

CONRADE.

Her cynick father! — there's another champion.
What with her innate pride and high alliances
She makes a strong resistance; and my passion,

Enter BATHORI.

By opposition irritated, burns
More fiercely to attempt the noble conquest.

[*Exit* CONRADE.

BATHORI.

Prince Conrade just now leaves you?

ISMENA.

Let him go.

BATHORI.

You seem disorder'd.

ISMENA.

Howe'er misplac'd by fortune, nature form'd me
For the domestick joys of calm retreat:
I'm sick of court already.

BATHORI.

For what cause?

You know your lord, by his high trust compell'd,
Here must reside: it cannot be dispens'd with.

ISMENA.

'Tis true, and all our happy days are past:
For insolence and Conrade still pursue me.
Then judge when this shall reach my husband's ear,
As soon it must, how will his soul endure
This outrage on my virtue and his honour?
Shall I not see his hands stain'd with the blood
Of the queen's brother, or the noble Elmerick
(A thousand, thousand deaths are in the thought)
Bled by the rage of impious, desperate Conrade?

BATHORI.