

Stand appall'd, as if thou wert not the herald
Of eternal rest? Basso.

- Bas. Yes my Lord.
Mar. Good faithful Basso! here take this ring—
Wear it Basso for thy master's sake, whose
fortunes
You have so faithfully followed.
Wear it I say for my sake, and the friendship
Which is ours; and Basso, when thy master
Is no more, see that I am buried
In the olive grove—where last I parted from
Bianca.
Bas. [*Taking the ring.*] Why talk of death, my Lord
Marco?
You are young yet, and have many years
Of happiness I trust before you.
Mar. Yes I am young in years Basso, but my heart
Is old. At what hour does
The ceremony take place?
Bas. At noon.
Mar. 'Twill soon be here—I long for it, and yet I
Wish it were further off. Basso I have
A presentiment that Bianca yet lives.
Bas. 'Tis impossible my Lord—but see here is
The bridal party.

*Enter BEATRICE, the MARQUIS, the MARCHIONESS,
Count and Countess MARINO and other Ladies and
Gentlemen. Enter also a Priest from centre, and
takes his place at the altar. Marco stands at the
left in a reverie; Marquis advances and touches
him on the shoulder; the others converse in dumb
show.*