

**DANTE AND  
BEATRICE: A PLAY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649316281

Dante and Beatrice: A Play by Daniel Rees & T. Gwynn-Jones

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Cover @ 2017

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**DANIEL REES & T. GWYNN-JONES**

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AND  
BEATRICE

A PLAY.

By  
DANIEL REES  
AND  
T. GWYNN-JONES.



MCMIII.

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Dm 531.30



*Presented to the*  
TO THE

MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY

AND

TO ALL

WHO PREFER

HISTORICAL TRUTH TO HYSTERICAL TRASH

AND

PURITY TO PRURIENCY

THIS PLAY

(FOUNDED ON THE WORKS OF DANTE)

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED.

## Dramatis Personæ.

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DANTE,	<i>Poet and Statesman.</i>
SALVINO,	<i>A Philosopher.</i>
CIMABUE,	<i>Artist.</i>
GIOTTO,	<i>Artist.</i>
BRUNETTO LATINI,	<i>Dante's Old Tutor.</i>
GUIDO CAVALCANTI,	<i>Friend of Dante.</i>
CACELLA,	<i>Musician.</i>
PRINCE CARLO MARTELLO,	<i>King of Hungary.</i>
CORSO DONATI,	<i>Florentine Statesman.</i>
BEN SALOMO,	<i>Jewish Physician.</i>
VILLANI,	<i>Florentine Historian.</i>
BONIFACE VIII.,	<i>Pope.</i>
DA PRATO,	<i>Cardinal.</i>
HILARIUS,	<i>Franciscan Monk.</i>
ALBERIGO, } CATALANO, }	<i>Jovial Friars.</i>
Three other Cardinals, Sundry Monks, Courtiers, &c.	
LAPA	<i>Dante's Stepmother.</i>
BEATRICE,	<i>Beloved of Dante.</i>
PICCARDA DONATI,	<i>Sister of Corso.</i>
GEMMA DONATI,	<i>In love with Dante.</i>
CUNIZZA,	<i>Elderly Florentine Lady.</i>

A Woman Messenger, Chorus of Nuns.



## The Scenes.

### ACT I.

PLACE: Florence. TIME: 1289.

SCENE 1.—A Street.

SCENE 2.—A Garden.

SCENE 3.—The same.

SCENE 4.—A Tent in the Garden.

SCENE 5.—The Garden: Illuminations outside.

*(A Vision of Hell.)*

### ACT II.

PLACE: Rome. TIME: 1300—1.

SCENE 1.—Giotto's Studio.

SCENE 2.—The same.

SCENE 3.—The same.

SCENE 4.—A Hall in the Pope's Palace.

SCENE 5.—Giotto's Studio.

*(A Vision of Purgatory.)*

### ACT III.

PLACE: Pisa. TIME: 1309—13.

SCENE 1.—Cloister of a Monastery.

SCENE 2.—The same.

SCENE 3.—Street in Pisa.

SCENE 4.—The Cathedral.

*(A Vision of Paradise.)*

ACT I.

[Time 1289.

Scene I.—A Street in Florence. Military music heard in the distance.

(Enter Hilarius, Alberigo, and Catalano.)

HILARIUS: Strains of idolatry!

ALBERIGO: Good martial music, brother. It reminds me of my military days, before I took the habit. It makes my hair creep—that is, it makes me fancy that my head is still untousured.

CATALANO: It makes me feel that I would like to dance and sing and rejoice—in the Lord!

HILARIUS: It makes me feel that I would like to weep for the sins of Florence.

ALBERIGO: What music is it, then?

HILARIUS: Ah! Thou knowest not Florence. It is the music of idolatry. They are going to decorate the torso of Mars on the Ponte Vecchio.

ALBERIGO: Oh impious city!

CATALANO: I wonder, if there are any libations, as well as music and flowers.

(Monkish chant heard outside.)

Ah, those Dominicans!

ALBERIGO: *Domini canes*, rather. Dogs of the Lord, how they howl!  
(Chant ceases. Martial music renewed.)

CATALANO: See, there they go, singing, dancing, laughing!

ALBERIGO: May the wrath of God devour them!

HILARIUS: Nay, brother, may the grace of God open their eyes and change their hearts!

CATALANO: Singing, dancing, laughing, there they go! Let us follow!

HILARIUS: No, let us go and pray! (Exit.)

ALBERIGO: I would rather go and pry.

CATALANO: I would rather go and drink!

ALBERIGO: Art thou not an old soldier?

CATALANO: I am, but always found it easier to spill wine than blood, and dearer too, by Bacchus!

ALBERIGO: What then has become of thy estate?

CATALANO: God knows—God and his Chosen People! What of thine?

ALBERIGO: I know not, though the stake was high! Hush, what noise is that?

CATALANO (*listens*): Oh, a faction fight. Come, let us go. The Guefts and Ghibellines have met, and they are cutting a few throats by way of greeting. It is a sight to see, come!

(*Exeunt. Enter Dante.*)

DANTE: Another fight. Ah, Florence!

(Enter a Youth, screaming.)

THE YOUTH (to Dante): Save me, save me! He will kill me!

(Dante draws. Enter Corso Donati with drawn sword.)

CORSO: Thou Ghibelline whelp!

(Makes a thrust at the boy. Dante wards off the blow.)

DANTE: Corso!

(Sheaths his sword.)

CORSO (falling back): Ah, art thou the protector of Ghibellines?

(Exit the Youth.)

DANTE: I am the protector of the weak against the strong, of children against senseless fury. Thou shouldst fight with thy equals, Corso!

CORSO: With thee? Draw then!

DANTE: Come, Corso, do not let thy rage overmaster thee so!

CORSO: Draw!

DANTE: Be reasonable, Corso.

CORSO: Draw!

DANTE: If I must, I will!

(Dante half draws, but suddenly desists. Enter Beatrice with another lady.)

BEATRICE (aside): Oh, my heart!

(She salutes Dante, and they pass out of sight.)

DANTE (murmuring): Love, Love!

CORSO: Fool, fool! But I will meet thee in another mood! (Exit.)

DANTE: Now doth it seem to me that I have no longer an enemy (Enter Guido) and I could willingly pardon whosoever might sin against me.

GUIDO: Ah, Dante! What ails thee?

DANTE: I have seen her!

GUIDO: Then do thou come with me, for I have good advise for thee! (Exeunt.)

Scene II.—A garden in Dante's home. Dante is discovered sitting on a seat, drawing.

(Enter Lapa.)

LAPA (aside): He is at it again, my poor boy! (To Dante): My son.

DANTE (putting the tablet aside): Mother!

LAPA: Thou art grown careless, my son, and it grieves me to see thee waste thy years in a vain sorrow that eateth away thy manhood.

DANTE: Ah, mother, manhood endureth not the sorrow that hath befallen me!

LAPA: Thou shouldst say, rather, that it is not within the power of ordinary men so to endure, but thou art no ordinary man. Did not thy father, ere he tasted the bitterness of death, fifteen long years ago, when thou wast but a boy, see that within thee dwelt the soul of thy greater ancestry, and did he not confide to Ser Brunetto as a sacred trust thy education? And thou knowest well with what paternal care and kind solicitude that trust has been kept.

DANTE: Mother, I have known the sweetness of life and of love and of the consciousness of power, but now I know how bitter