

- Mar. This bracelet—this stiletto—the name
Upon the hilt—and see, here's blood—
- Fer. It is Bianca's! It has not been disturb'd
Since the morning I found it in the grove.
- Mar. Bianca's blood! (*Kisses the blade.*) Oh, cruel
fate!
Oh, damnable deed! (*To Beatrice.*) Woman,
fiend!
Have you committed this deed? this bloody
deed!
Here, gaze on this weapon! and if thou art
guilty
Let each spot of crimson rusted in the steel
Be drops of agony, from thy fiendish soul!
- Beat. Oh Marco! I am innocent.
You will see me righted. Surely I shall not
Be condemn'd upon the unsupported testimony
Of this man.
- Mar. No, by heaven thou shalt have
Fair trial. (*To Fernando.*) You hear what she
says;
You must produce witnesses—aye and witnesses
Whose testimony heaven itself cannot doubt.
- Beat. (*Triumphantly.*) And that he cannot do.
How now, Fernando—where is your charge of
murder
Against me? Marco, is there guilt in my face?
Look well into my eyes—search well each
feature—
And see if murder lies conceal'd within me.
Seest thou guilt Marco—all?
- Mar. No, Lady,

I see no

Beat. Look Mar.
Ah! now
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He lov'd
See—he
He! He
Mar. By heav

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in

Mar. Bianca
Bian. Marco
Beat. (*Screa*
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Mar.
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