

AIR XXI. (Flocks are sporting.)

Sir John.

*Faint denying
 's half complying;
 Whilst the strife 'twixt love and shame
 Fans the fire
 Of desire,
 Fans the fire
 Of desire,
 'Till it crowns the lover's flame,
 'Till it crowns the lover's flame.*

JONATHAN.

What shou'd you be afraid of, madam? If you and my master shou'd break a commandment together, there's no manner of harm done; for Sir John has a right to sin scot free himself, and make his neighbours pay for it, as he's a justice of peace.

LETTICE.

A justice o' peace! O dear, I'm so afraid now that my father should come and spoil my fortune. *[Aside]*

JONATHAN.

Bear up, fir, and I warrant we carry her off betwixt us.

SIR JOHN.

But what shall we do with her? let us get off as fast as we can, for it is certainly the devil, who, knowing my constitution, assumes this shape, as the most likely way to draw me into his clutches.

JONATHAN.

Pox on his memory.

[Aside:]

SIR