

SCANDERBEG.

The careful gard'ner turns the limpid stream,
 This way, or that, as suits his purpose best.
 The wrath of man shall praise his maker's name;
 The residue, restrain'd, rest on himself.
 Let us not rashly antedate our woes.
 Tho' I defer the sentence of your death,
 Tho' I cou'd die ten thousand times to save you,
 I do not, nay I dare not bid you live.

ARANTHES.

Excellent man! why did I ever doubt thee?
 Your zeal's no less, your wisdom more than mine.
 My time's expir'd; illustrious prince — farewell!

SCANDERBEG.

My father! my Althea!—

ARANTHES.

O my son!

Our part is little in this noble conflict,
 The worst is death; your's harder, but more glorious,
 To live and suffer. Heaven inspire thy soul
 With more than Roman fortitude and courage:
 They poorly fled to death, t'avoid misfortunes;
 May christian patience teach thee to o'ercome 'em.

[Exit ARANTHES.

SCANDERBEG *alone.*

In this extremity shall I invoke
 Thy awful genius, O majestick Rome;
 Or Junius Brutus, thine; who sacrificed
 To public liberty, paternal love:
 The younger Brutus; or the Greek Timoleon;
 Of self-denial great examples all:
 But all far short of what's required of me.
 These patriots offer'd to an injur'd world
 But guilty wretches, who deserv'd their fates.
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