

A R A N T H E S.

Wou'd I had died,

Ere I was honour'd with a father's name;
Or that my child had been less good and fair.
What was my greatest joy, is now my grief:
Ev'ry perfection wrings my heart with pain.
For all her charms are now so many snares,
Which you must break, or be undone for ever.
— Still unresolv'd—forgive me if I think,
You have the weakness now of other men.

S C A N D E R B E G.

If to rejoice when virtue is rewarded;
Or mourn th' afflictions of the good and brave,
Who mourn not for themselves; if love and friend-
ship

Denote me weak, I wou'd be weaker still.
He who disclaims the softness of humanity,
Aspiring to be more than man, is less.
Yet know, my father, rev'rend good Arantes!
Whatever tender sentiments I feel;
Tho' as a man, a lover and a friend,
I fear the sultan's cruelty and malice;
Yet as a christian, I despise 'em both.
'Tis not for man to glory in his strength;
The best have fallen, and the wisest err'd.
Yet when the time shall come, when heaven shall by
Its providence declare, this is my will,
And this the sacrifice that I demand,
Why who can tell, but full of that same energy,
Which swells your breast, I may reply ev'n so,
Thy will be done.

A R A N T H E S.

How have my fears deceiv'd me?