

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 43

BETTY.

O Jonathan, sure you won't use me as my master has done!

JONATHAN.

I can't tell; I'll use you as well as I can; perhaps you may have no reason to repent of the exchange.

BETTY.

Because I've been my master's fool, do you think I'll be your's?

JONATHAN.

Yes.

BETTY.

You're impudent, and——

JONATHAN.

You like me the better for't.

BETTY.

Now I'm down-right angry with you.

A I R XXXII. (Dear Pickaninny.)

Betty. *Be gone, Sir, and fly me.*

Jon. *How can you deny me?*

*Be kind, and once try me.*

Betty. *Ne'er talk of it more.*

Jon. *Come, grant my desire.*

Betty. *You'r rudeness admire.*

Jon. *To your chamber retire.*

Betty. *Sir, there is the door.*

[They sing the following stanza together.]

Jon. *Come, grant my desire.*

Betty. *I'll not grant your desire.*

Jon.