

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Grove.

SILVIA.

A I R XXIII. (O the charming Month of May.)

SILENT night yields no repose,
Silent night my anguish knows:
 And the gay morning,
 Now returning,
 Only lights me to new woes.

Tim. within. *Only lights me to new woes.*Sil. *Silent night yields no repose.*Tim. within. *Silent night yields no repose.*

SILVIA.

Sure echo's, grown enamour'd with my sorrows,
 that thus she dwells upon the plaintive sound.

Tim. within. *Silent night yields no repose.*

SILVIA.

Ha, this is something more! perhaps some
 wretched maid, like me by love undone, has chose
 yon gloomy thicket to complain in; and kindly
 joins her sympathizing notes with mine. I'll try
 again.

Long must I this torture bear,
Long must I love and despair;
What life denies us;
Death supplies us;
Friendly death, come end my care.

Tim. within. *Friendly death, come end my care.*Sil. *Long must I this torture bear.*Tim. *Long must I, &c.*