

ster, devil, and told her she was born for his destruction—she thought it not for her purpose to meet his rage with rage, but affected a most passionate fit of grief; rail'd at her fate, and curs'd her wayward stars, that still her wants should force her to press him to act such deeds as she must needs abhor, as well as he; but told him necessity had no law, and love no bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant in her necessity to forsake her;—then kneel'd and swore, that since, by his refusal, he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never wou'd see him more; unless, to prove it true, he rob'd his uncle to supply her wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from discovery.

BLUNT.

I am astonish'd! what said he?

LUCY.

Speechless he stood; but in his face you might have read, that various passions tore his very soul. Oft he, in anguish, threw his eyes towards heaven, and then as often bent their beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his troubled breast; at length, with horror, not to be express'd, he cry'd, thou cursed fair! have I not given dreadful proofs of love? what drew me from my youthful innocence, to stain my then unspotted soul, but love? what caus'd me to rob my worthy gentle master, but cursed love? what makes me now a fugitive from his service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the world, but love? what fills my eyes with tears, my soul with torture, never felt on this side death before? why love, love, love. And why, above all, do I resolve (for tearing his hair he cry'd I do resolve) to kill my uncle?

BLUNT.