

A CRITICAL EDITION OF ABDELAZER:
OR, THE MOOR'S REVENGE
BY APHRA BEHN

by

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ABSTRACT

This thesis, entitled "A Critical Edition of Abdelazer; or, the Moor's Revenge, by Aphra Behn," may be conveniently divided into two parts. One part consists of an edition of Abdelazer, using the second quarto of 1693 as a copy text. Included are explanatory notes chiefly dealing with the meanings of obsolete words and textual notes which record all variations (except capitalizations) from the first quarto of 1676. The other part consists of an introduction, the purpose of which is to place the tragedy historically and to offer an interpretation of it. The first section of the introduction consists of a discussion of the villain tragedy genre to which Abselazer belongs. To this end the influence of Elizabethan villain tragedies is examined together with the influence of the heroic play. As well, a discussion of several representative Restoration villain tragedies is included in order that Abselazer may be seen in the context of contemporary plays of the same genre. The second section of the introduction consists of an interpretation of Abdelazer. The tragedy is interpreted as being fundamentally the study of the individual psychology of its protagonist; to explain his conduct, the theory is advanced that his actions are directed towards realizing the greatness that he feels he has been unjustly deprived

of but which he is convinced that he is by destiny and nature entitled to. The third section of the introduction consists of an examination of Mrs. Behn's use of her source, Lust's Dominion. Attention is especially paid to the significant changes she has made in her source; these changes are adduced as support for the interpretation advanced in the second section. The introduction concludes with an explanation of the text and a summary of the play's stage history. An appendix is included in which Colley Cibber's prologue to the 1695 revival is printed together with Cibber's own comments on it.

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INTRODUCTION

Restoration Villain Tragedy

From the opening of the theatres in 1660 to about the middle of the 1680's, tragedies with villains as protagonists were very popular. Their popularity, which reached its peak immediately before and after the Popish Plot, was short-lived, and today they are never revived and almost never studied or read. Indeed, Restoration tragedy has been virtually equated with heroic tragedy. For example, the two most recent anthologies of critical essays on Restoration drama include no essays on tragedies other than The Conquest of Granada, Aureng-Zebe, All for Love and Venice Preserved.¹ To be sure, the latter two are not heroic plays; nevertheless, All for Love is often discussed in terms of Dryden's heroic plays² and Venice Preserved makes use of a variation on the love-honor conflict characteristic of heroic drama. While there can be little doubt that the heroic drama was the Restoration's most significant contribution to the history of English drama, we must not, if we are to arrive at a thorough understanding of English drama from 1660 to 1700, overlook villain tragedy, which, while perhaps having little aesthetic value, nevertheless enjoyed much success on the Restoration stage.

The only criticism of villain tragedy as a genre is a short chapter in John Harold Wilson's introduction to Restoration drama, A Preface to Restoration Drama. His description of the genre is worth quoting in full:

Because the members of the Restoration audience, like their predecessors in London's "private" theatres, were Court-oriented aristocrats, their tastes ran to tragedies set in . . . any exotic land which could provide a royal court and a compost suitable for the growth of eroticism and intrigue. They were not interested in moralized calamities; they liked suspense stories, garnished with sex and sensuality. In short, they liked thrillers, but being royalists they preferred plays about the intrigues and dangers that perpetually beset a throne, the rise and fall of ambitious court favorites, and the delightful results of fornication in high places. The stories they enjoyed had no clearly local or contemporary significance--although once or twice Mr. Pepys was a little worried about the King's reaction to a topical play. 3

Wilson is quite right, I think, in stressing the similarity between Restoration audiences and the aristocratic audiences of the "private" theatres before the Commonwealth. But the similarity between Elizabethan and Restoration drama goes further than the aristocratic nature of their audiences. Restoration plays themselves show a marked influence of Elizabethan and Stuart drama. As Allardyce Nicoll observes:

When the theatres opened, naturally the repertoire was composed entirely of plays from the pre-Commonwealth era, and these inevitably set their imprint on the works of the new dramatists. Limiting ourselves to the few formative years between the re-establishment of the Stuart stage and its closure because of the Plague, we find a widely representative collection of such earlier tragedies and tragi-comedies, and to these theatrical records must be added evidence which points to even greater

influence than that exercised by the performances in the theatres. Again and again we find Restoration dramatists turning to the printed texts of pre-Commonwealth plays for situations and characters, and there is good reason to believe that some authors at least freely exploited the treasury of unprinted manuscript material still extant in those years. 4

In an effort then to show that a consideration of Elizabethan models is essential to arrive at a definition of Restoration villain tragedy, I should like to begin with a brief discussion of Elizabethan villain tragedy.

The play which virtually defined villain tragedy as a genre and which had a profound influence on subsequent plays in the genre was Marlowe's Jew of Malta (c. 1590). Consequently, I should like to examine this play in considerable detail; such an examination will provide us with a workable definition of Elizabethan villain tragedy, and one which can be usefully applied to its Restoration descendant. Within my analysis of The Jew of Malta, I intend to interpolate references to other Elizabethan villain plays in order to show the extensive influence which Marlowe's play had and to show the degree to which the basic conventions of the genre could be modified in order to be adapted to different material.

But important as Barabas was in determining the type of subsequent villains, he is not the first Elizabethan villain deserving attention. His prototype is Lorenzo in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy (c. 1586). Although the psychological treatment of his grief and madness, together with

his desire for justice which leads to his plot for revenge, makes Hieronimo the hero of The Spanish Tragedy, Lorenzo is important in shaping the action of the play, for it is he who commits the murder to be avenged and who takes the pains to thwart Hieronimo's actions. In terms of the subsequent development of the villain figure, Lorenzo's major importance is his use of Machiavellian 'policy.' While the precise nature of the influence of Machiavelli's works on Elizabethan drama may be debated--The Prince was not published in England till 1640--there can be little doubt that the popular image of Machiavelli, however erroneous it may have been, is what dramatists drew on for many of their villains. The popular image of Machiavelli is best seen in a book by a French Huguenot named Gentillet. Popularly known as Anti-Machiavel, it was published in French in 1576 and translated into English by Simon Patricke the next year. Gentillet's book was published just four years after the St. Bartholemew's Day Massacre, and in it he attributes that event and a host of other real or imagined evils to the influence of Machiavelli's doctrines:

He [Gentillet] accused the Florentine of atheism, ignorance, cruelty, tyranny, usury, and of every detestable vice and claims that his followers in France are avaricious, and that they are amassing great wealth by extortion. 5

The Machiavellian traits of Kyd's Lorenzo include egoism ("I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend"⁶), using men like wedges to eliminate one another, and murdering his

accomplices. His self-confidence, however, leads him, like subsequent Elizabethan and Restoration villains, to underestimate his opponents, who use his own Machiavellian devices to defeat him.

In Marlowe's Jew of Malta, the Machiavellian becomes the protagonist as well as the villain. Barabas is not only the center of the action, but completely monopolizes it. Other characters are but slightly sketched in and merely exist as tools or objects to work with or upon. The prologue, which takes the form of a speech by Machiavelli, who proudly asserts that he lives again in the form of the Jew, functions as an acknowledgment of the influence of Machiavelli and as a guide to the nature of the forthcoming action. It presumes Machiavellianism to be pretty well known and associated with the Duke of Guise, to whose policy, as we have seen, innumerable evils were attributed. More than in The Spanish Tragedy, policy is a major theme of the play and is a key to the understanding of Barbas' actions. The OED defines "policy" as:

Prudent, expedient, or advantageous procedure; prudent or politic course of action; also, as a quality of the agent: sagacity, shrewdness, artfulness; in bad sense, cunning, craftiness, dissimulation.

These particular manifestations of policy--hypocrisy, cunning, double-dealing, etc.--are usually means towards a definite goal or goals, such as revenge, ambition or the accumulation of wealth, but often they become ends in themselves. As often as not, the typical Elizabethan and Restoration villain takes

a delight in evil for evil's sake and takes less interest in the ends for which his schemes were originally implemented than in the schemes themselves. Barabas, for example starts out being motivated by acquisitiveness and revenge, and ends up a proponent of motiveless malice which borders on monomania.

A major Machiavellian characteristic of Barabas is his use of people as pawns to eliminate one another. For example, to bring about his revenge on Ferneze for confiscating his money, he makes his daughter, Abigale, court both Ferneze's son, named Lodowick, and Mathias, in order to make the suitors jealous enough to fight one another. In the words of Abigale:

My father did contract me to 'em both:
 First to Don Lodowick. Him I never lov'd.
 Mathias was the man that I held dear,
 And for his sake did I become a nun.

.

Both, jealous of my love, envied each other,
 And by my father's practice, which is there
[Gives a paper.]

Set down at large, the gallants were both slain. 7

In his effort to avenge his injury, he makes his daughter as much a tool as Lodowick and Mathias. He has the same affection for her as for his wealth--both are pieces of negotiable property. His attitude towards her is made clear in the scene in which she hands him down the money which was concealed in the nunnery:

O, my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity;
 Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy;
 Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss!
 O, Abigale, that I had thee here too,
 Then my desires were fully satisfied;
 But I will practice thy enlargement thence.
 O girl, O gold, O beauty, O my bliss! Hugs his bags.
 (II.i.47-54)

Aaron in Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus uses the same technique of treating people as wedges to drive one another out; in the best Machiavellian fashion, he makes it appear that Titus' sons are guilty of Bassianus' death, when acutally it is Aaron who is in control of the action. As one of the Romans says in the final scene, it is

this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events. 8

Shakespeare's Richard III is another example of a villain who is skilled at using people as objects to enable him to reach his goals. Richard's wooing--and winning--of Anne, for example, is an excellent indication of his ability to use people and a good introduction to how he intends to acquire the throne. As Richard himself says of the ruse:

Was even woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
 Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I nothing to back my suit at all,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
 (I.ii.228-38)

Another Machiavellian characteristic of Barabas, and one he shares with innumerable villains after him, is ego-

centricity. In Barabas, egocentricity is intimately bound up with his acquisitiveness. The connection between the two is clearly displayed in the opening scene, in which he reveals an attitude towards his wealth bordering on indifference: "Fie! what a trouble to count this trash" (I.i.7). What this indifference signifies is that it is not so much the gold that Barabas covets as the power which it represents-- power to have total control over other men simply by auditing bills of lading for Indian argosies, to expand empires merely by double-entry bookkeeping, and to enthrone and dethrone kings by loans. And all this can be done from the confines of his small counting-house: "Infinite riches in a little room" (I.i.37). His self-centeredness is also revealed in his response to the news that the Turkish fleet is approaching:

Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.
(I.i.150-51)

And a few lines later he adds:

If anything shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I'll look unto--(aside) myself.
(I.i.170-71)

His misquotation from Terence's *Andria*, "Ego mihi met sum semper proximus" (I.i.187), is reminiscent of Lorenzo's "I'll trust to myself, myself shall be my friend," and looks forward to Richard's "Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I" (V.iii.183). Barabas' egocentricity also manifests itself in his belief that he is innately superior to other men and consequently is destined to do great things:

Barabas is born to better chance,
 And fram'd of finer mold than common men
 (I.ii.218-19)

For this reason, he takes great pride in all the evils he has done, starting in Italy as a Machiavellian doctor who poisoned his patients, carrying on the self-appointed task of destruction as a military engineer in the army of Charles the Fifth, and reaching the climax of his career as a usurer. In the pride he takes in this career we can see a tendency towards evil for evil's sake, a tendency which reaches its climax at the end of the play when he gloats over all the evils he has committed, not for what they have brought him (which is nothing), but as ends in themselves:

Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;
 I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet.
 Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow,
 And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
 I would have brought confusion on you all,
 Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels.
 (V.v.80-85)

We can see several hints of the development of this process throughout the play. For example, Ithamore's comment on the deaths of Lodowick and Mathias suggests that as much delight was taken in the cunning of the device as in its results:

Why, was there ever seen such villainy,
 So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd?
 Both held in hand, and flatly both beguil'd!
 (III.iii.1-3)

And an even stronger tendency towards delight in evil for its own sake is revealed in Barabas' soliloquy on the plot to eliminate "Calymath and his consorts":

Why, is not this
 A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns
 By treachery, and sell 'em by deceit?
 Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun,
 If greater falsehood ever has been done?

(V.v.46-50)

Clearly Barabas takes as much delight in the plot itself as in the end it is designed to serve.

Barabas' revenge shows a similar development from a limited desire for justice for the wrongs done him to an irrational desire for violence as an end in itself. Revenge first arises from a limited desire to avenge his treatment at the hands of Ferneze. But after Barabas' actions have been brought to light and his body thrown outside the city wall, he vows a far more comprehensive revenge:

I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town,
 For by my means Calymath shall enter it.
 I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
 To fire the churches, pull their houses down.
 Take my goods, too, and seize upon my lands;
 I hope to see the governor a slave,
 And, rowing in a galley, whipp'd to death.

(V.i.62-68)

He is not motivated here by a desire for justice through revenge, but a desire to match the wrong done him by an even greater more violent retaliation. Revenge on his specific enemy has been transformed into an irrational hatred of the entire citizenry of Malta.

Egotism and self-centeredness which are either hard to distinguish from motiveless malice or which evolve into it are characteristic not only of Barabas, but of many other Elizabethan villains. Richard III, for example,

recalls with delight the evils he has committed as he goes off to woo Elizabeth:

The son of Clarence I have pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
(IV.iii.36-39)

The villain in John Marston's Antonio's Revenge, Piero, takes a similar delight in his villainy. His apparent motives are revenge and ambition, for he wishes to revenge himself on Andrugio for winning the affections of Maria and to use Andrugio's death to further his political ambition. But for all his Machiavellian plotting, the mere performance of an evil act, regardless of its use, is enough to excite him. Consider, for example, the speech in which he vividly imagines the effects the poison is having on Andrugio:

He grieves; laugh, Strotzo, laugh; he weeps.
Hath he tears? O pleasure! hath he tears?
Now do I scourge Andrugio with steel whips
Of knotty vengeance. Strotzo, cause me straight
Some plaining ditty to augment despair.
Triumph, Piero; hark, he groans; O rare!
(II.ii.126-31)

These are not the words of a man for whom means are substantially less important than ends, but of one for whom evil has a fascinating and compelling attraction. The same mood pervades his reflections on the steps he intends to take to ensure his political advancement:

Antonio lives; umph; how long? ha, ha, how long?
Antonio pack'd hence, I'll his mother wed,
Then clear my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to Florence' heir. O, excellent!
Venice, Genoa, Florence at my beck,
At Peiro's not--Balurdo, O, ho!--
O, 'twill be rare, all unsuspected done.
(II,i.12-18)

There is a fascination with evil here that reminds one of Webster's and Tourner's Italianate villains.

Aaron in Titus Andronicus displays a similar tendency towards the enjoyment of evil for evil's sake. He begins by assisting Tamora to avenge the death of her son, but while it is Tamora who takes a leading part in Act I, it is Aaron who afterwards contrives all the outrages against the Andronici, not only without consulting Tamora, but professedly out of sheer malice. He takes infinite delight in the deeds he has done,, and regrets only that he cannot do more:

Even now I curse the day--and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse--
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
 Set deadly enmity between two friends,
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly,
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

(V.i.125-44)

In particular, the balance struck between killing a man and devising his death and between ravishing a maid and plotting to do it suggests that Aaron gives as much importance to means as to ends.

The elimination of accomplices is another Machiavellian characteristic which Barabas bequeathes to his successors. Just as Barabas poisons his creature, Ithamore, in order to

prevent him from telling all he knows about Barabas, so Richard removes his former accomplice, Buckingham, when he becomes an obstacle to Richard's quest for power. As Richmond says, Richard is

One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made measn to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him. . . .
 (V.iii.147-49)

Similarly, Piero eliminates Strotzo, whom he caused to murder Feliche, but only after he gets him to confess to the murder of Andrugio and thereby clear Piero of any suspicion. His strangling of Strotzo provides an occasion for him to enunciate his Machiavellian theory:

Why, thus should statesmen do,
 That cleave through knots of craggy policies,
 Use men like wedges, one strike out another;
 Till, by degree, the tough and knurly trunk
 Be riv'd in sunder.
 (IV.i.194-98)

A similar sentiment, it is worth noting, is expressed by Kyd's Lorenzo after giving the order to have his tool, Pedringano, executed:

Why so, this fits our former policy
 And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
 I lay the plot: he prosecutes the point;
 I set the trap: he breaks the worthless twigs,
 And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.
 (III.iv.38-42)

The use of religion as a means towards private goals is another of Barabas' Machiavellian devices that appears in subsequent villains. "Religion," says Machiavelli in the prologue, is "but a childish toy" (l. 14). And Barabas echoes this sentiment in the play when he says:

It's no sin to deceive a Christian,
 For they themselves hold it a principle
 Faith is not to be held with heretics;
 But all are heretics that are not Jews
 (II.iii.310-13)

Richard III uses religion to political advantage as he stands between two bishops, Prayer Book in hand, when the citizens, led by Buckingham, come to urge him to accept the crown (III.vii). And in an earlier scene, Richard himself soliloquizes on the political expediency of religion:

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

 But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
 (I.iii.324-38)

On the basis of the foregoing analysis, we can conclude that the Elizabethan villain play consists of either or both of the following: the rise--through lies, treachery, seduction and murder--and fall of an ambitious courtier; and the pursuit of revenge by an equally Machiavellian character. The salient characteristics of the Elizabethan villain include: wilfull and deliberate malice, enjoyment of crime for crime's sake, using other people as pawns, anti-Christian sentiment which may include atheism, indifference to conscience, and the use of revenge to further political ambition. More generally, a villain is a man who for a selfish end, wilfully and deliberately violates standards

of morality which are either sanctioned by the Elizabethan audience-reader or unequivocally implied by the play itself. It is important to distinguish this kind of character from one who violates accepted standards of morality under radically different circumstances. Marlowe's Tamburlaine, for example, is not a villain. Driven by a kind of Nietzschean "will to power," he does not acknowledge what is ordinarily thought of as moral law. According to the philosophy of Marlowe's play there is no divine or absolute standard; man makes his own values. The villain-protagonist, on the other hand, believes that what he does is done in violation of an accepted authority--and for that reason he delights in it all the more. His evil is meaningless without the existence of an absolute morality which it violates. When Richard III says, "I am determined to prove a villain," he sets himself over against conventional morality, not above it.

This description of Elizabethan villain tragedy is, I feel, in large part applicable to its Restoration counterpart. As was mentioned at the beginning of this section, playwrights, for the first few seasons after the opening of the theatres, could not keep up with the demand for new plays; consequently many Elizabethan and Jacobean plays were revived. The most popular dramatists were Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, Jonson and Webster. And of the many tragedies revived, a substantial number were of the villain

kind. Shakespeare's Othello, Shirley's The Cardinal and the Italian plays of Webster were popular and continued to be revived throughout the rest of the century. Restoration dramatists, however, were not long in imitating the revivals of Elizabethan and Jacobean villain plays. The first such dramatist was Thomas Porter, whose The Villain became an immense success. First staged in October of 1662, it ran for ten straight performances--no small achievement at a time when many plays stayed on the boards for only one day. Samuel Pepys recorded the reaction to the play in the following entry in his diary:

Young Killigrew did so commend "The Villain", a new play by Tom Porter, and acted only on Saturday at the Duke's house, as if there never had been any such play come upon the stage. The same yesterday was told me by Captain Ferrers; and this morning afterwards by Dr. Clerk, who saw it. 9

It was revived in December of 1662, January of 1663, October of 1667, December of 1671, and October of 1676. No doubt its popularity was not entirely due to its being about the plottings of a villain; it possesses numerous 'low' characters not directly involved with the villain's scheming but who are genuinely humorous. The importance of The Villain lies not so much in its being a good example of Restoration villain tragedy--Pepys said of it, "I never was less pleased with a play in my life"¹⁰--as in the fact that since it was the first of its genre to be written for the Restoration stage it gives an indication of what is to follow. The play

lacks--though this is not a fault--the carnage and horror of Titus Andronicus; and the villain, Maligni, for all his evil, seems pale in comparison to Barabas and Aaron. No doubt the horrors of the main plot are somewhat mitigated by the fact that, except for the last act, the comic subplot takes up almost as much time as the main one.

The first two acts of the play are not overtly concerned with the plottings of Maligni, but with the setting up of the situation which he exploits in the final acts. As well, Maligni's motives are deliberately kept vague. Consider, for example, the vagueness of Maligni's response to the news that Beaupre is leaving to fetch Belmont:

Diseases close your Eyes--
 How is my soul tack'd, when I see this man?
 And yet my Genius will not give me Leave,
 T' attempt my quiet, by his suddain death;
 Something there is that awes me strangely:
 Conscience I'm sure it is not:
 For did he walk with mark and curse of Heav'n,
 To those that should deprive him of his life,
 I'd wish this hand had don't;
 Something I must find out, and suddenly,
 To thrust him on to Ruine:
 His Angel must be watchful if he scapes me. ll

And there is an equally vague, albeit ominous, suggestion of Maligni's evil in Brisac's rhetorical question:

Dost think our Regiment a sweeping plague,
 That dost infect whole Towns it quarters in:
 Or that it breathes the air of Vice on all
 The virgins live in the same Horizon?
 (I.i.3)

No doubt the "sweeping plague" is Maligni, but precisely why he is implanting in Brisac's mind the thought that some

danger awaits his sister if she comes to town is not revealed. At the opening of Act II, however, Maligni reveals his motive in a soliloquy:

He's gone
 And may the plagues of hell persue his steps.
 How diligent he is to my undoing?
 I have ben all this night as watchful too
 As hee; though from a different cause:
 For mine was malice, and a jealous hate,
 That tenterhokt my Eye-lids, when as sleep
 Did pize 'em down;
 Curse be the Guards that let him forth,
 At that dead time of night,
 Some trick might else have stay'd his journey,
 And may be her's from comming hither;
 I shall, grow mad to see this Beardless boy
 Out-rival mee, in what I most esteem.
 (II.i.14)

Maligni is jealous of Beaupre because he is a rival for preferment in Brisac's regiment. (Here begins one of the many parallels with Othello, which, incidentally, had been revived at least three times before the first performance of The Villain.) Maligni's mode of action is also revealed in this scene; it is the Machiavellian one of using one person against another. He plans to manipulate Boutefeu, an officer in Brisac's regiment, into destroying the friendship between Brisac and Beaupre:

--I have it,--or if that fail,
 Boutefeu's an Engine I can set a-work.
 A blunt conceited Fool--
 And for his temper--
 I'll manage him, no Chymist with more art,
 And when I please, his worship flyes in Fumo.
 (II.i.15)

The plan culminates in bringing about a duel between Brisac and Clairmont in which both die. To make his revenge complete,

Maligni then tells Boutefeu that Belmont loves him and arranges an assignation between them. He then informs Beaupre of the planned meeting and all is set for the catastrophe. Beaupre surprises Boutefeu and kills both him and Belmont. Then, like Othello, he discovers that Belmont is as innocent as Desdemona and so commits suicide.

The parallel between The Villain and Othello suggests the influence of Elizabethan drama, but while the Elizabethan influence is certainly the most important one it is not the only one. The influence of the heroic play on Restoration villain tragedy is very noticeable. Often the two genres are mixed in one play, especially in those by dramatists interested in increasing the marketability of their plays by appealing to a wider spectrum of taste. For example, Thomas Otway's Alcibiades (1675), considered by Montague Summers to be an heroic play, deals far more with villain intrigue than with heroic love. The action is dominated by lustful Queen Deidamia and the villains, Tissaphernes and Theramnes; Summers, however, calls it a "typical heroic tragedy," and goes on to say:

The faults of the play are very patent, and very pardonable. . . . Otway has taken the common theme, the chivalrous conflict between love and honour, which in the case of the rakeshame Alcibiades seems singularly ludicrous. . . . With no little skill Otway has mixed the ingredients: a fair heroine betrothed to a Sir Galahad of a hero, who is loved by an amorous Queen, "a whore, Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich." whose lustful embraces he rejects; a tame cuckold of a feeble king; a villainous statesman and his

virtuous son; a rival, who is taken prisoner and
 thrown into prison; two contending armies; a
 battle, a duel in a grove; a ghost; songs; a
 ballet of Elysian spirits; daggers and poison;
 a smart epilogue spoken by the leading lady
 12

But several of these ingredients--the lustful queen and
 villainous statesman, for example--are also the staple
 ingredients of the villain play. Consequently, we should not
 allow the heroic elements, important as they are, to lead us
 to conclude that the play is entirely heroic.

The opening scene clearly shows the play's indebted-
 ness to the heroic genre. Alcibiades has just been overthrown
 in a palace revolution and has been forced to flee to
 Sparta. This news we get from Timandra, his betrothed, in
 a conversation with his sister. Their conversation introduces
 the theme of love and honor which recurs throughout the play.
 Timandra reveals a love for Alcibiades which is definitely
 in the heroic manner: "I love, am Mad, and know not what
 I do."¹³ At this point Theramnes enters and professes his
 love for her, but she (naturally) rejects it. He too responds
 in typical heroic fashion to his predicament:

As those who are
 Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire despair;
 Help and retrieve me with th' assisting hand,
 Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.
 (I.i.13)

Thus by the end of the first scene a situation is set up
 which is entirely heroic. The words "love" and "honor"
 dominate the dialogue. But at the end of the act the villain

element begins to emerge. At the Spartan court the King of Sparta has lent his support to Alcibiades and decides to make him a general. This decision, however, elicits the opposition of the current general, Tissaphernes, who in soliloquy reveals his plans not to remain idle while Alcibiades becomes the favorite of the Spanish court:

Ungrateful King! thy shallow aym's pursue;
 But, my brisk Up-start favourite, have at you.
 Was it for this my active Youth I spent
 In War, and knew no dwelling but a Tent!
 Have I for this thro' Invious Mountains past?
 Demolish'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms wast?

Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold,
 And with a Strength as resolute and bold,
 As he who kindly would its point impart,
 A Present to an envy'd Fav'rite's heart;
 And I fond Youth will try to work thy fall,
 tho with my own I Crown thy Funeral.
 Envy and Malice from your Mansions flie,
 Resign your horror and your Snakes to me:
 For I'll act mischief yet to you unknown;
 Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down.
 (I.ii.16)

His plan is to poison the King and make it appear that Alcibiades is responsible:

Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
 I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
 (II.i.22)

It is now clear that Tisaphernes is motivated not only out of a desire to avenge his humiliation, but by political ambition as well. As in the case of Piero in Antonio's Revenge, ambition and revenge are indissolubly intertwined. The plan fails; however, villainy has not been defeated--only temporarily thwarted.

At this stage in the action, the nature of the relationship between the heroic and villain elements of the play becomes clear. The villainy and lust of Tissaphernes and the queen are a threat to the heroic way of life represented by Alcibiades and Timandra. This combined theme is familiar enough; it is a dominant one in Othello, which enjoyed two revivals in January and August of 1675 (Alcibiades was first performed in September, 1675). And Otway presented a more sophisticated treatment of the theme in his Venice Preserved (1682). In Alcibiades, however, he seems to be only dimly aware of the fact that a blend of villain and heroic elements could provide the basis for raising some complex moral issues.

In Act III Tissaphernes renews his efforts. When Theramnes is imprisoned after being defeated by Alcibiades, Tissaphernes sees an opportunity for using him to his own advantage:

There's some foundation yet for my Design;
 The Captiv's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
 Unwearied I will let my fury range,
 And leave no heart unsearch'd to find revenge.
 (III.i.32)

He plans to use Theramnes' hatred of Alcibiades and his lust for Timandra to work for him; to this end he promises to arrange a meeting between Theramnes and Timandra. The plan works, as Alcibiades kills Theramnes and Tissaphernes resourcefully convinces the king that the murder of Theramnes is proof of treason on the part of Alcibiades. The credulous

king orders Alcibiades imprisoned. (John Harold Wilson, it is worth pointing out, remarks that authors of villain plays "started with two basic assumptions: that some men and women are evil by nature, or can be easily turned to evil, and that all 'good' people are credulous and not a little stupid. Perhaps they were right."¹⁴) Tissaphernes' career comes to an end when he agrees to collaborate with the queen on the death of the king. She kills the king and makes it appear that Tissaphernes has done it. Tissaphernes, however, remains a villain to the end; he is hauled off stage glorying in his villainy and recommending the villainous way of life to all:

Be bloody, also, revengeful, lustful, all
 That can be found recorded on Hells roll
 Embrace; where--e're you rising virtue see,
 Down with it, and set up impietie.
 Make that your theam, leave nothing ill undone,
 So copy Tissaphernes when he's gone. . . .
 (V.i.57)

In temper Tissaphernes is closer to the Elizabethan villains we have examined than to Maligni. Like them, he is very egotistical. For example, after the ghost of Theramnes speaks to him, he says:

'Twas an odd Speech; but be it so;
 Pish; Hell itself trembles at what I do;
 And its submission better to express,
 Sends this ambassador to make it's peace.
 (V.i.51)

He boastfully asserts that he is more powerful than the stars or fate:

Curse on my niggard Starrs; they were so poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r,
My fury had begot so vast a Birth,
Fate wanted strength to bring it forth.

(III.i.25)

He believes himself capable of unprecedented achievement:

"For I'll act mischiefs yet to you unknown . . ." (I.ii.16).

He feels that he was made for better things:

Was it for this my active Youth I spent
In War, and knew no dwelling but a Tent!

(I.i.16)

His desire for revenge culminates in an irrational mania which is reminiscent of Barabas' desire to "be revenged on this accursed town":

Unwearied I will let my fury range,
And leave no heart unsearch'd to find revenge.

(III.i.32)

And he dismisses conscience with the words:

Conscience! a trick of State, found out by those
That wanted power to support their Laws;
A bug-bear name, to startle fools, but we,
That know the weakness of the fallacie,
Know better how to use what nature gave;
That Soul's no Soul, which to it self's a slave.

(III.ii.34)

As a final example of the influence of Elizabethan villain tragedy on Alcibiades, consider the following two speeches; the first is by Tissaphernes, the second by Barabas:

Embraces! Loves! and kindness! what are these?
The outward varnish that our hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been,
The various turns of power and greatness seen,
And hast thou not this mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's face we mean to wound?

(III.i.30)

First, be thou void of these affections:
 Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
 Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,
 But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.
 (II.iii.170-73)

No suggestion is here made that Otway is consciously echoing Marlowe, only that he is writing in a tradition that Marlowe took a major share in founding.

Whereas in Alcibiades the heroic and villain elements are so mixed as to show the vulnerability of the former to the latter, in Abdelazer the heroic element is limited entirely to the character of Cardinal Mendoza and no real conflict between the two modes exists. The first reference to love and honor in Abdelazer occurs during the furor over Abdelazer's banishment. Mendoza finds himself caught between the demands of honor--his decision to banish Abdelazer is in danger of being countermanded--and his love for the queen:

Men. Madam, you want that pitying regard
 To value what I do, or what I am;
 I'll therefore lay my Cardinals Hat aside,
 And in bright Arms, demand my Honour back.

Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me proofs of Love?
 have then my Eyes lost all their wonted power?
 And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
 To follow your revenge?--go,--go to fight,
 Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,
 All for a little worthless Honour lost. 15

The queen, however, is able to exert her power and convince him not to join with Philip:

Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
 And use it too tyrannically;--but dispose
 The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,
 Lies at your Mercy:--
 I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.
 (II.i.69)

A similar conflict emerges when the queen, urged by Abdelazer, tries to convince Mendoza to desert Philip and side with Abdelazer:

And Madam, shou'd I lay aside my wrongs,
 Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
 And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
 --No, let Spain be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
 Ere for its safety I forego mine Honour.--
 (IV.iv.105)

And again the queen's power triumphs:

When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger?--
 Oh look but ever thus--in spight of Injuries--
 I shall become as tame and peaceable,
 As are your charming Eyes, when dress'd in Love,
 Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceless.
 Ah, Madam, have a generous care of me,
 For I have now resign'd my Power to you.
 (IV.iv.106)

The third and final reference to the conflict comes in the opening scene of Act V when the queen imputes the fathering of Philip to Mendoza, who responds:

I cannot yield; this Cruelty transcends
 All you have ever done me;--Heavens! what a contest
 Of Love, and Honour, swells my rising Heart.
 (V.i.118)

These references to the conflict between love and honor are almost entirely Mrs. Behn's additions; in the course, Lust's Dominion by Thomas Dekker, no mention is made of the conflict either on the occasion of Abdelazer's banishment or on that of the queen's allegation that Mendoza is Philip's father. The only hint at such a conflict in the source occurs when Dekker's queen convinces Mendoza to desert Philip. Mendoza replies to her entreaties with the words:

I have no power to spare the Negroes head,
 When I behold the wounds which his black hand
 Has given mine honour; but when I look on you
 I have no power to hate him, since your breath
 Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him. . . . 16

Clearly Mrs. Behn has added the heroic element mainly to enhance the play's contemporary appeal. (A fuller discussion of Mrs. Behn's treatment of her source is reserved for a later section.)

The subordination of the heroic to the villain element is also apparent in the villain plays of Nathaniel Lee. Consider, for example, The Tragedy of Nero, Emperor of Rome (1675). The tragedy has been considered an heroic play, and in many respects it is. The verse is predominantly the heroic couplet. The central character is an heroic tyrant similar to Dryden's Maximin. Poppea, the chief female character, is a lustful queen similar to Otway's Deidamia. And the subplot of Britannicus and Cyara is a typical romantic love story of the kind often found in the heroic tradition, for example, that of Osmyn and Benzayda in The Conquest of Granada. In other--and more important--respects, however, Nero is decidedly unlike the typical heroic play. First, it does not end happily for the virtuous protagonists, as was customary in the heroic tradition. In its emphasis on bloodshed (all the principal characters and several of the minor ones die) and in its use of madness and of the ghost, the play shows influences of Elizabethan tragedy in the Seneca tradition. As Roswell G. Ham says of the protagonist:

Nero is a no mere god of ordinary Restoration villainy. He stands before us one-half Elizabethan of Jacobean, one-half what the uneducated rakehells of the pit took to be a Hobbist. 17

The characteristic of the villain protagonist that Nero best typifies is egocentricity. When asked, for example, what the world will think of his order to have his mother executed, he replies:

Why, let it think: if Asses bray, must I
Regard? I say, again, that she shall dye. 18

And when it is suggested that Jove will become angry if the execution is carried out, Nero arrogantly proclaims:

Let him [Jove] begin; my purpose I'll maintain,
Though he should scorching showers of Sulphur rain.
Though he stood near--
And from some neighbouring Cloud, did hurl down fire,
With fresh recruits of men, his arm I'd tire,
And she [his mother], at last, should, spight of him expire.
.
My word's an Oracle, and stands her Fate.
(I.i.85-93)

Opposition to Nero begins when Piso announces he intends to seek revenge on Nero for whoring his sister, Poppea. To this end he invites Otho, Poppea's brother, to join him and thereby vindicate his family's honor:

PISO. Revenge will bring the day
Again, and make your honour shine more bright,
While it damns her to shades of death and night.
OTHO. Ha! thou hast wak'd my Soul from its dull rest;
Revenge, thou gen'rous fire, enrich my breast.
(IV.ii.30-34)

Out of the conflict between Nero's villainy and the desire of his victims to avenge their wrongs Lee attempts to raise the question of justice which revenge ultimately implies.

But the best he can do is to place a series of rhetorical questions in the mouth of Flavius:

Can there be Gods, and not revenge?
 Can they behold this noble copy of
 Their own bright excellence poluted thus,
 Thus rent and torn by Sacrilegious hands,
 Yet idle sit, and sleep upon their Thrones?

 . . . Oh you great GODS of ROME,
 Where are you all?
 (V.i.15-28)

His questions are rather mechanically answered a few dozen lines later when he avenges the death of Britannicus, who had been poisoned by Nero's tool, Burrhus. After he runs Burrhus through, he exclaims:

Pardon, you Gods, my former blasphemy;
 Oh you are Just, and I adore your Powers
 Now lead me where you please, to life or death,
 Let me but pay my last observance here,
 My vow I have perform'd; and thou, dear Prince,
 Art in some part reveng'd: what my poor power
 Could possibly effect, is done; the rest
 Belongs unto the Gods.
 (V.i.84-90)

However, the question as to whether the death of Nero is proof of divine justice is never answered for it is never really asked; Nero dies as he lived--egotistically:

If she [Poppea] were dead, I would restore her breath,
 And she could live,
 Spight of her self, spight of the Gods, and Death.
 My powers unlimited, as is their own;
 My smile brings life, and death attends my frown.
 (V.iii.186-90)

If in Nero the villain is confined to speaking more than to acting, this is certainly not true of Lee's Massacre of Paris (written before 1682 but banned until 1689). The villain is the infamous Duke of Guise, who, in his blending

of revenge and ambition as motives, is reminiscent of Piero in Antonio's Revenge. At the same time that he professes to want to avenge his father's death at the hands of the Admiral of France, he also hopes to use the death of the Admiral and his Protestant followers to further his political ambition. To attain political power, he is even willing to sacrifice Marguerite, whom he genuinely loves:

I love, 'tis true; but most for my Ambition;
Therefore I thought to marry Marguerite. . . .
(I.i.94-95)

Were Marguerite all one World of Pleasure,
I'de sell her, and my Soul, for such Revenge.
(I.i.127-28)

The Duke of Guise, however, is not the only villain in the play; the Queen Mother rivals him in Machiavellian expertise. It is she whom Lee presents as the moving force behind the planned massacre of the Protestants:

With Claws lock'd in, like Lions, couch to tear 'em,
Our Mother, thou so fierce upon the slaughter,
Direct thy Brood; we will not stir nor breath:
But when thou giv'st the Word, then start away,
Rush from the shade, and make 'em all our prey.
(I.i.159-63)

The Admiral of France describes her as

. . . an absolute Murderer and Dissembler;
Who that proceeds on such black principles,
That thinks there is no God above Ambition. . . .
(II.i.17-19)

Even her own husband, who wavers between enthusiastic support and feelings of conscience, asks of her:

Is she not of a most deceitful Soul;
 Perfidious even to violating vows?
 Is she not greedy too of human Blood?
 A Wit so wasteful in destroying Lives,
 That she will turn a City to a Wild?
 (I.ii.71-75)

The world view which both the Guise and the Queen Mother represent is perhaps best summed up by the following words by the Admiral:

What ever paths you trod before your Reign,
 'Tis Blood and Terror must your Throne maintain:
 Scorn then thy slaves; nor to thy Vassals bow;
 Fix the Gold Circle to thy bended brow,
 By Murders, Massacres; no matter how,
 For Conscience, and Heav'ns Fear, Religion's Rules,
 They're all State-Bells, to toll in pious Fools.
 (II.i.262-68)

What both Nero and The Massacre of Paris have in common is an unbridged gap between moral design (what there is of one) and dramatic action. In both the conventions of the villain genre tend to become ends in themselves rather than means towards exploring intellectual, moral or psychological problems. In other words, spectacle tends to become divorced from theme and characterization.

To a certain extent this problem is overcome in Lee's Caesar Borgia (1679). The titular hero, though a villain, achieves a degree of psychological complexity rare in Restoration villain tragedy. The play's critics, however, are for the most part unimpressed. A. W. Ward, for example, says:

The play forms one of the most outrageous attempts of Restoration tragedy to revive the worst horrors of the Elizabethan drama in the days of its crudity and in those of its decay. 19

And R. G. Ham describes it as "a melange of atrocity culled by the playwright from Guicciardini and from Dacre's translation of Machiavelli, and then concocted after an Elizabethan recipe."²⁰

The play really has two villains, Caesar Borgia and his evil genius, Machiavel, whom Borgia calls "my subtle Emissary; / My glance of Death, and Lanthorn of my Mischiefs."²¹ At all times Borgia operates under the influence and instructions of Machiavel, and in their relationship there is a strong hint of Iago and Othello. Machiavel cultivates his relationship with Borgia because he believes that with Borgia as an absolute tyrant his position will also be secure. In other words, he intends to ride to political power on Borgia's coat tails:

O, Caesar Borgia! such a Name and Nature!
That is my second self; a Machiavel!
A Prince! who, by the vigor of this brain,
Shall rise to the old height of Roman Tyrants.
(I.i.83-86)

Why, what a start of Nature is this man
Whom by Ambition, not by Love I'll raise?
(I.i.109-10)

In order to secure power for Borgia--and therefore for himself--he prophesies:

. . . ruine to the Bride [Bellamira]
To her old dotting Father, Brothers, Uncles,
And the whole race of Orsin and Vitelli. . . .
(I.i.111-13)

The techniques used by Machiavel are virtually the same as those used by all the other villains we have hitherto examined.

For example, he intends to persuade Borgia to marry the daughter of his rival and thereby lull him into false confidence, all the better to eliminate him and his followers. And to eliminate Bellamira, he exploits the love between her and Borgia's brother, Palante. To this end he convinces Borgia that the lovers are seeing each other even after Bellamira promised never to see Palante again; the plan works and the two former lovers are killed. Like the typical Elizabethan and Restoration villain, Machiavel is egotistical:

I love myself; and for my self, I love
Borgia my Prince.

(III.i.244-45)

He also takes a delight in his own villainy as an end in itself; for example, after setting up successfully the first confrontation between Borgia and his brother, Machiavel boasts of better things to come:

These starts are but the hasty harbingers
To the slow Murder that comes dragging on:
The Mischief's yet but young, and Infant Fury;
'Tis the first brawl of new-born Jealousie:
But I have Machiavellian Magick here
Shall nurse this Brood of Hell to such perfection
As shall e'er long become the Devil's Manhood. . . .

(III.i.450-56)

Borgia, on the other hand, is a psychological study in the process of moral corruption. The success with which Lee dramatizes this process more than atones for the play's occasional lapses into melodrama. As Allardyce Micoll says of Borgia:

In Caesar . . . Lee has evidently tried to present what is rarely seen in Restoration tragedies--a complete character. In him we see, not the nauseous struggle of love and honour, but of manliness and vicious influence, of conscience warring against the pernicious atmosphere in which he has been bred. 22

But the "vicious influence" of Machiavel triumphs; upon being shown letters which Machiavel alleges to be communications between Bellmira and Palante, Borgia vows:

. . . I will do deeds
Grain'd as my wrongs: I will, I will be bloody
As Pyrrhus, daub'd in Murder at the Altar. . . .
(IV.i.204-06)

He then asserts his indissoluble affinity with Machiavel: "thou art one piece with myself" (IV.i.285), words which ironically echo Machiavel's earlier statement that Borgia is his "second self" (I.i.84). With Bellamira and her family executed, only Cardinal Ascanio remains as an obstacle to absolute power. Together they plan to poison him, but the plan misfires when a butler unwittingly serves Borgia the same poisoned wine intended for Ascanio. Borgia, like villains as far back as Kyd's Lorenzo, is caught in his own trap:

I am below thy scorn, thus vile caught,
O basely, basely sold by my own Wile.
(V.iii.211-12)

And like his villainous predecessors, he dies glorying in the evil deeds he has committed as well as those he would have committed had he lived:

No---I will live; in spite of Fate I'll live
To be the scourge of Rome: I'll live to act
New mischiefs, and create new wicked Popes,
To poynard Heretick Princes that refuse
To lay their Necks beneath the holy Slipper.
(V.iii.339-43)

There is discernible, then, in Caesar Borgia, an attempt by Lee to go beyond the mere, spectacular effects of the villain play and to use its conventions for a more complex purpose. Thus the play is substantially better than either of the other two plays by Lee that were examined or Otway's Alcibiades, all three of which fail to use the villain play conventions as effectively as they can be used. In short, Lee has seen in the villain the possibility of psychological complexity. In a similar way, I feel that Mrs. Behn in Abdelazer has attempted to go beyond the theatricality of the villain convention by using it as the means towards a complex psychological study of the play's villainous protagonist.

Abdelazer: A Critical Reading

Since the titular hero dominates Abdelazer, an understanding of the play can, I feel, be best approached through an understanding of him. The play's few critics have not acknowledged him to be a very complex character. John Harold Wilson, for example, remarks of the play's characterization in general:

Mrs. Behn's characters are crudely simple. . . . [Her] characterization is largely a characterization by epithet: "Villain" Abdelazer, "love-sick" King Ferdinand. . . . When she tries to probe deeper into the minds of her creations, she comes up with nonsense. 23

And writing specifically about Abdelazer, Frederick M. Link says:

Although Abdelazer's character must carry the play, he comes alive only by fits and starts. The scene in the presence chamber during which he proclaims Leonora queen (V.i) is superbly handled; he outwits the cardinal and imposes his will on the court without ever deviating from the ceremonious language appropriate to the occasion. Yet he is often a mere personification of revenge and especially so in the final scene. After gloating over his successes in a rather mechanical fashion, he indulges himself in a final --and extremely artificial--epic simile which lasts all of ten lines. 24

No doubt Abdelazer's character is not equal to the complexities of Dryden's Antony or Otway's Jaffeir, but I believe it to be better than either Wilson or Link allows.

Abdelazer is a man who suffers from an acute feeling of injured pride, who strongly feels that there is an unjustified discrepancy between what he thinks himself to be worth and how his society has treated him. He feels that he has been treated in a way inconsistent with what he believes to be the role destiny has prepared him for, and to rectify this intolerable discrepancy he undertakes his career of crime. Specifically, his desire to achieve an identity which is consistent with his estimate of his own worth takes the form of revenge and ambition. In other words, his revenge and ambition are not the fundamental motives which explain his actions, but concrete manifestations of his desire to acquire the identity he feels Spanish society has unjustly deprived him of.

The first indication that Abdelazer believes himself to be worth more than others acknowledge him to be occurs in the opening scene with his response to the queen's

charge of ingratitude:

. . . and in thy Story too, do not leave out
 How deal those mighty graces I have purchas'd!
 My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
 Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
 Than to lie fawning at a Womans Feet,
 And pass my hours in idleness and Love.--
 If I cou'd blush, I shou'd through all this Cloud
 Send forth my sence of shame into my Cheeks.
 (I.i.54)

Just as Barabas feels himself to be "born to better things, /
 And fram'd of finer mold than common men," so Abdelazer
 feels that by his nature he is destined for better things than
 "to lie fawning at a Womans Feet." This feeling of being
 destined for greatness makes him very sensitive to the discrep-
 ancy between what he thinks himself to be capable of and
 what others think of him:

I cannot ride through the Calistian Streets,
 But thousand Eyes
 Throw killing looks at me;--
 And cry,--That's he that does abuse our King;--
 There goes the Minion of the Spanish Queen,
 Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,
 Spends the Revenues of the King of Spain:--
 This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd.--
 (I.i.53)

Abdelazer is aware of himself as an object in the eyes of others--
 "thousand Eyes throw killing Looks at me." He responds to
 this fact by asserting his own subjectivity, usually by means
 of self-dramatization. Consider, for example, his reaction
 to Alonzo's enquiry as to the whereabouts of the queen:

The Queen with me!
 Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,
 You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:
 The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
 A Slave of Barbary! for so

Your gay young Courtiers christen me;--but Don,
 Although my Skin be Black, within my Veins
 Runs Blood as red, and Royal as the best.--
 My Father, Great Abdela, with his Life
 Lost too his Crown; both most unjustly ravish'd
 By Tyrant Philip; your old King I mean.
 How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd
 Ere he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
 Methinks I see him cover'd o'er with Blood,
 Fainting amidst those numbers he had conquer'd;
 I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
 Though not revenge, or to defie my Fetters;
 For then began my Slavery: And e'er since
 Have seen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
 Which crown'd the sacred Temples of my Father,
 And shou'd adorn mine now;--shou'd! nay, and must;--
 (I.i.56-57)

This speech does much more than it ostensibly appears to do, which is to provide necessary background information. It also provides an excellent introduction to Abdelazer's character. His words here reveal an emotion noticeably in excess of the immediate provocation. They are not spoken as a reply to Alonzo--at least not entirely; they are spoken by Abdelazer to Abdelazer for Abdelazer. He might as well be soliloquizing. The vivid image of his father "cover'd o'er with Blood" is not necessary in order to provide antecedent material, but it does function to reveal Abdelazer's awareness that he has been denied his birthright. And the fact that the entire second half of the speech does not appear in Mrs. Behn's source, and therefore is completely her composition, suggests that she is attempting to emphasize Abdelazer's feeling of injured pride at not having received what he considers to be rightly his. Thus Abdelazer is a man who believes the world has denied him a great deal, and consequently will do anything to get what he thinks--rightly or

wrongly--he deserves.

A similar assertion of the discrepancy between what Abdelazer' considers to be his self worth and his treatment by the Spaniards occurs on the occasion of the suggestion that Philip be named successor to Ferdinand:

Philip's a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country:
 He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
 Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal ruine.
 And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,
 But Abdelazer, whose Sword reap'd Victory.
 As oft as 'twere unsheath'd;--and all for Spain!
 --How many Lawrels has this Head adorn'd?
 Witness the many Battles I have won;
 In which I've emptied all my Youthful Veins,
 And all for Spain!--ungrateful of my Favours!
 --I do not boast my Birth,
 Nor will not urge to you my Kingdoms ruine;
 But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd,
 And still for Spain!

(III.iii.99)

This is a fine peice of rhetoric designed to manipulate Alonzo and the other courtiers into siding with Abdelazer; but it is more than just rhetorical persuasion. Again Abdelazer dwells on the discrepancy between his own conception of his worth and the lack of corresponding gratitude bestowed on him by Spain. Compare his statement about "battles . . . in which I've emptied all my youthful Veins" with his earlier remark:

My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
 Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions. . . .
 (I.i.54)

And with his reaction to his banishment:

Banish'd! if I digest this Gall,
 May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
 Which I have purchased with so many wounds,
 And all for Spain; for Spain; ingrateful Spain!
 (I.ii.63)

All these speeches convey the feeling that his heroic potential has been betrayed, that those around him are not aware of his true worth.

Abdelazer's inferiority in the eyes of others leads him to numerous expressions of an exalted opinion of himself, one form of which consists of equating himself with the gods. For example, he ascribes to himself the power of divine vengeance and the god-like power to sway destiny:

. . . noble Vengeance!
 Oh Glorious word! fit only for the Gods,
 For which they form'd their Thunder,
 Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
 Swayed Destiny as well as they,
 And took their trade of killing.--
 (I.i.57)

When provoked by Philip, he equates himself with Jove's thunderbolt:

Who spurns the Moor
 Were better set his Foot upon the Devil:--
 Do spurn me, and this hand thus justly arm'd,
 Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
 Divide his Body from his Soul. . . .
 (II.i.67)

He equates himself with the gods when he decides that he can best effect his plans by making Leonora queen: "She must be Queen, I and the Gods decree it" (V.ii.122). His image of himself as a god is reinforced by the queen, who treats him as one:

Smile, whilst a thousand Cupids shall descend
 And call thee Jove, and wait upon thy Smiles. . . .
 (I.i.52)

His seduction of Leonora provides yet another example of his exalted opinion of himself. Instead of praising her beauty,

as Ferdinand does Florella's in a contrasting scene,
Abdelazer praises his own:

Beauties great as thine have languish'd for me.
The Lights put out! thou in my naked Arms
Will find me soft and smooth as polish'd ebony. . . .
(V.ii.132)

As a final example of his egotistical nature consider his
assertion that his actions are more greatly inspired than any
man's have hitherto been inspired by the gods:

More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,
None that you e'er inspired like me shall act. . . .
(I.ii.66)

Abdelazer's egocentricity culminates at the end of
the play with his glorying in his own evil deeds. He proudly
reels them off one after another:

. . . for my first step
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.
.
My next advance was poisoning of thy father.
.
Nor for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,
Know, Prince, I made thy amorous Mother
Proclaim thee Bastard, when I miss'd of killing thee.
.
I made her too betray the credulous Cardinal,
And having then no further use of her,
Satiated with her Lust,
I set Roderigo on to murder her,
Thy Death had next succeeded; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at Leonora's Feet.
.
Yes, and the last Sense that will remain about me,
Will be my Passion for that charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy'd now, but for thy Treachery.
(V.iii.140-41)

Abdelazer's last words assure us that he will die as he has
lived wrapped up in his own exaggerated estimate of his own

worth. In an epic simile he compares himself to a lion who can be killed only at a distance because none dare approach him:

Now thou dar'st see me lash my Sides, and roar,
 And bite my Snare in vain; who with one look,
 (Had I been free) hadst shrunk into the Earth
 For shelter from my Rage:
 And like that noble Beast, though thus betray'd,
 I've yet an awful fierceness in my Looks,
 Which makes thee fear t' approach; and 'tis at distance
 That thou dar'st kill me; for come but in my reach,
 And with one grasp, I wou'd confound thy hopes.
 (V.iii.142)

As was mentioned earlier, Link finds this speech artificial; but whereas he considers its artificiality a fault, I consider it to be an indication of Abdelazer's character. The simile is consistent both with his self-dramatization and with his exaggerated image of his own greatness. It echoes a parallel simile in the opening scene of the play; when his meeting with the queen is threatened to be interrupted, Abdelazer remarks:

He that dares enter here to seek the Queen,
 Had better snatch the She from the fierce side
 Of a young Lion, and 'twere safer. . . .
 (I.i.56)

Abdelazer's comparison of his unnatural relationship with the queen to a relationship drawn from nature is certainly ironical at his expense. While both similes are in a sense artificial, we are not to take them at face value. Rather we are in a sense artificial, we are not to take them at face value. Rather we are to interpret them as revelations of Abdelazer's exaggerated image of himself. And his estimate

of himself is certainly not ours. While the play provides us with an explanation as to why Abdelazer acts as he does, at no time are we asked to approve his conduct.

It might be objected that Abdelazer's self-assertiveness and self-dramatization are merely devices used by him to deceive other characters. While it is true, for example, that the indifference which he shows towards the queen in the opening scene is designed to show the power he has over her, there is more revealed in that scene than his ability to manipulate others. As was mentioned above, the emotion expressed in his reaction to Alonzo's question about the whereabouts of the queen is noticeably in excess of the circumstances. The same emotional excess characterizes his reaction to the suggestion that Philip be named king. Alonzo's reply to Abdelazer's speech on Philip's proposed ascension--"What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?"--suggests that Alonzo is aware that the outburst is inappropriate to and in excess of the dramatic situation. On these occasions, as on others, it can hardly be denied that Abdelazer allows himself to be carried away with his own words. But I do not feel that these speeches are intended to deceive, although deception may be a by-product of them. On those occasions when a discrepancy appears between what is said and what is meant, the irony is clearly conveyed to the reader. For example, in the opening of Act II Abdelazer remarks in an aside that he is not interested in marrying the queen: "Not

marry thee unless I were King" (III.i.71). Thus when Mrs. Behn wants to show Abdelazer consciously manipulating other characters, she does so in a very obvious way. The clearest indication that Abdelazer's actions are not always motivated by exclusively political considerations occurs when Philip insinuates that Abdelazer's wife is Ferdinand's mistress. Abdelazer reacts passionately, and the queen reprimands him for acting "imprudently" (II.i.69). Because Philip's remark is a threat to Abdelazer's image of himself, he reacts passionately and in an un-Machiavellian manner. But when his political intentions are concerned, he is quite prepared to sacrifice his wife. In the previous scene, he remarks in his best Machiavellian fashion:

No more--here comes the King with my Florella.
 He loves her, and she swears to me she's chaste;
 'Tis well, if true--well too, if it be false:
 I care not, 'tis Revenge
 That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure to.
 (I.ii.64)

But later in the same scene, he remarks in an aside:

Florella! Oh, I cou'd gnaw my Chains
 That humble me so low as to adore her. . . .
 (II.i.73)

To charge Mrs. Behn with inconsistency here is to miss the subtlety of Abdelazer's characterization. Most of the speeches that we have looked at to this point revealed a fundamental emotional component in Abdelazer's character. Abdelazer's desire to right the wrongs that he feels have been done to him is every bit as much as emotional desire as a logical one. Indeed, I think

one could go so far as to say that Abdelazer's logic and cunning are in the service of a goal passionately chosen and pursued. Clearly then passion as well as cool logic must be taken into consideration in any analysis of Abdelazer's motives.

Abdelazer's desire to right the wrongs that he feels have been done to him also provides the context in which his ambition and revenge should be seen. One way of analyzing Abdelazer's character would be to treat his revenge and ambition as dual motives which explain his actions. According to this view, ambition would be judged to be the basic motive, with revenge serving the purpose of furthering Abdelazer's political ambition. This is the relationship between revenge and ambition in such plays as Antonio's Revenge and The Massacre of Paris. My interpretation, on the other hand, is that it is only in terms of Abselazer's desire to reclaim the identity which he feels Spain has deprived him of that his revenge and ambition can be viewed. It is significant that Abdelazer does not make any hard and fast distinctions among the motives he alleges to be operating from. For example, at the end of the opening scene of the play he announces revenge to be his dominating passion:

Now all that's brave and villain seize my Soul,
Reform each Faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance, noble Vengeance.
(I.i.57)

But at the end of the second scene, revenge, ambition, love and jealousy are equally invoked:

Idol Ambition,
 Florella must to thee a victim fall;
 Revenge,--to thee--a Cardinal and Prince:
 And to my Love and Jealousy, a King. . . .
 (I.ii.66)

It seems profitable to look for a common denominator of these multiple motives rather than simply to assume that each is independent and irreducible. And what all have in common is pride:

Love and Ambition are the same to me,
 In either I'll no Rivals brook.
 (II.i.72)

Abdelazer's exalted opinion of his own capabilities will not permit him to be dominated in anything. What this suggests is that revenge and ambition are not motives in the sense of psychic forces propelling him to action. Rather they are manifestations of his sense of injured pride. Whether or not Mrs. Behn intended pride, traditionally the gravest sin, to be the cause of Abdelazer's downfall is perhaps difficult to determine. Certainly the orthodox Christian and humanist thought of the times would have seen in Abdelazer's self-centeredness and his belief in his individual superiority a refusal to accept the fact of man's inherent limitations and imperfections. But whatever attitude we take towards the role of pride in Abdelazer's downfall, there is, I believe, justification for concluding that revenge and ambition are the manifestations of Abdelazer's psychological condition rather than the causes of it.

Source

The source of Abdelazer is Lust's Dominion; or, The Lascivious Queen (c. 1600), an edition of which appeared in 1657; no earlier edition survives. Lust's Dominion was ascribed to Marlowe by its publisher, Francis Kirkman, but no modern editor holds the ascription to be correct. Almost all scholars attribute it to Thomas Dekker, with the probable collaboration of Houghton and Day; Fredson Bowers includes it in his edition of Dekker's plays. Mrs. Behn follows her source quite closely, but the changes she makes are significant and give an indication of the meaning of her play. Of her borrowing Mrs. Behn remarked in a letter to her friend Mrs. Price:

For being impeach'd of murdering my Moor, I am thankful, since, when I shall let the World know, whenever I take the Pains next to appear in Print, of the mighty Theft I have been guilty of: But however for your own satisfaction, I have sent you the Garden from whence I gather's and I hope you will not think me vain, if I say, I have weed-ed and improv'd it. I hope to prevail on the Printer to reprint The Lust's Dominion &c. that my Theft may be the more publick. 25

The principal changes she makes include drawing the threads of the plot closer together by reducing the number of characters and scenes, shifting motivational emphases, and strongly altering the style.

In order to provide a context in which to understand my discussion of Mrs. Behn's treatment of her source, I include the following brief plot summary of Abdelazer. The boy, Abdelazer, is reared in the Spanish court, and rises to

be one of the ablest generals in the Spanish army, but his desire is always to reclaim his royal birthright, and to further this end he becomes the lover of the lustful Queen Isabella. Under his influence, she poisons her husband. There follows a whole series of murders in Abdelazer's struggle for power, until one of the king's sons leads an insurrection, the Spanish nobility desert Abdelazer, and, despite his military victories he is finally defeated by the desertion of his own Moorish followers.

The most noticeable changes Mrs. Behn has made are stylistic ones. Changes in language from the first to the second half of the seventeenth century have been attributed to the desire for stability in politics, society and religion which characterized Restoration England, to the expanding journalism of newspapers and periodicals, and to the Royal Society's desire for precise, unelaborate expression. These changes are summed up by A. S. Collins in his survey of language from 1660 to 1784:

. . . the English language from Dryden's day through the eighteenth century developed steadily away from the rich individual freedom and variety of the earlier seventeenth century, with its licence, excess, obscurity, and crudity, until it became an instrument fully adapted to the needs of a broadbased society which valued, above all, order, discipline, good manners, common sense, prosperity, and a comfortable ease of communication. 26

How true these remarks are of Restoration drama in general or Mrs. Behn in particular I am not prepared to say. Rather than speculating on the general causes which may have led

Mrs. Behn to modify the style of her source, I should instead prefer to examine characteristic passages from Abdelazer and its source in order to show how the styles of the particular passages are each suited to the overall design of the plays in which they appear. Consider, as an example, the following two speeches by the queens of each play. Both speeches are delivered as the queens are anticipating the adulterous meeting of Ferdinand and Florella; the first is Dekker's; the second is Mrs. Behn's:

Fair eldest child of Love, thou spotless night,
 Empress of silence, and the Queen of sleep;
 Who with thy black cheeks pure complexion,
 Mak'st lovers eyes enamour'd of thy beauty:
 Thou art like my Moor, therefore will I adore thee,
 For lending me this opportunity,
 Oh with the soft skin'd Negro! heavens keep back
 The saucy staring day from the worlds eye,
 Until my Eleazar make return;
 Then in his castle shall he find his wife,
 Transform'd into a strumpet by my son;
 Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill?
 Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love?
 The King is sporting with his Concubine.
 Blush not my boy, be bold like me thy mother,
 But their delights torture my soul like Devils,
 Except her shame be seen. . . .

Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
 Make their devote and humble Invocations;
 Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
 Lays by the awful terrour of a Deity,
 And every harmful Dart, and deals around
 His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,
 Draw'st all thy Curtains, make of gloomy Shades,
 To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;
 Beneath thy covert grant the Love-sick King,
 May find admittance to Florella's Arms;
 And being there, keep back the busie Day;
 Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
 Where in her lodgings he shall find his Wife,
 Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son.--

(III.ii.89)

The function of Dekker's style, which might be characterized as florid or sensuous, is to emphasize the sensuality and decadence of the Spanish court. The style also serves, through the equation of night and Eleazar, to emphasize the unnatural and sinister quality of the relationship between the queen and the Moor. The sensuality, decadence, and sexual voluptuousness, which is here conveyed by the language, are an integral part of the overall impression of courtly decadence which the play, like Webster's Italian plays, Tourner's Revenger's Tragedy, and Marston's Antonio's Revenge, is preoccupied with. Mrs. Behn, on the other hand, while she is not oblivious to the sensuality of love, prefers to emphasize its power. For her, love is a god; it possesses "the awful terrour of a Deity." Mrs. Behn is interested in the contrast between the power of love, "its awful terrour," and the weakness of its victims, "soft yielding maids." This contrast is first made in the song which begins the play:

Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd
 And set him up a Deity;
 But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.
 (I.i.51)

This emphasis on the power of love is a reflection of the heroic conception of love, which is much stronger in Abdelazer than in Lust's Dominion.

As well as stylistic changes, Mrs. Behn has also made changes in the number of characters and dramatic incidents.

For example, the old King Philip and the King of Portugal are dropped. Alvero and Hortenzo are fused into the single character, Alonzo. And all the scenes in which Friar Cole and Friar Crab appear are cut. The reason for these cuts is that Mrs. Behn wishes to achieve a more sharply-focused effect than does Dekker. Mrs. Behn herself implies such a reason when in the letter quoted from earlier she says that she has "weeded and improv'd" her source. This explanation has the advantage of accounting for all the major cuts that Mrs. Behn has made. If we attempt to account for each cut individually, we will be in danger of losing sight of Mrs. Behn's overall design. For example, we could explain the exclusion of Crab and Cole on the grounds of Neoclassical decorum, but we could not use decorum again to explain the cutting of the two kings, whose presence would certainly not be indecorous.

The more sharply-focused or concentrated effect that Mrs. Behn is striving for is a greater emphasis on the individual psychology of Abdelazer than occurs in Dekker's play. The change of titles is a significant indication of Mrs. Behn's changed perspective. Dekker is interested in the manifestations and effects of lust as examples of the evils produced by a decadent society. As in The Revenger's Tragedy, sexual lust in Lust's Dominion is a concrete symbol of other evils. Eleazar's conduct, like that of the Duke in Tourner's tragedy, is seen more as the product of a corrupt society than as the conduct of an aberrant individual. In Mrs. Behn's play, on the other hand, the

emphasis is clearly more on the psychology of Abdelazer as an individual than as a representative of his society. Thus anything in the source which is not directly related to the presentation of Abdelazer's character is either omitted or changed to make it suitable to the change in dramatic purpose. The corrupt friars in Dekker's play are part of his effort to make the play's evil more comprehensive and to give it a social dimension, but since the social dimension of Abdelazer's evil is not Mrs. Behn's concern, the friars do not appear in her play.

Mrs. Behn's emphasis on the individual psychology of Abdelazer results in a corresponding de-emphasis on the courtly decadence and sensuality which appear in the source. For example, Dekker has his queen say to the musicians:

Chyme out your softest strains of harmony,
 And on delicious Musick's silken wings
 Send ravishing delight to my loves ears,
 That he may be enamored of your tunes.
 Come let's kiss.

(I.i.27-31)

Mrs. Behn's queen simply says:

Play all your sweetest Notes, such as inspire
 The Active Soul with new and soft Desire.

(I.i.52)

And in Mrs. Behn's play, when Abdelazer says that it was towards the queen that his curses were directed, she replies:

To me?--it cannot be--to me, sweet Moor?--
 No, no, it cannot--prithee smile upon me--
 Smile, whilst a thousand Cupids shall descend
 And call thee Jove, and wait upon thy Smiles,
 Deck thy smooth brow with Flowers;
 Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glass,
 Thou sahlst behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

(I.i.52)

In the source, her reply runs to twenty-five lines; I shall limit myself to quoting only the last fifteen:

Smile on me, if but a while,
 Then frown on me, I'll die; I prithee smile :
 Smile on me, and these two wanton boies,
 these pretty lads that do attend on me,
 Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup
 And fill thee Nectar : their enticing eies
 Shall serve as chrystal, wherein thou maist see
 To dresse thy self, it thou wilt smile on me.
 Smile on me, and with coronets of pearls,
 And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms
 In a round Ivorie fount these two shal swim,
 And dive to make thee sport :
 Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
 And in a net of twisted silk and gold
 In my all-naked arms, thy self shalt lie.
 (I.i.71-85)

The speech by Mrs. Behn's queen is primarily designed to show the power which Abdelazer has over her. Dekker, on the other hand, while no doubt to some extent interested in Eleazar's influence over Isabella, is just as much interested in communicating an impression of sensuality and decadence which goes beyond the relationship between the queen and the Moor. The Marlovian homoeroticism of "wanton boies" wearing "coronets of pearls, / And bells of gold" and swimming in "a round Ivorie fount" contributes explicitly to creating this impression.

With Mrs. Behn's de-emphasis of the sensuality of her source, there is a corresponding emphasis on her protagonist's egocentricity and sense of injured pride. For example, the following speech by Abdelazer is entirely Mrs. Behn's composition:

. . . and in your Story too, do not leave out
 How dear those mighty Graces I have purchas'd;

My blooming youth, my helthful vigorous Youth,
 Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
 Than to lie fawning at a Womans Feet,
 And pass my hours in idleness and Love.
 If I cou'd blush, I shou'd through all this Cloud
 Send forth my sence of shame into my Cheeks.
 (I.i.54)

And Abdelazer's comparisons of himself to a lion, including the long lion simile in his final speech, are added by Mrs. Behn. As well, the second half of Abdelazer's long speech recounting his and his father's treatment by the Spanish and revealing his sense of injured pride (I.i.56) is entirely Mrs. Behn's addition. These changes, which result in the stressing of Abdelazer's individual psychology and the de-emphasis of the courtly decadence present in the source, are, I believe, additional evidence to support the interpretation of Abdelazer presented in the last section.

The Text

Two quarto editions of Abdelazer exist, the first (Q1) dated 1677 and the second (Q2) dated 1693. The title page of Q1 may be described as follows:

ABDELAZER, / OR THE / MOOR'S REVENGE. / A /
 TRAGEDY / As it is acted at his Royal High-
 ness, the / DUKE'S THEATRE. / [rule] / Written
 by Mrs. A. Behn / [rule] / [seal] / LONDON /
 Printed for J. Magnes & R. Bentley, / in
 Russel-street in Covent-Garden, / near the
 Piazza's, 1677.

The title page of Q2 may be described as :

ABDELAZER, / OR, THE / MOOR'S REVENGE. / A
 TRAGEDY, / As it is ACTED at the / Theatre
 Royal, / by Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS. / [rule] /
 Written by Mrs. ANNE BEHN. / [rule] / LONDON, /
 Printed for Tom. Chapman, 1693.

The signatures of Q1 are B-K₇, excluding J. The signatures of Q2 are the title leaf, a leaf containing the dramatis personae and the prologue, and B-I₈. Neither edition contains a colophon. The first collected edition of Mrs. Behn's plays, printed in 1702, contains Abdelazer. So do the second (1716) and third (1724) editions. The standard edition of Mrs. Behn's works is Montague Summers, The Works of Aphra Behn (London, 1915). The collected editions of her plays contain numerous changes from the quartos, especially the addition of stage directions. Similarities in capitalizations and stage directions strongly suggest that Summers based his edition on the 1702 collected edition, although no indication is given as to what edition was used as a copy text.

No substantial variations exist between Q1 and Q2, except for the captalization of nominals. I have based my edition on Q2 and have recorded all variations (except capitalizations) from it. The advantage of using Q2 rather than Q1 as a copy text is chiefly convenience for the modern reader. Q2 modernizes spelling, for example "blood" for "bloud," "die" for "dye," etc. As well, Q2 encloses all stage directions in square brackets; Q1 uses parentheses, which is slightly more confusing. Where square brackets

have been omitted in Q2 I have silently added them. I have silently modernized the long "s."

Stage History

We know of only two performances of Abdelazer. The first took place on Monday, July 3, 1676, at the Duke's Theatre, with Thomas Betterton as Abdelazer. The play was revived in 1695, but the precise date is the subject of conjecture. 'Colley Cibber in his Apology tells us that Abdelazer was the play chosen to re-open Drury Lane after the secession of Thomas Betterton and his colleagues from the United Company, which was under the managership of Christopher Rich. Cibber says that the time it took for Betterton's group to set themselves up in Lincoln's Inn Field "gave the Patentees [Rich's company] more Leisure to muster their Forces, who notwithstanding were not able to take the Field till the Easter-Monday in April following. Their first Attempt was a reviv'd Play, call'd Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge, poorly written, by Mrs. Behn."²⁷ But Easter-Monday fell on March 25 in 1695. It seems reasonable, however, to assume that Cibber forgot the correct date of Easter-Monday, for it was on March 25 that Betterton and his group got a license to form an acting company. If so, that would make it April 1 on which Abdelazer was revived. (April 1 is the

date given by The London Stage for the revival.) No contemporary account of the 1676 production exists, but Cibber in his Apology says the following about the revival:

The House was very full, but whether it was the Play, or the Actors, that were not approv'd, the next Day's Audience sunk to nothing. 28

FOOTNOTES

¹The anthologies are: Restoration Dramatists: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Earl Miner (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1966) and Restoration Drama: Modern Essays in Criticism, ed. John Loftis (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966).

²Eugene M. Waith, The Herculean Hero in Marlowe, Chapman, Shakespeare and Dryden (New York: Columbia University Press, 1962).

³(Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1965) p.60.

⁴A History of English Drama 1660-1900 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1961), Vol. I, 91.

⁵Clarence Valentine Boyer, The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy (New York: Russell & Russell, 1914), p.33.

⁶Thomas Kyd, The Spanish Tragedy, ed. Andrew S. Cairncross (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1967), III. vi.22-29. All subsequent quotations are taken from this edition and accompanied with act, scene and line numbers.

⁷Christopher Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, ed. Richard W. Van Fossen (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1964), III.ii.118. All subsequent quotations are taken from this edition and accompanied with act, scene and line numbers.

⁸Titus Andronicus in The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, ed. Hardin Craig (Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1961), V.iii.177-78. All subsequent quotations are taken from this edition and accompanied with act, scene and line numbers.

⁹Quoted in The London Stage, ed. William Van Lennep et al. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1965), Part I, p.57.

¹⁰London Stage, Part I, p.57.

¹¹Thomas Porter, The Villain (London: Henry Herringman, 1663), p.7. Subsequent references to the play give act, scene and page numbers.

¹²Montague Summers, ed., The Works of Thomas Otway (London: Nonesuch Press, 1926), pp.xxvii-xxviii.

¹³Summers, Works of Otway, p.10. Since the lines are unnumbered, subsequent references are indicated by act, scene and page number.

¹⁴Wilson, Restoration Drama, p.60.

¹⁵II,i,69. All subsequent quotations are accompanied by act, scene and page number.

¹⁶Lust's Dominion; or, The Lascivious Queen, ed. J. Le Gay Brereton (Louvain: Librarie Universitaire, 1931), p.56. All subsequent references are indicated by act, scene and page number.

¹⁷Otway and Lee: Biography from a Baroque Age (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1931), p.126.

¹⁸The Tragedy of Nero in The Works of Nathaniel Lee, ed. Thomas B. Stroup and Arthur L. Cooke (New Brunswick: The Scarecrow Press, 1954), Vol. I., I.i.71-72.

¹⁹A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne, New and Revised Edition, 3 vols. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1899), III, 410.

²⁰Otway and Lee, p.124.

²¹Works of Lee, Vol. II, V.i.2-3.

²²A History of English Drama, Vol. I, 136.

²³Wilson, Restoration Drama, p.63.

²⁴Aphra Behn (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1968), p.43.

²⁵George Woodcock, The Incomparable Aphra (London: T. V. Boadman, 1948) p.130.

²⁶"Language 1660-1744," From Dryden to Johnson, The Pelican Guide to English Literature, ed. Boris Ford (Harmondsworth: Pelican Books, 1957), Vol. 4, 125.

²⁷An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber, ed. B. R. S. Fone (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1968), p.109.

²⁸Apology, p.109.

ABDELAZER;

or,

The Moor's Revenge

The Actors Names.

Mr. Harris,	Ferdinand	A young King of <u>Spain</u> , in love with <u>Florella</u> .
Mr. Smith,	Philip	His Brother.
Mr. Betterton,	Abdelazer	The Moor.
Mr. Medburne,	Mendoza	Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen.
Mr. Crosbie,	Alonzo	A young Nobleman of <u>Spain</u> , contracted to <u>Leonora</u> .
Mr. Norris,	Roderigo	A Creature to the Moor.
Mr. John Lee,	Antonio Sebastian	Two Officers of <u>Philip</u> .
Mr. Percivall,	Osmin	Moors, and Officers to <u>Abdelazer</u> .
Mr. Richards	Zarrack	

Officers, Pages, and Attendants.

Mrs. Lee,	Isabella	Queen of <u>Spain</u> , Mother to Ferdinand and <u>Philip</u> .
Mrs. Barrer,	Leonora	Her Daughter, Sister to <u>Ferinand</u> and <u>Philip</u> .
Mrs. Betterton,	Florella	Wife to <u>Abdelazer</u> , and Sister to <u>Alonzo</u> .
Mrs. Osburne,	Elvira	Woman to the Queen.

Other Women, Attendants.

S C E N E Spain, and the Camp.

A B D E L A Z E R :
OR, THE
M O O R ' S R E V E N G E

A C T I .

SCENE I. A Rich Chamber.

A Table with Lights, Abdelazer suddenly leaning his Head on his Hands;--
after a little while, still Musick plays.

S O N G .

LOve in Phantastick Triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh Pains he did create,
And strange Tyrannick Pow'r he shew'd;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took Desires,
Enough t' undo the Amorous World.

From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee, his Pride and Cruelty;
From me his Linguishments and Fears,
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And set him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.

After which he rouzes, and gazes.

Abd. ON me this Musick lost?--this sound on me
That hates all softness?--What, ho, my Slaves!

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Osm. My gracious Lord-- [Enter Queen Elivra

Qu. My dearest Abdelazer--

Abd. Oh, are you there?--Ye Dogs, how came she in?
Did I not charge you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb my privacy?

Qu. My gentle Abdelazer, 'tis thy Queen,
Who 'as laid aside the bus'ness of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love--
Play all your sweetest Notes, such as inspire [To the Musick;
The active Soul with new and soft desire, they play
softly.
Whilst we from Eyes--thus--dying, fan the fire. [She sits
down by
him.

Abd. Cease that ungrateful noise-- [Musick ceases.

Qu. Can ought that I command displease my Moor?

Abd. Away, fond woman--

Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind.--

Abd. Nay, prithee good Queen, leave me,--I am dull,
Unfit for dalliance now.--

Qu. Why dost thou frown?--to whom was that Curse sent?

Abd. To thee.--

Qu. To me!--it cannot be;--to me, sweet Moor!--

No, no, it cannot;--prithce smile upon me;--
Smile whilst a thousand Cupids shall descend
And call thee Jove, and wait upon thy Smiles,
Deck thy smooth Brow with Flowers;
Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glass,
Thou shalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

Abd. Away, away, be gone.--

Qu. Where hast thou learnt this Language, that can say
But those rude Words,--Away, away, be gone?
Am I grown ugly now?

Abd. Ugly as Hell.--

Qu. Didst thou not love me once, and swore that Heav'n
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

Abd. Thy Face and Eyes!--Bawd, fetch me here a Glass,
[to Elvira.

And thou shalt see the Balls of both those Eyes
Burning with fire of Lust.--
That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks so hot,
That have not I to cool it
Made an extraction ev'n of my Soul,
Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Lust!
And wou'dst thou still pursue me to my Grave?

Qu. All this to me, my Abdelazer!

Abd. I cannot ride through the Calistian Streets,

But thousand Eyes
 Throw killing looks at me;--
 And cry,--That's he that does abuse our King;--
 There goes the Minion of the Spanish Queen,
 Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,
 Spends the Revenues of the King of Spain:--
 This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd.--

Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?

Abd. I will not answer thee, nor hear thee speak.

Qu. Not hear me speak!--Yes, and in thunder too;
 Since all my passion, all my soft intreaties
 Can do no good upon thee,
 I'll see (since thou hast banish'd all thy Love,
 That Love, to which I've sacrific'd my Honour)
 If thou hast any sence of Gratitude,
 For all the mighty graces I have done thee.

Abd. Do;--and in thy Story too, do not leave out
 How dear those mighty graces I have purchas'd!
 My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
 Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
 Than to lie fawning at a Womans Feet,
 And pass my hours in idleness and Love.--
 If I cou'd blush, I shou'd through all this Cloud
 Send forth my sence of shame into my Cheeks.

Qu. Ingrate!

Have I for this abus'd the best of Men?

My noble Husband!

Depriving him of all the joys of Love,

To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;

Neglected all my Vows, and sworn 'em here a-new,

Here, on thy Lips;--

Exhausted Treasures that wou'd purchase Crowns,

To buy thy Smiles,--to buy a gentle look;

And when thou didst repay me,--blest the Giver!--

Oh Abdelazer, more than this I've done.--

This very hour, the last the King can live,

Urg'd by the Witchcraft I his Life betray'd:

And is it thus--my Bounties are repaid?

What e'er a Crime so great deserves from Heav'n,

By Abdelazer might have been forgiv'n.--

[Weeps.

But I will be reveng'd by Patience,

And e're the King dies, own my black Offence.--

And yet that's not enough--Elvira--

[Pawses.

Cry murder, murder, help, help.---: [She and her Woman

Elv. Help, murder, murder.-- cry aloud, he is sur-

Abd. Hell, what's this!--peace Bawd, priz'd, the Queen

--'sdeath, falls, he draws a

They'l raise the Court upon me, and Dagger at Elvira.

then I'm lost.--

My Queen,--my Goddess,--Oh raise your lovely Eyes,

I have dissembled coldness all this while;

And that deceit was but to try thy Faith.-- [Takes her up,

Look up--by Heav'n 'twas Jealousie,-- [sets her in
 Pardon your Slave,--pardon your poor Adorer. a Chair,

Qu. Thou didst upbraid me with my shameful Passion. then

Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its profanation. kneels.

Qu. And when I woo'd thee, but to smile upon me,
 Thou cryd'st,--Away, I'm dull, unfit for dalliance.

Abd. Call back the frightened Blood into thy Cheeks,
 And I'll obey the dictates of my Love,
 And smile, and kiss, and dwell for ever here.--

Enter Osmin Hastily.

How now!--why star'st thou so--

Osm. My Lord,--the King is dead.

Abd. The King dead!--'twas time then to dissemble. [Aside.

What means this rudeness?-- [One knocks.

Enter Zarrack.

Zar. My Lord,--the Cardinal enquiring for the Queen,
 The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.

Abd. Not find the Queen! and wou'd they search her here!

Qu. What shall I do? I must not here be found.

Abd. Oh, do not fear,--no Cardinal enters here;
 No King,--no God, that means to be secure.--
 Slaves, guard the Doors, and suffer none to enter,

Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your security:--

You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,

Into the which the busie Sun ne'er entred,

But all is dark, as are the shades of Hell;

Through which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,

Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam--

They knock agen;--thither, my lovely Mistress, [Knock.

Suffer your self to be conducted.--

Osmin, attend the Queen,--descend in haste, [Qu. Osm. and Elv.

My Lodgings are beset. Descend the Vault.

Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer,

Don Ordonio, Sir, to seek the Queen.

Abd. How dare they seek here here?

Zar. My Lord, the King has swounded twice,

And being recover'd, calls for her Majesty.

Abd. The King not dead!--go Zarrack, and aloud

Tell Don Ordonio and the Cardinal,

He that dares enter here to seek the Queen, [Puts his hand

Had better snatch the She from the fierce side to his Sword.

Of a young Amorous Lion, and 'twere safer.--

Again, more knocking!-- [Knocking.

Zar. My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, Don Alonzo.

Abd. I will not have him enter,--I am disorder'd.--

Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?

Abd. My Lord?

Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?

Abd. The Queen with me!

Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,
 You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:
 The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
 A Slave of Barbary! for so
 Your gay young Courtiers christen me:--but Don,
 Although my Skin be black, within my Veins
 Runs Blood as red, and Royal as the best.--
 My Father, Great Abdela, with his Life
 Lost too his Crown; both most unjustly ravish'd
 By Tyrant Philip; your old King I mean.
 How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd,
 Ere he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
 Methinks I see him cover'd o'er with Blood,
 Fainting amidst those numbers he had conquer'd;
 I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
 Though not revenge, or to defie my Fetters;
 For then began my Slavery: And e'er since
 Have seen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
 Which crown'd the sacred Temples of my Father,
 And shou'd adorn mine now;--shou'd!nay, and must;--
 Go tell him what I say,--'twill be but death:--
 Go, Sir,--the Queen's not here.--

Alon. Do not mistake me, Sir;--or if I wou'd,
 I've no old King to tell,--the King is dead;--
 And I am answer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
 And so good night.--

[Exit.

Abd. Now all that's brave and Villain seize my Soul,
 Reform each faculty that is not ill,
 And make it fit for Vengeance; noble Vengeance!
 Oh Glorious word! fit only for the Gods,
 For which they form'd their Thunder,
 Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
 Swayed Destiny as well as they,
 And took their trade of killing.--
 And thou, almighty Love!
 Dance in a thousand forms about my Person,
 That this same Queen, this easie Spanish Dame
 May be bewitch'd and dote upon me still:
 Whilst I make use of the insatiate flame
 To set all Spain on fire.--
 Mischief, erect thy Throne,
 And sit on high; here, here upon my Head;
 Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defie,
 The influence of this--must raise my glory high.

[Points to his

Sword.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Fernando weeping, Ordonio bearing the Crown, followed
 by Alonzo leading Leonora weeping; Florella, Roderigo,
 Mendozo, met by the Queen weeping; Elvira, and Women.

Qu. What doleful cry was that, which like the Voice
 of angry Heav'n struck through my trembling Soul!
 Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death;
 Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
 Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
 Sending up Prayers in Sighs t'implore from Heav'n
 Health for the Royal Majesty of Spain,--
 All cry'd, the Majesty of Spain is dead.
 Whilst the sad sound flew through the echoing Air,
 And reach'd my frightened Soul.--Inform my fears,
 Oh my Fernando, oh my gentle Son.-- [Weeps.]

King. Madam, read here the truth, if looks can shew
 That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:
 The common Fate, in ev'ry Face appears;
 A King's great loss, the public Grief declares,
 But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears. [Card. leads
in the Qu. attended.]

Leon. Ah, Sir!
 If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y've lost
 To all the greatness that a King can boast;
 What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
 Who've lost at once a King and Father too?

King. My Leonora, cannot think my Grief
 Can from those empty Glories find relief;
 Nature within my Soul has equal share,
 And that the Love surmount my glory there.
 Had Heav'n continu'd Royal Philip's Life,
 And giv'n me bright Florella for a Wife, [Bows to Flor.
 To Crowns and Scepters I had made no claim,
 But ow'd my Blessings only to my flame.
 But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away, [to Flor.
 I had no bus'ness for another Joy.-- [weeps.
 The King, Alonzo, with his dying breath, turns to Alon.
 To you my beauteous Sister did bequeath; and Leon.
 And I his generosity approve,
 And think you worthy Leonora's Love.

[Enter Card. and Qu. weeping.]

Alon. Too gloriously my Services are paid,
 In the possession of this Royal Maid,
 To whom my guilty Heart durst ne'er aspire,
 But rather chose to languish in its fire.

Enter Philip in a Rage, Antonio and Sebastian.

Phil. I know he is not dead; what envious Powers
 Durst snatch him hence? he was all great and good,
 As fit to be ador'd as they above.
 Where is the Body of my Royal Father?

That Body which inspir'd by's sacred Soul,
 Aw'd all the Universe with ev'ry Frown,
 And taught 'em all obedience with his Smiles.
 Why stand you thus distracted?--Mother--Brother--
 My Lords--Prince Cardinal--
 Has Sorrow struck you dumb?
 Is this my welcome from the Toils of War?
 When in his Bosom I shou'd find repose,
 To meet it cold and pale!--Oh guide me to him,
 And with my Sighs I'll breath new Life into't.

King. There's all that's left of Royal Philip now, [Phil.
 Pay all thy sorrow there;--whilst mine alone goes out.
 Are swoln too high t' admit of lookers on.

[Exit King Weeping.

Philip returns weeping.

Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity:
 And Yet methought it did inform his Body
 That I, his darling Philip, was arriv'd
 With Conquest on my Sword; and even in death
 Sent me his Joy in Smiles.

Qu. If Souls can after death have any sense
 Of humane things, his will be proud to know
 That Philip is a Conqueror.-- [Enter Abdelazer.
 But do not drown thy Lawrels thus in Tears,
 Such tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.

Phil. Gods! this shou'd be my Mother.--

Aen. It is, Great Sir, the Queen.

Phil. Oh she's too foul for one or t'other title.

Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me?

Phil. When you were just, I did,--

And with a reverence, such as we pay Heav'n,

I paid my awful Duty;--

But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,

For such a Sin the basest of your Slaves

Wou'd blush to call you Mother.

Qu. What means my Son?

Phil. Son! by Heav'n I scorn the Title.

Qu. Oh insolence!--out of my sight, rude Boy.

Phil. We must not part so, Madam;

I first must let you know your Sin and Shame:--

Nay, hear me calmly,--for by Heav'n you shall.--

My Father whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong Arm

With numerous Battels 'gainst the Enemy,

Wasting his Brains in warlike Stratagems,

To bring confusion on the faithless Moors,

Whilst you, lull'd in soft Peace at home,--betray'd

His name to everlasting Infamy;

Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Lust,

Gave up your Self, your Honour, and your Vows,

To wanton in yon sooty Leacher's Arms.

[Points to Abd.

Abd. Me, dost thou mean!

Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,

'Tis thee I mean.

Qu. Oh most unnatural, to dishonour me!

Phil. That Dog you mean, that has dishonour'd you,
Dishonour'd me, these Lords, nay, and all Spain;
This Devil's he, that--

Abd. That--what--Oh pardon me if I throw off
All ties of Duty:--wert thou ten King's Sons,
And I as many Souls as I have Sins,
Thus--I wou'd hazard all--

[Draws, they all

Phil. Stand off,--or I'll make way upon thy
Bosome.--

run between.

10

Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring?--

Phil. From injur'd Philip's death,
Who, whilst he liv'd, unjustly cherisht thee,
And set thee up beyond the reach of Fate;
Blind with the brutal Valour, deaf with thy Flatteries,
Discover'd not the Treasons thou didst act,
Nor none durst let him know 'em;--but did live,
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.

Abd. You durst as well been damn'd.--

Phil. Hell seize me if I want revenge for this,--
Not dare!

20

Arise thou injur'd Ghost of my dead King,
And through thy dreadful paleness dart a horror,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.

Abd. Oh insupportable! dost hear me Boy?

Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided?

[To the Lords.

Phil. Dare ye detain me, whilst the Traytor braves me?

Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble heat,
That shou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.

Abd. You politick Cheat.--

Men. Abdelazer,--

By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of Spain,
By warrant from a Council of the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatness,
Those Offices and Trusts you hold in Spain.

Abd. Cardinal,--who lent thee this Commission?
Grandees of Spain,--do you consent to this?

All. We do.--

Alon. What reason for it? let his Faith be try'd.

Men. It needs no tryal, the proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his veil for Treason.

Alon. Why should you question his Religion, Sir?
He does profess Christianity.

Men. Yes, witness his Habit, which he still retains
In scorn to ours.--
His Principles too are as unalterable.

Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring?--
I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown
Covers a Soul more sanctifi'd
Than this Moorish Robe.

Phil. Damn his Religion,--he has a thousand Crimes
That will yet better justifie your Sentence.

Men. Come not within the Court, for if you do,
Worse mischief shall ensue;--you have your Sentence.

[Ex.Phil. & Men.

Alon. My Brother Banish'd! 'tis very sudden;
For thy sake, Sister, this must be recall'd. [to Flor.

Qu. Alonzo, joyn with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this insulting Cardinal.

[Exeunt all, except

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Abd. Banish'd! if I digest this Gall,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
Which I have purchas'd with so many Wounds,
And all for Spain; for Spain! ingrateful Spain!--
Oh my Florella, all my Glory's vanish'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him!) wou'd have me banish'd.

Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

Abd. Tamely!--ha, ha, ha,--yes, by all means;
A very honest and Religious Cardinal!

Flor. I wou'd not for the World you shou'd be banish'd.

Abd. Not Spain, you mean;--for then she leaves the King.

[Aside.

What if I be?--Fools! not to know--all parts oth' World
Allow enough for Villany,--for I'll be brave no more.--

It is a Crime,--and then I can live any where.--
 But say I go from hence;--I leave behind me
 A cardinal that will laugh;--I leave behind me
 A Philip that will clap his Hands in sport:--
 But the worst wound is this,--I leave my Wrongs,
 Dishonours, and my Discontents, all unreveng'd.--
 Leave me, Florella,--prithee do not weep;
 I love thee, love thee wonderously;--go, leave me,--
 I am not now at leisure to be fond;--
 Go to your Chamber, go.

Flor. No, to the King I'll fly,
 And beg him to revenge thy Infamy.

[Exit Flor.

To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have the banish'd Spain;
 I've left the Queen in angry contradiction,
 But yet I fear the Cardinal's reasoning.

Abd. This Prince's hate proceeds from Love,
 He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my power, [Aside.

Alon. Come, rouze thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,
 And arm thy Justice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Justice with a brave Revenge. [Sullenly.

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once
 Proud to attend thy Conqu'ring Chariot Wheels?

Abd. I care not;--I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,

Since my lov'd Sister did become your Wife;
And if yours suffer, mine too is unsafe.

Abd. I cannot help it.--

Alon. What Ice has chil'd thy Blood?

This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true; but now the World is chang'd you see;
Thou art too brave to know what I resolve:-- [Aside.

No more,--here comes the King with my Florella.

He loves her, and she swears to me she's chaste;

'Tis well, if true;--well to, if it be false:

I care not, 'tis Revenge--

That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure too. [Aside.

[Alon. and Abd. stand aside.

Enter King, Lords, Guard passing over the Stage, Florella in a
suppliant posture weeping.

King. Thou woo'st me to reverse thy Husbands doom,
And I woove thee, for mercy on my self;
Why shou'dst thou sue to him for life and liberty
For any other, who himself lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little pity.

Flor. Oh mighty King! in whose sole Power, like Heav'n,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redress my Abdelazer's Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain!
Mistaken charming Creature, if my power

Be such, who kneel and bow to thee,
 What must thine be,
 Who hast the Sovereign command o'er me and it!
 Wou'dst thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
 Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
 And he will surely live, and live for ever.
 Canst thou do this, and com'st to beg of me?

Flor. Alas, Sir, what I beg 's what you alone can give,
 My Abdelazer's Pardon.

King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to thee offend?
 Thou art so sacred and so innocent,
 That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
 Must change even Vice to Vertue.

Oh my Florella!
 So perfectly thou dost possess my Soul,
 That ev'ry wish of thine shall be obey'd:
 Say, wou'dst thou have thy Husband share my Crown?
 Do but submit to love me, and I yield it.

Flor. Such love as humble Subjects owe their King, [Kneels,
 And such as I dare pay, I offer here. he takes her up.

King. I must confess it is a price too glorious:
 But my Florella.--

Abd. I'll interrupt your amouous discourse. [Aside.

Abd. comes up to them.

Flor. Sir,--Abdelazer's here.--

King. His presence never was less welcome to me;-- [Aside.

But Madam, durst the Cardinal use this Insolence?

Where is your Noble Husband?

Abd. He sees me, yet enquires for me. [Aside.

Flor. Sir, my Lord is here.--

King. Abdelazer, I have heard with much surprize
O'th injuries y've receiv'd, and mean to right you:
My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
I think you worthy of that Honour still.

Abd. True,--for my Wifes sake.-- [Aside.

King. When my Coronation is solemnized,
Be present there, and re-assume your wonted state and place;
And see how I will check the insolent Cardinal.

Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign-- [Kneels and kisses
That he loves my Wife so well.-- [Aside. the Kin'gs Hand.

[Exeunt.

Manent Abdelazer, Florella

Flor. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant part?

Abd. Oh wonderfully! y've learnt the art to move;
Go, leave me.--

Flor. Still out of humour, thoughtful, and displeas'd!
And why at me, my Abdelazer, what have I done?

Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amiss you are so beautiful,
So very fair!--Go, get you in, I say.-- [Turns her in ruffly.

She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
 Teaching it lazie softness from her Looks.--
 But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,
 And blows it thus,--to Air.--Idol Ambition,
Florella must to thee a Victim fall:
 Revenge,--to thee--a Cardinal and Prince:
 And to my Love and Jealousie, a King.--
 More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,
 None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act;
 That fawning servile crew shall follow next,
 Who with the Cardinal cry'd banish Abdelazer:
 Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,
 And to the Shades thou shalt descend in state.

[Exit.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter the King crown'd, Philip, Mendoza, Queen, Leonora,
 Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebastian,
 Antonio, Officers and Guards; met by Abdelazer, follow'd
by Osmin, Zarrack, and Moors attending. He comes in with
Pride, staring on Philip and Mendoza, and takes his stand
next the King.

Phil. Why stares the Devil thus, as if he meant
 From his infectious Eyes to scatter Plagues,
 And poison all the World; was he not banish'd?--
 How dares the Traytor venture into th' Presence?--
 Guards, spurn the Villain forth.

Abd. Who spurns the Moor
 Were better set his Foot upon the Devil:--
 Do, spurn me, and this Hand thus justly arm'd,
 Shall, like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
 Divide his Body from his Soul;--stand back!-- [To the Guards.
 Spurn Abdelazer!--

Phil. Death, shall we hear this Insolence!

Alon. Great Sir, I think his Sentence was unjust.

[To the King.

Men. Sir, you're too partial to be Judge in this,
 And shall not give your Voice.

Abd. Proud Cardinal,--but he shall,--and give it loud,
 And who shall hinder him?--

Phil. This,--and cut his Wind pipe too, [Offers to draw.
 To spoil his whisp'ring. [Abd. offers to draw;

King. What means this Violence? his Attend. do the same.
 Forbear to draw your Swords,--'tis we command.

Abd. Sir, do me Justice, I demand no more,

[Kneels, and offers his Sword.

And at your feet we lay our Weapons down.

Men. Sir, Abdelazer has had Justice done,

And stands by me banish'd the Court of Spain.

King. How, Prince Cardinal!

From whence do you derive Authority,
To banish him the Court without our leave?

Men. Sir, from my Care unto your Royal Person,
As I'm your Governor;--then for the Kingdoms Safety.

King. Because I was a Boy, must I be stil so?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And I am of an Age to Rule alone;
And from henceforth, discharge you--of your Care.
We know your near relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you must fill the Throne,
Till when, Sir, I am absolute Monarch here,--
And you must learn Obedience.

Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope
You will approve, and not recal his Banishment.

King. Sir, but I will; and who dares contradict it, is a
Traytor.

Phil. I dare the first, yet do defie the last.

King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.

Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to Rome.

Phil. By Heav'n I'll to the Camp;--Brother, farewell,
When next I meet thee, it shall be in Arms;
If thou canst get loose from thy Mistress Chains,
Where thou li'st drown'd in idle wanton Love.

Abd. Hah!--his Mistress!--who is't Prince Philip means?

Phil. Thy Wife! thy Wife! proud Moor, whom thou'rt content
To sell (for Honour) to eternal Infamy.--

Does't make thee snarle?--bite on, whilst thou shalt see,
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.

[Going out, turns and draws.

Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already;--turn, proud Boy.

[Abd. draws.

King. What mean you, Philip?-- [Talks to him aside.

Qu. Cease! cease your most impolitick Rage!-- [to Abd.

Is this a time to shew't?--Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempest.

King. How, dare you disobey my Will and Pleasure? [to Abd.

Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great Jove, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n I could not hold my just Resentment.

Qu. 'Twas in his Passion, noble Abdelazer:-- [King talking
Imprudently thou dost disarm thy Rage, to Phil. aside.

And giv'st the Foe a warning, e'er thou strik'st;
When with thy Smiles thou might'st securely kill.
You know the Passion that the Cardinal bears me:
His Power too o'er Philip, which well manag'd
Will serve to ruine both; put up your Sword,
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.

Abd. You shame me, and command me.

Qu. Why all this Rage?--does it become you, Sir? [to Men.
What is't you mean to do? aside.

Men. You need not care, whilst Abdelazer's safe.

Qu. Jealousie upon my life;--how gay it looks.

Men. Madam, you want that pitying regard
To value what I do, or what I am;
I'll therefore lay my Cardinals Hat aside,
And in bright Arms, demand my Honour back.

Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me proofs of Love?
Have then my Eyes lost all their wonted power?
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge?--go,--go to fight,
Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthless Honour lost.

Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do?

Qu. Not side with Philip, as you hope my Grace.--
Now, Sir, you know my Pleasure, think on't well.

Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And use it too tyrannically; but dispose
The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,
Lies at your Mercy;--
I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.

King. Philip, upon your Life,
Upon your strict Allegiance, I conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.

Phil. Never Sir,

King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Prisoner;
But you're my Brother:--yet remember too
I am your King.--No more.

Phil. I will obey.

King. Abdelazer,

I beg you will forget your cause of hate
 Against my Brother Philip, and the Cardinal;
 He's young, and rash, but will be better temper'd.

Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your Royal Pardon.

King. Come Philip, give him your Hand.

Phil. I can forgive without a Ceremony.

King. And to confirm ye Friends,
 I invite you all to Night to Banquet with me,
 Pray see you give Attendance:--Come Brother,
 You must along with us.

[Exeunt all but Abd. Queen and Women.

Qu. Leave me.--

[To the Women, who Ex.

Now my dear Moor.--

Abd. Madam.--

Qu. Why dost thou answer with that cold Reserve?--

Is that a look,--an action for a Lover?

Abd. Ah, Madam.--

Qu. Have I not taken off thy Banishment?

Restor'd thee to thy former state and honours?

Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy hopes;

And still to raise thee equal to this Heart,

Where thou must ever Reign.

Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Mistress, all this you've done,
 But--

Qu. But what, my Abdelazer.

Abd. I will not call it to your memory.

Abd. I will not call it to your memory.

Qu. What canst thou mean?

Abd. Why was the King remov'd?

Qu. To make thy way more easie to my Arms.

Abd. Was that all?

Qu. All!--

Abd. Not but it is a blessing Gods would languish for;--

But as you've made it free, so make it just.

Qu. Thou meanst, and marry thee.

Abd. No, by the Gods!--

[Aside.

Not marry me, unless I were a King.

Qu. What signifies the Name, to him that Rules one?

Abd. What use has he of life, that cannot live

Without a Rule?

Qu. Thou wouldst not have me kill him.

Abd. Oh by no means, not for my wretched life!

What, kill a King!--forbid it Heav'n!

Angels stand like his Guards about his Person.

The King!

Not for so many Worlds as there be Stars

Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament!

The King!

He loves my Wife Florella, shou'd he die--

I know none else durst love her.

Qu. And that's the reason you wou'd send him hence.

Abd. I must confess, I would not bear a wrong,

But do not take me for a Villain, Madam;
He is my King, and may do what he pleases.

Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.

Abd. Again that frown, it renders thee more charming,
Than any other Dress thou cou'dst put on.

Qu. Away, you do not love me.

Abd. Now maist thou hate me, if this be not pretty.

Qu. Oh you can flatter finely.--

Abd. Not I, by Heav'n!

Oh that this Head were circled in a Crown,
And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth!
And that I was, till by thy Husband's power
I was devested in my infancy.--
Then you shou'd see, I do not flatter ye.
But I, instead of that, must see my Crown
Bandi'd from Head to Head, and tamely see it;
And in this wretched state I live, 'tis true;
But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might guess.

Qu. We need no Crowns; Love best contented is
in Shady Groves, and humble Cottages,
Where when 'twou'd sport, it safely may retreat,
Free from the noise and danger of the Great;
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,
But what their Nymphs bestow on Holy-days;
Nor Envy, can the amorous Shepherd move,
Unless against a Rival in his love.

Abd. Love and Ambition, are the same to me,
In either, I'll no Rivals brook.

Qu. Nor I;
And when the King you urge me to remove,
I may be from Ambition, not from Love.

Abd. Those scruples did not in your Bosom dwell,
When you a King did in a Husband kill.

Qu. How, Sir! dare you upbraid me with that Sin,
To which your Perjuries first drew me in?

Abd. You interrupt my sense, I only meant
A sacrifice, to Love, so well begun,
Shou'd not Devotion want to finish it;
And if that stop to all our Joys were gone,
The envying World wou'd to our Power submit:
But Kings are Sacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes must judge, and punish too, or none.--
Yet he alone destroys our Happiness.

Qu. There's yet one more.--

Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,
To bind him ever fast.

Qu. Florella.

Abd. Florella! Oh I could graw my Chains,
That humble me so low as to adore her:
But the fond Blaze must out,--whilst I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition.

[Aside.

--Florella dies,--a Victim to your will.
 I will not let you lose one single wish,
 For a poor life, or two;
 Though I must see my Glories made a prey,
 And not demand 'em from the Ravisher;
 Nor yet complain,--because he is my King!
 But Philip's Brow, no sacred Ointment deifies,
 If he do wrong, stands fair for the Revenger.

Qu. Philip! instruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate;
 The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,
 I will revenge with nothing less than Death.

Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Resentments,
 For I have vow'd he shall not live a day;
 He has an art to pry into our Secrets:
 To all besides, our Love is either hid,
 Or else they dare not see;--but this Prince
 Has a most dangerous Spirit must be calm'd.

Qu. I have resolv'd his death,
 And now have waiting in my Cabinet,
 Engines to carry on this mighty work of my Revenge.

Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd;
 You, like the Gods! need only but command,
 And I will execute your sacred will.--
 That done, there's none dare whisper what we do.

Qu. Nature be gone, I chase thee from my Soul,
 Who Love's Almighty Empire does controul;

And she that will to thy dull Laws submit,
 In spite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
 No rigid Vertue shall my Soul possess,
 Let Gown-men preach against the wickedness;
 Pleasures were made by Gods! and meant for us,
 And not t' enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.

Abd. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex!
 Like thy great self 'twas spoke, resolv'd and brave!--
 I must attend the King;--where I will watch
 All Philip's Motions.--

Qu. And--after that--if you will beg admittance,
 I'll give you leave to visit me to night.

Abd. Madam, that Blessing now must be deferr'd;

[Leads her to
the Door.

My wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
 And bring forth Vengeance, with the Mornings light.

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Osm. My gracious Lord.--

Abd. Come near--and take a secret from my Lips;
 And he who keeps not silence, hears his death.--
 This night the Prince and Cardinal--do you mark me--
 Are murder'd!

Osm. Where, Sir?--

Abd. Here in the Court.

Osm. By whom, Great Sir?

Abd. By thee!--I know thou darst.--

Osm. Whatever you command.

Abd. Good!--then see it be perform'd.

--Osmin, how goes the Night?

Osm. About the hour of Eight,

And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir:

Prince Philip storms, and swears you're with the Queen.

Abd. Let him storm on! the Tempest with be laid;--

Where's my Wife?--

Osm. In the Presence, Sir, with the Princess and other Ladies.

Abd. She's wondrous forward!--what--the King;--

(I am not jealous tho')--but he makes Court to her;

--Hah, Osmin!

He throws out live from Eyes all languishing;--

Come tell me,--he does sigh to her;--no matter if he do:--

And fawns upon her Hand,--and--kneels;--tell me, Slave!

Osm. Sir, I saw nothing like to Love; he only treats her
Equal to her Quality,

Abd. Oh damn her Quality!

Zar. I came just now.

From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,

And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,

Having something to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.

Abd. And so it shall, by Heav'n!

Zar. But she deny'd, and he the more intreated,--

But all in vain, Sir.

Abd. Go Osmin, (you the Captain of my Guard of Moors)
 Chuse out the best affected Officers,
 To keep the Watch to Night:--
 Let every Guard be doubled;--you may be liberal too,--
 And when I give the Word, be ready all.--

Osm. What shall the Word be? [Ex. Zarrack.

Abd. Why--Treason:--mean time make it your bus'ness,
 To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet;
 Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,
 You'll find him easily to be attack'd.

Osm. Sir, do not doubt my management nor success.

[Ex. Osmin.

Abd. So, I thank thee Nature, that in making me
 Thou didst design me Villain!
 Fitting each Faculty for active Mischief:--
 Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,
 It will discover nought that's hid within.--
 Thus arm'd for Ills,
 Darkness! and Horrour! I invoke your aid;
 And thou dread Night! shade all your busie Stars
 In balckest Clouds,
 And let my Dagger's brightness only serve
 To guide me to the Mark,--and guide it so,
 It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Banquet; under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, Ladies waiting; Philip, Mendozo, Alonzo, Ordonia, Antonio, Sebastian, Lords and Attendants: As soon as the Scene draws off, they all rise, and come forward.

King. My Lords you're sad to Night; give us loud Musick,--
 I have a double Cause to mourn;
 And Grief has taken up its dwelling here,--
 Beyond the art of Love, or Wine to conquer.--
 'Tis true, my Father's dead,--and possibly
 'Tis not so decent to appear thus gay;
 But life, and death, are equal to the wretched,
 And whilst Florella frowns,--'tis in that number [to Flor.
 I must account her Slave.--Alonzo,
 How came thy Father so bewitch'd to Valour,
 (For Abdelazer has no other Vertue)
 To recompence it with so fair a Creature?
 Was this--a Treasure t' enrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Vertues, more than Courage,
 Royally born, serv'd well this King, and Country;
 My Father brought him up to Martial toils,
 And taught him to be Brave; I hope, and Good;--
 Beside, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

King. No, Alonzo, 'twas not his love to Vertue,

But nice obedience to his King, and Master,
 Who seeing my increase of Passion for her,
 To kill my hopes, he have her to this Moor.

Alon. She's now a vertuous Woman, Sir.

King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other?--
 Against her will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
 Whilst all the World was wondering at his madness.

Alon. He did it with her Approbation, sir.

King. With thine, Florella! cou'dst thou be so criminal!

Flor. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience;
 My humble Thoughts durst ne'er aspire to you,
 And next to that--Death, or the Moor, or any thing.

King. Oh God! had I then told my Tale
 So feebly, it could not gain belief!
 Oh my Florella! this little Faith of thine
 Has quite undone thy King!--Alonzo,
 Why didst not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
 She being thy only Sister?

Alon. Great Sir, I did oppose it, with what Violence
 My Duty would permit; and wou'd have di'd
 In a just Quarrel of her dear Defence:
 And Sir, though I submitted to my Father,
 The Moor, and I, stand on unequal terms.

Phil. Come, who dares drink Confusion to this Moor?

Ant. That, Sir, will I.

Sebast. And I.

Phil. Page, fill my Glass, I will begin the Round;
Ye all shall pledge it;--Alonzo, first to thee. [Drinks.]

Alon. To me, Sir!

Phil. Why yes, thou lovest him,--therefore--
Nay, you shall drink it, though 'twere o'th' Stygian Lake:
Take it,--by Heav'n thou'dst Pimp for him to my Mother,--
Nay, and after that, give him another Sister.

Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.

Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs;--come, pledge me.--

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way.-- [Drinks,

Phil. So wou'dst thou any,--though they trod on thee.
So--nay, Prince Cardinal, though it be not decent
For one so sanctifi'd to drink a Health;
Yet 'tis your Office, both to damn and bless:--
Come, drink and damn the Moor.

Men. Sir, I'm for no carousing.

Phil. I'm in an humour now to be obey'd,
And Must not be deny'd:--But see, the Moor

[Enter Abdelazer, gazes on them.]

Just come to pledge at last,--Page, fill again.--

Abd. I'll do you reason, Prince, whate'er it be.

[Gives him the Glass.]

Phil. 'Twas kindly said;--Confusion to the Moor.

Abd. Confusion to the Moor;--if this vain Boy,
See the next rising Sun.

Phil. Well done my Lad.--

King. Abdelazer, you have been missing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole concern,
But we shall shortly ease you of that load.--
Come, let's have some Musick;

Ordonio, did I not call for Musick?

Ord. You did, Sir.

Abd. Roderigo.--

Rod. My gracious Lord.-- [Roderigo whispers to Abd.]

Abd. No more,--the Prince observes us.

Phil. There's no good towards when you are whispering.

Ord. The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

S O N G.

Nymph. MAke haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.
Make haste, Amintas, to this Grove,
Beneath whose shade so oft I've sat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea lov'd;
Whilst all the listening Birds around,
Sung to the Musick of the blessed sound.
Make haste Amintas, come away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Pipes;

I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here;
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd:
And I the little wanderer have brought,
That with one angry look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou maist the little Fugitive chastise;
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, haste away,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's day.

Dance

King. How likes Florella this?

Flor. Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,
 I've lost the taste of every single Joy.

Abd. Gods! this is fine! give me your Art of Flattery,
 Or something more of this, will ruine me.--

Though I've resolv'd her death, yet whilst she's mine,
 I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

Phil. Mark how he snarles upon the King!
 The Cur will bite anon.

Abd. Come, my Florella, is't not Bed-time, Love?

Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir.

[Going out.]

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

Abd. What has he ta'en away? [Turns about.

Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.

Abd. Was this your sport? [To his Wife.

King. Abdelazer, keep your way:--Good night, fair Creature.

Abd. I will obey, for once. [Exit Abd. and Flor.

King. Why this Resentment, Brother, and in publick?

Phil. Because he gives me cause, and that in publick.

And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Insolence;

I saw him dart Revenge, from both his Eyes,

And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,

To keep his Jealousie from breaking forth;

Which when it does, stand fast my King.

King. But, Philip, we will find a way to check him;

Till when we must dissemble;--take my counsel,--Good night.

Phil. I cannot, nor I will not;--yet good night.

[Exit King,

Well Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,

and all but

And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor;

Phil. Party.

But I'll be active, Boys.--

Therefore Antonio, you Command the Horse;

Get what more numbers to our Cause you can:

'Tis a good Cause, and will advance our Credit.

We will awake this King, out of his Lethargy of Love,

And make him absolute:--Go to your Charge,

And early in the Morning I'll be with you.--

[Ex. all but Phil.]

If all fail, Portugal shall be my Refuge,
 Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall Protect me.--
 But this Alonzo, I shou'd make an Interest in;
 Cou'd I but flatter,--'tis a Youth that's Brave.

Enter Cardinal in haste.

Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.

Phil. Betray'd and lost! Dreams, idle Coward, dreams.

Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,
 And you must either quickly fly, or die;
 'Tis so ordain'd:--nor have I time to tell
 By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.

Phil. Nor care I, I will stay, and brave it.

Men. That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,
 And 'tis the Army only can secure us.

Phil. Where had you this Intelligence?

Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment;
 Where we must put our selves in Holy dress;
 For so the Guards are set in every place,
 (And those all Moors, the Slaves of Abdelazer)
 That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to escape.
 Come, haste with me, and let us put 'em on.

Phil. I'd rather stay and kill, till I am weary--

Let's to the Queens Apartment, and seize this Moor;
I am sure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.

Men. Sir, we lose time in talking,--come with me.

Phil. Where be these Lowsie Gaberdines?

Men. I will conduct you to 'em.

Phil. Mother,--and Moor, Farwell,
I'll visit you again, and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you.

[Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Abdelazer and Zarrack.

Zar. OSmin (my Lord) by this has done his task,
And Philip is no more among the living.--
Will you not rest to Night?

Abd. Is this a time for sleep and idleness?--dull Slaves--

Zar. The Bus'ness we have order, Sir, to do,
We can without your aid.

Enter Osmin.

Abd. Osmin!

Thy ominous Looks presage an ill success;

Thy Eyes no joyful news of Murders tell:

I thought I should have seen thee drest in Blood;--

Speak! Speak thy News!--

Say that he lives, and let it be thy last.--

Osm. Yes, Sir, he lives.--

Abd. Lives! thou ly'st, base Coward,--lives!--renounce thy
Gods!

It were a Sin less dangerous!--speak again.

Osm. Sir, Philip lives.

Abd. Oh treacherous Slave!

Osm. Not by my fault, by Heav'n!

Abd. By what curst chance,

If not from thee, could he evade his Fate?

Osm. By some Intelligence from his good Angel.

Abd. From his good Devil!

Gods! must the Earth another day at once

Bear him and me alive!

Osm. Another day!--an Age for ought I know;

For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.

Abd. Fled! fled!--saist thou?

Oh I cou'd curse the Stars, that rule this Night:

'Tis to the Camp they're fled; the only refuge

That Gods, or Men wou'd give 'em.--

Where got you this Intelligence?

Osm. My Lord, enquiring for the Prince

At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)

His Pages answer'd me, he was at his Devotions:

A lucky time (I thought) to do the deed;

And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,
 And a poor sleepy Groom, who with much threatening,
 Confess'd that they were fled, in Holy Robes.

Abd. That case of Sanctity was first ordain'd,
 To cheat the honest World:
 'Twas an unlucky chance;--but we are idle.--
 Let's see, how from this ill, we may advance a good:--

[Pawses.

'Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
 Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darkness;--
 I'll righ through all the Court, with doleful sound,
 The sad alarms of Murder,--Murder.--Zarrack,
 Take up thy standing younder;--Osmin, thou
 At the Queens Apartment;--cry out, Murder!
 Whilst I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King.
 Perhaps in this disorder I may kill him.
 --Treason--Murder--Murder--Treason.

[Aside.

Enter Alonzo, and Courtiers.

Alon. What dismal crys are these?--

Abd. Where is the King?--Treason!--Murder!--
 Where is the sleeping Queen?--arise!--arise!

Osm. The Devil taught him all his arts of falsehood.

[Aside.

Enter King in a Night-Gown, with Lights.

King. Who frights our quiet slumbers with this noise?

Enter Queen and Women, with Lights.

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the sound
Of Treason, call me from my silent Griefs?

King. Who rais'd this Rumour, Abdelazer, you?

Abd. I did, Great, Sir,

King. Your Reasons.

Abd. Oh, Sir, your Brother Philip, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a sense of wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot, this Night, to murder you;
And 'cause they knew it was my waiting Night,
They would have laid the Treason, Sir, on me.

King. The Cardinal, and My Brother! bring them forth,
Their lives shall answer it.

Abd. Sir, 'tis impossible;
For when they found their Villany discover'd,
They in two Friers Habits made escape.

King. That Cardinal is subtle, as ambitious,
And from him Philip learnt his dangerous Principles.

Qu. The Ambition of the one, infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live.--
But might a Mothers counsel be obey'd,
I wou'd advise you, send the valiant Moor

To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp:
 For thither they are fled,--where they will find
 A welcome fatal to us all.

King. Madam, you counsel well; and Abdelazer,
 Make it your care to fetch these Traytors back,
 Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
 But for they are your Enemies; and th' envious World
 Will say, you made this Story to undo 'em.

Abd. Sir, I'll obey; nor will I know repose,

[Abd. goes to the Queen,
and talks to her.]

Till I have justifi'd this fatal truth.

King. Mean time I will to my Florella's Lodging,
 Silence, and Night, are the best Advocates [Aside.
 To plead a Lover's Cause.--Abdelazer,--haste.
 Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.

Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.

King. Madam, good night;--Alonzo, to your rest.

[Ex. all but Qu. and Abd.]

Qu. Philip escap'd!

Oh that I were upon some Desart shoar,
 Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
 Breath out my sense of Rage for this Defeat.

Abd. Oh 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.

Qu. Give me but any hopes of blest Revenge,
 And I will be as calm, as happy Lovers.

Abd. There is a way! and is but--that alone;
But such a way, as never must be nam'd.

Qu. How! not be nam'd! Oh swear thou hat'st me rather,
It were a torment equal to thy silence.

Abd. I'll shew my Passion rather in that silence.

Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'st thou?

Abd. To shew you, Madam, I had rather live
Wrong'd and contemn'd by Philip,
Than have your dearer Name made Infamous.

Qu. Heav'ns! dost thou mock my Rage! can any Sin
I could commit, undo my Honour more
Than his late Insolence!

Oh name me something may revenge that shame!
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it:--Come, oh quickly give me ease.

Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.

Qu. How little I am understood by thee:--
Come, tell me instantly, for I grow impatient;
You shall obey me,--nay, I do command you.

Abd. Durst you proclaim--Philip a Bastard, Madam.

Qu. Hah! proclaim my self--what he wou'd have me thought!
What mean'st thou?--

Abd. Instruct you in the way to your Revenge.

Qu. Upon my self, thou mean'st.--

Abd. No;--

He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortified
Beyond our power to hurt, but by this means;

Which takes away his hopes of being a King,
 (For he'd no other aim in taking Arms)
 And leaves him open to the Peoples scorn;
 Whom own'd as King, numbers would assist him,
 And then our Lives he may dispose,
 As he has done our Honours.

Qu. There's reason in thy words, but oh my Fame!

Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
 Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
 To save that too, which I'll at leisure tell you.
 In the mean time, send for your Consellor,
 And with a borrow'd Penitence confess,
 Their Idol Philip is a Bastard;
 And zealously pretend to cozen Fools withal.

Qu. Revenge, although I court thee with my fatal ruine,
 I must enjoy thee! there's no other way,
 And I'm resolv'd upon the mighty Pleasure;
 He has prophan'd my purer flame for thee,
 And merits to partake the Infamy.-- [He leads her out.]

Abd. Now have at my young King:--
 I know he means to Cuckold me to Night,
 Whilst he believes, I'll tamely step aside;--
 No, let Philip and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
 I will not hinder 'em:--
 I have a nobler Sacrifice to make
 To my declining Honour, shall redeem it,

And pay it back with Interest:--well, then in order to't,
 I'll watch about the Lodgings of Florella,
 And if I see this hot young Lover enter,
 I'll save my Wife the trouble of allaying
 The amorous Heat:--this--will more nimbly do't, [Snatches out
 And do it once for all.-- his Dagger.

Enter Florella in Her Night-Cloaths.

Flor. My Abdelazer,--why in that fierce posture,
 As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death?--
 Why is that Dagger out?--against whom drawn?

Abd. Or stay,--suppose I let him see Florella,
 And when he's high with the expected Bliss,
 Then take him thus:--Oh 'twere a fine surprize!

Flor. My Lord,--dear Abdelazer.--

Abd. Or say--I made her kill,--that were yet
 An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.

Flor. Will you not speak to me? what have I done?

Abd. By Heaven it shall be so.--

Flor. What shall be so?--

Abd. Hah!

Flor. Why dost thou dress thy Eyes in such unusual wonder?
 There's nothing here that is a stranger to thee;
 Or what is not intirely thine own.

Abd. Mine!

Flor. Thou canst not doubt it.

Abd. No,--and for a proof thou art so,--take this Dagger.

Flor. Alas, Sir!--what to do?

Abd. To stab a Heart, Florella, a Heart that loves thee.--

Flor. Heaven forbid!

Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I say it must.--

Flor. What must?--

Abd. That Dagger must enter the Heart of him
That loves thee best, Florella;--guess the Man.

Flor. What means my Moor?--

Wouldst thou have me kill thy self?

Abd. To have you kill this King,

When next he does pursue thee with his love;--

What, do you weep?--

By Heav'n they shall be bloody Tears then.--

Flor. I shall deserve them,--when I suffer Love
That is not fit to hear;--but for the King,
That which he pays me, is so innocent.--

Abd. So innocent!--damn thy dissembling Tongue;
Did I not see, with what fierce wishing Eyes
He gaz'd upon thy Face, whilst yours as wantonly
Return'd, and understood the amorous Language.

Flor. Admit it true, that such his Passions were,
As (Heaven's my witness) I've no cause to fear;
Have not I Vertue to resist his flame,
Without a pointed Steel?

Abd. Your Vertue!--Curse on the weak defence;
Your Vertue's equal to his Innocence.--
Here,--take this Dagger, and if this Night he visit thee,
When he least thinks on't,--send it to his Heart.

Flor. If you suspect me, do not leave me, Sir.

Abd. Oh--I'm dispatch'd away,--to leave you free,--
About a wonderful Affair:--mean time,
I know you will be visited;--but as you wish to live,
At my return, let me behold him dead.--
Be sure you d't.--'tis for thy Honours safety.--
I love thee so, that I can take no rest,
Till thou hast kill'd thy Image in his Breast.
--Adieu, my dear Florella.--

[Exit.

Flor. Murder my King!--the Man that loves me too!--
What Fiend, what Fury such an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand, wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I shou'd sooner strike it here,--than there.--

[Pointing to her Breast.

No! though of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canst command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no such cruel Vow:
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To save my King's, my life I will expose,
No Martyr dies in a more Glorious Cause.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen in an undress alone, with a Light.

Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devote and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful terrour of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,
Draw'st all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy covert grant the Love-sick King,
May find admittance to Florella's Arms;
And being there, keep back the busie Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he shall find his Wife,
Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son.--
My watchful Spies are waiting for the knowledge;
Whcih when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

Enter Elvira.

--Elvira, in thy Looks I read success;--
What hast thou learnt?

Ely. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair Florella's Lodging.

Qu. But art thou sure he gain'd Admittance?

Ely. Yes, Madam;
But what welcome he has found, to me's unknown,
But I believe it must be great, and kind.

Qu. I am of thy Opinion.--
But now, Elvira, for a well-laid Plot,
To ruine this Florella;--though she be Innocent,
Yet she must die; so hard a Destiny
My Passion for her Husband does decree:

But 'tis the way, I stop at.--

His Jealousie already I have rais'd;
That's not enough, his Honour must be touch'd:
This meeting 'twixt the King, and fair Florella,
Must then be render'd publick;

'Tis the Disgrace, not Action, must incense him:--

Go you to Don Alonzo's Lodging strait, [Exit Elvira.]

Whilst I prepare my story for his Ear.--

Assist me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furnish me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may express a Grief, for this discovery.--

My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold;

And like the noble Ravisher of Rome,

Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou hast made a Conquest O'er her Vertue.

Enter Alonzo, Elvira.

--Oh Alonzo, I have strange News to tell thee!

Alon. It must be strange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dress her fair Eyes in sorrow.

Qu. It is a Dress that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou shalt hear my Story.
You had a Sister once.

Alon. Had!

Qu. Yes, had,--whilst she was like thy self, all Vertue,
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled such flames,
As will undo us all.

Alon. My sister, Madam! sure it cannot be:--
What Eyes? what Flames?--inform me strait.

Qu. Alonzo, thou art honest, just, and brave,
And should I tell thee more,--
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baser Spirits will call Cruelty.

Alon. Gods, Madam! do not praise my Vertue thus,
Which is so poor, it scarce affords me patience
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver.--
Come, Madam, say my Sister--is a Whore;
I know 'tis so you mean: and being so,
Where shall I kneel for Justice?
Since he that shou'd afford it me,
Has made her Criminal.--

Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.

Qu. I grieve to own, all thy Prophetick fears
Are true, Alonzo, 'tis indeed the King.

Alon. Then I'm disarm'd,
For Heaven can only punish him.

Qu. But, Alonzo.
Whilst that Religious Patience dwells about thee,
All Spain must suffer, nay, Ages that shall ensue,
Shall curse thy Name, and Family;
From whom a Race of Bastards shall proceed,
To wear that Crown.

Alon. No, Madam, not from mine,
My Sister's in my power, her Honour's mine;
I can command her Life, though not my Kings.
Her Mother is a Saint, and shou'd she now
Look down from Heaven upon a deed so foul,
I think even there, she wou'd invent a Curse,
To thunder on her Head.--
But Madam, whence was this Intelligence?

Qu. Elvira saw the King enter her Lodgings,
With Lovers haste, and joy.

Alon. Her Lodgings!--when?

Qu. Now, not an hour ago,--
Now, since the Moor departed.

Alon. Damnation on her! can she be thus false?--
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,
And make me see this truth,

[to Elvira.]

Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abusing me.

Qu. Nay, dear Alonzo, do not go inrag'd,
 Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look;
 That if, by chance, you shou'd behold the Wantons,
 In little harmless Dalliance, such as Lovers
 (Aided with Silence, and the Shades of Night)
 May possibly commit,
 You may not do, that which you may repent of.

Alon. Gods! should I play the Pander!
 And with my Patience, aid the am'rous Sin?
 No, I shall scarce have so much tameness left,
 To mind me of my Duty to my King.
 Ye Gods! behold the Sacrifice I make
 To my lost Honour: Behold, and aid my justice [Exit Alonzo.]

Qu. It will concern me too, to see this wonder,
 For yet I searce can credit it. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. Florella's Lodgings.

Enter the King, leading in Florella all in fear.

Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,
 If by a Death less cruel than my Fears,
 You would preserve my Honour; begin it quickly,
 And after that I will retain my Duty,
 And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.

King. Where learnt you, Fairest, so much Cruelty,
To charge me with the Pow'r of injuring thee?
Nor from my Eyes, where Love and Languishment
Too sensibly inform thee of my Heart.

Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which such a Visit must create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frightful Ghosts
Of restless Souls departed walk the Round.

King. That fleeting thing am I; whom all Repose,
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal hour thou gavest thy self away;
And I was doom'd to endless desperation:
Yet whilst I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some sacred Treasures in thy Breast I hid,
And near thee still my greedy Soul will hover.

Flor. Ah rather like a Ravisher you come,
With love and fierceness in your dangerous Eyes;
And both will equally be fatal to me.

King. Ah do not fear me, as the fair Lucretia
Did the fierce Roman Youth; I mean no Rapes,
Thou canst not think that I wou'd force those Joys,
Which cease to be so, when compell'd, Florella:--
No, I wou'd sooner peirce this faithful Heart,
Whose flame appears too Criminal for your mercy.

Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your Looks
All pale; your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,

The awful horror of the dark and silent Night,
 Strikes a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,
 That does presage some fatal Accident.

King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the danger lies:--
 Wou'd you receive me with that usual Tenderness
 Which did express it self in every Smile,
 I should dismiss this Horror from my Face,
 And place again its native Calmness there;
 And all my Veins shall re-assure their heat,
 And with a new, and grateful Ardour beat.

Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
 And you advance your Fate, by staying here:--
 Fly, fly, this place of death;--if Abdelazer
 Shou'd find you here,--all the Divinity
 About your sacred Person, could not guard you.

King. Ah, my Florella, cease thy needless fear,
 And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love!
 Love! that with soft Desires may fill thy Eyes,
 And save thy Tongue the pain t'instruct my Heart,
 In the most grateful Knowledge Heav'n can give me.

Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more wretched,
 Since you, I know, wou'd still be wishing on,
 And I shou'd grant, till we were both undone.
 And, Sir, how little she were worth your care,
 Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
 For an inglorious Life,--short and despis'd--

King. Canst thou believe a flame thy Eyes have kindled,
 Can urge me to an infamous pursuit?--
 No, my Florella, I adore thy Vertue,
 And none prophane those Shrines, to whom they offer;
 --Say but thou lov'st,--and I thus low will bow,-- [Kneels.
 And sue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen;
 I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
 Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragom;
 And all those petty Kingdoms, which do bow
 Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot by sacred Vow
 All that I am, is Abdelazer's now.

King. By Heav'n it was a sacrilegious Theft!
 But I the Treasure from his Breast will tear,
 And reach his Heart, though thou art seated there.

Flor. A deed like that, my Vertue wou'd undo,
 And leave a stain upon your Glories too;
 A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Passion move;
 I own a Duty, where I cannot love.

King. Thou think'st it then no Sin to kill thy King;
 For I must die, without thy love, Florella.

Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
 Whose fatal Poison must your Life betray;
 And though a King, cannot Divine your Fate;
 Kings only differ from the Gods in that.--
 See, Sir, with this,--I am your Murderer made;

[Holds up a Dagger].

By those we love, we soonest are betray'd.

King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint it self with death?

--What wilt thou do, Florella?

Flor. Your Destiny divert,

And give my Heart those Wounds design'd for yours.

--If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.

King. Hold!--I command thee hold thy impious Hand,
My Heart dwells there, and if you strike--I die.

, Enter Queen, Alonzo, and Elvira.

Qu. Florella! arm'd against the King!-- [Snatches the Dagger
Oh traitress! and stabs her; the King rises.

King. Hold!--hold, inhumane Murdress;
What hast thou done, most barbarous of thy Sex!

[Takes Flor. in his Arms.

Qu. Destroy'd thy Murdress,--and my too fair Rival. [Aside.

King. My Murdress!--what Devil did inspire thee
With thoughts so black and sinful? cou'd this fair Saint
Be guilty of a Murder?--No, no, too cruel Mother,
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes.
She might have kill'd, and her too vertuous Cruelty.
--Oh my Florella! Sacred lovely Creature!

Flor. My death was kind, since it prevented yours!
And by that Hand, which sav'd mine from a guilt:

[Points to the Queen.

--That Dagger, I receiv'd of Abdelazer,
 To stab that Heart,--he said, that lov'd me best;
 But I design'd to overcome your Passion,
 And then to have vanquish'd Abdelazer's Jealousie:
 But finding you too faithful to be happy,
 I did resolve to die,--and have my wish.
 --Farewell--my King,--my Soul begins its flight,
 --And now--is hovering--in eternal--Night. [Dies.]

King. She's gone,--she's gone,--her sacred Soul is fled
 To that Divinity, of which it is a part;
 Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one so foul.

King. What prophane Breath was that pronounc'd her foul!
 Thy Mother's Soul, though turn'd into a Cherubin,
 Was black to hers:--Oh she was all Divine.
 --Alonso,--was it thou?--her Brother!

Alon. When she was good, I own'd that Title Sir.

King. Good!--by all the Gods she was as chaste as Vestals!
 As Saints translated to Divine abodes.
 --I offer'd her to be my Queen, Alonzo!
 To share the growing Glories of my Youth;
 But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,
 And on her Vertues guard stood thus defended. [Alon. weeps.]

--Oh my Florella! let me here lie fix'd,
 And never rise, till I am cold and pale,
 As thou fair Saint art now:--but sure

She cou'd not die;--that noble generous Heart,
 That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate
 All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,
 Might sure defend it self against those Wounds
 Given by a Womans Hand,--or rather 'twas a Devils. [Rises.]

--What dost thou merit for this Treachery?
 Thou vilest of thy Sex--
 But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,
 And therefore will not touch thee,--live to suffer
 By a more shameful way:--but here she lies,
 Whom I, though dead, must still adore as living.

Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay;
 When I reflect upon this Nights disorder,
 And the Queens Art to raise my Jealousie;
 And after that my Sisters being murder'd,
 I must believe there is some deeper Plot,
 Something design'd against your sacred Person.

King. Alonzo! raise the Court, I'll find it [Exit Alonzo
 Though 'twere hid within my Mothers Soul.

Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,
 I did believe her arm'd against thy Life.

King. Peace Fury! Not ill-boding Raven shrieks,
 Nor midnight cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more
 Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.
 --Be gone! and trouble not the silent Grievs,
 Which will insensibly decay my life,

run out crying Treason.

And will not claim his due:--Oh I am wounded!

Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, these are no Wounds of Love.

King. Whate'er they be, you might have spar'd'em now,
Since those Florella gave me were sufficient:

--And yet a little longer--fixing thus--

Thou'dst seen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.

--Florella!--Florella!--is thy Soul fled so far

It cannot answer me, and call me on?--

And yet like, dying Echoes in my Ears,

I hear thee cry, my Love!--I come--I come, fair Soul!

--Thus at thy Feet--my Heart shall--bleeding--lie,

Who since it liv'd for thee,--for thee--will--die. [Dies.]

Abd. So--thou art gone;--there was a King but now,

And now a senseless, dull, and breathless nothing.

[A noise of fighting without.]

Enter Queen running.

Qu. Oh Heav'ns! my Son--the King! the King is kill'd!--

Yet I must save his Murderer:--Fly, my Moor;

Alonzo, Sir, assisted by some Friends,

Has set upon your Guards,

And with resistless Fury is making hither.

Abd. Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo and others, led in by Osmin, Zarrack, and Moors.

--Oh are you fast?

[Takes away their Swords.

Alon. What mean'st thou, Villain!

Abd. To put your Swords to better uses, Sir,
Than to defend the cause of Ravishers.

Alon. Oh Heavens! the King is murder'd!

Abd. Look on that Object,--
Thy Sister! and my Wife! who's doubly murder'd,
First in her spotless Honour, then her Life.

Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this!

Qu. My Lords, be calm; and since your King is murder'd,
Think of your own dear Safeties; chuse a new King
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

Alon. Who should we chuse? Prince Philip is our King.

Abd. By Heaven but Philip shall not be my King!
Philip's a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country:
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal ruine.
And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,
But Abdelazer, whose Sword reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twere unsheath'd;--and all for Spain!
--How many Lawrels has this Head adorn'd?
Witness the many Battels I have won;
In which I've emptied all my Youthful Veins,
And all for Spain!--ungrateful of my Favours!
--I do not boast my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdoms ruine;

But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd,
And still for Spain!

And can you think, that after all my Toils
I wou'd be still a Slave!--to Bastard Philip too!
That dangerous Foe! who with the Cardinal
Threatens with Fire and Sword.--I'll quench those flames,
Such an esteem I still preserve for Spain--

Alon. What means this long Harangue! what does it aim at?

Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of Spain,
Till we agree about a lawful Successor.

Alon. Oh Devil!--

Qu. We are betray'd, and round beset with horrors;
If we deny him this, the Power being his,
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his mercy.--
Besides,--Oh give me leave to blush when I declare,
That Philip is--as he has rendered him.--
But I in love to you, love to my Spain,
Chose rather to proclaim my Infamy,
Than an ambitious Bastard should be crown'd.

Alon. Here's a fine Plot,--

What Devil reigns in Woman, when she doats!

[Aside.

Rod. My Lords, I see no remedy but he must be Protector.

Alon. Oh Treachery!--have you so soon forgot
The noble Philip, and his glorious Heir,
The murder'd Ferdinand!--
--And Madam, you so soon forgot a Mother's name,

That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son!

Abd. The modesty wherewith I'll use that Power,
Shall let you see, I have no other Interest
But what's intirely Spain's.--Restore their Swords,
And he amongst you all who is dissatisfi'd--
I set him free this minute.

Alon. I take thee at thy word,--
And instantly to Philip's Camp will fly. [Exit.

Abd. By all the Gods my Ancestors ador'd,
But that I scorn the envying World shou'd think
I took delight in Blood,--I wou'd not part so with you.
--But you, my Lords, who value Spain's Repose.
Must for it instantly with me take Arms:--
Prince Philip, and the Cardinal, now ride
Like Jove in Thunder; we in Storms must meet them:
To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory,
Resolv'd to Conquer, or resolv'd to die. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Abdelazer, Osmin bearing his Helmet of Feathers,
Zarrack, with his Sword and Truncheon.

Abd. COme Osmin, arm me quickly, for the day
Comes on apace; and the fierce Enemy
Will take advantages, by our delay.

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Oh my dear Moor!

The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude,
(Tempestuous as the Sea) run up and down,
Some crying, kill the Bastard,--some the Moor;
These for King Philip,--those for Abdelazer,

Abd. Your Fears are idle,--blow 'em into Air.
I rush'd amongst the thickest of their Crowds,
And with the awful splendor of my Eyes,
Like the Imperious Sun, dispers'd the Clouds.
But I must Combate now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd Philip, and a jealous Cardinal.

Qu. And must you go, before I make you mine?

Abd. That's my misfortune;--when I return with Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Lawrel at your Feet,
You shall exchange them, for your glorious Fetters.

Qu. How canst thou hope for Victory, when their numbers
So far exceed thy Powers?

Abd. What's wanting there, we must supply with Conduct.
I know you will not stop at any thing
That may advance our Interest, and Enjoyment.

Qu. Look back on what I havd already done;
And after that, look forward with assurance.

Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Must to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent;--

Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither:
 Then undermine his Soul,--you know the way on't.
 And sooth him into a belief, that the best way to gain your
 Heart, is to / leave Philip's Interest; urge 'tis the King-
 dom's safety, and your own; and / use your fiercest threats,
 to draw him to a Peace with me; not that you / love me, but
 for the Kingdom's good: Then in a Tent which I will pitch /
 on purpose, get him to meet me: He being drawn off, thousands
 of Bigots / (who think to cheat the World into an Opinion,
 that fighting for the / Cardinal is a pious work) will (when
 he leaves the Camp) desert it too.

Qu. I understand you, and more than I have time to be
 Instructed in, I will perform, and possibly
 Before you can begin, I'll end my Conquests.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
 --I must to Horse, farewell my generous Mistress.

Qu. Farewell! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
 As shall my Art, when it dissembles Love.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, Philip's Tent.

Enter Philip, Alonzo, and Guards.

Phil. 'Tis a sad story thou hast told, Alonzo;
 Yet 'twill not make me shed one single Tear:
 They must be all of blood, that I will offer,

To my dear Brother's Ghost!--
 But gallant Friend, this good his ills have done,
 To turn thee over to our juster Interest,
 For thou didst love him once.

Alon. Whilst I believ'd him honest, and for my Sisters sake;
 But since, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods! is it possible the Queen should countenance
 His horrid Villainies!

Alon. Nay, worse that so, 'tis thought she'll marry him!

Phil. Marry him! then here upon my Knees I vow, [Kneels.]
 To shake all Duty from my Soul,
 And all that reverence Children owe a Parent,
 Shall henceforth be converted into hate. [Rises.]

--Damnation! marry him! Oh I cou'd curse my Birth!--
 This will confirm the World in their Opinion,
 That she's the worst of Women;
 That I am basely born too, (as she gives it out)
 That thought alone, does a just Rage inspire,
 And kindles round my Heart an active fire.

Alon. A disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,
 Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one:
 --Yet do not, Sir, in words abate that fire,
 Which will assist you a more effectual way.

Phil. Death! I cou'd talk of it an Age;
 And, like a woman, fret my Anger high,
 Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd a Courage
 Able to fight the World against my Mother!

Alon. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward Resolute.

Phil. Come, noble Youth,
Let us joyn both our several Wrongs in one,
And from them make a solemn Resolution,
Never to part our interest, till this Moor,
This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell.

Alon. I do.

Phil. Hark,--hark,--the Charge is sounded, let's to Horse,
St. Jaques for the right of Spain and me.

S C E N E, A Grove.

Drums and Trumpets a far off, with noise of fighting at a distance: After a little while, enter Philip in a Rage.

Phil. Oh unjust Powers! why d'ye protect this Monster;--
And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
With the Castilian Troops; curse on his formal Politicks;--

Enter Alonzo.

--Alonzo, where's the Moor?

Alon. The Moor!--a Devil!--never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,
Break through the Prison of the folded Earth

With more swift Horrour, then this Prince of Fate
Breaks through our Troops, in spite of opposition.

Phil. Death! 'tis not his single Arm that Works these
Wonders,
But our Cowardice;--Oh this Dog Cardinal!-- [Enter Antonio.

Anton. Sound a Retreat, or else the day is lost.

Phil. I'll beat that Cur to death that sounds Retreat.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Sound a Retreat.

Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword?--continue the Alarm,
Fight on Pell mell,--fight--kill--be damn'd--do any thing
But sound Retreat:--Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal!--

[Exeunt.

The noise of fighting near; after a little while enter Philip again.

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh this eternal Coward.--

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sir, bring up your Reserves, or all is lost;
Ambition plumes the Moor, and makes him act
Deeds of such wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.

Phil. 'Tis well;--I'll raise my Glories to that Dazling
height
Shall darken his, or set in endless Night.

S C E N E, A Grove

Enter Card. and Queen; the noise of a Battel continuing
afar off all the Scene.

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languishments,
By all those Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy passionate Letters sent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with Philip,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruine.
--Fernando's kill'd,--the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor Philip can withstand;
And is't not better he were lost, than Spain?
Since one must be a Sacrifice.--
Besides,--if I durst tell it,
There's something I cou'd whisper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee blush at ev'ry single good
Thou'ast done that insolent Boy:--But 'tis not Now
A time for Stories of so strange a nature,--
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that Arms for Philip's Cause,
Merits the name of Traytor.--
Be wise in time, and leave his shameful Interest,
An Interest thou wilt curse thy self for taking;
Be wise, and make Alliance with the Moor.

Card. And Madam, shou'd I lay aside my wrongs,

Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
 And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
 --No, let Spain be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
 Ere for its safety I forego mine Honour.--

Enter an Officer.

Offic. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are lost.

Card. Give order.--

Qu. That they stir not on their lives;
 Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
 Is this your Sanctity--and Love to me?
 Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd
 To raise you to my Bed?
 To rule a Kingdom, be a Nations safety,
 To advance in Hostile manner to their Walls;
 Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,
 And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
 Eternal Love; and will you court in Arms?
 Such rude Addresses wou'd but ill become you.
 No,--from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
 Or Philip's Interest;--for let me tell you,--Cardinal,
 This Love--and that Revenge--are inconsistent.

Card. But Madam.--

Qu. No more;--disband your Rebel Troops,
 And straight with me to Abdelazer's Tent,

Where all his Claims he shall resign to you
 Both in my self, the Kingdom, and the Crown:
 You being departed, thousands more will leave him,
 And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your Force,
 Or else the Prince and Victory is lost,
 Which now depends upon his single Valour;
 Who, like some Ancient Hero, or some God,
 Thunders amongst the thickest of his Enemies,
 Destroying all before him in such numbers,
 That piles of dead obstruct his passage to the living.--
 Relieve him straight, my Lord, with our last Cavalry and hopes.

[Ex. Sebast.]

Card. I'll follow instantly.--

Qu. Sir, but you shall not, unless it be to death:--
 Shall you preserve the only Man I hate,
 And hate with so much reason?--let him fall
 A Victim to an injur'd Mothers Honour,
 --Come, I will be obey'd,--indeed I must.-- [Fawns on him.]

Card. When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger?--
 Oh look but ever thus--in spite of Injuries--
 I shall become as tame and peaceable,
 As are your charming Eyes, when dress'd in Love,

Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceless.

--Ah Madam, have a generous care of me,

For I have now resign'd my Power to you.

[Shout within.

Qu. What shouts are these?

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,

And Philip's Arm alone sustains the day;

Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory.--

[Exit.

Qu. Give order straight that a Retreat be sounded;

And whilst they do so, by me conducted

We'll instantly to Abdelazer's Tent:--

Haste,--haste, my Lord, whilst I attend you here.

[Exeunt severally.

Cardinal going out, is met by Philip.

Phil. Oh damn your lazy Order, where have you been, Sir?

--But 'tis no time for questions,

More forward with your Reserves.

Card. I will not, Sir.

Phil. How, will not!

Card. Now to advance would be impolitick;

Already by your desperate Attempts,

You've lost the best part of our Hopes.

Phil. Death! you lye.

Card. Lye, Sir!

Phil. Yes, lye, Sir:--therefore come on,
Follow the desperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,
And where I'll die or Conquer;--follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or else by Heaven
I'll give the Moor the Victory in spight,
And turn my Force on thee;--
Plague of your Cowardice,--Come, follow me.

[Ex. Card.]

S C E N E, The Grove.

As Philip is going off, he is overtook by Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, and other Officers: At the other side some Moors, and others of Abdelazer's Party, enter and fall on Philip and the rest;--the Moors are beaten off;--one left dead on the Stage.--Enter Abdelazer, with Roderigo and some others.

Abd. Oh for more Work,--more Souls to send to Hell!
--Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither,--Sirrah--Slave--
Moor--who kill'd thee?--how he grins:--this Breast,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never wou'd have been a mark for Fools.

Abd. going out: Enter Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and Officers, as passing over the Stage.

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find
The Subject of my Vengeance.--

Moor, 'tis for thee I seek, where art thou, Slave?--

[Abd. turns.

Abd. Here, Philip.--

Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee!--

Abd. Why--thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.

Phil. Villain, a King begot me.

Abd. I know not that,

But I'll be sworn thy Mother was a Queen;

And I will kill thee handsomly for her sake.

[Offer to fight, their
Parties hinder them.

Alon. Hold--hold, my Prince.

Osm. Great Sir, what mean you?

[To Abd.

The Victory being yours, to give your life away

On one so mad and desperate.

[Their Parties draw.

Phil. Alonzo, hold,

We two will be the Fate of this great Day.

Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,

And claim no Conquest; though whole heaps of Bodies,

Which this Right-hand has slain, declare me Victor.

Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my view,

And will not leave thee,

Till thou hast crown'd those heaps, and made 'em all

The glorious Trophies of my Victory--Come on, Sir.--

Alon. You shall not fight thus single;
If you begin, by Heaven we'll all fall on.

Phil. Dost thou suspect my Power?
Oh I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,
The justice of my Quarrel; when I look
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,
My Mother's Infamy, Spain's Misery,
I am all fire; and yet I am too cold
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:
--Therefore stir not a Sword on my side.

Abd. Nor on mine.

They fight; both their Parties engage on either side; the
Scene draws off and discovers both the Armies, which all
fall on and make the main Battel: Philip prevails, the
Moors give ground: Then the Scene closes to the Grove.
Enter some Moors flying in disorder.

S C E N E changes to a Tent.

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Osmin, Zarrack, and some others of
his Party.

Rod. Oh fly, my Lord, fly, for the day is lost.

Abd. There are three hundred and odd days ith' year,
And cannot we lose one?--dismiss thy Fears,

They'll make a Coward of thee.

Osm. Sir, all the noble Spaniards have forsook you;
Your Soldiers faint are round beset with Enemies,
Nor can you shun your Fate, but by your flight.

Abd. I can,--and must,--in spite of Fate:
The wheel of War shall turn about again,
And dash the Current of his Victories.--
This is the tent I've pitch'd, at distance from the Armies,
To meet the Queen and Cardinal;
Charm'd with, the Magick of Dissimulation,
I know by this h'as furl'd his Ensigns up,
And is become a tame and coward Ass.

[A Retreat is

--Hark--hark--'tis done; Oh my enchanting Engine!

sounded.

--Dost thou not hear Retreat sounded?

Rod. Sure 'tis impossible!

Abd. She has prevail'd;--a Womans Tongue and Eyes,
Are forces stronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, Women, and Soldiers.

--We are betray'd.--

Qu. What means this Jealousie? lay by your Weapons
And embrace;--the sight of these begets suspicion:

--Abdelazer, by my Birth he comes in Peace;

Lord Cardinal, on my Honour so comes he.

Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops then.

Qu. They're Guards for all our Safeties:

Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal;--thine, Abdelazer;--

[She brings them together, they embrace.

This blest Accord I do behold with joy.

Card. Abdelazer,

I at the Queens command have met you here,

To know what 'tis you will propose to us.

Abd. Peace and eternal Friendship 'twixt us two:

How much against my will I took up Arms,

Be witness Heav'n; nor was it in Revenge to you,

But to let out th' infected Blood of Philip,

Whose sole aim

Is to be King--which Spain will never suffer;

Spain gave me Education, though not Birth,

Which has intitl'd it my Native home,

To which such reverence and esteem I bear,

I will preserve it from the Tyrant's Rage.--

The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,

And 'tis your power alone that buoys him up;

And when you've lifted him into a Throne,

'Tis time to shake you off.

Card. Whilst I behold him as my Native Prince,

My Honour and Religion bids me serve him;

Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilst I do so,

I injure Spain.

Abd. If he were so, the Powers above forbid

We should not serve, adore, and fight for him;

But Philip is a Bastard:--nay, 'twill surprize ye,

But that 'tis truth, the Queen will satisfie you.

Qu. With one bold word he has undone my Honour: [Weeps.
Too bluntly, Abdelazer, you repeat
That which by slow degrees you shou'd have utter'd.

Abd. Pardon my roughness, Madam, I meant well.

Card. Philip a Bastard!
If by such Arts you wou'd divide me from him,
I shall suspect you wou'd betray us both.

Qu. Sir, he informs you truth; and I blush less
To own him so, than that he is a Traytor.

Card. Philip a Bastard! Oh it cannot be:--
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,
Barter your dearer Honour, and lose both.

Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,
But better what I owe to Spain, and you.--
You are a Prince oth' Blood, and may put off
The Cardinal when you please, and be a Monarch.

Card. Though my Ambition's equal to my Passion,
Neither shall make me act against those Principles
My Honour ever taught me to obey.

--And, Madam--

'Tis a less sin, not to believe you here,
Than 'tis to doubt your Vertue.

Qu. I wish it were untold, if it must forfeit
The least of your Esteem,--but that 'tis truth,
Be witness Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, and Tears. [Weeps.

Card. Why, Madam, was't so long conceal'd from me?

Qu. The Circumstances I shall at leisure tell you:

And for the Present,

Let it suffice, he cannot Rule in Spain,

Nor can you side with him, without being made

As much incapable to Reign as he.

Card. Though Love and Honour I have always made

The business of my Life;

My Soul retains too, so much of Ambition,

As puts me still in mind of what I am,

A Prince! and Heir to Spain!

Nor shall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,

Make me that glorious Interest resign,

Since Philip's Claims are not so great as mine.

--Madam, though I'm convinc'd I've done amiss

In taking arms for Philip,

Yet 'twill be difficult to disengage my self.

Abd. Most easily;--

Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,

The justice of your Cause for leaving him;

And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety

To follow your Example:

The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,

More than by Justice, Reason, or Allegiance.

--The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,

I will lay down upon the empty Throne;

Marry you the Queen, and fill it;--and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject.

[Bows low.

Card. On these Conditions all I am is yours;
Philip we cannot fear, all he can do
Is to retire for refuge into Portugal.

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous;--
Is there no Arts to get him in our Power?

Card. Perhaps by Policy, and seeming Friendship,
For we have reason yet to fear his Force;
And since I'm satisfi'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To sacrifice him to the Peace of Spain,
And every Spirit that loves Liberty;
First we'll our Forces joyn, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arrest him;
If so we can surprize him, we'll spare the hazard
Of a second Battel.

Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things shall be instantly perform'd

[Exeunt all.

S C E N E, The Grove.

Enter some of Philip's Party running over the Stage, pursu'd
by Philip: Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, and some few
Officers more.

Alon. Do not pursue 'em, Sir, such Coward Slaves

Deserve not death from that illustrate Hand.

Phil. Eternal Plagues consume 'em in their flight:

Oh this damn'd Coward Cardinal has betray'd us!

When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,

When with red sweat that trickled from our Wounds

We'ad dearly earn'd the long-disputed Victory,

Than to lose all! then to sound base Retreat!

It swells my Anger up to perfect Madness.

Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous strange.

Sebast. I'm glad, Sir.--

Phil. Art glad of it? art glad we are abandon'd?

That I, and thou have lost the hopeful'st Day.--

Sebast. Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

Phil. Thou hast a lean Face--and a carrion Heart--

A Plague upon the Moor and thee;--Oh Alonzo,

To run away!--follow'd by all the Army!

Oh I cou'd tear my Hair, and curse my Soul to Air!

--Cardinal--thou Traytor, Judas that wou'dst sell

Thy God again, as thou hast done thy Prince.

--But come--wer're yet a few,

And we will fight till there be left but one;--

If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious care

It shall be in our Beds.

Sebast. We are as bad as one already, Sir, for all our

Fellows are crawl'd / home, some with ne'er a Leg, others

with ne'er an Arm, some with their / Brains beat out, and
glad they escap'd so.

Phil. But my dear Countrymen, you'll stick to me.

1 Sold. Ay, wou'd I were well off.-- [Aside.]

Phil. Speak stout Sceva, wilt thou not?

1 Sold. Sceva, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant Roman, that fought by Cesar's side,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monstrous Porcupine.

1 Sold. And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have di'd for Cesar's Empire.

1 Sold. Hah,--why, Sir, I'm none of Sceva, but honest Diego,
yet / would as willingly die as he, but that I have a Wife and
Children; and / if I die, they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou shalt lose,
I'll give thy Wife--a Diadem.

1 Sold. Stark mad, as I'm valiant.--

Enter Card. Officers and Soldiers: Philip offers to run on him,
is held by Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heaven! is not that the Cardinal?
Traytor, how dar'st thou tempt my Rage and Justice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy aim when base Retreat was sounded?

--The Devil and his Dam! the Moor!--and Queen!
 Their Warrant!--Gods! Alonzo, must we obey it?
 Villains, you cannot be my Jaylors; there's no Prison,
 No Dungeon deep enough; no Gate so strong,
 To keep a Man confin'd--so mad with wrong.
 --Oh dost thou weep, Alonzo!

Alon. I wou'd fain shed a Tear,
 But from my Eyes so many Show'rs are gone,
 They are too poor to pay your Sorrows Tribute;
 There's now no remedy, we must to Prison.

Phil. Yes, and from thence to death:--
 I thought I should have had a Tomb hung round
 With tatter'd Ensigns, broken Spears and Javelins;
 And that my Body with a thousand Wounds,
 Shou'd have been born on some Triumphant Chariot,
 With solemn Mourning, Drums and Trumpets sounding;
 Whilst all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,
 Had wish'd my glorious Destiny their own:
 But now, Alonzo,--like a Beast I fall,
 And hardly Pity waits my Funeral.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE I. A Presence Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy.

Enter Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, and
other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the

Table on a Cushion; the Queen, Leonora, and Ladies. They all seat themselves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty. Abdelazer rises and bows, Roderigo kneeling presents him with the Crown.

Abd. GRandees of Spain, if in this Royal Presence
 There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
 So fast on such a Jewel, and dares wear it
 In the contempt of Envy, as I dare;
 Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
 Bestow their Blessings) wou'd give such Wealth away,
 Let such a Man stand forth:--Are ye all fix'd?
 No wonder, since a King's a Deity!
 And who'd not be a God!--
 This glorious Prospect, when I first saw the Light,
 Met with my Infant hopes; nor have those Fetters
 (Which ere I grew towards Man, Spain taught me how to wear)
 Made me forget what's due to that Illustrious Birth;
 --Yet thus--I cast aside the Rays of Majesty,--

[Kneels, and lays the
 Crown on the Table.

And on my Knee, do humbly offer up
 This splendid powerful thing, and ease your fears
 Of Usurpation and of Tyranny.

Alon. What new device it this?

[Aside.

Card. This is an Action generous and just;--

Let us proceed to new Election.

Abd. Stay, Peers of Spain.--

If young Prince Philip be King Philip's Son,
 Then is he Heir to Philip, and his Crown
 But if a Bastard, then he is a Rebel,
 And as a Traytor to the Crown shou'd bleed:
 That dangerous Popular Spirit must be laid,
 Or Spain must languish under Civil Swords;
 And Portugal taking Advantages in these Disorders,
 (Assisted by the Male-contents within,
 If Philip live) will bring Confusion home.
 --Our remedy for this, is first to prove,
 And then proclaim him Bastard.

Alon. That Project wou'd be worth your Politicks. [Aside.

--How shou'd we prove him Bastard?

Abd. Her Majesty being lately urg'd by Conscience,
 And much above her Honour prizing Spain,
 Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man;
 If he be Noble, and a Spainard born,
 He shall repair her Fame, by marrying her.

Card. No; Spaniard, or Moor, the daring Slave shall die.

Qu. Wou'd I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [Weeps.
 That I might hide the Blushes on my Cheeks;
 But when your Safety comes into dispute,
 My Honour, nor my Life, must come in competition.
 --I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and blushing own,

That Philip's Father is ith' Presence now.

Alon. Ith' Presence! name him.

Qu. The Cardinal.--

[All rise in amazement.

Card. How's this, Madam!

Abd. How! the Cardinal!

Card. I Philip's Father, Madam!

Qu. Dull Lover--is not all this done for thee!

Dost thou not see a Kingdom and my self,

By this Confession, thrown into thy Arms?

Card. On terms so infamous I must despise it.

Qu. Have I thrown by all Sense and Modesty,

To render you the Master of my Bed,

To be refus'd?--was there any another way?--

Card. I cannot yield; this Cruelty transcends

All you have ever done me:--Heavens! what a contest

Of Love, and Honour, swells my rising Heart.

Qu. By all my Love, if you refuse me now,

Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,

I'll be reveng'd a thousand killing ways.

Card. Madam, I cannot own so false a thing,

My Conscience and Religion will not suffer me.

Qu. Away with all this Canting; Conscience and Religion!

No, take Advice from nothing but from Love.

Card. 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd;--she has a Spell

Hid in those charming Lips.

Alon. Prince Cardinal, what say you to this?

Card. I cannot bring it forth.--

Qu. Do't, or thou'rt lost for ever.

Card. Death! what's a Womans Power!

And yet I can resist it.

Qu. And dare you disobey me?

Card. Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,
Nay, and resign'd my Life into your Hands,

But you wou'd damn me too?--I will not yield.--

Oh now I find a very Hell within me:

How am I misguided by my Passion!

Alon. Sir, we attend your Answer.

Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,

(And 'tis the Custom here to marry young)

King Philip made a War in Barbary,

Won Tunis, conquer'd Fez, and hand to hand

Slew great Abdela, King of Fez, and Father

To this Barbarian Prince.

Abd. I was but young, and yet I well remember
My Father's Wounds,--poor Barbary;--but no more.

Qu. In absence of my King, I liv'd retir'd,

Shut up in my Apartment with my Woman,

Suffering no Visits, but the Cardinals,

To whom the King had left me as his Charge;

But he unworthy of that Trust repos'd,

Soon turn'd his business into love.

Card. Heavens! how will this Story end?

[Aside.

Qu. A tale, alas! unpleasant to my Ear,
 And for the which I banish'd him my Presence:
 But oh the power of Gold! he bribes my Woman,
 That they should tell me (as a Secret to)
 The King (whose Wars were finish'd) would return
 Without acquainting any with the time;
 He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
 Meant to surprize me in the dead of Night:
 This pass'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.

Card. Gods! is there any Hell but Womans falshood! [Aside.

Qu. The following Night, I hasted to my Bed,
 To wait my expected Bliss;--nor was it long
 Before his gentle steps approach'd my Ears:
 Undress'd he came, and with a vigorous haste
 Flew to my yielding Arms; I call'd him King!
 My dear lov'd Lord! and in return he breath'd
 Into my Bosom in soft gentle Whispers--
 My Queen! my Angel! my lov'd Isabella!
 And at that work--I need not tell the rest.

Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal?

Qu. Ah, Sir, the night too short for his Caresses,
 Made room for day, day that betray'd my shame,
 For in my guilty Arms, I found the Cardinal!

Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this?

Qu. Alas, I was but young, and full of fears;
 Bashful, and doubtful of a just belief,
 Knowing King Philip's rash and jealous Temper;
 But from your Justice I expect Revenge.

Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is death, by all our Laws.

Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith?

Oh shameless Creature, am I disarm'd for this?

Had I but so much ease to be inrag'd,

Sure I shou'd kill thee for this Treachery;

But I'm all shame, and grief.--By all that's Holy,

My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.

Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.

Qu. Do not believe him, Lords;--

Revenge--let Sentence pass upon the Traytor.

Card. I won that name with horroure, which you drew me to,

When I betray'd the best of Men, and Princes;

And 'tis but just you fit me for Despairs,

That may instruct me how to follow him in Death:

Yet as I'm Prince oth' Blood, and Cardinal too,

You cannot be my Judges.

Abd. You shall be tri'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.

Osmin, we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.

Card. Heaven! should I live to that! no,

I have within me a private Shame,

That shall secure me from the Publick one.

Alon. A pretty turn of State,--we shall all follow, Sir.

Card. The Powers above are just,

Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice first made,

And now my self am on the Alter laid.

[Ex. Card. guarded.

Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted so Divinely,

You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Passion;
 I'll wait on you in your Apartment instantly,
 And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.

Qu. Make haste, my dearest Moor, whilst I retire,
 And fit my Soul, to meet thy kind Desire.

[Ex. Qu. and her Train, Leon. advancing to follow is staid
by Ab.

Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, stay and receive that Crown,

[Leads her back.

Which as your due Heav'n and all Spain present you with.

Alon. But granting Philip is--that thing you call him,
 If we must grant him so, who then shall Reign?

Not that we do not know who ought to Reign,

But ask who 'tis you will permit to do so.

[To Abd.

Abd. Who but bright Leonora! the Royal Off-spring
 Of Noble Philip, whose Innocence and Beauty,
 Without th' advantage of her Glorious Birth,
 Merits all Adoration.

All. With Joy we so salute her Queen.

Abd. Live Leonora! beauteous Queen of Spain!

[Shout.

Alln. From Abdelazer this! it cannot be,

At least not real.

Abd. My Lords,

Be it now your Care magnificently to provide
 Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
 Of the fair Queen;

Let nothing be omitted that may shew

How we can pay, where we so vastly own

[Bows.]

Alon. I am much bound to Spain, and you, my Lords,
For this great Condescention.

Leon. My Lords, I thank ye all,
And most the gallant Moor:--I am not well-- [Turns to Alon.
Something surrounds my Heart so full of death,
I must retire to give my Sorrow breath.

[Ex. Leon. follow'd by all but Abd. and Rod. who looks on Abd.

Rod. Sir,--what have you done?

Abd. What every Man that loves like me shou'd do;
Undone my self for ever, to beget
One moments thought in her, that I adore her;
That she may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of Spain:--
--'Tis gone! and there's no more to set but this--
(My Heart) at all, and at this one last cast
Sweep up my former losses, or be undone.

Rod. You Court at a vast rate, Sir.

Abd. Oh she's a Goddess! a Creature made by Heaven!
To make my prosperous Toils, all sweet and charming!
She must be Queen, I, and the Gods decree it.

Rod. Sir, is she not design'd Alonzo's Bride?

Abd. Yes, so her self, and he have ill agreed;
But Heaven and I, am of another mind,
And must be first obey'd.

Rod. Alonzo will not yield his Interest easily.

Abd. Wou'd that were all my stop to Happiness;--

But Roderigo, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.

Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.

Abd. True, Roderigo, and thou hast dealt in Murders,
And know'st the safest way to.--

Rod. How, Sir!--

Abd. Thou dar'st not sure pretend to any Vertue;
Had Hell inspir'd thee with less Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings! thou'dst ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted height t' have known my Secrets.

Rod. But, Sir,--

Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedness I took thee
from,

What Merits hadst thou to deserve my Bounty?
But Vice, brave prosperous Vice!
Thou'rt neither Wise, nor Valiant.

Rod. I own my self that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way.

Abd. My business is--to have the Queen remov'd;
She does expect my coming this very hour,
And when she does so, 'tis her custom to be retir'd,
Dismissing all Attendance, but Elvira.

Rod. The rest, I need not be instructed in. [Exit Rod.

Enter Osmin.

Osm. The Cardinal, Sir, is close confin'd with Philip.

Abd. 'Tis well.

Osm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they shou'd live?

Abd. No, this day they both must die, some sort of death
That may be thought was given them by themselves:

I'm sure I give them cause.--Osmin, view well this Ring,
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,
Without considering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.

Osm. Your will shall be obey'd to every thing.

[Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E, A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.

Enter Queen and Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, hast thou drest my Lodgings up
Fit to receive my Moor?
Are they all gay, as Altars, when some Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices?
Hast thou strew'd all the Floor his Feet must press,
With the soft new born Beauties of the Spring?

Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights;
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does insinuate Love into the Soul!

And makes the bashful Lover more assur'd.

Elv. Madam,

You speak as if this were your first Enjoyment.

Qu. My first! Oh Elvira, his Power, like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery! every Hour renews:
Love gathers sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant
The nearer they approach maturity. [Knocks.

--Hark! 'tis my Moor,--give him admittance straight.

The thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raising my blood into a thousand curls.

Elv. Madam, it is a Priest.--

Qu. A Priest! oh send him quickly hence;
I wou'd not have so cold, and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Sense, 'tis mortifying.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis some Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu. Why, what have I to do with Priest or Cardinal?

Let him not enter.--

[Elv. goes out, and returns with

Elv. From Abdelazer, Madam. Roderigo, drest like a Fryer.

Qu. H'as nam'd a word will make all places free.

Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to send you Woman hence,
I've something to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone must be acquainted with.

Qu. Well, your Formality shall be allow'd;--retire--

[To Elv.

What have you to deliver to me now?

Rod. This--

[Shews a Dagger, and takes her roughly by the Hands.

Qu. Hah.--

Rod. You must not call for help, unless to Heaven.

Qu. What daring thing art thou?

Rod. One that has now no time to answer thee.

[Stabs her, she struggles, her Arm bleeds.

Qu. Oh hold thy killing Hand! I am thy Queen.

Rod. Thou mayst be Devil too, for ought I know;

I'll try thy substance thus-- [Stabs again.

Qu. Oh Abdelazer--

Thou hast well reveng'd me--on my sins of Love;--

[He seats her in the Chair.

But shall I die thus tamely unreveng'd--

--Help--murder--help-- [He offers to stab again.

Enter Elvira, and other Women.

Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd!--help the Queen!

[Rod. offers to stab Elv.

Enter Abdelazer.

Abd. Hah! the Queen! what Sacrilegious Hand,

Or heart so Brutal--

Durst thus prophane the Shrine ador'd by me!

Guard well the Passages.--

Qu. Thou art that Sacrilegious--Brutal thing,--

And false as are the Deities thou worship'st.

Abd. Gods! let me not understand that killing Language!
 --Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,
 Left looking on that Sacred stream of Blood,
 I die ere I've reveng'd you, on your Murderer.

Qu. Haste then, and kill thy self; thou art my Murderer:
 Nor had his Hand, if not by thee instructed,
 Aim'd at a Sin so dangerous.--

Abd. --Surely she'll live.--[Aside] --This!--
 Can Mischief dwell beneath this Reverend shape?
 Confess who taught thee so much Cruelty!
 Confess! or I will kill thee.--

Rod. The Cardinal.

Qu. The Cardinal.

Abd. The Cardinal!--Oh impious Traytor!--
 How came I mention'd then?

Rod. To get admittance.

Abd. But why do I delay thy Punishment?
 Die,--and be damn'd together.-- [Aside] [Stabs him.
 --But oh my Queen!--Elvira,--call for help!
 Have I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [Kneels.
 To have it thus blown out? thus in a minute!
 When I, all full of youthful Fire! all Love!
 Had rais'd my Soul with hopes of near Delights,
 --To meet thee cold,--and pale;--to find those Eyes,
 Those Charming Eyes thus dying;--Oh ye Powers!--

Take all the prospect of my future Joys,
 And turn it to Despair,--since thou art gone.--

Qu. Cease--cease--your kind Complaints,--my struggling Soul,
 'Twixt Death--and Love--holds an uneasie Contest;
 This will not let it stay,--not that depart;--
 And whilst I hear thy Voice--thus breathing Love,
 It hovers still--about--the grateful--sound.
 --My Eyes--have took--an everlasting leave--
 Of all that blest their Sight, and now a gloomy Darkness
 Benights the wishing Sense,--that vainly strives--
 To take another view,--but 'tis too late,--
 And Life--and Love--must yield--to Death--and--Fate. [Dies.

Abd. Farewell my greatest Plague-- [He rises with joy.
 Thou were a most impolitick loving thing,
 And having done my bus'ness which thou wert born for,
 'Twas time thou shou'dst retire,
 And leave me free to Love, and Reign alone.

Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonia, and other Men and Women.

--Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
 Since all the World has Interest in this loss.

Alon. The Moor in Tears! nay, then the Sin was his.

Leon. The Queen my Mother dead!

How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,

Ere it will break in pieces!

[Weeps over her.

Alon. I know the source of all this Villany,
And need not ask you how the Queen cam murder'd.

Ely. My Lord, that Frier, from the Cardinal did it.

Alon. The Cardinal!--

'Tis possible,--for the Injuries she did him
Cou'd be repaid with nothing less than death. [Aside.

--My Fair, your Griefs have been so just of late,

I dare not beg that you would weep no more;

Though every Tear those lovely Eyes let fall,

Give me a killing Wound:--remove the Body.

[Guards remove the Body.

Ex. all but Alo. and Leo.

Such Objects suit not Souls so soft as thine.

Leon. With Horrors I am grown of late familiar;

I saw my Father die, and liv'd the while;

I saw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Sister,

Florella, whilst her Breast was bleeding fresh;

Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds!

The best and kindest Brother, that ever Maid was blest with,

Poor Philip bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice:

All this I saw, and liv'd--

And canst thou hope for pity from that Heart,

Whose hardned sense is proof against all these miseries?

--This Moor Alonzo, is a subtle Villain,

Yet of such Power, we scarce dare think him such.

Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,

As ill, and powerful too; yet he has a Heart
That my be reach'd with this,--but 'tis not time,

[Points to his Sword.]

We must dissemble yet, which is an Art
Too foul for Souls so Innocent as thine.

Enter Abdelazer.

--The Moor!

Je;;;! will he not allow us sorrowing time?

Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humble Duty,
And know what Service you command your Slave.

Leon. Alas, I've no Commands; or if I had,
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.

Abd. Can one so fair, and great, ask any thing
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with joy?

Leon. Heav'ns will I'm not permitted to dispute,
And may implore in vain; but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preserve my life.

Abd. In me! in me! the humblest of your Creatures!
By yon bright Sun, or your more splendid Eyes,
I wou'd devest my Soul of every hope,
To gratifie one single wish of yours;
--Name but the way.--

Leon. I'am so unhappy, that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you must deny;

--The Liberty of Philip.--

Abd. How! Philip's Liberty!--and must I grant it!
 I (in whose Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
 Had I not lov'd the good and Peace of Spain,
 Might have dispos'd it to my own Advantage;
 And shall that Peace,
 Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
 Be lost again in him, in him a Bastard!

Alon. That he's a Bastard, is not, Sir, believ'd'
 And she that cou'd love you, might after that
 Do any other Sin, and 'twas the least
 Of all the number to declare him Bastard.

Abd. How, Sir! that cou'd love me! what is there here--
 Or in my Soul, or Person, may not be belov'd?

Alon. I spoke without reflection on your Person,
 But of dishonest Love, which was too plain,
 From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd;
 And now being warm in Mischiefs,
 Thou dost pursue the Game, till all be thine.

Abd. Mine!

Alon. Yes, thine;--
 The little humble Mask which you put on
 Upon the Face of Falsehood, and Ambition,
 Is easily seen through; you gave a Crown!
 But you'll command the Kingly Power still,
 Arm, and disband, destroy or save at pleasure.

Abd. Vain Boy, (whose highest Fame,

Is that thou art the great Alvaro's Son)
 Where learnt you so much daring, to upbraid
 My generous Power thus falsly?--do you know me?

Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that knowledge makes me dare;
 I know thy Fame in Arms; I know in Battels
 Thou hast perform'd deeds much above thy years:
 My Infant Courage too,
 (By the same Master taught) grew up to thine,
 When thou in Age out-didst me, not in Bravery.
 --I know thou'st greater Power too,--thank thy Treachery!

Abd. Dost thou not fear that Power?

Alon. By Heaven not I,
 Whilst I can this--command. [Lays his Hand on his Sword.]

Abd. I too command a Sword, Abd. lays his Hand on his,
 But not to draw on thee, Alonzo; and comes close up to him.
 Since I can prove thy Accusations false
 By ways more grateful:--take this Ring, Alonzo,
 The sight of it will break down Prison Gates,
 And set all free, as was the first born Man.

Alon. What means this turn?

Abd. To enlarge Philip; but on such Conditions,
 As you think fit to make for my security:
 And as thou'rt Brave, deal with me as I merit.

Alon. Art thou in earnest?

Abd. I am, by all that's Sacred.

Leon. Oh let me fall before you, and ne'er rise,

Till I have made you know what Gratitude
 Is fit for such a Bounty!--
 Haste, my Alonzo,--haste--and treat with Philip;
 Nor do I wish his freedom, but on such terms
 As may be advantageous to the Moor.

Alon. Nor I, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
 Though it be fierce, 't has Gratitude and Honour!
 And for a deed like this, will make returns,
 Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [Exit Alon.]

Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come.

[Aside.]

--What will become of Abdelazer now?

Who with his Power, has thrown away his Liberty.

Leon. Your Liberty! Oh Heaven forbid that you,
 Who can so generously give Liberty,
 Should be depriv'd of it!
 It must not be whilst Leonora lives.

Abd. 'Tis she that takes it from me.

Leon. I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
 Give you one minutes pain.

Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis against your will!
 Your Eyes insensibly do wound and kill!

Leon. What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.

Abd. Most charming of your Sex! had Nature made
 This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
 It might have spar'd that Language which you dread;

Whose rough harsh sound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill express the business of my Life.

Leon. Forbear it, if that business, Sir, be Love.

Abd. Gods!

Because I want the Art to tell my story
In that soft way, which those can do whose business
Is to be still so idly employ'd,
I must be silent, and endure my pain;
Which Heaven ne'er gave me so much tameness for.
Love in my Soul! is not that gentle thing
It is in other Breasts; instead of Calms,
It ruffles mine into uneasie Storms.
--I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam;
But since 'tis not to be resisted here--
You must permit it to approach your Ear.

Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.

Abd. With Honour!

Nay, I can talk in the defence of that:
By all that's Sacred, 'tis a Flame as Vertuous,
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
And it shall learn to be as gentle too;
--For I must merit you.--

Leon. I will not hear this Language! merit me!

Abd. Yes,--why not?

You're but the Daughter of the King of Spain,
And I am Heir to Great Abdela, Madam.

I can command this Kingdom you possess,
 (Of which my Passion only made you Queen)
 And re-assume that which your Father took
 From mine,--a Crown as bright as that of Spain.

Leon. You said you wou'd be gentle.--

Abd. I will! this sullen Heart shall learn to bow,
 And keep it self within the bounds of Love;
 Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
 Soft as the Whispers of a yielding Virgin.
 I cou'd transform my Soul to any shape;
 Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
 To change their natural fierceness into smiles!
 --What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart!

Leon. Which never can be yours! that and my Vows,
 Are to Alonzo given; which he lays claim to
 By the most sacred Ties, Love and Obedience;
 All Spain esteems him worthy of that Love.

Abd. More worthy it than I! it was a Woman,
 A nice, vain, peevish Creature that pronounc'd it;
 Had it been Man, 't had been his last transgression!
 --His Birth! his glorious Actions! are they like mine?

Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants those advantages,
 Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Person.

Abd. Ay! there's your cause of hate! Curst be my Birth,
 And curst be Nature, that has dy'd my Skin
 With this ungrateful Colour! cou'd not the Gods

Have given me equal Beauty with Alonzo!

--Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,

And Beauties great as thine have languish'd for me.

The Lights put out! thou in my naked Arms

Wilt find me soft and smooth as polish'd Ebony;

And all my kisses on thy balmy Lips as sweet,

As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves,

Of ripening Spices in the height of Day:

As vigorous too,

As if each Night were the first happy moment

I laid thy panting Body to my Bosom.

Oh that transporting Thought!--

See,--I can bend as low, and sigh as often

[Kneels.]

And sue for Blessings only you can grant,

As any fair and soft Alonzo can;--

If you could pity me as well.--

But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read

[Rises with Anger].

A scorn which animates my Love and Anger;

Nor know I which I should dismiss or cherish.

Leon. The last is much more welcome than the first;

Your Anger can but kill, but, Sir, your Love--

Will make me ever wretched, since 'tis impossible

I ever can return it.

Abd. Why kill me then! you must do one or t'other,

[Kneels].

For thus--I cannot live:--why dost thou weep?

Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul!

How tame Love renders every feeble Sense!

--Gods! I shall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me

The Transformation's near:--death! I'll not endure it,

I'll fly before sh'as quite undone my Soul.-- [Offers to go.

But 'tis not in my power,--she holds it fast,--

And I can now command no single part.-- [Returns.

Tell me, bright Maid,--if I were amiable,

And you were uningag'd, cou'd you then love me?

Leon. No! I cou'd die first.

Abd. Hah!--awake my Soul from out this drowsie fit,

And with thy wonted Bravery, scorn thy Fetters.

--By Heaven 'tis gon! and I am now my self:--

Be gone, my dull Submission! my lazy Flame

Grows sensible! and knows for what 'twas kindled.

--Coy Mistress, you must yield, and quickly too:

Were you devout as Vestals, pure as their Fire,

Yet I cou'd wanton in the rifled spoils,

Of all that sacred Innocence and Beauty.

--Oh my Desires grow high!

Raging as midnight Flames let loose in Cities,

And, like that too will ruine where it fights.

--Come,--this Apartment was design'd for Pleasure,

And made thus silent, and thus gay for me;

There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think

I was not meant for Love--

Leon. Am I betray'd! are all my Women gone!

And have I nought but Heaven for my defence!

Abd. None else, and that's too distant to befriend you.

Leon. Oh take my Life, and spare my dearer Honour!

--Help! help!--ye Powers that favour Innocence. [Enter Women.]

Just as the Moor is going to force in Leonora, enters to him

Osmin in Haste.

Osm. My Lord, Alonzo.--

Abd. What of him, you Slave,--is he not secur'd?

Speak, dull Intruder, that know'st not times and seasons,
Or get thee hence.

Osm. Not till I've done the which I came for.

Abd. Slave!--that--thou cam'st for. [Stabs him in the Arm.]

Osm. No, 'twas to tell you, that Alonzo,
Finding himself betaay'd, made brave resistance;
Some of your Slaves h'as kill'd, and some h'as wounded.

Abd. 'Tis time he were secur'd;

I must assist my Guards, or all is lost.

[Exit.]

Leon. Sure Osmin from the Gods thou cam'st,
To hinder my undoing; and if thou di'st,
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins,
For this one Pious deed!--
But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.

Osm. 'Tis only to my Arm;--and, Madam, for this pity,
I'll live to do you Service.

Leon. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me?

Osm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the word.
--Madam, 'twas I caus'd Philip and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,
And gave them warning of approaching death.

Leon. Heaven bless thee for thy Goodness.

Osm. And I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,
And bearing Blows too; the rest I cou'd have suffer'd.
--Madam, I'll free the Prince!
But see, the Moor returns.--

Leon. That Monsters presence I must fly, as from a killing
Plague. [Ex. with her Women.]

Enter Abdelazer, with Zarrack and a Train of Moors.

Abd. It is Prodigious, that a single Man
Should with such Bravery defend his Life,
Amongst so many Swords;--but he is safe.

Osmin, I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,
And when I do, you might grant it me.

Osm. I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a usage.

Abd. No more, I am asham'd to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.

Osm. Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.

Abd. Yet Osmin, I shou'd chide your Negligence,
Since by it Philip lives still, and the Cardinal.

Osm. I had design's it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

Abd. Zarrack shall now perform it,--and instantly:
Alonzo too must bear 'em company.

Zar. I'll shew my Duty in my Haste, my Lord. [Exit Zar.

Osm. Death! I'm undone;--I'll after him, and kill him.

[Offers to go.

Abd. Osmin, I've business with you.--

[Osm. comes back bowing.

As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio, other Lords,
and Women.

Leon. Oh Prince! for pity hear and grant my Suit. [Kneels.

Abd. When so much Beauty's prostrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny:--rise, thou brightest Virgin
That ever Nature made;

Rise, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour!

Leon. No, let me hand for ever on your Knees,
Unless you'll grant Alonzo liberty.

Abd. Rise, I will grant it; though Alonzo, Madam,
Betray'd that Trust I had repos'd in him.

Leon. I know there's some mistake; let me negotiate
Between my Brother, and the gallant Moor.
I cannot force your Guards,
There is no danger in a Woman's Arm.

Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt 'em more,
 Than all the Treasures of the Eastern Kings,
 Yet, Madam, here I do resign my Power,
 Act as you please, dismiss Alonzo's Chains.
 And since you are so generous, to despise
 This Crown, which I have given you,
Philip shall owe his Greatness to your Bounty,
 And whilst he makes me safe, shall Rule in Spain.

--Osmin.--

[Whispers.

Ord. And will you trust him, Madam!

Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
 To die with them, than live where he inhabits.

Osm. It shall be done.--

Abd. Go, Osmin, wait upon the Queen:--

And when she is confin'd, I'll visit her,
 Where if she yield, she reigns; if not, she dies.

[Aside.

[Ex. Abd. one way, Leon. Osm. and the rest, another.

S C E N E, A Prison.

Discovers Philip chain'd to a Post, and over against him
the Cardinal and Alonzo in Chains.

Phil. Oh all ye cruel Powers! is't not enough
 I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour!
 Have my bright Name stoln from me, with my Crown!
 Divested of all Power! all Liberty!

And here am chain'd, like the sad Andromede,
 To wait destruction from the dreadful Monster!
 Is not all this enough without being damn'd,
 To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view!
 If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd
 On the officious and accursed Lights,
 For guiding so much torment to my Soul.

Card. My much wrong'd Prince! you need not wish to kill
 By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
 With my too credulous, shameful past misdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
 With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery;--
 Nay, and it shou'd forget all other Language,
 But Traytor! Cardinal! which I wou'd repeat,
 Till I had made my self as raging mad,
 As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up!
 And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your Eyes.

Phil. Oh Alonzo, to add to my distraction
 Must I find thee a sharer in my Fate!

Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.--
 But, Sir, my Princess
 Has here--a more than equal claim to Grief;
 And fear for her dear Safety, will deprive me
 Of this poor Life, that shou'd have been your Sacrifice.

Enter Zarrack with a Dagger; gazes on Philip.

Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome! quickly free my Soul!
And I will kiss the sooty Hand that wounds me.

Zar. Oh, I see you can be humble.

Phil. Humble! I'll be as gentle as a Love-sick Youth,
When his dear Conqu'ress sighs a hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me!--Pity me, and kill me.

Zar. I hope to see your own Hand do that office.

Phil. Oh thou wert brave indeed.
If thou wou'dst lend me but the use of one!

Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.

Phil. By Heaven no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or strike my pointed Fingers through my Breast.

Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.

Enter Osmin.

Phil. Osmin! sure thou wilt be so kind to kill me!
Thou hadst a Soul was humane.

Osm. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King!

[Unbinds him.]

Phil. What mean'st thou?

Osm. To set you free, my Prince!

Phil. Thou art some Angel sure, in that dark Cloud.

Zar. What mean'st thou, Traytor!

Osm. Wait till your Eyes inform you.

Card. Good Gods! what mean'st thou!

Osm. Sir, arm your Hand with this

[Gives Phil. á Sword, goes
to undo Alonzo.

Zar. Thou art half damn'd for this!

I'll to my Prince!--

Phil. I'll stop you on your way,--lie there;--your Tongue

[Kills him.

Shall tell no Tales to day:--Now Cardinal!--but hold,

I scorn to strike thee whilst thou art unarm'd,

Yet so thou didst to me;

For which I have not leisure now to kill thee.

--Here, take thy liberty;--nay, do not thank me,

By Heaven I do not mean it as a Grace.

Osm. My Lord, take this;--

[To Alon. and

And this--to arm your Highness.

the Card.

Alon. Thou dost amaze me!

Osm. Keep in your wonder with your doubts, my Lord.

Phil. We cannot doubt, whilst we're thus fortifi'd--

[Looking on his Sword.

Come Osm., let us fall upon the Guards.

Osm. There are no Guards, Great Sir, but what are yours;

And see--your Friend I've brought to serve ye too.

[Opens a back Door.

Enter Leonora and Women, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, &c.

Phil. My dearest Sister safe!

Leon. Whilst in your presence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.

Osm. The Moor approaches,--now be ready all.

Phil. That name I never heard with Joy till now;
Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,
Thus singly I defie him

[Draws.

Enter Abdelazer.

[Osmin secures the Door.

Abd. Hah! betray'd! and by my Slaves! by Osmin too!

Phil. Now'thou damn'd Villain! true born Son of Hell!
Nor one of thy Infernal Kin shall save thee.

Abd. Base Coward, Prince!
Whom the admiring World mistakes for Brave;
When all thy boasted Valour, fierce and hot
As was thy Mother in her height of Lust,
Can with the aid of all these--treacherous Swords
Take but a single life!--but such a life,
As amongst all their store the envying Gods
Has not another such to breathe in Man.

Phil. Vaunt on, thou monstrous Instrument of Hell!
For I'm so pleas'd to have thee in my Power,
That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,
And yet be calm, whilst thou art near damnation:

Abd. Thou ly'st, thou canst not keep thy Temper in;
For hadst thou so much Bravery of Mind,
Thou'dst fight me singly; which thou dar'st not do.

Phil. Not dare!

By Heaven if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy weight of Sins about me,
I durst venture on:--forbear, Alonzo.

Alon. I will not, Sir.

Phil. I was indeed too rash; 'tis such a Villain,
As shou'd receive his death from nought but Slaves.

Abd. Thou'st reason, Prince! nor can they wound my Body,
More than I've done thy Fame; for my first step
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.

Phil. Death! though this I knew before, yet the hard word
Runs harshly through my Heart;--
If thou hadst murder'd fifty Royal Ferdinands,
And with inglorious Chains as many years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal stain upon my Name:
--Oh thou hast breath'd they worst of Venom now.

Abd. My next advance, was poisoning of thy Father.

Phil. My Father poison'd! and by thee! thou Dog,
Oh that thou hadst a thousand Lives to lose,
Or that the World depended on thy single one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghost.--
But stay,--there's something in thy count of Sins untold,
That I must know; not that I doubt, by Heaven,
That I am Philip's Son.--

Abd. Not for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,
 Know Prince, I made thy amorous Mother
 Proclaim thee Bastard, when I miss'd of killing thee.

Phil. Gods! let me contain my Rage!

Abd. I made her too, betray the credulous Cardinal;
 And having then no farther use of her,
 Satiated with her Lust,
 I set Roderigo on to murder her:

Thy death had next succeeded; and thy Crown
 I wou'd have laid at Leonora's Feet.

Alon. How! durst you love the Princess!

Abd. Fool, durst! had I been born a Slave,
 I durst with this same Soul do any thing:
 Yet! and the last sense that will remain about me,
 Will be my Passion for the charming Maid,
 Whom I'd enjoy e'er now, but for thy Treachery. [To Osmin.

Phil. Deflowr'd my Sister! Heaven punish me eternally
 If thou out-liv'st the minute thou'st declar'd it.

Abd. I will, in spite of all that thou canst do:
 --Stand off, Fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dst be safe,
 And do not draw thy certain ruine on,
 Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.

Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I contemn thee now.

Abd. As humble Huntsmen do the generous Lion;
 Nor thou dar'st see me lash my Sides, and roar,
 And bite my Snare in vain; who with one look,

(Had I been free) hadst shrunk into the Earth
 For shelter from my Rage:
 And like that noble Beast, though thus betray'd,
 I've yet an awful fierceness in my Looks,
 Which makes thee fear t' approach; and 'tis at distance
 That thou dar'st kill me; for come but in my reach,
 And with one grasp, I wou'd confound thy hopes.

Phil. I'll let thee see how vain thy Boastings are,
 And unassisted by one single Rage,
 Thus--make as easie passage to thy Heart.

[Runs on him, all the rest do the like in the same minute:

Abd. aims at the Prince, and kills Osmin, and falls dead himself.

--Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten.--

[Shout within.

Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you now;
 Your People rude with Joy do fill each Street,
 And long to see their King,--whom Heaven preserve. [Kneels.]

All. Long live Philip King of Spain.--

Phil. I thank ye all;--and now my dear Alonzo,
 Receive the recompence of all thy sufferings,
 Whilst I create thee Duke of Salamanche.

Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands. [Kneels.]

Leon. Rise, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

Card. And shall this joyful Day, that has restor'd you
 To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,

That has restor'd all Spain the greatest Treasure
That ever happy Monarchy possess'd,
Leave only me unhappy? when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith:--thus low I fall,
And from that store of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd dispense a little here.

Phil. Rise, (though with much a-do) I will forgive you.

Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious business
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haste,
For here methinks we are in danger still.

Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the distant wish'd-for shoar afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Vessel in,
Fearing to trust the faithless Seas again.

The End of the Play.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by little Mrs. Ariell.

With late success being blest, I'm come agen;
 You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen,
 Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.
 Yet spite of such a Censure I'll proceed,
 And for our Poetess will intercede.
 Before, a Poet's wheadling Words prevail'd,
 Whose melting Speech my tender Heart assail'd,
 And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cause maintain'd;
 So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.
 'Twas wisely done to chuse m' his Advocate,
 Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate,
 For what I lik'd, I thought you would not hate.
 Respect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
 Though I confess he did my Passion try,
 And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
 But now not Pity, but my Sexes cause,
 Whose Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
 Should now Command, being joyn'd with Wit, Applause.
 Yet since our Beauty's Power's not absolute,
 She'll not the Priviledge of our Sex dispute,
 But does by me submit.--Yet since you've been
 For my sake kind, repeat it once agen.
 Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,
 If you'll but favour my Design to Day;
 Your last Applause, like refreshing Show'rs,
 Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs;
 Since then I'm grown at least an Inch in height,
 And shall e'er long be full-blown for delight.

Written by a Friend.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

ACT I SCENE i

- p.53, l.16: Made an extraction. Drawn from any containing body. (OED) Here it seems to be a metaphor for losing one's soul.
- p.53, l.27: many-headed Beast: Multitude or mob. Cf. Sidney's "Many-headed Multitude" (Arcadia, Bk. I) and Daniel's "Many-headed monster, Multitude" (History of Civil War, Bk. II). Both quoted in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. There may also be a reference to the Hydra, a huge, many-headed serpent, killed by Hercules as his second labor.
- p.56, l.26: Barbary. ". . . applied by the Arab geographers from ancient times to the natives of N. Africa, west and north of Egypt." (OED) Hence the area they occupied.
- p.57, l.18: Reform. "Form a second time, form over again."
(OED)

ACT I SCENE ii

- p.60, l.2: inform. "Of a soul or life: To impart life or spirit to; to inspire, animate, actuate." (OED)

p.60, l.30: confusion. Destruction. (OED)

p.60, l.33: Suffer'd. Permitted. (OED)

p.64, l.12: brave. "A general epithet of admiration or praise: Worthy, excellent, good, 'capital', 'fine', 'famous', etc." (OED)

ACT II SCENE i

p.72, l.11: Bays. "Leaves or sprigs of [bay tree], esp. as woven into a wreath or garland to reward a conqueror or poet; hence fig. the fame and repute attained by these." (OED)

p.75, l.27: Fitting. Nature is here personified as a blacksmith forming Abdelazer into a villain.

p.75, l.31ff. Darkness! and Horror! I invoke your aid;
And thou dread Night! shade all your busie
Stars In Blackest Clouds,
And let my Dagger's brightness only serve
To guide me to the Mark, --and guide it so,
It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow.
 Cf. Macbeth (I.v.51-54):
 Come thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry "Hold, hold!"

And Macbeth (I.iv.51-55):

Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

ACT II SCENE ii

p.77, l.26: Stygian Lake. The river Styx in Hades, over which the dead were ferried by Charon, and by which the gods swore their most solemn oaths.

p.79, l.21: blown by . . . Flies. Blow: "Said of Flies and other insects: To deposit their eggs. Cf. Shakespeare's Othello IV.ii.67ff. "As Summer Flies . . . that quicken even with blowing." As well, in the Renaissance flies were interpreted as types for lust.

p.80, l.17: Lethargy of Love. Cf. Dryden's The Conquest of Granada (Part One, III.i.): "I'm numbed, and fixed, and scarce my eyeballs move; / I fear it is the lethargy of love!"

p.81, l.15: Gaberdines. Loose upper garments of coarse material.

ACT III SCENE i

p.82, l.13: Intelligence. Communication, information.
(OED)

p.82, l.17: Age. One of the four ages of history: gold,
silver, bronze, and iron.

ACT III SCENE ii

p.90, l.7: Assist me all that's ill in Woman-kind:
Cf. Macbeth (I.v.51ff):
Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here. . . .

p.90, l.11: the noble Ravisher of Rome. Sextus Tarquinius,
son of Lucius Tarquinius, the seventh and last
king of Rome. He raped the wife of Collatinus,
Lucretia, with the result that the Tarquins
were exiled. See Shakespeare, "The Rape of
Lucrece."

ACT III SCENE iii

p.97, l.8: insensibly. "Imperceptibly, so slightly or
gradually that the action or process is not
perceived." (OED)

ACT IV SCENE i

p.101, l.2: ill-affected. (1) inclined or disposed toward

evil; (2) disordered, disorganized. (OED)

ACT IV SCENE vi

p.113, l.15: hazard. Chance, risk. (OED)

ACT IV SCENE vi

p.114, l.19: Sceva. A soldier in Caesar's army who behaved with great courage in stopping Pompey in the Battle of Dyrrtachium. See Lucan's Pharsalia, Book VI.

ACT V SCENE ii

p.126, l.34: wishing Sense. The body wishing for life.

ACT V SCENE iii

p.137, l.11: Andromede: Greek mythological figure, chained to a rocky cliff to be devoured by a monster. Perseus saw her, rescued her, and married her. Upon her death she was stellified.

p.139, l.9: I have not leisure now to kill thee. Cf. Dryden's "I have not leisure yet to die" (Granada, Part One, I.i.).

TEXTUAL NOTES

ACT I SCENE i

- p.63, 1.8: undo = undoe in Q1
- p.63, 1.14: Blood = bloud in Q1
- p.63, 1.20: Calistian = Castilian in Q1
- p.66, 1: Than = Then in Q1
- p.66, 1.23: "the" appears to be a misprint for "thy"
- p.66, 1.27: Patience = penitence in Q1
- p.68, 1.10: cryd'st = crydst in Q1
- p.71, 1.10: nay, and must - nay and must in Q1

ACT I SCENE ii

- p.74, 1.22: Toils = toyls in Q;
- p.75, 1.3: Philip, was = Philip was in Q1
- p.75, 1.8: Conqueror = Conqueror in Q1
- p.75, 1.17: awful = awfull in Q1
- p.76, 1.7: nay, and = nay and in Q1
- p.78, 1.9: do = doe in Q1
- p.79, 1.13: Villany = villanie in Q1
- p.79, 1.26: banish'd = banisht in Q1
- p.81, 1.8: Vertue = virtue in Q1
- p.81, 1.31: re-assume = reassume in Q1
- p.83, 1.1: Kin'gs = King's in Q1

ACT II SCENE i

- p.84, 1.24: banish'd = banisht in Q1
 p.87, 1.21: me, = me; in Q1
 p.91, 1.1: devested = divested in Q1

ACT II SCENE ii

- p.96, 1.14: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
 p.96, 1.19: toils = toyls in Q1
 p.98, 1.22: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
 p.98, 1.27: Politick = Politique in Q1
 p.99, 1.15: di'd = dy'd in Q1
 p.99, 1.34: santifi'd = sanctify'd in Q1
 p.99, 1.6: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.99, 1.24: Lover's = Lovers in Q1
 p.100, 1.3: Lover's = Lovers in Q1
 p.100, 1.14: Lover's = Lovers in Q1
 p.100, 1.21: Flies = Flyes in Q1
 p.100, 1.25: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.102, 1.19: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.102, 1.27: die = dye in Q1
 p.102, 1.29: learn'd = learnt in Q1
 p.102, 1.13: kennel'd = kennell'd in Q1
 p.103, 1.17: Moor, Farwell, a Moor--Farwell,-- in Q1
 p.103, 1.18: I'll = I'le in Q1

ACT III SCENE i

- p.104, 1.19: saist = sayst in Q1
- p.107, 1.18: Kingdom's = Kingdoms in Q1
- p.107, 1.21: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.107, 1.27: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.108, 1.30: fortifi'd = fortify'd in Q1
- p.110, 1.6: Than = Then in Q1
- p.110, 1.7: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.110, 1.19: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.110, 1.25: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.111, 1.27: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.112, 1.31: bloody = bloudy in Q1
- p.112, 1.7: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
- p.112, 1.10: Vertue's = Virtue's in Q1

ACT III SCENE ii

- p.114, 1.4: awful = awfull in Q1
- p.114, 1.5: harmful = harmfull in Q1
- p.114, 1.15: Spies = Spyes in Q1
- p.114, 1.16: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.115, 1.13: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
- p.115, 1.21: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
- p.115, 1.23: undo = undoe in Q1
- p.115, 1.31: Vertue = Virtue in Q1

ACT III SCENE iii

- p.118, 1.19: breathe = breath in Q1
- p.120, 1.10: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
- p.120, 1.13: Sovereign = Soveraign in Q1
- p.120, 1.15: Arragom = Aragom in Q1
- p.120, 1.19: Abdelazer's = Abdelazers in Q1
- p.120, 1.23: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
- p.121, 1.28: die = dye in Q1
- p.121, 1.18: vertuouus = virtuous in Q1
- p.121, 1.26: faithful = faithfull in Q1
- p.121, 1.27: die = dye in Q1
- p.123, 1.26: lies = lyes in Q1
- p.123, 1.34: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.124, 1.29: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.124, 1.30: Devils = Devil's in Q1
- p.125, 1.8: Echoes = Ecchoes in Q1
- p.126, 1.10: lie = lye in Q1
- p.126, 1.11: die = dye in Q1
- p.126, 1.23: than = then in Q1
- p.127, 1.11: Tyrant's = Tyrants in Q1
- p.127, 1.2: should = shou'd in Q1
- p.127, 1.8: reap'd = reapt in Q1
- p.127, 1.13: ungrateful = ungratefull in Q1
- p.127, 1.18: Toils = Toyls in Q1
- p.127, 1.21: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.128, 1.18: Blood = bloud in Q1
- p.128, 1.19: Spain's = Spains in Q1

ACT IV SCENE i

- p.129, 1.7: rush'd = rusht in Q1
- p.129, 1.8: awful splendor = awfull splendour in Q1
- p.129, 1.21: done; = done, in Q1
- p.129, 1.28: Kingdom's = Kingdoms in Q1
- p.129, 1.33: Bigots = Begots in Q1

ACT IV SCENE ii

- p.131, 1.13: Brother's = Brothers in Q1

ACT IV SCENE iii

- p.132, 1.22: Politicks = Politiques in Q1
- p.134: 1.5: I'll = I'le in Q1

ACT IV SCENE iv

- p.125, 1.2: Kingdom's = Kingdoms in Q1
- p.137, 1.22: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.137, 1.17: impolitick = impolitique in Q1
- p.137, 1.24: I'll die = I'le dye in Q1
- p.137, 1.25: bloody = bloudy in Q1

ACT IV SCENE v

- p.139, 1.6: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.140, 1.9: We'll = We'l in Q1
- p.140, 1.13: Father's . . . Brother's = Fathers . . . Brothers
in Q1
- p.140, 1.14: Mother's . . . Spain's = Mothers . . . Spains in Q1

ACT IV SCENE vi

- p.142, 1.29: Blood = Bloud in Q1
 p.143, 1.4: Tyrant's = Tyrants in Q1
 p.143, 1.31: Blood = Bloud in Q1
 p.144, 1.4: Vertue = Virtue in Q1
 p.145, 1.1: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.145, 1.13: we'll = we'l in Q1
 p.145, 1.15: we'll = we'l in Q1

ACT IV SCENE vii

- p.146, 1.25: earn'd = earnd in Q1
 p.146, 1.26: Than = Then in Q1
 p.146, 1.31: Hopeful'st = Hopefull'st in Q1
 p.146, 1.10: I'll die = I'le dye in Q1
 p.146, 1.18: Ay = Aye in Q1
 p.146, 1.24: die = dye in Q1
 p.146, 1.25: di'd = dy'd in Q1
 p.146, 1.27: die = dye in Q1
 p.147, 1.28: die = dye in Q1
 p.147, 1.30: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.148, 1.10: I'll die = I'le dye in Q1
 p.148, 1.12: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.148, 1.14: I'll = I'le in Q1
 p.149, 1.5: Show'rs = Showrs in Q1

ACT V SCENE i

- p.152, 1.8: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.152, 1.27: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.153, 1.19: Father's = Fathers in Q1
- p.153, 1.28: Banish'd = banisht in Q1
- p.155, 1.18: Bashful, and doubtful = Bashfull, and doubtfull
in Q1
- p.156, 1.1: Blood = Bloud in Q1
- p.157, 1.24: Toils = toyls in Q1

ACT V SCENE ii

- p.160, 1.16: Flow'rs = flowrs in Q1
- p.161, 1.12: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.161, 1.15: die = dye in Q1
- p.162, 1.2: Blood = bloud in Q1
- p.162, 1.3: die = dye in Q1
- p.162, 1.17: Die = Dye in Q1
- p.162, 1.4: impolitick = impolitique in Q1
- p.163, 1.26: die = dye in Q1
- p.167, 1.23: you'll = you'l in Q1
- p.169, 1.28: Vertuous = virtuous in Q1
- p.170, 1.5: re-assume = reassume in Q1
- p.170, 1.10: I'll = I'le in Q1
- p.170, 1.33: polish'd = polisht in Q1
- p.172, 1.6: Bosom = Bosome in Q1
- p.172, 1.24: I'll = I'le in Q1

p.172, 1.30: die = dye in Q1
p.174, 1.13: I'll = I'le in Q1
p.174, 1.9: Blood = bloud in Q1
p.174, 1.11: die = dye in Q1
p.176, 1.4: I'll = I'le in Q1
p.176, 1.13: you'll = you'l in Q1
p.177, 1.5: I'll = I'le in Q1

ACT V SCENE iii

p.178, 1.16: You'll = You'l in Q1
p.179, 1.4: I'll = I'le in Q1
p.179, 1.5: I'll = I'le in Q1
p.179, 1.16: fortifi'd = fortify'd in Q1
p.183, 1.10: I'll = I'le in Q1

APPENDIX

COLLEY CIBBER'S PROLOGUE TO ABDELAZER

When Abdelazer was revived in 1695, Colley Cibber wrote a prologue for it. In his Apology, Cibber gives the following account of the prologue:

It was thought necessary, at our Opening, that the Town shou'd be address'd in a new Prologue; but to our great Distress, among several, that were offer'd, not one was judg'd fit to be spoken. This I thought a favourable Occasion, to do my self some remarkable Service, if I shou'd have the good Fortune, to produce one that might be accepted. The next (memorable) Day my Muse brought forth her Fruit; how good, or bad, imports not; my Prologue was accepted, and resolv'd on to be spoken. This Point being gain'd, I began to stand upon Terms, you will say, not unreasonable; which were, that if I might speak it my self, I would expect no farther Reward for my Labour: This was judg'd as bad as having no Prologue at all! You may imagine how hard I thought it, that they durst not trust my poor poetical Brat, to my own Care. But since I found it was to be given into other Hands, I insisted that two Guineas should be the Price of my parting with it; which with a sigh I receiv'd, and Powel spoke the Prologue: But every Line, that was applauded, went sorely to my Heart, when I reflected, that the same Praise might have been given to my own speaking it; nor could the Success of the Author compensate the Distress of the Actor. However, in the End, it serv'd, in some sort, to mend our People's Opinion of me; and whatever the Criticks might think of it, one of the Patentees (who it is true, knew no difference between Dryden and D'urfey) said, upon the Success of it, that insooth! I was an ingenious young Man. This sober Compliment (though I could have no reason to be vain upon it) I thought was a fair Promise to my being in favour. But to Matters more Moment. . . . (pp. 108-9)

The prologue first appeared in the 1702 collected edition of Mrs. Behn's plays, from which it is here reprinted.

PROLOGUE

GALLANTS you have so long been absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your Diligence;
For while we study or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay;
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles Toot;
Or, in Montero-Caps at Feldfares shoot.
Nay, some are so Obdurate in their Sin,
That they swear never to come up again.
But all their Charge of Cloathes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench:
Even they, who in the Summer had mishaps,
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.
The Ladies too, are as resolved as they,
And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,
And with the gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
Even in their visits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale;
And in Discourses with secresie report
State News, that past a twelve-month since at Court.
Those of them who are most refin'd and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the Last Summer's Play:
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country Grievances too great appear:

But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;
You come not sharp, as you were wont, to Plays;
But only on the first and second Days:
This made our Poet, in her Visits, look
What new strange courses, for your time you took,
And to her great regret she found too soon,
Damn'd Beasts and Umbre, spent the Afternoon;
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have Luck;--
Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

1.1, long been absent: Abdelazer was the first play of the new season.

1.3, study: rehearse.

1.6, Frize Jerkin: A wool garment for the upper part of the body worn by men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. (OED)

Beagles: Dogs used for hunting hares. (OED)

1.7, Montero-Caps: "A Spanish hunter's cap, having a spherical crown and a flap capable of being drawn over the ears." (OED)

1.12, had mishaps: contracted venereal disease. (OED)

1.32, Beasts and Umbre: Obsolete card games. (OED)

1.34, Net-work Purse: A small woman's purse covered with a net-work design. (OED) The sense of the passage is that the women cannot be expected at the theatre until they have lost their money playing cards.

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