

CONRADE.

And shall I see again my lov'd Ismena?
Oh say what pow'r, what art can bring her hither?

QUEEN.

Belus, chief secretary to the regent,
Shall be, unknowingly, a proper agent:
He has been Zenomira's lover long —
But see she comes, she must not see you now:
Trust in a sister's love, and wait th' event.

[Exit CONRADE.]

Enter ZENOMIRA.

ZENOMIRA.

Madam, my lord the regent will attend you.

QUEEN.

Is Belus still thy lover, Zenomira?

ZENOMIRA.

So he professes, madam.

QUEEN.

Then shou'd you feign a message from his lord,
He'd not distrust you?

ZENOMIRA.

His believing passion
Ne'er yet has seem'd to doubt whate'er I utter'd.
What must I say?

QUEEN.

Say that her lord intreats
Ismena, some time hence, to meet him here.
I think she has conceiv'd some slight disgust
Which I wou'd fain remove. This artifice
I shall so well account for when I see her,
You and your lover shall incur no blame.

ZENOMIRA.