

SCANDERBEG.

O whither wou'd thy dazzling virtue soar ?
 Is't not enough we yield to our misfortunes,
 And bear afflictions, tho' with bleeding hearts ?
 Wou'd'st thou attempt to raise pleasure from pain,
 And teach the voice of mourning, songs of joy ?

ALTHEA.

Small is my part and suited to my strength.
 What is dying ? a wanton Cleopatra
 Cou'd smile in death and infants die in sleep.
 What tho' my days are few and fill'd with sorrow !
 Cou'd vain prosperity to hoary age
 Afford a happiness to be compar'd
 To dying now in such a glorious cause ?
 Lamented and belov'd by thee, the best
 And greatest of mankind—Then let us haste
 And close the scene.—You, good Paulinus, let
 The Visier know, I'm ready to return.
 Why are you pale, why do gushing tears
 Blot the majestick beauty of your face ?
 Why is the hero in the lover lost ?

SCANDERBEG.

Let angels who attend in crowds to hear thee ;
 Let all the sons of liberty and fame ;
 Those, who still wait, and those who have obtain'd
 The end of all their labours ; heaven and earth ;
 Angels and men, the living and the dead ;
 Behold and judge if ever man before
 Purchas'd the patriot's name, or sav'd his country,
 His faith and honour, at a price so dear.

Enter VISIER.

VISIER.

Well prince, may we not hope that those bright eyes
 Have charm'd your soul to peace ? who wou'd resist,
 When