

278 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Of tears, of sighs, of groans, of speechless sorrow,  
Be but sincere — thyself will do it better.  
One thing I'll tell thee, for perhaps 'twill please thee,  
Thou'st broke my heart, Alicia.

ALICIA.

Oh! [*She falls to the ground.*]

ARDEN.

And canst thou,  
Can woman pity whom she hath undone?  
Why dost thou grasp my knees? what wou'dst thou  
say,  
If thou cou'dst find thy speech?

ALICIA.

O! mercy, mercy!

ARDEN.

Thou hast had none on me, let go my hand:  
Why dost thou press it to thy throbbing heart,  
That beats — but not for me?

ALICIA.

Then may it ne'er beat more.

ARDEN.

At least, I'm sure it did not always so.

ALICIA.

For that my soul is pierc'd with deep remorse,  
For that I bow me to the dust before thee,  
And die to be forgiven. O Arden! Arden!

ARDEN.

Presumptuous fool! what business hast thou here?  
Did I not know my weakness, and her power!  
Rise—rise—Alicia.

ALICIA.

No: here let me lie

On the bare bosom of this conscious earth,

Till