

ZENOMIRA.

What dangers wou'd I meet, cou'd I improve
Your friendship for that lady ! may I hope
Your thoughts of Elmerick are chang'd already ?

QUEEN.

The plague of confidants ! — do as directed.

[Exit ZENOMIRA.]

And yet this wretch, this little busy wretch,
Whose love, whose care and counsel I despise,
Is infinitely wiser than Matilda !
I've sent for Elmerick—but let me think
Ere yet my sliding feet forego the shore,
That quitted once can never be recover'd
In what a boundless ocean am I plunging,
With only one uncertain light to guide me !
If that should fail, I sink o'erwhelm'd for ever.—
But shou'd the grateful Elmerick stretch forth
His saving hand, and snatch me from the billows,
Love will return a thousand solid joys
For every transient pain.— But O the hazard !—
A woman and a queen to offer love,
And hear herself refus'd !—'Tis misery !
'Tis everlasting shame ! 'Tis death and hell !
I will not think so poorly of my fate,
Myself, or Elmerick—My present lot
Is cheerless and forlorn—impetuous gusts
Of stormy passions drive me through the gloom,
Unsteady and uncertain. All before me
Is the profound, unfathomable deep ;
And all behind a dark and boundless waste—
But he appears, the star that must direct me
To peace and joy—or light me to my ruin.

Enter ELMERICK.

I fear, my lord, this importunity