

hear it again—No, no—nothing at all.—All is still—It was only my fancy.—I'll return to my post.—[*Dolly upright in the grave*] O dear, O dear! what can be the meaning of this! why do you frighten a body so?—Was I not a good husband to you while living, and am I not performing my promise to you now you are dead? Why don't you lie still in your grave—What is't you'd have?

DOROTHY.

Hickup—Not a drop more if you love me.

TIMOTHY.

It moves—and talks—What will become of me?

DOROTHY.

I'm very cold.—Where am I?—Sure this is a church-yard.—This is a grave too. How came I here?

TIMOTHY.

O dear, O dear!

DOROTHY.

Who's that!—Timothy!—Come, help me out.

TIMOTHY.

No, I thank you, you are dead, and a grave is the fittest place for you.

DOROTHY.

I don't believe that.—How came I dead!

TIMOTHY.

Why you dy'd with drinking, and was buried to-night.

DOROTHY.

I don't know any-thing of the matter; but, if I was dead, I am alive again.

TIMOTHY.