

ACT III.

SCENE I.

QUEEN AND ZENOMIRA.

QUEEN.

BE dumb, vain, busy wretch : because thou'rt
trusting,
Dost thou presume to offer thy advice ?
Wou'd'st thou be hated too ?

ZENOMIRA.

Think, royal Madam,
To whom I, undeserving, owe my fortune.
My gratitude—

QUEEN.

A servant's gratitude !—
Consider well your interest and your safety.
Remember I, who made you what you are,
Can make you more or speak you into nothing.
If Elmerick return the love I proffer,
I shall employ you often : shou'd he not,
(Do not my eyes dart ruin while I speak it ?)
My first command in this shall be my last.
Seek him now,
And bring him hither.—No, I see my brother :
Wait in the anti-chamber till he's gone,
Then do as I directed. [*Exit ZENOMIRA.*]

Enter CONRADE.

CONRADE.

Curst be the hour,
When, fated with delight, I quitted Olmutz,
Where all my vows were heard with extasy,
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