

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE



MARIANA. — ROSE OF KEARON
 IS NOW BUT LOSS OF TORMENT. — CRUEL ARNOLD.
 ACT III. SCENE I.

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ENGRAVED BY KEATE

EDWARD
THE BLACK PRINCE;

OR, THE
BATTLE OF POICTIERS;
AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHIRLEY, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK,

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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REMARKS.

William Shirley, Esq. the author of this play, is little known but as a man well versed in commercial affairs. He was some time English resident at Lisbon, and was considered of deep penetration and knowledge in respect to the trading concerns of different nations; particularly in those of Great Britain and Portugal.

His name, as a poet, has not attained the same reputation as his skill in commerce; for, though he has produced many dramas, Edward the Black Prince is the only one, which has been acted of many years; nor does this tragedy possess much dramatic merit beyond the interest of the story.

The hero of Cressy and Poitiers must ever command the fixed attention of an English audience; and the reader of this play may not be displeased at having his memory revived on the subject of this great prince, by a short extract from history previous to its perusal.

“Edward, Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, from the colour of his armour, was the son of Edward III. and born in 1330. He accompanied his father to France when he was but sixteen years old, and distinguished himself there above all the warriors of his age, particularly at the battle of Cressy, where he took the standard of the King of

Bohemia, embroidered with three ostrich feathers, and having this motto, *Ich Dien—I serve*. This he always wore; and it has continued to be the crest of the Princes of Wales ever since."

The battle of Poitiers, in which greater feats were achieved than at Cressy, is very faithfully described in the following play, or, at least, all those events in which the Black Prince was himself concerned in his military capacity.

The character of Arnold, his love, and its ignominious effects, are the invention of the author to give variety to his production. But the coincidence of names between this British renegade and an American General who betrayed his post, and came over to the English army during the late war in America, confers some tokens of the prophetic upon the writer's pen.

This tragedy made its first appearance at Drury Lane in the year 1750; and as its reception was by no means flattering to the author, or advantageous to the manager, it sunk into obscurity, till Mr. Kemble chose Prince Edward for the second part in which to appear before a London audience. This was in the year 1783, and at that time, General Arnold, not long arrived from his hostile country, resided in this metropolis, a pensioner on the English government for betraying his own.

It was said, that the General, unacquainted with the fictitious events in this play, was unfortunately in the theatre on the first night of its revival. Whether this was a truth or not, it is certain, that in the scenes between Arnold and Ribemont, in the beginning of the

third act—and in that between Arnold and Edward in the fourth, a singular whisper ran through the whole audience, which denoted, that if they did not see the real Arnold, at least they thought of him.

The character of Audley has history for its foundation, and seems to be a precise recorder of facts.

“ James, Lord Audley, of Haleigh in Staffordshire, distinguished himself greatly under Edward III. in France, and was one of the first Knights of the Garter. He was present at the famous battle of Poitiers, where he was so grievously wounded, that his esquires were obliged to bear him out of the field of battle; after which, the Black Prince bestowed on him a noble pension, with many marks of his regard.”

BIOG. BRIT.

Ribemont appears to have been a creature of the poet's fancy, which should likewise have been exercised in giving birth to a female of much more importance than Mariana; for without a very interesting woman's part, few plays will be attractive.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD, PRINCE of WALES	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
EARL OF WARWICK	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
EARL OF SALISBURY	<i>Mr. Fawcet.</i>
LORD AUDLEY	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
LORD CHANDOS	<i>Mr. Williames.</i>
ARNOLD	<i>Mr. Brereton.</i>
CARDINAL PERIGORT	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
JOHN, THE FRENCH KING	<i>Mr. Staunton.</i>
DAUPHIN	<i>Mr. Phillimore.</i>
DUKE OF TOURAIN	
DUKE OF ATHENS	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
ARCHBISHOP OF SENS	<i>Mr. Chaplin.</i>
LORD RIBEMONT	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
LORD CHARNEY	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
MARIANA	<i>Miss E. Kemble.</i>
LOUISA	

NOBLES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE,—*The English and French Camps, on and near
the Plains of Poitiers in France.*

EDWARD
THE BLACK PRINCE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The PRINCE OF WALES's Tent.

PRINCE EDWARD *discovered, seated*—WARWICK,
SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS, and Others,
standing.

Prince. My lords, I summon'd ye in haste to
council;

Intelligence is brought me, that our foes
Have levied, to oppose us, such a strength
As almost staggers credibility!
What's to be done?—To tarry longer here,
And brave their fury in the heart of France,
Would be a rashness that may hazard all.
Consider therefore well, my fellow-warriors,
And aid my judgment with your good advice.
Speak, Warwick, your opinion.

War. Royal sir,
It is for marching back, with speed, to Bourdeaux.
Our little army, harrass'd with fatigue,
And heavy laden with the spoils of war,
Should, like the careful bees, ere storms o'ertake us,
Secure our treasures and prepare for rest.
The voice of wisdom urges our retreat,
Obey it, and be happy.

Aud. Shameful thought !
What, spirit dastards by inglorious flight ?
No ; never let it, mighty prince, be said,
That we, who, two succeeding summers, chac'd
From shore to shore of their extensive realm
Collected armies, doubling each our own !
Should here at length discover abject fear,
And skulk for coward safety. What are numbers ?
Let all their kingdom's millions arm at once,
Such timid throngs, with multiplied dismay,
Would make confusion do the task of valour,
And work out their destruction.

Sal. Audley's thoughts
Accord with mine. While Salisbury has breath,
His tongue shall hurl defiance at their force.
Remember, princely Edward, Cressy's fields ;
Remember every battle we have fought,
How much out-counted, yet how greatly victors !
Loud were the calls that broke our sleep of peace,
And bade us rouse and buckle on our arms ;
A throne usurp'd, your royal father's right ;
A violated truce, a vile attempt
To filch away the fruits of painful conquest,
By basely bribing servants from their duty.
Assaults so infamous, such rank dishonour,
At last awoke our monarch's high resentment :
O give it glorious scope ! unhinge, destroy
Their very power of doing future wrongs :
So shall the rescued world pour forth its blessings,
And kings and kingdoms thank our arm for safety.

Chand. If Chandos give his voice for our retreat,
'Tis not from coward motives: All can witness
I have met danger with as firm a spirit
As any in our host.

Consider, gracious prince, and you, my lords,
What difficulties clog a winter's march.
Now homely let us look; and wisely there
Recruit, in time, our vigour and our numbers:
Thence, with the cheerful spring to issue forth,
Again to labour in the field of fame.

Prince. True wisdom, Chandos, dictates to your
tongue,
And modest, manly, eloquence adorns it.
My lords of Salisbury and Audley, you,
Who cherish truth and candour in your minds,
Must yield to arguments so clear and strong.
Believe me, friends and brothers of the war,
A momentary ruin may involve us:
Such mighty hosts are rais'd, and now in motion,
As well will task our utmost skill to 'scape.
Upon the plains of Poitiers are encamp'd,
Th' extensive plains that our retreat must skirt,
An army double ours.

Aud. And shall we pass;
Go tamely by; and give them cause for vaunting
That Englishmen avoided once a battle?
No; never let us merit such a stain;
But boldly seek them, dare their double numbers,
And drive them, if a combat they decline,
To skip and wanton at a safer distance.

Sal. Give us, my prince, the pleasure-but to spring
This gaudy flight of prating popinjays,
And we'll retire contented.

Chand. There my voice
Shall join ye, lords; to force them from their home
At such a juncture, will be doubly glorious!
Or should they venture battle, their discomfit

Will render our retreat to Bourdeaux safe,
And end our labours with a noble triumph.

Prince. Then be it so ; for Poitiers we'll prepare.

[*Rising.*

Give instant orders, good my lords, for marching :
To-morrow's sun shall see us face our foes.

Here break we off ; go each where duty calls.

[*Exeunt LORDS.*

Now for an office is most grateful to me.

Let Arnold know, that I expect him.

[*A GENTLEMAN appears, and retires again.*

How poor the pomps and trophies of the field,
The blaze of splendour, or that bubble, praise,
Compar'd with what the sympathizing heart
Feels from a gen'rous action !

Enter ARNOLD.

Welcome, Arnold.

I ne'er behold thy face, but pleasure springs
From the remembrance of those sprightly days,
Which led thro' early youth our happy friendship.

Arn. So honour'd, gracious prince, as I have been,
From humble fortune rais'd to env'y'd greatness,
And still with ev'ry grace each gift made precious.
Oh, what are words in payment of such blessings !
What ev'n my life, were life itself laid down
In gratitude for such transcendent goodness !

Prince. If there's a transport tow'ring to divine ;
If, in atonement for its load of cares,
One vast enjoyment is the gift of greatness,
'Tis that we can bestow where merit claims.
Thine is the vacant military post,
By Mountford's death reverted to my gift :
And keep thy office in my household still ;
I must not lose the servant in the soldier.

Be henceforth both, and what is more, my friend.

Arn. How shall I praise——

Prince. Arnold, I merit none.
If thou hast kindness done thee, I have pleasure.
There is no joy a gen'rous mind can know,
Like that of giving virtue its reward :
Nor ought such payment be esteem'd a bounty ;
For to deserve and give is equal favour.
But let me ask thee of thy beauteous charge :
How has the noble Mariana borne
Captive calamity?

Arn. With resignation
Worthy her birth and dignity of spirit :
Forgetting her misfortunes, all her talk
Turns on the topic of your kind protection.

Prince. Let it extend to all that can relieve
The mind from harsh reflections on her state.
We're now preparing for the fields of Poitiers :
Accommodate her on the wearying way
With thy best care. Remember I request it. [*Exit.*

Arn. Rely, my royal master, on my duty.
Needless injunction ! Mariana's charms
Have giv'n her here such absolute command,
My very soul, my ev'ry pow'r, is her's.
But the cold maid, whene'er I plead my passion,
Chills me with sighs, and stifles all my flame
Of love with streaming tears. Benignant Heav'n !
Bless'd as I am with royal Edward's favour,
And Mariana's charms—and all beyond,
Let mad ambition grapple for, and gain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter CHARNEY and the ARCHBISHOP OF SENS.

Char. My Lord of Sens, I gladly give your grace
A joyful welcome to the plains of Poitiers.

You come the happy harbinger of comfort,
Returning to old Charney's woe-worn mind.
The king's approach revives my drooping spirits,
It feeds the dying lamp of life with hope,
That I shall live to riot in revenge.
Those English locusts, who devour our wealth,
Who spoil and slaughter with so wild a fury,
Grant, ye good pow'rs, these eyes may see destroy'd;
And I shall die contented!

Sens. Ev'ry tongue
Joins that petition. Your misfortunes, lord,
Most nearly touch the king.

Char. Oh, they are great!
The pride of ancient lineage treasur'd up,
Trophies of war and ornaments of pomp,
These won by valour, those with honour worn,
Favours of monarchs, and the gifts of Heav'n,
The relics of a glorious ancestry,
Are, with the mansion of my great forefathers,
A heap of ashes now!—A wide-spread ruin.
My age's blessing too, an only daughter,
Torn from her home to hard captivity,
The prey, the victim of a fell revenge!
Oh, matchless misery!—Oh, Mariana!

Sens. Your sorrows have been wept by ev'ry eye;
And all have wonder'd what should mark you out
For such peculiar vengeance.

Char. Nothing but
The service done our master, when I brib'd
Their governor to give up Calais to us;
Who, like a villain, broke his plighted faith,
And sacrific'd the gallant troops I led
To Edward's fury: slaughter'd all, or taken,
I was amongst the train, who grac'd his triumph!
There the proud King insulted me with taunts;
He call'd our undertaking vile and base;
With low'ring brow, and bitterness of speech,
Adding, he hop'd the fortune of his arms

Would give him to reward my treachery.
The father's wishes hath the son accomplish'd;
For which, may all the rage of ev'ry curse,
Flames, famines, pestilences, slaughters, join
To root from nature the detested race!

Sens. Grant it, good Heav'n!—But see, the Duke
of Athens!

Enter ATHENS.

Char. Lord Constable, most welcome to my arms!

Ath. I thank you, noble Charney.

Char. Are the train
Of royal warriors, sir, arriv'd?

Ath. They are.

Char. Oh, joyful tidings! Sir, another hour
Shall speak at large my pleasure to behold you:
The present claims my duty to the King. [*Exit.*

Ath. My Lord of Sens, these secret marches made
From different parts by our divided host,
May steal us on our unprepared foes,
And give our arms, at length, an ample vengeance.

Sens. I greatly hope it. As I think, to-morrow,
Or I mistook the King, they'll all be here.

Ath. With early day, the instant we arriv'd,
A numerous party, led by Ribemont,
Came up and join'd us. Those the Dauphin brings,
Our last division, are to march by night;
We may expect them with to-morrow's dawn.

Sens. See! Ribemont is here!

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Why, this looks well—
Here's bustle, expedition!—once again
We shine in arms, and wear a face of war.

Sens. O, may they never be again laid down,
Till England is repaid with all the plagues
Her sons have brought on France! My eager soul,
As does the fever'd lip for moisture, longs
To see destruction overwhelm that people.

Rib. Indulge no guilty hatred, rev'rend lord;
For fair report, and, let me add, experience,
Picture them lovely to impartial judgment.
The world allows they're valiant, gen'rous, wise;
Endow'd with all that dignifies our nature;
While, for their monarch—we'll appeal to facts,
And sure they speak him wonderful indeed!

Sens. It grates my soul to hear a Frenchman talk
Of greater glories than he finds at home.
Is not this monarch, you would make a god,
Our master's enemy, our country's foe?

Rib. A foe he is, but he's a noble foe!
I know his worth, and therefore will I speak it.
At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this Third King Edward's sword:
I found him all that heathens held their gods,
Artful and mighty! (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer. Long we stood,
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Till, by superior soldiership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch. But so well,
With hardy vigour, I sustain'd the combat,
That freedom, ransomeless, was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow the string of orient wealth;
Around my temples twin'd the glittering wreath,
And cry'd—Shine there, my token of applause.
Oh, if his valour wing'd amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,
Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanquish'd enemy renown!

Sens. Detested boast!—Ambition's taint, my lord,
So warps, so biases the soldier's judgment——

Rib. Ha, biases!—I tell thee, priest, ambition——
When was it wanting in a churchman's soul?
More odious there, and more pernicious far,
Than when it fires the warrior's breast to glory.

But, down my rage—Your office should be peaceful—

Your habit's sacred——Let your speech be suited.

Sens. Reproving sir, you think you rail secure,
And so secure remain; howe'er, your case
Might bring ev'n your allegiance into question.

Rib. Said'st thou allegiance?—What a vile resort!
And would thy jaundic'd malice stain my fame?
I praise my foes, because they merit praise:
I'll praise them to the King, and after fight them.
My soul disdains such narrow-hearted spleen,
As owns no excellence beyond a tribe,
And hates, from envy, all superior merit.

Ath. Forbear, my lord; consider you're enrag'd
With one whose function does forbid revenge.

Rib. Why does the meddling priest provoke resentment?

Let him obey that function; preach repentance
To money-scraping misers, sordid slaves,
The cringing minions of corrupted courts,
The dregs of stews and tyrants of the gown:
There let his zeal be vehement and loud;
But not come here to sap the soldier's honour,
And teach inglorious lessons in a camp. [*Exit.*]

Ath. Forgive him, good my lord: brave Ribemont
Is all the warrior, bold above restraint;
Of nature noble, but unpolish'd manners.

Sens. I do forgive him—Yet a time may come—
[*Aside.*]

Ath. Sir, go we to the presence?

Sens. I attend you.

Ath. There grant, ye pow'rs! our counsels may procure

This kingdom's safety, and its peace insure. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The English Camp.

Enter SALISBURY and CHANDOS, meeting.

Chan. Good morrow, Salisbury, yon rising sun,
As was your wish, beholds us here encamp'd
Upon the plains of Poitiers.

Sal. Noble Chandos,
It was my wish; a wish for England's honour.
To Frenchmen, whom so much we've aw'd and hum-
bled,
Methinks I would not give the least pretence
For arrogance and boasting.

Enter WARWICK.

War. Valiant lords,
Wild consternation reigns! Our scouts have brought
Intelligence the enemy surrounds us!
By sudden, secret marches, they have drawn
Their troops from ev'ry fertile province hither,
And cut off our retreat.

Sal. Why then we'll fight them.

War. Most fatal was our yesterday's advice,
But 'tis his highness' will we straight to counsel:
Haste, good my lords, for on a single hour,
Perhaps a minute, now our fate depends.

Sal. I'll not believe the French will dare attack us,
How great soe'er their numbers. But with words
We will not waste the time that may be precious;
Then to the Prince's tent, my lords, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Tent in the English Camp.

Enter ARNOLD, *leading* MARIANA.

Arn. Now, lovely captive, wilt thou doubly triumph!

The happier cause of France at length prevails,
And we are all undone.

Mar. What mean you, Arnold?

Arn. Encircled here by thy whole country's force,
Unable to sustain their fierce assault,
And all retreat cut off, we have no prospect
But that of total slaughter.

Mar. Hear me, Heav'n!
Who oft has witness'd to the silent tears,
Stream'd down in gratitude for gen'rous treatment;
Now witness (spite of all my country suffers)
That these descend in pity for my foes.

Arn. The fatal accident again restores thee
To liberty, and safety, while from me
It cuts away all hopes of happiness.
I wish not to outlive the bloody hour
Must give thee to thy father, whose abhorrence
Of all that's English soon will interpose,
And plunge my soul for ever in despair.
Let then thy fancy image what I feel!—
Grief chokes the very passages of vent—
And I want utterance for—

Mar. There is no need.

I know thy heart, know all its tender feelings,
Know what sad tumults, doubts and fears create.
If to thy eloquence of words and looks,
My virgin modesty and captive state
Have hitherto forbid my tongue to answer,
Yet sure my eyes have told my heart was thine.
But now, away with fears and forms; distress
Bears me above restraint, and I will own
To Heav'n, to earth, to thee, my father, country,
That Arnold is most dear, most precious to me!

Arn. Hold, my transported heart!—Thou heav'nly
maid——

What raptures rush at that enchanting sound!
Happy as I am now, destruction, come,
O'erwhelm me in this moment of my bliss;
Ne'er let me pine in hopeless anguish more,
But die thus clasp'd in Mariana's arms.

Mar. And will our fate—will cruel fate divide us?

Arn. Oh, do not name it! With the very thought
Frenzy assaults me. No, we must not, cannot,
Will not be parted—No——

Mar. Alas! I fear
The choice will not be ours. A father's pow'r,
If France prevails, for ever tears thee from me.
And must they conquer?—Oh, I find, I feel,
I've lost already all regard for France:
England's my country, any country's mine,
That gives me but my safety and my love——
Inform me—tell me—is there no escaping?

Arn. Thou wilt need none. For me and for the
rest,
We have, alas! no prospect but of——

Mar. Stop!
Nor dare inflame a wild imagination,
Lest madness follow! 'midst relentless foes,
Methinks I see thee fall! Behold them strike!——

I hear thy groans! I see thy gushing blood!
Oh, save me from the horror!—Let us fly!—
Let us away this moment!—Let us——

Arn. Whither!

Where can we fly? All hope of flight is lost,
There is no possibility——

Mar. There is.

Let us, while yet occasion will permit,
Fly to my father.

Arn. Father!

Mar. He'll protect us.

Arn. Protect us!—Dire protection!—at the
thought

My blood runs chill! and horror quite unmans me.

Mar. Think on the dangers that you brave by
staying.

Arn. Do not awake, thou lovely pleader, do not,
Such tumult-working thoughts within a mind
On madness verging.

Mar. Let us then away.

Arn. Oh, not for worlds!—Not worlds should bribe
me to it.

Mar. And wilt thou urge thou lov'st me?

Arn. More than life!

Mar. By Heav'n, 'tis false: the spirit, that's within
thee,

Is not of worth to harbour aught so noble.

Arn. Will daring even to die convince thee?

Mar. No:

Death is a coward's refuge. Dare to live;
Dare wretchedness,—Reproach——

Arn. No more, no more——

Tempt me no more in vain——

Mar. Art thou so fix'd?

Arn. As fate——

Mar. I've done.

Arn. Then why that angry look?——

Mar. It is a curse entail'd upon the sex,

To have our counsel scorn'd, our love despis'd.
Go to thy ruin—to my ruin go—
I give thee up—and all my hopes for ever.

Arn. Let but reason

Weigh the dire consequence of such a flight.

Mar. The consequence! Why, what do you forsake

But certain slaughter?

Arn. Horrid—damning thought!

Mar. I hop'd my risking wretchedness for love,
Would have provok'd some emulation—

Arn. Oh!

Mar. But thou art poor, the hero of pretence;
And therefore thus—for ever—

Arn. Take me, lead—

No, stop!—it surely was some Siren's voice
Would lure me to destruction—Off!—stand off!—
Thou! thou art she that would ensnare my soul,
Ruin my peace, and sacrifice my fame.
But timely be advis'd: forbear to urge
A deed that all the earth would scorn me for,
All hell want plagues to punish.

Mar. Be undone—

Arn. Undone I am, whatever course I take—
Dreadful alternative! Despair, or death,
Or everlasting shame!

Mar. I did not pause:

I chose for Arnold's love to hazard all:
To suffer, if misfortune were our lot,
And never once reproach him or repine.
But he rejects such truth, such tenderness—

Arn. Oh, hear me, help me, save me, sacred
pow'rs!

Mar. Thou'rt pale!—

Arn. Dizzy and sick—the objects swim before me.
Reach out thy hand to save me ere I sink:
Oh, what a deprivation of all pow'rs!

Lead me to my tent—I beg thee lead——
Oh, boasted manhood—how I feel thy weakness!
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

A magnificent Pavilion.

KING JOHN *appears seated in State. On Stools, below him, sit the* DAUPHIN, DUKE OF TOURAIN, ATHENS, SENS, RIBEMONT, CHARNEY, LORDS; ATTENDANTS *and* GUARDS, *all standing.*

King. At length, we've caught these lions in our toils,
These English spoilers, who through all our realm
Have mark'd their way with rapine, flames, and slaughters:

Now, by my sacred diadem, I swear,
Beyond a conqueror's joy my pleasure swells,
For that my foes have wrought their own confusion,
And found misfortunes where they meant to deal
them.

What say you, lords, must softening pity sway?
Or shall we glut our vengeance with their blood?

Char. Heav'n gives them up the victims of your wrath;

Indulge it, then, to their destruction. Mercy
Would mark your majesty the foe of France.
Your bleeding country cries for retribution:
I join it, with a voice by woes enfeebled;
Hear, feel, and strike in such a moving cause,
The cause of wrongs, of wounds, of weeping age!
The widow'd bride, the childless father calls:
Oh, hear, redress,—revenge us, royal sir,
For vengeance now is in your pow'r to grant.

Rib. Anger and hatred are disgraceful motives,
 Calm dignity should ever counsel kings,
 And govern all their actions. When they strike,
 It ne'er should be to gratify resentment,
 But, like the arm omnipotent of Heav'n,
 To further justice : to create an awe
 May terrify from evil :—better minds—
 And benefit society !

Ath. The Nuncio,
 Who follow'd fast your majesty to Poitiers,
 Hath sent to claim an audience in behalf
 Of yon endanger'd English.

Sens. Do not hear him.

King. Say, Lord Archbishop, wherefore should we
 not ?

Sens. Knowing your godlike and forgiving nature,
 I fear 'twill rob you of much martial glory :
 Else might your fame in arms, for this day's action,
 Rival the boasts of Macedon or Rome !
 And sure your valiant soldiers will repine,
 To have the laurels, now so near their grasp,
 Snatch'd from their hopes for ever.

Rib. Abject minion!
 How shameful to that habit are such flatteries !
[*Aside.*

King. Yes, I well know my soldiers pant, impa-
 tient

To seize this feeble quarry. But our foes,
 I must remind you, are so close beset,
 That famine soon will throw them on your mercy.
 Princes and lords, what cause have we to fight ?
 Why should we waste a drop of Gallic blood,
 When conquest may be ours on cheaper terms ?

Dauph. But will it suit the glory of our arms
 To wait their inclination to surrender ?
 Or ev'n to grant such parley, as might plume
 Their saucy pride to expect capitulation ?
 Oh, no, my royal father, rush at once,

O'erwhelm them, crush them, finish them by slaughter.

Rib. Think not, Prince Dauphin, they'll e'er stoop for terms :

Believe me, we have rather cause to expect
A fierce attack, to cut their passage through,
Or perish in the attempt. I know them well,
In many a field have try'd their stubborn spirit ;
Have won some honour—by their King though van-
quish'd :

And when I ponder their intrepid courage,
How much they dare to suffer and attempt,
I'm lost in wonder, and no Cressy need
To make me tremble to provoke their fury.

Dauph. Your tongue, the herald of your vanity,
Methinks, is loud in what were better lost
To all remembrance—a disgraceful tale.
To boast of honours from a victor's bounty,
Is stooping low—is taking abject fame.
If you have valour, give it manly sway,
Busy your sword—but let your tongue be silent.

Rib. My talent never 'twas to idly vaunt—

King. No more of this—presumptuous Ribemont.
Princes and lords, we are yet undetermin'd.
I've sent a spy, of known abilities,
To find out the condition of our foes ;
From whose report, in council, we'll resolve
On measures that may promise most success.
Mean time, do you inform the Nuncio, Athens,
His audience shall be granted. Lords, lead on :
We'll make our morning's progress through the camp.

[*Exeunt KING, PRINCE, &c.—Trumpets.*]

Rib. What boasts made I ?

I told the truth, and wherefore then this taunt ?
Shame on such modesty ! The King, just now,
Nice as he seems in breeding and in forms,
With patience heard a supple, fawning priest——
Strip all the shrines of fam'd antiquity,

Ev'n make great Cæsar and the son of Philip
Resign their laurels to his nobler claim.

Ath. Brave Ribemont,
The King's distaste was that you prais'd his foes.
To talk of Cressy and of Edward's feats,
Was to remind him of our crown's disgrace :
'Twas to proclaim what we should wish forgotten,
Our slaughter'd armies, and our monarch's flight.

Rib. What, are our ears too delicate for truth ?
If English valour has disgrac'd our arms,
Instead of mean forgetting, we should stamp
The hated image stronger on our minds ;
For ever murmur and for ever rage,
'Till thence eras'd by nobler feats of arms.
Such are my thoughts, and such my resolution :
I share our country's scandal, and would join
My sword, my blood ! to purge away the stain.

Ath. Here, then, occasion meets thy patriot wish ;
Here you may help to blanch our sullied glory.

Rib. I differ, Athens, widely in opinion :
The harvest is too thin, the field too bare
To yield the reapers honour.
Would our exulting King acquire renown,
Let him reduce his numbers down to theirs.
Then sword to sword, and shield to shield, oppose,
In equal strife, these wonderous sons of war ;
Their conquest would be glorious ! But, as now,
With all our thousands and ten thousands join'd,
By Heaven ! 'tis most infamous to fight.

Ath. I must away ; my duty calls me hence.
I must applaud this generous regard
For a brave people that have done you honour ;
Convinc'd, whene'er you face these fearless foes,
You'll fight them warmly as you've prais'd——

Rib. Farewell—On my soul,
I pity the brave handful we encircle,
And almost wish myself an Englishman,
To share a fate so noble.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The English Camp.

Enter AUDLEY and CHANDOS, meeting.

Aud. You're well encounter'd, Chandos, where's the Prince?

Chan. Directing the entrenchments,
While with the meanest soldier he partakes
In ev'ry toil! inspiring, by example,
A glorious zeal and spirit thro' the camp.

Aud. Yet feels he, as the father of our host,
For every man's misfortune, but his own.
Thrice have I seen him, in successive rounds,
Kindle new courage in each drooping heart,
And drive all fear, all diffidence, away.
Yet on the task would tenderness intrude,
As dangers stole and imag'd on his mind:
When, pausing, he would turn his head aside,
Heave a sad sigh, and drop a tender tear.

Enter SALISBURY.

Chan. Well, what says Salisbury?

Sal. Why, faith, but little:
It is yon Frenchmen's place to talk at present.

Aud. How stand the troops?

Sal. Believe me, not so firm,
But our light-footed enemies, if dext'rous,
May trip up all their heels.

Chan. True to his humour!
My good Lord Salisbury will have his gibe,
Howe'er affliction wrings.

Sal. And wherefore not?
Will burial faces buy us our escape?
I wish they would: then no Hibernian hag,
Whose trade is sorrow, should out-sadden me.

But, as the business stands, to weep or laugh,
Alike is bootless ; here is our dependence.

[*Touching his Sword.*

Aud. What are their numbers ?

Chan. Full an hundred thousand.

Sal. Ours but some eight :—great odds, my friends!
No matter :

The more will be our glory, when we've beat them.

Aud. What swells their host so mightily (I'm told)
The Earls of Neydo, Saltsburg and Nassau,
Have join'd their troops. The Earl of Douglas too
Assists them with three thousand hardy Scots,
Their old and sure allies.

Chan. I hear the same.

The prince approaches, lords ! [Trumpets.

Enter PRINCE, WARWICK, and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. Hah ! said'st thou, Warwick !

Arnold gone over to the foe ?

War. He is.

A trusty spy brought the intelligence,
Who saw him entering the adverse camp,
Leading his captive charge.

Prince. Impossible !

War. I've search'd his quarters since, myself, and
there

Nor he nor Mariana can be found.

Prince. What has a prince that can attract or
bind

The faith of friends, the gratitude of servants ?
Blush, greatness, blush ! Thy pow'r is all but poor,
Too impotent to bind one bosom to thee——
A blow like this I was not arm'd to meet——
It pierces to my soul.

Sal. All-righteous Heav'n,
Reward the villain's guilt ?—Believe not, prince,

Throughout our host, another can be found,
That worlds would buy to such a base revolt.

Prince. I hope it, will believe it, Salisbury.
Yet must lament, that one has prov'd so worthless.—
My lords, I have dispatches in my hand,
Advising that the nuncio-cardinal,
Good Perigort, is now arriv'd at Poictiers,
And means to interpose in our behalf.

Aud. His interposing is a gen'rous office,
And I applaud it; but, believe me, prince,
Our foes will rate their mercy much too high.
I'd hope as soon a tiger, tasting blood,
Can feel compassion, and release his prey,
As that a Frenchman will forego advantage.

Prince. I've by the messenger, that brought my letters,
Sent him the terms on which I warrant treating.
The sum is, my consent to render back
The castles, towns, and plunder we have taken,
Since marching out of Bourdeaux: and to plight
My faith, that I, for seven succeeding years,
Will wield no hostile sword against their crown.

Sal. It is too much, my prince, it is too much.
Give o'er such traffic for inglorious safety.
Or let us die, or conquer.

Prince. Salisbury,
Rely upon a prince and soldier's promise,
That caution shan't betray us into meanness.
Heav'n knows, for me, I value life so little,
That I would spend it as an idle breath,
To serve my king, my country, nay, my friend.
But sure the voice of Heav'n and cry of nature
Are loud against the sacrifice of thousands
To giddy rashness. Oh! reflect, my friends,
I have a double delegated trust,
And must account to Heav'n and to my father,
For lives ignobly sav'd, or madly lost.
'Till Perigort shall therefore bring their terms,

Suspend we all resolves, but those receiv'd :
Determination must be expeditious :
For know our stock of stores will barely reach
To furnish out the present day's subsistence.

Aud. If so, necessity, the last sad guide
Of all misfortune's children, will command.

Chan. We must submit to what wise Heav'n decrees.

Prince. Let that great duty but direct the mind,
And men will all be happily resign'd :
Accept whate'er the Almighty deigns to give,
And die contented, or contented live :
Embrace the lot his providence ordains,
If deck'd with laurels, or depress'd with chains,
Inur'd to labour, or indulg'd with rest,
And think each moment, he decrees, the best.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The French Camp.

Enter ATHENS *and* RIBEMONT.

Rib. Lord Constable, I was not in the presence,
When Perigort had audience of the King ;
Inform me, for I wish to know, does Peace
Her olive-garland weave ? Or must the sword
Be kept unsheath'd, and blood-fed Vengeance live ?

Ath. The king expecting me, I cannot tarry
 To let your lordship know particulars;
 But the good father, who even now set forward,
 Carries such terms as, from my soul, I wish
 Young Edward may accept: for 'tis resolv'd,
 If they're rejected, instant to attack them.
 Yonder's the fugitive, I see, advancing,
 Who left their camp this morning. If we fight,
 And you have there a friend you wish to save,
 This man may point you to his post. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Rib. This man——By Heav'n, there's treason in
 his aspect!
 That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on earth,
 That bended body, and those folded arms,
 Are indications of a tortur'd mind,
 And blazon equal villainy and shame.
 In what a dire condition is the wretch,
 Who, in the mirror of reflection, sees
 The hideous stains of a polluted soul!——
 To corners then, as does the loathsome toad,
 He crawls in silence: there sequester'd lies
 Hating himself, and fearing fellowship.

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. What have I done! And where is my reward?

Charney withholds his daughter from my arms,
 My flatter'd recompense for——Hold, my brain!
 Thought, that by timely coming might have sav'd me,
 Is now too late, when all its office serves
 But to awaken horror!

[*Aside.*

Rib. I'll accost him.——

Are you an Englishman?

Arn. I had that name,
 (Oh, killing question)——but have lost it now.

Rib. Lost it indeed !

Arn. Illustrious Ribemont ! Pity, if you can,
A wretch—the most undone of all mankind.

Rib. I much mistake your visage, or I've seen you
In near attendance on the Prince of Wales.

Arn. I was indeed,—(Oh scandal to confess it)
I was his follower, was his humble friend ;
He favour'd, cherish'd,—lov'd me !—Heav'nly pow'rs !
How shall I give my guilty story utterance !—
Level your fiery bolts !—Transfix me here !
Or hurl me howling to the hell I merit.

Rib. Invoke no pow'r, a conscience such as thine
Is hell enough for mortal to endure.
But let me ask thee, for my wonder prompts me,
What bait affords the world, that could induce thee
To wrong so godlike and so good a master ?

Arn. True, he is all, is godlike, and is good !
Edward, my royal master, is indeed
A prince beyond example ; Yet your heart,
If it has ever felt the power of beauty,
Must mitigate the crime of raging love.

Rib. Love !—Thou lost wretch !—And could so
frail a fire
Consume whate'er was great and manly in thee ?
Blot virtue out, and root each nobler passion
Forth from thy mind ? The thirst of bright renown ?
A patriot fond affection for thy country ?
Zeal for thy monarch's glory ? And the tie
Of sacred friendship—by thy prince ennobled ?
Begone, and hide thy ignominious head,
Where human eye may never penetrate ;
Avoid society, for all mankind
Will fly the fellowship of one like thee.

Arn. Heav'n ! wherefore said'st thou, that we must
not err,
And yet made woman ?

Rib. Why accuse you Heav'n ?

Curse your inglorious heart for wanting fire,
The fire that animates the nobly brave!
The fire that has renown'd the English name,
And made it such as ev'ry age to come
Shall strive to emulate—but never reach——
There thou wert mingled in a blaze of glory,
Great—to amazement great!—But now how fall'n!
Ev'n to the vilest of all vassal vileness,
The despicable state of female thraldom.

Arn. Untouch'd by passion, all may talk it well;
In speculation who was e'er unwise?
But appetites assault like furious storms,
O'erbearing all that should resist their rage,
'Till sinking reason's wreck'd; and then succeeds
A gloomy calm—in which reflection arms
Her scorpion brood—remorse, despair, and horror!

Rib. But could contrition ever yet restore
To radiant lustre a polluted fame?
Truth, the great touchstone of all human actions,
The fair foundation of applause or blame,
Has ting'd thy honour with too foul a stain,
For all repentant tears to wash away.
All eyes 'twill urge to dart their keen reproaches,
Each tongue to hiss, and ev'ry heart to heave
With indignation at thee.

Arn. All the pride,
That here should kindle into high resentment,
I find is gone! My spirit's sunk, debas'd!
My guilt unmans me—and I'm grown a coward.

[*Aside.*

Rib. The trumpets may awake, the clarions swell,
That noble ardour thou no more canst feel,
Disgrac'd from soldier to a renegade.
Anon, while o'er the dreadful field we drive,
Or dealing deaths, or daring slaught'ring swords!
Do thou at distance, like the dastard hare,
All trembling, seek thy safety. Thence away,
As fortune, or thy genius, may direct,

Thy conscience thy companion. But be sure,
Whatever land you burden with your weight,
Whatever people you hereafter join,
Tell but your tale, and they will all, like me,
Pronounce you abject, infamous, and hateful. [*Exit.*

Arn. Abject and hateful!——Infamous!——I'm
all!——

The world has not another monster like me:
Nor hell in all its horrid store of evils,
Beyond what I deserve!——Already here
I feel the shafts, they rankle in my bosom;
And active thought anticipates damnation.

Enter MARIANA and LOUISA.

Mar. He's here! I've found my heart's companion
out!

Rejoice, my Arnold, for my father softens;
He half forgets his hatred to thy country,
And hears with temper while I praise thy virtues.
We soon shall conquer. Ha! what mean those tears?
Why art thou thus?

Arn. And canst thou ask that question?
Thou soft seducer, thou enchanting mischief,
Give me again my innocence of soul,
Give me my forfeit honour blanch'd anew,
Cancel my treasons to my royal master,
Restore me to my country's lost esteem,
To the sweet hope of mercy from above,
And the calm comforts of a virtuous heart.

Mar. Sure kindness should not construe into guilt
My fond endeavours to preserve thee mine,
Life, love and freedom are before you, all,
Embrace the blessings, and we yet are happy.

Arn. What, with a conscience sore and gall'd like
mine?

To stand the glance of scorn from ev'ry eye,
From ev'ry finger the indignant point?
A taunting Frenchman, with opprobrious tongue,

Pronounc'd me abject, infamous and hateful !
 And yet I live—and yet you counsel life——
 No, die I must—I will—but how, how, how?——
 Nay, loose my arm ; you strive in vain to hold me.

Mar. Upon my knees—See, see these speaking tears !

Arn. Be yet advis'd, nor urge me to an outrage.
 Thy pow'r is lost—unhand me—then 'tis thus,
 Thus I renounce thy beauties, thus thy guilt——
 Life, love and treason I renounce for ever. *[Exit.*

Mar. Then welcome death, distraction, ev'ry curse !

Blast me, ye lightnings ! strike me, roaring thunders !
 Or let me tear, with my outrageous hands,
 The peaceful bosom of the earth, and find
 A refuge from my woes and life together.

[Flinging herself on the Ground.

Stand off ! away ! I will not be withheld——
 I will indulge my phrenzy——Loss of reason
 Is now but loss of torment——Cruel Arnold !

[Scene closes.

SCENE II.

The PRINCE'S Tent.

*The PRINCE OF WALES seated in State in his Tent ;
 at the Entrance to which his Standard stands displayed ; the Device, three Ostrich Feathers, with the
 Motto of " Ich Dien." WARWICK, SALISBURY,
 AUDLEY, CHANDOS, NOBLES, OFFICERS, and
 GUARDS, standing.*

Prince. I've sent my Lords of Oxford, Suffolk,
 Cobham,
 To meet the Nuncio, and conduct him hither ;

From whom we may expect to hear the terms
On which the French will deign to give us safety.

[*Trumpets.*

Chan. Those trumpets speak the Cardinal's arrival:—

And see! the lords conduct him to your presence!

[*Trumpets.*

Enter Three ENGLISH LORDS, preceding CARDINAL PERIGORT and his Retinue. On the NUNCIO's bowing, the PRINCE advances from his Seat, and embraces him.

Prince. Lord Cardinal, most welcome to my arms;
I greet you thus as England's kindest friend,
Misfortune's refuge, and affliction's hope.
It is an office worthy of your goodness,
To step betwixt our danger and destruction,
Striving to ward from threat'ned thousands here,
The blow of fate.

Per. Grant, gracious Heav'n, I may!
For, from my soul, great prince, I wish you rescue;
And have conditions from your foes to offer;
Which, if accepted, save ye.

Prince. We attend.

[*Takes his Seat.*

Per. No art for mild persuasion in your cause
Have I omitted: but imperious France,
Too fond of vengeance, and too vain of numbers,
Insists on terms, which only could be hop'd
From such a scanty, unprovided host;
And prudence will direct, from many evils,
To chuse the lightest. Their conditions are,
That, to the castles, towns, and plunder taken,
And offer'd now by you to be restor'd,
Your royal person, with an hundred knights,
Are to be added pris'ners at discretion.

Prince. Ha! pris'ners!

Aud. Oh, insolent, detested terms!

Sal. A hundred thousand first of Frenchmen fall,
And carrion taint the air!—I cannot hold. [*Aside.*

Prince. [*After a Pause.*] My good Lord Cardinal,
what act of mine
Could ever usher to their minds a thought,
That I would so submit?

Per. Could I prescribe,
You should yourself be umpire of the terms;
For well I know your noble nature such,
That int'rest would be made the slave of honour.
But to whate'er I urg'd, the king reply'd,
Remember Cressy's fight! to us as fatal,
As that of Cannæ to the Roman state.
There fell two mighty kings, three sovereign princes,
Full thirty thousand valiant men of arms,
With all the flower of French nobility,
And of their firm allies; for which, (he cried)
What can redeem the glory of my crown,
But to behold those victors in our chains?—
It is a bitter potion; but reflect,
That royal John is noble, and will treat
Such foes with dignity, while fortune pays
Less than the stock of fame his father lost.

Prince. Yes, Philip lost the battle with the odds
Of three to one. In this, if they obtain it,
They have our numbers more than twelve times told,
And yet, my lord,
We'll face those numbers, fight them, bravely fall,
Ere stoop to linger loathsome life away
In infamy and bondage. Sir, I thank you—
I thank you from my soul, for these—for me—
But for the terms our foes demand, we scorn
Such vile conditions, and defy their swords—
Tell them, my lord, their hope's too proudly plum'd;
We will be conquer'd ere they call us captives.

Per. Famine or slaughter—

Prince. Let them both advance
In all their horrid, most tremendous forms!

They'll meet, in us, with men, who'll starve, bleed, die,
Ere wrong their country, or their own renown.
Sound, there, to arms!—My pious friend, farewell.
Disperse, my lords, and spirit up the troops:
Divide the last remains of our provision—
We shall require no more; for who survives
The fury of this day, will either find
Enough from booty—or a slave's allowance.

Per. How much at once I'm melted and amaz'd!
Stop, my lords, and give a soul of meekness scope,
In minutes of such peril. By the host
That circles Heaven's high throne, my bleeding heart
Is touch'd with so much tenderness and pity,
I cannot yield ye to the dire decision.
Let me, once more, with ev'ry moving art,
Each soft persuasion, try the Gallic king:
Perhaps he may relent—permit the trial——
I would preserve such worth, Heaven knows I would!
If hazard, labour, life, could buy your safety.

Prince. Lord Cardinal, your kindness quite unmans
me:

My mind was arm'd for every rough encounter;
But such compassion saps my fortitude,
And forces tears—they flow, not for myself,
But these endanger'd followers of my fortunes,
Whom I behold as fathers, brothers, friends,
Here link'd together by the graceful bonds
Of amity and honour: all to me
For ever faithful and for ever dear,
Think it not weakness then that I lament them.

Per. It is the loveliest mark of royal virtue;
'Tis what demands our most exalted praise,
Is worthy of yourself, and must endear
The best of princes to the best of people.
Till my return be hope your comforter:
If 'tis within the scope of human means,
I'll ward the blow.

Prince. Good Heaven repay you, sir:

Tho' acts like yours carry such blessings with them
As are their full reward—My lord, farewell.

[Exit PERIGORT, attended as he came in.]

Aud. Well, sir, how fare you now?

Prince. Oh, never better!

I've run no mean, inglorious, race; and now,
If it must end, 'tis no unlucky time.

As yon great planet, thro' its radiant course,
Shoots at his parting the most pleasing rays,
So to high characters a gallant death
Lends the best lustre, and ennobles all.

Aud. Why, there, my prince, you reach even virtue's summit;

For this I love you with a nobler flame,
Than proud prosperity could e'er inspire.
'Tis triumph, this, o'er death.

Prince. And what is death,
That dreadful evil to a guilty mind,
And awe of coward natures? 'Tis but rest,
Rest that should follow every arduous toil,
Relieve the valiant, and reward the good:
Nor is there aught in death to make it dreadful,
When fame is once establish'd.

War. That secure,
Our foes, who wail its loss, can ne'er recover
The glory ravish'd from them.

Chan. An hundred of us, with your royal person,
Deliver'd up their pris'ners at discretion!
The French have surely lost all modesty,
Or the remembrance of themselves and us.

Sal. Now, as I live, I wish we were at work.
And almost fear the Nuncio may succeed.
Methinks we should not lose the bless'd occasion,
Or for surpassing ev'ry former conquest,
Or gaining glorious death, immortal fame.

Prince. Then set we here ill-fortune at defiance,
Oh, my brave leaders! in this warm embrace,

[*They all embrace.*]

Let us infuse that fortitude of soul,
To all but England's daring sons unknown!
Here part we, lords; attend your sev'ral duties.
Audley, distribute thro' the camp provisions——
Keep ev'ry soldier's spirits in a glow,
Till from the French this final message comes:
Then, if their pride denies us terms of honour,
We'll rush outrageous on their vaunting numbers;
And teach them, that with souls resolv'd, like ours,
Ev'n desperation points the way to conquest.
When (in defiance of superior might)
Plung'd in the dreadful storm of bloody fight,
Shall ev'ry Briton do his country right. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The French Camp.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. The troops, array'd, stand ready to advance;
And this short pause, this silent interval,
With awful horror strikes upon my soul——
I know not whence it comes, but till this moment,
Ne'er did I feel such heaviness of heart.
Fear, thou art still a stranger here; and death
Have I oft seen in ev'ry form he wears;
Defy'd him, fac'd him, never fled him yet:
Nor has my conscience since contracted guilt,
The parent of dismay—then whence is this?

Perhaps 'tis pity for yon hopeless host——
 Pity! For what?—The brave despise our pity;
 For death, encounter'd in a noble cause,
 Comes, like the gracious lord of toiling hinds,
 To end all labours, and bestow reward.
 Then let me shake this lethargy away——
 By Heav'n, it will not off!——The sweat of death
 Is on me—a cold tremor shakes my joints——
 My feet seem rivetted—my blood congeals——
 Almighty Pow'rs!——Thou ever awful form!
 Why art thou present?—Wherefore?—What, a sigh!
 Oh, smile of sweet relief!—If aught from Heav'n
 A mortal ear be worthy to——Again
 That piteous action! that dejected air!——
 Speak out the cause—I beg thee, speak—'tis gone!—
 Oh, return!
 Unfold thy errand, tho' I die with hearing——

Enter ATHENS.

Ath. You're well encounter'd, Ribemont; the King,
 Ere this, has Edward's answer; as I pass'd
 The bound'ries of our camp,
 I saw the Nuncio posting to our monarch's tent.
 What means this, Ribemont?——Thou'rt lost in
 thought!

Rib. Athens!—I am unsoldier'd; I'm unmann'd—
 Wonder you may, my noble friend; for see,
 I shake, I tremble——

Ath. Say, at what?

Rib. Why—nothing.

Ath. Come, be thyself——For shame!——

Rib. Believe me, Athens,

I am not stricken with a coward's feeling;
 Not all yon army to this sword oppos'd,
 Should damp my vigour, or depress my heart.
 Just now a melancholy seiz'd my soul,
 A sinking; whence I knew not; till, at length,

My father's image to my sight appear'd,
And struck me motionless.

Ath. 'Twas only fancy.

Rib. Oh, no, my Athens! plainly I beheld
My father in the habit that he wore,
When, with paternal smiles, he hung this weapon
Upon my youthful thigh, bidding me use it
With honour, only in my country's cause.
Within my mind I treasur'd up the charge,
And sacred to the soldier's public call
Have worn it ever. Wherefore then this visit?
If 'tis an omen of impending guilt,
O, soul of him I honour, once again
Come from thy Heav'n, and tell me what it is,
Lest erring ignorance undo my fame.

Ath. Nought but a waking dream; a vapour'd brain.

Rib. Once his pale visage seem'd to wear a smile,
A look of approbation, not reproof;
But the next moment, with uplifted hands
And heaving bosom, sadly on the earth
He turn'd his eyes, and sorely seem'd to weep.
Then, shaking with a mournful glance his head,
He melted into air.

Ath. Pr'ythee, no more——
You talk'd of melancholy, that was all;
To-morrow we will laugh at this delusion.

Rib. To-morrow! Oh, that mention of to-mor-
row!—

There are opinions, Athens, that our friends
Can pass the boundaries of nature back,
To warn us when the hour of death is nigh.
If that thy business was, thou awful shade!
I thank thee, and this interval of life,
However short, which Heaven vouchsafes me yet,
I will endeavour, as I ought, to spend.

Ath. See, thro' yon clouds of dust, with how much
speed
The Nuncio hastens to the English camp!

Perhaps the terms for safety are agreed;
Then where's a meaning for thy fancy'd vision?

Rib. No matter where; my spirits are grown light;
Again the bright'ning fires of glory blaze:
Yes, virtue calls, and Ribemont obeys.
Yes, Athens, yes, amid the fierce alarms,
Where Edward thunders in vindictive arms,
Shalt thou behold me, in my country's cause,
Rise in renown, or perish with applause. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The PRINCE of WALES's Tent.

*Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, and ATTENDANTS, meeting
AUDLEY.*

Prince. Well, Audley, are the soldiers all refresh'd?

Aud. All: and altho' perchance their last of meals,
It seem'd so cheerful as surpass'd my hope;
Still joining hands, as off they drain'd the bowl,
Success to England's arms, was all the cry.
At length a hoary vet'ran rais'd his voice,
And thus address'd his fellows: Courage, brothers!
The French have never beat us, nor shall now.
Our great Third Edward's fortune waits our arms;
And his brave son, whose formidable helmet
Nods terror to our foes, directs the fight.
In his black armour, we will soon behold him
Piercing their throng'd battalions—Shall not we,
At humble distance, emulate his ardour,
And gather laurels to adorn his triumph?——
Then did they smile again, shake hands, and shout;
While, quite transported at the pleasing sight,
I wept insensibly with love and joy.

Prince. I too could weep—Oh, Audley, Chandos,
there,
There rest I all my hope!—My honest soldiers,
I know will do their duty.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Royal sir,
A person, muffled in a close disguise,
Arriv'd this instant from the adverse camp,
As he reports, solicits to receive
An audience of your highness, and alone.

Prince. Retire, my lords—Conduct him straight-
way in. [*Exit GENT.*

Chan. Your highness will not trust yourself un-
guarded?

It may be dangerous. Consider, sir—

Prince. Caution is now my slave, and fear I scorn:
This is no hour for idle apprehensions.

[*Exeunt LORDS, &c.*

Enter ARNOLD in a Disguise, which he throws off.

Your business, sir, with—Arnold!—Get thee hence.

Arn. Behold a wretch laid prostrate at your feet,
His guilty neck ev'n humbled to the earth;
Tread on it, sir—it is most fit you should.
I am unworthy life, nor hope compassion—
But could not die till here I'd stream'd my tears,
In token of contrition, pain and shame.

Prince. Up, and this instant from my sight remove,
Ere indignation urges me to pay
Thy horrid treasons with a traitor's fate.

Arn. Death if I'd fear'd, I had not ventur'd hither;
Conscious I merit all you can inflict:
Thus, on my knees, lay I my life before you,
Nor ask remission of the heavy sentence
Your justice must pronounce. Yet, royal sir,
One little favour let me humbly hope:
(And may the blessings of high Heav'n repay it!)

'Tis when you shall report my crime and suffering,
Only to add—He gave himself to death
The voluntary victim of remorse.

Prince. I shall disgrace my soldiership, and melt
To woman's weakness, at a villain's sorrow!
Oh, justice, with thy fillet seal my eyes,
Shut out at once his tears, and hide my own! [*Aside.*

Arn. Am I rejected in my low petition
For such a boon?—Nor can I yet complain:
Your royal favours follow approbation,
And I, of all mankind, have least pretence
To hope the bounty of a word to ease me.

Prince. Rise, Arnold—Thou wert long my chosen
servant:

An infant fondness was our early tie;
But with our years (companions as we liv'd)
Affection rooted, and esteem grew love.
Was it for thee, in fortune's first assault,
To be the man, the only to forsake me?
Was it for thee, in whom my heart delighted,
Was it for thee——

In spite of me my eyes will overflow,
And I must weep the wrongs I should revenge.

Arn. Tears for such guilt as mine! Oh, blasting
sight!

Cover me, mountains—hide me and my shame!——
A traitor's fate would here be kind relief
From the excessive anguish I endure.

Prince. Having thus fairly stated our account,
How great's the balance that appears against thee!
And what remains?—I will not more reproach thee.
Love thee I must not, and 'twere guilt to pity.
All that with honour I can grant is this:
Live—but remove for ever from my sight.
If I escape the dangers that surround me,
I must forget that Arnold e'er had being:
I must forget, in pity to mankind.

(Lest it should freeze affection in my heart)
That e'er such friendship met with such return.

Arn. Oh, mercy more afflicting than ev'n rage!--
Great sir, (forgive intrusion on your goodness)
My boon you have mistaken, life I ask'd not;
'Twas but to witness to the deep remorse,
That with a harpy's talons tears my bosom.
But as my miseries have touch'd your soul,
And gain'd remission of a traitor's fate,
Oh, add one favour, and complete my wishes!
To the dear country, that must scorn my name,
(Tho' I still love it as I honour you)
Permit my sword to lend its little aid,
To pay a dying tribute—Grant but that,
And I will weep my gratitude with blood.

Prince. Stain'd and polluted as my eyes behold
thee,

Honour no longer can endure thy sight.

If 'tis in valour to accomplish it,

Redeem thy reputation; but if not,

To fall in fight will be thy happiest hope.

Away, nor more reply. [*Exit* ARNOLD.]

If passions conquer'd are our noblest boasts,

Misruling Anger, ever mad Revenge,

And thou, too partial biaser, Affection,

Confess I once have acted as I ought. [*Trumpets.*]

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, AUDLEY, CHANDOS,
LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

Oh, welcome, friends! But, hark! the Cardinal!

[*Trumpets.*]

Enter Cardinal PERIGORT, attended.

Well, gen'rous advocate, we wait our doom.

Per. Prepare, prepare for an immediate battle:
Inflexible is France in her demands,
And all my pray'rs and tears have prov'd in vain.

Prince. Lord Cardinal,
If France insists so high, it shall be try'd;
The desp'rate chance of battle shall be try'd——
The Fates attend, the balance is prepar'd,
And whosoe'er shall have the lot to mount,
May Heav'n stretch wide its everlasting doors,
And give them happy entrance all!

Per. Amen——

Illustrious prince, and you his noble followers,
Remains there aught that I can do to serve ye?
My function suits not with a field of slaughter;
In Poitiers, therefore, must I seek my safety.
There, while the battle rages, round and round
My beads shall drop to pray'rs, that ev'ry saint
Will succour and support the English arms.
But should the fortune of your foes prevail,
And leave you victims to immortal honour,
The pious offices I'll make my own,
O'er ev'ry grave to breathe a thousand blessings,
And water all your ashes with my tears.

Prince. My gentle friend, such goodness will re-
nown you.

Per. Take from my hand, my heart, my very soul,
My amplest benediction to you all. [*They bow.*]
I now can stifle in my tears no longer——
Oh, gallant prince, farewell! farewell to all.
Heav'n guard your lives, and give your arms success!

[*Exit with his ATTENDANTS.*]

[*On the CARDINAL'S going out, the PRINCE and
LORDS continue for some time fixed and mute.*]

Aud. You loiter, sir. Our enemies advance,
And we're in no array.

Prince. My thoughts were absent. Away, des-
patch——
Marshal the army by the plan I gave,
Then march it straight to yonder eminence,
Whence I'll endeavour to inflame their zeal,
And fit them for the toils this day demands.

Now does the medley war begin to work;
A thousand hopes and fears begin to crowd upon me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the English Camp.

Enter MARIANA and LOUISA.

Lou. Thus, madam, has obedience prov'd my duty;
The hurry and confusion of the field
Giving us opportunity to 'scape,
We've reach'd the English camp. But whither now?
Where would you bend your course? Behold around,
How the arm'd soldiers, as they form in ranks,
Dart from impassion'd looks ten thousand terrors!
The scene is dreadful!

Mar. Then it suits my mind,
The seat of horrors, terrible to bear.
Oh, let me find him!—

Lou. Dearest lady, think—
Nor follow one, that rudely spurn'd you from him.

Mar. It was not Arnold spurn'd me, 'twas his
guilt,
The guilt I plung'd him in. Louisa, thou
Hast ne'er experienc'd passion in extremes,
Or thou would'st know, that love, and hate, and
scorn,

All opposites, together meet, and blend
In the wild whirl of a distracted soul.

Lou. Behold, he comes!

Mar. Support me, gracious pow'rs!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. Ha! Mariana!—When will torture end!

[*Aside.*

Mar. How shall I stand the shock of his reproaches ! [*Aside.*

Arn. Why art thou here ! Oh, why, unhappy maid ?

Mar. Since my too fatal rashness wrought thy ruin,

'Tis fit, at least, that I should share it with thee.
Therefore, my friends, my father, and my country,
I have forsook for ever, and am come
To claim a portion here in all you suffer.

Arn. Return again, I beg thee, I conjure thee,
By all the wond'rous love that fir'd our hearts,
Go to thy father back, and think no more
Of a lost wretch, who hastens to oblivion.

Mar. Request it not ; I never will forsake thee :
One fortune shall conduct, one fate involve us.
I'll show the world that my unhappy crime
Was neither child of treachery or fear ;
But love, love only : and the guilt it caus'd,
As I inspir'd, I'll share its punishment.

Arn. You cannot, nay, you must not—think not
of it.

You broke no faith ; I only was to blame.
Be timely, then, in thy retreat ; and Heav'n,
And all good angels guard thee ! On thy lips
I'll seal my fervent pray'rs for blessings on thee.

[*Kisses her.*

Oh, what a treasure does my soul give up,
A sacrifice to honour—— [*Going—Trumpet.*

That trumpet summons me ! I must away.
Oh, measure by thy own the pangs I feel ! [*Exit.*

Mar. Then they are mighty ; not to be express'd ;
Not to be borne, nor ever to be cur'd.

My head runs round, my bursting brain divides !

Lou. Hence, my dear lady ; for your peace, go
hence.

Mar. I'll dig these eyes out ; these pernicious eyes,
Enslaving Arnold, have undone him—Ha ! [*Trumpet.*

That raven trumpet sounds the knell of death!
 Behold—the dreadful, bloody work begins——
 What ghastly wounds! what piteous, piercing shrieks!
 Oh, stop that fatal faulchion! if it falls,
 It kills my Arnold!—Save him, save him, save——
 [*Exit, running: LOUISA follows.*]

SCENE IV.

A distant Prospect of a Camp.

Enter PRINCE.

Prince. The hour advances, the decisive hour,
 That lifts me to the summit of renown,
 Or leaves me on the earth a breathless corse.
 The buz and bustle of the field before me,
 The twang of bow-strings, and the clash of spears,
 With ev'ry circumstance of preparation,
 Strike with an awful horror! Shouts are echo'd,
 To drown dismay, and blow up resolution
 Ev'n to its utmost swell—From hearts so firm,
 Whom dangers fortify, and toils inspire,
 What has a leader not to hope? And yet
 The weight of apprehension sinks me down.
 O Soul of Nature, great eternal Cause, [*Kneels.*
 Who gave and govern'st all that's here below,
 'Tis by the aid of thy almighty arm
 The weak exist, the virtuous are secure.
 If to your sacred laws obedient ever,
 My sword, my soul, have own'd no other guide;
 Oh, if your honour, if the rights of men,
 My country's happiness, my king's renown,
 Were motives worthy of a warrior's zeal,
 Crown your poor servant with success this day,
 And be the praise thy own. [*Rises.*

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. Now, royal Edward, is the hour at hand,
That shall, beyond the boast of ancient story,
Ennoble English arms. Forgive, my hero,
That I presume so far, but I have sworn
To rise your rival in the common fight:
We'll start together for the goal of glory,
And work such wonders, that our fear-struck foes
Shall call us more than mortals.

Prince. Audley, thy soul is noble; then, together,
(Safe from the prying eye of observation)
Let us unmask our hearts. Alas, my friend,
To such a dreadful precipice we're got,
It giddies to look down! No hold, no hope,
For nothing but a miracle can save us.
Say, Audley, to my father, to my country,
Living they had my service—at my death,
My pray'rs and wishes for eternal welfare.

Aud. Request not that, which, if the day be lost,
I ne'er shall execute. I have to ask
A favour, which I hope you'll not refuse.

Prince. Nothing that suits my Audley to solicit.

Aud. It is, that I may be the first to charge:
I think I can rely upon my courage
To set a good example.

Prince. Then be it so. And hark! [*Trumpets.*
The troops approach. Audley, to your station.
[*Trumpets.*

*Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, CHANDOS, and other
COMMANDERS. Parties of SOLDIERS appear be-
tween all the Wings, with OFFICERS leading them, so
seeming as if the whole Army was drawn up.*

Prince. Countrymen,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight,
That ever strain'd the force of English arms.

See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay !
Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
And bid us yield, their pris'ners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman among ye all,
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me !
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands :
This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same,

Sold. All, all.

Sal. Conquest or death is ev'ry Briton's choice.

Prince. Oh, glorious choice ! And know, my gallant soldiers,

That valour is superior far to numbers.
There are no odds against the truly brave :
Let us resolve on conquest, and 'tis ours.
But should the worst, that can befall us, death !
'Twill be a fate to envy more than pity.
And we have fathers, brothers, sons, or friends,
That will revenge our slaughter.

Sal. On, lead on, my gallant prince.

Prince. I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France :
Follow your standards with a fearless spirit ;
Follow the great examples of your sires ;
Follow the noble genius that inspires ye ;
Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch th' inspiring flame ;
We fight for England, liberty, and fame.

[*They draw their Swords, and go out ; Trumpets sounding.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*An extensive Plain, with the distant View of a Town ;
on one Side, a Camp on a Level, on the other, another
on a rising Ground.*

*Enter PRINCE, WARWICK, CHANDOS, and AT-
TENDANTS—their Swords drawn.*

Prince. Haste to my Lord of Oxford, and request
He ply his archers with redoubled vigour.
I see already they've confus'd the foe ;
Their ranks are broken, and they seem to doubt,
If they should stand or fly.

Chan. Then now's the time
To press them with the weight of all our force ;
For Frenchmen, if they're once dismay'd, are lost.
[Exit.

War. Excess of fury marks the battle yonder ;
Lord Salisbury there sustains a heavy charge.

Prince. Warwick, away, and reinforce his party,
Or numbers may o'erbear him. Fly this instant.
[Exit WARWICK.

Oh, for an arm of iron, but to answer
The mighty ardour that inflames my soul ! [Exeunt.

Enter ARNOLD, bloody.

Arn. Yet more of Gallic blood—I must have more,
To wash my stains of infamy away.
What, are the multitudes o'erthrown already ?

Greater must down to gratify my rage,
And in my country's vengeance crown my own.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter KING JOHN, TOURAIN, ATHENS, and
ATTENDANTS.

King. By Heav'n, a panic seizes all my troops!
Inform me, Athens, what's the cause of this?

Ath. Some parties, that the Prince of Wales detach'd

Round yonder mountain, have attack'd our rear;
And the division which the Dauphin led
Dispersing in confusion, they have pierc'd
With fury to the centre of our host.

King. Fly, Athens, to my son, with my command,
That he collect again his scatter'd men,
And lead them to our succour. Shameful sight!

[*Exit* ATHENS.

That such a handful should confound us thus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes.

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. My arm begins to weary with the fight.
Death, I have cramm'd thy rav'nous jaws with offal;
Now, turn my friend, and give me timely rescue.

Enter RIBEMONT.

Rib. Thou double traitor, must I stain my sword,
With the foul streams that circle in thy veins,
Who art so base, so branded?—Infamous!
By Heav'n, it almost is a guilt to fight thee.

Arn. Here I can answer, for my cause is good;
It is my country's. And, thou haughty lord,
Think not thou e'er again shalt awe my soul,
Or, unchastis'd, reproach me with a crime
I loath, and here am come to expiate.
The earth I've crimson'd with thy country's blood;
And if the pow'rs, to what I've shed already,
Will add but Ribemont's, I'll ask no more:
The foe I next may meet to mine is welcome.

Rib. Can aught in valour purge thy Æthiop soul,
Expunge thy blots, and rank thee with the brave?
Dar'st thou assert the cause thou hast betray'd,
Or hope a second guilt atones the first?
No! the joint vengeance of wrong'd France and Eng-
land
Is end in this—[ARNOLD falls.]—There's something
of thy due;

To infamy and hell I leave the rest. [Exit.

Arn. Death I have caught: his shaft is in my heart.
It tugs with nature. When shall I get free?

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. Slaughter hath wanton'd here! What
streams of blood!
What heaps of mangled bodies strew the ground!
Death has had able ministers at work;
A pompous tribute they have paid indeed!
Arnold! Hast thou done this?

Arn. Offended prince,
You find my fluttering soul upon the wing.

All a poor desp'rate and despairing wretch
Could do, this arm hath wrought.

Prince. Thrice have I mark'd
Thy valour wonderful.

Arn. All worthless quite.—
That I could pay a hundred thousand lives,
In gratitude to you, and love for England!
But feeble nature fail'd my better wish.
So here I render up a loathsome life——

Prince. Talk not of dying—Live, and still be mine.

Arn. Too gen'rous prince! Could your benignant
heart

Forgive and cherish one, who is so vile?

Prince. As Heav'n may pardon me, thy crime's
forgot.

Arn. Then I am happy. Hear it, sacred pow'rs,
And give him glory great, as is his goodness.
I go—Methinks the gloomy way before me
Is stripp'd of half its horrors. Friendly death,
Receive a parting, pity'd, pardon'd——Oh! [*Dies.*

Chan. He is gone.

Prince. Proving, my noble friend,
His soul was genuine English, and could tow'r
O'er all calamities but conscious guilt.

Chan. Heav'n's pardon greet him—Mighty prince,
behold,
Where gallant Audley, like a tempest, pours
Destruction thro' the thickest ranks of foes!

Prince. Oh, Chandos, with astonishment my eye
Hath mark'd his valiant wonder-working sword.
Come, let us kindle at the great example,
And emulate the ardour we admire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The French Camp.

Enter KING JOHN, TOURAIN, *and* ATTENDANTS.

King. [*Turning back.*] Rally our men, my valiant
Lord of Ewe,
Or we are all undone. O gracious Heav'n,
How has a kingdom crumbled from my grasp!
My dear Tourain, to what have I reduc'd thee!
For thee, I could weep blood;—for thee I fear
To lose a life no longer worth my care,
Stripp'd as I am of dignity and fame.

Tour. I ask of Heav'n but to partake your fortune!

King. Tears will have way——O majesty, give place,
For nature governs now! Almighty pow'rs!
Must children, and must kingdoms suffer thus,
Because my pride to reason shut my ears,
When dazzled with the giddy phantom, glory,
I scorn'd the terms that might have blest us all?—
Too late—It is the curse of giddy mortals,
To see their errors and repent too late.

Tour. For safety, sir, away——

King. Dare not to urge it—I disdain the thought!
Though all desert me, singly will I stand
And face my foes, 'till, cover'd o'er with wounds,
I gain a fate becoming of a king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Field of Battle.**Enter RIBEMONT.*

Rib. Ill-fated Athens, thou hast breath'd thy last,—
But wherefore call'd I thee ill-fated? since
Death but prevented thee the curse of seeing
Our arms dishonour'd, and our country lost!
Now, sacred soul of him who gave me life,
The purpose of thy visit is explain'd.
No private evil, not a fate like mine——
That were a trivial call for thee to earth:
It was to warn me of a heavier loss,
Our diadem and fame.—Ha!—I'm alone
Amidst a field of foes!——let me collect
A decent vigour, like the hunted lion,
With an assault to dignify my fall,
And not shrink, tamely, to a vulgar fate.

Enter AUDLEY.

Aud. For England——

Rib. France—By Heav'n, the gallant Audley!—
Now, fortune, I forgive thy partial dealing;
For, next to victory, my wish has been
To fall by so renown'd an arm as Audley's.

Aud. Brave Ribemont, I will return thy praise,
And own thee noblest of my country's foes.
Had we been natives of one happy land,
The gen'rous semblance of our souls had link'd us
In friendship's dearest bonds.

Rib. But here we stand
Determin'd champions in opposing lists,
Each, in his country's cause, the other's foe.
Come, for I long to try this season'd blade
Upon true mettle. If I conquer thee,
I take no portion of the foul disgrace,
Which Heav'n this day has thrown upon our arms:
But should my fortune, (as perhaps it may)
Like my poor country's, bow the head to England,
Then, Audley, wilt thou add to thy renown
By doing what the King has only done,
Baffle the warrior he pronounc'd a brave one?
Now for determination——

Aud. Hold a moment.——

Look on the field, brave Ribemont; behold,
Thou hast no passage for escape left open!
Me should'st thou vanquish; from the thousands
round thee,
Captivity or death must be thy lot.
Then make no havoc of great qualities,
Nor to thy kingdom lose, through desperation,
The bravest arms and noblest heart it boasts.
Give my fond wish the power but to protect thee:
Resign thy sword—I'll prove no conqueror,
But clasp thee with the warmth of generous friend-
ship.

Rib. Audley, I thank thee; but my hour is
come——

You bid me look upon the field: look thou,
And see the glory of my country blasted!
To lose a day like this!—and to survive it—
Would be a wretchedness I'll ne'er endure.
No: in a nation's fate be mine involv'd:
To fall with France is now the only means
To satisfy my soul, and save my fame.

Aud. Oh, yet——

Rib. I'm fix'd.

Aud. Why, then—for England this—

Rib. And this for France——

[*They fight, RIBEMONT falls, and AUDLEY is wounded, and rests upon his Sword.*

Inward I bleed : the streams of life run fast,

And all, that did invigorate, deserts me.

Audley, the palm of victory is thine ;

I yield, I die—but glory in my fall.

It is beneath the noblest English arm !

And that secures my fame.

Report me truly as thy sword has found——

I know thou wilt ; and, in the long hereafter,

If we can meet, I'll thank thee for't.—Farewell.

[*Dies.*

Aud. Farewell, brave Ribemont ; thou fearless soldier,

Peace to thy ashes—to thy soul reward——

And honour crown thy name ! A foe could weep !

But pity would disgrace a death like thine.

[*Trumpets.*

Enter PRINCE, CHANDOS, and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. [*Turning back.*] Give instant orders to recall our parties ;

I will not hazard, by a rash pursuit,

So vast a victory !

England, my Chandos, triumphs ! For our arms

Have won the noblest field, that e'er was fought !

Ha ! Audley bleeding !—Then must conquest mourn,

And I lament, amidst my spoils and trophies,

The best of nobles, warriors, and of friends.

Aud. Faint with the loss of blood—I hope no more.

Prince. Summon assistance ; all that wealth can reach

To him, who gives me but his life's assurance.

[*Exit an ATTENDANT.*

Advance the banner o'er us.—Long, oh, long,
May'st thou survive to wear this well won honour.

[*He knights and embraces AUDLEY.*

My bravest knight, my most belov'd of men!

Lead him away, repose him in his tent.

Soon as the hurry of the field is o'er,

I'll come in person, and attend his cure.

Aud. There lifeless lies the arm, that gave the
wound;

A braver soldier never press'd the earth!

On his remains let due distinction wait,

To dignify the dust that once was noble.

[*He is led off.*

Prince. The valiant Ribemont!

See, that every solemn rite be paid:

With honours suited to his gallant life,

Conduct the body to its peaceful grave.

[*RIBEMONT carried off.*

Chan. The field is thinn'd! And now far off re-
mov'd,

The dying voice of tumult faintly sounds.

Prince. An awful horror!—The sad scene before
us,

Pompous with desolation! as declines

The glow and ardour of our martial flame,

Softens the mind to mournful meditation.

How many souls have ta'en eternal flight,

Who, but this very morning, on the wing

Of expectation, look'd through years to come!

So have the bubbles of their hopes been broke;

So may it fare with us:—And such is life!

All-righteous Heav'n! thy hand is here conspicuous!

Pride and presumption finish thus their shame.

[*Shout.*

Hark!

Chan. 'Tis a train of pris'ners bringing hither.

Enter SALISBURY, with OFFICERS and SOLDIERS, conducting KING JOHN, the DUKE OF TOURAIN, ARCHBISHOP OF SENS, and several FRENCH NOBLEMEN, Prisoners.

Prince. Brave Salisbury, you're welcome to my arms.

The field is ours!

Sal. And nobly was it fought!

Behold, my prince, how well we have acquitted
The claims our adversaries made on us.

Your veteran swordsman, Sir John Pelham, sends
This royal trophy to adorn your triumph.

Prince. Most wise and valiant of all christian
kings,

Rever'd for virtues, and renown'd in arms!

That I behold you thus, dissolves my heart

With tender feeling; let your godlike soul

Strive with adversity, and still preserve,

As well you may, your royal mind unconquer'd.

Fortune is partial in her distributions:

Could merit always challenge its reward,

In other lights we might this hour have stood,

Perhaps the victor you, and I the captive:

But fear no wrong, the good should never fear it.

For yourself, and this illustrious train,

My care shall be to treat you as I ought.

King. My gracious conqueror, and kindest cousin,

This goodness more than victory renowns you!

That I'm unfortunate is no reproach,

I brav'd all dangers as became a king.

'Till by my coward subjects left and lost.

Prince. Lead to my tent: when we are there ar-
riv'd,

Prepare a banquet with all princely pomp,

At which I'll wait, and serve my royal guests.

My noble lords, and brave companions all,

I leave your praise for the wide world to sound!

Nor can the voice of fame, however loud,
Out-speak the merit of your matchless deeds.
O, may Britannia's sons, through ev'ry age,
As they shall read of this so great achievement,
Feel the recorded victory inspire
An emulation of our martial fire,
When future wrongs their ardour shall excite,
And future princes lead them forth to fight!
Till, by repeated conquests, they obtain
A pow'r to awe the earth and rule the main!
Each tyrant fetter gloriously unbind,
And give their liberty to all mankind.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

THE END.