

not a pleasure in relieving them. Are not all expos'd to time and chance? there's oft not the distance of an hour betwixt the height of happiness and depth of misery.

A I R XXV. (Polwart on the Green.)

Sil. *The sweet and blushing rose
Soon withers and decays.*
Tim. *Short are the joys life knows,
And few our happy days.*
Sil. *The fairest day must set in night;*
Tim. *Summer in winter ends;*
Ambo. *So anguish still succeeds delight,
And grief on joy attends.*

S C E N E III.

To them, WELFORD and Servant.

SILVIA.

Here is my father. A good morning to you,
Sir.—Your blessing.

WELFORD.

Heaven blefs my child.

SILVIA.

Sir, here is an object that claims your pity and assistance. An honest man distressed; so sick and weak he is, that it would be too much trouble to him now to repeat the tale of his misfortunes.

WELFORD.

'Tis enough that you, my Silvia, think he needs my pity, to command all that's in my power. Come, friend, accept of this lad to guide and assist
you