

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 47

LETTICE.

But, will they obey me?

SIR JOHN.

Ay, or you shall change them for such as will.

LETTICE.

Then I shall be a mistress indeed.

SIR JOHN.

Thou art the mistress of my life and fortune;  
for a moment, dear creature, farewell.

LETTICE.

Dear Sir, good by t'ye.

SCENE XII.

LETTICE.

I'm now a lady indeed. A fine house, fine cloaths, and servants to command. And this Sir John is the finest, handsomest gentleman.—Not that I care for him, any more than I should for any body else, that would but make a gentlewoman of me. But I must take care never to let him know that, for it is for my interest that he should love me. Besides, now I am a gentlewoman, I find, I should like mightily to be admir'd by every body, and care for nobody.

AIR XXXVI. (When Cloe we ply.)

*We women appear*

*Now kind, now severe,*

*As interest for either doth call;*

*If we stay, and comply,*

*If we fly, and deny,*

*It is all artifice, all; 'tis artifice, artifice all.*

SCENE