RIMINI: A PLAY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649322954

Rimini: A Play by Charles Colton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES COLTON

RIMINI: A PLAY



RIMINI:

A PLAY.

BY

CHARLES COLTON,

Author of "Richard Savage: A Play."



LONDON:

WATTS & CO., 17, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET. 1893.

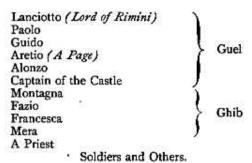
+ x 2005

THE RIGHT OF REPRESENTATION AND ALL OTHER RIGHTS RESERVED BY THE AUTHOR.

Had I but known, dear friend, that fate had set So close a limit to your days of life,
The present would be clear of all regret;
For your content I would have left my strife And labour in the world with willing mind:
Rare is affection, and such love for me
Again in man I do despair to find.
Lo I from this concern I was roused rudely
By a swift stroke of death's, that does recline
Only where life is; thereupon I knew
Less cause for acquiexence would be mine
If at work's loss time had been given you.
Lament not undone good without one's reach;
The hour for kindly doing circles each,

Rimini.

CHARACTERS.



Rimini at the beginning of the fourteenth cen

ACT I.

Scene 1.—The Terrace and Garden before Verruchio at Night. Mera advances from the Terrace. Guido, concealed in Garden, accompanies the following Words with a Guitar.

Beauty in a woman—ah, me!
A gift past all compare,
Which gives the sway and sov'reignty
Kings would uncrown to share.

To her kind Charity's a slave, Though poorest in the land; Her simple glance or smile can save More than the freest hand.

Beware, beware, you who are fair, And stray not into folly, To make your homage but a tear, Your rule but melancholy.

MERA.

Begone 1 ignoble and untutor'd boy, Who durst sing such grossness to a lady 1 But safety lies in your obscurity, Mocking the scourge—

> Guido (coming forward). Hush, Mera, you knew 'twas I.

MERA.

Twas spoken without thought. Had I but paused, I would have fix'd on you what no base slave—

GUIDO.

O do not do those innocent lips such wrong!

MERA (calling).

Come, Fazio!

Guido.

Can my poor, harmless ditty So grievously offend?

MERA.

Ho, Fazio!

Enter FRANCESCA from House. Exit GUIDO by Gas

FRANC.

He's gone. Call him again and speak kindly, Something your playful dart has wounded him.

MERA.

Would, then, my sport were to the death; or, if The like from wanton kiss or fondling issued, Some wooish call would lure him back again,

FRANC.

Can a maiden's troth be a maid's mockery?

MERA.

With these suitors, you should know, I have play An all-eye-fixing game; for Guido stands For peace, and Fazio war. Now, our Duke Has ever wished a lasting truce; my brother, Being weaker, does so too: Therefore was I betrothed to the Guelf. But, by course, I've smiled and frowned; then sli him I favoured, making all uncertainty.

FRANC.

At last you'll wed with Guido; for, when men Forgetfully do war, Heaven gave them women To lead them back to peace.

MERA.

You advocate

A foe's suit to a friend.

FRANC.

No, the Guelfi And the Ghibellini are not foes here And at Ravenna.

> MERA. What do you dream of?

FRANC.

I was but thinking of these past few days.
Their events have raised a mount right in the ken
Of memory; one that will ever rear
Its head when others are vague in the mist
That follows at Time's heels. To lead them, yes.
We are no commodity to be given
To patch a peace.

MERA.

Would it have pleased you, madam, To have had my lord Duke slaughter your kin And seize upon the sov'reignty of Ravenna, Which he was like to do had not your father Changed him to friend and son?

FRANC.

From this I bear There was no escape; it is the result Of the beliefs and practice of our time; Which are not to my mind, for they demand Unceasingly some victim as myself, Or one sword slain. Yet I was hugely wronged By the expedient which my father used To make me do his will. He should have said The man is hunchbacked, hideous, and fearful, Not have allowed Paolo, the beautiful, To come as his brother, and woo me and wed, Then lead me here gaily. Never was there day Hope flushed at morn closed in such gloom as then. When he entered our courtyard with his knights I was at a window, and the sunlight Rushed to greet him, and played about his armour, Flashing forth rays, and wreathing him with halos Till I could look no more. Later in hall, Not clad in steel, but soberly in black,