Now the ſweet enchantment's ceas'd,
I meet with horror and affliction,
Where I expected my greateſt joy.
Falſe, &c. [*exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tents near the Sea, and Ships.

Otho and Emireno, with a train of ſoldiers and ſlaves.

Oth. You, once the terror of the ſea and coaſts,
Who dar'd attack our ſhips,
I deſign a preſent to my royal father.
Emir. You wou'd have far greater reaſon to boaſt,
Did you know who your priſoner is,
Whom you take for a pirate.
Oth. Let us know.
Emir. Never: That, indeed, wou'd ſwell
Too much your German pride; 'tis enough,
That, in ſo immature an age, thou haſt wreſted
From Emireno the Empire of the Seas.
Oth. What if torments ſhou'd force the ſecret from you?
Emir. Threat'nings to me!
When in the midſt of darts and arrows
I fought you in your own veſſel,
Saw you then in me any marks of fear?
Oth. Chains will humble your haughty ſpirit.
Away, left, being provok'd
By your inſolent language,
I ſhew my vengeance on them I've conquer'd,
And ſo obſcure my victory.

Emir. An aged oak, that has often
Felt the fury of ſtorms,
Matters not the ſhocks of wind.

Juſt