

Rice Cale Young

# A Night in Avignon



Cale Rice

**A Night in Avignon**

«Public Domain»

**Rice C.**

A Night in Avignon / C. Rice — «Public Domain»,

## Содержание

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON	6
CHARACTERS	6
A NIGHT IN AVIGNON	7
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	10

# **Rice Cale Young A Night in Avignon**

**TO**

**DONALD ROBERTSON**

## A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

### CHARACTERS

Francesco Petrarca		<i>A Young Poet and Scholar</i>
Gherardo		<i>His Brother, a Monk</i>
Lello		<i>His Friend</i>
Orso		<i>His Servant</i>
Filippa	}	<i>Ladies of light life in Avignon</i>
Sancia		
Madonna Laura		

## A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

*Scene: A room in the chambers of Petrarca at Avignon. It opens on a loggia overlooking, on higher ground, the spired church of Santa Clara and the gray cloisters of a Carthusian monastery. Beyond lie the city walls under glamour of the blue Provençal night.*

*The room, faintly frescoed, is lighted with many candles; some glittering on a wine-table heavy with wines toward the right front. A door on the left leads to other rooms, and an arched one opposite, down to the street. Bookshelves and a writing-desk strewn with a lute and writings are also on the left; a crimson couch is in the centre; and garlands of myrtle and laurel deck the wine-table.*

*Gherardo, the monk, is seated by the desk, following with severe looks the steps of Petrarca, who is walking feverishly to and fro.*

*Gherardo (after a pause). Listen. Another word, Francesco.  
Petrarca. Aih!*

*And then another – that will breed another.*

*Gherardo. Dote on this Laura still – if still you must:*

*Woman's your destiny.*

*But quench these lights and set away that wine.*

*Petrarca. And to no other lips turn? hers denied me?*

*Never, Gherardo!*

*Gherardo. Virtue bids you.*

*Petrarca. Vainly!*

*I've borne until I will not ... For it is*

*Two years now since in the aisles*

*Of Santa Clara yonder my heart first*

*Went from me on mad wings.*

*Two years this April morning*

*Since it fell fluttering before her feet ...*

*As she stood there beside our blessed Lady,*

*Gowned as young Spring in green and violets!..*

*Gherardo. And these two years have been inviolate;*

*Your life as pure as hers,*

*As virgin —*

*Save for the songs you've sung to her; those songs*

*This idle city echoes with. But now —*

*Petrarca. Now I will open all the gates to Pleasure!*

*To rosy Pleasure – warm, unspiritual,*

*Ready to spring*

*Into the arms of all*

*Whom bloodless Virtue pales.*

*For, of restraint and hoping, I have drunk*

*But a vintage of tears!*

*And what has been my gain?*

*Gherardo. Her chastity.*

*Petrarca. A chastity unchallenged of desire —*

*And therefore none!*

*Aih, none!*

For, were it other;  
Could I aver that once, that ever once  
Her lids had fallen low in fear of love,  
I'd bid the desert of my heart burn dry —  
To the last oasis —  
With resignation!  
But never have they, never! and I'm mad.

**(Pours out wine.)**

*Gherardo.* And you will seek to cure it with more madness?  
To cast the devil of love out of your veins  
With other love and lower!  
*Petrarca.* Yes, yes, yes! (*drinks.*)  
With little Sancia's!  
Whose soul is a sweet sin!  
Who lives but for this life and asks of Death  
Only a breath of time before he ends it,  
To tell three beads and fill her mouth with *aves*.  
Just for enough, she says,  
"To tell God that He made me" – as He did.  
*Gherardo.* And to blaspheme with! O obsessed man.

**(Has risen, flushed.)**

But you will fail! For this vain revelry  
Will ease not. And I see all love is base —  
As say the Fathers —  
All!.. and the body of woman  
Is vile from the beginning.  
*Petrarca.* Monkish lies!

**(Drinks again for courage.)**

The body of woman's born of bliss and beauty.  
Only one thing is fairer – that's her soul.  
*Gherardo.* And is that Word which says thou shalt not look  
Upon another's wife a monkish lie?



**(Silence.)**

Your Laura is another's.  
*Petrarca (torn)*. As I found!  
After my heart became a poison flame —  
Within me!  
A fierce inquisitor against my peace!  
After I followed her from Santa Clara,  
That mass-hour,  
To an escutcheoned door!  
After and not before ... And such another's!

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.