

SCENE XI.

LETTICE.

Mercy on me! I'm frighten'd out of my wits! I dropt the company going home, and came back again to see how my father did, and, as sure as any thing, I saw my mother's ghost go over the stile; and but that I know that my father's alive and here, I cou'd have sworn that I had seen his too.—What shall I do? My father will be very angry if he shou'd know that I am here; and yet I must speak to him. father, father!—Bless me, he is not here. I'm frighten'd worse now than I was before. Sure he is not fallen into my mother's grave. The moon shines so directly into it, that I can see him if he be [*looks into the grave, and shrieks.*] Dear, dear! there's neither father nor mother!—But let me think a little.—If my mother shou'd be alive, after all.—Ay marry, that wou'd fright me worse than seeing twenty ghosts, for she'll force me to marry Ned Ploughshare. I hate work, poverty and confinement; and if I marry him, I shall have all three.

A I R XVII. (*As I sat at my spinning Wheel.*)

*How happy is that woman's life,
Who, fair and free, has wealth in store!
But ah, how wretched is the wife,
That's doom'd to work, and still be poor:
To wash, to brew, to card or reel,
Or still to turn the spinning wheel?*

SCENE