

Athens is lost and now is past relief,
The flying soldiers from the town do run,
And now for shelter to the town are come.

ST. RUTH.—Then it is surely when past a doubt,
Haste order my guards to march and beat them
out.

SARS.—Easily said could they as soon obey,
We'd make the scellums for their entrance pay;
But yet I fear, in an unlucky hour
They will not fly from you nor all your power.

DOR.—The works that face our camp are yet
entire;
And now their guns against our tents do fire;
Except we straight decamp by your command
There's not a tent in all our lines can stand.

ST. RUTH.—Then loiter not but round to arms
on sight.

Decamp and march to Milton pass to-night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I chose to die,
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try.
Haste, see the tents struck with care and all things
done.

And draw them off without the beat of drum.
Exeunt Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neil.

SARS.—Be calm, my soul, the swelling spread
assuage,

And curb the boiling madests of my rage;
Now let the earth be in a chaos hurld,
While earthquakes rise and overthrow the world;
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky air,
And let all vanished sink beneath despair;
Let Sol and Cynthia withdraw their light,
And let the stars no longer rule the night;
But let the course of nature be extinguish'd quite.

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