

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 253

Where, spite of falshood, beauty triumphs still;
 Mar that fair frame, and crush thee into atoms.
 Avoid me, and be safe——Nay, now you drive me
 hence. [ALICIA kneels, he turns away.
 Cruel and false as thou hast been to me,
 I cannot see thee wring thy suppliant hands,
 And weep and kneel in vain.—— [Exit ARDEN.

ALICIA.

This, this is he
 I came prepar'd to murder. Curst Alicia!

[Takes up the dagger.

In thy own bosom plunge the fatal steel,
 Or his, who robb'd thee of thy fame and virtue—
 It will not be—fear holds my dastard hand:
 Those chaster pow'rs that guard the nuptial bed
 From foul pollution, and the hand from blood,
 Have left their charge, and I am lost forever. [Exit.



ACT