

THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 257

Wou'd they have given up the best of men,
And the most perfect of the gentler sex
To death, to worse than death, a tyrant's rage?
No, nature unassisted cannot do it.
To thee I bow me then, fountain of life,
Of wisdom and of power,
Who know'st our frame, and mad'st us what we are;
I ask not length of days, nor fame, nor empire:
Give me to know and to discharge my duty,
And leave th' event to thee—Amasie here!

*Enter AMASIE, who kneels and lays his sword at
SCANDERBEG's feet.*

AMASIE.

Well may you turn away, justly disdain
To cast one look upon the lost Amasie.
Constant as truth, inflexible as justice,
Above ambition, and the joys of sense,
You must abhor the wretch, whose fatal weakness
Betray'd him to such crimes, as make him hateful
To heaven, to all good men and to himself.

SCANDERBEG.

What com'st thou for, what can'st thou hope from me?

AMASIE.

I come for justice.

SCANDERBEG.

Justice must condemn thee.

AMASIE.

I have condemn'd myself; but dare not die,
Till you, the proper judge, confirm the sentence.

SCANDERBEG.

When first you fell, I deeply mourn'd your loss;
But from that moment gave you up for ever.

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AMASIE.