

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 39

*When hope has fled our breast,
Why should desire remain?
To rob us of our rest,
And give incessant pain.*

WELFORD.

I will revenge thee, thou excellent maid ; I will
revenge thee on him, myself, and all that ever
wrong'd thee.

SILVIA.

Alas ! Sir, I want no revenge ; or if I did, what
could you do against a man so powerful ? — the at-
tempt would prove your ruin. — Let me not see him
— let him not insult me with his presence — by that
means to be secur'd from new injuries, is all the
vengeance I desire.

WELFORD.

He never shall, unless he comes with deep re-
morse and humble penitence to ask your pardon,
and make you reparation.

SILVIA.

Let him not come at all. The man, who takes
advantage from a maid's mean condition to attempt
her virtue, can never make her reparation.

WELFORD.

I fear you hate him then.

SILVIA.

Why should you fear it ? You methinks should
wish it rather. 'Twas long before my heart was
taught to love him, and by the pain his cruelty
gives me I fear 'twill be much longer ere it will
learn to hate him.

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WELFORD.