

286 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

GREEN.

What shall the signal be?

MOSBY.

These words in th' game,

I take you now.

GREEN.

Arden! thou'rt taken now indeed.

MOSBY.

His body, thrown behind the Abbey-wall,
Shall be defcried by th' early passenger
Returning from the fair.— My friend, thy hand—
[*Shakes it.*]

Be firm, and our united strength
With ease shall cast dead Arden to the earth.

GREEN.

Thanks to his foolish tendernefs of foul.

MOSBY.

True, he who trusts an old invet'rate foe,
Bares his own breast, and courts the fatal blow.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT