

Marq. Marco your bride the Lady Beatrice and guests have arrived, are you not prepared for the ceremony?

Mar. (*Starting.*) Eh—Beatrice—the guests—yes I am ready for the sacrifice—I mean the ceremony. [*Goes over to Lady Beatrice.*] Lady can you take a hand without a heart?

Beat. (*Aside.*) Fernando's dream—he is unwilling.

Mar. No answer. Then there is no hope.

Marq. What delay is this? [*To the Priest.*] Let the ceremony go on.

Mar. Eh—let it go on; it matters not now.

[*They advance to the Altar and arrange themselves before it.*]

Priest. If any man can show any just cause why these two may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

*Enter DIAVOLO.*

Diav. I forbid the ceremony.

Count Marino (*Interposing.*) Who are you?

Diav. She's mine. She's pledged to me. S'death! I'll murder every one and hang myself afterwards! [*Pacing up and down the stage.*]

Mar. What means this fellow Lady Beatrice?

Beat. He is a ruffian of a fellow called Diavolo, and has taken proceedings against your father. I offered to buy the bond which he holds, but he refused unless I married him; but I would not, and thus he persecutes me.

Mar. And you have been thus kind.

Diav. I tel

Mar. What Remove this

Diav. [*Str*] help me?

[*They drag them.*]

Fer. Hold him.] What

Marq. He bidding it.

Fer. I also criminal.

Marq. For

Fer. For m

All. Murde

Count Mari reputation of

Fer. Peace

Beat. 'Tis I demand the

Fer. Here papers to the

Marq. Whe

Fer. I four anca, in the ol

[*Producing a*] think you will

Mar. Yes,

Fer. This of Lady Beat Lord Marco.