

ALTHEA.

My prayers are heard ; let virtue ne'er despair.

VISIER.

Guard well the passage.

AGA.

Who secures his sword ?

VISIER.

Scanderbeg yield ! thou canst not hope t'escape.

AMURATH.

To fall so meanly after all thy wars—

Well may'st thou hide thy face.

VISIER.

Blinded by love,

My lord, he mis'd his way.

AMURATH.

True, Osmyn, true :

That poor excuse for madness, vice and folly,

Is all this mighty hero has to plead.

—A fair account of life and honour lost.

I hoped not triumph—Prophet, 'tis too much—

I ask'd but vengeance—bring him to my tent.

When mirth declining calls for something new,

We'll think upon the manner of his death.

MAHOMET.

Away, you dogs ! confusion, death and hell ! [*Exit.*]

ALTHEA.

They stand aghast. Deliverance waits the just,

But short's the triumph of deceitful men.

Turn'd on themselves, their own devices cover

Them with shame. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*]