

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 33

It seems indeed the voice of one complaining ;  
but one of that false, deceitful sex, which only  
seems unhappy, when it wou'd make ours so indeed.  
Perhaps some busy prying wretch has stole, un-  
heeded, on my sorrows, and with scornful repeti-  
tions mocks my real woes.

SCENE II.

TIMOTHY AND SILVIA.

TIMOTHY.

Forgive, fair maid, an unhappy man, who has  
wandered all the long night, not knowing where  
he went, nor where to go. Tir'd with my mi-  
sery and fruitless labour, unable to go farther, I  
laid me down in yonder thicket to complain. But,  
hearing your voice, I have with much difficulty  
crept hither to enquire of you after my lost daugh-  
ter ; as I must of all I meet, 'till I have found  
her.

SILVIA.

Is it a child you have lost ?

TIMOTHY.

A dearly beloved and a loving child.

SILVIA.

That is a loss indeed.

TIMOTHY.

My wife was buried last night, and came to life  
again, and while I went home with her, my daugh-  
ter was carried away.

SILVIA.

Your story's very strange.

Vol. I.

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TIMOTHY.