

A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY

GUIDO

Come. Love is love, a kiss, a close embrace.
It is . . .

BIANCA

My husband calls that love
When he hath slammed his weekly ledger to.

GUIDO

I find my wit no better match for thine
Than thou art match for an old crabbed man;
But I am sure my youth and strength and blood
Keep better tune with beauty gay, and bright,
As thine is, than lean age and miser toil.

BIANCA

Well said, well said, I think he would not dare
To face thee, more than owls dare face the sun;
He's the bent shadow such a form as thine
Might cast upon a dung heap by the road,
Though should it fall upon a proper floor
'Twould be at once a better man than he.

GUIDO

Your merchant living in the dread of loss
Becomes perforce a coward, eats his heart.
Dull souls they are, who, like caged prisoners, watch
And envy others joy; they taste no food
But what its cost is present to their thought.