

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ARDEN'S House.

ALICIA alone.

WHAT have I heard! is this the house of Arden!

O! that the power which has so often fav'd him,
Wou'd send his guardian angel to him now,
To whisper in his ear his present danger!
Fly, Arden, fly, avoid this fatal roof,
Where murder lurks, and certain death awaits thee:
Wander—no matter where—turn but from hence,
Thou canst not miss thy way.—The house is theirs.—
I am suspected—Michael guards the door—
And ev'n Maria's absent. Bloody Mosby,
These are the fruits of thy detested lust.
But hark, the fiends approach.—Green had hu-
manity.

Enter GREEN, BLACK WILL, SHAKEBAG, and
MICHAEL.

Cou'd I prevail on him!—O fir—

[Talks apart with GREEN.

BLACK WILL.

What a fair house! rich furniture! what piles of
massy plate! and then yon iron chest. Good plun-
der, comrade.

SHAKEBAG.

And madam Arden there—a prize worth them
all to me.

BLACK