

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 67

Costive and Goody Gabble, to come to you, that we might have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Silvia.

WELFORD.

'Tis kindly done of you; there is my daughter; I'll leave you with her, and go and bid your friends welcome.—You may follow at your leisure.

SCENE III.

SILVIA, GOODY BUSY, GOODY  
COSTIVE, &c.

G. BUSY.

Do so, do so; I must have a little talk with her. It is some years ago since I saw her,—never since she was christened, as I remember. It is a great way, and I (heaven help me) grow old, I don't use to be so sparing of my visits else. Dost not know me, pretty one?

SILVIA.

I don't remember to have seen you before; but as my father's friend, I am pleas'd to have the opportunity to know you now.

G. BUSY.

Pretty sweetness! thou'rt grown out of my knowledge too, to be sure; but we have been better acquainted; I was thy mother's midwife.—Let me see—you will be eighteen come the time, and not married yet! now out upon thy father, for a naughty man! it must have been his fault, for you are so pretty, that you must have had offers enow.

SILVIA.

It is soon enough to know care and trouble.

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G. BUSY.