

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 27

JONATHAN.

I will, I will.—O dear, dear sir, there 'tis again.

SIR JOHN.

Cease your impertinence, you puppy, and let us observe it. It seems to me to be a woman; if so, she must be in distress. I'll go and speak to her.

JONATHAN,

O dear sir, don't offer it. 'Tis certainly the devil, who knowing your constitution, has turn'd himself into this shape, on purpose to draw you into his clutches.

SIR JOHN.

Away, fool.

[Goes to her.]

JONATHAN.

Poor Sir John!—Poor Jonathan! When the devil has run away with the whore-master, what will become of the pimp! I have follow'd this master of mine to the devil, and there will leave him to go the rest of his journey with his new acquaintance, and try to repent and save one.

A I R XVIII. (The Oxfordshire Tragedy.)

*My master's pimp and favourite too,  
In liv'ry dress of various hue,  
In wanton pride my days I've spent,  
But now, alas! I must repent.*

Methinks I do it very scurvily. If I was sure I was out of the devil's reach now, I am afraid the remembrance of my past sins wou'd give me more pleasure than pain. And now I look again, it does not appear so frightful as it did. They are very close.—My master has it by the hand. If it shou'd