

SCANDERBEG.

I shall once more behold Althea then.  
 So wretches are indulg'd the sight of heaven  
 To sharpen pain, and aggravate their loss.  
 The blended beauties of the teeming spring,  
 Whate'er excells in nature's works besides,  
 Are vile to her, the glory of the whole.  
 Flowers fade and lose their odours, gems their brightness,  
 And gold its estimation in her presence.  
 But see, she comes—Sure such a form betray'd  
 The first of men to quit his paradise,  
 And all the joys of innocence and peace,  
 For those he found in her; yet had the lovely,  
 Alas! too lovely parent of mankind,  
 Possess'd a mind, as much superior to  
 Her outward form, as my Althea doth;  
 Mankind had never fell.

*Enter VISIER, ALTHEA, &c. SCANDERBEG  
 kneels and kisses her hand.*

SCANDERBEG.

O my princess!

ALTHEA.

My ever honour'd lord!

SCANDERBEG.

To be your slave,  
 A captive to your charms, is more than to  
 Belord of human kind.

ALTHEA.

The Visier, prince—

[SCANDERBEG rises.]

VISIER.

Far be it, noble Scanderbeg, from me  
 To intercept my royal master's bounty,

Who