

ISABEL.

What! I support existence at your side?

No. Death! this instant, death! In vain denied——

The dirk——

PHILIP.

Forbear!

ISABEL.

I have it! I am free!

I perish! I escape!

PHILIP.

What is't I see?

ISABEL.

Two suicides, whose death your doom has done,

Slain at your feet, your innocent wife and son.

PHILIP.

My wife's mad act no doom of mine enforced.

Her I may heal——

ISABEL.

Avaunt! We are now divorced.

R