

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 31

SIR JOHN.

Give me leave to lead you to the stile at the end  
of the church-yard, where my horses wait, and  
then—

JONATHAN.

Mount, whip, spur and away. Ha, sir!

LETTICE.

O dear sir!—What am I doing? whither am I  
going? well, well, carry me where you will, and  
do with me what you please, for sure you are a civil  
gentleman.

AIR XXII. (Once I lov'd a charming Creature.)

*O shou'd wanton fancies move you,  
Should you prove a naughty man,  
I shall think you never lov'd me;  
I shall hate you—if I can.  
But for my down, down, derry down,  
But for my down, down, derry down.*

Sir John. *Shou'd your charming beauty move me,  
'Tavou'd but prove that I'm a man.  
You shou'd believe I better lov'd you:  
Try, then hate me if you can.*

Jon. *Then for her down, down, derry down,  
Hey for her down, down, derry down.*

ACT