

Fields to conquer they now had none;  
Each a peer had—only one;

So that pride which had withheld  
them

Just as strongly now impelled them  
Both to cross the Rubicon.

Fate, it was, had kept apart  
These two gladiators tart:

Even Fate worked day and night  
To arrange some other fight,  
And advantage took of pride—  
Small traits in great natures hide—  
That she might designs fulfil  
Conformable to Satan's will.

A drama weird will now unfold  
Wherein, by magic arts and bold,