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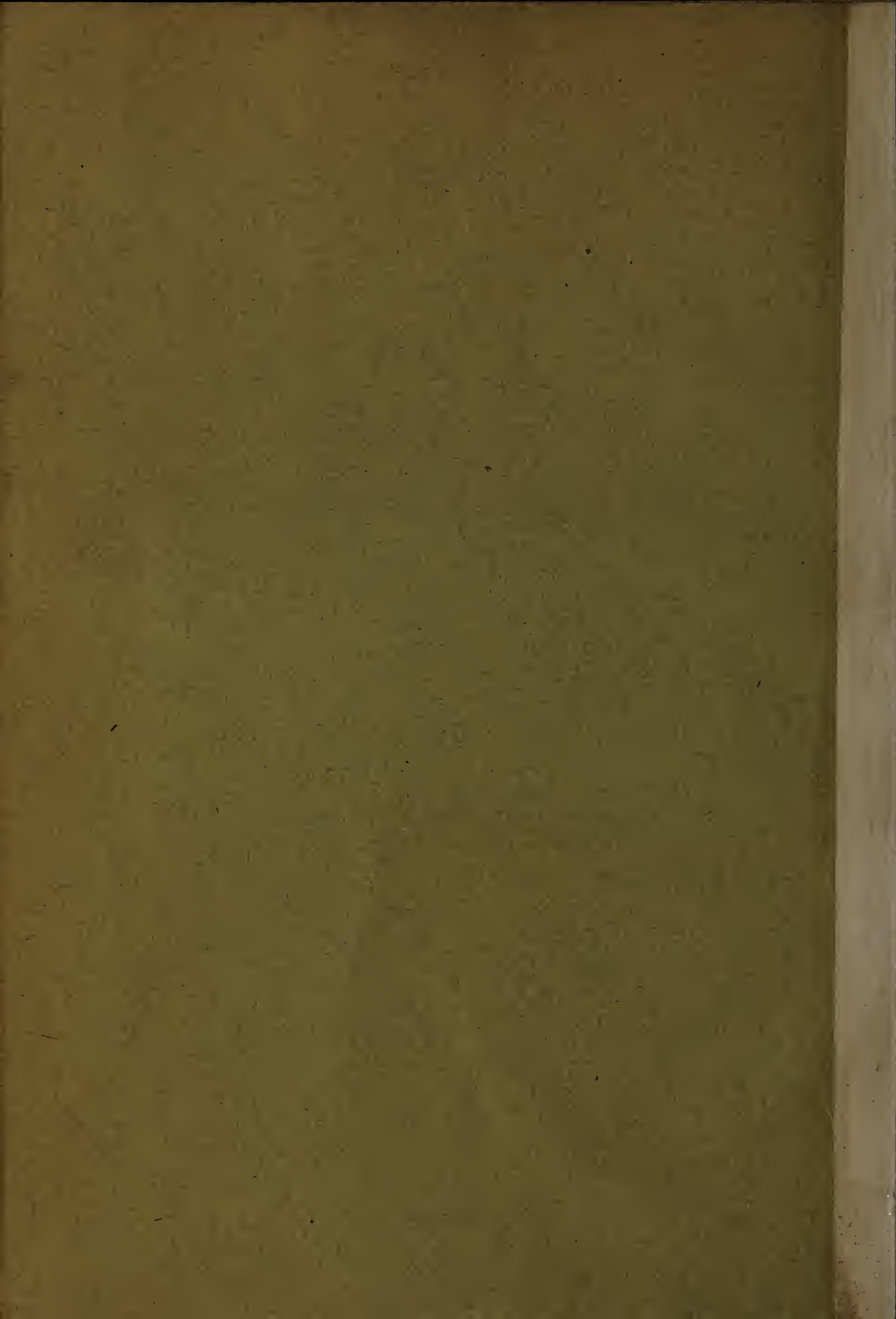
The Young King

- by -

Aphra Behn A. 687

- 1683

<sup>\*\*</sup> (G. 389.100)





THE  
Young KING:  
OR, THE  
MISTAKE.

As 'tis acted at his Royal Highness  
The DUKES THEATRE.

A. 687  
\*\* (G. 389.100)

Written by *A. Behn.*

*my copy of the chamber of penance given to the Duke*



L O N D O N :

Printed for *D. Brown*, at the Black Swan and Bible without *Temple-bar*.  
*T. Benskin* in *St. Brides Church-yard Fleet-street*. And *H. Rhodes*,  
next door to the Bear-tavern near *Bride-lane* in *Fleet-street*.

1 6 8 3.

THE  
Young King  
OR THE  
MISS TAKE

As is acted at his Royal Highness  
The Duke of Devon

Written by W. S. P.

London: Printed and Sold by W. S. P. 1841

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P R O L O G U E.

**B**eauty, like Wit, can onely charm when new;  
 Is there no merit then in being true?  
 Wit rather shou'd an estimation hold  
 With Wine, which is still best for being old.

Judgement in both, with vast expence and thought,  
 You from their native soil, from Paris brought.  
 The drops that from that sacred Sodom fall,  
 You like industrious Spiders suck up all.  
 Well might the French a Conquest here designe,  
 Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.  
 Their Education yet is worse than both;  
 They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.  
 We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monsters too;  
 And will, because we judge of 'em by you.  
 You'll say, this once was so, but now you're grown  
 So wise t' invent new Follies of your own:  
 Their slavish imitations you disdain;  
 A Pox of Fops that purchase fame with pain:  
 You're no such Fools as first to mount a Wall,  
 Or for your King and Country venture all.  
 With such-like grinning honour 'twas, perchance,  
 Your dull Forefathers first did conquer France:  
 Whilst they have sent us in revenge for these,  
 Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Disease.  
 Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,  
 In this ungirl, unblest, and mutinous Town.  
 Nay, I dare swear, not one of you in Seven,  
 E're had the impudence to hope for Heaven.  
 In this you're modest----  
 But as to Wit, most aim before their time;  
 And he that cannot spell, sets up for Rhime:  
 They're Sparks who are of noise and nonsence full,  
 At Fifteen witty, and at Twenty dull;  
 That in the Pit can buff, and talk hard words,  
 And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords:  
 But never yet Rancounter cou'd compare  
 To our late vigorous Tartarian War:  
 Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;  
 Fierce was the Heroe, and too brave to yield.  
 But stoutest hearts must bow; and being well can'd,  
 He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.  
 All laughing call----  
 Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead.  
 ---Sounds, cry Tartarian, I am out of Pocket:  
 Half Crown my Play, Six pence my Orange cost;  
 Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.  
 For which, to be at ease, a gathering's made,  
 And out they turn the Brother of the blade.  
 ---This is the fruits of idleness and ease.  
 Heaven bless the King that keeps the Land in peace,  
 Or he'll be sweetly serv'd by such as these.

7.50

# ACTORS NAMES.

## DACIANS.

*Queen*  
*Orsames*

of *Dacia*

Her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Castle on a Lake, ignorant of his quality, and of all the World besides; never having seen any Humane thing save onely his old Tutor.

*Cleomena*

His Sister, bred up in War, and design'd to reign instead of *Orsames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties should be committed during his short Reign, if ever suffered to wear the Crown.

*Honorius*

General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orsames* and *Cleomena*.

*Olympia*

His Daughter, young and beautiful.

*Ismenis*

and

*Artabazes*

} Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena*.

*Pimante*

A Fop-Courtier.

*Arates*

A Courtier.

*Semiris*

Woman to *Cleomena*.

*Vallentio*

A Colonel of the Army.

Pages and Attendants.

## SCYTHIANS.

of *Scythia*.

*King*  
*Thersander*

His Son, under the name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian*-side.

*Amintas*

A young Nobleman, belov'd by *Thersander*, and Lover of *Urania*.

*Lysander*

Page to *Thersander*.

*Urania*

In love with *Amintas*.

*Lyces*

A Shepherdes.

Souldiers, Shepherds, Shepherdeses, and a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies just before the Town.

THE

1

---

T H E  
Y o u n g   K I N G :  
O R,  
T h e   M i s t a k e .

---

A C T   t h e   F i r s t .

S C E N E   t h e   F i r s t .   *A Grove neer the Camp.*

*Enter Pimante alone with Letters.*

*Pim.* **G** One! well, I have never the ill luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of these mighty men of Valour. —  
— *Vallentio*, Noble Colonel!

*Enter Vallentio.*

*Vall.* *Pimante!* Whe, what the Devil brought thee to the Camp?

*Pim.* Affairs, affairs —

*Vall.* They must be wondrous pressing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noise over, every man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no stirring. — But prithee what's thy business here?

*Pim.* Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that same mighty man of Prowesses — what d'ye call him?

*Vall.* The brave *Clemanthis*?

*Pim.* The same --- But Colonel, is he indeed so very terrible a thing as Fame gives out? --- but she was ever a notable Wag at History.

*Vall.* How dare thy Coward-Thoughts venture upon any thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee shrink into thy self?

B

*Pim.*

*Pim.* Lord, Colonel, why so hot? 'tis the cursedst thing in the world to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why how uncivil it renders a man? I speak by way of Question.

*Vall.* Oh! how soft and wanton I could grow in the Description I could make of him.---

He merits all in Peace as well as War:  
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,  
As those of's Valour overcome the Men.

*Pim.* Well said i' faith, Colonel; but if he be so fine a man, Why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians*? for I think e're long you'll give 'em Battle.

*Vall.* The General--- whose noble Life he sav'd,  
Us'd all his interest with him, but in vain:  
He neither cou'd oblige his stay i'th' Camp,  
Nor get him to the Court: oh! were his quality  
But like his Actions great, he were a man  
To merit *Cleomena*,

Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,  
I reverence:

But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women;  
It foretels the downfall of the noblest Trade---War:  
Give me a man to lead me on to Dangers,  
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orsames* might have been.

*Pim.* Colonel, 'tis Treason but to name *Orsames*, much more to wish he were us King.

*Vall.* Not wish he were! by all those Gods I will,  
Who did conspire 'gainst him in their Oracles.  
Not wish him King! yes, and may live to see it.

*Pim.* What should we do with such a King? The Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloody, a Ravisher, a Tyrant o're his People; his Reign but short, and so unfit for Reign.

*Vall.* The Gods! I'll not trust them for a days Pay--- let them but give one a taste of his Reign, though but for an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

*Pim.* Besides, he is very ill bred for a King; he knows nothing of a world, cannot dress himself, not sing, nor dance, or plays on any Musick; ne'er saw a Woman, nor knows how to make use of one if he had her. There's an old fusty Philosopher that instructs him; but 'tis in nothing that shall ever make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his natural Reason's sin--- But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philosophie, but grows as sullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

*Vall.* Thou tell'st me heavenly news; a King, a King again! oh for a mutinous Rabble that would break the Prison-walls and set *Orsames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

*Pim.* There is a discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself: but I'm none of that Council; she's like

to make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the *Virago* her Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would swear were no Woman, she's so given to noise and fighting.

*Vall.* I never saw her since she was a Child, and then she naturally hated *Scythia*.

*Pim.* Nay, she's in that mind still: and the superstitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*---

*Vall.* Yes, that was the promise of the Oracle too.

*Pim.* Breeds her more like a General than a Woman: Ah how she loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver; and though she be no natural *Amazon*, she's capable of all their Martial Fopperies.

---But hark; what noise is that?

[ *Song within.*

*Vall.* 'Tis what we do not use to hear.--- Stand by.

## S O N G.

1.

Damon, I cannot blame your will,  
'Twas Chance and not Design did kill;  
For whilst you did prepare your Arms  
On purpose Celia to subdue,  
I met the Arrows as they flew,  
And sav'd her from their harms.

2.

Alas, she could not make returns,  
Who for a Swain already burns:  
A Shepherd who does her caress  
With all the softest marks of Love,  
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move  
The cruel Shepherdess.

3.

Content thee with this Victory,  
I'm young and beautiful as she;  
I'll make thee Garlands all the day,  
And in the shades we'll sit and sing.  
I'll crown thee with the pride o'th' Spring  
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter *Urania*, dress'd gay--- *Lyces* & *Shepherdess*.

*Ly.* Still as I sing you sigh.

*Uran.* I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns  
The Ecchoes of these shady Groves repeat,  
But I must find some softness at my Heart:

--Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,  
But this too happy one where thou wert born.

[Sighs.]

*Ly.* You sigh again : such things become none but unhappy Maids that are forsaken ; your beauty is too great to suffer that.

*Ura.* No Beauty's proof against false-perjur'd man.

*Ly.* Is't possible you can have lost your Love ?

*Ura.* Yes, pretty Maid, canst tell me any tidings of him ?

*Ly.* I cannot tell ; by what marks do you know him ?

*Ura.* Why by these :--- A tempting Face and shape :

A Tongue bewitching, soft, and Breath as sweet

As is the welcome Breeze that does restore

Life to man half kill'd with heat before :

But has a Heart as false as Seas in Calms,

Smiles first to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

*Ly.* Oh fair *Urania* ! there are many more

So like your Love, if such a one he be,

That you would take each Shepherd to be he :

'Tis grown the fashion now to be forsworn ;

Oaths are like Garlands made of finest Flowers,

Wither as soon as finish'd ;

They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,

And lay their Mistresses aside like Ribbons

Which they themselves have sullied.

*Pim.* Gad I'll venture in---

*Vall.* Fair Women, and so near the Camp !

What are ye, and from whence ?

*Pim.* Ha ! 'tis no matter for that ; ask no Questions, but fall to. [Goes to Lyces.]

*Ura.* I'm not ashamed to tell thee one or t'other ;

I am a Maid, and one of gentle birth,

A *Scythian* born, and Enemy to thee,

Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia*.

*Vall.* What sin have I committed, that so fair a creature should become my Enemy ? but since you are so, you must be my Prisoner, unless your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

*Pim.* How, take a woman Prisoner ! I hope you're a finer Gentleman than so.

*Vall.* But, Madam, do not fear ; for I will use you  
As well as such a man as I can do.

*Ura.* Though thou be'st rough, thou hast a Noble look,  
And I believe my treatment will be gentle.

*Vall.* Fair Maid, this confidence is brave in thee ;  
And though I am not used to make returns

Unless in Thunder on my Enemies,

Yet name the way, and I will strive to serve you.

*Ura.* Then Sir, I beg not you would set me free,

Nor yet retain me here a Prisoner ;

But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Castle on the Lake,

Where:



Where young *Amintas* lies, the spoil of War:

*Vall.* *Amintas*, Madam, is a gallant Youth,  
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains;  
But I could wish (since I have vow'd to serve you)

You would command me something  
Worthy your Beauty and that Resolution.

*Ura.* There is no other way to do me service.

*Vall.* Then most willingly I will obey you.

*Ura.* But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,  
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.

*Vall.* All your Commands shall strictly be obey'd.

*Pim.* Pox on her, she's coy, and let her go: Well Colonel  
I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.

*Ura.* Here--- take this Jewel as a part of payment  
For all thy goodness to an unknown Maid. [To *Lyces*.

And if by chance I ever see thee more,  
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the score.

[Exit *Lyces* weeping.

[Exeunt.

SCENE the Second.

A Grove of Trees.

*Within the Scence lies Therfander sleeping, his Cap and Feather at a  
distance from him.*

*Enter Cleomena drest like an Amazon with a Bow in her hand, and a Quiver of Ar-  
rows at her back, with Semiris attired like her.*

*Cleo.* I'm almost tired with holding out the chase.

*Sem.* That's strange! methought your Highness followed not so fast to day as I  
have seen you heretofore.

*Cleo.* I do not use to leave the Game unvanquish'd,  
Yet now by what strange inclination led  
I know not,

The sport growing dull, I wish'd to meet a place

Far from the noise and business of the day:

Hast thou ti'd fast my Horses?

*Sem.* Madam, I have.

*Cleo.* What place is this, *Semiris*?

*Sem.* I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleasant!

*Cleo.* How much more charming are the works of Nature  
Than the productions of laborious art!

Securely here the wearied Shepherd sleeps,

Guiltless of any fear, but the disdain.

His cruel Fair procures him;

How many Tales the Ecchoes of these Woods

Cou'd tell of Lovers if they wou'd betray,

That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!

*Sem.* You'd rather hear 'em eccho back the sound  
Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.

*Cleo.* You charge me with the faults of Education,  
That couzening form that vails the face of Nature,

But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris*:

I have an Heart all soft as thine, all woman,

Apt to melt down at every tender object:

---Oh *Semiris*! there's a strange change within me.

*Sem.* How, Madam!

*Cleo.* I would thou knew'st it;

Till now I durst do any thing--- but fear,

Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee

What none but thou must know--- I am in love.

*Sem.* Why do you blush, my Princess, 'tis no sin;

But, Madam, who's the happy glorious object?

*Cleo.* Why? canst thou not guess then?

*Sem.* How is it possible I should?

*Cleo.* Oh Gods! not guess the man,

Or, rather think some God! Dull stupid Maid,

Hast thou not heard of something more than mortal?

'Twixt Humane and Divine! our Countries Genius,

Or a young God of War! not heard of him!

*Sem.* 'Tis not Prince *Artabaces*, or *Ismenes*?

*Cleo.* Away, thou angerst me.

*Sem.* Pardon me, Madam,

It can be none at Court, if none of these;

And all besides are much below that glory.

*Cleo.* What call'st thou much below? mistaken things,

Can a gay name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?

Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts?

No nor defend its own fantastick owner.

---Come, guess again.

*Sem.* I can guess no further than a man, and that I'm sure he is.

*Cleo.* I know not---

For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,

Unless sometimes in Dreams.

*Sem.* Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,

But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?

Perhaps his person may not be agreeable;

The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.

*Cleo.* So brave a mind must have as brave an out-side.

-My Uncle's Lettets from the Camp contain

Nothing but wonders of his worth and valour,

The young King : or, the Mistake.

And 'tis impossible but such a man  
Must merit Love as well as admiration.

*Sem.* Does he not come to Court?

*Cleo.* The Queen has made him many invitations;  
But he, for some unknown, and cruel cause,  
Humbly implores her pardon for refusing,  
Nor can the General learn his quality.  
But like his deeds, believes it must be great.

*Sem.* 'Tis most likely; but I should never fall in love with Fame alone.

*Cleo.* I hope it is not Love--- but strange curiositie  
To see this brave Unknown--- And yet I fear---  
I've hid this new impatience of my Soul,  
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;  
And strove by all my lov'd divertisements  
To chase it from my Bosom, but in vain!

'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer,  
The Musick of the Dogs displeas'd to day,  
And I was willing to retire with thee,  
To let thee know my story:

And this lone Shade, as if design'd for Love,  
Is fittest to be conscious of my crime:

---Therefore go seek a Bank where we may sit,  
And I will sigh whilst thou shalt pity me.

*Sem.* See, Madam, what I've found! [*Sem. looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.*]

*Cleo.* 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,  
And must belong to no uncommon man:

---And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies---

---Ha! he sleeps, tread softly lest you wake him:

---Oh Gods! who's this with so divine a Shape?

*Sem.* His Shape is very well.

*Cleo.* Gently remove the Hair from off his Face,  
And see if that will answer to the rest:

---All lovely! all surprizing! oh my Heart,

How thou betrayst the weakness of our Sex!

---Look on that Face where Love and Beauty dwells---

And though his Eyes be shut, tell me, *Semiris*,  
Has he not wonderous Charms?

*Sem.* Yes, Madam; and I wou'd excuse you if you should now fall in love, here's  
Substance; but that same Passion for Fame alone, I do not like.

*Cleo.* Ah do not call my blushes to my Face,  
But pardon all my weakness:

May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?

Since after this, there's not another object

Can merit their attention---

---But I'll no longer view that pleasing form---

---And yet I've lost all power of removing---

[*Turns from him.*]

[*Turns and gazes.*]

Even

Even now I was in love with meer Report,  
 With Words, with empty Noise ;  
 And now that Flame, like to the breath that blew it,  
 Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room  
 An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of.  
 Informs my Soul : how easily 'tis conquered !  
 How angry am I with my Destiny !  
 Till now, with much disdain I have beheld--  
 The rest of all his Sex, and shall I here  
 Resign a Heart to one I must not love ?  
 Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia* ?  
 For I must lay no claim to any other :  
 Grant, oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,  
 That him for whom you have design'd your Slave  
 May look like this Unknown,  
 And I'll be ever grateful for the bounty ;  
 --- But these are vain imaginary Joys.

*Thers.* --- Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me  
 Idea's much more bright and conquering  
 Than e'er approach'd my waking sense by far ?  
 --- Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,  
 That beauty and that dress confirm me 'tis ;  
 --- Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,  
 The errors he commits 'gainst your Divinity,  
 Who, had he known this Grove had Sacred been,  
 He wou'd not have prophan'd it by his presence.

*Cleo.* Rise, Sir, I am no Deity,  
 Or if I were, I could not be offended.  
 To meet so brave a man---- Gods, how he looks !

*Thers.* Can you be mortal !  
 What happy Land contains you ? or what men  
 Are worthy to adore you ?

*Cleo.* I find you are a stranger to this place,  
 You else had known me to be *Cleomena*.

*Thers.* The Princess *Cleomena* ! my mortal Enemy !

*Cleo.* You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my Name ;  
 But, give me leave to tell you, yours on me  
 Would have a another sense.

*Thers.* The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd me ;  
 But, Madam, I had sooner took you for  
 The Sovereign of the world than that of *Dacia* ;  
 Nor ought you to expect less Adoration  
 From all that world, than those who are born your Slaves ;  
 --- And amongst those devout ones number him  
 Whose happy fate conducted to your Feet,  
 And who'll esteem himself more fortunate,

If by that little service he had rendred you,  
Clemantbis Name have ever reach'd your Ear.

Cleo. Clemantbis! what cou'd the Gods do more,  
To make me ever blest'd!----Rise noble Youth---  
Cou'dst thou salute me Mistris of the world,  
Or bring me news of conquest over Scythia,  
It wou'd not reach so kindly to my Soul,  
As that admir'd illustrious name of thine:  
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;  
And I'm the most oblig'd to make Returns,  
Which if you knew me, sure you would not doubt,  
If to those Favours you've already done us,  
You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

[Aside.  
[Raises him.

Thers. To th' Court! to th' utmost bounds of all the Universe,  
At your command, through dangers worse than Death,  
I'd flie with hasty Joy---  
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince  
Honorius.

Thers. The General here so soon!

[Aside.

Enter Honorius, Ismenes, Women and Huntsmen.

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle.

[Hon. Kisses Cleo.'s hand.

Hon. Madam, I heard the noise of Horns and Dogs,  
And thought your Highness was abroad to day;  
Following the cry, it brought me to this Company  
Who were in search of you, and 'twas my duty to attend them.  
---My gallant Friend Clemantbis here!

This was above my hopes: let me embrace thee,--  
And tell thee with what joy I find thee in the presence  
Of my fair Niece, who must prevail upon you  
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat, let her command.

Thers. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,  
There needs no invitation.

Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

Ism. Sir, is this the man to whom all Dacia is so much oblig'd?

Hon. This is that gallant man whose single valour  
Has gain'd the Victory over the Nomades,  
Who kill'd their King, and scatter'd all their Forces;  
And when my feeble strength (which Age and Wars  
Had made unfit for mighty Toyls) grew faint,  
He, like Æneas, bore my aged Limbs  
Through all the fiery dangers of the Battle.

Thers. Too much you've said to my advantage, Sir,  
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their glory.

Ism. Rank me amongst your Captives; for I find  
Whether you fight, or not, you must be Victor.

[Embraces Thers.

Enter

C

*Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante: Val. kneels, and delivers Urania to the Princess.*

*Cleo.* What new encounter's this?

*Vall.* I need not ask where I should pay my duty ;  
My wonder will direct me to your feet.

*Cleo.* Who knows the man that makes me such a present?

*Hon.* Madam, he is an Officer of mine,  
A worthy gallant fellow ;  
But one that hardly knows what Cities are,  
But as h'as view'd 'em through their batter'd Walls,  
And after joyn'd 'em to your Territories.

*Cleo.* Rise, high in her esteem that loves a Souldier.

[*He rises.*

*Vall.* I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,  
Whose looks will recommend her : only this,  
It was against my will I made her so,  
Who ne'er refus'd, till then, to take your Enemies.

*Thersf.* It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me.

[*Aside.*

*Cleo.* Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?

*Ura.* A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

*Pim.* Aye, Madam, we took her, we took her.

*Cleo.* So fair an one must merit my esteem :  
I hope there are not many such fine Creatures  
Brought into th'Camp against us ; if there be,  
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.

---Thy Name and business here ?

*Ura.* *Urania*, Madam---

My story were too tedious for your Ear,  
Nor were it fit I should relate it here.

---But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,  
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my doom ;  
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,  
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made :  
Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,  
When I confess my fault is onely Love :  
Love to a Youth who never knew till now  
How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you :

---His Liberty for Ransom you deny ;  
I dare not say that this is cruelty,  
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave  
To die with him with whom I must not live.

*Thersf.* Excellent Maid ! what generosity her Love has taught her !

[*Aside.*

*Cleo.* That you esteem me, cruel is unkind,  
But faults of Lovers must forgiveness find :

*Amintas* Chains had far more easie been,  
Had he been less a Favourite to his King ;

---But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem

That Captive which I wou'd not render them.

*Ura.*

*Ura.* Madam, this bounty wou'd exceed belief,  
But you too generous are to mock my grief:  
And when you shall m'unhappy story learn,  
'Twill justifie my Tears, and your concern.

*Cleo.* I need no Arguments for what I do,  
But that I will, and then it must be so.

*Ura.* The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia*!  
If I could be mistaken in that form,  
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me:  
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him.

[*Aside.*

*Cleo.* Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us.:

---You my fair Prisoner must along with me:

[*Takes her hand.*

---Thy hand, *Clemanthis*, too--- Now tell me, Uncle,

[*Takes him with the o-*  
*ther hand.*

---What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,

Would not repine at my felicity,

Having so brave a Friend, so fair an Enemy.

[*Exeunt.*

---

A C T the Second.

SCENE the First. *A Castle or Prison on the Sea.*

*After a little playing on the Lute----*

*Enter Orfames with his Arms across looking melancholy, followed by Geron with a Lute in his hand.*

*Orf.* I Do not like this Musick;  
It pleases me at first,  
But every touch thou giv'st that's soft and low  
Makes such impressions here,  
As puzzles me beyond Philosophie  
To find the meaning of;  
Begets strange notions of I know not what,  
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,  
That does disturb my quietness within.

*Ger.* You were not wont to think so.

*Orf.* 'Tis true---

But since with time grows ripe and vigorous,  
And will be active, though but ill employ'd.

---*Geron*, thou'st often told me,

That this same admirable frame of Nature,

This order and this harmony of things,  
Was worthy admiration,  
---And yet thou say'st all men are like to us,  
Poor, insignificant Philosophers.

I, to my self could an Idea frame,  
Of man, in much more excellence.

Had I been Nature, I had varied Skill,  
And made such different characters of men,  
They should have bow'd and made a God of me,  
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great creation :

---Now, tell me, who's indebted to her bounties ?  
Whose needless blessings we despise, not praise.

*Ger.* Why, what wou'd you have done had you been Nature ?

*Orf.* Some men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,  
With thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man ;  
I wou'd have made 'em ---as--- thou paint'st the Gods.

*Ger.* What to have done ?

*Orf.* To have had dominion o'er the lesser world,  
A sort of men with low submissive Souls,  
That barely should content themselves with life,  
And should have had th' infirmities of men,  
As fear, and awe, as thou hast of the Gods ;  
And those I wou'd have made as numberless  
As Curls upon the face of yonder Sea,  
Of which each blast drives Millions to the Shoar,  
Which vanishing, make room for Millions more.

*Ger.* But what if these, so numerous, though so humble,  
Refuse obedience to the mighty few ?

*Orf.* I would destroy them, and create anew.  
---Hast not observ'd the Sea ?

Where ev'ry Wave that hastens to the Bank,  
Though in its angry course it overtake a thousand petty ones,  
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their ruine,  
And make an easie passage to the Shore,---

*Ger.* Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiss,  
And then 'twill break to nothing.

*Orf.* Why, thou and I, though tame and peaceable,  
Are mortal, and must unregarded fall :

---Oh that thought ! that damn'd resistless thought !

Methinks it hastens fate before its time,  
And makes me wish for what I fain wou'd shun.

*Ger.* Appease your self with thoughts of future bliss.

*Orf.* Future bliss ! the Dreams of lazy Fools ;

Why did my Soul take habitation here,

Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth !

Why did it not take wing in its Creation,



And soar above the hated bounds of this ?

What does it lingring here ?

Ger. To make it self fit for that glorious end

'Twas first design'd for,---

By patient suffering here.

Orf. But Geron, still to live ! still thus to live

In expectation of that future bliss,

(Though I believ'd it) is a sort of vertue

I find the Gods have not inspir'd me with.

Ger. Philosophie will teach you, Sir---

Orf. Not to be wise, or happy---

I'll hear no more of your Philosophie.

---Leave me ---For I, of late desire to be without thee.

Ger. This disobedience, Sir, offends the Gods---

Orf. Let 'em do their worst,

For I am weary of the life they gave.

Ger. He grows too wise to be impos'd upon,

And I unable to withstand his reasons.---

[Ger. goes out.

[Orf. lies down on the ground.

Enter Urania, and Keeper.

Keeper. This Ring is sufficient warrant, and the Path on your right hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*--- but have a care you advance no further that way.---

[Keeper exits

Ura. What strange disorder does possess my Soul !

And how my blood runs shivering through my Veins,

As if alas 't had need of all its aid,

At this encounter with my dear *Amintas*.

Orf. Ha ! what noise is that ?

[He rouses.

Ura. I heard a voice that way---or else it was the fear

This gloomy place possesses all that enter it :

---Stay, I was forbid that walk---

---Heav'ns ! I have forgot which 'twas I should have taken,

I'll call my Love to guide me ---*Amintas, Amintas*---

Orf. What voice is that ?

Methought it had more sweetness in't than *Gerons*---

---Ha---what charming thing art thou ?

[Rises, gazes, then runs  
fiercely to her.

Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas*--- yet I should not fear,

He looks above the common rate of men.

---Sir, can you direct my way---

To find a Prisoner out they call *Amintas* ?

Orf. ---Oh Gods ! it speaks, and smiles, and acts like me !

It is a man, a wonderous lovely man !

Whom Nature made to please me.

---Fair thing, pray speak again :

Thy Voice has Musick in't that does exceed

All *Geron's* Lutes, pray bless my Ears again.

Ura.

*Ura.* Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,  
Instruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas*.

*Orf.* Bright Creature! sure thou wert born i'th' upper world,  
Thy Language is not what we practise here;  
Speak on, thou harmony to every Sense,  
Ravish my Ear as well as sight and touch.

*Ura.* Surely he's mad--- nay, Sir, you must not touch me.

*Orf.* Perhaps thou art some God descended hither, [Retires and bows.]  
And cam'st to punish, not to bless thy Creatures;  
Instruct me how to adore you so,  
As to retain you here my household-God,  
And I and *Geron* still will kneel and pray to you.

*Ura.* Alas, I am a woman.

*Orf.* A Woman! what's that?  
Something more powerful than a Deity;  
For sure that word awes me not less than t'other.

*Ura.* What can he mean--- oh I shall die with fear--- [Aside.]  
---Sir, I must leave you.

*Orf.* Leave me! oh no, not for my future being!  
You needs must live with me, and I will love you;  
I've many things that will invite you to't:  
I have a Garden compass'd round with Sea,  
Which ev'ry day shall send fresh Beauties forth,  
To make thee Wreaths to crown thy softer Temples.  
*Geron* shall deck his Altars up no more;  
The gawdy Flowers shall make a Bed for thee,  
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day---  
What things are these, that rise and fall so often?  
Like Waves, blown gently up by swelling Winds;  
Sure thou hast other wonders yet unseen,  
Which these gay things maliciously do hide.

[Touches her Breasts.]

*Ura.* Alas, I am undone, what shall I do?---

[Aside.]

*Orf.* ---Nature, thy conduct's wise! nor could thy favours  
Be giv'n to one more apprehensive of 'em!  
---Say, lovely Woman! for I am all on fire,  
Impatient of delay,  
Can you instruct me what I am to do?  
Undress, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

[Sighs.]

*Ura.* Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me Heav'n!

[Aside.]

*Orf.* Why, I will hold thee--- thus, between my Arms,  
---I'll see thee sleep, and wonder at thy form,  
---Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,  
---And something more--- but yet I know not what.

*Ura.* His whole discourse amazes me,  
And has more ignorance than madness in't:

---But how shall I get free?

Orf. Thou grow'st impatient too, come, let us in-- [Goes to take her in; she

Ura. Hold off, you are too rude. strives to get free; he struggles with her.

Orf. This is the prettiest play I e'er was at,

But I shall gain the better.---

[Takes her in his arms to carry her off.

Ura. Help, help.

Enter Amintas in Fetters.

Amin. A womans voice!--- Villain, unhand the Lady.

Orf. Ha! what new thing art thou?

Amin. One sent from Heav'n to punish Ravishers.--- [Snatches Ura. while

Orf. Thou'rt call'd up an unwonted passion in me, Orf. is gazing on him.

And these be the effects on't:--

[Orf. strikes him: they struggle and fall.

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a woman too!

We are undone--- Madam, I pray retire---

[Ura. goes into Amin. Apartment.

For here's no safety for your Sex.

Ura. I gladly take your Counsel.

Orf. What art thou?

Amin. That which I seem to be.

Orf. Then thou'rt a God; for till I saw a woman,  
I never saw a thing so fine as thou:

And 'tis but just thou should'st be more than mortal,

That durst command that Creature from my Arms.

Amin. It is the King-- I know it by his Innocence and Ignorance--- [Aside.

---Rise, I beseech you, Sir, and pardon me.

Orf. Sure I could live a year with looking on thee;

---But where's the Creature call'd it self a Woman?

Ger. What woman, Sir?

Orf. Ha! Geron, where's the woman?

Ger. What do you mean, Sir?

Orf. The Heavenly woman! that was here but now.

Ger. I saw none such, nor know I what you mean.

Orf. Not what I mean? thou could'st not be so dull:

What is't that I have strove for all this while?

Amin. I'll leave him too, my presence may be hurtful,

And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment.

[Amin. Exit.

Orf. Go, fetch the woman, or by Heaven I'll fling thee into the Sea.

Ger. I must delude him.

[Aside.

Orf. Fly, why stayst thou dully here? and bring the woman.

Ger. Sure you are Frantick.

Orf. I am so, and thou shalt feel th'effects on't,

Unless thou render back that lovely Creature.

Ger. Oh! this is perfect madness, Sir, you are lost;

Call back your Noble Temper, and be calm.

Orf. No, there's a furious Tempest in my soul,

Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

*Ger.* Hear reason yet--- no Hamane being can get entrance here :  
Look round this Castle, and no other Object  
Will meet your Eyes, but a watery Wilderness,  
And distant and unhabitable Lands :

---What Airy Vision has possess'd your fancy ?  
For such the Gods sometimes afflict men with.

*Orf.* Ha ! an Airy Vision !--- oh but it cannot be ;  
By all that's good, 'twas real Flesh and Bloud.

*Ger.* And are you sure you were awake ?

*Orf.* As thou art now.

*Ger.* Then 'twas an Apparition.

*Orf.* Away,--- thou'st often told me of such fooleries,  
And I as often did reprove thee for't.

*Ger.* From whence, or how should any living thing get hither ?

*Orf.* It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how I know not ;  
But here it was, a solid living thing :  
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.

*Ger.* I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,  
And found you struggling on the ground alone :  
But what you meant I know not.

*Orf.* ---'Tis so --- I grant you that it was a Vision ---  
--- How strong is Fancy !--- yet--- it is impossible---  
Have I not yet the musick of its words ?  
Like answering Echoes less'ning by degrees,  
Inviting all the yielding sense to follow ;  
Have not my Lips ( that fatally took in ---  
Unrest from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand )  
The sweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,  
Besides the unerring witness of my eyes ?  
And can all these deceive me ? tell me, can they ?

*Ger.* Most certainly they have.

*Orf.* Then, let the Gods take back what they so vainly gave.

*Ger.* Cease to offend, and they will cease to punish.

*Orf.* But why a Woman ? cou'd they secure my Faith  
By nothing more afflicting ?

*Ger.* Shapes divine are most perplexing.  
To Souls, like yours, whom terrors cannot fright,  
It leaves desires of what it cannot gain,  
And still to wish for that ---  
Is much the greatest torment of the mind.

*Orf.* Well said --- but *Geron*, thou'st undone thy aim,  
And us'd the onely argument cou'd invite me  
T'offend again, that thus I might be punisht :  
The Gods themselves invite me to the sin ;  
Not see'ng a Woman, I ne'er had guilty bin.

[*Exeunt.*  
SCENE

SCENE the Second.

Enter Amintas in Fetters with Urania.

*Amin.* My gallant Maid! this generosity,  
Above thy Sex, and much above my merit,  
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,  
Thou didst out-do thy Sex before in beauty,  
In all the Charms that makes 'em so ador'd:  
But this last act, this noble mark of Love,  
Begets a reverend wonder in my Soul,  
And I beheld thee as some sacred thing,  
That — this way should be worship'd —

[Kneels and kisses her hand

*Ura.* I'm glad you have so kind a sense of that  
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me wou'd do:  
What cou'd you less expect--- ah my *Amintas*,  
That fatal night before our Wedding-day,  
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,  
And you were sent to try your force with theirs;  
My Heart foretold your fate; and that same night  
Whose darkness veil'd my blushes all alone,  
Drest like a Youth I hasted from the Court,  
And being well mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,  
When all unknown, I got so neer your person,  
That in the fight I had the glory twice  
To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd  
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders  
Thy Valour had dismounted.

*Amin.* Oh Gods! wert thou that boy,  
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,  
And begg'd t'encounter when the Fight was ended?

*Ura.* The same, 'twas all you'd time to say; for after that  
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.

*Amin.* Oh with what shame I look upon your bounty,  
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge:  
What follow'd then, my dear fair *Urania*?

*Ura.* I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,  
But I appear'd a poor dejected boy,  
That was not worth their Fetters:  
— Then I resolv'd upon this last adventure,  
To make my applications to the Princess,  
Knowing her noble nature;  
To try ( since mighty Ransoms were refus'd )  
What simple Love would do, and in my way

I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's youth  
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,  
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks,  
To him I told my story, who encourag'd me in my resolv'd design,  
And I so luckily have made an interest

In *Cleomena's* Heart,

These Chains she's given me freedom to dismiss,

And you must only wear Loves Fetters now :

[*She takes off his Chains.*]

---Come, haste, *Amintas*, from this horrid place,

And be thy self again, appear in Arms.

The *Scythians* are encampt within thy view,

And ere three births of Day the Armies meet ;

Th'event of which, I at the *Druids* Cell

Will wait ; sending continual Vows to Heaven

For thy dear safety : there when the Fight is done

I wish to meet thee :

— But now your Country and your King expect you,

And I love glory equal to *Amintas*.

*Amin.* But yet the generous bounty of the Princess

Obliges here, no less than duty there ;

I know not how the Gods of War to move

To grant me Victor, or the Vanquish't prove ;

My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,

Since--- vanquish't I am lost, conquering unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E the Third. *A Grove.*

*Enter Therfander, Lysander.*

*Thers.* Urge it no more, *Lysander*, 'tis in vain,

My Liberty past all retrieve is lost,

But they're such glorious Fetters that confine me,

I wou'd not quit them to preserve that life

Thou justly sayst I hazzard by my Love.

*Ly.* The *Scythian* Gods defend it !

*Thers.* The Gods inspire it, 'tis their work alone :

— I know she is my Enemy, hates *Thersander*,

Has sent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,

That hither *Artabases* and *Ismenes*

Have brought their powers t'assist her against my Crown :

But what of this ? she loves me as *Clemanthis*,

Which will surmount her hatred to the *Scythians* :

Oh, my *Lysander* ! didst thou know her Charms,

Thou'dst also know 'tis not a mortal force

That

That can secure the Heart: She's all Divine!  
 All Beauty, Wit, and Softness! and she loves!  
 Already I have found the grateful secret:  
 She scorns the little Customs of her Sex,  
 And her belief of being so wuch above me,  
 Permits her to encourage my design;  
 She gives a boldness to my bashful flame,  
 And entertains me with much liberty.

*Ly.* Were all this true, you're equally unhappy;  
 She must be onely his that conquers you,  
 That wins your Crown and lays it at her feet.

*Thersf.* — Love ne'er considers the event of things,  
 The Path before me's fair, and I'll pursue it;  
 Fearing no other forces than her Eyes,  
 Bright as the Planets under which they're born.

*Ly.* --- And will you let her know you are in love?

*Thersf.* --- If all my sighs, if eyes still fix'd on hers  
 With languishment and passion will inform her,  
 I'll let her know my flame, or perish in th' attempt.

*Ly.* — Dare you declare it as you now appear?  
 And can you hope, that under the degree  
 Of what indeed you are, she will permit it?  
 And your discovery is your certain ruine.

*Thersf.* Thy counsel, dear *Lysander*, comes too late,  
 She's in the Grove, where now I must attend her,  
 And see where she approaches. —

*Enter Cleomena, Semiris.*

*Cleo.* The Stranger, say you, grown of late so pensive!  
 --- I must enquire the cause--- what if it shou'd be Love?  
 And that too not for me! hah my *Semiris*!  
 That thought has giv'n me pains I never felt:  
 — Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now:  
 --- Say, didst thou bid him wait me in the Grove?

*Sem.* Madam, I spoke to him my self. —

*Cleo.* And told him I would speak with him!

*Sem.* As you commanded me, I said.

*Cleo.* It seems he values my commands but little,  
 Who is so slow in his obedience:

— Where found you him?

*Sem.* I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.

*Cleo.* Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,

— I have no Picture there.

*Sem.* Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia* your fair Cousin,  
 But for the excellency of the Work, not Beauty.

*Cleo.* Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, say you?

— Oh thou hast touch'd a tender part, *Semiris*;

—But yonder's he that can allay my rage,  
And calm me into love by every look.

[Sees Therfander.

---*Clemanthis*, you absent your self too much,  
From those to whom your presence is agreeable;  
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,  
And visit shady Groves, walk thus--- and sigh  
Like melancholy Lovers;--- has the Court,  
(Who for your entertainment has put on  
More gayity than in an Age before )

Nothing that can divert you?--- Cease your Ceremony;  
I am your Friend, and if ought harbour there,  
Within that fullen Breast, impart it here—  
And I'll contribute any thing to ease you.

[Bows low.

—Come--- boldly tell thy griefs ;

I have an interest in thy noble life :

---Perhaps, since you are arriv'd at Court, you've seen  
Some Beauty that has made a conquest o'er your Heart ;

---Who e'er she be, you cannot fear success.

*Thersf.* The honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,  
Have been sufficient

To have encourag'd any bold attempt ;

And here are Beauties would transform a God,  
Much more a Souldier, into an amorous shape ;

---But I confess, with shame, I brought no Heart  
Along with me to Court, and after that  
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer ?

This makes me shun the pleasures of your Court,  
And seek retirements silent as my griefs.

*Cleo.* It seems you were a Lover e'er I saw you,  
And absence from your Mistress makes you languish.

*Thersf.* Ah, Madam, do not ask me many questions,  
Lest I offend where I should merit pity.

The boldness may arrive unto her knowledge,  
And then you'll lose the humblest of your Creatures,

Whilst, as I am, I may among the crowd  
Of daily Worshippers, pay my Devotions.

*Cleo.* Give me your hand, we'll walk a little : [They go and sit down on a Bank  
---How do you like this Grove ?

*Thersf.* As I do every place you're pleas'd to bless.  
Heaven were not Heaven were Gods not present there ;  
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

*Cleo.* Look *Clemanthis*--- on yonder tuft of Trees,  
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,  
From whence a Rivolet does take its rise,  
And branches forth in Channels through the Garden ;

---'Twas near a place like that--- where first I saw *Clemanthis*.

[Sighing.  
*Clemanthis*

*Thersf.* Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas also there



*Clephantis* left his Liberty at the feet  
Of Divine *Cleomena* !  
And charg'd himself with those too glorious Chains  
Never to be dismiss'd but with his Life.

[*She rises in anger, he kneels.*]

*Cleo.* How, *Clephantis* ?

*Thers.* Ah! Madam, if I too presumptuous grow,  
From your Commands, and all your bounties to me,  
You should forgive the pride you do create,  
And all its strange effects :

Which if I have mistaken, let me die.  
Onely this mercy grant me, to believe,  
That if our Adorations please the Gods,  
Mine cannot be offensive to my Princes,  
Since they are equally Religious.

*Cleo.* Stranger--before I punish thy presumption,  
Inform me who it is that has offended :  
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,  
Than what his Sword has done---dares raise his eyes to me ?

*Thers.* Madam, what you demand is just,  
And I had rather die than disobey you;  
But I am constrain'd by a necessity  
( Which when you know, you certainly will pardon, )  
For some time to conceal my birth and name.

*Cleo.* Till then, you should have kept your flame conceal'd,  
'T had been less disobliging from a criminal one  
Whose quality had justifi'd his boldness.

*Thers.* Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other difficulty,  
Than want of quality to merit you.

*Cleo.* I must confess, *Clephantis*, with a blush,  
That nothing of the rest displeases me.

*Thers.* Ah, Madam, how you bless me!  
And now with confidence I dare assure you,  
That which should render me more worthy of you,  
Shall be in me found more to your advantage,  
Than in those Princes who have taken on 'em  
The glory of your Service.

*Cleo.* As I am very reasonable, and do act  
With more Sincerity than Artifice,  
I'll now desire no more,  
But have a care you use my bounty well;  
For I am now grown kind enough to think  
That all you say is true.

*Thers.* Madam, banish me your presence, as the man  
Of all the world unworthy to adore you,  
If I present not to you in *Clephantis*  
A man enough considerable to hope.

*Cleo.* But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forget my fate,  
My Destiny depends upon my people:  
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a resolution  
To give me to that Prince who does most powerfully  
Advance the ruine of the King of *Scythia*.

*Thers.* Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions  
That are impos'd on those pretend to you;  
I will not onely serve you in this War,  
With more success than any,  
But set the Crown of *Scythia* on your head.

*Cleo.* That's bravely said.

*Thers.* Perhaps, it seems extravagantly spoken,  
In the condition you behold me now;  
But here I vow--- I never will demand  
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her---  
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia*,  
---Till then--- give me but hope--- enough to live---

[Kneels.]

*Cleo.* That's to your Passion due; and when I know  
Who'tis I favour,--- I will more allow.

*Sem.* Madam--- the Queen is here---

*Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabases, Ismenis, Guards, Attendance, &c.*

*Queen.* I'm glad to see ye all in readiness;  
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,  
---And *Cleomena* is your General;  
Since 'tis her Cause we fight, it is but just  
She share the danger of it with the glory.

[Rises.]

*Arta.* We all approve it, Madam, and are proud  
Fair *Cleomena* shall a witness be  
Of what we do to serve her,  
And see the easie Conquest we shall make  
Upon the persons of her Enemies.

*Hon.* I know not, Sir, what you may do,  
But we have found it not so easie.

*Arta.* Oh there's no doubt but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,  
And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,  
Loaden with Irons to adorn your Triumphs.

*Thers.* Madam, I must confess your force is great,  
And the assistance of these men, considerable;  
Yet I advise your Majesty to prepare  
For the defeat of the great King of *Scythia*;  
As to a business much more difficult  
Than they present it to you; for I know  
The Forces of that Nation are not less.

---Consider too, that King was never conquered,  
Though these believe to do't with so much ease.  
I oft have seen *Thersander*, that young Prince,

[Looks with scorn on them.]

Upon

Upon whose Sword Fortune her self depends,  
---And I can tell--- he's not easily chain'd;  
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.

*Arta.* What, do you think to fright us with the praises  
You give our Enemies ?

---I have heard of that King, and of *Thersander* too ;  
But never heard of so much Terrour in 'em,  
Should make us apprehend an ill success:

---And you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,  
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*,  
Though many such as you should take his part.

*Thers.* How! many such as I!

[Comes up to his Breast.

Gods! wish your selves no other Enemies  
To joyn with that young Prince ;  
To conquer him and many such as I,  
Requires a number of such Kings as You.

*Ism.* It is too much, *Clemanthis* : were you well  
Affected to the Service of the Queen,  
You would not thus commend her Enemies.

*Thers.* Madam, I humbly beg your pardon,  
If I have fail'd in the respect I owe you,  
By what I've said in favour of your Enemies,  
Whom, whilst you think so easily o'come,  
You will neglect that power should make you Victor.

*Queen.* 'Tis virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,  
Though to th' advantage of those men you hate---  
---I must not have you take ought ill from him---

[To the King.

But as you've all unanimously joyn'd  
To assist us in this War, so all embrace,  
Be one, and ever Friends.

[Thers. salutes 'em coldly.

Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army  
To your unquestion'd care ; and if you can,  
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever to our service.

[To Hon.

*Cleo.* Uncle, I'll go to the Camp with you ;  
And you, *Clemanthis*, must be near me still.

[Thers. bows. All go out but Ther. Hon.

Manent Therf. Hon. Lyfander.

*Hon.* *Clemanthis*, you are troubled.

*Thers.* I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.

*Hon.* You should not blame them, Sir, for enjoying you,  
A man so young, and such a name in War!

*Thers.* That, Sir, is onely your esteem of it.

*Hon.* No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare  
To all the world and thee, how much I prize it  
Without consulting of your Quality,  
I'll make you absolute Master of my Fortune.

*Thers.* Heavens! whence this generosity!

[Aside.

Hon.

*Hon.* I have a Daughter, Sir, an onely Child,  
Whom all the world esteems a virtuous one,  
And for whose love Princes have su'd in vain,  
I now with joy will render you in marriage.

*Thers.* I am undone----  
It is a Princess, Sir, I much admire,  
But never durst behold with eyes of love,  
A Maid so much above me.

*Hon.* I am a man, whose martial disposition  
Renders unartful in my Language,  
I cannot study fineness in my words,  
But with sincerity declare my heart,  
And do propose this Marriage with *Olympia*  
For your advantage and the publick interest,  
Besides my own content.

*Thers.* Have you considered, Sir, I am below her?

*Hon.* No more of that, go visit my *Olympia*.  
She is prepar'd to give you entertainment. [Hon. Exit.

*Thers.* Marry *Olympia*!  
—No--- could he with *Olympia* give the world,  
I could not love, nor marry her.

---Oh my *Lysander*! what evasion now?  
---Didst hear the noble offer of the General?

*Ly.* I did, great Sir; and what will you return?

*Thers.* If I refuse, I must offend the man  
To whom of all the world I'm most oblig'd,  
And one who knowing me but by my Services,  
Offers me what *Thersander* might accept.

*Ly.* 'Tis fit you should consult the Princess, Sir,  
What 'tis you ought to do.

*Thers.* Ple take thy counsel--- and wait upon *Olympia*:  
---Yes, I will go visit her, though but to prove  
No torment can be like dissembled Love. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E the Fourth.      A Chamber.

*Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.*

*Queen.* Is't possible, my Brother, you can have  
So great a passion for the publick good?  
As willing to sacrifice your Child to its repose,  
And make her Arms the soft and easie Chains  
To link this gallant stranger to our interest?

*Hon.* His virtue I prefer above a Crown.

*C'er.* You should love Virtue as you ought to love it;

Not

Not give it over-measure,--- But are you sure he will accept it ?

*Hon.* I am not certain, being not come so far ;  
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik't it.

*Cleo.* This cannot be his malice ; for he was ever noble, [*Hon.talks to the Queen.*  
But false or fain'd, I can endure no more on't ;

---By Heaven this Stranger's false ! false as his name !

---*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture :

---'Tis so--- he loves *Olympia* !

And when I askt the Name of her he lov'd,

I urg'd it with such softness in my eyes,

That he in pity of me swore 'twas I :

---Now can I find how much my Soul's possess'd

With love, since 'tis with jealousie oppress'd. [*Goes out.*

*Queen.* How do you like the Trial of *Orsames*  
Which I intend to make ?

*Hon.* You'll both oblige your people, and do a Mothers dutie.

*Queen.* You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my nature  
That from his infancie has kept him ignorant  
Of what he was.-- but the Decrees of Heaven.

*Hon.* Madam, 'tis true ; and if the Gods be just,  
He must be King too, though his Reign be short :  
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.

*Queen.* The Gods are witness how these eighteen years  
I have with much regret conceal'd his birth.

*Hon.* You know the last defeat the *Scythians* gave us,  
Th' impatient people broke the Castle-gates,  
And against all your powers were ready to have crown'd him ;  
And should we now be conquer'd, nothing less  
Will still the mutinous Army : try him, Madam,  
He may be fit for great Impressions,  
Had he but good examples to dispose him.

*Queen.* I'll have it done to night :  
Heaven, if it be thy will, inspire my son  
With Virtue fit to wear his Fathers Crown.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws off, discovers Thersander seemingly courting Olympia. Enter Cleo-  
mena ; sees them, starts, gazes on them, then goes out unseen ; and the Scene  
closes, and changes to her Apartment :--- She enters in a rage---*

*Cleo.* Perfidious man ! am I abandon'd then ?  
Abandon'd for *Olympia* ! my Slave---

[*Rage.*

---And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven---

[*Soft.*

And shall he quit me thus ?

Without being punisht for this Infidelity ?

---No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then---

---Oh, *Clemanthis* ! to whom I fondly gave my liberty

When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood :

---But I grow soft, a passion too unfit

For so much anger as my Soul's possess'd with :  
 ---'Twas but even now, he lov'd me with such Ardor ;  
 And he, who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,  
 Dar'ft thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger !  
 Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,  
 Would sacrifice her to another Mistress :  
 ---This Heart which ought not to've been given away  
 But by the Services and Bloud of Kings,  
 How hast thou lost it on a false Unknown,  
 Without being paid for it one single sigh---

*Enter Therfander : She draws a Dagger : offers to kill him, but cannot.*

Traitor--- hast thou the impudence to appear before me ?

Or, dost thou come to meet thy just reward ?

[Offers to stab him.]

---There's something in his looks that does preserve him,

Or, I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him :

---Go treacherous Unknown; whom I've preferr'd

Before so many Princes, who in vain

Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'st betray'd.

*Thersf.* Ah ! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,  
 And not inform me how I have offended ?

*Cleo.* Be gone, I say, if thou wou'dst save a life

Which those that dare do evil fear to lose.

*Thersf.* Those Eyes thus ordered are far worse than death :

End what you have so well begun,

And Kill me :

Yet from anothers hand

The blow would be less cruel.

*Cleo.* Oh Impudence !

Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love ;

But, Monster, though thou art below my hand,

I'm yet a Princess, and I can command :

By Heaven I'll try how much rage can invent

*Semiris*, call *Olympia* to me straight ;

She shall in triumph with me stand and smile,

To see thee by some common Vassal bleed.

*Thersf.* There needs no other witness of my death,

But her I have offended :

To you alone I offer up my life : for dying,

I've something to relate may justifie your rage,

Though not deserve your pity.

*Cleo.* Hell !

Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see

Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear :

---Why should I want the strength !---

[Offers to present the Dagger.]

---But oh, I cannot :

But canst thou live, false man, and see me frown ?

*Thersf.*

*Thers.* No, Madam, I can die---thus---

[Offers to fall on his Sword.

*Cleo.* Stay---

Thou shalt not so much glory gain :

No, live, and prove wretched enough to know

How very poorly thou hast lost my Heart.

[Exit raving.

[*Thers.* gazes after her.

*Thers.* Must I then live?---I will obey---Farewel

The fairest and unkindest of thy Sex ;

If e're it be thy chance to meet with one

That loves more than *Thersander*, if thou canst

Treat him worse than thou hast done me---

For oh ! how miserable is the wretch, ( whose prayer

Repuls'd ) like me, lives onely to despair.

[Exit.

---

## A C T the Third.

### SCENE the First.

*The Curtain is let down--- being drawn up, discovers Orsames seated on a Throne asleep, drest in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table. On either side of the Stage Courtiers richly drest, and multitude of Lights. Above is discovered the Queen, Olympia, and Women, Pimante, Artabazes, Ismenes : Soft Musick plays, whilst he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himself with wonder.*

*Orsa.* ---Gods ! what am I ?

---Or, is there any other Gods but I ?

*Ger.* Yes, my great Lord---

But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.

*Orsa.* I understand thee, 'tis some God thou mean'st.

*Ger.* On Earth it is ; your Power too is as great :

Your Frowns destroy, and when you smile you bless ;

At every nood, the whole Creation bows,

And lay their grateful Tributes at your feet ;

Their Lives are yours, and when you daign to take 'em,

There's not a mortal dares defend himself :

But that you may the more resemble Heaven,

You should be merciful and bountiful.

*Orsa.* I do believe I am this King thou speak'st of.

*Ger.* Behold this Crown---this sacred thing is yours.

[Kneels and gives him

the Crown and Scepter ; he puts it on, and walks about.

*Orsa.* It is a glorious Object---  
And fit for none but me

*Olim.* Madam, methinks the King is the finest man  
That e'er I saw-- shall he not still be King?

*Queen.* I hope he will deserve it.

*Ors.* So, now methinks I move like Heaven it self,  
All circled round with Stars.

— Hah! — what's this that kneels?

[*The Queen kneels, he snatches her up.*]

*Ger.* The Queen your Mother, Sir---

*Ors.* By my great self it is another woman,  
Which I have burnt with a desire of seeing:  
--Begone, and leave us here alone together;  
I've something to impart to this fair thing,  
Must not be understood by you.

*Queen.* Why, Sir, what is't you can impart to me,  
Which those about you must not understand?

*Ors.* A new Philosophy inspired by Nature,  
And much above whatever *Geron* taught,  
---Come and augment my knowledge.

*Queen.* Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?

*Ors.* Thou art all soft and sweet like springing Flowers,  
And gentle as the undisturbed Air.

*Queen.* But I am your Mother.

*Ors.* No matter: thou'rt a woman, art thou not?  
And being so, the Mother cannot awe me.

*Ger.* Sir, 'tis the person gave you life and being.

*Ors.* That gave me life! oh how I love thee for't!  
Come--- and I'll pay thee back such kind returns---

*Ger.* Most Royal Sir, this Woman was  
Not made by Heaven--- for you.

*Ors.* Away with your Philosophie; but now you said---  
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,  
And by that Power I may do any thing.

*Ger.* But Kings are just as well as powerful, Sir.

*Ors.* I am so to my self, do not oppose me.

*Ger.* Sir, this is one not meant, nor form'd for you.

*Ors.* Am I a God, and can be disobey'd?  
Remove that Contradictor from my sight,  
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women!

*Enter Olympia, and other Women.*

Oh Nature, how thou'lt furnish'd me with store!  
And finer far than this---

[*Gazes on Olympia.*]

--- But what is that whose Eyes give Laws to all,  
And like the Sun, eclipses the lesser Lights?

*Queen.* Speak to him, *Olympia*.

*Ors.* Who tells me what she is?

*Olym.* Oh how I tremble!-- Sir, I am a Maid.

*Ors.* A



Orf. A Maid ! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [Kneels.

Olym. I am your Slave, you must not kneel to me ——— [Takes him up.

Orf. How soon my Glories vanish!

Till now I did believe I was some God,  
And had my Power and my Divinity  
Within my will, but by this awful fear  
I find that thou art the greater Deity :

---Pray tell me fairest, are you not a Woman?

Olym. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.

Orf. I did believe that thou wert something more.

For I have seen a woman, and ne'er knew  
So much disorder in my Soul before :

---For every look of thine gives me a pain,  
And draws my Heart out of its wonted seat.

Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?

Orf. Extreemly hurt me, thou hast a secret power,  
And canst at distance wound,  
Which none but Heaven and you could ever do :

-----But 'twas my fault, had I not gaz'd on thee,  
I had been still a King, and full of health.

---Here---receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,  
Since thou hast greater power---whilst it fits here---  
It looks like Stars fal'n from their proper Sphere ;

[He takes off his Crown, and  
puts it on her.

----- So, now they're fixt again.

Queen. Pimante, speak to him to take it back.

Pim. He kills me with his looks.

---Sir, when you part with this, you'le be despis'd;  
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vanish.

Orf. I yet have something that shall make thee fear,  
I am still a King, though I must bow to her ;  
Take him away to death immediately ———

Pim. Any where to be out of your sight ———  
A King, quotha !

[Exit.

Orf. Come, my fair Virgin, this shall be my Altar,  
And I will place thee here my Deity.

Queen. Great Sir, that Throne is onely fit for you.

Orf. I say again, I'le have it fit for two:  
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that :

---Ascend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it :  
Ascend, and be immortal as my self.

Art. That Throne she was not born to.

Ger. Into the Sea with that bold Councillor,  
And let him there dispute with Winds and Waves.

[Art. Exit.

Being seated on the Throne, Enter several in Masquerade and dance.

----- Cou'd I be sensible of any pleasure

But what I take in thee, this had surpriz'd me.

Olym.

*Olym.* A Banquet, Sir, attends you.

*Orf.* Dispose me as you please, my lovely Virgin,  
For I've resign'd my being to your will,  
And have no more of what I call my own,  
Than sense of Joys and Pains, which you create.

*Olym.* Will you not please to eat ?

*Orf.* It is too gross a pleasure for a King :  
Sure, if they eat, 'tis some Celestial Food;  
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes---  
Ah lovely Maid !---

*Olym.* Why do you sigh, Sir ?

*Orf.* For something which I want ; yet having thee,  
What more can Heaven bestow to gratifie  
My Soul and Sense withal ?

*Olym.* Sir, taste this Wine ;  
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd opinion,  
And let you know the error of your Passion ;  
'Twill cause, at least, some alteration in you.

*Orf.* Why should'st thou ask so poor a proof of me ?  
But yet, I will obey ; --give me the Wine.

*Olym.* How do you like it, Sir ?

*Orf.* Why---well ; but I am still the same.  
Come, give it me again--- 'tis very pleasant---  
Will you not taste it too ?---

Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous ;  
What I've drank, has deifi'd thee more,  
Heightens the pleasures which I take to gaze on thee,  
And sends a thousand strange uneasie Joys,  
That play about my Heart, and more transport me :  
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy eyes  
May find some Charms in me to make thee thus.

*Olym.* Alas they've found already but too many.

*Orf.* I thought I must have gaz'd on thee for ever ;  
---But oh ! my Eyes grow heavy in the play,  
As if some strange Divinity above me  
Told me my safety lay in their declension :  
---Is it not Sleep?---Sure Kings do never sleep ;  
That were a low submission to a power  
A Monarch should despise--- but yet 'tis so :  
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then ?  
Or do you ever sleep ? I find ye do ;  
But I must--- and lose this lovely object :  
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,  
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,  
And keep it still in this harmonious Order---  
---And gently blow the flame 't has kindled there.

[They rise, and sit down at  
a Banquet. He gazes on her.

[They put something into the Bowl.

[Aside.

[Falls asleep:  
Enter

Enter Geron, Pimante, and Arates.

Pim. Are ye sure he's asleep?

Ger. How do you like him, Madam?

Queen. I fear he is a Tyrant in his nature.

Ger. But, since he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,  
You should not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.

Queen. Remove him now into his own Apartment,  
And still continue to impose upon him,  
Till you receive new Orders.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E the Second.

Enter Cleomena, with a Truncheon in her hand, a Sword and Quiver of Arrows by her side, with Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are sad,  
As if you doubted your success to day.

Cleo. There are some moments wherein I do repent me  
The too rash Banishment of poor *Clemanthis*.  
How did he take the Letter which I sent?

Sem. As persons innocent and full of health  
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;  
He sigh'd, and said he would obey your will;  
And, Madam, had you seen his silent grief,  
You would have thought him innocent.

Cleo. Innocent! banish that foolish pity from your heart  
That would perswade thee he is innocent:  
Did not I see him courting of *Olympia*?  
And can my Eyes deceive me?

Sem. *Olympia*, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!  
Till now I did not know his fault of banishment.

Cleo. And was't not cause enough?

Sem. Ah, Madam, what injustice have you done?  
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet  
He entertain'd me for a pretty while  
With the intentions of your generous Uncle,  
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,  
And that he durst not seem to disesteem it,  
Being your Uncle, and a man to whom  
He ow'd so much: but most to hide his passion;  
And then was coming to consult with you  
How he should manage this affair with him.

Cleo. And is this truth thou tell'st me, dear *Semiris*?

Sem. Madam, I do not use t' abuse your credit.

Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverse his doom.

Sem.

*Sem.* Would I knew whither, Madam.

*Cleo.* Why, is he then no longer in the Camp?

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, is he longer in the world?

For 'tis impossible to be imagined

He parted hence with any thought of life.

*Cleo.* Send ev'ry way to find him---hark, I'm call'd---

[*Trumpets sound.*

And he that finds him first, is made for ever.

Oh Jealousie, thou passion most ingrate!

Thy ills procure more mischiefs than thy hate.

'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,

'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Loves flame :

I'll not my weakness nor resentment show ;

A Heart like mine, shou'd sooner break than bow.

---Come my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd ;

That call, till now, was never disobey'd.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

### S C E N E the Third. *Scythian Tents.*

*Enter Amintas, drest fine, with Urania.*

*Ura.* Within this Shade till the black day be past,  
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.

*Amin.* The King has taken horse, the Fight's begun,  
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.

*Ura.* Why was I made a Woman? or being so,  
Why had I not a Masculine courage given me?  
That side by side I might have shar'd thy glory,  
Or have expir'd together.

*Amin.* Thou wilt undo me with this tenderness ;  
Come, send me kindly from thee,  
With joys about my Heart that may preserve it ;  
Here rest till my return ; farewell, my fair.

*Ura.* And if I never see thee more, farewell--  
Here I will lay me down, and never rise  
Till thou return'st with Lawrel or with Cypress.

[*Amin. Exit.*

Now I could curse the Fortune of my Prince,  
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,  
To satisfy a flame will ruine him.

[*Sits down.*

---The Fight increases : oh ye Gods of battle,  
In midst of all your rage preserve my Love.

[*A noise of fighting.*

*Enter Artabazes over the Stage, and goes out.*

*Arta.* My Nephew kill'd ! and I dismounted too ! oh curst Fate!

*Ura.* This noise has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory.

[*A hollowing with-*

*in amongst the noise of fighting.*

*Enter*

Enter Amintas.

---Oh Gods! *Amintas*! what has Fortune done?

*Amin.* Th'undaunted *Scythians* never lost the field,  
Yet now at first 'twas doubtful  
To which side Fortune would incline her self.  
*Ismenis* kill'd where e'er he turn'd his Sword,  
And quite defeated our *Agripien* Forces;  
Yet was not satisfied, knowing the King  
To be the price of *Cleomena's* Heart,  
But fought him out on all sides,  
Whom 'twas not hard to find;  
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,  
Distributing a death to all opposers.  
But young *Ismenis* having pierc'd the Squadrons,  
And knowing our great King by several Marks,  
Boldly cried out,---Defend the life I claim.  
The King made no reply, but at that word  
Prepar'd himself to fight.

*Ura.* Thou kill'st me, till thou bring'st him off again.

*Amin.* Disordered thus--- the *Dacians* took advantage,  
And charg'd with so much vigour---we gave ground,  
When on that side the single Combat was,  
There appear'd a body of two thousand Horse,  
Led by a man whose looks brought Victory,  
And made the conquering Foe retire again:  
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,  
With unresisted fury he made up,  
And rushing in between them,  
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,  
That struck him from his Horse.  
After this Victory *Thersander's* Name  
Did fly from mouth to mouth,  
Inspiring every *Scythian* with new valour:  
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*  
To seek his safety by his Horses flight:  
---But here's the King,--- retire into this Wood.

Enter King, *Thersander*, Officers and Souldiers.

*King.* Let me once more embrace my dear *Thersander*.

*Amin.* The Prince is wounded, Sir.

*King.* He is,---but they look lovely on him.

*Thers.* They're too slight marks to give you of my duty;  
Your Majesty has greater need of care.

*King.* Thou art my best Physician, and thy sight  
Heals all the wounds I have: come in with me,  
And let me lay thee to my panting Bosom,  
Thou great preserver of my Crown and Life.

F

*Thers.*

*Thers.* I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[*Exeunt all but Thers. and Amin.*

Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;  
For thou art half my self, my dear *Amintas*;  
I have strange news to tell thee since we parted,  
And need thy counsel in an affair of love: —

— Thou know'st my business to the *Dacian* Court,  
Was to have set thee free; but oh my Friend!  
In lieu of that, I've made my self a Captive.

*Amin.* Your story, Sir, I know, but heard withal,  
The Princess did repay your grateful flame.

*Thers.* I thought she did: for so a while she seem'd,  
And when I thought my self the most secure,  
Being fortifi'd with all her new-made promises,  
My blooming hopes were blasted e'er full blown,  
And I receiv'd her Orders for my banishment,  
Which I as soon obey'd: but by the way  
I did conceive a thousand revolutions,  
Sometimes to serve my Princess, --- then my Father;  
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,  
And then again 'twas Love: in this dispute  
I met the Levies of the *Isadons*,  
Who were the last of all our Cavalry,  
To whom I made me known, and came so luckily,  
As gain'd the yet-disputing Victory.

*Amin.* 'Twas in an happy moment.

*Thers.* Thus I compli'd with what I ow'd my duty,  
But these of Love are still unsatisfi'd;  
Dare I, who could offend to that degree  
As to deserve a banishment from her,  
Approach her uninvited?

*Amin.* 'Twere dangerous, Sir.

*Thers.* Then 'twere the fitter for my enterprize:  
--- But her displeasure, --- oh my *Cleomena*!  
If, for the punishment of my disobedience,  
You'd onely take away that Life you threaten,  
How willingly I would resign it up,  
Rather than undergo this separation!

*Amin.* You'll certainly expose your Life by going;  
What other reason could she have to banish you,  
But from her knowledge that you were *Thersander*?  
And, Sir, you see her passion for *Clemanthis*  
Could not o'ercome her hatred for her Enemy.

*Thers.* No, when I call to mind her cruel words;  
If chusing me before so many Kings,  
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,  
She killingly address'd 'em; therefore I'll venture on in my design.

--- Give

---Give order that our Horses be made ready,  
Whilst I excuse our absence to the King : our stay will not be long,  
Mean time it may be thought  
We're gone to view the Camp :  
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,  
Yet I must reconcile 'em both in me.

S C E N E the Fourth. *The Dacian Tents.*

*Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Ism. Women, Attendants.*

*Cleo.* 'Twas strangely lost, and yet I dare affirm  
The Victory had been ours but for *Thersander*,  
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,  
Made breaches and o'reflow'd all that lay near it.

*Ism.* I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,  
Had his arrival not prevented me.

*Cleo.* He is brave, without dispute.

*Ism.* And 'tis as certain that he did surprize me,  
Without permitting time for my defence,  
He had not else so soon dismounted me ;  
But, Madam, I design ( if you approve it )  
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

*Arta.* That Justice I may hope as well as you ;  
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,  
For which I'll be reveng'd.

*Queen.* I cannot but commend that noble ardor  
That carries you to these designs of glory ;  
What thinks my Brother of it ?

*Hon.* I like it, if the Victor will accept it.

*Cleo.* And so do I ;

And that we may do equal justice to you all,  
We'll write *Thersander's* name,  
And he who draws that name shall fight the Combat.

*Hon.* But are you sure he will accept the offer ?

*Ism.* I dare engage he will.

*Cleo.* I am of your opinion ;  
The truly Brave are never proud of Conquest.  
I'll write his name my self.

*Enter Page.*

*Hon.* What Shouts are these ?

[*A shout without.*

*Page.* Madam, *Cleomantis* is arriv'd.

*Queen.* The news is welcome.

*Enter Thers. kneels, kisses the Queens hand ; the same to Cleomena.--- salutes all.*

*Thers.* Madam, the great necessity which made me leave you---

When I believ'd my self unprofitable,  
 Could not detain me, when I was assur'd  
 My Sword could do you service.

*Queen.* This visit recompences all our loss,  
 You've made it in a time you may redeem  
 The opinion your absence almost forfeited.

*Hon.* Sir, I could chide you too, but that your fight  
 Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.

*Thersf.* I ought to suffer, Sir, in your opinion,  
 Till my excuses may redeem my credit.

*Cleo.* How great at once, and innocent he seems,  
 And how his Eyes his past offence redeems!  
 Whilst all my cruelties they seem t' upbraid,  
 They pardon too the faults themselves have made.

*Queen.* I'm satisfi'd, and you are fitly come  
 To share a danger we are now disputing.

*Thersf.* 'Tis not the danger, Madam, can divert me  
 From enterprizing ought that is to serve you.

*Arta.* Madam, consider who we are,  
 And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.

*Thersf.* Your honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice;  
 Would we could find in this dispute, whate'er it be,  
 That were the greatest difficulty:

---Madam, name your Commands.

*Queen.* We are drawing of a Lot  
 To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

*Thersf.* Hah--- *Thersander*, Madam, is a Conquerour.

*Ism.* Since you're so nice, we will excuse you, Sir.

*Thersf.* What an unlucky accident was this!  
 One moments longer stay had made me happy,  
 And rendred up these Rivals to my power.

*Hon.* Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.

*Thersf.* My fears are all compleated;---  
 The Lot is mine.

*Cleo.* *Clemanthis*, I'm so sensible of the danger  
 Whereto you must expose your self for me,  
 I cannot think with pleasure on the Victory  
 You possibly may gain.

*Thersf.* Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conquest:  
 But, Madam, if *Thersander* be as nice  
 As these two Princes are, it will be hard  
 To get him to accept a Challenge from me.

*Cleo.* *Clemanthis* deeds has rais'd his fame too high  
 To be esteem'd unworthy of that Justice;  
 Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe  
 More equal to his youth and valour too.

[*Aside.*

[*They draw Lots. It falls to Thersf.*

[*Aside.*

[*Aside to him.*

[*Bows to her, and speaks low.*

[*Turns to the Queen.*

*Thersf.*



*Thers.* If Fortune blefs me with success to day,  
I'll owe it to your Cause, and not my Sword.

*Queen.* May'st thou be ever Victor.

[They lead him out.]

*Manent Arta. Ism.*

*Arta.* My Art shall fail me then.

*Ism.* You are displeas'd, Sir.

*Arta.* Is that a wonder?

Who can be tame and see an unknown Youth,  
Who brings no forces but his single Arm,  
Ravish the hope and spoil of Victory from us,  
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,  
Whilst all our Claims to *Cleomena's* heart,  
Must be neglected since we want success?

*Ism.* We could pretend to her no other way.

*Arta.* Have you, or I, less virtue than *Clemanthis*?

*Ism.* Yes, if we envy at his merits.

*Arta.* Pursue your vertuous Road, and in the end  
See whether you or I reaches first the Goal.  
I'll take revenge.

[Arta. exit.]

*Ism.* I honour will pursue,  
A Path which never led me to Repentance :  
---*Clemanthis*, if thy life I basely fought,  
Like him, I'de save the hazard of my own ;  
But as thou't brave, so thou shalt bravely fall.  
Before *Thersander* rob me of thy life,  
Or thou the fortune hast to vanquish him---  
---And if in this encounter I expire,  
I do but fall a Victim to an hopeless Fire.

[Exit.]

*Scene changes to the Wood, discovers Thers. and Amin. among the Trees, changing  
Clothes ; after which they come forth.*

*Thers.* So, now thou dost appear so like *Clemanthis*,  
That not a *Dacian* but will be mistaken in thee.

*Amin.* My Lord, I know not how I may appear,  
But I am ignorant how I am to act.

*Thers.* Remain within the Covert of this Wood,  
Until the sign be given for the Combate,  
And then appear upon the place appointed,  
Where I will meet and fight with thee ;  
But so I'll order all the blows I give,  
They shall not wound nor hurt thee,  
For still remember I must be the Victor.

*Amin.* I will endeavour to perform it so,  
That none shall know the fallacy.

[Noise.]

*Thers.* Be gone, I hear a noise ; farewell, dear *Amintas*,  
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well.

[Exit. Thers.]

Enter

*Enter some Fellows in Cloaks.*

1 *Fell.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume ; are ye all ready ?

2 *Fell.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of a single man ; and here's a place as fit-as we could wish : shall we set upon him all together ?

1 *Fell.* Ay, ay, neatness in this affair is not required ; kill him , and *Artabazes* desires no more.

*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight, Amintas falls :*

*Enter Ismenis.*

*Ism.* Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my business ; Here we unseen may end the difference---

[*Noise within.*

---Hark---What noise of fighting's that ?

Perhaps my aid's required.

*Ism. goes in, Scene draws open, discovers Amintas lying as dead all bloody, Pimante peeping, Ismenis re-enters.*

*Ism.* It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous deed Is done by *Artabazes*.

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Had ever Cavalier such damn'd luck ? I have heard it disputed , that this same danger was to be courted by the Brave and Bold ; but I, who took the best care I could whilst the fight lasted to secure my self by this retreat , find my self even here surrounded with it ; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my design, has met here what he endeavoured to shun : yonder's *Ismenis* too--well, we are all but men.

*Ism.* Here's yet some breath remaining , oh *Pimante* lend thy assistance. ---*Clemanthis*, if thou yet hast so much sense, Inform us how thou cam'st thus wounded ?

*Amin.* Know Sir, *Thersander*---Prince of *Scythia*---

---*Thersander*---Prince of---*Scythia*---

[*Faints.*

*Pim.* Alas he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

*Ism.* The Prince of *Scythia* do this !

*Pim.* Ay, ay, this mighty Prince , fearing to encounter a single man , has set a dozen to kill him ; mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody fight : but, Sir, what shall we do with the Body ?

*Ism.* If I could command thee any thing, it should be Silence, Till I have met *Thersander* in his room.

[*Ism. exit.*

*Pim.* You shall command me, though I was never good at secrets.

*Enter Cleomena, Semiris.*

*Cleo.* Let the Coach wait at the entrance of the Wood : I find I am a perfect Woman now, And have my fears, and fits of Cowardise.

*Sem.* Madam, will you not see the Combat then ?

*Cleo.* I dare not, something here assures me *Clemanthis* will be conquered.

*Pim.* Ha ! the Princess here ? on my Conscience there was never mischief but a Woman was at one hand on't.

*Sem.*

*Sem.* How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily?

*Pim.* Ah, Madam, such a fight so dismal and bloody!

*Cleo.* What says he?

*Pim.* *Clemanthis*, Madam---

*Cleo.* *Clemanthis*! oh what of him?

Why my prophetick heart dost thou betray me?

*Sem.* For Heavens sake, Madam, reassume your courage.

*Cleo.* Yes---I will hear---the fatal story---out.

*Pim.* Truth is, Madam, to retire from the fury and noise of the Battle, I came into this Wood; and when I thought all danger past, I heard even here the noise of Swords and fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the danger of them.

*Sem.* Leave out the History of your own Fears; and come to the business.

*Pim.* But ah, Madam, unseen I saw: who did I see---

Ah, who should I see but *Clemanthis*, Madam;

Fixt with his back against yon Cypress-tree,

Defending of himself against a dozen Murderers.

I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker side,

And therefore came not forth to his assistance.

Prince *Ismenis* would have taken his part, but came too late too;

But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,

And he could answer nothing but---*Thersander*.

*Cleo.* Remove me to the Body of my Love---

---I will not now deplore as Women use,

But call up all my Vengeance to my aid,

Expect not so much imbecility---

From her whose Love nor Courage was made known

Sufficiently to thee, oh my *Clemanthis*!

I would not now survive thee,

Were it not weak and cowardly to die,

And leave thee unrevenged:

---Be calm, my Eyes, and let my Soul supplie ye;

A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice:

Ev'ry indifferent sorrow claims our Tears,

Mine do require Bloud, and 'tis with that

These must be washt away ---

Whatever I design to execute,

*Pimante*, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,

Go not about to hinder, but be silent;

Or I will send this Dagger to my Heart,

Remove the Body further into th' Wood,

And strip it of these glittering Ornaments;

And let me personate this dear dead Prince:

Obeys, and dress me streight, without reply.

There is not far from hence a *Druids* Cell,

A man for Piety and knowledge famous,

Thither convey the breathless Sacred Corpse,

Laid gently in my Chariot,

[*They lead her to Amin. who lies wounded: she gazes on him a while, his Face being all bloody.*]

[*Rises, wipes her Eyes.*]

There:

There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do ?

*Cleo.* What should I do but die---ah do not weep,  
But haste to do as I commanded ye :

Haste, haste, the time and my revenge requires it.

*Sem.* For Heavens sake, Madam, for your Royal self,  
Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize ;  
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.

*Cleo.* Away thou feeble thing that never knewst the real joys of Love,  
Or ever heard of any grief like mine ;  
If thou would'st give me proofs of thy esteem,  
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge !  
Let me not see so much of Woman in thee  
To shed one Tear, but dress thy Eyes with fierceness,  
And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,  
As if intended for my nuptial day.  
That Soul that sighs in pity of my Fate,  
Shall meet returns of my extreamest hate :  
Pity with my Revenge must find no room ;  
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T the Fourth.

### SCENE the First. *A Flat Wood.*

*Enter Cleomena drest in Clemanthis's Clothes, Semiris bearing the Cap and Feather, Pimante the Sword.*

*Cleo.* Come, my *Semiris*, you must assist a little,  
---And you *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.

*Pim.* I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in my life.

*Cleo.* So---How dost thou like me now ?

Might I not pass, thus habited, for *Clemanthis* ?

*Pim.* Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting-part.

*Cleo.* Now go, and do as I have ordered you.

*Sem.* Ah, Madam, though I must not wait on you to fight,  
I will in death, 'tis my first act, and last of disobedience.

[*Weeps.*]

*Cleo.* Do not disturb me with thy grief, *Semiris* :  
Go, leave me to my self, and thoughts of vengeance ;  
And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life  
At such a rate shall ruine thee for ever ;  
And if I fall --- as I believe I shall ---

The

The very shame to know I am a Woman,  
 Shall make thee curse thy Fortune and thy Arms,  
 If thou hast any sense of manhood left,  
 After the barbarous murder thou hast done :  
 But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,  
 This Arm ( whom Love direct ) to meet thy Heart,  
 Then I shall die with real satisfaction :  
 The time draws on when I should trie my Fate ;  
 Assist me mighty Love in my design,  
 That I may prove no passion equals mine.

*Son.* Madam, consider whom you must encounter.

*Cleo.* Consider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis* !

[Weeps.

Oh 'tis a shame to weep being thus attir'd,  
 Let me once more survey my self---

And yet I need not borrow resolution :

*Clemanthis*, thou art murder'd, that's the word,

'Tis that creates me man, and valiant too,

And all incensed Love can prompt me to :

Hark---hark---the joyful Summons to my death.

[Trumpets sound.

Go, leave me to approach it solemnly ---

Come, my dear Sword, from thee I must expect

That service which my Arm may fail t' effect ;

And if thou ever didst thy Master love,

Be sure each stroke thou mak'st may mortal prove.

[Exeunt severally.

## SCENE the Second.

*After a noise of Trumpets at some distance and fighting---the Scene draws, and discovers Cleomena and Therfander fighting. Lyfander. On one side stands the King of Scythia with his party : On the other, the Queen of Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, and her party ; Vallentio.*

*Thers.* What mean'st thou to fight, as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis* ?

But since thou art not him thou represent'st,

Who e'er thou be'st 'twas indiscreetly done,

To draw me from an order might have sav'd thee :

--- Who is't that dares assume *Clemanthis* shape ?

[They fight :

*Cleo.* Unworthy *Scythian*, whose reported Valour

*Cleo.* falls: he stoops

Unjustly was admir'd, cou'dst thou believe the covert of the Wood

to look on her.

Cou'd hide thy Treason---Treason which thou durst own too ?

[A cry of joy on the

*Thers.* Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you ?

Scythians side.

What have I done that could so far transport you ?

*Clemanthis* boldness has incur'd your hate,

But he has been severely punisht for't ;

And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,

G

Receive

Receive *Thersander* with his equal Passions,  
But not his equal Crimes.

*Cleo.* Oh Villain, since thou hast punisht *Clemanthis*,  
Punish th' unhappy *Cleomena* too,  
And take her life who came to have taken thine.

*Queen.* 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena* ---  
With whom *Thersander* fights---ah cruel Child !

[ *They carry her off.* ]

*Thers.* Oh whither, whither do you bear my Goddess?  
Return, and here resign your sacred load.

That whilst 't has life it may behold the Sacrifice  
That I will make of this wild wretched man  
That has so much offended---disobey'd.

---My Arms, my Arms, *Lysander*, mount me straight,  
And let me force the disobedient Troops ;

Those Coward Slaves that could behold her bleed,  
And not revenge her on the Murderer :

Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and scatter all ;

Whilst 'midst the ruins of the world I fall.

[ *The Scythian Guards carry him  
off by force.* ]

*Enter Ismenus with his Sword. They all descend.*

*Ism.* Still thus defeated, and outstript by Fate,  
Resolv'd betimes, but fall'd out too late ;

Fortune and Love are equally unkind :

---Who can resist those mighty Powers combin'd ?

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## S C E N E the Third. A Prison.

*Enter Orfames, Geron.*

*Ger.* May I not know what 'tis afflicts you so ?  
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.

*Orf.* Nor wou'd I now ; knew I but how to tell thee ;

Oh *Geron*, thou hast hitherto so frighted me

With thoughts of Death, by stories which thou tell'st

Of future punishments i'th' other world ;

That now I find thou'st brought me to endure

Th' ills from Heaven thou say'st our sins procure :

There's not a little God of all the number

That does not exercise his arts on me,

And practise power, which by my suffering

He grows more mighty in---I'll not endure it.

*Ger.* Why not, as well as I ?

*Orf.* Thou may'st do what thou wilt ; but there's a difference

(As vast as 'twixt the Sun and lesser lights )

Between thy Soul and mine :

Thou canst contented sit whole days together,

And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,

Till

Till duller sleep does silence it and thee;  
 But I, whose active Soul despise that drouzy God,  
 Can even dare him in his height of power,  
 Then, when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,  
 Where thou'rt so far from sense, thou'st lost thy Soul;  
 Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy  
 Possesses me, beyond thy waking Thought —  
 But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;  
 I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.

*Ger.* What was your Dream?

*Orf.* Why, I will try to tell it thee —

—Methought I saw the Firmament divide,  
 And all the Clouds, like Curtains, drawn aside:  
 The Sun in all his glory, ne'er put on  
 So bright a Ray, nor with more lustre shon;  
 The Face of Heaven, too bright for mortal Eye  
 Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I:  
 In *Jove's* illustrious Throne I only sat,  
 Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait:  
 My Habit, such as cannot be express'd;  
*Iris* in all her various Colours drest,  
 The Morning-sun, nor Sun-declining Skie,  
 Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.  
 The brightest Stars in all Heav'n's Canopie  
 Were chosen out to make a Crown for me;  
 With which, methought, they glorifi'd my brow,  
 And in my hand they plac'd the Thunder too:  
 The World was mine, and thousands such as thou  
 Still as I mov'd low to the Earth did bow;  
 Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,  
 They strove, and were as numerous as they:  
 Thither I soon descended in a Cloud,  
 But in the midst of the adoring Crowd,  
 Almighty Woman at my feet did bow,  
 Adorn'd with beauties more than Heaven can show.  
 But one among the rest (for there were store)  
 Whilst all did me, I did that one adore;  
 She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes,  
 Did all my Power and Thunder too despise:  
 Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;  
 And when she frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.  
 Oh, *Geron*; while I strive to tell the rest,  
 I feel so strange a passion in my breast,  
 That though I onely do relate a Dream,  
 My torments here would make it real seem.

*Ger.* 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream.

---Pray do not form Idea's in your fancy,  
And suffer them to discompose your thoughts.

*Orf.* In spite of your Philosophie, they make  
A strange impression on me.

*Ger.* That's perfect madness, Sir.

*Orf.* *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,  
But follow all the Dictates of my Reason.

-- Come, tell me, for thou hast not done so yet,  
How Nature made us? by what strange devices:

Tell me, where 'twas you lighted on me first?

And how I came into thy dull possession?

Thou sayst we are not born immortal,

And I remember thou wert still as now,

When I could hardly call upon thy name,

But as thou would'st instruct my lisping Tongue;

And when I ask'd thee who instructed thee,

Thou'st sigh, and say a man, out-worn by Age,

And now laid low in earth---But tell me, *Geron*,

When time has wasted thee, for thou art decaying,

Where shall I find some new-made work of Nature,

To teach those Precepts to, I've learnt of thee?

--- Why art thou silent now?

*Ger.* You ought not, Sir, to pry into the hidden secrets of the Gods.

*Orf.* Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods ---  
What is't thou studiest for, more new devices?

Out with 'em---this fullness betrays thee;

And I have been too long impos'd upon.

I find my self enlightned on the sudden,

And every thing I see instructs my Reason;

'T has been enslav'd by thee---come, out with it.

*Ger.* I dare not, Sir.

*Orf.* Who is't thou fear'st?

*Ger.* The anger of the Gods,

Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,

'Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

*Orf.* What are those Oracles?

*Ger.* Heavenly Voyces, Sir, that expound what's writ

In the eternal Book of Destiny.

*Orf.* I'll know what's writ in that eternal Book,

Or let thee know what it contains of thee.

*Ger.* What wilt you do?

*Orf.* Throw thee into the Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will.

[Offers to take him up.

*Ger.* Stay, *Orf*imes ---

--- 'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,

But yet the time is hardly ripe for the design.

*Orf.* Begin your story---or by Heaven---

*Ger.* I



*Ger.* I shall---When you consider who I am,  
With how much care and toil I've brought you up :  
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,  
And in my bosom lull'd you to your Rest :  
How when you wept, my tears kept time with yours;  
And how your smiles would dry again those showers ;  
You will believe 'tis my concern for you,  
And not your threats, makes me declare a truth.

*Ors.* Forward, my dearest *Geron*,  
Whilst I as silent as a healthy sleep,  
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,  
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breathest.

*Ger.* Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir;  
And there I'll tell you wonders to ensue ;  
But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past.

[*Kneels.*

*Ors.* I give it thee---Gods, this is fine indeed !  
Thy Language and thy Meen are altered ;  
Oh how my Soul's enlarg'd already---go, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E the Fourth. *Scythian Tents.*

*Enter Therfander, Lyfander.*

*Thersf.* Leave me, I will be calm,  
For this same change of *Cleomena's* habit,  
Has but increas'd my love---and all my softness---  
'Twas in that habit that I left *Amintas* ;  
Gods! has he betray'd me then ?  
No, I must not have so mean a thought of him ;  
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Thersfander*---  
But if the bold *Clemantbis* be *Thersfander*;  
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena* ;  
Yet still 'tis that *Clemantbis* that ador'd her,  
And whom she once made happy with her love.  
But I have wounded her, and here remains  
The marks of my dishonour in her blood.  
Oh cruel instrument of my shameful Crime !  
Must the first service thou hast rendred me  
Prove to my Soul so fatal, that Sword I left *Amintas* ?  
Wou'd have denied obedience to this hand,  
This sacrilegious hand drew it against her.

[*Draws his Sword.*

*Enter King, Lyfander solus.*

*King.* How now *Thersfander*, what still melancholy ?  
Upon the first appearance of your sadness,  
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman ;

But

But now I fear that could not be the cause,  
 Unless 'twere fortifi'd by stronger passions ;  
 --- 'Tis not impossible, but when you saw  
 The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combate,  
 They might disarm your rage, and teach you love.  
 If this be all, I'll offer Peace in such a time  
 As they're not able to make War against us,  
 And with it Propositions of a Marriage.

*Thers.* Happy mistake ! great Sir ;  
 I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*  
 Have given me Wounds which nothing else can cure ;  
 And in that moment when I would have kill'd her,  
 They stayd my guilty hand, and overcame  
 The shameful Conquerour---  
 I'll say no more, nor give Laws to your bounty ;  
 But if your Majesty approve my flame,  
 I shall receive her as the greatest blessing  
 Heaven can bestow upon me.

*King.* I'm glad to find my son of my opinion ;  
 For I already have propos'd it to 'em,  
 Which I believe they will with joy embrace.

*Thers.* All but the lovely Princess, whose aversion  
 Is still so great against our Family,  
 That I despair she ever will be drawn to't.

*King.* They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces  
 To make fresh War upon us ; they're at our mercy now,  
 And as an honour will embrace the Alliance.

*Thers.* Pray Heaven they may.

*King.* If they refuse, I will recal my mercy ;  
 And make them dearly buy their scorn :  
 Come, we expect our Herald from their Tents.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E the Fifth.

*Enter Queen, Cleomena in a Night-gown, Semiris. A Table with Pen and Ink.*

*Cleo.* Madam, I confess my self unworthy of your tenderness.

*Queen.* Ah, *Cleomena* ! you value my repose at too cheap a rate,  
 When you expose a life so dear to me  
 To so much danger as to fight *Thersander*.

*Cleo.* I am not the first person of my Sex  
 Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy :  
 Do you not say he is my Father's Murderer ?  
 And does he not deprive me of that Crown  
 You say the Gods have destin'd me to wear ?

*Queen.*

Queen. 'Tis true, he's son to him that kill'd thy Father ;  
But bating that, he has committed nothing  
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.

Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say  
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.

Queen. What think you of a Husband in this Prince ?

Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Thersander* !

Queen. The King has generously offer'd it ;  
My Council do approve it, and the Army  
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest news.

Cleo. Gods ! let the Council, and the Army perish,  
E're I lose one single moment of my satisfaction :  
Is this the hate which with my Milk you made me suck  
For all that Race ? is this th'effects of my fierce Education ?

Queen. All things must be prefer'd to th' Publick good,  
When joyn'd with my Commands.

Cleo. What you command, I dare not disobey ;  
But, Madam, I beseech you, do not claim  
That cruel duty here.

Queen. You'll find it fit to change that peevish humour,  
And I will leave you to consider of it.

[Queen exit.]

Cleo. Gods ! marry me, marry me to *Thersander* !

No, not whilst this--- remains in my possession :

[Pulls out a Dagger.]

— I must confess it is a generous offer,  
How came it in their Souls ?

Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.

Cleo. Hah, Love---that miracle may be :  
When I reflect upon the Prince his words,  
When he had vanquish'd me---I do not doubt it :  
Then he confess'd he had a passion for me ;  
I wonder at the sudden birth of it.

Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.

Cleo. Oh my dear eyes, how shall I love ye now,  
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do ?  
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye charms,  
Onely to help the weakness of my Arms ;  
And when my Womans courage feeble grew,  
My Heart did kindly send its aids to you.  
And thou, *Thersander*, surely canst not blame  
My cruelty, who do allow thy Flame ;  
Love on, love on ; and if thou dost despise  
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.

*She sits down and writes.* Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, there is without an Officer  
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.

Cleo. Admit him---and Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.

Sem.

*Sem.* Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

*Enter Vallentio.*

*Cleo.* *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

*Vall.* Madam, the last I dare affirm.

*Cleo.* Tell me, *Vallentio*, didst thou ever love?

*Vall.* Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.

*Cleo.* But didst thou never feel a softer passion?

*Vall.* Madam, I own, though with a blush I do so,  
I've felt the power of two fair Eyes,

And I have wounds that yet would bleed afresh,  
Should but the cruel Murtherefs appear.

*Cleo.* Then thou art fit to hear a secret from me;

--But first, *Vallentio*, tell me whom I am?

*Vall.* My Princess, Madam, and my General;  
And one, who from your power of Beauty holds  
No less Dominion o're th' adoring world,  
Than from the greatness you were born to.

*Cleo.* And you're contented I should be your Queen?

*Vall.* Madam, I am---*Pimante* has been prating.

[*Aside.*

*Cleo.* The Army too are of your mind?

*Vall.* I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.

*Cleo.* But---what think you of *Orsames*?

*Vall.* Madam, I think he merits to be King  
In any other world but where you reign.

*Cleo.* And what if I would have him King of this?

*Vall.* Why then he shall be King, if you would have it so.

*Cleo.* Yes, I would have it, by my self I would;  
This is the time to let the Monarch know

The glories he was born to;

Nor can I die in peace till he be crown'd.

[*Aside.*

I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince;

A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,

Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,

And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion;

The common peoples God on Holy-days:

--And this, *Vallentio*, I have oft observ'd;

And 'tis an act too humble for my Soul,

To court my self into security.

*Sem.* Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,

Which they not onely say shall be but short,

But bloody and Tyrannick.

*Cleo.* I will expound that Oracle  
Which Priests unridling make more intricate:

They said that he should reign, and so he did,

Which lasted not above a pair of hours;

But I my self will be his Oracle now,

And

And speak his kinder fate,  
And I will have no other Priest but thee,  
Who shall unfold the mystery in plain terms.

[To Vallentio.

*Vall.* Madam, the City and the Army are by this defeat  
Enough inclin'd to hear that reason.

*Cleo.* Geron already has instructions what to do,  
And you need none, wanting no resolution.

*Vall.* If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd  
Never to look a Foe i'th' face again.

*Cleo.* Haste, and be prosperous---

[Vall. *exit.*

*Semiris,* are those Garments ready I spoke for ?

*Sem.* Madam, they're here---but now what will you do ?

*Cleo.* Now, I will die---and now thou know'st my will.

*Sem.* Ah Madam, 'tis too much you let me know,

Denying me t'attend you where you go;

[Weeps.

With such a Guide I know I cannot err.

*Cleo.* Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far

In passing ; though I miss the aids of Day,

Yet my *Clephantis* lights me on my way :

Why dost thou weep ? indeed thou art unkind.

*Sem.* I weep because you'd leave me here behind,

Doubting my love. I beg you wou'd permit

That I might give you the last proof of it.

I in your last adventure was too slow,

And will not be deni'd my duty now.

*Cleo.* Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free,

That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me :

Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need :

To ease our griefs, we must not weep but bleed.

[Exit.

*Enter Vallentio passing over the Stage, is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

*I Cit.* Well Colonel, have you delivered our grievances to the Queen ?

*Vall.* Yes, I have.

*I Cit.* Well, and what success ? shall we have a King ?

*Vall.* And why a King ? why should you be thus earnest for a King ? what good will a King do you ? he's but a single man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead members, no, nor levy new ones.

*I Cit.* That's all one Colonel, we will have a King: for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one: hah Neighbours! a substantial Reason.

*All.* Ay ay, a King, a King.

*Vall.* I like your Resolution, but not your Reason, and must have a better than that.

*I Cit.* Sha, Sir, we can give you many, though that's sufficient, as look you Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King---a thing---a thing---we have not been acquainted with in our Age; besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere; you know, Colonel, we have

bulie Heads, working Brains, which must be executed ; therefore what say you, are we to have leave to shut up shop, and to go to work with long Staff and Bilboe, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in spight of you?

*Vall.* You shall not need ; go, shut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Cittadel ; but be sure ye are well arm'd, lest the Queens Guards prevent you.

*Cit.* I warrant you for honest true hearts enough at any mischief, though not to go against the *Scythians* ; for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

*Vall.* Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the Kings Deliverance.

*Cit.* Oh incomparable Colonel! we will raise thy Statue in Brass in the Market-place, and worship it when we have done--- but harkey, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

*Vall.* None, to those that oppose you.

*All.* No, no, none, none.

*Cit.* O how this will please ye all, my Mates---

[*Cit. go out.*]

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Oh Colonel, the Princess, Colonel.

*Vall.* Well, Sir.

*Pim.* She's fled away, and none knows whither.

*Vall.* I left her in her Tent just now.

*Pim.* Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, she's gone just as she shou'd have been married too---there's the Devil on't ; oh the days we should have seen ! the dancing, loving days !

*Vall.* Gone alone ?

*Pim.* No, no, that dissembling thing *Semiris* is with her ; she onely left a Letter for the Queen, which she has sent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Musick.---

[*Goes out crying.*]

*Vall.* This is strange---if she be gone, 'tis time the King were free---I'll haste to meet the Rabble that it may not look like an act of my own.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene Therfander's Tent : He enters with a Letter in his hand open --- with Attendants.*

*Thersf.* Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,  
And here impress thy cruelty, and see what that will do  
To set me free.

*Thersf.* reads the Letter---

*Finding it impossible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do resolve never to marry that Barbarian, whose Crimes are onely known to me ; no, nor any other that cannot bring me his head ; whereto I sollicite Artabazes, and Ismenis if they will obey,---*

*Cleomena.*

If I consult my Reason and my Courage,

*They*

They say I should not love this cruel Maid;  
 But oh my Reason, you're too weak to counsel;  
 I'll think of nothing then but dying for her,  
 Since 'tis my Life she asks, and here demands it;  
 But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,  
 For I my self can more devoutly serve you.  
 'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,  
 Whose flames are found so criminal---

*Enter Lyfander.*

*Ly.* Sir, there is without a Youth desires admittance.

*Thersf.* From whom comes he?

*Ly.* He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,  
 Which he'll deliver onely to your Highness.

*Thersf.* Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

*Enter Cleomena drest like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

*Thersf.* reads to himself----

*Guard thee well, Thersander; for thou shalt die by the hand  
 that brings thee this.* [She stabs him; he falls into Lyfander's Arms.

*Cleo.* Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*---

*Ly.* Help, Treason, help-----

*Thersf.* Ah lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?

And why that Language with that angry blow?

*Cleo.* Behold this face, and then inform thy self. [Discovers her self.

*Thersf.* 'Tis *Cleomena*! oh ye Gods, I thank ye!

It is her hand that wounds me;

And I'll receive my death with perfect joy,

If I may be permitted but to kiss

That blessed hand that sent it.

*Enter King, Guard.*

*King.* *Thersander* murther'd! oh inhumane deed!

Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have

Invented unheard-of Tortures to destroy him by--- [The Guards seize *Cleo.* and

My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Thersander*; Sem. who was just entering.

Oh fatal day, wherein one fatal stroke

Has laid the hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb! [The Guards go to carry *Cleo.* and

*Thersf.* Oh stay, and do not bear so rudely off. Sem. *Thersf.* calls 'em back.

Treasures you cannot value.

---Sir,---do not treat her as my Murtherer,

But as my Sovereign Deity---

Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;

And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,

With all the Triumphs of a Conquerour.

For me, no other glory I desire,

Than at her feet thus willingly t' expire.

[Goes to throw himself at her feet,  
 they prevent it, and go off.

## A C T the Fifth.

## SCENE the First.

*A Council-Table ; the King of Scythia seated on a Throne , Officers Attendants, and Guards.*

*King.* **B**Ring the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine  
What Reasons could inspire her with this cruelty ?  
---How beautiful she is!

[Gazes on her.

*Enter Cleomena, in Fetters, Lysander with the Guard.*

*Cleo.* Thy silence seems to license me to speak,  
And tell thee King that now our faults are equal ;  
My Father thou hast kill'd, and I thy Son ;  
This will suffice to tell thee who I am :  
---Now take my Life since I have taken his,  
And thou shalt see I neither will implore  
Thy needless Clemency by word or sign :  
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,  
Suffer me not to languish any longer  
Under these shameful Irons.

[With scorn.

*King.* Cruel as fair, 'tis with too much Injustice  
Thou sayst our Crimes are equal ;  
For thou hast kill'd a Prince that did adore thee ;  
And I depriv'd thy Father of his life  
When he assaulted mine in open field,  
And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,  
Or give the Cause to say I've done thee wrong.  
But if I had, wherefore ( oh cruel Maid )  
Didst thou not spare that Heart that di'd for thee,  
And bend thy Rage against thy Father's Foe ?  
But thou well knew'st in killing of *Thersander*,  
The Fathers life would quickly follow after.

*Cleo.* I will not seek excuses for my actions,  
But I protest to thee before the Gods,  
It was not to revenge my self on thee  
I kill'd thy Son ;  
But what he suffered was for his own sin,  
For he has banisht from me all on earth  
That could compleat my happiness —

[Weeps.  
—And



—And now dispose my destiny as you please,  
Only remember that I am a Woman.

*King.* What thou hast said will find but little credit :

—But yet—*Thersander* lives ;  
And if it please the Gods to spare that life,  
I shall have generosity enough  
To set thee free in favour of thy Sex  
And my *Thersanders* love.

*Cleo.* Not dead ! why should the Gods protect him ?

*King.* Her Soul is sure possess'd with some despair :  
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his life,  
He will obey and die as you desire---  
But not with satisfaction till he see you  
Conducted into *Dacia*.

[Weeps.]

I should not of my self have been so generous  
T' have given you freedom with the life of him  
Who did deserve a kinder destiny ;  
But 'tis his will,---and possibly his last ,  
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp  
Whene'er you please ; onely this favour grant,  
(If an unhappy King may hope for any )  
You'll suffer him to take his last farewell.

[Weeps.]

*Cleo.* Immortal Gods ! how can it be ? a man  
Whose wickedness arm'd me against his life,  
Shou'd shew such virtue in the rest of 's Actions !

---Sir, I will see the Prince,  
Not as the price of what you offer'd me,  
But that he may confess he did deserve  
A death less glorious than I have given him :  
And I shall take it well if he will own  
That which may justifie my offence to you.

*King.* Madam, I thank you---

---Dismiss her Fetters, and if she please  
Let her have Garments suitable to her Sex,  
Onely the Guards attend her at a distance.

[Go out severally.]

S C E N E the Second. *The Grove.*

*Enter Amintas drest like a Shepherd, Urania like a Shepherdes, the Druid, Lyces,  
and other dancing Swains, &c.*

*Druid.* Sir, I'm afraid you made too bold a venture ;  
And though your wounds were more numerous than dangerous,  
I am not willing you should trust 'em to the Air.

*Amin.* Father, your skill has wrought a perfect Cure,

For

For which, the life you sav'd you shall command.

*Ura.* Me too h' has cur'd of all my jealous fears,  
By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me  
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo :  
---Farther--- to you I owe *Amintas* liberty ;  
To you his Life : and now for all my joys,  
Which if my future service can repay,  
Command with freedom her you have preserv'd.

*Amin.* Come, dear *Urania*, let's hasten to the Camp ;  
For I impatient grow to see my Prince :  
Heaven knows what my mishap may have procur'd him.

*Ura.* How loth I am to leave these pretty Shades,  
The Gods and Nature have design'd for love :  
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I seem,  
And thou some humble Villager hard by,  
That knew no other pleasure than to love,  
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,  
To which the Nymphs should listen all the day ;  
We'd taste the waters of these Chrystal Springs,  
Which more delight than all delicious Wines ;  
And being weary, on a bed of Moss,  
Having no other Canopie but Trees,  
We'd lay us down and tell a thousand stories.

*Amin.* For ever so I'd be content to dwell ;  
I wou'd put off all frightful marks of War,  
And wou'd appear as soft and calm to thee,  
As are thy Eyes when silently they wound.  
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,  
And more esteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,  
Than the victorious Lawrel :  
—But come, Love makes us idle.

*Druid.* My Prayers ever go along with you ;  
And your fair Bride, *Urania*, I could wish  
My youth and vigour were as heretofore :  
When onely Courts and Camps could make me happy,  
And then I wou'd not bid farewell so soon---  
To so much virtue as I've found in you.

*Amin.* I humbly thank you Father, for a goodness  
That shames my poor returns.  
Come pretty *Lycas*, and thou honest *Damon*,  
With all the rest of our kind train ;  
Let's hasten to the Camp, during this Truce  
Your little Rustick sports will find a welcome.

*Ura.* There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.

*Amin.* No matter, thou canst not hate a Souldier,  
Since I am one : and you must be obedient,

And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now.

It is the duty of a *Scythians* Wife.

*Ura*. She that can claim *Amintas* by such ties,  
May find a safety wheresoe'er she flies.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE the Third. A Prison.

*Enter Orfames joyful, and Geron.*

*Orf*. Am I indeed a King?

And is there such a thing as fair *Olympia*?

Hadst thou not been the first had told me this,  
By Heaven thou'dst di'd for thus concealing it;  
Not all the obligations of my Youth  
Should have preserv'd thee.

*Ger*. Till now I wanted opportunity;  
For had you known your quality before,  
You would have grown impatient of the Crown,  
And by that haste have overthrown your Interest.

*Orf*. And canst thou now provide against my ignorance!

*Ger*. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our side.

*Orf*. What's that?

*Ger*. Those numbers that I told you should adore you.

*Orf*. When shall I see them, *Geron*?

*Ger*. E'relong, Sir: should your deliverance  
Be wrought by any other means than theirs,  
It were to snatch a glory from their hands  
Which they design their onely recompence.

*Orf*. Oh how I am transported with the Joy!  
But *Geron*, art thou sure we do not dream?

*Ger*. Then life it self's a Dream---

---Hark, I here a noise---

[*Noise*.]

*Within*. Kill the Dog---down with him.

*Orf*. Oh how I'm ravisht with this unknown noise!

*Within*. Break down the Prison-walls and Gates, and force your passage---

*Enter Vallentio followed by a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, tearing in the Keeper  
all bloody.*

*Vall*. No killing to day, my Fellow-souldiers, if you can help it; we will not  
stain our Tryumphs in blood--- [They all stand and gaze. *Orf*. gazes on them.]  
Ye Gods instruct me, where to bow my Knee---

But this alone must be the Deity--- [Kneels. *Orf*. lets him kneel, and gazes on him.]

1 *Cit*. Is that the King, Neighbour, in such mean Clothes?

*Gorel*. Yes, goodman Fool, why should the Colonel kneel else?

3 *Cit*. Oh pray Neighbour let me see a little, I never saw a King all days of  
my life---Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?

*Gorel*.

*Gorel.* What questions this ignorant fellow asks !

3 *Cit.* Good lack a day, 'tis as a man may say---'tis just such another body as one of us, onely he looks a little more terrably.

*Ger.* Sir, why do you let him kneel ?

*Orf.* Rise, and let me look upon thee.

*Vall.* Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,  
That long has waited for this great support :

It ought t' have been presented

In a more glorious order,

But time and your affairs permit not that.

A thousand dangers wait upon delay ;

But though the World be yours, it is not safe

Depending on a fickle multitude

Whom Interest and not Reason renders just.

*Orf.* Thou art a wondrous man !

1 *Cit.* Good *Gorel*, stand back, and let me see a little : my Wife loves newalties abominationly, and I must tell her something about the King.

*Gorel.* What a pox have we to do with your Wife ? stand back.

*Vall.* Now daign, great Sir, to arm your hand with this--- [Gives *Orf.* a  
Nay, view it well, for though it be but homely, Sword, he gazes on it.

It carries that about it can make the wearer proud ;

---an edge---pray feel it, Sir,---'t has dealt

Many a mortal wound---

See how it dares the Sun for brightness, Sir ;

Or if there be a stain, it is an ornament

Dy'd in the bloud of those that were your Enemies :

It never made a blow or thrust in vain.

— How do you like it, Sir ?

*Orf.* So well, I know not whether this or thee

Be most agreeable to me :

You need not teach me how I am to use it,

That I will leave for those that dare offend me.

Look *Geron*, is it not a glorious object ?

There's nothing but my bright *Olympia's* eyes

That can out-glitter this.

1 *Cit.* Hah *Simon*, did he not talk bravely ?

*Vall.* Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne ;  
For now's the time to make the world your own.

All shouting--- Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE the Fourth. A Tent.

Enter *Cleo.* and *Semiris* dress'd as women again.

*Sem.* Dear Madam, I could wish you'd sleep a while.

*Cleo.*

Cleo. That peace I have not been acquainted with  
Since my *Clemanthis* death;  
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and still,  
And I perhaps may thus expire in silence---  
---Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and sing to't,  
Whilst I will trie to sleep---

[Lies down on a Couch, Sem. plays and sings.

SONG made by J. Wright Esq;

1.

Fair Nymph, remember all your scorn,  
Will be by time repaid;  
Those Glories which that Face adorn,  
And flourish as the rising Morn,  
Must one day set and fade.  
Then all your cold disdain for me,  
Will but increase Deformity,  
When still the kind will lovely be.  
Compassion is of lasting praise;  
For that's the beauty ne'er decays.

2.

Fair Nymph, avoid those storms of Fate  
Are to the cruel due,  
The powers above, though ne'er so late,  
Can be, when they revenge your hate,  
As pitiless as you.  
Know, charming Maid, the powers Divine  
Did never such soft Eyes designe  
To wound a heart so true as mine:  
That God who my dear flame infus'd,  
Will never see it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh return,  
And see 'tis not into thy lov'd bosom  
That I have sent my vengeance.

Sem. What mean you, Madam?

Cleo. But thou, poor Ghost---  
Instead of hastning me to my revenge,  
Endeavour'st to touch me with Compassion.

Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and speak to?

Cleo. *Thersander*, why dost rob me of that face?  
Is't to disarm me of my indignation?

Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?

[Cleo. rises as in a Dream.

Cleo.

*Cleo.* Ha! dost thou see nothing?

*Sem.* Not any thing.

*Cleo.* Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis* Face,  
Or else *Clemanthis* with *Thersander's* Wound.

*Sem.* Compose your thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a dream,  
An idle dream, born from a troubled fancie!

—How was it, Madam?

*Cleo.* Methought I saw *Clemanthis*,  
As when he was most charming, to my Soul,  
But pale and languishing, having a Wound  
Like that I gave his Murtherer:

To which with one of his hands he seem'd to point;

The other stretching out with passionate actions,

And gazing on me, ---thus methought he spoke:

---See how you recompence my faithful sufferings,

---See the performance of your promises;

Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,

That Heart that still ador'd you——

And yet you're not content with all these cruelties,

Though even in your anger and my death,

I still continue faithful and submissive.

—Thus spoke the lovely Phantome.

*Enter Pimante.*

*Pim.* Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.

*Cleo.* He may come in——

*Enter Lyfander.*

*Lyf.* Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know

How willingly he does obey your will,

And dying still implores you wou'd believe

He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,

For which presumption he deserves to die;

---But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes:

That was too weak to exercise your will,

Your cruelty had power alone to kill;

And now one visit from you he implores,

And after that he'll trouble you no more.

*Cleo.* That I will grant to satisfie the King.

*Lyf.* When he is dead ——

He'll send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,

Who shall upbraid you with your cruelty,

And let you see, in wounding of *Thersander*,

You found the readiest way to kill *Clemanthis*.

*Cleo.* What means he by these words?

*Lyf.* He humbly begs you'll pardon the rough treatment

You've had among the *Scythians*,

Whose Crown, he says, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,

And

And he intreats you would accept from him.

Cleo. To send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me—  
How this agrees with my sad dream!  
How did thy Master know---

*Clemanthis* promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*--- [Advances towards *Lysander*, and she starts.  
— Sure I have seen that Face before —

--- Art not *Lysander*, Page to *Clemanthis*?

*Lys.* Madam, I am, and ever serv'd that Master.

*Cleo.* How could'it thou then come near his Enemy?

*Lys.* Madam, it was by his command I came.

*Cleo.* How! could *Clemanthis* love his Murtherer?

It is no wonder then that generous Spirit  
Came while I slept and pleaded for the Prince.

*Lys.* What means the Prince's?

Enter *Pimante*.

*Pim.* Oh Madam, I have news to tell you that will  
Make you forswear ever fighting again.

*Cleo.* What mean you?

*Pim.* As I was passing through a street of Tents,  
I saw a wounded man stretcht on the ground,  
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,  
I heard him say to those that strove to help him,  
Alas, my Friends, your succours are in vain;  
For now I see the Gods will be reveng'd  
For brave *Clemanthis* murther.

How! cri'd I out, Are you then one of those  
*Thersander* sent to kill that Cavalier?

*Thersander*, cry'd he, had no hand in't;  
But *Artabazes* set us on to kill him.

Here he began to falter in his speech:  
And sure he spoke the truth; for 'twas his last.

*Cleo.* This looks like truth: *Thersander's* every action  
Declar'd too much of virtue and of honour,  
To be the Author of so black a deed.

— Tell him, I'll visit him, and beg his pardon.

[To *Lysander*, who bows  
and goes out.

— Generous *Thersander*, if this news be true,  
My Eyes shall spare some drops for injuring you.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes to *Thersander's* Tent, he in a Night-gown sitting on a Couch; by him  
the King, Officers, Attendants to them. Enter *Cleomena*, *Semiris*, *Pimante*,  
*Lysander*. The King rises to meet *Cleo.* and seats her in a Chair by him.

*Cleo.* *Thersander*, I am come to beg thy pardon,  
If thou art innocent, as I must believe thee,  
And here before the King to make confession  
Of what I did refuse the Queen my Mother.

And

---Know then, I lov'd! and with a perfect passion,  
The most unfortunate of men, *Clemanthis*.  
His Birth I never knew, but do believe  
It was Illustrious, as were his Actions;  
But I have lost him by a fatal accident,  
That very day he should have fought with you.

*Thers.* Gods! where will this end?

*Cleo.* But e're the fatal moment of his death,  
*Ismenis* beg'd to know who did the Murther,  
But he could answer nothing but *Thersander*,  
And we believ'd it you:  
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Souldier;  
--- You know the rest ---  
And doubtless you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.

*Thers.* No, I shall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*,  
If she still loves *Clemanthis*.

*Cleo.* There needs no more to make me know that Voice:  
Oh stay, this joy too suddenly surprizes---  
---Gently distil the blifs into my Soul,  
Lest this excess have the effects of grief:

---Oh, my *Clemanthis*! do I hold thee fast?  
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia*?

*King.* I lose my Reason by this strange encounter!

*Thers.* Was't then a secret to my *Cleomena*,  
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia*?  
I still believ'd that was his onely crime.

*Cleo.* By all my joys I knew it not---but sure  
This is enchantment; for it is as certain.  
These Eyes beheld thee dead.

*Pim.* Ay, and so did I, I'll be sworn.

*Thers.* That must be poor *Amintas* in my dress,  
Whose story when you know, you will bemoan.

*Cleo.* But oh my life! the cruel wound I gave thee  
Let me be well-assur'd it is not mortal,  
Or I am lost again.

*King.* The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient  
You should forbid him not to speak too much ---

Enter a Souldier.

*Sould.* Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy  
Is rallying afresh, for the Plain is cover'd with numerous Troops,  
Which swiftly make this way.

*King.* They dare not break the Truce.

*Sould.* I know not, Sir, but something of a King I heard 'em talk of ---

*Cleo.* It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word---  
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;  
It is my Brother, who ne're knew till now  
Ought of a peopled World.

*King.*



King. I long to see that Monarch, whose friendship I must  
Court for you, fair Princess :

If you'll accept *Thersander* whom I offer'd,  
I do not doubt an happy peace on both sides.

*Cleo.* Sir, 'tis an honour which we ought to sue for.

*Thers.* And 'tis to me a blessing---  
I wanted confidence to ask of Heaven.

*Enter Orsames, Vallentio, Honorius, Artabazes, Ismenis, Souldiers, &c. Orsames drest gay with a Truncheon in his hand, advances first, is met by the King; who gaze on each other.*

*Ors.* If thou be'st he that art *Orsames* Enemy,  
I do demand a Sister at thy hands.

*King.* Art thou *Orsames* ?

*Ors.* So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me :  
---Look on me well---

Dost see no marks of grandeur in my face ?

Nothing that speaks me King ?

*King.* I do believe thou art that King, and here  
I do resign that Sister thou demandest.

[Gives him *Cleomena*.]

*Ors.* It is a Woman too ! another Woman !  
I wou'd embrace thee, if I durst approach thee.

*Cleo.* You need not fear, you may embrace your Sister---

[*Cleo.* embraces him.]

*Ors.* This is the kindest woman I e'er saw.

*Cleo.* Brother, behold this King no more your enemy,  
Since I must pay him duty as a Father.

*Enter Queen, Olympia, Women.*

*Ors.* Hah, *Olympia* ! sure 'tis an airy vision---

*Ger.* Approach her, Sir, and try.

*Queen.* Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

*King.* Rise, Madam, and receive me as your friend ;  
This pair of Lovers has united all our Interests.

[Points to *Cleo.* and *Thers.*]

*Queen.* Heavens ! what's this I see, *Cleomanthis*  
And the Prince of *Scythia* ?

*Thers.* Yes, Madam, and a man that humbly begs  
The happy Title of your Son---*Honorius*,  
Of you I ask the greatest pardon---

[Talks to *Olympia*.]

*Ors.* I am a King, and do adore thee too,  
And thou shalt rule a World with me, my fair ;  
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,  
Whence thou shalt shoot a thousand gilded Arrows.

*Olym.* What to do, Sir ?

*Ors.* To save th' expence of Cruelty ;  
For they will kill as sure, but rightly aim'd :  
This noble Fellow told me so.

[To *Val*.]

*Olym.*

*Olym.* Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me :  
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

*Orf.* Instruct my Eyes, *Olympia* ; for 'tis lately  
I've learnt of some such thing.

*Olym.* This, Sir,---you ought to kneel to her.

*Orf.* Must I then kneel to ought but heaven and thee ?

*Queen.* My dear *Orsames*, let my Tears make way,  
Before I can assure thee of my joy.

*Orf.* Gods ! how obliging is this kind concern !  
Nor all my passion for my fair *Olympia*  
Could ever yet betray me to a Tear.

*Queen.* Thou'lt greater need of Anger than of Tears,  
Having before thy Eyes thy worst of Enemies,  
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,  
Through what she thought her duty to the Gods ;  
But now repents her superstitious error,  
And humbly begs thy pardon.

*Orf.* I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.

*Queen.* I will, my *Orsames* ; and 'tis the onely present  
I can make to expiate my fault.

*Orf.* And I'll receive her as the onely thing  
Can make me both a Subject and a King.

Oh *Geron*, still if this should prove a Dream !

*Ger.* Sir, Dreams of Kings are much less pleasant.

*Enter Lyfander.*

*Lys.* Sir, there are without some Shepherdesses  
Who say they wou'd present you  
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highness.

*Thers.* Let them come in-----

*They seat themselves. Enter Amintas, Urania maskt, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, followed with Pipes or Wind-Musick. They dance; after which Amin. kneels to the Prince, Ura. to the Princess.*

---My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live !

Fortune requites my sufferings  
With too large a share of happiness.

*Amin.* Sir, I do live to die again for you.

*Thers.* This, my Divine, was he who had  
The glory to be bewail'd by you ; for him you wept,  
For him had almost dy'd.

*Amin.* That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-salve  
Heals at a distance---

*Cleo.* But why, *Amintas*, did you name *Thersander*  
When you were askt who wounded you ?

*Amin.* Madam, if loss of blood had given me leave,  
I wou'd have told him how I came so habited,  
And who I was, though not how I was wounded.

*King.* Still I am in a mist, and cannot see the happy path I tread.

*Thers.* Anon we will explain the mystery, Sir.

*Hon.* Now great *Orsames*, 'tis but just and fit  
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,  
Which is not to be paid you in a Camp ;  
The Court will add more to that joyful day.

*King.* And there we'll joyn our Souls as well as Swords,  
Our Interests as our Families.

*Ors.* I am content that thou should'st give me Laws :  
Come, my *Vallentio*, it shall ne'er be said  
I recompenc'd thy services

With any thing less grateful than a Woman :

— Here, I will chuse for thee —

And when I know what 'tis I more can do,  
If there be ought beyond this gift, 'tis thine.

[Gives him Sem.

*Thers.* *Scythia* and *Dacia* now united are :

The God of Love o'recomes the God of War.

*After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the Epilogue is spoken by Mrs. Bary, as  
a Nymph; at his R. H. second exile into Flanders.*

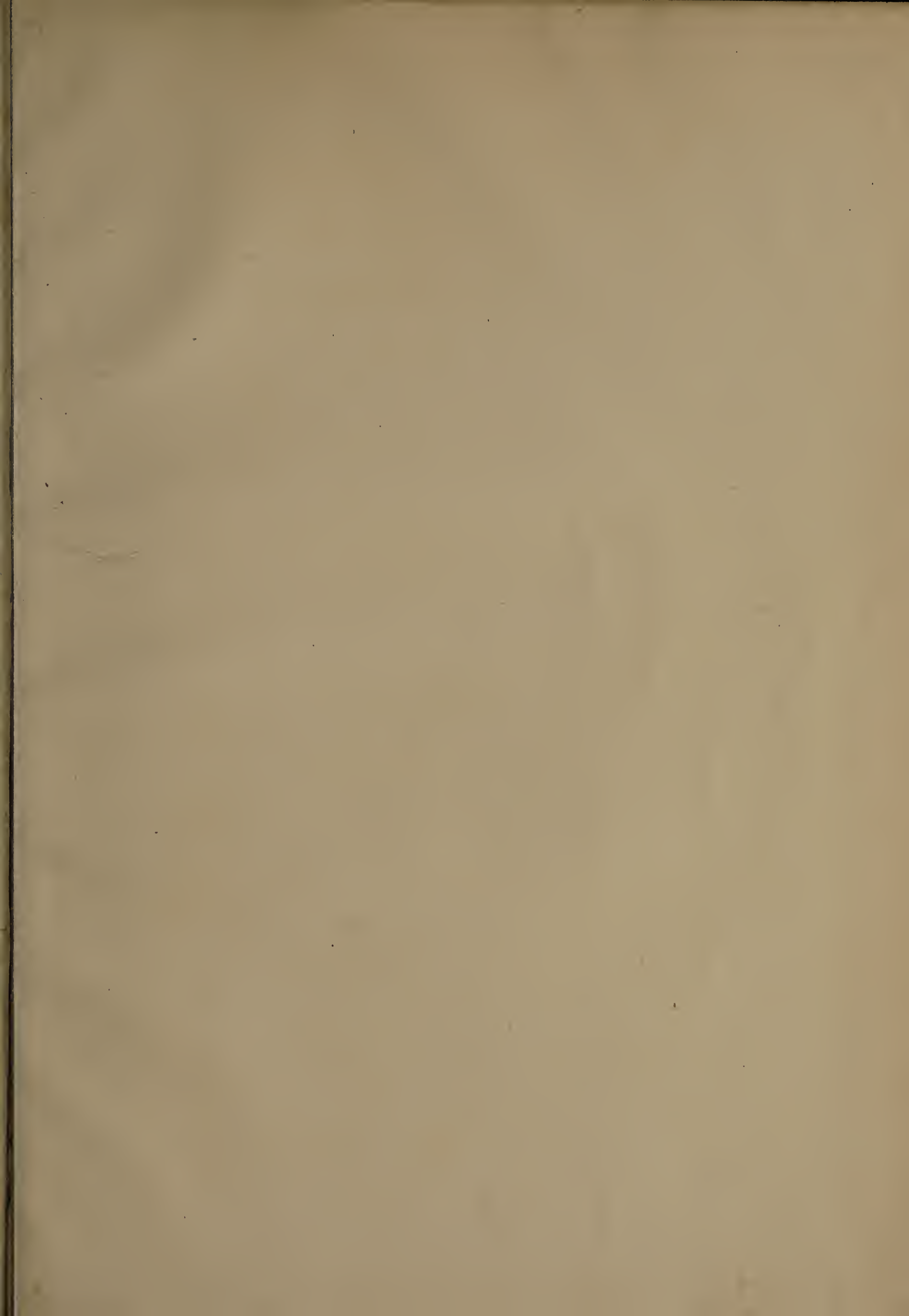
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**Epilogue.**

# EPILOGUE.

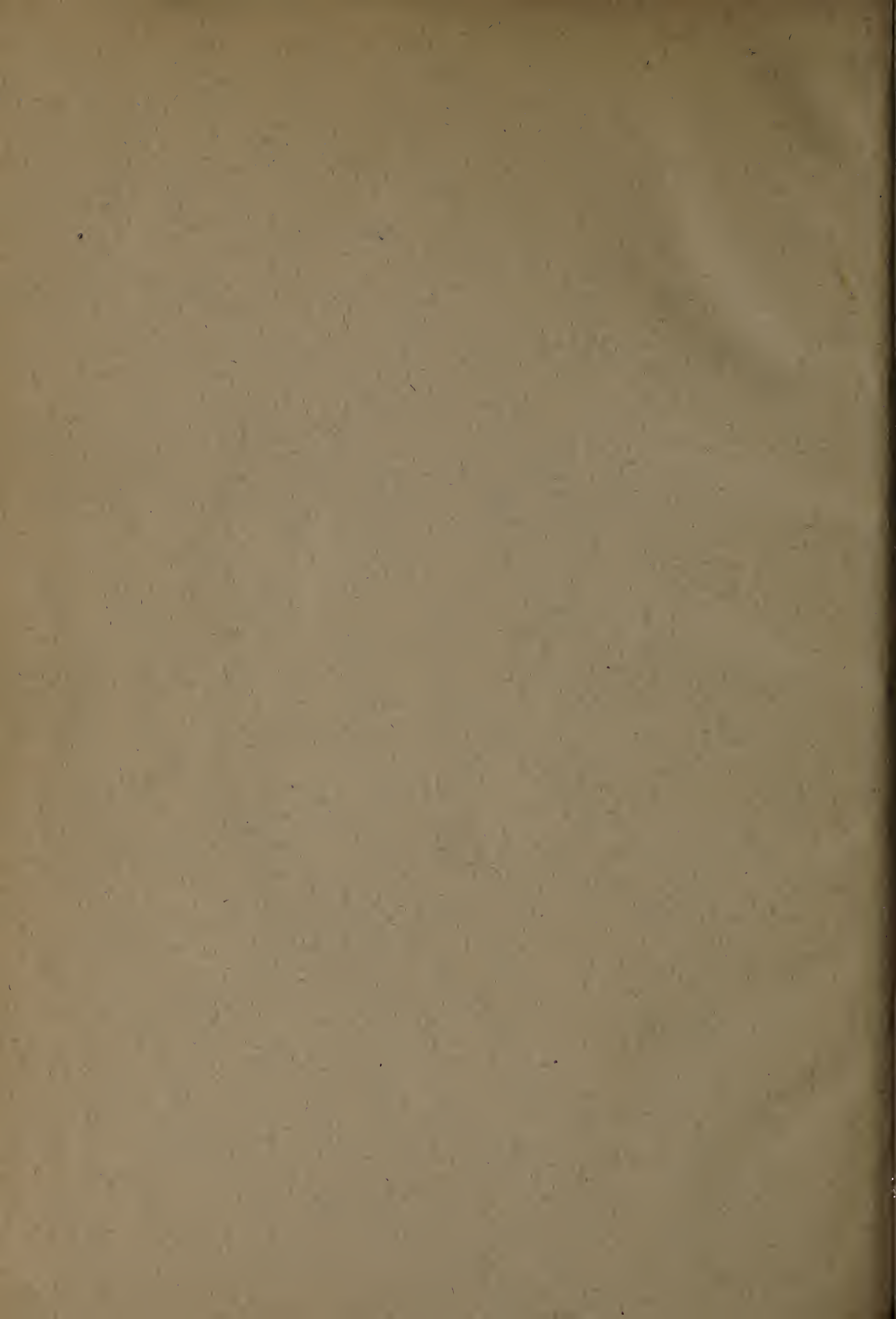
**A**fter our showing Play of mighty Pains,  
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.  
Our Rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,  
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,  
And prize the Joys with some young Rural Maid,  
On Beds of Grass, beneath a lovely Shade,  
'Bove all the Pride of City-Filts, whose Arts  
Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts :  
Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine ;  
And Coyness is not Virtue, but Designe.  
We use no colours to adorn the Face,  
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace.  
The neighbouring Stream serves for a Looking-glass. }  
Ambition is not known within our Groves ;  
Here's no disputes for Empire, but for Loves :  
The humble Swain his Birthright here enjoys,  
And fears no danger from the publick Voyce.  
No wrong nor inscience from busie Powers :  
No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers :  
His Country and his Flocks enjoys with ease,  
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in peace :  
Not forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly  
To forein Shores for his security.  
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,  
And cheerful homage to the Lord of May :  
No emulation breaks his soft repose ;  
Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes :  
No politick mischiefs can disturb his Reign,  
And malice wou'd be busie here in vain.  
Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay ;  
This knows to be indulgent, that t' obey.  
Here's no sedition hatcht, no other Plots,  
But to intrap the Wolf that steals our Flocks.  
Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,  
Restless his nights, thoughtful his days with care ;  
Whose greatness, nor whose goodness can secure  
From outrages which Knaves and Fools procure ?  
Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,  
The noblest state is lowly Innocence.  
Here honest Wit and Mirth in triumph reigns,  
Musick and Love shall ever bless our Swains,  
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains. }

FINIS.











Aug 15 1901

