

SCANDERBEG.

O thou eternal source of admiration!
What new wonder hast thou prepar'd to charm
My ravish'd soul? where didst thou learn the art
To stop the tide of grief in its full flow,
And triumph o'er despair?

ALTHEA.

In you I triumph.

Tho' rack'd and torn with more than mortal grief,
Amidst the pangs of disappointed love
And suff'ring friendship, do I not behold thee,
Still constant as the sun, that keeps its course,
Tho' storms and tempests vex the nether sky,
And low'ring clouds a while obscure his brightness?

SCANDERBEG.

Excellent, heavenly maid! thou rob'st thyself,
And attribut'st to me thy own perfections.

ALTHEA.

Have you once question'd whether you should part
With two the dearest things to man on earth,
A friend and mistress, or renounce your faith,
The int'rest of mankind and cause of virtue?

SCANDERBEG.

That were to purchase ev'n thee too dear:
That were a misery beyond thy loss:
That were, my prince! to deserve to lose thee.

ALTHEA.

That gracious power that wrought you for this
purpose,
That made you great to struggle with adversity,
And teach luxurious princes, by example,
What kings shou'd be, and shame 'em into virtue;
Beholds, with pleasure, you discharge the trust,
And act up to the dignity you're form'd for.

SCAN-