

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 21

Chorus. *The bells must ring,
And the clerk must sing,
And the good old wives must wind us.
You and I,
And all must die,
And leave this world behind us.*

SCENE X.

TIMOTHY.

Now from the fields the labourers homeward go; each one to kiss his wife, with sweet content. A good warm supper, and a loving spouse, make his house blest as mine, while Dolly liv'd. My house is now like the forsaken barn, where the blind howlet perches all the day.—The open air, cold ground, on which I sit, with none to talk to but the speechless dead, is all my comfort now. I hate my own warm thatch, flock-bed and neighbour's chat, since Dolly, the flower of all my joys, is gone.—Oh, how wretched is the state of man!

A I R XIV. (The State of Man.)

*A feeble life with pain began,
Expos'd to great and numerous woes:
Such is the infant state of man,
And with his strength his sorrow grows.
Till his short yet tedious glass be run;
Then he ends with grief, who with pain begun.*

DOROTHY.

Oh! [Groans in the grave.

TIMOTHY.

Mercy on me!—what noise was that?—Sure I heard something.—I think I did—perhaps I may