

248 THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

That darts from Mecca's ever sacred fane,
T'illuminate the darken'd souls of men,
And fill 'em with its brightness.

SCANDERBEG.

O Althea! [*Aside.*

AMURATH.

Break your alliance with the christian princes,
And let my foes be thine.

SCANDERBEG.

That follows well;
Th' abandon'd wretch, that breaks his faith with
[heav'n,
Will hardly stop at any future crime. [*Aside.*

AMURATH.

Forego th' advantage that your arms have won,
Give up this little part of spacious Greece,
Its cities and its people to my power:
And in return reign thou my substitute
O'er all my conquer'd provinces in Europe,
From Adrianople to the walls of Buda.

SCANDERBEG.

Assist me, heav'n! assist me to suppress
The rising indignation in my breast,
That struggles, heaves and rages for a vent—
Aranthes! Althea! how shall I preserve you? [*Aside.*

VISIER.

He's greatly mov'd, his visage flames with wrath.

AMASIE.

Just so he looks when rushing on the foe,
The eager blood starts from his trembling lips.

AMURATH.

I wait your resolution.

SCAN-