

PHILIP THE SECOND: A TRAGEDY

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Philip the Second: A Tragedy by N. T. Moile

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N. T. MOILE

**PHILIP THE SECOND:
A TRAGEDY**

PHILIP THE SECOND.

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BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

PHILIP THE SECOND.

A Tragedy.

BY

N. T. MOILE.

LONDON:

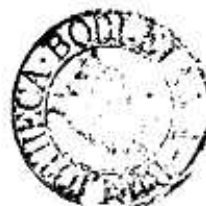
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT;

AND

B. KIMPTON, 43, HIGH HOLBORN.

1849.



PHILIP THE SECOND.

A Tragedy.

CHARACTERS.

PHILIP.

CARLOS.

GOMEZ.

PEDRO.

ISABEL.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR, COUNSELLORS AND
GUARDS.

THE PROLOGUE.

'Tis sweet in meads a bosky brook divides,
That spreads it's mirror to the mountains' sides—
Whence, oh my soul, and whither wouldst thou climb?
The path is steep, the precipice sublime,
And based in bones of who aspired and fell:
And on the height, where columns crown a cell,
What, but a cenotaph, with garlands carved,
For those who gained the summit, and were starved?
'Tis sweet by headlands, that o'erlook the sea,
And face the sun—Come, sit beneath with me!
Yon ship has harnessed winds to plough the deep:
Bright are their pinions as the cloud they sweep;
Chariots that fulmine far the deck endorse,
And steam wheels onward with a thousand horse;
But storm with more already metes her way,
And yawning quicksands bellow for their prey.