

HELLENA.

Why shou'd I fly from him ? in his despite  
 I cou'd have died, ev'n in my father's arms.  
 Death, ever at my call, had been a sure  
 Defence from his more loath'd embraces. Gentle  
 maid,

Think it not hard, that I've conceal'd from thee  
 My real intention, till 'twas past thy power,  
 Had'st thou the inclination to prevent it.

CLEORA.

Break, break my heart, for I have liv'd too long,  
 Since I'm suspected by my royal mistress.

HELLENA.

I fear'd thy fond affection wou'd have weigh'd  
 Each danger with too scrupulous a hand.  
 I know 'twill strike thee with the last amazement  
 To hear I've left the bosom of a father,  
 Howe'er severe to others kind to me,  
 To seek his mortal foe.

CLEORA.

Your reason's lost.

HELLENA.

No; I remember well the terrors past,  
 And count on those to come : both worse than death.  
 Conscious of my weak sex, with all its fears,  
 To pass by night thro' camps of hostile men,  
 And urge the presence of that awful prince,  
 My soul in secret has so long ador'd—  
 When I shall see him, shou'd his piercing eye  
 Trace me thro' my disguise !—O my Cleora !  
 Will not my salt'ring tongue, my crimson cheeks,  
 My panting heart and trembling limbs betray me ?  
 What think'st thou ? say ; shall I not die with shame  
 When I wou'd speak, and leave my tale untold ?

CLEORA.