

Samson.

Harapha

pearance answers loud report. The way to know were not to see, but taste. Ha! dost thou

then al-read-y sin-gle me? I thought that la-bor and thy chains had

tam'd thee. Had fortune brought me to that field of death, Where thou wroughtst wonders with an ass's

jaw, I'd left thy car-case where the ass lay dead. Boast not of what thou woudst have done, but

do. The hon-or cer-tain to have won from thee I lose, pre-

vent-ed by thy eyes put out; To combat with a blind man I dis-dain.