

WELFORD.

O! I am all on fire—say, Silvia, what did he propose?

SILVIA.

What is not fit for you to hear, nor me to speak.

WELFORD.

Then the villain has dared to attempt thy innocence and virtue?

AIR XXVI. (Now, now comes on the glorious Year.)

*When tempting beauty is the prize,
Intemperate youth, rash and unwise,
Laws human and divine despise,
Not thinking what they're doing;
But did they make the case their own,
A child, or sister thus undone,
With horror struck, they sure would shun,
Nor tempt such dreadful ruin.*

SILVIA.

Vain of his wealth, and his superior birth, with bold, licentious freedom he rail'd on marriage; then talk'd to me of love, enjoyment, and eternal truth; endeavouring, by imposing on my simplicity, to render me vile as his own ends. More he talk'd of estates and settlements, and I know not what; and more he would have talk'd; but I, with just indignation fired, flew from his hated presence.

AIR XXVII. (One Evening as I lay.)

*Alas! unhappy maid,
How wretched is my fate!
Deceiv'd thus, and betray'd,
To love where I should hate.*

When