

And that your rash attempt when here before,
At least, had taught you wisdom.

CONRADE.

I confess

My love was then to blame, so to expose
Your virgin honour: you have now a husband—

ISMENA.

You sink beneath my scorn—I have a husband—
And such an one as loose incontinence
Would want the will to wrong. Sir, if I bear
This insult unreveng'd, 'tis to my prudence,
Not to your birth and name, you owe your safety.

CONRADE.

My safety!—Hell!—let the proud palatine
But dare to threaten thus—

ISMENA.

Take my advice,
And dare not to provoke him. Thus far, prince,
I judge my scorn sufficient.

CONRADE.

Oh! 'tis too much, and all that I can fear:—
I'll conquer it or perish.

ISMENA.

Since your reason
Is wholly lost in this impetuous phrenzy,
To shun your madness shall be all my care.

CONRADE.

Fly where you will, honour, as well as love,
Compels me now for ever to pursue you.

ISMENA.

The light, vain libertine grows formidable!—
His insolence may lay a scene of ruin,
That chills my blood with horror but to think on.

CONRADE.