

264 THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

Mis'ry and pain, while I alone was happy—
Then, then to lose thee—

ALTHEA.

O complain no more.
You move a weakness here, unworthy her,
Who would aspire to deserve your love.
I wou'd have died like the mute sacrifice;
Which goes as chearful and as unconcern'd,
To bleed upon the altar, as to sleep
Within its nightly fold.

SCANDERBEG.

Coud'st thou do this!

ALTHEA.

Had I not seen you thus, I think I shou'd:
But at your grief my resolution fails me:
I'm subdued: the woman, the weak, fond woman,
Swells in my heart, and gushes from my eyes.

SCANDERBEG.

What have I done? the greatness of thy soul,
Not to be comprehended but by minds
Exalted, as thy own, stagger'd my reason;
And what was prudence and superior virtue,
I thought a wrong to love. Rash, thoughtless man!
To force a tenderness thou can'st not bear,
That stabs the very soul of resolution,
And leaves thee without strength to stem a torrent,
That asks an angel's force to meet its rage.

ALTHEA.

To combat inclination, to subdue
Our own desires, and conquer by submission;
Are virtues, prince, no angel ever knew.
While these are your's, shall I indulge my grief?
— The storm is o'er, and I am calm again.

SCANDERBEG.