; and my Guardian grew.
 But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame :
 My heart to yours, but upon liking came.
 And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,
 Stays not to Breed, where she had built her Nest.

Abdel. I have done ill _____
 And dare not ask you to be less displeas'd :
 Be but more Angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

Lynd. If I should be so kind a Fool to take
 This little Satisfaction which you make,
 I know you would presume some other time
 Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

Abdel. Oh never, never : upon no pretence :
 My Life's too short to expiate this Offence.

Lynd. No ; now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try ;
 'Tis in your Nature, and past remedy.
 You'll still disquiet my too loving Heart :
 Now we are friends 'tis best for both to part.

[*Taking her Hand:*

Abdel. By this—will you not give me leave to swear ?

Lind. You wou'd be perjurd if you should I fear.
 And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next
 I with your fond Suspicions shall be vext.

Abdel. I cannot say I'll conquer Jealousie :
 But if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.

Lynd. And, till you that submissive Servant prove,
 I never can conclude you truly love.

To them, the King, Almahide, Abenamar, Esperanza,
Guards, Attendants.

King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming fair;
Blessing of Peace, and recompence of War.
This Night is yours; and may your Life still be
The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.

The Zambra Dance.

{ After the Dance, a tumultuous noise of Drums and
Trumpets.

To them Ozmyn; his Sword drawn.

Oz. Arm, quickly, arm, yet all, I fear too late:
The Enemy's already at the Gate.

K. Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd; what Foe is near?

Ozm. The Zegry's are in Arms, and almost here.
The Streets with Torches shine, with Shoutings ring,
And Prince *Abdalla* is proclaim'd the King.
What Man cou'd do I have already done,
But Bold *Almanzor* fiercely leads 'em on.

Abenam. Th' *Alhambra* yet is safe in my Command,
[To the King.]

Retreat you thither while their shock we stand.

Boab. I cannot meanly for my life provide:
Ile either perish in't, or stemm this Tyde.
To guard the Palace, *Ozmyn*, be your care.
If they o'recome, no sword will hurt the fair.

Ozm. I'll either dye, or I'll make good the place.

Abdel. And I, with these, will bold *Almanzor* face:
Exeunt all but the Ladies.

An Alarm within.

Almah. What dismal Planet did my Triumphs light:
Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night:
The noise, my Soul does through my Sences wound.

Lynd. Me thinks it is a noble, sprightly Sound.
The Trumpets clangor, and the clash of Arms!
This noyse may chill your Blood, but mine it warms:
[Shouting and clashing of Swords within.]

We have already past the Rubicon.

The Dice are mine : now Fortune for a Throne.

*A shout within, and clashing of
swords afar off.*

The sound goes farther off; and faintly dies,

Curse of this going back, these ebbing cries!

Ye Winds waft hither sounds more strong, and quick :

Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace goe,

And add new fire to those that fight below.

Thence, *Hero-like*, with Torches by my side,

(Farr be the *Omen*, though,) my Love I'll guide.

No ; like his better Fortune I'll appear :

With open Arms, loose Vayl, and flowing Hair, }

Just flying forward from my rowling Sphere. }

My Smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man ;

Lethim look up and perish if he can.

[*Exit.*

*An Alarm, nearer : then Enter Almanzor ; and Selin, in
the head of the Zegrjs. Ozmyn Pris'ner.*

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too soon:

And I am griev'd the noble sport is done.

This onely man of all whom chance did bring

[*Pointing to Ozmyn.*

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.

His brave resistance did my Fortune grace ;

So slow, so threatning forward he gave place.

His Chains be easie and his Usage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.

Alm. Next, the brave Spaniard free without delay :

And with a Convoy send him safe away.

[*Exit, a Guard.*

To them Hamet and others

Hamet. The King by me salutes you : and, to show

That to your Valour he his Crown does owe;

Would, from your Mouth I should the Word receive ;

And, that to these, you would your Orders give,

Alm.

Alm. He much o're-rates the little I have done.

Almanzor goes to the door, and there seems to give out Orders, by sending People several ways.

Selin to Ozmin.

Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.
To morrow for thy certain death prepare :
This night I onely leave thee to despair.

Ozmin. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear :
My business was to die, or conquer here.
Sister, for you I grieve I could no more :
My present State betrays my want of pow'r :
But, when true Courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the noblest Fortitude, is left.

[*Exit cum Selin.*

Alma. Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But Death ; or, worse than Death, inglorious Chains !

Esper. Madam, you must not to Despair give place ;
Heav'n never meant misfortune to that Face,
Suppose there were no justice in your cause,
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws,
That you are brought to this deplor'd estate,
Is but th' ingenious Flatt'ry of your Fate ;
Fate fears her Succor like an Alms to give :
And would, you, God-like from your self should live.

Almah. Mark but how terrible his Eyes appear !
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine ;
And like a Gemm does in the Quarry shine.

*Almanzor returns ; she falls at his feet
being weyld.*

(*way,*

Almah. Turn, Mighty Conqu'ror, turn your Face this
Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray.

Almanz. What business can this Woman have with me ?

Almah. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.

So may your Arms success in battels find :
 So may the Mistress of your vows be kind,
 If you have any ; or, if you have none,
 So may your Liberty be still your own.

Almanz. Yes, I will turn my face ; but not my mind :
 You bane, and soft destruction of mankind,
 What would you have with me ?

Almahide. ————— I beg the grace [unweyling.
 You would lay by those terrours of your face,
 Till calmness to your eyes you first restore
 I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

Almanz or looking fixedly on her:

Well ; my fierce visage shall not murder you :
 Speak quickly, woman ; I have much to do. (word,

Almah. Where should I finde the heart to speake one
 Your voice, Sir, is as killing as your sword.

As you have left the lightning of your eye,
 So would you please to lay your thunder by !

Alman. I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her eyes I saw,
 As I were stung with some *Tarantula* :

Armes, and the dusty field I less admire ;

And soften strangely in some new desire.

Honour burns in me, not so fiercely bright ;

But pale, as fires when master'd by the light.

Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more ;

And now am nothing that I was before.

I'm numm'd, and fix'd and scarce my eye balls move ;

I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !

'Tis he ; I feel him now in every part :

Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart ;

Surveys in state each corner of my Brest,

While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossest.

I'm bound ; but I will rowze my rage again :

And though no hope of Liberty remaine,

I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my chaine.

You are ———

[angrily.
Almah.

Almah. ——— I know I am your Captive, Sir :

Almah. You are--You shall--And I can scarce forbear--

Almah. Alas !

Almanz. ——— 'Tis all in vain ; it will not do : [*aside.*

I cannot now a seeming anger show :

My Tongue against my heart no aid affords,

For Love still rises up, and choaks my words.

Almah. In half this time a tempest would be still.

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempest in my will,

I wonnot love you, give me back my heart.

But give it as you had it, fierce and brave :

It was not made to be a womans slave :

But Lyon-like has been in desarts bred ;

And, us'd to range, will ne're be tamely led :

Restore its freedom to my fetter'd will

And then I shall have pow'r, to use you ill.

Almah. My sad condition may your pity move ;

But look not on me with the eyes of Love.—

I must be brief, though I have much to say.

Almanz. No, speak : for I can hear you now, all day.

Her suing sooths me with a secret pride : : [*softly.*

A suppliant beauty cannot be deni'd : : [*aside.*

Ev'n while I frown, her charms the furrows seize ;

And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to please.

Almah. Though in your worth no cause of fear I see ;

I fear the insolence of Victory :

As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then,

From the rude outrage of insulting men.

Almanz. Who dares touch her I love ? I'm all o're love : :

Nay, I am Love ; Love shot, and shot so fast,

He shot himself into my brest at last.

Almah. You see before you, her who should be Queen,

Since she is promis'd to *Boabdelin.*

Almanz. Are you belov'd by him ! O wretched fate,

First that I love at all ; then, love too late !

Yet, I must love !

Almah. ——— Alas it is in vain ;

Fate for each other did not us ordain,

The chances of this day too clearly show
That Heav'n took care that it should not be so. (day,

Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one
But fate's yet hot——

I'll make it take a bent another way. [*He walks swiftly
and discomposedly studying.*]

I bring a claim which does his right remove:

You're his by promise, but you're mine by Love.

'Tis all but Ceremony which is past:

The knots to tie which is to make you fast.

Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that pow'r:

He woo'd you, but as my Ambassadour.

Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by holy Vows above.

Almanz. He sign'd but his: but I will seal my love.

I love you better; with more Zeale than he.

Almah. This day——

I gave my faith to him, he his to me.

Almanz. Good Heav'n thy book of fate before me lay,

But to tear out the journal of this day.

Or, if the order of the world below

Will not the gap of one whole day allow,

Give me that Minute when she made her vow.

“That Minute, ev'n the happy, from their bliss might
give:

“And those who live in griefe, a shorter time would
live.

So small a link, if broke, th' eternal chain

Would, like divided waters, joyn again.

It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone;

Prest by the crow'd offollowing Minutes on:

That precious Moment's out of Nature fled:

And in the heap of common rubbish layd,

Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

Almah. Your passion, like a fright suspends my pain:

It meets, 'ore-powr's, and bears mine back again.

But, as when tydes against the Current flow;

The Native stream runs its own course below:

So, though your griefs possess the upper part,
My own have deeper Channels in my heart.

Almanz. Forgive that fury which my Soul does move,
'Tis the Essay of an untaught first love.

Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express :

'Tis love just peeping in a hasty dress.

Retire, fair Creature to your needful rest ;

There's something noble, lab'ring in my breast :

This raging fire which through the Mafs does move,

Shall purge my dross, and shall refine my Love.

*Exeunt Almahide, and
Esperanza.*

She goes ; And I, likemy own Ghost appear :

It is not living, when she is not here.

To him Abdalla as King, attended.

Abdal. My first acknowledgments to heav'n are due :

My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Alm. A poor surprize and on a naked foe.

What ever you confess, is all you owe.

And I no merit own or understand

That fortune did you justice by my hand.

Yet, if you will that little service pay

With a great favour, I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a favour to demand of you ;

That is to take the thing for which you sue.

Alman. Then, briefly, thus ; when I th' *Albayzyn* won,

I found the Beauteous *Almahide* alone :

Whose sad condition did my pity move :

And that compassion did produce my love.

Abdal. This needs no sute ; in justice, I declare

She is your Captive by the right of war.

Alm. She is no Captive, then ; I set her free.

And rather then I will her Jaylour be,

'Tle Nobly loose her, in her liberty.

Abdal. Your generosity I much approve,

But your excess of that, shows want of Love,

Alm.

Alman. No, 'tis th' excess of love, which mounts so high
 That, seen far off, it lessens to the eye.
 Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free
 That, Sir, had been my generosity:
 But 'tis exalted passion when I show
 I dare be wretched not to make her so.
 And, while another Passion fills her breast,
 I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

Abdalla. May your heroic Act so prosperous be,
 That *Almahide* may sigh you set her free.

Enter Zulema.

Zulema. Of five tall tow'rs which fortifie this Town,
 All but th' *Alhambra* your dominion own.
 Now therefore boldly I confess a flame
 Which is excus'd in *Almahida's* name.
 If you the merit of this night regard,
 In her possession I have my reward.

Almanz. She your reward! why she's a gift so great—
 That I my self have not deserv'd her yet.
 And therefore, though I wonn her with my sword,
 I have, with awe, my sacrilege restor'd.

Zul. What you deserve—
 He not dispute because I do not know,
 This, onely I will say, she shall not goe.

Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my answering,
 But take what friends, what armies thou canst bring;
 What worlds; and when you are united all,
 Then, I will thunder in your ears, --she shall.

Zul. I'll not one tittle of my right resign;
 Sir, your implicate promise made her mine.
 When I in general terms my love did show,
 You swore our fortunes should together goe.

Abdalla. The merits of the cause I'll not decide,
 But, like my love, I would my gift divide.
 Your equal titles, then, no longer plead;
 But one of you, for love of me recede.

Alm. I have receded to the utmost line,
 When, by my free consent, she is not mine.

Then

Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to set her free.

Zul. If you will free your part of her you may ;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantique way.
Dream on ; enjoy her Soul ; and set that free ;
I'm pleas'd her person should be left for me.

Alman. Thou shalt not wish her thine ; thou shalt not
To be so impudent, as to despair. (dare

Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to see
How much their merit you neglect in me.

Hamet. Your slighting *Zulema*, this very hour
Will take ten thousand Subjects from you'r pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand subjects such as they ;
If I am scorn'd—I'll take my self away.

Abdalla. Since both cannot possess what both pursue ;
I grieve, my friend, the chance should fall on you.
But when you hear what reasons I can urge—

Almanz. None, none that your ingratitude can purge.
Reason's a trick, when it no grant affords :
It stamps the face of Majesty on words.

Abdal. Your boldness to your services I give :
Now take it as your full reward to live.

Almanz. To live !
If from thy hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal ; and a God, to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low
That I must stoop ere I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,
That all thy men
Pil'd on thy back can never pull it down !
But at my ease thy destiny I send,
By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.
Like Heav'n I need but onely to stand still ;
And, not concurring to thy life, I kill,
Thou canst no title to my duty bring :
I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.
Farewell, when I am gone

There's not a starr of thine dare stay with thee :
 I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me :
 And whirl fate with me wheresoe're I fly,
 As winds drive storms before 'em in the sky.

Exit.

Zulema. Let not this Insolent unpunish'd goe ;
 Give your Commands ; your Justice is too slow.

Zulema, Hamet and others, are going after him.

Abdal. Stay : and what part he pleases let him take ;
 I know my Throne's too strong for him to shake.
 But my fair Mistress I too long forget :
 The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.
 Without her presence, all my Joys are vain ;
 Empire a Curse ; and life it self a pain.

Exeunt.

A C T. IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Guards.

Boab. Advise, or aid, but do not pity me ;
 No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
 Pity descends from Kings to all below ;
 But can no more then fountains upward flow.
 Witness just heav'n, my greatest grief has been
 I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

Aben. I have too long th' effects of Fortune known,
 Either to trust her smiles, or fear her frown.
 Since in their first attempt you were not slain,
 Your safety bodes you yet a second reign.
 The people, like a headlong torrent goe ;
 And, every dam, they break, or overflow :

But

But, unoppos'd, they either loose their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former course.

Boab. In walls we meanly must our hopes inclose,
To wait our friends, and weary out our foes,
While *Almahide*

To lawless Rebels is expos'd a prey,
And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey.

Aben. One of my blood, in rules of Vertue bred,
Think better of her; and believe she's dead.

To them Almanzor.

Boab. We are betray'd; the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see;
But he no longer is your Enemy.

You were ungrateful, but your foes were more;
What your injustice lost you, theirs restore.

Make profit of my vengeance while you may,
My two-edg'd sword can cut the other way.

I am your fortune; but am swift like her,
And turn my hairy front if you defer:

That hour when you delib'rate is too late:
I point you the white moment of your fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's* spy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.

Alman. Were I, like thee, in cheats of State grown old,
(Those publick Markets where for foreign gold

The poorer Prince is to the Richer sold;
Then, thou mightst think me fit for that low part:

But I am yet to learn the Statesman's art,
My kindness and my hate unmask'd I wear;

For friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.
My hearts so plain,

That men on every passing thought may look,
Like fishes gliding in a Chrystal brook:

When troubled most, it does the bottom show,
'Tis weedless all above; and rockless all below.

Aben. 'Ere he be trusted let him first be try'd,
He may be false who once has chang'd his side.

Almanz. In that you more accuse your selves than me,
 None who are injur'd can unconstant be.
 You were unconstant; you who did the wrong;
 To do me justice does to me belong.
 Great Souls by kindness onely can be ti'd;
 Injur'd again, again i'le leave your side:
 Honour is what my self and friends I owe;
 And none can loose it who forsake a foe.
 Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
 Though not in friendship we'll in int'rest join.
 So while my lov'd revenge is full and high,
 I'll give you back your Kingdom by the by.

Boabdelin embracing him.

That I so long delai'd what you desire
 Was not to doubt your worth, but to admire:

Alman. This Cancellor an old mans caution shows,
 Who fears that little he has left, to loose:
 Age sets to fortune; while youth boldly throw's.
 But let us first your drooping Souldiers cheere:
 Then seek out danger, 'ere it dare appear.
 This hour I fix your Crown upon your brow,
 Next hour fate gives it; but I give it now.

Exeunt:

SCENE II.

Lindaraxa alone.

O could I read the dark decrees of fate,
 That I might once know whom to love or hate!
 For I my self scarce my own thoughts can guess;
 So much I find 'em varied by success.
 As in some wether-glass my Love I hold;
 Which falls or rises with the heat or cold:
 I will be constant yet, if fortune can;
 I love the King: let her-but name the Man.

To her Halyma.

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me unknown
 Desires that he may speak with you alone,

Lindaraxa

Lind. Some Message from the King: let him appear.

{ *To her Abdelmelech: who, Entering, throws
off his Disguise. She starts.*

Abdelm. I see you are amaz'd that I am here.

But let at once your Fear and Wonder end ;
In the Usurpers Guard I found a Friend,
Who led me to you safe in this Disguise.

Lind. Your Danger brings this Trouble in my Eyes,
But what affair this vent'rous visit drew ?

Abdel. The greatest in the world ; the seeing you.

Lind. The Courage of your Love I so admire
That to preserve you, you shall straight retire.

[*She leads him to the door.*

Go, Dear, each Minute does new dangers bring ;
You will be taken ; I expect the King.

Abdal. The King ! the poor Usurper of an Hour ;
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.
I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,
To leave him ere his short Dominion end.
The Soldier I suborn'd will wait at night ;
And shall alone be conscious of your flight.

Lind. I thank you that you so much care bestow ;
But, if his Reign be short, I need not goe.
For why should I expose my life and yours,
For what, you say, a little time assures ?

Abdel. My danger in th' attempt is very small :
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, though his Ruine be as sure as Fate,
Your proof of Love to me would come too late :
This Tryal, I in Kindness wou'd allow ;
'Tis easie, if you love me, show it now.

Lind. It is because I love you, I refuse :
For all the World my Conduct would accuse
If I should go, with him I love, away :
And therefore, in strict Vertue, I will stay,

Abdel,

Abdel. You would in vain dissemble Love to me:
 Through that thin Veyle your Artifice I see.
 You would expect th' event, and then declare:
 But do not, do not drive me to despair.
 For if you now refuse with me to fly,
 Rather then love you after this, Ile die.
 And therefore weigh it well before you speak;
 My King is safe; his force within not weak.

Lind. The Counsel you have giv'n me, may be wise:
 But, since th'affair is great, I will advise.

Abdel. Then that delay, I for denial take.—*(is going.)*

Lynd. Stay; you too swift an Exposition make.
 If I should go, since *Zulema* will stay,
 I should my Brother to the King betray.

Abdel. There is no fear: but, if there were, I see
 You value still your Brother more than me.
 Farewel; some ease I in your falshood find;
 It lets a Beam in, that will clear my mind.
 My former weakness I with shame, confests:
 And when I see you next shall love you less.

(Is going again.)

Lynd. Your faithless dealing you may blush to tell.

[Weeping.]

This is a Maids Reward who loves too well.

[He looks back.]

Remember that I drew my latest breath
 In charging your unkindness with my death.

[Abdel. coming back.]

Have I not answered all you can invent
 Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

Lind. You want not cunning what you please to prove;
 But my poor Heart knows onely how to Love.
 And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:—
 'Tis plain, some other Mistris you adore:
 And now, with studied tricks of subtilty,
 You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me.

[*Wringing her hands.*

But oh, that I should love so false a man !

Abdel. Hear me ; and then disprove it, if you can.

Lind. I'll hear no more; your breach of Faith is plain :
You would with Wit, your want of Love maintain.

But, by my own Experience, I can tell,
They who love truly cannot argue well.

Go Faithless Man !

Leave me alone to mourn my Misery :
I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

(*Leans her Head on his Arm.*)

[*Abdelmelech weeping.*

What Man but I so long unmov'd could hear
Such tender passion, and refuse a Tear !

But do not talk of dying any more,
Unless you mean that I should die before.

Lind. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late :
I dye to see you still thus obstinate.

But yet, in Death, my truth of Love to show,
Lead me, if I have strength enough, I'll goe.

Abdel. By Heav'n you shall not goe : I will not be
O'recome in Love or Generosity.

All I desire, to end th' unlucky strife,
Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.

Lind. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard ;
It show's, my Love, you as no Tie regard.

Name any thing but that, and I'll agree.

Abdel. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.

Lind. Nay, prithee, this is harder then before ;
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.

Abdel. Now I too late perceive I am undone :
Living and seeing, to my Death I run.

I know you false ; yet in your Snares I fall ;
You grant me nothing ; and I grant you all.

Lind. I would grant all ; but I must curb my will ;
Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your Suspicion I your Passion find :

But I will take a time to cure your mind.

Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!

Lind. Hast quickly hence, least he should find you here.

Abdel. How much more wretched then I came, I goe:
I more my Weakness, and your Falshood know;
And now must leave you with my greatest Foe!

Exit Abdelmelech.

Lynd. Go; how I love thee Heav'n can onely tell.
And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well. —

Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,
A Subject's greater then a little King.

I will attend till Time this Throne secure;
And, when I climb, my footing shall be sure.

[*Musique without.*

Musique! and I, believe, adrest to me.

SONG.

1.

Wherever I am, and whatever I doe;
My Phillis is still in my mind:

When angry I mean not to Phillis to goe,
My Feet of themselves the way find:

Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
And when I would raile, I can bring out no more,

Than Phillis too fair and unkind!

2.

When Phillis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,
And the Love I would stifle is shown:

But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest
When from my Eyes Phillis is gone!

Some-

*Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad mind,
But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis I find,
How I sigh to my self all alone.*

3.
*Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He should offer his Treasure in vain :
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my Phillis again :
Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind,
I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Raing.*

4.
*Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own power !
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour :
But let her each minute torment my poor mind
I had rather love Phillis both False and Unkind,
Then ever be freed from her Pow'r.*

Abdalla enters with Guards.

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your Feet, a King you see:
Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave ;
'Tis just you should possess the pow'r you gave.
Had Love not made me yours, I yet had bin
But the first Subject to *Boabdalin*.

Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your due :
And had forgot my Title, but for you.

Lynd. Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope be kind ;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your Head ;
But does not fix it till your Brother's dead.

Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my pow'r.
And that, my forces goe to take this hour. (bring

Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brothers Head you
I shall believe you are indeed a King.

Abdal. But, since th'e vents of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, most doubtful those of Warre,
I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,
Must I then loose your Favour with my Crown?

Lynd. You'll soon return a Conquerour again;
And therefore, Sir, your question is in vain.

Abdall. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more assure it by your Love.
That grant will make my arms invincible.

Lynd. My pray'rs and wishes your success foretell.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I loose it, must I loose you too?

Lynd. You are too curious if you more would know.
I know not what my future thoughts, will be:
Poor womens thoughts are all *Extempore*.
Wise men, indeed, before hand a long chain of thoughts produce;
But ours are onely for our present use.

Abdal. Those thoughts you will not know, too well
You mean to waite the final doom of Warr. (declare

Lynd. I finde you come to quarrel with me now:
Would you know more of me then I allow?
Whence are you grown that great Divinity
That with such ease into my thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with some tempers sute;
I see I must become more absolute.

Abdalla. I must submit;
On what hard terms so ere my peace be bought.

Lynd. Submit! you speak as you were not in fault?
'Tis evident the injury is mine;
For why should you my secret thoughts divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reasons Laws!

Lynd. Then you would have your reason judge my
Either confess your fault or hold your tongue; (cause?
For I am sure I'm never in the wrong.

Abdalla. Then I acknowledge it.

Lynd. ————— Then I forgive.

Abdall. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the vanquish'd, must their right release:
And with the loss of reason, buy their peace. [aside.

Madam, to show that you my pow'r command,
I put my life and safety in your hand:

Dispose of the *Albayzin* as you please:

To your fair hands I here resign the keys.

Lyn. I take your gift because your love it shows;
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcalde* choose.

Abdall. *Selin*, from her alone your Orders take:
This one request, yet, Madam, let me make
That, from those turrets, you th' assault will see;
And Crown, once more, my arms with Victorie.

Leads her out.

Selin remains with *Gazul* and *Reduan* his servants:

Selin. *Gazul*, go tell my daughter that I waite:

You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his fate. } *Exeunt* *Gazul*
'Ere of my charge I will possession take, } and *Reduan*.

A bloody sacrifice I mean to make:

The Manes of my son shall smile this day,

While I in blood my Vows of Vengeance pay.

Enter, at one door *Benzayda* with *Gazul*,
at the other *Ozmyn* bound, with *Reduan*.

Selyn. I sent, *Benzaida*, to glad your eies:
These rites we owe your brothers Obsequies.

To *Gazul*. and *Reduan*.

You two th' accurst *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' instruct you in my mind.

They bind him to one
corner of the Stage.

Benz. In what sad Objectam I call'd to share,
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare.

Selin. 'Tis, what your dying brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of death.

Benz. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;
I want the heart to see the dismal sight.

Selin. You are my principal invited ghest:
Whose eies I would not onely feed but feast:
You are to smile at his last groaning breath,
And laugh to see his eye-balls rowle in death:
To judge the lingring Souls convulsive strife;
VVhen thick short breath, catches at parting life.

Benz. And of what Marble do you think me made?

Selin. VVhat, can you be of just revenge afraid?

Benz. He kill'd my Brother in his own defence,
Pity his youth, and spare his innocence.

Selin. Art thou so soon, to pardon murder, won?
Can he be innocent who kill'd my son?

Abenamar shall mourn as well as I;

His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die.

But, since thou plead' it so boldly; I will see
That Justice thou woud' st hinder, done by thee:

Gives her his sword.

Here, take the sword; and do a Sisters part;
Pierce his fond Girl; Or I will pierce thy heart.

Ozmyn. To his commands I joyn my own request,
All wounds from you are welcome to my brest:

Think onely when your hand this act has done,
It has but finish'd what your eies begun.

I thought, with silence to have scorn'd my doom;
But now your noble pity has ore' come:

Which I acknowledge with my latest breath;
The first who 'ere began a love in death.

Benz. to Selin.

Alas, what aid can my weak hand afford;
You see I tremble when I touch a sword?

The brightness dazles me, and turnes my sight:
Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right.

Ozmy. I'll guide the hand which must my death convey
My leaping heart shall meet it half the way.

Selin.

Selin to Benz.

VWaste not the precious time in idle breath.

Benz. Let me resign this instrument of death.

*giving the sword to her father ;
and then pulling it back.*

Ah, no: I was too hasty to resign ;

'Tis in your hand more mortal then in mine.

To them Hamet.

Ham. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back ;
And now preparing for a new attacque.

To favour which, he wills, that, instantly,

You reinforce him with a new supply.

Selin to Benz.

Think not, although my duty calls me hence,
That with the breach of yours I will dispence:

'Ere my return, see my commands you do ;

Let me find *Ozmin* dead ; and kill'd by you.

Gazul and *Reduan* attend her still ;

And if she dares to fail, perform my will.

Exeunt Selin and Hamet.

Benzayda, looks languishing on him with her sword down.

*Gazul and Reduan, standing with drawn swords by
her.*

Ozmin. Defer not, fair *Benzaiida*, my death ;

Looking on you—

I should but live to sigh away my breath.

My eyes have done the work they had to do ;

I take your Image with me, which they drew ;

And, when they close, I shall dye full of you. } }

Benz. When Parents their Commands unjustly lay

Children are priviledg'd to disobey.

Yet from that breach of duty I am clear,

Since I submit the penalty to bear.

To dye or kill you is th' alternative ;

Rather then take your life, I will not live:

Ozmin

Ozm. This shows th' excess of generosity;
 But, Madam, you have no pretence to die.
 I should defame th' *Abencerrage's* Race
 To let a Lady suffer in my place.
 But neither could that life you would bestow
 Save mine : nor do you so much pity owe
 To me, a stranger, and your houses foe. }

Benz. From whence-soe're their Hate our Houses drew,
 I blush to tell you, I have none for you.
 'Tis a Confession which I should not make,
 Had I more time to give, or you to take.
 But, since deat h's near, and run's with so much force,
 We must meet first and intercept his course.

Ozmyn. Oh, how unkind a comfort do you give!
 Now, I fear death again, and wish to live.
 Life were worth taking could I have it now,
 But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e're allow, }
 To one man's portion, to have life and you. }

Benz. Sure, at our Births,
 Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;
 Or we were wounded by a Mourning Love!

[*Shouts within.*]

Redu. The noise returns, and doubles from behind;
 It seems as if two adverse Armies joyn'd:
 Time presses us.

Gaz. ————— If longer you delay
 We must, though loath, yours Fathers Will obey.

Ozm. Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands:
 And rescue me from their ignoble Hands.
 Let me kiss yours, when you my wound begin;
 Then, easie Death will slide with pleasure in.

Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time allow,
 [To *Gaz.* and *Red.*]

My Father has repented him e're now;
 Or will repent him when he finds me dead:
 My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's* Thred.

Red. 'Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey:
 But where is our excuse? what can we say?

Benz.

Benz. Say ; anything ———

Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were loath,
Or, if you did, say, I would kill you both.

Gaz. To disobey our Orders is to die:
I'll do't, who dare oppose it.

Red. ———— That dare I.

[Reduan stands before Ozmyn, and fights with Gazul.]

[Benzayda unbinds Ozmyn ; and gives him her sword.]

Benz. Stay not to see the issue of the Fight ; } *Red. kills*
But haste to save your self by speedy flight. } *Gaz.*

[Ozmyn kneeling to kiss her hand.]

Did all Mankind against my Life conspire
Without this Blessing I would not retire.
But, Madam, can I goe and leave you here?
Your Fathers anger now for you I fear:
Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly your self away.

Red. Haste quickly hence ; the Enemies are nigh:
From every part I see our Soldiers fly ;
The Foes not onely our Assailants beat,
But fiercely sally out on their Retreat ;
And, like a Sea broke loose, come on amain.

To them Abenamar ; and a party with their swords
drawn : driving in some of the Enemies.

Aben. Traytors, you hope to save your selves in vain,
Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason pay ;
And Ozmyn's Blood shall be reveng'd this day.

Ozmyn, kneeling to his Father.

Ozmyn. No Sir, your Ozmyn lives, and lives to own
A Fathers piety to free his Son.

[Abenamar embracing him.]

Aben. My Ozmyn ! O thou blessing of my age !
And art thou safe from their deluded rage !
Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance,
Was it thy Valour or the work of Chance?

Ozmyn

Ozmyn. Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me;
 But 'twas a noble Pity set me free.
 My Liberty and Life,
 And what your Happiness you're pleas'd to call,
 We to this charming Beauty owe it all.

[*Abenam: to her.*

Instruct me, visible Divinity,
 Instruct me by what Name to worship thee.
 For to thy Vertue I would Altars raise:
 Since thou art much above all humane praise.
 But see

*Enter Almanzor, his sword bloody, leading
 in Almahide, attended by Esperanza.*

My other blessing, *Almahide* is here:
 Ile to the King, and tell him she is near.
 You *Ozmyn*, on your fair deliverer wait:
 And with your private Joys the publick Celebrate.

Exeunt.

Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza.

Alman. The work is done; now, Madam, you are free:
 At least if I can give you Liberty.
 But you have Chains which you your self have chose;
 And, oh, that I could free you too from those.
 But, you are free from force, and have full pow'r
 To goe, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.
 I see, then, you will go; but yet my toy
 May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raise
 New matter for our Wonder and his Praise.
 You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
 That show'd your Valour; but your Vertue this:

Almanz. Madam, you praise a Fun'ral Victory;
 At whose sad pomp the Conquerour must die.

Almah. Conquest attends *Almanzor* every where,
 I am too small a Foe for him to fear:

But

But Heroes still must be oppos'd by some,
Or they would want occasion to ore'come.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praises live:
Those who abound in praises seldom give.

Almah. While I to all the world your worth make known,
May Heav'n reward the pity you have shown.

Almanz. My Love is languishing and sterv'd to death,
And would you give me charity, in breath?

Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:

They send to Heaven's; but drive us from their door.

Almah. Cease; cease a Sute

So vain to you and troublesome to me,

If you will have me think that I am free.

If I am yet a Slave my bonds I'll bear,

But what I cannot grant, I will not hear. (grant;

Almanz. You wonnot hear! you must both Hear and
For, Madam, there's an impudence in want.

Almah. Your way is somewhat strange to ask Relief;
You ask with threatenng, like a begging Thief.

Once more *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?

Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World--but me.

But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize

He took from Friends, sees the rich Merchandize, }
And after he has freed it, justly buys, }
So when I have restor'd your Liberty, ——— }
But, then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah. Nay now you use me just as Pyrats do:

You free me; but expect a ranfome too.

Almanz. You've all the freedom that a Prince can have:

But Greatness cannot be without a Slave.

A Monarch never can in private move;

But still is haunted with officious Love.

So small an inconvenience you may bear,

'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

Almah. Yet Princes may retire when e're they please;

And breath free Air from out their Palaces:

They goe sometimes unknown to shun their State;

And then, 'tis manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a Subject then a Ghost I'll be;
 And from a Ghost, you know, no place is free.
 Asleep, Awake, I'll haunt you every where;
 From my white shroud, groan Love into your Ear.
 When in your Lovers Arms you sleep at night,
 I'll glide in cold betwixt, and seize my Right.
 And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed
 To have a living lover than a dead?

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
 As if what I could grant you I refus'd.
 My Fathers choice I never will dispute;
 And he has chosen ere you mov'd your Sute.
 You know my Case, if equal you can be,
 Plead for your self, and answer it for me.

Almanz. Then, Madam, in that hope you bid me live:
 I ask no more then you may justly give:
 But, in strict justice there may favour be:
 And may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah. Why do you thus my secret thoughts pursue,
 Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
 Your knowledge but new troubles does prepare,
 Like theirs, who curious in their Fortunes are.
 To say I could with more content be yours,
 Tempts you to hope; but not that hope assures.
 For since the King has right,
 And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,
 It is a blossom which can bear no Fruit.
 Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a task,
 May you succeed; you have my leave to ask.

Almanz. I can with courage now my hopes pursue,
 Since I no longer have to combat you.
 That did the greatest difficulty bring:
 The rest are small, a Father, and a King! (wide,

Almah. Great Souls discern not when the leap's too
 Because they onely view the farther side.
 Whatever you desire you think is near:
 But, with more reason, the event I fear.

Almanz. No ; there is a necessity in Fate,
 Why still the brave bold man is Fortunate.
 He keeps his object ever full in sight,
 And that assurance holds him firm, and right:
 True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
 But right before there is no precipice :
 Fear makes men look aside, and then their footing miss.

Almah. I do your merit all the right I can ;
 Admiring Vertue in a private man :
 I onely with the King may grateful be,
 And that my Father with my Eyes may see.
 Might I not make it as my last request
 (Since humble carriage suits a Suppliant best)
 That you would somewhat of your fierceness hide :
 That inborn fire ; I do not call it pride.

Almanz. Born, as I am still to command, not sue,
 Yet you shall see that I can beg for you.
 And if your Father will require a Crown,
 Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
 I am, but while I please, a private man ;
 I have that Soul which Empires first began :
 From the dull crowd which every King does lead,
 I will pick out whom I will choose to head :
 The best and bravest Souls I can select.
 And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect.

Exeunt.

A C T. V.

Abdalla alone, under the walls of the Albayzin.

Abd. **W**Hile she is mine, I have not yet lost all :
But, in her Arms, shall have a gentle fall :
Blest in my Love, although in war o'come,
Ifly, like *Anthony* from *AÆium*,
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.
You of the Watch : you of the Watch : appear :

[*Souldier above.*

Who calls below ? What's your demand ?

Abdal. _____ 'Tis I :

Open the Gate with speed ; the Foe is nigh.

Sol. What Orders for admittance do you bring ?

Abdal. Slave, my own Orders ; look and know the King.

Sold. I know you, but my charge is so severe
That none, without exception, enter here.

Abdal. Traitor, and Rebel, thou shalt shortly see
Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

[*Lyndaraxa above.*

What saucy slave so rudely does exclaim,
And brands my Subject with a Rebels name ?

Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa* haste ; the Foes pursue :

Lynd. My Lord the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you ?

I scarcely can believe the words I hear :

Could you so coursly Treat my Officer ?

Abdal. He forc'd me, but the danger nearer draws,
When I am enterd you shall know the cause.

Lynd. Enterd ! Why have you any business here ?

Abdal. I am pursu'd ; the Enemy is near.

Lynd. Are you pursu'd, and do you thus delay
To save your self ? make haste, my Lord, away.

Abdal.

Abdal. Give me not cause to think you mock my grief:
What place have I, but this, for my relief?

Lynd. This favour does your handmaid much oblige;
But we are not provided for a siege.

My Subjects few; and their provision thin;

The foe is strong without, we weak within.

This to my noble Lord may seem unkind;

But he will weigh it in his Princely mind:

And pardon her, who does assurance want

So much, she blushes, when she cannot grant. (weep;

Abdal. Yes, you may blush; and you have cause to
Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?

Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring

No succour; give your succour to a King.

Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can withstand;

Who men and money can with ease command:

A King is he whom fortune still does bless:

He is a King, who does a Crown possess.

If you would have me think that you are he,

Produce to view your marks of Sovereignty.

But, if your self alone for proof you bring,

You're but a single person; not a King.

Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this rebel?

I say no more; but I have lov'd too well.

Lynd. Who but your self did that Rebellion move?

Did I ere promise to receive your Love?

Is it my fault you are not fortunate?

I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.

Abdal. Who follow Fortune still are in the right.—

But let me be protected here this night.

Lynd. The place to morrow will be circled round;

And then no way will for your flight be found.

Abdalla. I hear my Enemies just coming on;

trampling within.

Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.

Lynd.

Lind. They'l know you have been here; it cannot be,
That very hour you stay will ruine me.
For if the foe behold our Enterview,
I shall be thought a Rebel too like you:
Haste hence; and that your flight, may prosperous prove;
I'll recommend you to the pow'rs above.

Exit Lyndaraxa from above.

Abdal. She's gone; ah faithless and ingrateful maid!
I fear some tread; and fear I am betray'd:
I'll to the Spanish King; and try if he
To count'nance his own right, will succour me.
There is more faith in Christian Dogs, than thee.

Exit.

Ozmyr. *Benzayda.* *Abenamar.*

Benz. _____ I wish
(To merit all these thanks) I could have said
My pity onely did his vertue aid:
'Twas pity; but 'twas of a Lovesick Maid.
His manly suffering my esteem did move;
That bred Compassion; and Compassion, Love.

Ozmin. O blessing sold me at too cheapa rate!
My danger was the benefit of fate.

To his father.

But that you may my fair deliverer know,
She was not only born our house's foe.
But to my death by pow'rful reasons, led,
At least, in justice she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her name conceale?

Ozmyr. To gain belief for what I now reveal:
E'ven thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true,
The Saver of my life, from *Selin*-drew
Her birth; and was his Sister whom I slew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, must not be:
Upon my blessing, say not it was she.
The daughter of the onely man I hate!
Two Contradictions twisted in a rate!

Ozmin.

Ozmyn. The mutual hate which you and *Selin* bore,
Does but exalt her generous pity more.
Could she a brothers death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her family?
Can you so ill requite the life I owe
To reckon her, who gave it, still your foe?
It lends too great a luster to her line
To let her vertue, ours so much out-shine.

Aben. Thou giv'st her line th' advantage which they
By meanly taking of the life they gave. (have
Grant that it did in her a pity show,
But would my Son be pity'd by a foe?
She has the glory of thy act defac'd:
Thou kild'st her brother; but she triumphs last:
Poorly for us our Enmity would cease;
When we are beaten we receive a peace.

Benz. If that be all in which you disagree,
I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me,
Had I beheld him basely beg his life,
I should not now submit to be his wife.
But when I saw his courage death control,
I paid a secret homage to his Soul;
And thought my cruel father much too blame;
Since *Ozmyn's* vertue his revenge did shame.

Aben. What constancy canst thou 'ere hope to finde
In that unstable, and soon conquer'd mind;
What piety canst thou expect from her
Who could forgive a Brothers Murderer?
Or, what obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd
From one who first her father disobey'd?
Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
Bids parents their commands by Reason weigh:
And you her vertue by your praise did own,
Before you knew by whom the act was done.

Aben. Your reasons speak too much of insolence,
Her birth's a crime past pardon or defence.

Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
 Neither will I by *Selins* daughter be.
 Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son :
 This is my will : and this I will have done.

Exit Abenamar.

Ozmyu. It is a murdring will!
 That whirls along with an impetuous sway ;
 And like chain-shot, sweeps all things in its way.
 He does my honour want of duty call ;
 To that, and love he has no right at all.

Benz. No, *Ozmyu*, no, it is much less ill
 To leave me than dispute a Fathers will :
 If I had any title to your love,
 Your fathers greater right does mine remove :
 Your vows and faith I give you back agen ;
 Since neither can be kept without a sin.

Ozmyu. Nothing but death my vows can give me back :
 They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your vows resign,
 My love or vertue could dispence with mine.
 I would extinguish your unlucky fire,
 To make you happy in some new desire :
 I can preserve enough for me and you :
 And love, and be unfortunate for two.

Ozmyu. In all that's good and great,
 You vanquish me so fast, that in the end
 I shall have nothing left me to defend.
 From every Post you force me to remove ;
 But let me keep my last retrenchment, Love.

Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyu* ; I will be content

[*giving her hand.*]

To make you wretched by your own consent :
 Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my sake :
 And all the burden of my sorrows take.
 For, as for me, in what soe're estate,
 While I have you, I must be fortunate.

Ozmyu. Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,
 (Each others love,) we'll go — I know not where.

For

For where, alas, should we our flight begin?
The foes without ; our parents are within.

Benz. Ple fly to you ; and you shall fly to me :
Our flight but to each others armes shall be.
To providence and chance permit the rest ;
Let us but love enough and we are blest.

Exeunt.

*Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech. Guard,
Zulema, and Hamet prisoners.*

Abdel. They're *Lindraxa's* brothers ; for her sake
Their lives, and pardon my request I make.

Boab. Then *Zulema* and *Hamet* live ; but know
Your lives to *Abdelmelechs* fute you owe.

Zul. The grace receiv'd so much my hope exceeds
That words come weak and short to answer deeds.
You've made a venture, Sir, and time must show,
If this great mercy you did well bestow.

Boabd. You, *Abdelmelech*, haste before 'tis night ;
And close pursue my Brother in his flight.

*Exeunt Abdelmelech,
Zulema, Hamet.*

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, and Esperanza.

But see with *Almahide*,
The brave *Almanzor* comes, whose conquering sword
That Crown it once took from me, has restor'd.
How can I recompence so great desert !

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every part
My Promise made ; Your foes are fled or slain ;
Without a Rival, absolute you reign.

Yet, though in justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me :

I beg to goe

Where my own Courage and your fortune calls,
To chase these Misbelievers from our Walls.

I cannot breath within this narrow space ;
My heart's too big ; and swells beyond the place.

Boab. You can perform, brave warrior, what you please,
Fate listens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spanish pow'rs ;
Already we are free and Conquerours.

Almanz. Accept great King, tomorrow from my hand,
The captive head of conquer'd *Ferdinand*.
You shall not only what you lost regain,
But, 'ore the *Byscayn* Mountains to the Mayn,
Extend your sway, where never Moor did reign.

Aber. What in another Vanity would seem,
Appears but noble Confidence in him,
No haughty boasting ; but a manly pride :
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide :
He moves excentrique, like a wandering star ;
Whose Motion's just, though 'tis not regular.

Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you
Greatly to speake, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your Benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the end :
Yet somewhat I would pay
Before my debts above all reck'ning grow ;
To keep me from the shame of what I owe.
But you ———

Are conscious to your self of such desert,
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

Almanz. When I shall have declar'd my high request,
So much presumption there will be confest,
That you will find your gifts I do not shun ;
But rather much o' re-rate the service done.

Boab. Give wing to your desires, and let 'em fly ;
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So blese me *Alha* both in peace and war,
As I accord what 'ere your wishes are.

Almanz. putting one knee on the ground.

Emboldn'd by the promise of a Prince
I ask this Lady now with Confidence.

Boab. You ask the onely thing I cannot grant.

The King and Aben.

look amazedly one each other.

But, as a stranger, you are ignorant,
Of what by publick fame my Subjects know ;
She is my Mistres :

Aben. ——— — And my daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old Man, that I her father knew:
What else should make *Almanzor*, kneel to you ?
Nor doubt, Sir, but your right to her was known :
For had you had no claim but love alone, }
I could produce a better of my own. }

Alma bids softly to him.

Almanzor, you forget my last request:
Your words have too much haughtiness exprest.
Is this the humble way you were to move ?

Almanzor to her.

I was too far transported by my love.
Forgive me ; for I had not learn'd to sue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.

Sir, at your feet, I make it my request — *To the King:*
first line kneeling: second rising: and boldly.

Though, without boasting I deserve her best.
For you, her love with gaudy titles sought,
But I her heart with blood and dangers bought.

Boab. The blood which you have shed in her defence
Shall have in time a fitting recompence:
Or, if you think your services delay'd,
Name but your price, and you shall soon be pai'd.

Alman. My price ! why, King, you do not think you
With one, who sets his services to sale. (deal
Reserve your gifts for those who gifts regard ;
And know I think my self above reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some Godhead ; and our care
Must be to come with Incence, and with Pray'r.

H 2 *Alman.*

Almanz. As little as you think your self oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't, when next besieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did was for my self not you.

Boab. You, with contempt, on meaner gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown.
That Crown restor'd, deserves no recompence,
Since you would rob the fairest Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to call;
What 'ere Iow'd you, this has cancell'd all.

Alman. I'll call thee thankless, King; and perjur'd both:
Thou swor'st by *Alha*; and hast broke thy oath.
But thou dost well: thou tak'st the cheapest way;
Not to own services thou canst not pay.

Boab. My patience more then payes thy service past;
But know this insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my sight, and take it as a grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the place.

Almanz. Where 'ere I goe there can no exile be;
But from *Almanzor's* sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here: but know
We leave thy City empty when we go.

Takes Almahide's hand.

Boabdelin. Fall on; take; kill the Traytour.

*The Guards fall on him: he makes
at the King through the midst of
them; and falls upon him; they
disarm him; and rescue the
King.*

Almanz. ————— Base, and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conquerour.

*Almahide wrings her hands: then
turns and veyles her face.*

Farewell my *Almahide*!
Life of it self will goe, now thou art gone,
Like flies in Winter when they loose the Sun.

Aben.

Abenamar whispers the King a little; then speaks aloud.

Aben. Revenge, and taken so secure a way,
Are blessings which Heav'n sends not every day.

Boab. I will at leisure now revenge my wrong;
And, Traytour, thou shalt feel my vengeance long:
Thou shalt not dye just at thy own desire,
But see my Nuptials, and with rage expire.

Alman. Thou darst not marry her while I'm in fight;
With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright,
And in that Scene
VVhich all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

He is led off by Guards.

Boabdel. to Almahide.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up; and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sing round its head:
So, shrowded up your beauty disappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aside your fears.
The storm that caus'd your fright, is past and done.

Almahide unweyling and looking round for Almanzor.

So flow'r's peep out too soon, and miss the Sun,

[turning from him.]

Boab. What myst'ry in this strange behaviour lies?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty eyes,
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his tomb;
Or, let 'em blaze to shew me there a room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their lustre for a Nobler end:
A thousand torches must their light attend
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown.—
Why does my fairest *Almahida* frown?
Am I less pleasing then I was before,
Or is the insolent *Almanzor*, more?

Almah. I justly own that I some pity have,
Not for the Insolent, but for the Brave.

Aben. Though to your King your duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more respect. And

And, if a Parents charge your mind can move,
Receive the blessing of a Monarch's love.

Almah. Did he my freedom to his life prefer,
And shall I wed *Almanzor's* Murderer?
No, Sir; I cannot to your will submit:
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.

Aben. You must be driv'n where you refuse to go:
And taught, by force, your happiness to know.

Almah *smiling scornfully.*

To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
And, when you would, impossible to do.
If force could bend me, you might think with shame,
That I debas'd the blood from whence I came.
My soul is soft; which you may gently lay
In your loose palm; but when tis prest to stay,
Like water it deludes your grasp, and slips away.

Boab. I finde I must revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's death my Nuptials must precede.
Love is a Magick which the Lover tyes;
But charms still end, when the Magician dyes.
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; [*To his guards.*]
And to convince my eyes, bring back his head.

Almah. Go on; I wish no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* love.
We will in death, at least, united be;
I'll shew you I can dye as well as he.

Boab. What should I do! when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead!—

Yet, by your promise you are mine alone. (own?)

Almah. How dare you claim my faith, and break your

Aben. This for your vertue is a weak defence:
No second vows can with your first dispence.

Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,
And, in his death ingrateful may appear,
He ought, in justice, first to spare his life,
And then to claim your promise, as his wife.

Almah.

Almah. What 'ere my secret inclinations be,
To this, since honor ties me, I agree!
Yet I declare and to the world will own,
That, far from seeking, I would shun the Throne,
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life;
There is a private greatness in his wife.

Boab. That little love I have, I hardly buy;
You give my Rival all, while you deny.
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your pow'r,
Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this hour.
You are obey'd; but tis so great a grace,
That I could wish me in my Rivals place.

Exeunt King & Abenamar.

Almah. How blest was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of love, was to obey!
'Twas life becalm'd; without a gentle breath;
Though not so cold, yet motionless as death.
A heavy quiet state: but love all strife,
All rapid; is the Hurrican of life.
Had love not shown me, I had never seen
An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*.
I had not, ayiming higher, lost my rest,
But with a vulgar good been dully blest.
But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,
Now I have learnt too sharply to compare,
And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in disgrace,
Just know the value 'ere I loose the place.

To her Almanzor bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the end for which I'me hither sent;
looking down.

To double, by your sight, my punishment.
There is a shame in bonds, I cannot bear;
Far more than death, to meet your eyes I fear!

Almahide unbinding him.

That shame of long continuance shall not be:
The King, at my intreaty, sets you free.

Almanz. The King? my wonder's greater than before;
How did he dare my freedom to restore?

He like some Captive Lyon uses me ;

He runs away before he sets me free :

And takes a sanctuary in his Court :

I'll rather loose my life than thank him for't.

Alm. If any subject for your thanks there be,

The King expects 'em not ; you ow 'em me.

Our freedoms through each others hands have past ;

You give me my revenge in winning last.

Almanz. Then fate commodiously for me has done ;

To loose mine there where I would have it won.

Almah. *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand,

That what I win is on anothers hand.

The King (who doom'd you to a cruel fate)

Gave to my pray'rs both his revenge and hate :

But at no other price would rate your life

Then my consent, and oath to be his wife.

Almanz.

Would you to save my life, my love betray ?

Here ; take me ; bind me ; carry me away ;

Kill me : I'll kill you if you disobey.

} to the
} Guards:

Almah. That absolute command your love does give
I take ; and charge you, by that pow'r, to live.

Almanz. When death, the last of comforts you refuse,

Your pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you use,

You force me in my being to remain,

To make me last, and keep me fresh for pain.

When all my joys are gone

What cause can I for living longer, give,

But a dull lazy habitude to live ?

Almah. Rash men, like you, and impotent of will,

Give chance no time to turn ; but urge her still.

She wou'd repent ; you push the quarrel on,

And once, because she went, she must be gone.

Almanz. She shall not turn : what is it she can do

To recompence me for the loss of you !

Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth some better

At least, for me, you have but lost one day. (way.

Nor

Nor is't a real loss which you deplore;
 You sought a heart that was engag'd before.
 'Twas a swift love which took you in his way;
 Flew only through your heart but made no stay.
 'Twas but a dream; where truth had not a place:
 A scene of fancy, mov'd so swift a pace
 And shifted, that you can but think it was:
 Let, then, the short vexatious Vision pass.

Alman. My joyes indeed are dreams; but not my pain
 'Twas a swift ruin; but the marks remain.
 When some fierce fire lays goodly buildings wast,
 Would you conclude
 There had been none, because the burning's past?

Almah. It was your fault that fire seiz'd all your brest,
 You should have blown up some, to save the rest.
 But tis, at worst, but so consum'd by fire
 As Cities are, that by their falls rise high'r.
 Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
 You'll find the fire has but enlarg'd your space.

Alman. Love has undone me; I am grown so poor
 I sadly view the ground I had before:
 But want a stock; and ne'r can build it more.

Almah. Then say what Charity I can allow;
 I would *Contribute*; if I knew but how.
 Take friendship: or if that too small appear,
 Take love which Sisters may to Brothers bear.

Alman. A Sisters love! that is so pall'd a thing!
 What pleasure can it to a Lover bring?
 'Tis like thin food to men in feavours spent;
 Just keeps alive; but gives no nourishment.
 What hopes, what fears, what transports can it move?
 'Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

Almah. You like some greedy Cormorant, devour
 All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
 What more I can do for you, is to dy,
 And that must follow, if you this deny.
 Since I gave up my love that you might live
 You, in refusing life, my sentence give.

Alman. Far from my brest be such an impious thought:
Your death would loose the quiet mine had sought.
I'll live for you, in spight of misery:
But you shall grant that I had rather dye.
I'll be so wretched; fill'd with such despair,
That you shall see, to live, was more to dare,

Almah. Adieu, then, O my Souls far better part
Your Image sticks so close
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A last farewell!

For since a last must come, the rest are vain!
Like gasps in death which but prolong our pain.
But, since the King is now a part of me:
Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy.
Go now, for pity go, for if you stay
I fear I shall have something still to say.
Thus--I for ever shut you from my sight. [veyles]

Alman. Like one thrust out in a cold Winters night,
Yet shivering, underneath your gate I stay;
One look -- I cannot go before 'tis day —
[she beckens him to be gone.]

Not one - Farewell: what 'ere my sufferings be
Within; I'll speak Farewell, as loud as she: }
I will not be out-done in Constancy. — }
[she turns her back.]

Then like a dying Conquerour I goe;
At least I have look'd last upon my foe.
I go — but if too heavily I move,
I walk encumbred with a weight of Love.
Fain I would leave the thought of you behind
But still, the more I cast you from my mind,
You dash, like water, back, when thrown against the wind }
Exit.

*As he goes off the King meets him with Abenamar,
they stare at each other without saluting.*

Boabd. With him go all my fears: a guard there wait;
And see him safe without the City gate.

*To them Abdemelech,
Now*

Now *Abdemelech*, is my brother dead :

Abdel. Th' Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled ;
Whom as *Granada*'s lawful King they own ;
And vow, by force to seat him in the throne.
Mean time the Rebels in th' *Albayzin* rest ;
Which is, in *Lindaraxa*'s name, possess'd.

Boab. Hast ; and reduce it instantly by force :

Abdel. First give me leave to prove a milder course.
She will, perhaps, on summons yield the place.

Boab. We cannot, to your sute, refuse her grace.

[*One enters hastily and whispers* *Abenamar*.

Aben. How fortune persecutes this hoary head !

My *Ozmin* is with *Selin*'s daughter fled.

But he's no more my Son—

My hate shall like a *Zegry* him pursue ;

Till I take back what blood from me he drew.

Boab. Let war and vengeance be to morrow's care :

But let us to the Temple now repair.

A thousand torches make the Mosque more bright :

This must be mine and *Almahida*'s night.

Hence ye importunate affairs of State ;

You should not Tyrannize on Love, but waite.

Had life no love, none would for business live ;

Yet still from love the largest part we give :

And must be forc'd, in Empires weary toile,

To live long wretched to be pleas'd a while.

Exeunt.



Epilogue.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours past :
For, since without desert he got a name,
He fears to loose it now with greater shame.
Fame, like a little Mistriss of the town,
Is gaind with ease ; but then she's lost as soon.
For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late
Filt such as keep 'em at the highest rate :
(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose body'd gown ;)
So, Fame is false to all that keep her long ;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first :
But elder wits are like old Lovers curst ;
Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent,
Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, some years hence, our Poets case may prove ;
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if' ere he live to see
That wretched, fumbling age of poetry ;
T'will be high time to bid his Muse adieu :
Well he may please him self, but never you.

Till

Till then he'l do as well as he began ;
And hopes you will not finde him less a man.
Think him not duller for this years delay ;
He was prepar'd, the women were away ;
And men, without their parts, can hardly play. }
If they, through sickness, seldome did appear, }
Pity the virgins of each Theatre ! }
For, at both houses, 'twas a sickly year ! }
And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
In one such sickness, nine whole Mon'ths are lost.
Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ :
Long waiting both disables love and wit.
They thought they gave him leisure to do well :
But when they forc'd him to attend, he fell !
Yet though he much has faild, he begs to day
You will excuse his unperforming Play :
Weakness sometimes great passion does express ;
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.

SONG.

*Misplac'd. Sung at the dance, or
Zambra in the third Act;*

1.

Beneath a Myrtle shade
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis the object of my waking thought;
Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
While Love strow'd flow'rs beneath her feet;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

2.

From the bright Visions head
A careless vail of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white temples fell her shaded hair,
Like cloudy sunshine not too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inspire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:
But most her eyes which languish'd with desire.

3.

Ah, Charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made;
Silence and shades with love agree:
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot blush because I cannot see.

No.

No, let me dye, she said,
 Rather than loose the spotless name of Maid :
 Faintly me thought she spoke, for all the while
 She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
 Then dye, said I, she still deny'd :
 And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
 You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd !

I wak'd, and straight I knew
 I lov'd so well it made my dream prove true :
 Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two ,
 Fancy had done what *Phillis* wou'd not do !
 Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain ,
 While I can dream you scorn in vain ;
 Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

Almanzor and Almabide,

2a

Or, The

CONQUEST

OF

Granada

The Second Part.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER ROYAL.

Written by JOHN DRYDEN Servant
to His Majesty.

Stimulos dedit emula virtus.

Lucan.

In the SAVOY,

Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, and are to
be sold at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk.

of the *New Exchange*. 1672.

Managers and Trustees

GOING WEST

GLASSBORO

The Second Part

THE HISTORY OF

THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY

FROM 1789 TO 1840

IN TWO VOLUMES

Printed by T. N. Loring & Company, and are to be had at the stores in the Lower Ward of the New York.



PROLOGUE

To the Second Part,

OF THE

CONQUEST

OF

Granada.

They who write Ill, and they who ne'r durst write,
Turn Critiques, out of meer Revenge and Spight:
A Play-house gives 'em Fame; and up there starts,
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.

(So Common Faces on the Stage appear
We take 'em in; and they turn Beauties here.)

Our Authour fears those Critiques as his Fate:
And those he Fears, by consequence, must Hate.

For they the Trafficque of all Wit, invade;
As Sciz'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.

Howe're, the Poet's safe enough to day:

They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.

But, as when Vizard Masque appears in Pit,
Straight, every man who thinks himself a Wit,

Perks up; and, managing his Comb, with grace,

With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face:

That

That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb,
To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm;
Then, the whole noise of Fopps to wagers go,
Pox on her; 't must be she; and Damm'ee no:
Just so I Prophecy, these Wits to day,
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play:
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd;
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those Vizard Masques maintain that Fashion,
To sooth and tickle sweet Imagination:
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Masquing;
To make you think there's something worth your asking:
But when 'tis shown, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Dowdy, with a Face to fright you.

Almanzor

Almanzor and Almabide,

Or, The

CONQUEST

OF

Granada

By the SPANIARDS.

The Second Part.

ACT. I.

SCENE A Camp.

*King Ferdinand ; Queen Ysabel. Alonzo d'Aguilar.
Attendants : men and women.*

K. Ferd. **A**T length the time is come, when *Spain*
shall be
From the long Yoke of Moorish Tyrants
free.

All causes seem to second our design ;
And Heav'n and Earth in their destruction join.
When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate 'oresees its tender years,

K

Till,

Till, grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
 And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about :
 The place thus made for its first breathing free,
 It moves again for ease and Luxury :
 Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
 The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
 When from behind, there starts some petty State;
 And pushes on its now unwieldy fate :
 Then, down the precipice of time it goes,
 And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

Qu. *Isabel*. Should bold *Columbus* in his search succeed,
 And find those Beds in which bright Metals breed ;
 Tracing the Sun, who seems to steal away,
 That Miser-like, he might alone, survey
 The wealth, which he in Western Mines did lay ; }
 Not all that shining Ore could give my heart
 The joy, this Conquer'd Kingdom will impart :
 Which, rescu'd from these Misbelievers hands ;
 Shall now, at once shake off its double bands :
 At once to freedom and true faith restor'd :
 Its old Religion, and its ancient Lord.

K. *Ferd*. By that assault which last we made, I find,
 Their Courage is with their Success declin'd :
Almanzor's absence now they dearly buy,
 Whose Conduct crown'd their Armes with Victory.

Alonzo. Their King himself did their last Sally guide,
 I saw him glist'ring in bright armour, ride
 To break a Lance in honour of his Bride.
 But other thoughts now fill his anxious brest ;
 Care of his Crown his Love has dispossest.
 To them Abdalla.

Qu. *Isabel*. But see the brother of the Moorish King ;
 He seems some news of great import to bring.

Ferd. He brings a specious title to our side ;
 Those who would conquer, must their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have pity shown ;
 And giv'n me Courage, yet to hope a throne.

While

VVhile you without, our Common Foes subdue,
I am not wanting to my self, or you.

But have, within, a faction still alive;

Strong to assist, and secret to contrive:

And watching each occasion, to foment

The peoples fears into a discontent:

VVhich, from *Almanzor's* loss, before were great

And now are doubled by their late defeat.

These Letters from their Chiefs, the news assures;

[gives Letters to the King.

K. Ferd. Be mine the honour; but the profit yours.

To them the Duke of Arcos, with Ozmyn, and Benzayda pri-

K. Ferd. That tertial of Italians did you guide [seners:

To take their post upon the River side?

Arcos. All are according to your Orders plac'd:

My chearful Soldiers their intrenchments hast,

The *Murcian* foot have ta'ne the upper ground,

And now the City is beleaguer'd round.

Ferd. VVhy is not then, their Leader here again?

Arcos. The Master of *Alcantara* is slain:

But he who slew him here before you stands;

It is that Moor whom you behold in bands.

K. Ferd. A braver man I had not in my host:

His Murd'rer shall not long his Conquest boast.

But, Duke of *Arcos*, say, how was he slain?

Arcos. Our Souldiers march'd together on the Plain,

VVe two rode on, and left them far behind,

Till, coming where we found the valley winde,

VVe saw these Moors, who, swiftly as they cou'd,

Ran on, to gain the Covert of the wood.

This vve observ'd; and, having cross'd their vway,

The Lady, out of breath vvas forc'd to stay:

The Man then stood and straight his fauchion drevv,

Then told us, vve in vain did those pursue

VVhom their ill fortune to despair did drive,

And yet, vvhom vve shou'd never take alive.

Neglecting this, the Master straight spurr'd on;

But th' active Moor his horses shock did shun,

And 'ere his Rider from his reach could goe,
 Finish'd the Combat with one deadly blow.
 I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight,
 But now our foremost Men were come in fight,
 Who soon would have dispatch'd him on the Place,
 Had I not sav'd him from a death so base;
 And brought him to attend your Royal doom.

K. Ferd. A Manly face; and in his ages bloom.
 But to content the Souldiers, he must dye;
 Go, see him executed instantly.

Q. Isabel. Stay; I would learn his name before he goe;
 You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Pris'ner know.

Abdalla. *Ozmyn's* his name; and he deserves his fate;
 His father heads that faction which I hate:
 But, much I wonder, that I with him see
 The daughter of his Mortal Enemy.

Benz. 'Tis true; by *Ozmyn's* sword my Brother fell;
 But 'twas a death he merited too well.
 I know a sister should excuse his fault;
 But you know too, that *Ozmyn's* death he sought.

Abdall. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
 That *Ozmyn* is reserv'd for punishment.
 For, when he thought his guilt from danger clear;
 He, by new Crimes, is brought to suffer here.

Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find;
 We two have sin'd above all humane kind.

Ozm. Heav'n in my punishment, has done a grace;
 I could not suffer in a better place:
 That I should dye by Christians, it thought good;
 To save your fathers guilt, who sought my blood. [*to her.*]

Benz. Fate aims so many blows to make us fall,
 That 'tis in vain, to think to ward 'em all:
 And where misfortunes great and many are,
 Life grows a burden; and not worth our care.

Ozm. I cast it from me, like a Garment torn,
 Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.
 Besides, there is Contagion in my Fate; [*to Benz.*]
 It makes your Life too much unfortunate.

But, since her faults are not ally'd to mine,
 In her protection let your favour shine :
 To you, Great Queen, I make this last request ;
 (Since pity dwells in every Royal Brest)
 Safe, in your care, her Life and Honour be :
 It is a dying Lovers Legacy.

Benz. Cease, *Ozymyn*, cease so vain a sute to move ;
 I did not give you on those terms my Love.
 Leave Me, the care of Me ; for, when you go,
 My Love will soon instruct me what to do.

Qu. Isa. Permit me, Sir, these Lovers doom to give :
 My Sentence is, they shall together live.
 The Courts of Kings,
 To all Distress'd shou'd Sanctuaries be.
 But most, to Lovers in Adversity.

Castille and Arragon

Which, long against each other, Wardid move,
 My plighted Lord and I have joyn'd by love :
 And, if to add this Conquest Heav'n thinks good,
 I would not have it stain'd with Lovers blood.

Ferd. Whatever *Isabella* shall Command
 Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand* :

Benz. The frowns of Fate we will no longer fear :
 Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.

Ifab. Your thanks some other time I will receive :
 Henceforward, safe in my Protection live.
Granada, is for Noble Loves renown'd ;
 Her best defence is in her Lovers found.
 Love's a Heroique Passion which can find
 No room in any base degenerate mind :
 It kindles all the Soul with Honours Fire,
 To make the Lover worthy his desire.
 Against such Heroes I success should fear,
 Had we not too an Hoast of Lovers here.
 An Army of bright Beauties come with me ;
 Each Lady shall her Servants actions see :

The Fair and Brave on each side shall contest;
 And they shall overcome who love the best.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

The Alhambra.

[*Zulema solus.*]

True; they have pardon'd me; but do they know
 What folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd Foe!
 A Blush remains in a forgiven Face;
 It wears the silent Tokens of Disgrace:
 Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong;
 But they ne'r pardon who have done the wrong.
 My hopeful Fortune's lost! and what's above
 All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!
 Feign'd Honesty shall work me into Trust;
 And seeming Penitence conceal my Lust.
 Let Heav'n's great Eye of Providence now take
 One day of rest, and ever after wake.

Enter King Boabdellin, Abenamar and Guards.

Boab. Losses on Losses! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzors valour should alone succeed.

Aben. Each Sally we have made since he is gone,
 Serves but to pull our speedy ruine on.

Boab. Of all Mankind, the heaviest Fate he bears
 Who the last Crown of sinking Empire wears,
 No kindly Planet of his Birth took care:
 Heav'n's Out-cast; and the Dross of every Starr!

[*A tumultuous noise within*]

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new misfortune do these Cries presage?

Abdel. They are th' effects of the mad Peoples rage.

All

All in despair tumultuously thy swarm ;
 The farthest Streets already take th' Alarm ;
 The needy creep from Cellars, under-ground,
 To them new Cries from tops of Garrets sound,
 The aged from the Chimneys seek the cold ;
 And Wives from Windows helpless Infants hold.

Boab. See what the many-headed Beast demands.

[Exit Abdelmelech.

Curst is that King whose Honour's in their hands,
 In Senates, either they too slowly grant,
 Or saucily refuse to aid my want :
 And when their Thrift has ruin'd me in Warr,
 They call their Insolence my want of Care.

Aben. Curst be their Leaders who that Rage foment ;
 And vail with publick good their discontent :
 They keep the Peoples Purses in their hands,
 And Hector Kings to grant their wild demands.
 But to each Lure a Court throws out, descend ;
 And prey on those, they promis'd to defend.

Zul. Those Kings who to their wild demands consent,
 Teach others the same way to discontent.
 Freedom in Subjects is not ; nor can be,
 But still to please 'em we must call 'em free.
 Propriety which they their Idoll make,
 Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can shake.

Aben. The name of Common-wealth is popular ;
 But there the People their own Tyrants are :

Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command.
 Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.
 Pow'r has no ballance , one side still weighs down ;
 And either hoists the Common-wealth or Crown,
 And those who think to set the Skale more right,
 By various turnings but disturb the weight.

Aben. While People tugg for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,
 Both sink beneath some foreign Conquerour :
 Then Subjects find too late they were unjust
 And want that pow'r of Kings they durst not trust.

[To them Abdelmelech:

Abdel. The Tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
The People talk of rendring up the Town;
And swear that they will force the Kings consent.

K. Boab. What Council can this rising storm prevent?

Abdel. Their fright to no Perswasions will give ear:
There's a deaf madness in a Peoples fear.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Their fury now a middle course does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back,

Boab. Ile rather call my death. ———

Go, and bring up my Guards to my defence:
Ile punish this outrageous Insolence.

Aben. Since blind opinion does, their reason sway,
You must submit to cure 'em their own way.

You to their Fancies Physick must apply:

Give them that Chief on whom they most relye;

Under *Almanzor* prosperously they fought:

Almanzor therefore must with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter a Second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Haste all you can their fury to asswage:
You are not safe from their rebellious rage:

Enter a Third Messenger.

Third Mess. This Minute if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.

Abdel. Your danger, Sir, admits of no delay.

Boab. In tumults, People Reign, and Kings obey.

Go, and appease 'em with the vow I make

That they shall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back,

Exit Abdelmelech,

Almanzor has th' Ascendant o're my Fate:

I me forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.

Disgrac'd, distrest, in exile, and alone,
 He's greater then a Monarch on his Throne.
 Without a Realm a Royalty he gains ;
 Kings are the Subjects over whom he Raigns.

[*A shout of Acclamation's within.*

Aben. These shouts proclaim the people satisfy'd.

Boab. We for another Tempest must provide.

To promise his return as I was loath,
 So I want pow'r now to perform my oath.
 E're this, for *Affricque* he is sail'd from *Spain*:

Aben. The adverse winds his passage yet detain ;
 I heard, last night his equipage did stay,
 At a small Village short of *Malaga*.

K. Boab. Abenamar, this ev'ning thither, haste ;
 Desire him to forget his usage past :

Use all your Rhet'rique ; Promise ; Flatter ; Pray :

To them Qu. Almahide attended.

Aben. Good Fortune shows you yet a surer way :
 Nor Pray'rs nor Promises his mind will move ;
 'Tis inaccessible to all, but Love.

K. Boab. Oh, thou hast rows'd a thought within my brest,
 That will for ever rob me of my rest.

Ah, Jealousie, how cruel is thy sting !

I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring !

And now, I think it is an equal strife

If I my Crown should hazard, or my Wife.

Where, Marriage is thy cure, which Husbands boast,

That, in possession, their desire is lost !

Or why, have I alone that wretched taste

Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with hunger last !

Custom and Duty, cannot set me free,

Ev'n Sin it self has not a Charm for me.

Of marry'd Lovers I am sure the first.

And nothing but a King could so be curst.

Q. Almab. What sadness sits upon your Royal Heart ?

Have you a Grief, and must not I have part ?

All Creatures else a time of Love possess :

Man onely clogs with cares his happiness :

And, while he shou'd enjoy his part of Bliss,
With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

K. Boab. You guess'd aright; I am oppress'd with grief:
And 'tis from you that I must seek relief.

[*To the Company.*]

Leave us, to sorrow there's a rev'ence due:
Sad Kings, like Suns Ecclips'd, withdraw from view.

} *The Attendants goe off: and Chairs*
} *are set for the King and Queen.*

Almah. So, two kind Turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up; and see it gath'ring in the Skie:
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd Loves.
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

[*Boab, taking her by the hand.*]

Since, *Almahide*, you seem so kind a Wife,
What would you do to save a Husbands life?

Almah. When Fate calls on that hard Necessity,
I'll suffer death rather than you shall dye.

Boab. Suppose your Countrey should in danger be;
What would you undertake to set it free?

Almah. It were too little to resign my Breath:
My own free Hand should give me nobler Death.

Boab. That Hand, which would so much for Glory do,
Must yet do more; for it must kill me too.

You must kill Me, for that dear Countreys sake:
Or what's all one, must call *Almanzor* back.

Almah. I see to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Vertue you suspect.

But know, that when my person I resign'd,
I was too noble not to give my mind:
No more the shadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no room but for your Image, here.

Boab. This, *Almahide* would make me cease to mourn;
Were that *Almanzor* never to return;

But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their clamours call *Almanzor* back, not I.

Their

Their safety, through my ruine, I pursue;
He must return; and must be brought by you.

Almah. That hour when I my Faith to you did plight,
I banish'd him for ever from my sight.
His banishment was to my Vertue due;
Not that I fear'd him for my self, but you.
My Honour had preserv'd me innocent:
But I would your suspicion too prevent.
Which, since I see augmented in your mind,
I, yet more reason for his Exile find.

K. Boab. To your intreaties he will yield alone:
And, on your doom, depend my Life and Throne,
No longer therefore my desires withstand;
Or, if desires prevail not, my Command.

Q. Almab. In his return too sadly I foresee
Th' effects of your returning jealousy;
But, your Command I prize above my life:
'Tis sacred to a Subject and a Wife:
If I have pow'r *Almanzor* shall return.

[*Boab.* letting go her hand and starting up.

Curst be that fatal hour when I was born!
You love; you love him; and that love reveal
By your too quick consent to his repeal.
My jealousy had but too just a ground;
And now you stab into my former wound.

Q. Almab. This suddain change I do not understand;
Have you so soon forgot your own Command?

Boab. Grant that I did th' unjust injunction lay,
You should have lov'd me more then to obey.
I know you did this mutiny design;
But your Love-plot I'll quickly countermine.
Let my Crown go; he never shall return;
I, like a Phoenix in my Nest will burn.

Almah. You please me well that in one common Fate
You wrap your Self and Me, and all your State:
Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear:
'Tis better once to die, than still to fear.

And better many times to dye, than be
Oblig'd past payment to an Enemy.

Boab. 'Tis better; but you wives still have one way:
When e're your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.

Almah. Thou, Heav'n, who know'st it, judge my inno-
You, Sir, deserve not I should make defence. (cence.
Yet, judge my Vertue by that proof I gave,
When I submitted to be made your Slave.

Boab. If I have been suspicious or unkind,
Forgive me; many cares distract my mind.
Love, and a Crown!

Two such excuses no one Man e're had;
And each of'em enough to make me mad:
But now, my Reason re-assumes its Throne:
And finds no safety when *Almanzor's* gone.
Send for him, then; I'll be oblig'd; and sue;
'Tis a less evil than to part with you.

I leave you to your thoughts; but love me still!
Forgive my Passion, and obey my Will.

Exit Boabdelin.

Almahide sola.

My jealous Lord will soon to Rage return;
That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.
But Heav'n which made me great, has chose for me:
I must th' oblation for my People be.

I'll cherish Honour, then, and Life despise;
What is not Pure, is not for Sacrifice.

Yet, for *Almanzor* I in secret mourn!

Can Vertue, then, admit of his return?

Yes; for my Love I will, by Vertue, square;

My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.

I'll, like *Almanzor*, act; and dare to be

As haughty, and as wretched too as he.

What will he think is in my Message meant!

I scarcely understand my own intent:

But Silk-worm-like, so long within have wrought,

That I am lost in my own Webb of thought.

Exit Almahide.

ACT

A C T. II.

SCENE A Wood.

Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Ozm. **T**Is true that our protection here has been
Th' effect of Honour in the Spanish Queen:
But, while I as a friend continue here,
I, to my Country, must a Foe appear.

Benz. Think not my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
As friends, but Pris'ners to the Pow'r of *Spain*.
Fortune dispences with your Countryes right;
But you desert your honour in your flight:

Ozm. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
My Honour's glad of a pretence to stay.
A noise within follow, follow, follow.————

Enter Selin; his sword drawn; as pursued.

Selin. I am pursu'd, and now am spent and done;
My limbs suffice me not with strength to run.
And, if I could, alas, what can I save;
A year, the dregs of life too, from the grave.

[*sits down on the ground*]

Here will I sit, and here attend my fate;
With the same hoary Majesty and State
As *Rome's* old Senate for the *Galls* did wait.

Ben. It is my father; and he seems distrest:

Ozmyn. My honour bids me succour the opprest:
That life he sought, for his I'll freely give;
We'll dye together; or together live.

Benz.

Benz. I'll call more succour, since the Camp is near ;
And fly on all the wings of Love and fear.

Exit Benz.

Enter Abenamar and four or five Moors.

He looks ; and finds Selin.

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your latest hour.

Selin. I scorn your malice, and defy your pow'r.
A speedy death is all I ask you now ;
And that's a favour you may well allow.

Ozmyn ; shewing himself.

Who gives you death shall give it first to me ;
Fate cannot separate our destiny.

knows his father.

My father here ! then Heav'n it self has laid
The snare, in which my vertue is betray'd.

Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou hast kindly done,
To bring me back that fugitive my Son.
In armes too ; fighting for my Enemy !
I'll do a Roman justice ; thou shalt dy.

Ozm. I beg not, you my forfeit life would save :
Yet add one Minute to that breath you gave.
I disobey'd you ; and deserve my fate,
But bury in my grave two houses hate.
Let *Selin* live ; and see your Justice done
On me, while you revenge him for his Son :
Your mutual malice in my death may cease ;
And equal loss perswade you both to peace.

Aben. to a Sold.

Yes ; justice shall be done, on him and thee :
Haste, and dispatch 'em both immediately.

Ozmyn. If you have honour, (since you Nature want)
For your own sake my last Petition grant :
And kill not a disarm'd, defenceless foe :
Whose death your cruelty, or fear will show.
My Father cannot do an Act so base :
My Father ! I mistake : I meant, who was !

Aben.

Aben. Go, then, dispatch him first who was my Son!

Ozmyn. Swear but to save his life, I'll yield my own.

Aben. Nor tears, nor pray'rs thy life, or his shall buy;

Ozmyn putting himself before Selin.

Then Sir, *Benzayda's* father shall not dye.

And, since he'll want defence when I am gone,

I will, to save his life, defend my own:

Aben. This justice Parricides like thee should have :

Aben. and his party attacke them

both. *Ozmyn parryes his fathers thrusts; and thrusts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, with Abdalla, the Duke of Arcos, and Spaniards.

Benz. O help my father, and my *Ozmyn* save!

Abdal. Villains, that death you have deserv'd, is near;

Ozmyn stops his hand.

Stay Prince; and know I have a father here.

I were that Parricide of whom he spoke

Did not my piety prevent your stroke,

Arcos to Aben.

Depart, then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son :

Aben. I am not with these shows of duty won.

Ozm. to his father.

Heav'n know's I would that life you seek, resign,

But, while *Benzayda* lives it is not mine.

Will you yet pardon my unwilling crime!

Aben. By no intreaties; by no length of time

Will I be won: but, with my latest breath,

I'll curse thee here: and haunt thee after death.

Exit Abenamar with his party.

Ozmyn kneeling to Selin.

Can you be merciful to that degree

Asto forgive my Fathers faults in me?

Can you forgive

The death of him I slew in my defence;

And, from the malice, separate th' offence!

I can no longer be your Enemy:
In short, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me.

Offers him his sword.

In this your silence my hard fate appears!

Selin. I'll answer you, when I can speak for tears.

But, till I can————

Imagine what must needs be brought to pass: { *Embra-*

My heart's not made of Marble, nor of Brass. { *ces him.*

Did I for you a cruel death prepare,
And have you————have you, made my life your care!
There is a shame contracted by my faults,
Which hinders me to speak my secret thoughts.
And I will tell you (when that shame's remov'd,)
You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.

Benzaida be your's — I can no more.

Ozmy'n embracing his knees.

Blest be that breath which does my life restore.

Benz. I hear my father now; these words confess
That name; and that indulgent tenderness.

Selin. *Benzaida*, I have been too much to blame;
But, let your goodness expiate for my shame;
You, *Ozmy'n's* vertue did in chains adore;
And part of me was just to him before.
My Son!

[to him.]

Ozmy'n. My father!

Selin. ————— Since by you I live,
I, for your sake, your family forgive.
Let your hard father still my life pursue;
I hate not him, but for his hate to you:
Ev'n that hard father yet may one day be
By kindness vanquish'd as you vanquish'd me.
Or, if my death can quench to you his rage,
Heav'n makes good use of my remaining age.

Abdal. I grieve your joyes are mingled with my cares.
But all take interest in their own affairs:
And therefore I must ask how mine proceed.

Selin. They now are ripe; and but your presence need:

For,

For, *Lyndaraxa*, faithless as the wind,
 Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:
 For, hearing that the Christians own your cause,
 From thence th' assurance of a Throne she draws,
 And, since *Almanzor*, whom she most did fear
 Is gone; she to no Treaty will give ear;
 But sent me her unkindness to excuse.

Abdal. You much surprize me with your pleasing news.

Selin. But, Sir, she hourly does th' assault expect:
 And must be lost, if you her Aid neglect.
 For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare
 He'll use the last extremities of War;
 Since she refus'd the Fortress to resigne.

Abdal. The charge of hast'ning this Relief be mine.

Selin. This, while I undertook, whether beset
 Or else by chance, *Abenamar* I met;
 Who seem'd in haste returning to the Town.

Abdal. My Love must in my diligence be shown.
 And as my pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this hour
 I'll put the Fortress in your Masters pow'r.

[To *Arcos*.

Selin. An open way from hence to it there lies,
 And we with ease may send in large supplies,
 Free from the shot and Sallies of the Town;

Arcos. Permit me, Sir, to share in your renown;
 First to my King I will impart the news,
 And then draw out what Succors we shall use.

Exit Duke of Arcos.

Abdal. Grant that she loves me not, at least I see

[*aside*.

She loves not others, if she loves not me,
 'Tis Pleasure when we reap the fruit of Pain;
 'Tis onely Pride to be belov'd again.
 How many are not lov'd who think they are;
 Yet all are willing to believe the Fair:
 And, though 'tis Beauties known and obvious Cheat,
 Yet Man's self-love still favours the deceit,

Exit Abdalla.

Selin.

Selin. Farewell, my Children ; equally so dear
 That I my self am to my self less neer.
 While I repeat the dangers of the War,
 Your mutual safety be each others care.
 Your Father, *Ozmyn*, till the War be done,
 As much as Honour will permit, I'll shun.
 If by his sword I perish ; let him know
 It was because I would not be his Foe.

Ozmyn. Goodness and Vertue all your Actions guide ;
 You onely erre in choosing of your side.
 That party I with Honour cannot take ;
 But can much less the care of you forsake.
 I must not draw my sword against my Prince,
 But yet may hold a Shield in your defence.
Benzayda, free from danger here shall stay :
 And for a Father, and a Lover, pray.

Benz. No, no ; I gave not on those terms my Heart,
 That from my *Ozmyn* I should ever part.
 That Love I vow'd when you did death attend
 'Tis just that nothing but my death should end.
 What Merchant is it who would stay behind,
 His whole stock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind.
 I'll pray for both ; but both shall be in fight ;
 And Heav'n shall hear me pray , and see you fight.

Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a design,
 Where so much Love and so much vertue joyn.

Ozmyn to her.
 Then Conquer, and your Conquest happy be
 Both to your self, your Father, and to me.
 With bended knees our freedom we'll demand
 Of *Isabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.
 Then, while the paths of Honour we pursue,
 We'll int'rest Heav'n for us, in right of you.

Exeunt

SCENE.

S C E N E. *The Albayzin.*

[*An Alarm within ; then Soldiers running over the Stage.*]

Enter Abdelmelech victorious with Soldiers:

Abdel. 'Tis won, 'tis won ; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,
Who scorn'd to Treat, shall to a Conquest bow.
To every sword I free Commission give ;
Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.
Spare onely *Lyndaraxa* ; let her be
In Triumph led to grace my Victory.
Since, by her falshood she betray'd my Love,
Great as that falshood my Revenge shall prove.

Enter Lyndaraxa, as affrighted ; attended by women.

Go take th' Enchantress, bring her to me bound.

Lynd. Force needs not, where resistance is not found :
I come, my self to offer you my hands ;
And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
I wish'd to be my *Abdelmelechs* Slave ;
I did but wish, and easie Fortune gave.

Abdel. O, more then *Woman*, false ! but 'tis in vain.
Can you're hope to be believ'd again ?
I'll sooner trust th' *Hyena* than your smile ;
Or, than your Tears, the weeping Crocodile.
In War and Love none should be twice deceiv'd ;
The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

Lynd. Be overwise, then, and too late repent ;
Your Crime will carry its own punishment,
I am well pleas'd not to be justify'd :
I owe no satisfaction to your pride.

It will be more advantage to my Fame,
To have it said, I never own'd a Flame.

Abdel. 'Tis true; my pride has satisfy'd it self:
I have at length escap'd the deadly shelf.
Th' excuses you prepare will be in vain,
Till I am fool enough to love again.

Lynd. Am I not lov'd!

Abdel. ————— I must, with shame, avow
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

Lynd. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla's* Trust!
You are to me as I to him unjust. [Angrily.]

Abdel. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the Fortrefs for my Enemy.

Lynd. 'Tis true, I took the Fortrefs from his hand;
But, since, have kept it in my own Command.

Abdel. That act your foul Ingratitude did show.

Lynd. You are th' ungrateful, since 'twas kept for you.

Abdel. 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your intent,
For all your kindness I may thank th' event.
Blush, *Lindaraxa* for so grosse a cheat;
'Twas kept for me when you refus'd to Treat!

[Ironically.]

Lynd. Blind Man! I knew the weaknes of the place:
It was my plot to do your Arms this Grace:
Had not my care of your renown been great,
I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.
She who is lov'd must little Letts create.
But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.
This force you us'd my Maiden blush will save;
You seem'd to take what secretly I gave.
I knew we must be Conquer'd; but I knew
What Confidence I might repose in you.
I knew you were too grateful to expose
My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.

Abdel. Well; though I love you not, their lives shall be
Spar'd out of Pity and Humanity. [To a Soldier.]

Alferez.

Alferez, Goe, and let the slaughter cease.

Lynd. Then must I to your pity owe my peace!

Exit the Alferez.

Is that the tender'st term you can afford !

Time was, you wou'd have us'd another word.

Abdel. Then, for your Beauty I your Soldiers spare ;
For though I do not love you, your are fair.

Lynd. That little Beauty, why did Heav'n impart
To please your Eyes, but not to move your Heart !

I'll shrowd this Gorgon from all humane view ;

And own no Beauty, since it charms not you !

Reverse your Orders, and our Sentence give ;

My Soldiers shall not from my Beauty live. (gains)

Abdel. Then, from our Friendship they their lives shall
Though love be dead, yet friendship does remain. (shoot,

Lynd. That friendship which from wither'd Love does
Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root,

Love is a tender Amity, refin'd :

Grafted on friendship it exalts the kind :

But when the Grass no longer does remain

The dull Stock lives ; but never bears again. (prove,

Abdel. Then, that my Friendship may not doubtful
(Fool that I am to tell you so,) I love.

You would extort this knowledge from my Brest ;

And tortur'd me so long that I confest.

Now I expect to suffer for my Sin ;

My Monarchy must end ; and yours begin.

Lynd. Confess not Love, but spare your self that shame :

And call your Passion by some other name.

Call this assault, your Malice, or your Hate ;

Love owns no acts so disproportionate.

Love never taught this insolence you show, [*Alferez*,

To Treat your Mistris like a conquer'd Foe,

Is this th' obedience which my Heart should move !

This usage looks more like a Rape than Love.

Abdel What proof of Duty would you I should give?

Lynd. 'Tis Grace enough to let my Subjects live :

Let your rude Souldiers keep possession still;
 Spoil, raffle, pillage, any thing but kill.
 In short, Sir, use your fortune as you please;
 Secure my Castle, and my person seize -
 Let your true men my Rebels hence remove;
 I shall dream on; and think 'tis all your love. (pow'r.
Abdel. You know too well my weakness and your
 Why did Heav'n make a fool a Conquerour!
 She was my slave; till she by me was shown
 How weak my force was, and how strong her own.
 Now she has beat my pow'r from every part;
 Made her way open to my naked heart: [To a Sold.
 Go, strictly charge my Souldiers to retreat:
 Those countermand who are not enter'd yet.
 On peril of your lives leave all things free.

Exit Souldier.

Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
 I only ask, in duty, you would bring
 The keys of our *Albazin* to the King:
 I'll make your terms as gentle as you please.

*Trumpets sound a charge within:
 and Souldiers shout.*

What shouts; and what new sounds of war are these?

Lind. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my intent [aside.
 Of gaining time; and welcome succours sent.

Enter Alferez.

Alf. All's lost; and you are fatally deceiv'd:
 The foe is enter'd: and the place reliev'd.
 Scarce from the walls had I drawn off my men
 When, from their Camp, the Enemy rush'd in:
 And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd first the gate.

Abdel. I am betray'd; and find it now too late. [to her.
 When your proud Soul to flatt'ries did descend,
 I might have known it did some ill portend.

The wary Seaman stormy weather fears,
When winds shift often, and no cause appears.
You, by my bounty live—

Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my sake,
And this return your gratitude does make. — —

Lind. My Brothers best their own obligations know;
Without your charging me with what they owe.

But, since you think th' obligation is so great,
I'll bring a friend to satisfy my debt. *looking behind.*

Abdel. Thou shalt not triumph in thy base design,
Though not thy fort, thy person shall be mine.

He goes to take her; she runs and cries help:

Enter Abdalla, Arcos, Spaniards. Abdelmelech retreats fighting: and is pursued by the adverse party off the Stage.

An Alarm within.

*Enter again Abdalla and the Duke of Arcos,
with Lyndaraxa.*

Arcos. Bold *Abdelmelech* twice our Spaniards fac'd;
Though much outnumbered; and retreated last.

Abdalla to Lyndar.

Your Beauty, as it moves no common fire,
So it no common courage can inspire.

As he fought well, so had he prosper'd too;
If, Madam; he like me, had fought for you.

Lind. Fortune, at last has chosen with my eyes;
And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the prize:

You see, Sir, with what hardship I have kept
This precious gage which in my hands you left:

But 'twas the love of you which made me fight.

And gave me Courage to maintain your right

Now, by Experience you my faith may find;

And are to thank me that I seem'd unkind.

When your malicious fortune doom'd your fall

My care restrain'd you, then, from loosing all.

Against your destiny I shut the Gate:

And Gather'd up the Shipwracks of your fate.

I, like a friend, did ev'n your self withstand,
From throwing all upon a loosing hand.

Abdal. My love makes all your Acts unquestion'd go:
And sets a Sovereign stamp on all you doe.
Your Love, I will believe with hoodwink'd eyes;
In faith, much merit in much blindness lies.
But now, to make you great as you are fair,
The Spaniards an Imperial Crown prepare.

Lin. That gift's more welcome, which with you I share:
Let us no time in fruitless courtship loose,
But sally out upon our frighted Foes.
No Ornaments of pow'r so please my eies
As purple, which the blood of Princes, dies.

Exeunt. He leading her.

SCENE, *The Alhambra.*

*Boabdalin, Abenamar, Almabide; Guards, &c.
The Queen wearing a Scarfe.*

Abenamar. My little journey has successfull been;
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.
I found him, like *Achilles* on the shore,
Pensive, complaining much, but threatning more.
And, like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes:
Which, while I told, a gloomy smile arose
From his bent brows; and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to despair were driv'n,
Betwixt his teeth he mutter'd thanks to Heav'n.

Boab. How I disdain this aid; which I must take
No for my own, but *Almahida's* sake.

Aben. But, when he heard it was the Queen who sent;
That her command repeal'd his banishment,
He took the summons with a greedy joy,
And ask'd me how she would his sword employ?

Then

Then bid me say, her humblest slave would come
From her fair mouth with joy to take his doom.

Boab. Oh that I had not sent you! though it cost
My Crown; though I and it, and all were lost!

Aben. While I to bring this news, came on before,
I met with *Selin*——

Boab. —— I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. *Almanzor* is already at the gate
And throngs of people on his entrance wait.

Boab. Thy news does all my faculties surprize,
He bears two Basilisks in those fierce eyes.
And that tame Demon, which should guard my throne,
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

*Exit Boabdelin, with
Aben, and Guards.*

*Enter Almanzor, seeing Almahide approach him, he
speaks.*

Alman. So *Venus* moves when to the thunderer
In smiles or tears she would some sute prefer.
When with her *Cestus* girt——
And drawn by *Doves*, she cuts the liquid skies,
And kindles gentle fires where 'ere she flies:
To every eye a Goddess is confest:
By all the Heav'nly Nation she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his brest.

To her bowing.

Madam, your new Commands I come to know:
If yet you can have any where I goe:
If to the Regions of the dead they be,
You take the speediest course, to send by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not destin'd you so soon to rest:
Heroes must live to succour the distressed.

Almanz. To serve such beauty all mankind should live:
 And, in our service, our reward you give :
 But, stay me not in torture, to behold
 And ne're enjoy : as from anothers gold;
 The Miser, hastens in his own defence,
 And shuns the sight of tempting excellence ;
 So, having seen you once so killing fair,
 A second sight were but to move despair.
 I take my eyes from what too much would please,
 As men in feavors famish their disease.

Almah. No; you may find your Cure an easier way,
 If you are pleas'd to seek it; in your stay.
 All objects loose by too familiar view,
 When that great charm is gone of being new.
 By often seeing me, you soon will find
 Defects so many in my face and mind,
 That to be free'd from Love you need not doubt;
 And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak armies should retreat;
 And so prevent my more entire defeat.
 For your own sake in quiet let me goe:
 Press not too far on a despairing foe:
 I may turn back; and arm'd against you move
 With all the furious trayn of hopeless love.

Almah. Your honour cannot to ill thoughts give way;
 And mine can run no hazard by your stay.

Almanz. Do you, then, think I can with patience, see
 That sov'raign good possess, and not by me?
 No; I all day shall languish at the sight;
 And rave on what I do not see, all night,
 My quick imagination will present
 The Scenes and Images of your Content :
 When to my envy'd Rival you dispence
 Joyes too unaruly, and too fierce for sence, (yields

Almahide, These are the day-dreams which wild fancy
 Empty as shaddows are, that fly o're fields.
 O, whether would this boundless fancy move!
 'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.

Like the distracted Passenger you stand,
And see, in Seas, imaginary Land.

Cool Groves, and Flow'rs Meads, and while you think
To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.

Alman. Love's Calenture too well I understand;
But sure your Beauty is no Fairy Land!

Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;

For, Glow-worm-like, you shine, and do not see:

Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?

Alman. What recompence attends me if I stay?

Almah. You know I am from recompence debarr'd;

But I will grant you merit a reward.

Your Flame's too noble to deserve a Cheat;

And I too plain to practise a Deceit.

I no return of Love can ever make;

But what I ask is for my Husband's sake,

He, I confess, has been ungrateful too;

But he and I are ruin'd if you goe.

Your Vertue to the hardest proof I bring:

Unbrib'd, preserve a Mistress and a King.

Alman. I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave;
I'll do't: and now I no Reward will have.

You've given my Honour such an ample Field

That I may dye, but that shall never yield.

Spight of my self I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Despair;

And I can do all this, because I dare.

Yet I may own one suit. —————

That Scarfe, which since by you it has been born

Is blest, like Relicks, which by Saints were worn:

Almah. Presents like this my Vertue durst not make

But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husbands sake.

[Gives the Scarfe.]

Alman. This Scarfe, to Honourable Raggs I'll wear:

As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Ensigns bear.

But oh how much my Fortune I despise,

Which gives me Conquest, while she Love denies.

Exeunt.

ACT. III.

S C E N E, *The Alhambra.**Almahide, Esperanza.*

Espe. **A**FFECTED Modesty has much of Pride; (ny'd:
That scarce he begg'd, you could not have de-
Nor does it shock the Vertue of a Wife,
When giv'n that man, to whom you owe your life.

Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free:
Yet it may feed my Husbands jealousy,
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

[*To them Boabdalin; and walks apart:*

See where he comes all pensive and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o're-spread his Face:
'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.

[*Boabdalin aside:*

Marriage, thou curse of Love; and snare of Life,
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landschape near.
Loves nauseous cure! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st pleas;
And, when thou cur'st, then thou art the disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our bodies tyes;
Love couples Friends; but Marriage Enemies.
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,
'Tis soon made sower, and turn'd by Jealousie,
No sign of Love in jealous Men remains
But that which sick men have of life; their pains.

[*Almahide walking to him.*

Has my dear Lord some new affliction had?
Have I done any thing that makes him sad?

Boab:

Boab. You, nothing, You! but let me walk alone!

Almah. I will not leave you till the cause be known:
My knowledge of the ill may bring relief;

Boab. Thank ye: You never faile to cure my grief!
Trouble me not; my grief concerns not you.

Almah. While I have life I will your steps pursue:

Boab. I'me out of humour now; you must not stay.

Almah. I fear it is that Scarfe I gave away.

Boab. No; 'tis not that: — but speak of it no more:
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

Almah. Then I will make you so: give me your hand!
Can you this pressing, and these Tears withstand?

[*Boab sighing and going off from her*

O Heav'n, were she but mine, or mine alone!
Ah, why are not the Hearts of Women known!
False Women to new joys, unseen can move:
There are no prints left in the paths of Love.
All Goods besides by publick marks are known;
But what we most desire to keep, has none.

[*Almah. approaching him.*

Why will you in your Brest your passion croud
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?
Torment not your poor Heart; but set it free;
And rather let its fury break on me.
I am not married to a God; I know,
Men must have Passions, and can bear from you.
I fear th' unlucky Present I have made!

Boab. O pow'r of Guilt; how Conscience can upbraid!
It forces her not onely to reveal
But to repeat what she would most conceal!

Almah. Can such a toy, and giv'n in publick too——

Boab. False Woman, you contriv'd it should be so.
That publick Gift in private was design'd,
The Embleme of the Love you meant to bind,

Hence

Hence from my sight, ungrateful as thou art;
And, when I can, I'll banish thee my heart.

[*She weeps.*]

To them Almanzor wearing the scarf:
he sees her weep.

Almanz. What precious drops are those
Which, silently, each others track pursue,
Bright as young Diamonds in their infant dew?
Your lustre you should free from tears maintain;
Like Egypt, rich without the help of rain.
Now curst be he who gave this cause of grief;
And double curst who does not give relief.

Almah. Our common fears, and publick miseries
Have drawn these tears from my afflicted eies.

Alman. Madam, I cannot easily believe
It is for any publick cause you grieve.
On your fair face the marks of sorrow lie;
But I read fury in your Husbands eye.
And, in that passion, I too plainly find
That you'r unhappy; and that he's unkind.

Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater love express
Than he; when with first looks their babes they bless.
Not Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs Kind;
Nor guardian Angels to their charge assign'd.

Boab. O goodness counterfeited to the life!
O the well acted vertue of a wife.
Would you with this my just suspicions blind?
You've given me great occasion to be kind!
The marks, too, of your spotless love appear;
Witness the badge of my dishonor there.

Pointing to Almanzor's scarf.

Almanz. Unworthy owner of a gemme so rare!
Heav'ns, why must he possess, and I despair!
Why is this Miser doom'd to all this store:
He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

Almah. to Almanz.

You'r much too bold, to blame a jealousy;
So kind in him, and so desir'd by me.

The faith of wives would unrewarded prove,
 Without those just observers of our love.
 The greater care the higher passion shows;
 We hold that dearest we most fear to loose.
 Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
 But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone,
 And, in those Clymes which most his scorching know,
 He makes the noblest fruits and Metals grow.

Alman. Yes, there are mines of Treasure in your brest,
 Seen by that jealous Sun; but not posselt.

He, like a dev'l among the blest above,
 Can take no pleasure in your Heaven of love.

Go, take her; and thy causless fears remove; } *To the K.*

Love her so well that I with rage may dy: }

Dull husbands have no right to jealousy: }

If that's allow'd, it must in Lovers be. }

Boab. The succor which thou bring'st me makes thee bold:

But know, without thy ayd, my Crown I'll hold.

Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place:

Of a full City make a naked space.

Hence, then, and from a Rival set me free:

I'll do; I'll suffer any thing, but thee.

Almanz. I wonnot goe; I'll not be forc'd away: :

I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.

It was the Queen who for my ayd did send;

And 'tis I only can the Queen defend:

I, for her sake thy Scepter will maintain;

And thou, by me, in spight of thee, shalt reign.

Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this place;

Three daies, thou shoud'st not live to my disgrace.

So small a time——

Might I possess my *Almahide*, alone,

I would live ages out 'ere they were gone.

I should not be of love or life bereft;

All should be spent before; and nothing left.

Almahide to Boabdelin.

As for your sake I for *Almanz* or sent,

So, when you please, he goes to banishment.

You shall, at last, my Loyalty approve :
I will refuse no tryal of my love.

Boab. How can I think you love me, while I see
That trophée of a Rivals Victory ?
I'll tear it from his side.

Almanz. ————— I'll hold it fast.
As life : and, when life's gone, I'll hold this last.
And, if thou tak'st it after I am slain,
I'll send my Ghost to fetch it back again.

Almah. When I bestow'd that scarf, I had not thought
Or not consider'd, it might be a fault.
But, since my Lord's displeas'd that I should make
So small a present, I command it back.
Without delay th' unlucky gift restore ;
Or, from this minute, never see me more.

Almanz. *pulling it off hastily, and presenting it to her.*
The shock of such a curse I dare not stand,
Thus I obey your absolute command.

[*She gives it the King.*]

Must he the spoils of scorn'd *Almanzor* wear ?
May *Turnu's* fate be thine ; who dar'd to bear
The belt of murder'd *Pallas* ; from afar
Mayst thou be known ; and be the mark of War.
Live just to see it from thy shoulders torn
By common hands, and by some Coward worn.

An Alarm within.

*Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar : their
swords drawn.*

Abdelm. Is this a time for discord or for grief ?
We perish, Sir, without your quick relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate.
The foes pursue their fortune ; and our fate.

Zul. The Rebels with the Spaniards are agreed.

Boab. Take breath, my guards shall to the fight succeed.

Abenam. to Alman.

Why stay you, Sir, the conqu'ring foe is near :
Give us their courage ; and give them our fear.

Hamet

Hamet. Take Arms, or we must perish in your fight.

Alman. I care not; perish; for I will not fight.

I wonnot lift an arm in his defence:

And yet I wonnot stir one foot from hence.

I to your Kings defence his town resign;

This onely spot whereon I stand, is mine. [*to the Queen.*

Madam, be safe; and lay aside your fear,

You are, as in a Magique Circle, here.

Boab. To our own Valour our success we'l owe.

Halt, *Hamet*, with *Abenamar* to go;

You two draw up, with all the speed you may,

Our last reserves, and, yet redeem the day.

Exeunt Hamet and Abenamar, one way, the King the other, with Abdelmelech, &c.

[*Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, his sword drawn.

Abdel. *Granada* is no more! th' unhappy King

Vent'ring too far, ere we could succour bring,

Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Pris'ner made;

And, past relief, is to the Fort convey'd.

Almanz. Heav'n, thou art just! go, now despise my aid.

Almah. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!

Betray'd by him in whom I trusted most!

But I will ne'er outlive what I have lost.

Is this your succour, this your boasted love!

I will accuse you to the Saints above!

Almanzor vow'd he would for honour fight;

And lets my husband perish in my fight.

Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza.

Almanz. O, I have err'd; but fury made me blind:

And, in her just reproach, my fault I find!

I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I—

—But since he's lov'd by her he must not dye.

Thus, happy fortune comes to me in vain,

When I my self must ruine it again.

To him Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema;
Soldiers.

Aben. The foe has enter'd the Vermillion tow'r's;
And nothing but th' *Alhambra* now is ours.

Alman. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;
You lost it all to that last stake before:
Fate, now come back; thou canst not farther get;
The bounds of thy libration here are set.

Thou knowst this place,—

And, like a Clock wound up, strik'st here for me;

Now, Chance, assert thy own inconstancy:

And, Fortune, fight, that thou maist Fortune be.

They come; here, favour'd by the narrow place, } *A noise*
I can, with few, their gross Battalion face. } *within.*

By the dead wall, you, *Abdelmelech*, wind;

Then, charge; and their retreat cut off behind.

An Alarm within.

Exeunt.

Enter Almanzor and his party, with Abdalla Prisoner.

Alman. to Abdal.

You were my friends; and to that name, I owe

The just regard, which you refus'd to show.

Your liberty I frankly would restore;

But honour now forbids me to do more:

Yet, Sir, your freedom in your choice shall be;

When you command to set your Brother free. (takes

Abdalla. Th' exchange which you propose, with joy I

An offer, easier than my hopes could make,

Your benefits revenge my crimes to you:

For, I my shame in that bright Mirrour, view.

Alman. No more; you give me thanks you do not owe;

I have been faulty; and repent me now.

But, though our Penitence a vertue be,

Mean Souls alone repent in misery.

The brave own faults when good success is giv'n;

For then they come on equal terms to Heav'n.

Exeunt;
SCENE

S C E N E *The Albayzin.*

Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Benz. I see there's somewhat which you fear to tell ;
 Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my father well ?—
 —Why cros you thus your arms ; and shake your head ?
 Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozmyn. I know not more than you ; but fear not less ;
 Twice sinking, twice I drew him from the press.
 But the victorious Foe pursu'd so fast,
 That flying throngs divided us at last.
 As Seamen, parting in a gen'ral wreck ;
 When first the loosening planks begin to crack
 Each catches one ; and straight are far disjoind ;
 Some born by tydes and others by the wind,
 So, in this ruine, from each other rent,
 With heav'd up hands we mutual farewells sent ;
 Methought his Eyes, when just I lost his view,
 Were looking blessings to be sent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,
 Thou rul'st Mankind, but art a Tyrant there !
 Thy wisest Empyre's in a lovers brest :
 Like open Seas we seldom are at rest.
 Upon thy Coasts our wealth is daily cast ;
 And thou, like Pyrates, mak'st no peace to last.

To them Lyndaraxa, Duke of Arcos, and Guards.

D. Arcos. We were surpriz'd when least we did suspect ;
 And justly suffer'd by our own neglect.

Lynd. No ; none but I have reason to complain,
 So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis lost again !
 O, how unequally in me were joynd
 A creeping fortune, with a soaring mind !
 O Lottery of fate ! where still the wise
 Draw blanks of Fortune ; and the fools the prize !

These Crossill-shuffled lots from Heav'n are sent,
 Yet dull Religion teaches us content.
 But, when we ask it where that blessing dwells,
 It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.
 There, shows it rude, and in a homely dress;
 And that proud want mistakes for happiness.

A Trumpet within.

Enter Zulema.

Brother! what strange adventure brought you here?

Zul. The News I bring will yet more strange appear.
 The little care you of my life did show,
 Has of a Brother justly made a foe,
 And *Abdelmelech*, who that life did save
 As justly has deserv'd that love he gave:

Lind. Your business cools, while tediously it stays
 On the low Theme of *Adelmelechs* praise.

Zul. This, I present from Prince *Abdalla's* hands:

[Delivers a letter which she reads.]

Lind. He has propos'd, (to free him from his bands,)
 That, with his Brother, an Exchange be made.

Arcos. It proves the same design which we had laid.
 Before the Castle let a bar be set;
 And, when the Captives on each side are met,
 With equal Numbers chosen for their Guard,
 Just at the time the passage is unbar'd,
 Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lind. Th' Exchange I will my self in person see.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from doubt be freed,
 Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs must know;
 He is a Pris'ner to his greatest Foe.

Kept, with strong guards, in the *Almambra* Tour;
 Without the reach ev'n of *Almanzor's* pow'r.

Ozmyn. With grief and shame I am at once oppress'd.

Zul. You vwill be more, vwhen I relate the rest.

To you I from *Abenamár* am sent; *[To Ozmyn.]*
 And you alone can *Selin's* death prevent.

Give

Give up your self a Pris'ner in his stead ;
Or, e're to morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

Benz. E're that appear I shall expire with grief.

Zul. Your action swift, your Council must be brief.

Lynd. While for *Abdalla's* freedom we prepare,
You, in each others Brest unload your care.

Exeunt all but Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Benz. My wishes contradictions must imply ;
You must not goe ; and yet he must not dye.
Your Reason may, perhaps, th' extremes unite ;
But there's a mist of Fate before my sight.

Ozm. The two Extremes too distant are to close ;
And Human Wit can no mid-way propose.
My duty therefore shows the neereft way,
To free your Father ; and my own obey, (blame,

Benz. Your Father, whom since yours, I grieve to
Has lost, or quite forgot a Parents name.
And, when at once posselt of him and you,
Instead of freeing one, will murder two.

Ozm. Fear not my Life ; but suffer me to goe :
What cannot onely Sons with Parents do !
'Tis not my death my Father does pursue ;
He onely would withdraw my Love from you.

Benz. Now, *Ozmyn.* now your want of Love I see :
For, would you goe, and hazard loosing me ?

Ozm. I rather would ten thousand Lives forsake.
Nor can you e're believe the doubt you make. ———
——— This night I with a chosen Band will goe ;
And, by surprize, will free him from the Foe.

Benz. What Foe ! ah whether would your Vertue fall !
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkness and Rage will no distinction make ;
And yours may perish for my Fathers sake.

Ozm. Thus, when my weaker Vertue goes astray,
Yours pulls it back ; and guides me in the way :
I'll send him word, my being shall depend
On *Selin's* Life and with his Death shall end.

Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Fathers rage:
 Revenge on *Ozmyn's* Youth, and *Selin's* sage.

Ozm. What e're I plot, like *Sisyphus*, in vain
 I heave a stone that tumbles down again !

Benz. This Glorious work is then reserv'd for me;
 He is my Father; and Ile set him free.
 These Chains my Father for my sake does wear:
 I made the fault; and I the pains will bear.

Ozm. Yes; you no doubt have merited those pains:
 Those hands; those tender Limbs were made for chains.
 Did I not love you, yet it were too base
 To let a Lady suffer in my place.

Those proofs of Vertue you before did show
 I did admire: but I must envy now.

Your vast ambition leaves no Fame for me
 But grasps at universal Monarchy.

Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I shall still this Palm pursue;
 I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.

I'll break those bonds in which my Father's ty'd:
 Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.

What though my Limbs a Womans weakness show;
 I have a Soul as *Masculine* as you.

And, when these Limbs want strength, my Chains to wear;
 My Mind shall teach my body how to bear.

Exit Benzayda.

Ozm. What I resolve I must not let her know;
 But Honour has decreed she must not goe.
 What she resolves I must prevent with care;
 She shall not in my Fame or Danger share.
 I'll give strict Order to the Guards which wait;
 That, when she comes, she shall not pass the Gate.
 Fortune, at last, has run me out of breath;
 I have no refuge, but the arms of death:
 To that dark Sanctuary I will goe:
 She cannot reach me when I lie so low.

SCENE *The Albayzin.*

Enter on the one side Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet. On the other side the Duke of Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, and their party. After which the Barrs are opened; and at the same time Boabdelin and Abdalla pass by each other, each to his party: when Abdalla is past on the other side; the Duke of Arcos approaches the Barrs, and calls to Almanzor.

Arc. The hatred of the brave, with battails, ends;
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then, are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one hour when Love may be allowd.
This hand, in sign of that esteem, I plight:
We shall have angry hours enough to fight.

[*Giving his hand.*]

Almanz. The Man who dares, like you, in fields appear;
And meet my Sword, shall be my Mistress here.
If I am proud, 'tis onely to my Foes;
Rough but to such who Vertue would oppose.
If I some fierceness from a Father drew,
A Mothers Milk gives me some softness too.

Arcos. Since, first you took, and after set me free,
(Whether a sence of Gratitude it be,
Or some more secret motion of my mind,
For which I want a name that's more then kind)
I shall be glad, by what e're means I can;
To get the friendship of so brave a man:
And would; your unavailing valour, call
From aiding those whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.

We owe you that respect——
Which to the Gods of Foes besieg'd was shown ;
To call you out before we take your Town.

Almanz. Those whom we love, we should esteem 'em too;
And not debauch that Vertue which we woove.
Yet, though you give my Honour just offence,
I'll take your kindness in the better sence.
And, since you for my safety seem to fear,
I, to return your Bribe, should wish you here.
But, since I love you more then you do me,
In all events preserve your Honour free:
For that's your own, though not your destiny.

Arcos. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Trust,
I should not think my own proposals just.
But, since you fight for an unthankful King,
What loss of Fame can change of parties bring ?

Almanz. It will, and may with justice too, be thought,
That some advantage, in that change I sought.
And, though I twice have chang'd, for wrongs receiv'd,
That it was done for profit, none believ'd.
The Kings Ingratitude I knew before ;
So that can be no cause of changing more.
If now I stand, when no reward can be ;
'Twill show the fault before was not in me.

Arcos. Yet, there is one reward to valour due ;
And such it is, as may be sought by you.
That beaut'ous Queen : whom you can never gain,
While you secure her Husbands Life and Raign.

Almanz. Then be it so : let me have no return

{ Here Lyndaraxa comes
{ neer and hears them.

From him but Hatred, and from her, but Scorn.
There is this comfort in a noble Fate,
That I deserve to be more fortunate.
You have my last resolve ; and now farewell ;
My boding Heart some Mischief does foretell :
But, what it is, Heav'n will not let me know ;
I'mesad to death, that I must be your Foe.

Arcos.

Arcos. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it must be,
To one; spare him; and cast the Lot on me.

{ *They retiree.*

Lynd. Ah, what a noble Conquest were this Heart!
I am resolv'd I'll try my utmost Art:
In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too
Which he has Wedded, and which I but Wooc.
I'll try each secret passage to his mind;
And Loves soft Bands about his Heart-strings wind.
Not his vow'd Constancy shall scape my snare; }
While he, without, resistance does prepare, }
I'll melt into him e're his Love's aware.

{ *She makes a gesture of invitation to Almanzor
who returns again.*

Lynd. You see, Sir, to how strange a remedy
A persecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.
Who, much distress; yet scarce has confidence,
To make your noble pity her defence.

Almanz. Beauty, like yours, can no protection need;
Or, if it sues, is certain to succeed.
To what're Service you ordain my hand,
Name your Request, and call it your Command.

Lynd. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
Has made me lov'd with all th' effects of Hate:
One Lover would, by force, my person gain;
Which one as guilty would by force detain.
Rash *Abdelmelechs* Love I cannot prize;
And fond *Abdalla's* passion I despise.
As you are brave, so you are prudent too,
Advise a wretched Woman what to do.

Almanz. Have courage, Fair one; put your trust in me;
You shall at least from those you hate, be free.
Resign your Castle to the King's Command;
And leave your Love-concernments in my hand.

Lynd. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithless too:
How can I trust him, who has injur'd you?

Keep for your self; (and you can grant no less)
 What you alone are worthy to possess,
 Enter, brave Sir; for, when you speak the word,
 These Gates will open of their own accord.
 The Genius of the place its Lord will meet:
 And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.
 That little Cittadel, which now you see,
 Shall then, the head of Conquer'd Nations be:
 And every Turret, from your coming, rise
 The Mother of some great Metropolis.

Almanz. 'Tis pity words which none but Gods should
 Should loose their sweetness in a Soldiers Ear:
 I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praise:
 But your fair Mouth can fair Idea's raise:
 I am a wretch, to whom it is deny'd
 To accept, with Honour, what I wish with Pride.

And since I fight not for my self, must bring
 The fruits of all my Conquests to the King.

Lynd. Say rather to the Queen; to whose fair Name
 I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
 I hope she is as kind as she is fair:

Kinder then unexperienc'd Virgins, are
 To their first Loves; (though she has lov'd before)
 And that first innocence is now no more.)
 But, in revenge, she gives you all her Heart;
 (For you are much too brave to take a part.)
 Though blinded by a Crown she did not see

Almanzor greater than a King could be,
 I hope her Love repairs her ill made choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded, twice.

Almanz. No; not deluded; for none count their gains,
 Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their pains.

Lynd. *Almanzor*, do not cheat your self, nor me;
 Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
 For, since you have desires; and those not blest,
 Your Love's uneasie, and at little rest.

Almanz. 'Tis true; my own unhappiness I see:
 But who, alas, can my Physician be?

Love, like a lazy Ague I endure,
Which fears the Water ; and abhors the Cure.

Lynd. 'Tis a Consumption, which your life does waste:
Still flatt'ring you with hope till help be past.
But, since of cure from her you now despair ;
You, like consumptive Men, should change your Air.
Love some-where else, 'tis a hard remedy ;
But yet you owe your self so much, to try.

Almanz. My Love's now grown so much a part of me,
That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.
At least it like a Limb cut off, would show ;
And better dye than like a Cripple goe.

Lynd. You must be brought like mad Men to their cure ;
And darkness first and next new Bonds endure :
Do you dark absence to your self ordain :
And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.

Almanz. Love is that madness which all Lovers have ;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to Rave.
'Tis an Enchantment where the reason's bound :
But Paradice is in th' enchanted ground.
A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife :
Where gentle hours delude so much of Life.
To take those Charms away ; and set me free
Is but to send me into misery.

And Prudence of whose Cure so much you boast,
Restores those Pains, which that sweet Folly lost.

Lynd. I would not, like Philosophers, remove,
But show you a more pleasing shape of Love,
You a sad, sullen, froward, Love did see ;
I'll show him kind, and full of gayety.
In short, *Almanzor*, it shall be my care
To show you Love ; for you but saw Despair.

Almanz. In the shape of Love Despair did see :
You, in his shape, would show Inconstancy.

Lynd. There's no such thing as Constancy you call :
Faith ties not Hearts ; 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd or Beauty much decay'd,
First, constancy in Love, a Vertue made.

From Friendship they that Landmark did remove;
 And, falsely, plac'd it on the bounds of Love,
 Let th' effects of change be onely try'd:
 Court me, in jest; and call me *Almahide*.
 But this is onely Council I impart;
 For I, perhaps, should not receive your heart.

Almanz, Fair though you are———
 As Summer mornings, and your Eyes more bright
 Than Starrs that twinckle in a winters night;
 Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move
 Cold age; and praying Hermites into Love;
 Though *Almahide*, with scorn rewards my care;
 Yet; than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.
 My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:
 'Tis that unchang'd; and deathless part of me.

Lynd. The Fate of Constancy your Love pursue!
 Still to be faithful to what's false to you,

[Turns from him, and goes off angrily.]

Almanz. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts first pair'd above;
 But some still interfere in others Love!
 E're each, for each, by certain marks are known,
 You mould 'em off in haste, and drop 'em down.
 And while we seek what carelessly you sort,
 You sit in State; and make our pains your sport.

[Exeunt on both sides.]

A C T. IV.

S C E N E

Abenamar, and servants.

Aben. **H**Ast; and conduct the Pris'ner to my sight.
Exit servant, and immediately enters with Selin bound.

Aben. Did you, according, to my orders, write? [*to Selin.*]
 And have you summon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a slave to fear:
 Nor has your Son deserv'd so ill of me
 That, by his death or bonds, I would be free:

Aben. Against thy life thou dost the sentence give:
 Behold how short a time thou hast to live.

Selin. Make haste; and draw the Curtain while you
 You but shut out the twilight of my day: (*may:*
 Beneath the burden of my age I bend;
 You, kindly ease me ere my Journey's end.

To them a servant, with Ozmyn;
Ozmyn kneels.

Aben. to Selin.

It is enough: my promise makes you free:
 Resign your bonds; and take your liberty.

Ozmyn. Sir, you are just; and welome are these bands:
 'Tis all th' inheritance a son demands.

Selin. Your goodness, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great:
 I am not weary of my fetters yet:
 Already when you move me to resign:
 I feel 'em heavier on your feet than mine.

Another Souldier or Servant.

Sold. A youth attends you in the outter room;
 Who seems in hast; and does from *Ozmyn* come.

Aben.

Aben. Conduct him in: ———

Ozm. Sent from *Benzayda* I fear to me.

[*To them Benzayda in the habit of a man.*

Benz. My *Ozmyn* here!

Ozmyn. ——— *Benzaida* ! 'tis she!

Go, youth; I have no business for thee here: [to her.

Go to th' *Albayzin*; and attend me there.

I'll not be long away; I prithee goe;

By all our Love and frindship ———

Ben. ——— *Ozmyn*, no.

I did not take on me this bold disguise,
For ends so low to cheat your watchmens eies.

When I attempted this; it was to doe

An Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you:

But you, alas, have been too diligent,

And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!

Those chains, which for my father I would bear,

I take with less content, to find you here.

Except your father will that mercy show,

That I may wear 'em both for him and you.

Aben. I thank thee, fortune; thou hast, in one hour,

Put all I could have ask'd thee in my pow'r.

My own lost wealth thou giv'st not only back,

But driv'st upon my Coast my Pyrats wrack.

Selin. With *Ozmyns* kindness I was griev'd before;

But yours, *Benzaida*, has undone me more.

Aben. to *Sold*,

Go fetch new fetters, and the daughter binde

Ozm. Be just, at least, Sir, though you are not kind.

Benzayda, is not, as a Pris'ner, brought;

But comes to suffer for anothers fault.

Aben. Then *Ozmyn*, mark; that justice which I doe,

I, as severely will exact from you.

The father is not wholly dead in me:

Or you may yet revive it, if it be.

Like tapers new blown out, the fumes remain

To catch the light; and bring it back again.

—*Benzaida* gave you life, and set you free ;
For that I will restore her liberty.

Ozmyr. Sir, on my knees I thank you.

Aben. ————— *Ozmyr* hold

One part of what I purpose is untold :
Consider, then, it on your part remains,
When I have broke, not to resume your chains.
Like an Indulgent father, I have paid
All debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
Now you are clear, break off your fond design ;
Renounce *Benzaida* ; and be wholly mine.

Ozmyr. Are these the termes ? is this the liberty ?
Ah, Sir, how can you so inhumane be ?
My duty to my life I will prefer ;
But life and duty must give place to her.

Aben. Consider what you say ; for, with one breath,
You disobey my will ; and give her death.

Ozmyr. Ah, cruel father, what do you propose !
Must I, then, kill *Benzaida*, or must loose ?
I can do neither ; in this wretched state
The least that I can suffer is your hate :
And yet, that's worse than death : Ev'n while I live,
And choose your hatred, I could dye for you.
Break quickly, heart ; or let my blood be spilt
By my own hand, to save a fathers guilt.

Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched life,
To free you from the fear of *Ozmyr's* wife.
I beg but what with ease may granted be ;
To spare your son ; and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my death's a grace too great to give ;
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyr* live.
Far from your sight, and *Ozmyr's* let me goe,
And take from him a Care ; from you a foe.

Ozmyr. How, my *Benzaida* ! can you thus resign
That love, which you have vow'd so firmly mine ?
Can you leave me for life and liberty ?

Benz. What I have done will show that I dare dy.

But I'll twice suffer death; and go away;
 Rather than make you wretched by my stay;
 By this my father's freedom will be won;
 And to your father I restore a Son.

Selin. Cease, cease, my children, your unhappy strife.
Selin will not be ransom'd by your life.

Barbarian, thy old foe defyest thy rage: [to *Aben.*
 Turn from their Youth thy malice to my Age.

Ben. Forbear, dear father, for your *Ozmyn's* sake:
 Do not, such words to *Ozmyn's* father speak.

Ozm. Alas, 'tis counterfeited rage; he strives
 But to divert the danger from our lives.
 For, I can witness, Sir, and you might see
 How in your person he consider'd me.
 He still declin'd the Combate where you were;
 And you well know it was not out of fear.

Ben. Alas, my Lord, where can your vengeance fall:
 Your justice will not let it reach us all:

Selin and *Ozmin* both would sufferers be;
 And punishment's a favour done to me.

If we are foes: since you have pow'r to kill
 'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the will.

But are we foes? look round, my Lord; and see;
 Point out that face which is your Enemy.

Would you your hand in *Selins* blood embrue?
 Kill him unarm'd, who, arm'd, shun'd killing you!

Am I your foe? since you detest my line,
 That hated name of *Zegry* I resign:

For you, *Benzayda* will her self disclaim:
 Call me your daughter, and forget my name:

Selin. This vertue wou'd even Savages subdue;
 And shall it want the pow'r to vanquish you?

Ozmyn. It has, it has: I read it in his eyes;
 'Tis now not anger; 'tis but shame denies.

A shame of error; that great spirits find,
 Which keeps down vertue struggling in the mind.

Aben. Yes; I am vanquish'd! the fierce conflict's past:
 And shame it self is now ore'come at last.

'Twas long before my stubborn Mind was won;
 But, melting once, I on the suddain run.
 Nor can I hold my headlong kindness, more
 Than I could curb my cruel Rage before.

[Runs to Benz. and embraces her.

Benzayda, 'twas your Vertue vanquish'd me:
 That, could alone surmount my Cruelty.

Runs to Selin; and unbinds him.

Forgive me, *Selin*, my neglect of you!
 But men, just waking, scarce know what they do.

Ozm. O Father!

Benz. ———— Father!

Aben. ———— Dare I own that name!

Speak; speak it often, to remove my shame!

[They all embrace him.

O *Selin*; O my Children, let me goe!
 I have more kindness then I yet can show.
 For my recov'ry, I must shun your sight:
 Eyes, us'd to darkness, cannot bear the light.

[He runs in, they following him.

SCENE *The Albayzin.*

Almanzor, Abdelmelech, Soldiers.

Almanz. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis so;
 Success, shall now by force and courage goe.
 Treaties are but the combats of the Brain,
 Where still the stronger loose, and weaker gain.

Abdelm. On this Assault, brave Sir, which we prepare,
 Depends the Sum and Fortune of the War.
 Encamp'd without the Fort the Spaniard lies;
 And may, in spite of us, send in supplies.
 Consider yet, ere we attacque the place,
 What 'tis to storm it in an Armies face.

Almanz. The minds of Heroes their own measures are,
 They stand exempted from the rules of War.

One Loose, one Sallye of the Heroes Soul,
 Does all the Military Art controul.
 While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the shore;
 He shoots the Gulph; and is already o're,
 And, when th' Enthusiastique fit is spent,
 Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

[*An Alarm within.*

Exit.

Enter Almanzor and Abdelmelech with their Soldiers.

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take breath and charge agen.

Almanz. Make good your entrance, and bring up more
 I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late,

Abdelm. You drew us from the jaws of certain Fate.

At my approach—————

The Gate was open, and the Draw-bridge down;

But, when they saw I stood, and came not on,

They charg'd with fury on my little Band;

Who, much o're-powr'd, could scarce the shock withstand.

Almanz. E're night we shall the whole *Albayzin* gain,

But see the Spaniards march along the Plain,

To its relief: you *Abdelmelech*, goe

And force the rest, while I repulse the Foe.

Exit Almanzor.

Enter Abdalla, and some few Soldiers who seem fearful.

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;
 You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.

Come, you brave few, who onely fear to fly:

We're not enough to Conquer but to Dye.

Abdelm. No, Prince; that mean advantage I refuse:

'Tis in your pow'r a nobler Fate to choose.

Since we are Rivals, Honour does command,

We should not dye but by each others hand,

[*To his men.*

Retire; and if it prove my destiny

To fall; I charge you let the Prince goe free.

[*The*

[The Soldiers depart on both sides.

Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew some way
This debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.
But Fate has left this onely means for me,
To dye; and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.

Abdelm. He who is vanquish'd and is slain, is blest:
The wretched Conquerour can ne're have rest:
But is reserv'd a harder fate to prove;
(Bound in the Fetters of dissembled Love.)

Abdal. Now thou art base; and I deserve her more:
Without complaint I will to death adore.
Dar'st thou see faults: and yet dost Love pretend?
I will, ev'n *Lyndaraxa's* Crimes defend.

Abdelm. Maintain her cause, then, better than thy own,
Than thy ill got, and worse defended Throne.

[They fight, Abdalla falls.

Abdelm. Now ask your life.

Abdal. ————— 'Tis gone; that busy thing
The Soul, is packing up; and just on wing.
Like parting Swallows, when they seek the Spring. }
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
And flies to Countreys more unknown than those.

*Enter Lyndaraxa hastily, sees them, and is going
out again.*

Abdelmelech stopping her.

No; you shall stay; and see a Sacrifice;
Not offer'd by my Sword but by your Eyes:
From those he first Ambitions poyson drew;
And swell'd to Empire for the love of you.
Accursed fair!
Thy Comet-blaze portends a Princes fate;
And suff'ring Subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Abdal. Cease Rival, cease!
I would have forc'd you; but it wou'not be:
I beg you now, upbraid her not for me. [to *Lynd.*
You fairest, to my memory be kind:
Lovers like me your sex will seldom find.

When I usurp'd a Crown for love of you,
 I, then, did more than dying now I do.
 I'me still the same as when my love begun :
 And could I now this fate foresee or shun ; }
 Would yet do all I have already done. } *dyes.*

[*she puts her handkerchief
 to her eyes.*

Abdelm. Weep on ; weep on ; for it becomes you now :
 These tears you to that love may well allow.
 His unrepenting Soul, if it could move
 Upward, in Crimes, flew spotted with your love ; }
 And brought Contagion to the blest above. }

Lind. He's gone ; and peace go with a constant mind :
 His love deserv'd I should have been more kind.
 But then your love and greater worth I knew :
 I was unjust to him, but just to you.

Abdelm. I was his Enemy and Rival too ;
 Yet I some tears to his misfortunes owe :
 You ow him more ; weep then ; and join with me :
 So much is due ev'n to Humanity.

Lynd. Weep for this wretch, whose memory I hate !
 Whose folly made us both unfortunate !
 Weep for this fool, who did my laughter move ;
 This, whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love !

Abdelm. Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me, }
 I then had been that heavy fool, not he : }
 Just this had been my fun'ral Elegy. }
 Thy arts and falshood I before did know ;
 But this last baseness was conceal'd till now.
 And 'twas no more than needful to be known ;
 I could be cur'd by such an act alone.
 My love, ' half blasted, yet in time would shoot ;
 But this last tempest rends it to the root.

Lyn. These little picques, which now your Anger move,
 Will vanish ; and are onely signes of love.

You've

You've have been too fierce ; and, at some other time,
I should not with such ease forgive your Crime.

But, in a day of publick joy, like this,

I pardon ; and forget what ere's amiss. (more:

Abdelm. These Arts have oft prevail'd ; but must no
The spell is ended ; and th' Enchantment 'ore.

You have at last destroy'd, with much adoe ;

That love, which none could have destroy'd, but you.

My love was blind to your deluding Art ;

But blind men feel, when stabb'd so neer the heart.

Lynd. I must confess there was some pity due :

But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.

Abdelm. No, *Lyndaraxa* ; 'tis at last too late:
Our loves have mingled with too much of fate.

I would ; but cannot now my self deceive :

O that you still could cheat, and I believe !

Lynd. Do not so light a quarrel long pursue :

You grieve your Rival was less lov'd than you.

'Tis hard, when men, of kindness, must complain !

Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again !

Lynd. Yet hear——

Abdelm. —— No more : nothing my heart can bend :
That Queen you scorn'd, you shall this night, attend :

Your life the King has pardon'd for my sake ;

But, on your Pride, I some revenge must take.

See now th' effects of what your Arts design'd.

Thank your inconstant, and ambitious Mind.

'Tis just that she who to no Love is true,

Should be forsaken, and contemn'd, like you.

Lynd. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try :

First I will be reveng'd ; and then I'll die.

But like some falling Tow'r——

Whose seeming firmness does the sight beguile,

So hold I up my nodding head awhile ;

Till they come under, and reserve my fall ;

That with my ruines I may reach 'em all.

Abdelm. Conduct her hence.——

Exit Lyndaraxa guarded.

Enter

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. *Almanzor* is victorious without fight ;
The Foes retreated when he came in fight.
Under the Walls, this night, his men are drawn ;
And mean to seek the Spaniard with the dawn.

Abdel. The Sun's declin'd :
Command the Watch be set without delay ;
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* stay :
I'll haste to Court, where Solitude I'll fly ; *[aside.*
And heard, like wounded Deer, in company.
But oh, how hard is passion to remove,
When I must shun my self to 'scape from Love!

Exit.

SCENE.

The Alhambra, or a Gallery.

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your passion for the Queen was dead:
Or that your love had, with your hopes, been fled.

Zulema. 'Twas like a fire within a furnace pent:
I smother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with looks ; and blown with sighs, so fast)
It broke a passage through my lips, at last.

Ham. Where found you confidence your suit to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love.
Well ; you declar'd your love : : what follow'd then ?

Zulema. She look'd as Judges do on guilty men:
When big with fate they triumph in their doomes,
And smile before the deadly sentence comes.
Silent I stood as I were thunder — strooke ;
Condemn'd and executed with a look.

Hamet. You must, with haste, some remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you must break through the snare.

Zulema.

Zulema. She said she would my folly yet conceal,
But vow'd my next attempt she would reveal.

Hamet. 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from noyse, and shunning every eye)
One hour each Evening she in private mourns,
And prays, and to the Cercle then returns.
Now, if you dare, attempt her passing by.—

Zulema. These lighted tapers show the time is night.
Perhaps my Courtship will not be in vain.
At least few women will of force complain.

*At the other end of the Gallery, Enter Almanzor
and Esperanza.*

Hamet. *Almanzor* and with him——

The favourite slave of the Sultana Queen :

Zul. E're they approach, let us retire unseen. }
And watch our time when they return agen }
Then force shall give, if favour does deny ; }
And, that once done, we'll to the Spaniards fly. }

Exeunt.

Almanz. Now stand; th' Apartment of the Queen is neer,
And, from this place your voice will reach her ear.

[*Esperanza goes out.*]

Song, In two Parts.

He. **H**ow unhappy a Lover am I
While I sigh for my Phillis in vain ;
All my hopes of Delight
Are another man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in pain !

2. She:

2.

She: *Since her Honour allows no Relief,
But to pity the pains which you bear,
'Tis the best of your Fate,
(In a hopeless Estate,)
To give o're, and betimes to despair.*

3.

He: *I have try'd the false Med'cine in vain;
For I wish what I hope not to win:
From without, my desire
Has no Food to its Fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.*

4.

She: *Yet at least 'tis a pleasure to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore
Is as wretch'd and more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.*

5.

He: *O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my Phillis I'll lye:
I'll resign up my Breath,
And take pleasure in Death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.*

6.

She: *What her Honour deny'd you in Life
In her Death she will give to your Love.
Such a Flame as is true
After Fate will renew,
For the Souls to meet closer above.*

Enter Esperanza again after the Song.

Almanz. Accept this Diamond, till I can present
Something more worthy my acknowledgement.
And now, farewell ; I will attend, alone,
Her coming forth ; and make my suff' rings known.

Solus.

Exit Esperanza.

A hollow wind comes whistling through that door ;
And a cold shivering seizes me all o're.
My Teeth, too, chatter, with a suddain fright :
These are the raptures of too fierce delight !
The combate of the Tyrants, Hope and Fear ;
Which Hearts, for want of Field-room, cannot bear.
I grow impatient, this, or that's the room :
I'll meet her ; now, methinks, I hear her come.

*He goes to the door ; the Ghost of his
Mother meets him, he starts back :
the Ghost stands in the door.*

(art ;

Almanz. Well mayst thou make thy boast, what e're thou
Thou art the first e're made *Almanzor* start.

My Legs —————
Shall bear me to thee in their own despight :
I'll rush into the Covert of thy Night,
And pull thee backward by thy shrowd, to light.
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there :
And make thee groan thy self away to Air.

[The Ghost retires.]

So ; art thou gone ! thou canst no Conquest boast :
I thought what was the courage of a Ghost. — —
— The grudging of my Ague yet remains :
My blood, like Ysicles, hangs in my veins,
And does not drop : be master of that door,
Wetwo, will not disturb each other more.
Jerr d a little, but extremes may joyn ;
That door was Hell's ; but this is Heav'n's and mine.

*{ Goes to the other door and is
met again by the Ghost.*

R

Again!

Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak,
 What art thou, Spirit; and what dost thou seek?

*{ The Ghost comes on, softly, after the Conjuration: and
 } Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.*

Ghost! I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth:
 The Airy shadow of her mouldring Earth.
 Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
 On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
 I dy'd; and for my Winding-sheet, a Wave
 I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.
 But, when my soul to blifs did upward move,
 I wander'd round the Chrystal walls above;
 But found th' eternal fence so steepy high,
 That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
 I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.
 Then, from the Battlements of th' Heav'nly Tow'r,
 A Watchman Angel bid me waite this hour;
 And told me I had yet a task assign'd,
 To warn that little pledge I left behind;
 And to divert him, e're it were too late,
 From Crimes unknown; and errors of his Fate.

[Almanzor bowing.

Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent form, speak on:
 Instruct thy mortal Elemented Son;
 (For here I wander to my self unknown.)
 But oh, thou better part of Heav'nly Air;
 Teach me, kind spirit, (since I am still thy care,)
 My Parents names!
 If I have yet a Father, let me know
 To whose old age my humble youth must bow;
 And pay its duty, if he mortal be,
 Or Adoration, if a Mind like thee.

Ghost. Then, what I may, I'll tell. —
 From antient Blood thy Fathers Linage springs,
 Thy Mothers thou deriv'st from stems of Kings.
 A Christian born, and born again, that day,
 When sacred Water wash'd thy sins away.

Yet bred in errors thou dost mis-employ
That strength Heav'n gave thee, and its flock destroy.

Almanz. By Reason, Man a Godhead may discern:
But, how he would be worshipt, cannot learn.

Ghost. Heav'n does not now thy Ignorance reprove;
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawless Love.
That Crime thou know'st, and knowing, dost not shun,
Shall an unknown, and greater Crime pull on:
But, if thus warn'd, thou leav'st this cursed place,
Then shalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
Once more I'll see thee: when my charge is done,
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon
Is my abode, where Heav'n and Nature smile;
And strew with Flowers the secret bed of Nile.
Blest Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
And, in the shades of Heav'n, prepar'd for light.

Exit Ghost.

Almanz. Oh Heav'n, how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
Which bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em free!
Since thy fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
Our choice must be what thou didst first ordain:
Thus, like a Captive in an Isle confin'd,
Man walks at large, a Pris'ner of the Mind:
Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment draws;
And, pleading guilty, justifies the Laws. ———
Let Fate be Fate; the Lover and the Brave
Are rank'd, at least, above the vulgar Slave:
Love makes me willing to my death to run;
And courage scorns the death it cannot shun.

Enter Almahide with a Taper.

Almah. My Light will sure discover those who talk;—
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Almanz. He who dares love; and for that love must dy,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Almah. That love which you can hope, and I can pay
May be receiv'd and giv'n in open day;

My praise and my esteem you had before :
And you have bound your self to ask no more.

Almanz. Yes, I have bound my self, but will you take
The forfeit of that bond which force did make?

Almah. You know you are from recompence debarr'd,
But purest love can live without reward.

Almanz. Pure love had need be to it self a feast ;
For, like pure Elements, 'twill nourish least.

Almah. It therefore yields the only pure content ;
For it, like Angels, needs no Nourishment.

To eat and drink can no perfection be ;
All Appetite implies Necessity :

Almanz. 'Twere well, if I could like a spirit live :
But do not Angels food to Mortals give. —

What if some Dæmon should my death foreshow,
Or bid me change, and to the Christians goe,
Will you not think I merit some reward,
When I my love above my life regard ?

Almah. In such a case your change must be allow'd ;
I would, my self, dispence with what you vow'd.

Almanz. Were I to daye that hour when I possess ;
This minute should begin my happiness. [remove.

Almah. The thoughts of death your passion would
Death is a cold encouragement to love !

Alman. No ; from my joyes I to my death would run ;
And think the business of my life well done.

But I should walk a discontented Ghost,
If flesh and blood were to no purpose lost.

Almah. You love me not, *Almanzor* ; if you did,
You would not ask what honour must forbid.

Alman. And what is Honour, but a Love well hid ?

Almah. Yes ; 'tis the Conscience of an Act well done :
Which gives us pow'r our own desires to shun.

The strong, and secret curb of headlong Will ;
The self reward of good ; and shame of ill.

Almanz. These, Madam, are the Maximes of the Day ;
When Honour's present, and when Lov's away.

The duty of poor Honour were too hard,
 In Arms all day, at night to mount the Guard.
 Let him in pity, now, to rest retire;
 Let these soft hours be watch'd by warm desire.

Almah. Guards, who all day on painful duty keep,
 In dangers are not priviledg'd to sleep.

Alman. And with what dangers are you threaten'd here?
 Am I, alas, a foe for you to fear?
 See, Madam, at your feet this Enemy: [kneels.
 Without your pity and your Love I die.

Almah. Rise, rise: and do not empty hopes pursue:
 Yet think, that I deny my self not you.

Alman. A happiness so nigh, I cannot bear:
 My loves too fierce; and you too killing fair.
 I grow enrag'd to see such Excellence:
 If words so much disorder'd, give offence,
 My love's too full of zeal to think of sence. }
 Be you like me; dull Reason hence remove;
 And tedious formes; and give a loose to love.
 Love eagerly; let us be gods to night;
 And do not, with half yielding, dash delight.

Almah. Thou strong Seducer, Opportunity!
 Of womankind, half are undone by thee!
 Though I resolve I will not be misled,
 I wish I had not heard what you had sed!
 I cannot be so wicked to comply;
 And, yet, am most unhappy to deny!
 Away:

Alman. ——— I will not move me from this place:
 I can take no denial from that face!

Almah. If I could yield; (but think not that I will):
 You and my self, I in revenge, should kill.
 For I should hate us both, when it were done:
 And would not to the shame of life be wonn.

Alman. Live but to night; and trust to morrows mind:
 'Ere that can come, there's a whole life behind.
 Methinks already crown'd with joyes, I lie;
 Speechless and breathless in an Extasie.

Not absent in one thought : I am all there :
Still clos'd ; yet wishing still to be more near.

Almah. Deny your own desires : for it will be
Too little now to be deni'd by me.

Will he who does all great, all noble seem,
Be lost and forfeit to his own Esteem ?

Will he, who may with Heroes claim a place,
Belie that fame, and to himself be base ?

Think how August and god-like you did look
When my defence, unbrib'd you undertook.

But, when an Act so brave you disavow,
How little, and how mercenary now !

Almanz. Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd ?
And can I fall so low to be despis'd ?

Almah. Yes ; for whatever may be bought, is low,
And you your self, who sell your self, are so.

Remember the great Act you did this day :

How did your Love to Vertue then give way ?

When you gave freedom to my Captive Lord ;

That Rival, vvho posses't vvhat you ador'd.

Of such a deed vvhat price can there be made ?

Think vvell : is that an Action to be paid ?

It vv as a Myracle of Vertue shovvn :

And vvonders are vvith vvonder paid alone.

And would you all that secret joy of mind

Which great Souls onely in great actions find,

All that, for one tumultuous Minute loose ?

Almanz. I wou'd that minute before ages choose.

Praise is the pay of Heav'n for doing good ;

But Loves the best return for flesh and blood.

Almah. You've mov'd my heart, so much, I can deny
No more ; but know, *Almanzor*, I can dye.

Thus far, my vertue yields ; if I have shown

More Love, than what I ought, let this atone.

[*Going to stab herself.*]

Almanz. Hold, hold !

Such fatal proofs of love you shall not give :

Deny me ; hate me ; (both are just) but live !

Your Vertue I will ne'r disturb again :
 Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

Almah. 'Tis gen'rous to have conquer'd your desire;
 You mount above your wish; and loose it higher.
 There's pride in vertue; and a kindly heat :
 Not feverish, like your love; but full as great.
 Farewell; and may our loves hereafter, be,
 But Image-like, to heighten piety.

Almanz. 'Tis time I should be gone !
 Alas I am but half converted yet :
 All I resolve, I with one look, forget.
 And, like a Lyon whom no Arts can tame ;
 Shall tear, ev'n those, who would my rage reclaime.

Exeunt severally.

*Zulema and Hamet watch Almanzor : and when he is
 gone, go in after the Queen.*

Enter Abdelmelech and Lyndaraxa.

Lynd. It is enough; you've brought me to this place :
 Here stop : and urge no further, my disgrace.
 Kill me; in death your mercy will be seen,
 But make me not a Captive to the Queen :

Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this punishment provide:
 This only can revenge me on your pride.
 Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain.
 And know, you now are to obey, not raign.

*Enter Almahide ; shrieking : her hair loose ; she runs
 over the stage.*

Almah. Help ; help : oh heav'n , some help.

Enter

Enter Zulema and Hamet.

Zul. ———— Make haste before,
And intercept her passage to the door :

Abdelm. Villains, what Act are you attempting here !

Almah. I thank thee, heav'n; some succour does appear.

As Abdelmelech is going to help the Queen :

Lyndaraxa pulls out his sword: and holds it:

Abdelm. With what ill fate, my good design is curst !

Zul. We have no time to think ; dispatch him first.

Abdelm. Oh for a sword !

They make at Abdelmelech: he goes off at one door, while the Queen escapes at the other.

Zul. Ruin'd !

Hamet. ———— Undone !

Lynd. ———— And which is worst of all
He escap'd :

Zul. ———— I hear 'em loudly call.

Lynd. Your fear will loose you: call as loud as they.
I have not time to teach you what to say :

The Court, will in a moment, all be here.

But second what I say, and do not fear.

Call help ; run that way ; leave the rest to me.

*Zulema and Hamet retire, and
within cry help.*

*Enter at several doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin,
Ozmyr, Almanzor, with guards attending Boab-
delin.*

Boab. What can the cause of all this tumult be ?
And what the meaning of that naked sword ?

Lynd. I'll tell, when fear will so much breath afford.
The Queen and *Abdelmelech*. ———— T'will not out—
Ev'n I, who saw it, of the truth yet doubt,
It seems so strange.

Almanz.

Almanz. ——— Did she not name the Queen!
Haste; speak:

Lynd. ——— How dare I speak what I have seen!
With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema*, I went
To pay both theirs, and my acknowledgement
To *Almahide*; and by her Mouth implore
Your Clemency, our Fortunes to restore.
We chose this hour, which we believ'd most free,
When she retir'd from noise and company.
The Antichamber past, we gently knockt,
(Unheard it seems) but found the Lodgings lockt.
In dutious silence while we waited there,
We, first a noise, and then long whispers hear:
Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,
Till she distinctly said,—If this were known
My Love, what shame, what danger would ensue!
Yet I (and sigh'd) could venture more for you!

Boab. O Heav'n, what do I hear, (*Almanz.*) Let her go on. } *sw*

Lynd. And how, (then murmur'd in a bigger tone,
Another voice) and how should it be known?

This hour is from your Court Attendants, free:
The King suspects *Almanzor*; but not me.

[*Zulema*, at the door.

I find her drift: *Hamet* be Confident;
Second her words; and fear not the event.

Zulema and Hamet Enter. The King embraces them.

Boab. Welcome, my onely Friends; Behold in me
O Kings, behold th' effects of Clemency!
See here the gratitude of pardon'd foes!
That life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our Friend before,
When Duty call'd us he was so no more.

Almanz. Damn your delay, you Torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word, but *Almahide*.

Boab. When you, within, the Traitors voice did hear,
What did you, then?

Zul. ——— I durst not trust my Ear:

But, peeping through the Key-hole, I espy'd
 The Queen; and *Abdelmelech* by her side:
 She on the Couch, he on her bosom lay,
 Her Hand, about his Neck, his Head did stay,
 And, from his Forehead wip'd the drops away.

Boab. Go on, go on my friends, to clear my doubt
 I hope I shall have life to hear you out.

Zul. What had been, Sir, you may suspect too well:
 What follow'd, Modesty forbids to tell:
 Seeing, what we had thought beyond belief,
 Our hearts so swell'd with anger and with grief,
 That, by plain force, we strove the door to break:
 He, fearful, and with guilt, or Love, grown weak,
 Just as we enter'd, scap'd the other way:
 Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him stay:

Lynd. His sword, in so much haste he could not mind:
 But left this witness of his Crime behind.

Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithless, womankind!
 How chang'd, and what a Monster am I made!
 My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!

Almanz. Your Love and Honour! mine are ruin'd worse:
 Furies and Hell what right have you to curse!
 Dull, Husband as you are,———
 What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
 I am her Lover, and she's false to me.

Boab. Goe, when the Authors of my shame are found,
 Let 'em be taken instantly, and bound:
 They shall be punish'd as our Laws require:
 'Tis just, that Flames should be condemn'd to fire.
 This, with the dawn of morning shall be done.

Aben. You haste too much her Execution.
 Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:
 With justice, none can be condemn'd unheard.

Boab. A formal Process, tedious is, and long:
 Besides, the evidence is full and strong.

Lynd. The Law demands two witnesses; and she
 Is cast; (for which Heav'n knows I grieve) by three.

Ozm. Hold, Sir; since you so far insist on Law;
We can, from thence, one just advantage draw:
That Law, which dooms Adultresses to die,
Gives Champions, too, to slander'd Chastity. (live,

Almanz. And how dare you, who from my Bounty
Intrench upon my Loves Prerogative.

Your courage in your own concerns try;
Brothers are things remote while I am by.

Ozm. I knew not you thus far her cause would own;
And must not suffer you to fight alone:
Let two to two in equal combat joyn;
You vindicate her Person, I her Line.

Lynd. Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has least right
In her defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.

Almanz. 'Tis false; she is not ill, nor can she be;
She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.

Zul. Dare you, what Sense and Reason prove, deny?

Almanz. When she's in question, Sense and Reason lye.

Zul. For Truth, and for my injur'd Sovereign,
What I have said, I will to death maintain.

Ozm. So foul a falshood, who e'r justifies
Is basely born; and, like a Villain, lies.

In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

[Takes a Ring from his finger.]

Hamet. I take it; and despise a Traytors Rage.

Boab. The Combat's yours; a Guard the Lists surround;
Then raise a Scaffold in th' incompass ground:
And, by it, piles of Wood; in whose just fire,
Her Champion's slain, th' Adultress shall expire.

Aben. We ask no favour, but what Arms will yield:

Boab. Choose then two equal Judges of the Field,
Next morning shall decide the doubtful strife;
Condemn th' unchaste, or quit the vertuous Wife.

Almanz. But I am both wayes, curst.—

For *Almahide* must dye, if I am slain;
Or, for my Rival, I the Conquest gain.

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V.

Almanzor *Solus.*

I Have out-fac'd my self: and justify'd
 What I knew false to all the World, beside,
 She was as faithles as her Sex could be:
 And now I am alone, she's so to me:
 She's faln! and now where shall we vertue find;
 She was the last that stood of Woman-kind:
 Could she so holily my flames remove;
 And fall that hour to *Abdelmelechs* Love?
 Yet her protection I must undertake;
 Not now for Love, but for my Honours sake.
 That mov'd me first, and must oblige me still,
 My cause is good, however hers be ill,
 I'll leave her, when she's freed; and let it be
 Her punishment, she could be false to me.

[*To him, Abdelmelech, guarded.*

Abdelm. Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor are there Deities.
 There is some new Rebellion in the Skies.
 All that was Good and Holy, is dethron'd,
 And Lust, and Rapine are for justice own'd.

Almanz. 'Tis true; what justice in that Heav'n can be
 Which thus affronts me with the sight of thee!
 Why must I be from just Revenge debarr'd!
 Chains are thy Arms, and Prisons are thy Guard:
 The death thou dy'st may to a Husband be
 A satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
 My Love would justice to it self afford;
 But now thou creep'st to Death, below my Sword.

Abdelm. This threat'ning would show better, were I free,

Almanz. No; wer't thou freed, I would not threaten thee.

This

This arme should then.—But now it is too late! ——
 I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.
 As some huge Rock
 Rent from its Quarry, does the Waves divide,
 So I,———
 W'ould sowze upon thy guards, and dash 'em wide :
 Then, to my rage left naked and alone,
 Thy too much freedome thou shouldst soon bemoan :
 Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the open plain
 Pursu'd and cuffd, seeks shelter now in vain :
 So on the ground wou'dst thou expecting lye,
 Not daring to afford me victory.
 But, yet thy fate's not ripe: it is decreed
 Before thou dy'st that *Almahide* be freed.
 My honour first her danger shall remove,
 And then, revenge on thee my injur'd love.

Exeunt severally.

*The Scene changes to the Vivarambla ; and appears fill'd
 with Spectators : A scaffold hung with black, &c,*

Enter the Queen, guarded, with Esperanza.

Almah. See how the gazing people crowd the place :
 All gaping to be fill'd with my disgrace.

[*A shout within.*

That shout, like the hoarse peals of Vultures rings,
 When, over fighting fields, they beat their wings.
 Let never woman trust in Innocence.
 Or think her Chastity its own defence ;
 Mine has betray'd me to this publick shame :
 And vertue, which I serv'd, is but a name.

Esper. Leave then that shaddow, and for succor fly
 To him, we serve, the Christians Deity.
 Vertue's no god, nor has she power divine :
 But he protects it who did first enjoyn.

Trust,

Trust, then, in him, and from his grace, implore
Faith to believe what rightly we adore.

Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd forgive:
My infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Christians truely worship thee,
Let me thy godhead in thy succour see :
So shall thy Justice in my safety shine,
And all my dayes, which thou shalt add, be thine.

*Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda :
then Abdelmelech guarded. And after him, Selin,
and Alabez, as Judges of the field.*

Boab. You Judges of the field, first take your place :
The accusers and accus'd bring face to face.
Set guards, and let the Lifts be open'd wide,
And may just Heav'n assist the juster side.

Almah. What not one tender look, one passing word ;
Farewel, my much unkind, but still lov'd Lord !
Your Throne was for my humble fate too high ;
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I should dye.
My story be forgot when I am dead ;
Least it should fright some other from your bed :
And, to forget me, may you soon adore
Some happier maid (yet none could love you more.)
But may you never think me innocent ;
Least it should cause you trouble to repent.

Boabd. 'Tis pity so much beauty should not live ; [*aside*
Yet, I too much am injur'd to forgive. [*goes to his seat.*

*Trumpets : Then enter two Mores bearing two naked
swords before the Accusers Zulema and Hamet, who
follow them. The Judges seat themselves : the Queen,
and Abdelmelech are led to the Scaffold.*

Alabez. Say for what end you thus in arms appear ?
What are your names, and what demand you here ?

Zulema

Zulema. The Zegry's antient Race our Linage claims;
 And *Zulema* and *Hamet* are our names.
 Like Loyal Subjects in these lists we stand,
 And Justice in our Kings behalf demand.

Hamet. For whom, in witness of what both have seen,
 Bound by our duty, we appeach the Queen
 And *Abdelmelech*, of adultery.

Zul. Which, like true Knights we will maintain, or dy.

Alabez. Swear on the *Alcoran* your cause is right;
 And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight.

[*They touch their foreheads with
 the Alcoran, and bow.*

*Trumpets on the other side of the Stage: two Moors
 as before, with bare swords before Almanzor and
 Ozmyn.*

Selin. Say for what end you thus in armes appear:
 What are your names, and what demand you here?

Alman. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my name;

We come as Champions of the Queens fair fame:

Ozmyn. To prove these Zegrys, like false Trators, lye;
 Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or dye.

Selin. to *Almahide*.

Madam, do you for Champions take these two;
 By their success to live or dye;

Almah. _____ I do.

Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;
 And *Mahomet* so prosper you in fight.

[*She kisses the Alcoran.*

*Ozmyn and Benzayda embrace, and take leave in
 dumb show: while Lyndaraxa speaks to her
 Brothers.*

Lind. If you o'ecome, let neither of 'em live:
 But use with care the advantages I give.
 One of their swords in fight shall useles be;
 The Bearer of it is suborn'd by me.

[*She and Benzaida retire.*

Alabez. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance
 And each of you assist his fellows chance.

Selin.

selin. The wind and Sun we equally divide;
So, let th'event of Arms the truth decide.
The chances of the fight, and every wound,
The trumpets, on the Victors part, resound.

The Trumpets sound; Almanzor and Zulema meet and fight: Ozmyn and Hamet: after some passes, the sword of Ozmyn breaks; he retires defending himself, and is wounded: the Zegry's trumpets sound their advantage: Almanzor, in the mean time, drives Zulema to the farther end of the stage; till, hearing the trumpets of the adverse party, he looks back and sees Ozmyn's misfortune: he makes at Zulema just as Ozmyn falls, in retiring, and Hamet is thrusting at him.

Ham. to Ozmyn thrusting.

Our difference now shall soon determin'd be:

Alman. Hold, Traytor, and defend thy self from me.

Hamet leaves Ozmyn (who cannot rise,) and both he and Zulema fall on Almanzor, and press him: he retires and Hamet, advancing first, is run through the body and falls. The Queens trumpets sound. Almanzor pursues Zulema.

Lind. I must make haste some remedy to find:—

Treason, *Almanzor*, treason; look behind.

Almanzor looks behind him to see who calls, and Zulema takes the advantage and wounds him; the Zegry's trumpets sound: Almanzor turns upon Zulema and wounds him: he falls. The Queens trumpets sound.

Alman. Now triumph in thy sisters treachery. [*stabbing Zul.* Hold, hold; I have enough to make me dye, (*him.*

But, that I may in peace resign my breath,
I must confess my crime before my death.

Mine is the guilt; the Queen is innocent;
I lov'd her; and, to compass my intent,
Us'd force, which *Abdelmelech* did prevent.

The lye my Sister forg'd: But, oh my fate
Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.

Fair Queen, forgive; and let my penitence
Expiate some part of. ——— [*dies.*

Almah. ——— Ev'n thy whole offence!

Almanz.

[Almanzor to the Judges.

Ifought remains in the Sultana's cause,
I here am ready to fulfil the Laws.

Selin. The Law is fully satisfy'd; and we
Pronounce the Queen and *Abdelmelech* free.

Abdelm. Heav'n thou art just!

*The Judges rise from their seats, and goe before
Almanzor, to the Queens Scaffold: he un-
binds the Queen and Abdelmelech; they all
goe off, the people showing, and the Trum-
pets sounding the while.*

Boab. Before we pay our thanks, or show our joy;
Let us our needful Charity employ.

Some skilful Surgeon speedily be found,
T'apply fit Remedies to *Ozmyn's* wound.

[Benzayda running to *Ozmyn*.

That be my charge; my Linnen I will tear:
Wash it with Tears, and bind it with my Hair:

Ozm. With how much pleasure I my pains endure!
And blest the wound which causes such a cure.

*Exit Ozmyn, led by Benzayda
and Abenamar.*

Boab. Some, from the place of Combat bear the slain:
Next *Lyndaraxa's* death I should ordain:
But let her who this mischief did contrive,
For ever banish'd from *Granada* live.

Lynd. Thou shou'dst have punish'd more, or not at all:
By her thou hast not ruin'd, thou shalt fall. [aside.
The *Zegry's* shall revenge their branded Line:
Betray their Gate, and with the Christians joyn.

*Exit Lynd, with Alabez, the Bodies of
her Brothers are born after her.*

Almanzor, Almahide, *Esperanzare*-enter
to the King.

Almah. The thanks thus paid, which first to Heav'n were
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you:

T

Some-

Somewhat there is, of more concernment, too,
Which 'tis not fit you should, in publick, know.
First let your wounds be dress'd with speedy care;
And then you shall th' important Secret share.

Almanz. When e're you speak,
Were my wounds mortal, they should still bleed on;
And I would listen till my life were gone:
My Soul, should, ev'n for your last accent, stay;
And then shoot out, and with such speed obey;
It shou'd not bait at Heav'n to stop its way.

Exit Almanzor.

Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her Honour save; [*aside*
But yet what private business can they have!
Such freedom, vertue will not sure, allow;
I cannot clear my heart; but must my brow:

He approaches Almahide.

Welcome again my Vertuous, Loyal, Wife;
Welcome, to Love, to Honour, and to Life. —

[*Goes to salute her; she starts back.*

You seem ———

As if you from a loath'd embrace did goe!

Almah. Then briefly I will speak, (since you must know }
What to the World my future Acts will show:)

But, hear me first, and then my reasons weigh:

'Tis known how Duty led me to obey

My Fathers choice; and how I since did live,

You, Sir, can best your testimony give.

How to your aid I have *Almanzor* brought,

When by rebellious Crowds your life was sought,

Then, how I bore your causeless Jealousie,

(For I must speak;) and after set you free,

When you were Pris'ner by the chance of war;

These, sure are proofs of Love. —

Boab ——— I grant they are.

Almah And cou'd you, then, O cruelly unkind,
So ill reward such tenderness of mind!

Could you, denying what our Laws afford

The meanest subject, on a Traytors word,

Unheard, condemn, and suffer me to goe
To death, and yet no common pity show !

Boab. Love fill'd my heart ev'n to the brim before:
And then, with too much jealousie, boil'd o're.

Almah. Be't Love or Jealousie, tis such a Crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to trust a second time.
Know then, my Pray'rs to Heav'n, shall never cease
To crown your Arms in War ; your Wars with Peace:
But, from this day, I will not know your Bed.
Though *Almahide* still lives, your wife is dead:
And, with her, dies a Love so pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you!

Exit Almahide.

Boab. Yes, you will spend your life, in Pray'rs for me ;
And yet this hour my hated Rival see.
She might a Husband's Jealousie forgive ;
But she will onely for *Almanzor* live.
It is resolv'd, I will, my self, provide
That vengeance, which my useles Laws deny'd :
And, by *Almanzor's* death, at once, remove
The Rival of my Empire, and my Love.

Exit Boabdelin.

*Enter Almahide, led by Almanzor ; and follow'd
by Esperanza ; she speaks entring.*

Almah. How much, *Almanzor*, to your aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I blush to know.

Yet, forc'd by need, e're I can clear that score,
I, like ill debtors, come to borrow more.

Almanz. Your new Commands I on my knees attend :
I was created for no other end.

Born to be yours, I do by Nature, serve,
And, like the lab'ring Beast, no thanks deserve.

Almah. Yet first your Vertue to your succor call,
For, in this hard Command, you'll need it all.

Almanz. I stand prepar'd ; and whatsoe're it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

Almah. Then know, I from your Love must yet implore
One proof: — that you would never see me more.

[*Almanzor starting back.*

I must confess,

For this last stroke I did no Guard provide;
I could suspect no Foe was near that side:
From Winds and thickning Clouds we Thunder fear:
None dread it from that quarter which is clear.
And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To shew

You knew where deepest you could wound my Heart.

Almah. So much respect is to your passion due,
That sure I could not practise Arts on you.

But, that you may not doubt what I have said,
This hour I have renounc'd my Husbands Bed,
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I should a Lover see!

Almanz. If his unkindness have deserv'd that Curse,
Must I for loving well be punish'd worse?

Almah. Neither your Love nor Merits I compare;
But my unspotted Name must be my care.

Almanz. I have this day establish'd its renown. (down?)

Almah. Would you so soon, what you have rais'd, throw

Almanz. But, Madam, Is not yours a greater Guilt
To ruine him who has that Fabrique built?

Almah. No Lover should his Mistress Pray'rs withstand:
Yet you contemn my absolute Command.

Almanz. 'Tis not contempt,
When your Command is issu'd out too late:
'Tis past my pow'r; and all beyond is fate.
I scarce could leave you when to Exile sent,
Much less when now recall'd from banishment:
For if that heat your glances cast, were strong;
Your Eyes like Glasses, Fire, when held so long.

Almah. Then, since you needs will all my weakness know,
I love you; and so well, that you must goe:
I am so much oblig'd; and have withal,
A Heart so boundless and so prodigal,

I dare

I dare not trust my self or you, to stay,
But, like frank gamesters, must forswear the play:

Almanz. Fate thou art kind to strike so hard a blow ;
I am quite stun'd ; and past all feeling now.

Yet -- can you tell me you have pow'r and will
To save my life, and, at that instant, kill !

Alm. This, had you stay'd, you never must have known :
But now you goe, I may with honour own.

Almanz. But, Madam, I am forc'd to disobey :
In your defence, my honour bids me stay.

I promis'd to secure your life and throne ;
And, heav'n be thank'd, that work is yet undone.

Alma. I here make void that promise which you made :
For now I have no farther need of ayd :

That vow which to my plighted Lord was giv'n,
I must not break ; but may transfer to Heav'n :
I will with Vestals live :

There needs no guard at a Religious door ;
Few will disturb the praying and the poor.

Almanz. Let me but near that happy Temple stay,
And, through the grates, peep on you once a day.

To famish'd hope I would no banquet give :
I cannot sterve, and wish but just to live.

Thus, as a drowning man

Sinks often, and does still more faintly rise ;
With his last hold catching what 'ere he spies ;

So, faln from those proud hopes I had before,
Your Aid I for a dying wretch implore.

Almah. I cannot your hard destiny withstand ;

Boabdelin and guards above.

But slip, like bending rushes, from your hand :
Sink all at once, since you must sink at last.

Almanz. Can you that last relief of sight remove,
And thrust me out the utmost line of love !

Then, since my hopes of happiness are gone,
Deny'd all favours, I will seyze this one.

[Catches her hand and kisses it.

Boab. My just revenge no longer I'll forbear ;
I've seen too much ; I need not stay to hear. [*descends*

Almanz. As a small Show'r
To the parch'd earth does some refreshment give,
So, in the strength of this, one day I'll live :
A day : -- a year -- an age -- for ever now ;
*betwixt each word he kisses her
hand by force ; she struggling.*
I feel from every touch a new Soul flow.
[she snatches her hand away.]

My hop'd Eternity of joy is past !
'Twas insupportable, and could not last.
Were heav'n not made of less, or duller joy,
'Twould break each Minute, and it self destroy.

Enter King and guards below.

King Boab. This, this is he for whom thou didst deny
To share my bed : — Let 'em together dye.

Almah. Hear me, my Lord. —

Boab. ——— Your flatt'ring Arts are vain :
Make haste ; and execute what I ordain. [*to Guards.*

Almanz. Cut piece-meal in this cause ;
From every wound I shou'd new Vigour take :
And every limb should new *Almanzors* make.

*He puts himself before the Queen ; the guards
attaque him ; with the King.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. to the King.

What angry God, to exercise his spight,
Has arm'd your left hand to cut off your right !

[The King turns, and the fight ceases.]

Hast, not to give but to prevent a Fate :
The foes are enter'd at the Elvira gate :
False *Lyndaraxa* 'has the Town betray'd,
And all the *Zegry's* give the Spaniards ayd.

Boab.

Boab. O mischief, not suspected nor foreseen !

Abdelm. Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin*,
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* place possess'd :

While our faint Souldiers scarce defend the rest.

The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head ;

The next by *Ferdinand* himself is led.

Almah. Now brave *Almanzor*, be a god again ;

Above our Crimes, and your own passions reign :

My Lord has been, by Jealousy, miss'd

To think I was not faithful to his bed.

I can forgive him though my death he sought ;

For too much love can never be a fault.

Protect him, then ; and what to his defence

You give not, give to clear my innocence.

Alman. Listen sweet Heav'n ; and all ye blest above

Take rules of Vertue from a Mortal love.

You've rais'd my Soul ; and if it mount more high,

'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.

Yes, I once more will my revenge neglect :

And whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a fate is mine, still doom'd to shame :
I make Occasions for my Rivals fame !

Exeunt.

An Alarm within.

Enter Ferdinand, Isabel, Don Alonzo d' Aguilar ; Spaniards, and Ladies.

Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd :
But there is yet a doubtful fight maintain'd ;

Alonz. The fierce young King the enter'd does attacque,
And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives 'em back.

Ferd. The valiant Moores like raging Lyons, fight.
Each youth encourag'd by his Ladies sight.

Qu. Isab. I will advance with such a shining train,
That Moorish beauties shall oppose in vain :

Into

Into the press of clashing swords we'll goe ;
And where the darts fly thickest, seek the foe.

K. Ferd. May Heav'n, which has inspir'd this gen'rous
Avert those dangers you have boldly sought: (thought,
Call up more troops ; the women, to our shame,
Will ravish from the men their part of fame.

Exeunt Isabella and Ladies.

Enter Alabez : and kisses the Kings hand.

Alabez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the *Zegry* line
Have led their forces with your troops to join :
The adverse part, which obstinately fought,
Are broke ; and *Abdelmelech* pris'ner brought.

K. Ferd. Fair *Lyndaraxa* and her friends shall find
Th' effects of an oblig'd and grateful mind.

Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambla* place,
The combat carry'd a more doubtful face ;
In that vast square the Moors and Spaniards met ;
Where the fierce conflict is continued yet.
But with advantage on the adverse side,
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to conquest guide.

K. Ferd. With my Castilian foot I'll meet his rage ;
[*Is going out : shouts within are heard.*
Victoria, Victoria.

But these loud clamours better news presage :

*Enter the Duke of Arcos, and Souldiers ; their swords
drawn and bloody.*

D. of Arcos. Granada now is yours ; and there remain
No Moors, but such as own the pow'r of *Spain*.
That Squadron which their King in person led,
We charg'd ; but found *Almanzor* in their head.
Three several times we did the Moors attacque,
And thrice, with slaughter, did he drive us back.
Our troops then shrunk ; and still we lost more ground :
Till, from our Queen, we needful succour found.

Her

Her Guards to our assistance bravely flew;
 And, with fresh vigour, did the fight renew.
 At the same time——

Did *Lyndaraxa* with her troops appear,
 And, while we charg'd the front, engag'd the rear.
 Then fell the King (slain by a *Zegry's* hand :)

K. Ferd. How could he, such united force withstand !

D. of Arcos. Discourag'd with his death, the Moorish
 Fell back; and, falling back, were press'd by ours. (pow'rs
 But, as when winds and rain together crow'd,
 They swell till they have burst the bladder'd clowd:
 And first the Lightning, flashing deadly clear,
 Flies, falls, consumes, ere scarce it does appear :
 So, from his shrinking troops, *Almanzor* flew;
 Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he flew.
 His force at once I envy'd and admir'd ;
 And, rushing forward, where my men retir'd,
 Advanc'd alone.

K. Ferd.—————— You hazarded too far
 Your person, and the fortune of the Warr.

D. of Arcos. Already, both our armes for fight did bare,
 Already held 'em threatning in the air :
 When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my fight, did guid,
 To view his arm, upon whose wrist, I spy'd
 A ruby Cross in Diamond bracelets ty'd.
 And just above it, in the brawnier part,
 By nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
 Struck with these tokens, which so well I knew,
 And stagg'ring back, some paces I withdrew ;
 He follow'd ; and suppos'd it was my fear :
 When, from above, a shrill voice reach'd his ear ;
 Strike not thy father, it was heard to cry ;
 Amaz'd ; and casting round his wond'ring eye,
 He stop'd : then, thinking that his fears were vain.
 He lifted up his thundring arm again :
 Again the voice withheld him from my death ;
 Spare, spare his life, it cry'd, who gave thee breath.

Once more he stop'd : then threw his sword away,
 Blest shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey
 Thy sacred voice : then, in the sight of all,
 He at my feet, I on his neck did fall.

Ferd. O blest Event!

Arcos. ~~The Moors~~ The Moors no longer fought;
 But all their safety, by submission, sought:
 Mean time, my Song grew faint with loss of blood:
 And, on his bending sword supported, stood.
 Yet, with a voice beyond his strength, he cry'd,
 Lead me to live, or dye, by *Almahide*

K. Ferd. I am not for his wounds less griev'd than you.
 For if, what now my Soul divines, prove true,
 This is that son, whom in his Infancy
 You lost, when by my father forc'd to fly.

D. Arcos. His Sisters beauty did my passion move;
 (The crime for which I suffer'd was my love.)
 Our marriage known, to Sea we took our flight,
 There, in a storm, *Almanzor* first saw light.
 On his right Arm, a bloody heart was grav'd,
 (The mark by which this day, my life was sav'd.)
 The Bracelets and the Cross, his mother ty'd
 About his wrist, ere she in childbed dy'd.
 How we were Captives made, when she was dead;
 And how *Almanzor* was in *Africque* bred,
 Some other hour you may at leisure hear,
 For see, the Queen, in triumph, does appear.

Enter Qu. Isabel : Lyndaraxa : Ladies, Moors and Spaniards mix'd as Guards. Abdelmelech, Abenamar, Selin, Pris'ners.

K. Ferdinand embracing Qu Isabel.
 All stories, which *Granada's* Conquest tell,
 Shall celebrate the name of *Isabel*.
 Your Ladies too, who in their Countries cause,
 Led on the men, shall share in your applause:

And

And, for your sakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Ladies dow'r shall question'd be in *Spain*,
Fair *Lyndarixa*, for the help she lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.

Abdelm. O Heav'n, that I should live to see this day!

Lynd. You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.

I knew this Empire to my fate was ow'd
Heav'n held it back as long as 'ere it cou'd.

For thee, base wretch, I want a torture yet-- [to *Abdelm.*

--I'll cage thee, thou shalt be my *Bajazet*.

I on no pavement but on thee will tread;

And, when I mount, my foot shall know thy head.

Abdelm. stabbing her with a Ponyard.

This first shall know thy heart.

Lind. ————— Oh! I am slain!

Abdelm. Now boast, thy Country is betray'd to *Spain*.

K. Ferd. Look to the Lady. — Seize the Murderer.

Abdelmelech, stabbing himself.

I'll do my self that Justice I did her.

Thy blood I to thy ruin'd Country give, [To *Lynd.*

But love too well thy murder to outlive.

Forgive a love, excus'd by its excess; I bleed for thee,

Which, had it not been cruel, had been less.

Condemn my passion, then, but pardon me;

And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee. [dyes.

Lynd. Dye for us both; I have not leysure now;

A Crown is come; and will not fate allow;

And yet I feel something like death, is near:

My guards, my guards; ————

Let not that ugly skeleton appear.

Sure destiny mistakes; this death's not mine;

She dotes; and meant to cut another line;

Tell her I am a Queen; ———— but 'tis too late;

Dying, I charge Rebellion on my fate:

Bow down ye slaves ————

To the Moors.

Bow quickly down, and your Submission show. [*they bow.*
I'me pleas'd to taste an Empyre 'ere I goe. [*dyes.*

Selin. She's dead and here her proud ambition ends.

Aben. Such fortune still, such black designs attends.

Ferd. Remove those mournful Objects from our eyes;
And see perform'd their funeral Obsequies.

The Bodies carried off.

Enter, Almanzor and Almahide, Ozmyn and Benzayda. Almahide brought in a chair: Almanzor led betwixt Souldiers: Isabel salutes Almahide in dumb show.

Duke of Arcos presenting Almanzor to the King.

See here that Son, whom I with pride call mine;
And who dishonours not your royal line.

K. Ferd. I'me now secure this Scepter, which I gain;
Shall be continu'd in the pow'r of Spain;
Since he, who could alone my foes defend,
By birth and honour is become my friend,
Yet I can own no joy; nor Conquest boast, [*to Almanz.*
While in this blood I see how dear it cost.

Almanz. This honor to my veins new blood will bring:
Sreams cannot fail, fed by so high a Spring:
But all Court-Customs I so little know
That I may fail in those respects I owe.
I bring a heart which homage never knew;
Yet it finds something of it self in you:
Something so kingly, that my haughty mind
Is drawn to yours; because 'tis of a kind.

Qu. Isabel. And yet, that Soul, which bears it self so high,
If fame be true, admits a Sovereignty.
This Queen, in her fair eyes, such fetters brings,
As chain that heart, which scorns the pow'r of Kings.

Almah. Little of charm in these sad eyes appears;
If they had any, now 'tis lost in tears.
A Crown, and Husband ravish'd in one day;
Excuse a grief, I cannot choose but pay.

Q. Isab. Have Courage, Madam, heav'n has joyes in store
To recompence those losses you deplore.

Qu. Almah. I know your God can all my woes redress;
To him I made my vows in my distress.
And what a Misbeliever vow'd this day,
Though not a Queen, a Christian yet shall pay.

Qu. Isabel embracing her.
That Christian name you shall receive from me;
And *Isabella* of *Granada* be.

Benz. This blessed change, we all with joy receive;
And beg to learn that faith which you believe.

Qu. Isabel. With reverence for those holy rites prepare;
And all commit your fortunes to my care.

K. Ferd. to Almahide.

You, Madam, by that Crown, you loose, may gain,
If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;
Of which *Almanzor's* father stands possessor.

Qu. Isabel to Almahide.
May you in him; and he in you be blest.

Qu. Almahide. I owe my life and honour to his sword;
But owe my love to my departed Lord.

Almanzor. Thus, when I have no living force to dread,
Fate find's me Enemies amongst the dead.

'Tis now to conquer Ghosts; and to destroy,
The strong impressions of a Bridale joy.

Almah. You've yet a greater Foe, than these can be;
Vertue opposes you and Modesty.

Almanz. From a false fear that Modesty does grow;
And thinks true love, because 'tis fierce, its foe.

'Tis but the wax whose seals on Virgins stay:
Let it approach Loves fire, 'twill melt away.

But I have liv'd too long; I never knew
When fate was conquer'd, I must combate you.

I thought to climb the steep ascent of Love;
But did not think to find a foe above.

'Tis time to dye, when you my bar must be,
Whose aid alone could give me Victory.

Without _____

I'll pull up all the forces of the flood:
And Love, within, shall boyl out all my blood.

Qu. Isab. Fear not, your Love should find so sad success;
While I have pow'r to be your Patroness:
I am her Parent, now, and may command
So much of duty, as to give her hand:

[gives him Almahides hand.

Almah. Madam, I never can dispute your pow'r,
Or, as a Parent, or a Conquerour.
But, when my year of Widowhood expires,
Shall yield to your Commands and his desires.

Almanz. Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lovers pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!

K. Ferd. Mean time, you shall my Victories pursue;
The Moors in woods and mountains to subdue.

Almanz. The toyles of war shall help to wear each day;
And dreams of love shall drive my nights away.
Our Banners to th' *Alhambra's* turrets bear;
Then, wave our Conqu'ring Crosses in the Aire;
And Cry, with shouts of Triumph; live and raign,
Great *Ferdinand* and *Isabel* of Spain.

Almah. I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;

Almanz. I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;

K. Ferd. I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;
I'll be your Partner in your Wars;



EPILOGUE

to the Second Part of

G R A N A D A.

They, who have best succeeded on the Stage,
Have still conform'd their Genius to their Age.
Thus Jonson did Mechanique humour show,
When men were dull, and conversation low.
Then, Comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse;
Cobbs Tankard was a jest, and Otter's horse.
And as their Comedy, their love was mean:
Except, by chance, in some one labour'd Scene,
Which must atone for an ill-written Play.
They rose; but at their height could seldom stay.
Fame then was cheap, and the first commer. sped;
And they have kept it since, by being dead.
But were they now to write when Critiques weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry word, throughout a Play,
None of 'em, no not Jonson, in his height,
Could pass; without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not envy that these truths are told,
Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are shown,
But, by their errours, to excuse his own.
If Love and Honour now are highen rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.
Wit's now arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our native Language more refin'd and free.
Our Ladies and our men now speak more wit
In conversation, than those Poets writ.

Then

Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
That what this Poet writes comes short of you,
And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)
Or else his writing is not worse than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Critiques will
That some before him writ with greater skill,
In this one praise he has their fame surpass,
To please an Age more Gallant than the last.

Defence of the EPILOGUE.

Or,

An Essay on the Dramatique Poetry of the last Age.

THe promises of Authors, that they will write again, are in effect, a threatning of their Readers with some new impertinence, and they who perform not what they promise, will have their pardon on easy terms. 'Tis from this consideration that I could be glad to spare you the trouble which I am now giving you, of a ~~Preface~~ ^{Postscript}, if I were not oblig'd by many reasons to write somewhat concerning our present Playes, and those of our predecessors on the English stage. The truth is, I have so farr engag'd my self in a bold *Epilogue* to this Play, wherein I have somewhat tax'd the former writing, that it was necessary for me either not to print it, or to show that I could defend it. Yet, I would so maintain my opinion of the present Age, as not to be wanting in my veneration for the past: I would ascribe to dead Authors their just praises, in those things wherein they have excell'd us: and in those wherein we contend

tend with them for the preheminance, I would acknowledge our advantages to the Age, and claim no victory from our wit. This being what I have propos'd to myself, I hope I shall not be thought arrogant when I inquire into their Errors. For, we live in an Age, so Sceptical, that as it determines little, so it takes nothing from Antiquity on trust. and I profess to have no other ambition in this Essay, than that Poetry may not go backward, when all other Arts and Sciences are advancing. Whoever censures me for this inquiry, let him hear his Character from *Horace* :

*Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque Lividus odit.*

He favours not dead wits, but hates the living.

It was upbraided to that excellent Poet that he was an enemy to the writings of his Predecessor *Lucilius*, because he had said, *Lucilium luculentum fluere*, that he ran muddy: and that he ought to have retrench'd from his Satyrs many unnecessary verses. But *Horace* makes *Lucilius* himself to justify him from the imputation of Envy, by telling you that he would have done the same had he liv'd in an age which was more refin'd.

*Si foret hoc nostrum, fato, delapsus in ævum,
Detraheret sibi multa, recederet omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: &c.*

And, both in the whole course of that Satyr, and in his most admirable Epistle to *Augustus*, he makes it his business to prove that Antiquity alone is no plea for the excellency of a Poem: but, that one Age learning from another, the last (if we can suppose an equality of wit in the writers,) has the advantage of knowing more, and better than the former. and this I think is the state of the question in dispute. It is therefore my part to make it clear, that the Language, Wit, and Conversation of our Age are improv'd and refin'd above the last: and then

it will not be difficult, to infer, that our Playes have receiv'd some part of those advantages.

In the first place, therefore, it will be necessary to state, in general, what this refinement is of which we treat: and that I think will not be defin'd amiss: *An improvement of our Wit, Language, and Conversation. or, an alteration in them for the better.*

To begin with *Language*. That an Alteration is lately made in ours or since the Writers of the last Age (in which I comprehend *Shakespear, Fletcher and Jonson*) is manifest. Any man who reads those excellent Poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line. But, that this is an *Improvement* of the Language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted. For many are of a contrary opinion, that the English tongue was then in the height of its perfection; that, from *Jonsons* time to ours, it has been in a continual declination; like that of the *Romans* from the Age of *Virgil* to *Statius*, and so downward to *Claudian*: of which, not onely *Petranius*, but *Quintilian* himself, so much complains, under the person of *Secundus*, in his famous Dialogue *de causis corrupte eloquentia*.

But, to shew that our Language is improv'd; and that those people have not a just value for the Age in which they live, let us consider in what the refinement of a language principally consists: that is, *either in rejecting such old words or phrases which are ill sounding, or improper, or in admitting new, which are more proper, more sounding and more significant.*

The Reader will easily take notice, that when I speak of rejecting improper words and phrases I mention not such as are Antiquated by custome onely: and, as I may say, without any fault of theirs: for in this case the refinement can be but accidental: that is when the words and phrases which are rejected happen to be improper. Neither would I be understood (when I speak of impropriety in Language) either wholly to accuse the

the

the last Age, or to excuse the present ; and least of all myself. For all writers have their imperfections and failings. but I may safely conclude in the general, that our improprieties are less frequent, and less gross than theirs. One Testimony of this is undeniable, that we are the first who have observ'd them. and, certainly, to observe errors is a great step to the correcting of them. But, malice and partiality set apart, let any man who understands English, read diligently the works of *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* ; and I dare undertake that he will find, in every page either some *Solecism* of Speech, or some notorious flaw in Sense : and yet these men are reverenc'd when we are not forgiven. That their wit is great and many times their expressions noble ; envy it self cannot deny.

————— *Neque ego illis detrabere ausim*
Herentem capiti, multa cum laude, coronam :

but the times were ignorant in which they liv'd. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arriv'd to its vigor and maturity: witness the lameness of their Plots : many of which, especially those which they writ first, (for even that Age refin'd itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous, incoherent story, which, in one Play many times took up the business of an Age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, nor the Historical Plays of *Shakespeare*. Besides many of the rest as the *Winters Tale*, *Love's labour lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least, so meanly written, that the Comedy neither caus'd your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment. If I would expatiate on this Subject, I could easily demonstrate that our admir'd *Fletcher*, who writ after him, neither understood correct Plotting, nor that which they call *the Decorum of the Stage*. I would not search in his worst Playes for examples: he who will consider his *Philaster*, his *Humorous Lieutenant*, his *Faithful*
Shep-

Shepherdes; and many others which I could name, will find them much below the applause which is now given them. he will see *Philaſter* wounding his Miſtriſs, and afterwards his Boy, to ſave himſelf: Not to mention the Clown who enters immediately, and not only has the advantage of the Combat againſt the Heroe, but diverts you from your ſerious concernment, with his ridiculous and abſurd Raillery. In his *Humorous Lieutenant* you find his *Demetrius* and *Leoncius* ſtaying in the miſt of a routed Army to hear the cold mirth of the *Lieutenant*: and *Demetrius* afterwards appearing with a Piſtol in his hand, in the next Age to *Alexander* the Great. And for his *Shepherd*, he falls twice into the former indecency of wounding Women, but theſe abſurdities, which thoſe Poets committed, may more properly be call'd the Ages fault than theirs. for, beſides the want of Education and Learning, (which was their particular unhappineſs) they wanted the benefit of con-verſe. but of that, I ſhall ſpeak hereafter, in a place more proper for it. Their Audiencies knew no better: and therefore were ſatisfy'd with what they brought. Thoſe who call theirs the *Golden Age of Poetry*, have only this reaſon for it, that they were then content with Acorns, before they knew the uſe of Bread: or that *'Avis deus* was become a Proverb. They had many who admir'd them, and few who blam'd them. and, certainly, a ſevere Critique is the greateſt help to a good Wit. he does the Office of a Friend, while he deſigns that of an Enemy: and his malice keeps a Poet within thoſe bounds, which the Luxuriancy of his Fancy would tempt him to over-leap.

But it is not their Plots which I meant, principally to tax: I was ſpeaking of their Sence and Language. and I dare almoſt challenge any man to ſhow me a page together, which is correct in both. As for *Ben. Johnson*, I am loath to name him, becauſe he is a moſt Judicious Writer; yet he very often falls into theſe errors. And I once more beg the Readers pardon, for accusing him or them.

Only.

Onely let him consider that I live in an age where my least faults are severely censur'd: and that I have no way left to extenuate my failings but my showing as great in those whom we admire.

Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus cura sagittis.

I cast my eyes but by chance on *Catiline*; and in the three or four first pages, found enough to conclude that *Johnson* writ not correctly.

————— *Let the long hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror.*

In reading some bombast speeches of *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, he us'd to say that it was horror. and I am much afraid that this is so.

*Thy parricide, late on thy onely Son,
After his mother, to make empty way,
For thy last wicked Nuptials, worse than they
That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
Which gain'd thee at once a daughter and a wife.*

The Sence is here extremly perplex'd: and I doubt the word *They* is false Grammar.

————— *And be free
Not Heaven itself from thy impiety.*

A *Synchæsis*, or ill placing of words, of which *Tully* so much complains in Oratory:

*The Waves, and Dens of beasts cou'd not receive
The bodies that those Souls were frighted from.*

The Preposition in the end of the sentence; a common fault with him; and which I have but lately observ'd in my own writings.

*What all the severall ills that visit earth,
Plague, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
The sword nor surfeits, let thy fury do.*

Here are both the former faults: for, besides that the Preposition *unto*, is plac'd last in the verse, and at the half period, and is redundant, there is the former *Synchæsis*; in the words (*The sword nor surfeits*) which in construction ought to have been plac'd before the other.

Catiline sayes of *Cethegus*, that for his sake he would

*Go on upon the Gods; kiss Lightning, wrest
The Engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud; and stand his ire.*

To *go on upon*, is onely to go on twice. to give fire at face of a full cloud, was not understood in his own time: (and stand his *ire*) besides the antiquated word *ire* there is the Article *His*, which makes false construction: and Giving fire at the face of a cloud, is a perfect image of shooting, however it came to be known in those daies to *Catiline*.

————— others there are
*Whom Envy to the State draws and pulls on,
For Contumelies receiv'd; and such are sure ones.*

Ones in the plural Number: but that is frequent with him; for he sayes, not long after.

*Cæsar and Crassus; if they be ill men,
Are Mighty ones.
Such Alien they do not succour more the cause, &c.*

They redundant.

*Though Heav'n should speak with all his wrath at once;
We should stand upright and unscar'd.*

His is ill Syntax with *Heaven*: and by *Unfeard* he means *Unaffraid*. words of a quite contrary signification.

The Ports are open,

He perpetually uses *Ports* for *Gates*: which is an affected error in him, to introduce *Latine* by the loss of the *English* Idiom: as in the Translation of *Tully's* Speeches he usually does.

Well placing of Words for the sweetness of pronunciation was not known till *Mr. Waller* introduc'd it: and therefore 'tis not to be wonder'd if *Ben. Johnson* has many such lines as these

But being bred up in his father's needy fortunes, Brought up in's sister's Prostitution, &c.

But meaness of expression one would think not to be his error in a Tragedy, which ought to be more high and sounding than any other kind of Poetry. and yet amongst many others in *Catiline* I find these four lines together:

*So Asia, thou art cruelly even
With us, for all the blows thee given:
When we, whose Vertues conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.*

Be there is false English, for are: though the Rhyme hides it.

But I am willing to close the Book, partly out of veneration to the Author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be expected from *Shakespeare* or from *Fletcher*, who wanted that Learning and Care which *Johnson* had? I will therefore spare my own trouble of inquiring into their faults: who had they liv'd now, had doubtless written more correctly. I suppose it will be enough for me to affirm (as I think I safely may) that these and the like errors which I tax'd in the most correct of the last Age, are such, into which

we doe not ordinarily fall. I think few of our present Writers would have left behind them such a line as this,

Contain your Spirit in more stricter bounds.

But that gross way of two Comparatives was then ordinary: and therefore more pardonable in *Johnson*.

As for the other part of refining, which consists in receiving new Words and Phrases, I shall not insist much on it. 'Tis obvious that we have admitted many: some of which we wanted, and, therefore our Language is the richer for them: as it would be by importation of Bullion: others are rather Ornamental than Necessary; yet by their admission, the Language is become more courtly: and our thoughts are better drest. These are to be found scatter'd in the Writers of our Age: and it is not my business to collect them. They who have lately written with most care, have, I believe, taken the Rule of *Horace* for their guide; that is, not to be too hasty in receiving of Words: but rather to stay till Custom has made them familiar to us,

Quem penes, arbitrium est, & jus & norma loquendi.

For I cannot approve of their way of refining, who corrupt our *English* Idiom by mixing it too much with *French*: that is a Sophistication of Language, not an improvement of it: a turning *English* into *French*, rather than a refining of *English* by *French*. We meet daily with those Fopps, who value themselves on their Travelling, and pretend they cannot express their meaning in *English*, because they would put off to us some *French* Phrase of the last Edition: without considering that, for ought they know, we have a better of our own; but these are not the men who are to refine us: their Talent is to prescribe Fashions, not Words: at best they are onely serviceable to a Writer, so as *Ennius* was to *Virgil*: He may. *Aurum ex stercore colligere.* for 'tis hard if, amongst

amongst many insignificant Phrases, there happen not something worth preserving: though they themselves, like *Indians*, know not the value of their own Commodity.

There is yet another way of improving Language, which Poets especially have practic'd in all Ages: that is by applying receiv'd words to a new Signification. and this I believe, is meant by *Horace*, in that Precept which is so variously constru'd by Expositors:

*Dixeris Egregiè, notum si callida verbum,
Reddiderit junctura novum.*

And, in this way, he himself had a particular happiness: using all the Tropes, and particularly Metaphors, with that grace which is observable in his Odes: where the Beauty of Expression is often greater than that of thought, as in that one example, amongst an infinite number of others; *Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*

And therefore though he innovated little, he may justly be call'd a great Refiner of the *Roman* Tongue. This choice of words, and height'ning of their natural signification, was observ'd in him by the Writers of the following Ages: for *Petronius* says of him, *Et Horatii curiosa felicitas*. By this grafting, as I may call it, on old words, has our Tongue been Beautified by the three fore-mention'd Poets, *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher* and *Johnson*: whose Excellencies I can never enough admire, and in this, they have been follow'd especially by Sir *Jahn Suckling* and Mr. *Waller*, who refin'd upon them, neither have they, who now succeed them, been wanting in their endeavours to adorn our Mother Tongue: but it is not so lawful for me to praise my living Contemporaries, as to admire my dead Predecessors.

I should now speak of the Refinement of Wit: but I have been so large on the former Subject that I am forc'd to contract my self in this. I will therefore onely observe to you, that the wit of the last Age, was yet

more incorrect than their language. *Shakespear*, who many times has written better than any Poet, in any Language, is yet so far from writing Wit always, or expressing that Wit according to the Dignity of the Subject, that he writes in many places, below—the dullest Writer of ours, or of any precedent Age. Never did any Author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions, as he often does. He is the very *Janus* of Poets; he wears, almost every where two faces: and you have scarce begun to admire the one, e're you despise the other. Neither is the Luxuriance of *Fletcher*, (which his friends have tax'd in him,) a less fault than the carelessness of *Shakespear*. He does not well always, and, when he does, he is a true *Englishman*; he knows not when to give over. If he wakes in one Scene he commonly slumbers in another: And if he pleases you in the first three Acts, he is frequently so tir'd with his labor, that he goes heavily in the fourth and, sinks under his burden in the fifth.

For *Ben. Johnson*, the most judicious of Poets, he always writ properly; and as the Character requir'd: and I will not contest farther with my Friends who call that Wit. It being very certain, that even folly it self, well represented, is Wit in a larger signification: and that there is Fancy, as well as Judgement in it; though not so much or noble: because all Poetry being imitation; that of Folly is a lower exercise of Fancy, though perhaps as difficult as the other: for 'tis a kind of looking downward in the Poet; and representing that part of Mankind which is below him.

In these low Characters of Vice and Folly, lay the excellency of that inimitable Writer: who, when at any time, he aim'd at Wit, in the stricter sence, that is, Sharpness of Conceit, was forc'd either to borrow from the Ancients, as, to my knowledge he did very much from *Plautus*: or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into meanness of expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most groveling kind of Wit, which we call

call clenches; of which, *Every Man in his Humour*, is infinitely full. and, which is worse, the wittiest persons in the *Drama* speak them. His other Comedies are not exempted from them: will you give me leave to name some few? *Asper*, in which Character he personates himself, (and he neither was, nor thought himself a fool.) exclaiming against the ignorant Judges of the Age, speaks thus,

*How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A fellow, that has neither Art nor Brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or Stark-As,
Taking Mens Lines, with a Tobacco-Face,
In Snuffe, &c.*

And presently after

I mar'le whose wit 'twas to puta Prologue in yond Sack-but's mouth? they might well think, he would be out of Tune, and yet you'd play upon him too. Will you have another of the same stamp?

O, I cannot abide these limbs of Sattin, or rather Satan.

But, it may be you will object that this was *Asper*, *Macilente*, or, *Carlo Buffone*: you shall, therefore, hear him speak in his own person: and, that, in the two last lines, or sting of an Epigram; 'tis Inscrib'd to *Fine Grand*: who, he says, was indebted to him for many things, which he reckons there: and concludes thus;

*Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.*

This was then the mode of wit; the vice of the Age and not *Ben. Johnson's*. for you see, a little before him, that admirable wit, *Sir Philip Sidney*, perpetually playing with his words. In his time, I believe, it ascended first into the Pulpit: where (if you will give me leave to clench too) it yet finds the benefit of its Clergy. for they are commonly the first corrupters of Eloquence,

and the last reform'd from vicious Oratory : as a famous *Italian* has observ'd before me, in his Treatise of the Corruption of the *Italian Tongue* ; which he principally ascribes to Priests and preaching Friars.

But, to conclude with what brevity I can; I will only add this in the defence of our present Writers, that if they reach not some excellencies of *Ben. Jonson*; (which no Age, I am confident, ever shall) yet, at least, they are above that meanness of thought which I have tax'd, and which is frequent in him.

That the wit of this Age is much more Courtly, may easily be prov'd by viewing the Characters of Gentlemen which were written in the last. First, for *Jonson*, *True-Wit* in the *Silent Woman*, was his Master-piece. and *True-wit* was a Scholar-like kind of man, a Gentleman with an allay of Pedantry: a man who seems mortifi'd to the world, by much reading. The best of his discourse, is drawn, not from the knowledge of the Town, but Books. and, in short, he would be a fine Gentleman, in an University. *Shakespear* show'd the best of his skill in his *Mercutio*, and he said himself, that he was forc'd to kill him in the third Act, to prevent being kill'd by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a person: I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless, that he might have liv'd to the end of the Play, and dy'd in his bed, without offence to any man.

Fletcher's Don John is our onely Bug-bear: and yet, I may affirm, without suspicion of flattery, that he now speaks better, and that his Character is maintain'd with much more vigour in the fourth and fifth Acts than it was by *Fletcher* in the three former. I have always acknowledg'd the wit of our Predecessors, with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of Gentlemen, there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and Clownish in it: and which confest the conversation of the Authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the

the Age, wherein those Poets liv'd, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of *Epicurus*, in the retirement of his Gardens: to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them were conversant in Courts, except *Ben. Jonson*: and his *genius* lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it: greatness was not, then, so easy of access, nor conversation so free as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that, by the knowledge, and pattern of their wit, who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation; the discourse and Raillery of our *Comedies* excell what has been written by them. and this will be deny'd by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the *Black-Friars*: who, because they saw their Playes, would pretend a right to judge ours. The memory of these grave Gentlemen is their only Plea for being Wits. they can tell a story of *Ben. Jonson*, and perhaps have had fancy enough to give a supper in *Apollo* that they might be call'd his Sons: and because they were drawn-in to be laugh'd at in those times, they think themselves now sufficiently intitled to laugh at ours. Learning I never saw in any of them, and wit no more than they could remember. In short, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolish'd Age, and more unlucky to live to a refin'd one. They have lasted beyond their own, and are cast behind ours: and not contented to have known little at the age of twenty, they boast of their ignorance at threescore.

Now, if any ask me, whence it is that our conversation is so much refin'd? I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the Court: and, in it, particularly to the King; whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes and the Nations, afforded him an opportunity, which is rarely allow'd to Sovereign Princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polish'd Courts of *Europe*; and, thereby, of cultivating a Spirit, which was form'd

form'd by Nature, to receive the impressions of a gallant and generous education. At his return, he found a Nation lost as much in Barbarism as in Rebellion. and as the excellency of his Nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reform'd the other. the desire of imitating so great a pattern, first waken'd the dull and heavy spirits of the *English*, from their natural reserv'dness: loosen'd them, from their stiff forms of conversation; and made them easy and plyant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free: and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrain'd melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force: by mixing the solidity of our Nation, with the air and gayety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder, if the Poets, whose work is imitation, should be the onely persons in three Kingdoms, who should not receive advantage by it: or, if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age, than of the past!

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of *Shakespear*, without falling after him into a carelesness and (as I may call it) a Lethargy of thought, for whole Scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the quickness and easiness of *Fletcher*, without proposing him as a pattern to us, either in the redundancy of his matter, or the incorrectness of his language. Let us admire his wit and sharpness of conceit; but, let us at the same time acknowledge that it was seldome so fix'd, and made proper to his characters, as that the same things might not be spoken by any person in the Play. let us applaud his Scenes of Love; but, let us confess that he understood not either greatness or perfect honour in the parts of any of his women. In fine, let us allow, that he had so much fancy, as when he pleas'd he could write wit: but that he wanted so much Judgment as seldome to have written humour; or describ'd a pleasant folly. Let us ascribe to *Jonson* the height and accuracy of Judgment,

in the ordering of his Plots, his choice of characters, and maintaining what he had chosen, to the end. but let us not think him a perfect pattern of imitation; except it be in humour: for Love, which is the foundation of all *Comedies* in other Languages, is scarcely mention'd in any of his Playes. and for humour it self, the Poets of this Age will be more wary than to imitate the meanness of his persons. Gentlemen will now be entertain'd with the follies of each other: and though they allow *Cob* and *Tib* to speak properly, yet they are not much pleas'd with their Tankard or with their Raggs: And, surely, their conversation can be no jest to them on the *Theatre*, when they would avoid it in the street.

To conclude all, let us render to our Predecessors what is their due, without confining our selves to a servile imitation of all they writ: and, without assuming to our selves the Title of better Poets, let us ascribe to the gallantry and civility of our age the advantage which we have above them; and to our knowledge of the customs and manners of it, the happiness we have to please beyond them.



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