

Sink my despairing and indignant soul  
Where calm repose and hope shall never find it,  
And your repentance come too late to save me.

ELMERICK.

I must assert your honour and my own.  
Remember who I am, my trust, and office —  
Almighty Power! shall I, who bear the sword  
To punish bold offenders, break the laws  
Your Providence has call'd me to defend?  
Doth the least subject look to me for justice,  
And shall my king, my ever gracious master,  
In recompence for his unbounded favour,  
Receive the highest, most opprobrious wrong  
A king or man can suffer?

QUEEN.

Shame and ruin!

ELMERICK.

Not to deceive you, madam, not to flatter  
Views so unworthy of yourself and me:  
I must avow the ample power I hold,  
Each thought, each toil, my life, devoted all  
To gratitude and justice.

QUEEN.

Enough, my lord — your gratitude has charm'd me —  
Who shall oppose your justice? here display it:  
Rise by my ruin to the height of glory,  
And let fame deafen the astonish'd world  
With your triumphant virtue.

ELMERICK.

I wou'd triumph,

But o'er your weakness, not your peace and fame:  
So you may triumph too.—oh hear me, queen—

QUEEN.