

MILLWOOD.

I never shall trouble you more: I'm come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate, I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

BARNWELL.

Then we are met to part for ever?

MILLWOOD.

It must be so. Yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less; tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

BARNWELL.

Condemn you? no, I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis just—'tis necessary—I have well weigh'd and found it so.

LUCY.

I'm afraid the young man has more sense than he thought he had. *[Aside.]*

BARNWELL.

Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

MILLWOOD.

Confusion!—

*[Aside.]*

LUCY.

Ay! we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they must e'en play the scene betwixt themselves. *[Aside.]*

MILL-