

Till Arden speak the words of peace and comfort,
Or my heart break before him.

ARDEN.

O Alicia,
Thou inconsistent spring of grief and joy,
Whence bitter streams, and sweet alternate flow,
Come to my arms, and in this too fond bosom
Disburden all the fulness of thy soul.

ALICIA.

Let me approach with awe that sacred temple,
Resume my seat, and dwell for ever there.

ARDEN.

There ever reign, as on thy native throne,
Thou lovely wanderer.

ALICIA.

Am I at last,
In error's fatal mazes long bewilder'd,
Permitted here to find my peace and safety!

ARDEN.

Dry up thy tears; and tell me, truly tell me:
Has my long-suffering love at length prevail'd,
And art thou mine indeed?

ALICIA.

Heaven is my witness,
I love thee, Arden; and esteem thy love
Above all earthly good. Thy kind forgiveness
Speaks to my soul that peaceful calm confirm'd,
Which reason and reflection had begun.

ARDEN.

Thou'rt cheaply purchas'd with unnumber'd sighs,
With many a bitter tear, and years of patience,
Thou treasure of more worth than mines of gold.