

Marq. My son—my son! Welcome to your old father's heart! [*Breaks from the officers and embraces Marco.*]

Mar. What mean these men, father—those guards at the gate who would hardly let me pass?

Marq. Alas! I am ruined and arrested for debt. These gentlemen were conveying me to—a prison.

Mar. (*After a pause*) Is there no way to save you—the Lady Beatrice, is she still unmarried—will her dower release you?

Marq. (*Eagerly.*) Yes, she is still unmarried! still anxious for the marriage which your flight frustrated; but Ah I cannot ask you to make this sacrifice to which you are so bitterly opposed.

Mar. It matters not now—my hopes of meeting Bianca are false; and I thank heaven I have escaped the death which I courted so often. At last dear father I shall be able to repay you for all your kindness. Let us go (*to the officers*) gentlemen, this matter shall be arranged—follow me.

Marq. My noble son! [*Exit all.*]

Scene Third.—A Chapel in Genoa.

Enter MARCO, dressed for a wedding ceremony, and BASSO.

Bas. You seem unhappy my Lord; one would think the ceremony was to be a funeral—not a wedding.

Mar. Would it were my funeral; then this poor Heart would be at rest.

O Death! why shrinks man from thy presence?
Why fear to meet thee, and at thy summons

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