

*But O, I fear,
Too fierce to bear
The mighty joy will be,
And love's keen dart,
Fixt in my heart,
Prove that of death to me.*

WELFORD.

Whither would you go?

SIR JOHN.

Whither but to Silvia? to Silvia much wrong'd,
but more belov'd; to the loving, mourning Silvia.

WELFORD.

To what end?

SIR JOHN.

To implore her pardon, to expel her griefs, to
vow eternal love, eternal truth.

WELFORD.

And if she consents to ratify those vows by marrying—Ha! he starts; a crimson blush o'er spreads his guilty face. Wouldst thou again abuse my fond credulity? I here renounce all friendship with thee, and forbid all future converse with my Silvia. If by my consent you ever see her face again, may heaven renounce me; if to revenge her wrongs and punish you, I spare myself, may—

SIR JOHN.

O stop thy imprecations, thou rash old man; for know, I cannot, will not live without my Silvia's sight. Unsay what thou hast sworn—I never will again abuse my trust—never again will I repeat my offence.

WEL-