

280 THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

HELLENA.

Fatal surprize! what must we answer?

CLEORA.

Friends.

PAULINUS.

Make it appear — this instant — give the word.  
— Silent — Some spies sent from the Sultan's camp.  
Left, favour'd by the darkness of the night,  
The traitors shou'd escape, guard ev'ry passage.  
*[Guards surround them.]*

HELLENA.

Scanderbeg must die.

OFFICER.

Not by thy hand;  
If mine can aim aright, thou bloody villain!  
*[Wounds]* HELLENA. *She falls.*

HELLENA.

Untimely fate!

CLEORA.

Where are you?

HELLENA.

Here on the earth.

CLEORA.

You're wounded then?

HELLENA.

Alas! to death, Cleora,

CLEORA.

Prophet, I do not charge you with injustice;  
But I must grieve, and wonder things are thus.

HEL-