

Joy enters 'neath my roof—and yet I tremble,
 Is't thou hast turned me coward?—Can love kill?
 O Heaven, but I am happy!—Yet thou art silent!
 Hast nought to say?—And I keep maundering on——
 Is the heart so faint then that 't is panic-stricken
 When sudden it finds its dreams, reality?

Oh! Howsoe'er thou view'st my silly ravings,
 Angel, treasure, darling maid,—my Ottilie,
 My torment and my joy—speak, I conjure thee!

Ott.—(*very softly.*)

What word's the tenderest to whisper low

Within thy ear? (*changing tone.*)

—Stay, canst not divine it?

(*Embraces him.*)

Rect.—Then we both love?

Ott.—

Yes!

Rect.—

Record it, witnessing Heaven!

Thou seest her nesting close in my embrace

Whose sweet intoxications have shed round me

Oblivious of the world, and all its cares!—

(*hesitating.*)

—To love, is this then all? May we not wed?

Ott.—Doubtless.

Rect.—

She yields!

(*Enter Gottlob and Franz.*)

SCENE XI.

RECTOR, GOTTLÖB, FRANZ, OTTILIE.

Rect.—

Dear friends, from her own lips

Learn my good fortune.

Gott.—(*smiling.*)

Ah! I knew I'd hit it!

My guess not “so wide o' the mark!”

Fr.—(*as if choking.*)

Why? Truly,

Our learned Rector wastes time——

Ott.—(*gaily.*)

Loving me, Franz;

Aye, wedding me, besides; and so this comedy

Ill-guessed by you, by Gottlob here applauded,

Finishes well-nigh as it was begun;

No Demon else than Love has crossed the board.

Mephisto conquered yields to Margaret!