

THE VESTAL VIRGIN

Ye gods, ye great destroyers, who hate men,
Infect his bones with all your lightnings, till
In the dear topmost hour of their delight
The power to joy shall vanish! What are these
words!

Alas! my bird, I fear thy destiny speaks
O'er strong for our arrangements. *That's the*
cause!

Tis Vesta claims her own. What! Nysia, dost
hear?

A greater fate than love has gripped thy life!
Twas pre-ordained that young heart should be
torn

Asunder from its choice.

YSIA. (*Faintly*)

Tis true, I see my lot.

PIDUS. Wilt thou return to yon divinity;

Forget this light-o-love; tend the pure flame;

Passing chaste days in solemn hush and prayer;

Fulfilling that great dream of long ago?

YSIA.

I will.

Curtain Falls.