

WELFORD.

Hereafter thou wilt know me better.

SILVIA.

Whither have you sent the stranger and his wife?
 whither are you going with the people that you sent
 for? O, sir, forgive my fears. Urg'd by your love
 for me, you rush on to certain ruin.

WELFORD.

Whatever becomes of me, you are the care of
 heaven. [Exit.]

SILVIA.

I never knew him transported thus before. He's
 going to Sir John, and will certainly provoke him
 to his undoing. Instruct me, heaven, what I shall
 do to save him.

A I R LII. (When Flora she had deck'd.)

O gracious heaven, lend a friendly ray,
 To guide my steps, in darkness lost;
 From virtue's precept, never let me stray,
 But guide me safely thro' this dreary coast.
 My love betray'd,
 My duty paid,
 A spotless maid,
 Let me resign
 My useless breath into the hands of death;
 For while I live there is no grief like mine.

S C E N E IX.

A Room in SIR JOHN'S House. SIR JOHN reading
 at a Table.

'Tis hard a rooted love to dispossess;
 'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.

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