

SCENE IX.

To her, Sir JOHN.

SIR JOHN.

Don't you wonder at your own beauty ? dress'd,
or undress'd, night, or day, you're always charm-
ing.

LETTICE.

Let me alone : Why do you stare upon a body
so ? I can't bear to see you, I am so ashamed.

SIR JOHN.

Kind innocent, yet charming creature, that has
the art to please beyond all her sex, that I ever
knew, yet seems to know nothing of it. Last
night—ye wanton rogue—

LETTICE.

Oh ! you're a sad man.

AIR XXXIV. (Alas ! what mean I, foolish Maid.)

*O fye ! how could you serve me so ?
You naughty man, pray, let me go,
That from you I may run ;
But should I go, I fear 'twere vain,
For soon I should return again,
To be by you undone.*

SIR JOHN.

Never were tempers better suited. This girl is as
much a libertine in the affairs of love, as myself ;
only she don't seem so well acquainted with her
own constitution, as to be able to give any account
of the matter.—It's pure nature in her ; like some
lucky