

*Exit RISOTTO, slowly and despondingly.*

MINESTRA.           It's a sad thing to be transformed into an old woman in the very flower of one's life! Ah, deary me! this is but a dismal wedding-day! Why, who comes here? Teresa, as I live — and crying too! What has *she* to cry for? She's young enough, *I'm* sure!

*Enter TERESA. Her manner suggests that she is crazed.*