

MAHOMET.

Your moving softness fans my am'rous flame—
No help can reach thee--all thy friends are absent ;
Wisely comply, and make a friend of me.

ALTHEA.

All are not absent ; he whose presence fills
Both heaven and earth ; he, he is with me still ;
Sees my distress, numbers my flowing tears,
And understands the voice of my complainings,
'Tho' sorrow drowns my speech.

MAHOMET.

I'll wait no longer ;
Nor ask again for what I've power to take.
Now you may strive, as I have beg'd, in vain.

ALTHEA.

O thou, whose hand sustains the whole creation ;
Who cloth'st the woods, the vallies and the fields ;
Who hear'st the hungry lion, when he roars ;
And feed'st the eagle on the mountain's top ;
Shut not thine ear—turn not away thy face ;
Be not as one far off, when danger's near ;
Or like an absent friend to the distress'd —
Assist me, save me—Only thou canst save me—
O let me not invoke thy aid in vain.

AMURATH *without.*

Force, force an entrance.

MAHOMET.

Ha ! who dares do this ?

[*The door bursts open.*]

Enter AMURATH, VISIER, KISLER AGA *and* Guards

MAHOMET.

Sham'd and prevented ! O my cursed fortune !

ALTHEA.