

A FLORENTINE TRAGEDY

We will away to hills, red roses clothe,
And though the persons who did haunt that dream
Live on, they shall by distance dwindled, seem
No bigger than the smallest ear of corn,
That cowers at the passing of a bird,
And silent shall they seem, out of ear-shot,
Those voices that could jar, while we gaze back
From rosy caves upon the hill-brow open,
And ask ourselves if what we see is not
A picture merely,—if dusty, dingy lives
Continue there to choke themselves with malice.
Wilt thou not come, Bianca? Wilt thou not?
[*A sound on the stair.*]

GUIDO

What's that?

[*The door opens, they separate guiltily, and the husband enters.*]