

# The Siege of Valencia.pdf/164



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ABDULLAH.

These are vain words.

ELMINA.

Have you no children?—fear you not to bring

The lightning on their heads?—In your own land

Doth no fond mother, from the tents, beneath

Your native palms, look o'er the deserts out,

To greet your homeward step?—You have not yet

Forgot so utterly her patient love—

—For is not woman's, in all climes, the same?—

That you should scorn *my* prayer!—Oh Heaven! his eye

Doth wear no mercy!

ABDULLAH.

Then it mocks you not.

I have swept o'er the mountains of your land,  
Leaving my traces, as the visitings  
Of storms, upon them!—Shall I now be stay'd!  
Know, unto me it were as light a thing,  
In this, my course, to quench your children's lives,  
As, journeying through a forest, to break off  
The young wild branches that obstruct the way  
With their green sprays and leaves.

ELMINA.

Are there such

hearts

Amongst thy works, oh God?



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