

A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY

BIANCA

I am my father's daughter, in his eyes
A home-bred girl who has been taught to spin.
He never seems to think I have a face
Which makes you gallants turn where'er I pass.

GUIDO

Thy night is darker than I dreamed, bright Star.

BIANCA

He waits, stands by, and mutters to himself,
And never enters with a frank address
To any company. His eyes meet mine
And with a shudder I am sure he counts
The cost of what I wear.

GUIDO

Forget him quite.
Come, come, escape from out this dismal life,
As a bright butterfly breaks spider's web,
And nest with me among those rosy bowers,
Where we will love, as though the lives we led
Till yesterday were ghoulish dreams dispersed
By the great dawn of limpid joyous life.

BIANCA

Will I not come?

GUIDO

O, make no question, come.
They waste their time who ponder o'er bad dreams.