

**THE PITY OF  
LOVE: A TRAGEDY**

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The Pity of Love: A Tragedy by Theodore Wratlslaw

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**THEODORE WRATISLAW**

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# THE PITY OF LOVE

A TRAGEDY

BY

THEODORE WRATISLAW

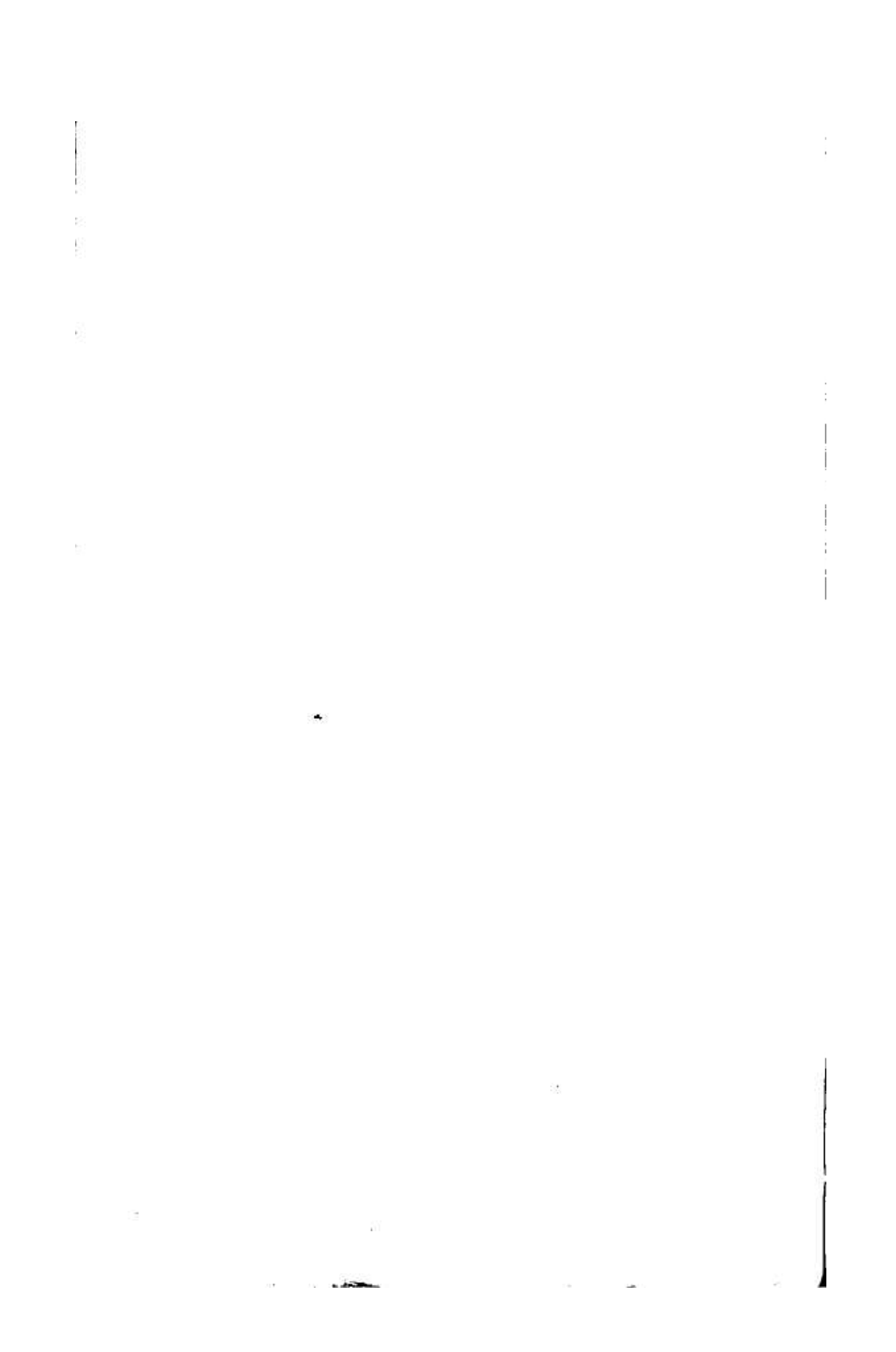
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**NOTE**

*The circumstances of the murder of Count Eönigsmarck as hereafter related are not precisely those which are generally accepted as historic; but although its details are vague enough to admit of the treatment known as poetical license, I have followed as closely as I could the course of the actual story.*

T.W.



PERSONS REPRESENTED

AUGUSTUS, *Duke of Celle, Elector of Hanover.*  
GEORGE, *Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I. of  
England.*  
COUNT VON PLATEN.  
PHILIP VON KÖNIGSMARCK.  
  
SOPHIA DOROTHEA, *Electoral Princess of Hanover.*  
ELIZABETH VON PLATEN, *wife of Count von Platen.*  
AURORA VON KÖNIGSMARCK, *Sister to Philip.*

Time: July 1694.

Place: The Duke's Palace at Celle.





## THE PITY OF LOVE

### SCENE I

*A Room in the Palace, with Windows in the Background opening upon a large Lawn cut by Gravel-paths and dotted with brilliant Flower-beds. There are two Doors, R and L.*

*Enter PHILIP and AURORA VON KÖNIGSMARCK, talking.*

AURORA

It is not thee, but thy rash heart I blame.

PHILIP

I met a greybeard wizard ere I came,  
Who bade me back, for did I lightly spurn  
His words, said he, I should not hence return.

AURORA

Why then didst thou not heed him?

PHILIP

Pish! What, I?  
I will see reason for it ere I die.

AURORA

Philip, thou knowest that ere thou went'st she said  
Didst thou return to Celle thou wert as dead,  
And death were thine own will and seeking.

*THE PITY OF LOVE*

PHILIP

She?

Elizabeth Platen? Death may wait for me,  
Or here or there, I care not. Good or ill,  
Whate'er it be, it comes whene'er it will,  
And that Death is I weep not nor deplore.  
But death that is to fright us should be more  
Than the threat of a cast-off mistress. By my hand,  
Did God now strike me down, here where I stand,  
Somehow or other I would drag, before  
I died, my broken body to her door,  
And she, I know, would kneel down at my side  
And kiss mine eyes and white lips ere I died!

AURORA

The Princess! O my Philip, is thy love  
Not dead?

PHILIP

By heaven and half the saints above,  
Madden me not! I am no brain-sick girl,  
Enamoured of an eyebrow or a curl,  
Nor is my love a boy's first fancy thrown  
On her who first of women seems his own.  
A man's love holds him like the gates of hell.

AURORA

Pray heaven thy journey and thy love end well!

PHILIP

I prithee now go seek her chamber, dear,  
And lightly whisper that I wait her here.