

SILVIA; OR,  
ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Grove.*

SILVIA AND WELFORD.

AIR XLVII. (Midsummer With.)

Sil. *WHEN* flatt'ring love, and stern despair,  
At once invade the virgin's breast,  
The meeting tides raise tempests there,  
The rolling storm destroys her rest.  
Bright innocence, unerring guide,  
Lead me where peace serenely reigns;  
If gloomy death her mansions hide,  
I'll seek her there, to lose my pains.

WELFORD.

Still sighing!—Still in tears!—In soft and gentle murmurs still complaining! yet she, innocent even in thought of any guilt, that might deserve a punishment so severe, accuses not the heavens, nor me, nor him, the cruel author of her woes. No storm of rage ruffles her lovely face; no thought of vengeance swells her beating breast; virtue, love, and grief, so amply fill her mind, there is no room for any ruder guest. Never did passion in a female breast run with so deep, so strong, so smooth a stream.

SILVIA.

My father here!

WELFORD.

Weeping, my Silvia! could'st thou think how deep thy sorrows wound me, I know thou would'st endeavour to subdue them.

SILVIA.