

**DON JUAN; A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

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Don Juan; a play in four acts by Richard Mansfield

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RICHARD MANSFIELD

**DON JUAN; A PLAY
IN FOUR ACTS**

DON JUAN.

DON JUAN

A Play
In Four Acts

LIBRARY OF
CALIFORNIA

BY

RICHARD MANSFIELD



NEW-YORK
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BY J. W. BOUTON, 8 WEST 28TH STREET
1891

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1891

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TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY

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RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Characters.

DON JUAN.
DON LUIS.
DON ALONZO.
GUZMAN.
LEPORELLO.
SEBASTIEN.
DONNA JULIA.
DONNA EMILIA.
DONNA ELVIRA.
LUCIA.
GERALDA.
ZERLINA.
ANNA.
ATTENDANT.

DON JUAN.



Act One.

A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF THE COUNT DE MARANA.

[*Guzman discovered.*]

Guzman.

In truth I am weary of this struggle. Could any life be sadder life than mine? than mine! Preceptor and spy. A creature of the inquisition. And for what? To keep the flesh on these old bones. And yet another who loved not these wards of mine might work them harm, and thus, altho' compelled to duty to the inquisition, I can yet guide and counsel in this family so that it commit no wrong. I am an ambassador to a foreign state, who serves his country and the state accredited. Young Don Juan gives me much cause for fear, that his love of adventure and his reckless courage will lead him to some pitfall, and

gazing at the stars see not the abyss yawning at his feet. Yet I was once like this—I, too. My days were spent in dreams, in dreams of ambition and of love, and now they 're dreams indeed—and naught is left but to totter on the path that brings each footstep nearer to the Wonderful. Last night I dreamt that I was young, and stood by the window looking out upon the night. Beneath me lay the churchyard, green and silent in the moon, and sycamores and willows whispered to the dead. I dreamt the phantoms of my past rose from their graves and all that might have been else than toil and care and pain;—she, too, was there, Julia of the raven tresses and the star-bright eyes. She opened her arms and called to me and beckoned, as she had called and beckoned in the long ago, and NOW I went to her, and her arms were about me and her perfumed tresses were upon my face—and I awoke—an old man upon the bed of loneliness and sorrow. A life of drudgery, an old age of regrets, a future of speculation. 'T is my duty to teach my pupil thus, the youthful Don Juan, to make his life what mine has been, in great respect and vast propriety! So thus I speak to him without one jot of pleasure in my task, and he, he looks on me, and in his eyes I read: Old man, thou liest; or another time, Thou enviest me my youth; or again, Wouldst thou be thus if thou wert young? And