

der'd yourself unworthy of that happiness and honour; and notwithstanding all my dotage on thee, you now force me to curse the parent that beget thee, the womb that bore thee, and the hour that gave thee to the light; for thou hast added to the wrongs of Silvia, hast pierc'd her heart with new unthought of sorrows—I have seen her flowing tears, heard her sad sighs and soft complaints for thy ingratitude, unworthy as thou art.

SIR JOHN.

O Welford! father! did she weep and sigh for me? O let me fly to throw me at her feet! I cannot bear to hear her sorrows told. But oh! to see her—surely I shall die with tenderness before her! I could not have thought I had been so happy, or so wretched.

AIR XL. (Draw, Cupid, draw.)

*Reign, Silvia, reign.
The rebel quits his arms:
Your power's compleat,
And I submit
To your victorious charms.
The pleasing pain,
The gentle chain,
That constant hearts unite,
Such joy bestows,
That freedom knows
No such sincere delight.
I shiver, and I burn,
I triumph, and I mourn,
I faint, I die,
Until I fly
Her passion to return;*

But