

*Count.* What angel shall  
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
 Unless her prayers, which heav'n delights to hear  
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
 Of greatest justice. Write, o, write, *Rynaldo*,  
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;  
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,  
 Though little does he feel it, set down sharply.  
 Despatch the most convenient messenger:  
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
 He will return; and hope I may, that she,  
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense  
 To make distinction. Provide this messenger:  
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,  
 Grief would have tears, but sorrow bids me speak. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Florence.

*A Tucket afar off.*

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana,  
 with other Citizens.*

*Wid.* **N**AY, come: for if they do approach the city, we  
 shall lose all the fight.

*Dia.* They say, the *French* count has done most honourable  
 service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander,  
 and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have  
 lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may  
 know by their trumpets.

B b b 2

*Mar.*