

ANTONIO; OR, THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

The text is an edited transcript of Larpent MS 1306, Huntington Library, San Marino. This is the version submitted to John Larpent, Examiner of Plays for a performance licence. The play was written by a Drury Lane copyist into a standard blue-covered notebook. There are no excisions by Larpent.

Godwin began writing *Alonzo*, the play's original title, on 26 June 1797. He worked on it irregularly for the rest of the year and then stopped. He returned to it in October 1798 and finished a first draft in March 1799. He revised the play from December 1799 until November 1800. Although Godwin wrote a prologue (reproduced here in the appendices) the one in the edition text proper was supplied by Charlotte Smith. Charles Lamb wrote the epilogue. *Antonio; or, The Soldier's Return* was accepted by John Kemble for representation at Drury Lane despite his misgivings and was performed once on 13 December 1800.

The cast of *Antonio* included the leading actor and actress of the day in the lead roles: John Kemble (Antonio) and Sarah Siddons (Helena). Other cast members were: William Barrymore (Don Gusman); Richard Wroughton (Don Pedro); Charles Kemble (Don Henry); William Powell (Don Diego) and Mr Maddocks (Lopez). The audience and critical reaction was negative and the play was not performed again. See the introduction for a full account.

Godwin attended the performance with his friend James Marshall and supped with him at Charles and Mary Lamb's home afterwards. The Lambs had also attended the performance. Godwin revised the play for publication between 15–18 December. Textual variations are documented below. There are no major changes but a number of small changes which cumulatively may be significant. He cuts out some of the references to Antonio being a soldier and to war; he adjusts stage directions in suggestive ways; and the denouement receives a high proportion of changes which tightens the action.

Antonio was published on 22 December for G. G. and J. Robinson, Godwin's regular publisher. It was also published by D. Longworth in New York in 1806. The play is published in a modern scholarly edition here for the first time.

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Antonio ;
or,
The Soldier's Return:
a Tragedy
in
Two acts

Sir,
This Tragedy, called *Antonio, or The Soldier's Return*, is, with the Approbation of the Marquis of Salisbury, intended for Representation at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

J. Kemble.

Dec. 2^d. 1700.
Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane.

Larpent Collection, MS 1306, title page. This image shows the title page of *Antonio; or, The Soldier's Return* with a note of supplication from John Kemble, manager of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane and the lead actor, to the Marquis of Salisbury, the Lord Chamberlain. Kemble was submitting the manuscript for a performance licence. This item is reproduced by permission of the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

Prologue¹

The haughty Spaniard, who, with hopeless eye,
 O'er Calpi's Straits² sees British banners fly,
 Was, (e'er in slothful bigotry was lost
 His Ardent courage) glory's proudest boast,
 The sacred cross to Asia's realms he bore, 5
 And, in his own deep woods, the invading Moor
 Met in fierce contest: Each undaunted Son
 Of both Castiles, or nobler Arragon,³
 And they, who on the rude Biscayan shore⁴
 Heard the vast billows of the Atlantic roar, 10
 All, by the fire of martial glory led,
 Beneath her crimson banner fought and bled:
 High beat each heart in her imperious cause,
 And, owning hers, disdain'd all other laws.
 The Torch of love, no more a lambent flame, 15
 Serv'd but to light them to their idol – Fame.
 While all that soothes our age, or charms our youth,
 In female tenderness and female truth,
 Bliss, that, to all but man, high heaven denies,
 Homeborn delights, domestic charities, 20
They tasted not: nor knew they to rejoice
 That reason, sweetest in a woman's voice,
 Still bids the lover, husband, friend adore,
 When transcient beauty fascinates no more:
 From Prototypes like these, who lived, we know, 25
 And fought and died, three hundred years ago,
 Our Poet of to-night his hero draws,
 The Fierce, vindictive slave of honour's laws: –
 By softer passions mov'd, to nature true,
 His lovely heroine he describes from you, 30
 Women of England! – Lo a bard unknown
 Covets your favour – yet in abject tone
 He scorns to plead – more general his appeal
 Shall be, to all who think, to all who feel.
 Of party guiltless, shunning all offence, 35
 Trusting alone to nature, truth and sense,
 To this whole audience he his cause confides,
 Where British Candour hears, & British taste decides.⁴

Antonio;
or,
The Soldier's Return:

Dramatis Personae

Don Pedro – King of Arragon.
Don Gusman, Duke of Zuniga.
Don Antonio de Almanza.
Don Henry, his Brother.
Don Diego de Cardona.
Lopez,
Alberto.
Helena, wife of Gusman, and Sister to Antonio

Scene, Saragossa

Time – the Fifteenth Century

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ACT I

SCENE I

*The Mansion of Almanza**Gusman & Helena*

GUSMAN Why are these tears? what means that smother'd sigh?^a
Am I no more the partner of thy heart?
Hast thou then ceas'd to love me?

HELENA Ceas'd to love!
Long as this Heart shall beat, this brain remember. 5
It beats, it meditates alone for Gusman.
Thou dost not doubt my Truth.

GUSMAN Then why make me
A Stranger to thy thoughts, thy cares, thy Sorrows?

HELENA^b Leave me to strive with my Infirmity:
'Tis but a transient Cloud and soon will quit me. 10

GUSMAN Thy countenance belies thy Speech.
Some serious grief sits heavy at thy heart.
Speak, give thy passion vent.

HELENA My dearest husband!

GUSMAN Nay if thou wilt not speak, thou canst not love.
Oh, hast thou blest me with a husband's name, 15
To bar me from his purest privelige?

HELENA Gusman, I love thee: in thy love I find
All that my heart can wish, my thoughts desire.
I know thy Merits, and thy noble nature,
Yet, my love! – 20

GUSMAN Wherefore this pause? How dost thou torture me?

HELENA My Brother, brave Antonio! Can I think
Of him, and still possess my Soul in peace?

GUSMAN Antonio is a brave and valiant hero:
His name resounds through Europe's polished States, 25

Were stern in temper, fierce in resolution,
 Deeming the first of virtues, constancy
 Of Soul. Antonio has form'd him on their model:
 He would regard it as the last disgrace,
 To yield to events, or listen to an Oracle, 65
 Except the living Law within his Bosom.
 For that he'd risk all consequences, and
 For that would die.

GUSMAN The hour in which the marriage-rites were ended,
 My friend Alvarez was dispatch'd to Naples, 70
 Announcing what had pass'd. Some few weeks hence
 I may expect my missioner's^a return.
 Meanwhile be calm, my love;

HELENA Gusman, the intelligence, so late receiv'd,
 Proclaims a battle, anxiously prepared, 75
 As on the eve of act.^b
 Ere this it may be over. Then who knows
 How soon Antonio may arrive?
 Suppose Alvarez fails to meet my Brother!

GUSMAN How most ingeniously the human mind 80
 Devises means of torment! Should he come,
 Nay should he seek to hunt thee to destruction,^c
 What could Antonio do, a friendless Stranger?

HELENA It may be so. Gusman, my Soul
 Had fix'd its earliest fondness on this Brother. 85
 To meet him, when the absence of a day
 Had interven'd, was transport to my heart.
 Now, that three tedious years have sunder'd us,
 Must I regard his coming with Alarm?
 This roof, my father's roof, brings to my mind, 90
 Fresh, living, visual, all his tenderness,
 His cheering smiles, his thousand anxious cares,
 To fear this much lov'd brother, to dread his coming,
 Seems to my thoughts a State unnatural;
 It sickens even my heart. 95

GUSMAN Helen, 'tis time thou should'st remove at once.
 Whilst here thou linger'st, I'm

Defrauded of the rights thy choice conferr'd.
 The customs of Antiquity, and, chief
 Of all, the grave, 100
 And beauteous manners of our gothic race,
 Regard the open transfer of the bride,
 Forth from the natal to the matron roof,
 As most essential to the nuptial tie.
 Forgive me, if I say, I can no longer, 105
 Dispense
 With this observance. Dost revoke thy vows?

HELENA And canst thou, Gusman, in an hour like this,
 Urge me to such a bold, apparent outrage?
 Hear me, heaven!^a 110
 Within this mansion I first saw the light;
 'Twas here my mother bore me, here
 My reverend Sire drew his last, parting breath;
 All that I see talks to me of my lineage,
 And bears the sacred impress of Religion, 115
 Of that first, purest of all human creeds,
 Homage to those,
 In whom we first beheld wisdom,
 A generous kindness, and a melting heart.^b
 Here will I meet Antonio.

GUSMAN Sweet enthusiast! 120
 I yield, I yield! – Helena,^c
 I came, but now, bent on this urgent measure;
 I stand disgrac'd among the peers of Arragon,
 For weak neglect of a most reverend custom:
 But let them say their pleasure; to my thought, disgrace 125
 Changes its nature, and becomes my pride,
 If thou art gratified!

HELENA Oh, generous Gusman,
 I am ashamed to be outdone by thee^d
 Forgive, my love,
 This early weakness, error of my nature. 130
 Oh, give it not too harsh a name!

Enter Lopez

LOPEZ A Stranger asks admission to the Duchess.

GUSMAN What is he?

LOPEZ A Soldier he appears, from Barcelona.

GUSMAN^a Admit him 135

Lopez introduces Alberto & then goes out^b

HELENA It is my brother's Servant.
How is thy master, friend? Where hast thou left him?

ALBERTO Madam, he is arriv'd in Arragon.

HELENA Arriv'd? And in health? Tell me, Alberto,
How does he look? 140

ALBERTO My lord is well.

HELENA And where?

ALBERTO Madam, he is
In Saragossa.

HELENA Here? No message, no
Attendant to announce his coming?

ALBERTO Urgent business, I believe has brought him.
A trading bark^c convoy'd us. 145

Madam, we have gain'd a mighty battle;
Have you not heard the news? My valiant master
Perform'd the work of generals, & has shewn
To friends and foes a miracle of practice.

HELENA I am most grateful for the intelligence – 150
Yet one thing more – I dread to ask, –
Yet I must know – Is Rodrigo with him?

ALBERTO Rodrigo is not with him.

HELENA Leave me, friend!

Exit Alberto

Oh God! how shall I meet my brother? how
Address? how answer him? – Come, conqueror 155
Of Sforza,²⁰ hear thy Sister's story!

What wilt thou think? – Or, how wilt thou decide?
I know too well. I see thy act; I hear
Thy wrath swell'd voice: Are these the wreaths
Thus thou exclaim'st, to grace my victory? 160

Is this the welcome of a Soldier home,
Absent for years,
Worn with fatigue, and scarr'd with glorious wounds?
Did I not tell thee, Gusman, he'd not meet
Alvarez? – 'Tis impossible. And, now, 165
Without the slightest hint of what I have done,
He comes to claim his Sister, to conduct her
The affianc'd consort of Rodrigo's bed.

GUSMAN Compose thyself, my love, start not thus wildly!

HELENA If he had met Alvarez, that were much. 170
He would not then have from my lips to learn
The cruel tale.

GUSMAN Helen, be it my task
To meet Antonio, and prepare
The interview between you.

HELENA What, and expose you both 175
To the fierce trial of intemperate Anger? –
No, no, no! – I am compos'd, indeed I am!

The blow at first was terrible; but I
Have recollected all my thoughts,
And stand prepar'd. I were indeed to blame, 180
If I lack'd courage to defend,
That which I lack'd not courage to perform.

GUSMAN When Helen chose me for the husband of
 Her love, she by that Act conferr'd the name
 And office to protect her. Be pacified! 185
 Imagine all even as thy heart could wish,
 And thou shalt find it true. (*going*)

HELENA Oh, Gusman, stay!
 Oh, be not thou my enemy! my brother
 Hastens to meet me in his father's house
 Wouldst thou confront him on this sacred Spot? 190
 Wouldst meet him thus unknown? wouldst thou be found
 The first to dash his hopes, with this abhorr'd
 Disclosure?^a Canst thou be so pitiless? –
 Grant me at least this brief, but sweet reprieve:^b
 Allow me but this interview: I will 195
 Not breathe a word to raise conjecture of
 Our marriage. Only bless me with his sight!
 Permit me to peruse his well known lineaments,
 And by a tender fraud to steal a few
 Soft words, a few fraternal smiles,^c perhaps 200
 The last with which he'll ever bless his Sister.

GUSMAN Helen, thou must not meet thy brother now.
 In thy confusion he no doubt will penetrate^d
 The secret of our marriage. – Secret? – no! –
 In all but this I am my Helen's Slave: 205
 But nor her merit, nor my pride, in this
 Will brook concealment. Shame is the ally of guilt.
 On this concession might indeed
 Antonio take his stand.^e

HELENA Gusman, I must have way.
 A Sister, once so dearly lov'd, will know 210
 To mitigate his wrath. I understand
 His temper, and will soothe it. From my tongue
 Persuasion will proceed, and things
 Harsh and displeasing, with more patience will
 Be heard.^f All will be peace. 215

Enter Lopez

LOPEZ Madam, your brother has this moment enter'd.

Exit

HELENA Leave me, my lord! I am prepar'd to meet him.

GUSMAN I know not how to reject thy earnest prayer;
I would not have thee think me cruel. –
And yet my love! – Well, I 220
Will give thee way; meet thou this brother; bid
Him welcome to his native soil; receive his kind
Congratulations, the overflowings of his Soul:
But leave to me and to the King, to inform
Him of thy state, and to restrain his anger. 225

HELENA Be it, my Lord, as thou requirest.

Exit Gusman

Is this the fruit of love?
But, peace, my throbbing heart! – Antonio comes!^a

Enter Antonio

ANTONIO My Sister, best lov'd girl, how art thou, Helen?
How it delights my Soul to meet thee! 230

HELENA Oh, my brother!

ANTONIO Look up my sweet one! –
Dost know thy beauties are more perfect, than
When last I saw thee?
That cheek bespeaks a heart, as yet
Unknown to sorrow. May'st thou never know it! 235

HELENA Antonio! – pardon my confusion!
This is a joy so sudden, so unlook'd for! –
I have heard of thy atchievements, heard the great
And splendid triumph that has crown'd thy daring,
Think how I feel thy honours and success! 240

ANTONIO Thanks, sweetest Helen! The congratulations
Of a dear Sister, find acceptance here,
Most pure and unalloyed.

HELENA Let me behold thee brother! – Ah, Antonio,
Thou art not as thou wert; thy cheek is tarnish'd, 245
And, surely, care untimely has imprinted
His stamp upon thy brow.

ANTONIO Aye, Helen! Men
Are born to struggle; the rich meed⁷ they ask,
Is never won by softness or indulgence. –
I am untaught to jest.^a – Helen, unmanly wrong 250
Has struck her ruthless and tyrannic fangs^b
Deep in my heart. It bleeds, it burns. I pant
For justice and for vengeance.

HELENA Brother, what is't thus shakes thy noble nature?

ANTONIO^c Had misfortune 255
Pointed her fiercest arrows at my bosom,
Had she given up my^d life to calumny,
And made my name dishonour'd & abhorr'd,^e
I think I could have borne all this with firmness:
I would have answer'd scorn with scorn. 260
And risen the prouder from the world's contempt.

HELENA Antonio, speak!^f Rack me not thus
With wild suspicions!

ANTONIO But thus in my friend –

HELENA (*Aside*) What can he mean?^g
Has he already heard of Gusman's marriage 265

ANTONIO Well thou knows't how much I lov'd,
What worthy cause I had to love, Rodrigo.
All that I ever knew of great or noble,
Was foster'd in me by his generous care.
How could I e'er repay the debt I ow'd him? 270

HELENA Go on, tell all that weighs upon thy heart!
I will not shrink even though the blow destroy me.

ANTONIO For him I could have died: his fortune ever
Was dearer to my bosom, than my own.^a

HELENA (*Aside*) Helen, be still! he may mean somewhat else. 275
Let not thy own impatient thoughts betray thee!^b

ANTONIO Injustice reigns sole empress, o'er the world.
This scene of things, that pedants call so fair,
Is rottenness, and desolation.

HELENA Antonio, all thou utterest is a mystery; 280
Relieve my terrors;

ANTONIO Forgive me, Helen! why should I torment
Thy gentle bosom, with the wrongs that gnaw
And torture me? No, let me not pollute
This happy hour with words of evil import! 285
Do thou, my Helen, smile; and let us talk
Of things that for an instant, may beguile
This woe-worn heart of sorrow!

HELENA (*Aside*)^c Relief unthought! He knows not of our marriage.

ANTONIO Rodrigo's griefs though thickly show'r'd upon him, 290
And venom'd with injustice, thy affection,
With lenient hand shall wipe away: that prize
May cheat the memory of bitterest wrongs.

HELENA (*Aside*) My affection! this is curse on curse!
I blest thy Ignorance! I would thou wert 295
Inform'd at full.

ANTONIO Helen, I know
Thy generous spirit, know that such a task,
Congenial to thy heart, will give thee pleasure,
Most exquisite, most enviable.

HELENA (*Aside*) Fond brother!

ANTONIO Thou wert our father's last behest, to crown 300
The friend, in all the world, whom most he lov'd.^d
The hour in which
To see thy fate united with Rodrigo's,
Is that, which even in prospect yields my Soul

The purest pleasure: 'twill appear as if
 Almanza left his seat among the blest,
 To grace once more the circle of his love. 305

HELENA Antonio, thou
 Distracts't my mind with anguish! witness heaven!^a
 I fain would speak; I'd not deceive my brother — 310
 There is a secret labouring in my bosom —
 But thou wilt learn it. In that fatal hour,
 Antonio, I shall know thee for my friend
 Or enemy!

Exit

ANTONIO What does this mean?
 Sure fortune has not other griefs in store, 315
 To blast my entrance to my native home! –
 No, no! – it is the anguish of Rodrigo's sufferings,
 That makes me tremble at fantastic ills –
 Yet I must question thee, my sister, must
 Decide at once, if somewhat – what as yet 320
 I know not – in which thou art involv'd, shall sink
 Me in distress, beyond
 Anticipation, hopeless of a remedy.

Exit

ACT II

SCENE I

An Apartment in Almanza's house

Antonio & Henry

ANTONIO Henry, my brother! dearest boy!
 How thou art grown? Why I should scarce have known thee,

HENRY I cannot tell thee, dear Antonio, how
 It joys my heart to see thee once again.
 It seem'd to me a cruel fate that sunder'd us. 5

Why, brother, didst thou not admit
 Me to attend thee to the Italian Wars?⁸
 I should have profited beneath thy care,
 And by this time had been a warrior complete.

ANTONIO Henry, 'tis time enough. The trade of War 10
 Is full of hardships and of perils; and,
 Believe me, boy,
 There are scenes acted in the blood-stain'd field,
 Would fill thy tender nature with abhorrence.^a

HENRY And where is my generous friend, my mild instructor, 15
 Rodrigo? Is he come too?
 Could I embrace you both, and both victorious,
 My heart would dance with joy;
 The good old days, so sweetly spent beneath
 This dear paternal roof, would once again 20
 Commence their joyful course.^b

ANTONIO Rodrigo is a prisoner in Milan.
 Thou know'st perhaps,
 He went to Naples to possess himself
 Of an Estate, bequeath'd him by 25
 His distant Kinsman, prince Orsini.
 A wretched fellow, a retainer to
 The court, disputed his succession.
 Rodrigo, with myself, went to the wars,
 Fought for the court, wrought prodigies of Valour, 30
 Cover'd with wounds, and in a hard fought battle,
 At length he fell: and now,
 My Henry, a prisoner in the enemy's power,
 The court disclaims him; gives his inheritance
 To his base, cringing rival; even refuses 35
 To take one step, to gain the liberty
 Of him, who thus brav'd danger in the field
 For an ungrateful Sovereign.

HENRY Heavens! is
 It possible such monsters can exist?
 And could they find no subject for their baseness, 40
 But this illustrious man, this generous hero?
 My heart bleeds at the thought. And thou, Antonio,
 What wilt thou do? Although the King of Naples

Proves thus ungrateful, I am sure Antonio
 Ne'er will 45
 Desert his friend, as long as he has life.

ANTONIO True, dearest Henry.
 The Duke of Milan,
 Who holds him prisoner
 Demands a ransom, suited to his merits, 50
 But ill proportion'd to Rodrigo's wealth,
 Or mine. – Therefore I come
 To ask his ransom of the King. Would I suffer
 My friend, my guide, my oracle, to languish
 In exile, and in Prison, and not put forth 55
 The utmost effort of my soul
 For his deliverance? –^a Pedro
 I have not seen, since he has reach'd the crown;
 But I will ne'er believe that greatness could
 Debase his honest nature. 60

HENRY Doubt him not, brother. Applause & admiration
 Have still attended on his infant reign.

ANTONIO 'Tis well. He & my sister will, I trust,
 Amply compensate the base wrongs of Italy. –
 Just as I met thee, Henry, I 65
 Was seeking Helena. – Tell me, dear boy,
 Has aught of ill to her, aught that when told,
 Should wound my soul, occur'd?

HENRY Oh, no, I hope not.
 Wherefore that Question?

ANTONIO Soon as I arriv'd,
 I flew to meet my Sister. In her words 70
 There seem'd to lurk some fearful mystery.
 At first I mark'd it not.
 But, while we spoke
 Together, something seem'd to sting her soul,
 And she withdrew, and left me.

HENRY Indeed! – 75
 How late have letters from my Sister reach'd thee?

ANTONIO Two months ago. – Wherefore that question?
What might those letters have declar'd?

HENRY Helen,
I know dispatch'd a messenger, so did
The King. Who, ere this time, must have attain'd 80
The Port of Naples.

ANTONIO Henry,
Thou hast fill'd my Soul with terror. Speak!
Speak, I conjure thee! What of Helena?

HENRY Indeed, I dare not.
My sister only should explain her conduct. 85
I had my doubts, – I could have wish'd that thou
Had'st been consulted – But I am no judge –
Helen was ever wise – the King, too, gave
His approbation –

ANTONIO Henry! – At a word,
What have they done? 90

HENRY Dear Brother, do not urge me!
I have been to blame – I am sorry I have mention'd
What is not mine to unfold.

ANTONIO Henry, if e'er thou lov'dst me, if my peace
Appear not in thy sight as nothing worth, 95
Hold me no longer in this dread suspense!

HENRY Remember brother, then, that thou compell'st me:
Acquit me of the consequence
Of thy enforcement.

ANTONIO Well, – go on!

HENRY I have rous'd too much of expectation. 100
What I have to tell is nothing. Thou'lt not blame
My Sister.

ANTONIO Boy! paltry^a trifle!

HENRY Forgive me, brother; I'll no longer vex thee.
Thou hast not forgot the name of Gusman, duke
Of Zuniga—⁹ 105

ANTONIO Forget him? Generous, gallant mortal!
But for his noble and intrepid daring,
What had our Sister been? We owe him endless thanks.

HENRY All Spain applauded his Atchievement;
The King receiv'd him with loud commendation, 110
And took him to his friendship. In my sister's mind
There rose a gratitude unbounded.

ANTONIO What hast thou said? –
He could not, dar'd not, meditate dishonour! –
Helen, if thou hast sold thyself to shame, –
Oh, curse her, curse her! 115

HENRY How could'st thou think, Antonio, that our Sister
Could be dishonour'd? – She is virtue's Image:
All striking calumny
Itself has never dar'd to wound her name.

ANTONIO I thank the powers that take this sorrow from me! 120
Helen is still my Sister, still shall rank
With Spain's most virtuous & renowned dames,
Fool that I was to doubt it!

HENRY Brother, thou
Alarms't me. No, Don Gusman is a man
Of nicest honour, and the love he bore 125
My Sister—

ANTONIO Henry, what unfathomable tale
Lies couch'd beneath thy words?

HENRY To Gusman Helen
Is married.

ANTONIO Married!

HENRY Gusman ask'd her of
The King, and she is married.

ANTONIO Married! 130

HENRY Brother! Good Antonio! – Nay,
Dear Brother, be thyself!

ANTONIO Henry, my friend!
If in thy bosom live one speak of pity,
Tell me, – are they indeed then married?

HENRY Yes.

ANTONIO Then thus are clos'd the honours of Almanza! 135
The cord is broke. I and my kind are sever'd.
Well, well, well!

HENRY I am very sorry. Dear Antonio, be
Of comfort!

ANTONIO Rodrigo, I am thine. 140
Thou wert my earliest choice, and now I am thine,
Alone. Bitter, kindless world! But let them not
Think to escape me! No, by heaven,
I'll tear the Tyrant from his Throne: I'll blot
His family and name from off the Earth.

HENRY I'll see my Sister;^a 145
She comes this way! – Oh me! what have I done? –
Antonio! – Dearest brother, do not meet her now!
Call to mind her gentleness,
Her nobleness, her virtue! what a wretch!
A hateful wretch am I? – I never shall 150
Forgive myself this fatal indiscretion!

ANTONIO Do not distress thyself, my boy!
Be satisfied! I am master of my actions.
In this dread moment I'll collect my thoughts,
And act as shall become me. 155
Leave me, dear Henry! I am thy friend. Thou hast
Incurr'd no blame, I rest a confidence
In thee. Thou hast a place nearest my heart.

Exit Henry

- p. 39a *that malice / Can never pierce*] underlined in pencil with 'Euphony' written in the margin
- p. 39b *When thus my toughest ... found from you*] underlined in pencil are 'toughest sinew', 'usurpation', 'tyranny' and 'fraud'. There is an exclamation point opposite 'toughest sinew'
- p. 40a *Some village swain*] underlined in pencil with a two-word note opposite] 'once {before}'
- p. 42a *And, copying ... like you sublime*] inserted by Godwin
- p. 53a *the purpose of my pledge!*] Holcroft notes a repetition opposite: 'He said before that he had sworn'
- p. 57a *No; I will steep ... the church's cause*] grouped with a line in pencil in the margin
- p. 57b *With such reflections ... They shall*] scored with a vertical line drawn down through the middle of the text in pen. It may be a planned excision
- p. 61a *What means this ... of his sanctity;*] this extensive passage has been scored with a vertical line drawn down through the middle of the text in pen. It may be a planned excision
- p. 69a *Oh, best ... is happiness*] 'happiness' is written in pencil opposite this speech
- p. 70a *Am I not ... favouring angel!*] 'lucky' is written in pencil opposite
- p. 70b *Your joy o'ercomes you!*] 'joy' is written in pencil opposite
- p. 71a *Twas Edgar ... replete with horror*] line drawn vertically through this speech in ink. It may be a planned excision
- p. 72a *But, oh! why do I waste ... have pitied*] line drawn vertically through this long passage in ink. It may be a planned excision but looks rather more like a doodle
- p. 81a *That nothing can resist!*] Godwin has inserted "*" after 'resist!' and added the following proposed insert opposite "*" Even Dunstan feels it! – How have I been deceiv'd!
- p. 82a *what would you do?*] Godwin has inserted a "*" after 'do?' and added the following proposed insert opposite "*" Eltruda Live, Edgar, live! – What madness has possess'd you? –

Antonio

The copy-text for *Antonio* is the version submitted to John Larpent for a performance licence (Larpent MS 1306, Huntington Library, San Marino), the variants given below relate to the version published by G. G. and J. Robinson in 1800

- p. 88a *The haughty Spaniard ... British taste decides*] omitted
- p. 90a *what means that smothered sigh*] (a pause), inserted
- p. 90b *HELENA*] If I am weak, and want the power / To overcome my folly, – if I am unhappy, / And can't subdue my waywardness of temper, / Why should I vex thee with its weak suggestions?, inserted
- p. 91a *He will acquiesce*] He'll acquiesce
- p. 92a *missioner's*] messenger's
- p. 92b *Proclaims a ... eve of act*] Proclaims a battle on the eve of act
- p. 92c *Should he ... to destruction*] Should he come, / Abrupt, unwarn'd, unpacified
- p. 93a *Hear me, heaven*] omitted
- p. 93b *A generous ... heart*] Entire affection, ever-heedful love

- p. 93c *Helena*] Helen
- p. 93d *I am ashamed to be outdone by thee*] In all, *inserted*
- p. 94a *GUSMAN*] (*Having with his eye consulted Helena*), *inserted*
- p. 94b *goes out*] disappears
- p. 96a *wouldst thou ... Disclosure*] *omitted*
- p. 96b *Grant me ... reprieve*] *omitted*
- p. 96c *Only bless ... fraternal smiles*] Only let me steal a few / Soft words, a few fraternal smiles
- p. 96d *he no doubt will penetrate*] he with ease will read
- p. 96e *Shame is the ... take his stand*] *omitted*
- p. 96f *, and things ... Be heard*] *omitted*
- p. 97a *Is this the ... Antonio comes!*] *omitted*
- p. 98a *;the rich meed ... to jest*] (*Bursting out*)
- p. 98b *her ruthless and tyrannic fangs*] *omitted*
- p. 98c *ANTONIO*] Believe, it Helen, / Antonio is no coward, *inserted*
- p. 98d *my*] *omitted*
- p. 98e *dishonour'd & abhorred*] detested and accus'd
- p. 98f *Antonio ... wild suspicions*] Antonio, speak at once! Confide to me the cause of this vast anguish
- p. 98g (*Aside*)] *omitted*
- p. 99a *Go on, tell all ... than my own*] *omitted*
- p. 99b *Let not ... betray thee*] *omitted*
- p. 99c (*Aside*)] *omitted*
- p. 99d *whom he most loved*] How sweet the slightest tokens of remembrance, / That bring before us those, whose generous care / Was once our dearest portion! / This rude and modest dwelling, grac'd / Through rolling seasons with the abode of our / Great father, / Is far more beauteous in Antonio's eye, / Than the long galleries and vaulted roofs / Of all our Moorish kings., *inserted*
- p. 100a *Thou / Distract'st ... witness heaven!*] *omitted*
- p. 101a *and of perils ... with abhorrence*] *omitted*
- p. 101b *The good old ... joyful course*] *omitted*
- p. 102a *Would I suffer ... For his deliverance*] *omitted*
- p. 103a *paltry*] *omitted*
- p. 105a *I'll see my sister*] I see my sister
- p. 106a *ANTONIO*] (*Preventing her*), *inserted*
- p. 107a *Could I behold ... never, never!*] *omitted*
- p. 107b *vindicate*] justify
- p. 107c *That softness ... thy transgression*] *omitted*
- p. 107d *to call back ... youthful stories*] *omitted*
- p. 107e *with thee*] *omitted*
- p. 108a *No, never ... Antonio*] *omitted*
- p. 108b *of faith*] *omitted*
- p. 109a *Helen, / Thou ... offence itself*] Talk'st thou of vindication? / Dar'st thou assume the tone of innocence? / This is / A guilt more dire than even thy foul offence
- p. 109b *Helen approaches ... posture*] *Helena, who is no longer capable of speech, stretches her arms towards him with a gesture of supplication*
- p. 110a *The companion ... fastest friend*] We now shall dwell within the walls / Of one same city, and not see each other