

I S M E N A.

As you are brother to my royal mistress,
I'm not surpriz'd to see you here, prince Conrade;
But as I'm wife to noble Elmerick,
To hear you hold this language does surprize me.

C O N R A D E.

Nor time, nor absence, nor the last despair,
For I have prov'd them all, can cure my passion,
A mortal passion, that must soon consume me,
Unless you bid me live.

I S M E N A.

Live, and be wise;
Live, and be noble: break your vassalage
To passions that debase the name of prince,
While that of man is forfeited and lost.

C O N R A D E.

This high disdain, this counsel urg'd in scorn,
Is cruel and unjust.—Too haughty fair!
Wilt thou ne'er learn compassion? never melt
At my long tender sorrows? Let me hope——

I S M E N A.

What have I done to raise your vanity
To this presumptuous height?

C O N R A D E.

O call it love,
And I'll confess it soars to all the heights
Of fond, distracted passion.

I S M E N A.

Impious trifles!
Are these the arts by which false man betrays?—
Unhappy woman! do they yield to guilt
Because a madman raves, a traitor flatters?—
I thought, vain prince, I had been better known;
And