

A I R XXXVIII. (On yonder high Mountain.)

*The powerful law of nature
Doth savage tygers bind;
What fierce or cruel creature,
But to its young 'is kind?
By hunger strong oppress'd,
They forego their needful prey;
Love confessing,
Still caressing:
Shall man do less than they?*

Sir John, I have a daughter.

S I R J O H N.

You have, a fair one.

W E L F O R D.

True, she is fair, but her beauty is her least perfection.

S I R J O H N.

In the bloom of youth she hath wisdom, prudence, and modesty, beyond what I have observ'd in the most venerable old age.

W E L F O R D.

And to crown all, an inflexible virtue, that sets her as much above temptation from flattery, wealth, or power, as they are beneath her true value.

S I R J O H N.

She is, indeed, the phoenix of her sex.

W E L F O R D.

'Tis no boasting, but modest truth in a father to say she is. Then where is your judgment, or gratitude? have I not preferr'd you to many gentlemen