

PHILIP.

Miscreants! I spared their forfeit half its fine;
Nor wronged the law—whose sentence speaks in mine.
Yet whence this blood? What streams come hither still!
Well! Now my vast revenge has had its fill—
Or reached its limit—Which that pair has past.
She dies—And he—That struggle was his last.
Oh! strange, strange look!

GOMEZ.

His eyes are fixed—

PHILIP.

On me!

Cover his face. Nay—Let thy dagger be.
Well! There they sleep—Will mine be calmer rest?
Ah! be what may their future, am I blest?
The Holy Brethren? Yes—Inquire who dare!
His eyes still haunt me with that sorrowful glare—
Cover his face. E'en rumour might suffice—
Her faith too faltered. Still those ghastly eyes!