

288 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

BLACK WILL.

And shall that fawning, white liver'd coward,
Mosby, enjoy all these?

SHAKEBAG.

No doubt he wou'd, were we the fools he thinks us.

GREEN.

Had he as many lives as drops of blood,
I'd have them all.— [To ALICIA.

ALICIA.

But for one fingle night—

GREEN.

I'd not defer his fate a fingle hour,
Tho' I were sure myself to die the next.
So, peace, irresolute woman — and be thankful
For thy own life.

ALICIA.

O mercy, mercy—

GREEN.

Yes,

Such mercy as the nursing lionsess,
When drain'd of moisture by her eager young,
Shews to the prey that first encounters her.

BLACK WILL.

Who talks of mercy, when I am here?

GREEN.

She wou'd prevent us ; but our steady courage
Laughs at her coward arts.

[Knocking gently at the Gate.

Why, Michael!

MICHAEL.

Sir!

GREEN.