

280 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

I will not doubt my happiness. Thou art,
Thou wilt be mine, ever, and only mine.

A L I C I A.

I am, I will. I ne'er knew joy till now.

A R D E N.

This is our truest, happiest nuptial day.
To-night, thou know'st according to my custom,
Our yearly fair returning with St. Valentine,
I treat my friends. I go to countenance
Their honest mirth, and cheer them with my bounty.
Till happy night farewell. My best Alicia,
How will our friends rejoice, our foes repine,
To see us thus!

A L I C I A.

Thus ever may they see us!
The wandering fires that have so long misled me,
Are now extinguish'd, and my heart is Arden's.
The flow'ry path of innocence and peace
Shines bright before, and I shall stray no longer.
Whence then these sighs, and why these floods of
tears?

Sighs are the language of a broken heart,
And tears the tribute each enlighten'd eye
Pays, and must pay, for vice and folly past.
And yet the painful'st virtue hath its pleasure:
Tho' dangers rise, yet peace restor'd within,
My soul collected shall undaunted meet them.

Tho' trouble, grief, and death, the lot of all,
On good and bad without distinction fall;
The soul which conscious innocence sustains,
Supports with ease these temporary pains;
But stung with guilt and loaded by despair,
Becomes itself a burden none can bear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE