

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 22

TIMOTHY.

I wish you were.

DOROTHY.

I tell you I am. Come hither and feel me. If you wou'd but feel me once, you wou'd be satisfy'd.

TIMOTHY.

She was always given to lying—I dare not trust her.—Yet if she shou'd be alive again—I have a good mind to venture. [*Aside, going towards the grave.*—Oh, she has me, she has me !

DOROTHY.

The devil have you for a cowardly, cabbaging rogue as you are.—What, are you afraid of your own wife, firrah ?

TIMOTHY.

Nay, now I am sure 'tis my Dolly herself, and alive. My dear, dear jewel, don't be angry. It was only my fear.

DOROTHY.

Yes, yes, you wou'd have had me dead. You were only afraid I shou'd be alive again.

A I R XV. (The 23d of April.)

*So unkind, and so unwilling to receive me again.*

Tim. *To my heart the blood's thrilling, to hear thee complain.*

Dol. *Will you love me ?*

Tim. *For ever.*

*Can you doubt me ?*

Dol. *No never.*

Amb. *Oh the pleasure and pain !*

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DORO.