

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 49

the father. Ay, there's a girl, who, tho' but the daughter of a poor farmer, by her prudence in keeping the fellows at a distance, has as many admirers as there are gentlemen in the county. Upon that single point turns the happiness or misery of a woman's life. But how few of us have the wit to find this out till it is too late!

A I R XXXVII. (Room, room for a Rover.)

*Frail's the bliss of woman,  
Fleeting as a shade;  
While we pity no man,  
Goddesses we're made:  
If our favours wanting,  
To their wants we're kind;  
Ruin'd by our granting,  
We no favour find.  
Birds, for kind complying,  
Love their females more;  
We're lov'd for denying,  
Scorn'd when we implore.  
While on ev'ry tree,  
Cherry, cherry, sing the small birds;  
Terry, terry, sing the black-birds;  
Happier far than we.*

SCENE XV.

SIR JOHN AND WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Sir John, tho' from your late behaviour I'm convinc'd that you look upon me as a wretch, whom, in the wantonness of your wealth and power, you may injure without danger, yet, I must tell you,  
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