

QUEEN.

I have heard too much,
 I've heard my lover refus'd. — Death, horror! — shame,
 And burning indignation! — pierce my heart,
 Dispatch me, give me death. Is that too much? —
 Is pity to the wretched, is compassion
 Of every kind among the hateful crimes
 The gen'rous, valiant Elmerick abhors?
 Then give me this, afford the means of death,
 And leave me to apply them. [*Going to seize his sword.*]

ELMERICK.

Heavens! what frenzy
 Possesses you! — yet hear me —

QUEEN.

Off, be gone,
 And let me die!

ELMERICK.

Safe as my soul the secret
 Shall be preserv'd.

QUEEN.

What! be oblig'd to you! —
 Owe my precarious honour to your silence! —
 But keep your sword, I shall not want ev'n that —

ELMERICK.

She is not to be trusted with her life —
 Royal, unhappy fair, what can I say
 To calm this raging tempest in your bosom?
 For though I dare not be, what you must hate,
 False to my trust and sov'reign; I wou'd die
 To save your life and honour, to restore
 Your peace of mind, and raise declining virtue —

Enter CONRADE.

Shame and confusion! — Madam, see, the prince —

CONRADE.