

May interrupt your labours for the publick,
I shall become your trouble.

ELMERICK.

I serve the king,
I serve the publick, madam, serving you :
My pride and joy is to attend your person.

QUEEN.

And are you pleas'd, most noble Elmerick,
To hear a woman's talk, and soothe my cares ?
But you are wond'rous good : and let me boast
That I've a heart susceptible of kindness,
In all its various forms, ev'n to a fault.

ELMERICK.

How infinitely bountiful is nature ?
Giving such softness to the pleasing sex,
As well rewards the toils she lays on ours,
If we excel, 'tis when the glorious hopes
Of serving or delighting you inspire us :
And to obtain your smiles is to be happy.

QUEEN.

If happiness be in our pow'r to give,
'Tis hard to want the blessings we bestow :
To love and to be lov'd is to be happy.

ELMERICK.

Your sex by nature form'd to merit love,
Can rarely want it.

QUEEN.

Possibly the brave,
Who hate ingratitude, wou'd not despise
A lady who renounc'd her native pride,
The painful 't' proof our sex can give of love.

ELMERICK.