

Thou owing that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Don. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou'lt now'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to revenge it, for my own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now show; I should be both to thank, thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Scb. Oh, patience, Heaven!
Don. Beware of patience too:
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had sign'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to! warn thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The oath thou begged was this fair combat:
Fight on be purged now; that's all thy choice.

Scb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be
thanked: [*Thunder.*]

Nay, was vow of honour better paid,
If my true word I had held, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gholly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis urgent to be summoned thus:
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost:
And say his master and his friend revenged him.

Don. His ghost! thou art my hated rival dead?
Scb. The question is beside our present purpose:
Thou seest me ready—we delay no longer.

Don. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
As I give it him of us who is to fall. [*Take him.*]

Scb. He's dead; make haste, and thou may'st yet o'er-
Don. When I was hasty, then delay'dst me longer.
I yet, or let me hedge one moment more
In this promise: for thy life I reserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next mine, I wished.

Scb. It would please thee, thou shouldst never know.
But thou, like jealousy, import'st a truth,
Which fond, will torture thee: he died in fight
I fought next my person; as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Saw when he in void his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Don. I never can forgive him such a death!
Scb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserved my love.
I knew you better; and, dost I say, as Heaven
To reckon among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Don. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so, had I been favoured, had I stood.

Scb. What had been is unknown; what appears:
Confess he justly was preferred to thee.

Don. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine;
Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what loss he acquired by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side:
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,

Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate life;
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Scb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit—
For I will have it from thy very mouth
That better he deserved my love than thou.

Don. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted you so red hounds; which that I missed,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a renegade.

Scb. Then mightst have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak; didst thou not, Alonzo?

Don. Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:

No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then when I fought and compos'd with your arms,
In that best age I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Scb. Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.

Don. I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.

Scb. Nay, if thou must be grieved, thou canst repent:
Thou couldst not be a villain though thou wouldst:
Thou own'd'st too much in owning thou hast erred:
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.

Don. Oh, stop this healing torrent of your goodness:
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul.
Hail down'd in tears before; spare my confusion:
For pity spare, and say not just you erred.
For yet I have not dined, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

[*falls at his feet.*]

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:

His just you should, nor will I more complain.

Scb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[*Takes him up.*]

Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:

Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,

Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,

Ere the consummation of his love:

So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,

A widow and a maid. [*Exit.*]

Don. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven blest

I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:

What, in one moment to be reconcil'd

To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!

But pity is my friend, and stops me short,

For my unhappy rival—Poor Henriquez!

Scb. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?

Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.

Here let me ever hold thee in my arms; [*Embraces him.*]

And all our quarrels be but such as these,

Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:

Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.