

282 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ARDEN.

Villains come back, and finish your design,

MOSBY.

Shall I pursue them, sir?

ARDEN.

Not for the world—

Mosby! amazing generosity!

MOSBY.

I hope you are not hurt.

ARDEN.

Pierc'd to the heart---

MOSBY.

Forbid it, heaven! quick, let me fly for help.

ARDEN.

With sharp reflection:—Mosby, I can't bear
To be so far oblig'd to one I've wrong'd.

MOSBY.

Who wou'd not venture life to save a friend?

ARDEN.

From you I've not deserv'd that tender name.

MOSBY.

No more of that---wou'd I were worthy of it!

ARDEN.

I own my heart, by boiling passions torn,
Forgets its gentleness—yet is ever open
To melting gratitude. O say what price
Can buy your friendship?

MOSBY.

Only think me yours.

ARDEN.