

## WELFORD.

I'll go and give orders that care be taken of the stranger, and then I'll see this mighty man, who, by a vile abuse of his power, has dared to wrong me thus. Thou'lt reason indeed for thy anger; but grieve not, my Silvia. I can and will defend thee.

AIR XXVIII. (At Rome there is a terrible Rout.)

*For poultry and flocks we oft break our repose,  
To defend them from foxes and kites, their known foes;  
We our children must guard from worse vermin than  
those,  
Which nobody can deny, &c.*

## SCENE V.

## SILVIA.

My father bid me not to grieve – happy for me could I in that obey him. In all the height of his passion he never commanded me to hate the injurious author of my woes. Indulgent parent! He knows that 'tis not in my power, and wou'dn't impose on me a task impossible: Answer his kindness then with equal fortitude, and bear, without reproach, those ills thou canst not cure. To assert the dignity of injur'd virtue, tho' in an humble state, be then my care, and leave the rest to heaven.

AIR XXIX. (Fond Echo.)

*As wretched and mean we despise  
The vicious, their wealth, and high state;  
The lowest, in virtue, may rise,  
'Tis virtue alone makes us great.*

*The*