

Such are your afflictions ; and they, from their excessive greatness, shall, like some dreadful vision, find their end.

SILVIA.

Good man ! he knows not that all has been discover'd to me already. [*Aside.*] Shall I deceive the best of fathers, and by hypocrisy make that my crime, which is but my misfortune ? No. Whatever discovery you make of his faults, forgive me, if I say, that I must love him still. True, virtue forbids all converse with him, and I—obey ; his crimes I hate ; his fall from virtue I lament ; his person, tho' I never see, nor wish to see again, 'tis still certain I must ever, ever love.

A I R XLIX. (One Night, when all the Village slept).

*You happy maids, who never knew
The pains of constant love,
Beware'd by me, and never do
The ling'ring torture prove.
Wisdom, here, brings no relief,
And resolution's vain ;
Opposing, we increase our grief,
And faster bind the chain.*

SCENE II.

GOODY BUSY, GOODY COSTIVE, &c.

G. BUSY.

A good day to you, Mr. Welford ; I have brought with me all my neighbours, as you requested ; and hearing you were here, with your daughter, I left them at your house, and chose with Goody Costive