

The last act of her life, and trained ' thee
hither
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, did 'e? How to
bosom 30
The delicacies of a youngling princess,
How with this nod to grace that subtle
courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble
tremble,
And so forth, whiles Penthea's groans and
tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions
Ne'er touched upon your thought? As
for my injuries,
Alas, they were beneath your royal
pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to
confound thee.
Behold thy fate, this steel!

[Draws a dagger.]

ITH. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it wel-
come. 40
But, prithee, faint not; if the wound
close up,
Tent ' it with double force, and search it
deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine and beg
compassion,
As loath to leave the vainness of my
glories.
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honor; neither could I
With equal trial of unequal fortune
By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending mur-
ther.
On to the execution, and inherit 50
A conflict with thy horrors!

ORG. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! For
requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly.
And take this peace along: some few
short minutes
Determined,² my resolves shall quickly
follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for
mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new
courage.

¹ Lured.

² Brought to a termination.

³ Probe.

Give me thy hand; be healthful in thy
parting
From lost mortality! Thus, thus I free it!
Kills him.

ITH. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.
ORG. Keep up thy spirit. 60
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger '
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be
cruel. [Stabs him again.]
ITH. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee.
Follow
Safety, with best success. O, may it
prosper!—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother
bleeds—
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced
faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious ban-
quet,
With beauty, youth, and love, together
perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred
altar
Of a long-looked-for peace—now—moves
—to heaven. *Moritur.* 70
ORG. Farewell, fair spring of manhood.
Henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble suffrance.
I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must
follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine
stars forever!—
In vain they build their hopes whose life
is shame;
No monument lasts but a happy name.
Exit Orgilus.

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

[A room in Bassanes' house.]

Enter Bassanes, alone.

BASS. Athens!—To Athens I have sent,
the nursery
Of Greece for learning and the fount of
knowledge,
For here in Sparta there's not left
amongst us
One wise man to direct; we're all turned
madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knows the virtue of
'em.

¹ Prolong.

² He dies.