

Cover his face—How oft hast thou been told?

GOMEZ.

His face was each time covered many a fold.

But her——

PHILIP.

Her sleepless grave thy soul appals.  
That look, that piteous look will pierce the walls!  
And like my shadow chase me to the grave.  
One spectre more—For me to bear—and brave.  
Raise that trapdoor! 'Tis their sepulchral stone.  
Thou tremblest? Well! Return and do it alone.  
And, Gomez, Spain must ne'er suspect this scene.  
Let Holy Church arrest both Prince and Queen.  
Come—Bring the keys. Make thou that rumour rife!  
And guard my honour and—if well—thy life!

---

T H E E N D.