**LOPE DE VEGA  
*Adonis y Venus***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *MENANDRO* |  |
| *TIMBREO* |  |
| *ATALANTA* |  |
| *CAMILA* |  |
| *ALBANIA* |  |
| *FRONDOSO* |  |
| *APOLO* |  |
| *VENUS* |  |
| *CUPIDO* |  |
| *ADONIS* |  |
| *HIPÓMENES* |  |
| *TEBANDRO* |  |
| *NARCISO* |  |
| *JACINTO* |  |
| *GANIMEDES* |  |
| *TESIFONTE* |  |
| *NINFAS* |  |
| *PASTORES* |  |
| *CUPIDILLOS* |  |
| *MÚSICO* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Acto I** | |
|  | |
| *Salen MENANDRO y TIMBREO, pastores* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prosigue, amigo Timbreo, |  | | la relación de tu mal; |  | | que ya sus desdenes creo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ver tu sentimiento igual |  | | a mis desdichas, deseo. | 5 | | Como digo, entró Camila |  | | en el templo de Diana; |  | | seguí sus rayos, y vila |  | | como el alba, entre oro y grana, |  | | menudo aljófar destila. | 10 | | Huyó la noche de ausencia |  | | luego que su luz salió. |  | | Más con esta diferencia: |  | | que el campo reverdeció, |  | | y me abrasó su presencia. | 15 | | Iba con otras, y entre ellas |  | | excedía las más bellas |  | | lo que excede al cuerpo el alma, |  | | al mirto humilde la palma, |  | | y la luna a las estrellas. | 20 | | Las colores que tenía, |  | | aunque al rubí y esmeralda, |  | | la rosa y clavel vencía, |  | | envidiaba la guirnalda |  | | que sus cabellos ceñía. | 25 | | Cegaba el vellos tan bellos, |  | | que el aire formaba de ellos |  | | ondas, como suele el mar: |  | | pienso que para anegar |  | | mil vidas y almas en ellos. | 30 | | Iban los azules velos |  | | de sus ojos, dulce guerra |  | | de amor, vistiendo los cielos; |  | | porque cielos en la tierra, |  | | daban a los cielos celos. | 35 | | El vestido pudo hacer |  | | envidia a su compostura; |  | | que el saberse componer |  | | no es la menor hermosura |  | | de una gallarda mujer. | 40 | | Las cuatro esferas primeras, |  | | Menandro, en Camila vieras: |  | | la luna en el pie gentil, |  | | de donde el florido abril |  | | sacaba las primaveras. | 45 | | La esfera de Venus bella |  | | era el cuerpo, el dulce hablar |  | | Mercurio, el sol en la estrella |  | | del rostro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aprenda a pintar |  | | la naturaleza, de ella. | 50 | | si no es arte que te debe. |  | | Pero prosigue, que es breve |  | | el tiempo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la lumbre pura, |  | | Menandro, de su hermosura |  | | llegué, convertido en nieve. | 55 | | Fuíla a hablar, pero sentí |  | | asir la lengua al temor, |  | | y quedé fuera de mí: |  | | pero venciendo el amor, |  | | de tres veces, dije así: | 60 | | «Pastor a de ojos serenos, |  | | aunque de mil rayos llenos, |  | | ¿cuándo vida me darás?» |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  | | --- | | Prosigue. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dije más, |  | | y me entendiera con menos. | 65 | | Quedó entonces tan hermosa, |  | | como del alba a la risa |  | | suele salir vergonzosa, |  | | entre su verde camisa, |  | | bañada en sangre, la rosa. | 70 | | Cuando quiso responder, |  | | vi que Frondoso llegaba; |  | | y sin hablar, sólo en ver, |  | | vi, Menandro, que la amaba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se puede conocer: | 75 | | que si a Camila tenías |  | | por espejo, bien verías |  | | si se miraba Frondoso |  | | en la luz del rostro hermoso, |  | | cuando en su cristal te vías. | 80 | | Al templo habemos llegado |  | | de Apolo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De este cuidado |  | | me sacará su respuesta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  | | --- | | Gente viene. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninfa es ésta |  | | de extranjero monte y prado. | 85 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ATALANTA, ninfa, con un tocado de muchos velos pendientes con plumas, y el vestido a la traza antigua, con calzadillos o coturnos encintados, y un dardo en la mano)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No desdice al estado |  | | de una doncella tierna |  | | querer saber el que tendrá su vida; |  | | que el femenil cuidado |  | | que nuestro ser gobierna, | 90 | | no es bien que al varonil valor se mida. |  | | Cuando la edad florida |  | | a su límite llega, |  | | es la igual compañía |  | | lo que es el sol al día, | 95 | | y el claro norte al que en el mar navega. |  | | Los hombres fueron hechos |  | | para alivio vital de nuestros pechos; |  | | que, fuera de ser forma |  | | de la materia nuestra, | 100 | | y de nuestras potencias y sentidos |  | | alma que los informa, |  | | que los guía y adiestra, |  | | son Argos del honor, siempre advertidos. |  | | Amores atrevidos | 105 | | defienden el deseo; |  | | y aun esto no es de suerte |  | | que con temprana muerte |  | | no descendiese la mujer de Orfeo |  | | al centro en que hoy suspira | 110 | | contra la fuerza de su dulce lira. |  | | Saber quiero de Apolo, |  | | en su templo divino, |  | | qué esposo quiere darme en casamiento; |  | | que este cuidado solo | 115 | | es solo peregrino |  | | de mi primero y casto pensamiento. |  | | Si miro el firmamento, |  | | unas con otras veo |  | | sus esferas casadas, | 120 | | con manos argentadas. |  | | La luna abraza al sol, cuyo himeneo |  | | la alumbra y vivifica, |  | | y a su humildad los rayos de oro aplica. |  | | Si contemplo la tierra, | 125 | | ¿cuál animal no tiene |  | | su semejante, con quien ande y viva? |  | | Cuantas plantas encierra, |  | | amor las entretiene; |  | | que su generación de amor deriva. | 130 | | Esta hiedra lasciva, |  | | y esta vid trepadora, |  | | fresnos y olmos enlazan; |  | | los espinos se abrazan, |  | | la tórtola casada gime y llora, | 135 | | del caro esposo ausente, |  | | su centro busca el agua de esta fuente. |  | | Dígame, pues, Apolo, |  | | qué esposo será el mío: |  | | Fórmese de dos almas Androgeo. | 140 | | Quien nace para solo |  | | (cosa que desconfío), |  | | o es bestia o es deidad; y así deseo |  | | al yugo de Himeneo, |  | | rendir el cuello, a ejemplo | 145 | | de cuantas cosas miro. |  | | Pero ¿por qué suspiro, |  | | si aqueste suntuoso y rico templo |  | | es, por lo menos, donde |  | | Apolo por su oráculo responde? | 150 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CAMILA y ALBANIA, pastoras)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | *[A Albania]* | | A buen tiempo hemos llegado, |  | | que aún está Apolo cubierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más me mata un bien incierto |  | | que un daño determinado. |  | | Pues no pienses que será | 155 | | solo aquí nuestro deseo: |  | | Menandro es aquél. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Timbreo, |  | | Albania, con él está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué querrán saber de Apolo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que nosotras también. | 160 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A cuál de ellos quieres bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | Sábelo Amor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Amor solo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, porque no me forzara |  | | a declararme, sin ver |  | | que a quien me inclino a querer, | 165 | | a quererme se inclinara. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que ninguno de los dos |  | | te ha dicho amores jamás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que celosa estás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo celosa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, por Dios. | 170 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  | | --- | | ¿De quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | De mí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿tú sabes |  | | lo que yo quiero? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Imagino, |  | | temo, sospecho, adivino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si son nuestros ojos llaves |  | | de los secretos del alma, | 175 | | abre con ellos el pecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo contemplo, y sospecho |  | | de su tormenta y su calma. |  | | Que como la imán se va |  | | tras el norte, a quien camina, | 180 | | así amor la vista inclina |  | | donde el pensamiento está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  | | --- | | *[A Menandro]* | | Camila, Menandro, viene |  | | a saber algún secreto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ella te quiere, ¿a qué efeto | 185 | | de tu amor sospechas tiene? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Albania viene con ella, |  | | que presumo que te adora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De otro sol parece aurora, |  | | y de otra aurora la estrella. | 190 | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Disimulé por saber |  | | a quién amaba Timbreo. |  | | Tanto a Camila deseo. |  | | cuanto puede un alma arder. |  | | Las sospechas que tenía | 195 | | de Timbreo, he descubierto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FRONDOSO, pastor gracioso, con un pájaro en la mano)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por saber si Apolo es cierto, |  | | o vana su profecía. |  | | este pájaro he traído |  | | para poderle engañar; | 200 | | que se le pienso mostrar, |  | | pero en la mano escondido. |  | | Preguntaréle si está |  | | vivo: si dice que sí, |  | | apretaréle, y así | 205 | | le diré que muerto es ya. |  | | Si me dijere que es muerto, |  | | soltaréle entonces yo, |  | | diciendo que no acertó, |  | | y que es su oráculo incierto. | 210 | | Con esto, entre los pastores, |  | | desacreditado ya, |  | | ninguno amor mudará |  | | por el fin de sus amores; |  | | que por lo que pronostica | 215 | | de bien, o mal, las mujeres, |  | | a diversos pareceres |  | | con sus respuestas aplica; |  | | y ellas, que no han menester |  | | achaques para mudarse, | 220 | | saben muy bien disculparse |  | | de querer y aborrecer. |  | | Ya corrieron la cortina |  | | de Apolo al sagrado altar. |  | | Quiero primero escuchar | 225 | | lo que a tantos adivina. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Descúbrese una cortina, y véase en un altar, sobre una basa, el dios APOLO, con su lira, y resplandor de sol en la cabeza, y vayan después que cese la música diciendo así)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, sagrado Apolo, |  | | divino autor del día: |  | | ¿ama la prenda mía, |  | | o a mí me quiere solo? | 230 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que tu prenda quiere, |  | | ausente vive, y por su ausencia muere. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ausente! Pues si agora |  | | me tiene aquí presente, |  | | ¿cómo dice que ausente, | 235 | | y que su ausencia llora? |  | | Mas no soy yo a quien ama. |  | | Erró su centro mi amorosa llama. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase TIMBREO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apolo, tú, que mides |  | | el tiempo con eterno | 240 | | curso, y el frío invierno |  | | del verano divides, |  | | ¿veráse mi deseo |  | | a donde el fin de mi esperanza veo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sirve, pretende, espera: | 245 | | todo, el amor lo alcanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, dichosa esperanza! |  | | Menandro, persevera; |  | | que el fin de un pensamiento |  | | es premio de mil años de tormento. | 250 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase MENANDRO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo, cuyo deseo |  | | nos dio el laurel hermoso, |  | | premio del estudioso, |  | | de las armas trofeo, |  | | ¿tendré ventura amando? | 255 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  | | --- | | En vano esperas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Moriré esperando. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre de cuanto vive, |  | | artífice del oro, |  | | ¿querráme quien adoro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A olvidar te apercibe. | 260 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú eres Apolo santo? |  | | No en vano Dafnes te aborrece tanto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyase)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rústico cabrerizo, |  | | en tu imaginación | 315 | | y pensamiento mismo! |  | | Conforme a mi respuesta, |  | | le tienes muerto y vivo: |  | | vivo, si digo muerto; |  | | muerto, si vivo digo. | 320 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vive Júpiter santo, |  | | que la verdad me ha dicho! |  | | ¡Tomarse con los dioses, |  | | temerario delito! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Merecieras, Frondoso, | 325 | | como Júpiter hizo, |  | | a los fieros gigantes |  | | fulminarte en castigo. |  | | O que, como Anteón, |  | | en ciervo convertido, | 330 | | huyeras de tus perros |  | | por árboles y riscos. |  | | Mas porque no te atrevas |  | | a extranjeros ni a amigos, |  | | parecerás lo que eres | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué loco y necio he sido! |  | | Adorno de los cielos, |  | | lámpara de los signos, |  | | corona de los días, |  | | poeta de los siglos, | 340 | | medida de los tiempos, |  | | fitonicida altivo, |  | | compás de cielo y tierra, |  | | que desde tu epiciclo |  | | los miras y gobiernas | 345 | | desde que Dios te hizo, |  | | ¡Ten piedad de Frondoso! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vete, villano indigno! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voyme, que estás airado. |  | | ¡Ay, Júpiter Olimpio! | 350 | | todo se lo perdono, |  | | como no sea pollino, |  | | porque animal, y necio, |  | | es desdichado oficio. |  | | | |
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| *(Vase)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues he quedado sola con Apolo, | 355 | | quiero saber qué dice a mi deseo; |  | | que en él espero mi remedio sólo. |  | | Dime, supremo autor de cuanto veo, |  | | filósofo divino, sol hermoso, |  | | Délfico, Delio, Cintio y Didimeo, | 360 | | ¿será mi casamiento venturoso? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  | | --- | | Tarde, Atalanta, y con peligro. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tarde, |  | | y con peligro! ¡Ay, cielo riguroso! |  | | ¡Peligro en el casarme! Dios me guarde |  | | de casarme jamás. ¡Triste respuesta, | 365 | | que me ha dejado el corazón cobarde! |  | | En dura confusión estaba puesta. |  | | No la pienso tener de aquí adelante. |  | | Sola quiero vivir en vida honesta, |  | | Porque si de peligro semejante | 370 | | puedo librarme, no es razón que viva |  | | sujeta a esposo ni a fingido amante. |  | | Yo pienso por los montes, fugitiva |  | | de los hombres, vivir entre las fieras, |  | | con ellas mansa, con el hombre altiva. | 375 | | No me podrán sus burlas ni sus veras |  | | vencer eternamente, porque venzo |  | | las alas de los vientos más ligeras. |  | | Montes de Arcadia, desde aquí comienzo |  | | (porque del pensamiento que tenía | 380 | | de pretender esposo, me avergüenzo) |  | | a vivir en vosotros. Este día, |  | | ninfas de bosques, prados, selvas, fuentes, |  | | me recibid en vuestra compañía. |  | | Con redes, con ardides diferentes, | 385 | | los ciervos, osos, jabalíes y gamos, |  | | los toros más selvajes y valientes, |  | |  |  | | sabré matar, y de sus fuertes ramos |  | | honrar los frontispicios de los templos. |  | | Ninfas de Cintia, vamos juntas, vamos. | 390 | | Animen mi valor vuestros ejemplos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse, y salgan VENUS y CUPIDO, con su arco y venda)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Donaire, madre, tenéis! |  | | ¿Mariposas me decís |  | | que mate? Pues ¿no sabéis |  | | que muerta por mí vivís | 415 | | de amor del Dios que queréis? |  | | ¡Linda caza a quien derriba |  | | a la garza más altiva |  | | y al águila más real! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando en vuelo celestial | 420 | | subes de mi esfera arriba, |  | | muestra el poder que engrandeces; |  | | mas cuando estás en el suelo, |  | | imita lo que pareces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siendo primero que el cielo, | 425 | | ¿nombre de niño me ofreces? |  | | ¿Háceslo para encubrir |  | | tus años? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si mariposas |  | | no es caza que ha de servir |  | | a tu gusto, entre estas rosas | 430 | | tórtolas siento gemir. |  | | Ellas y otros pajarillos |  | | te podrán entretener, |  | | o de estos verdes junquillos |  | | puedes a esta sombra hacer | 435 | | jaulas en que tengas grillos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien los pone de prisión |  | | al más libre corazón, |  | | ¿cazará grillos del campo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Palomas blancas, que al ampo | 440 | | de la nieve iguales son, |  | | por ser quien mi carro tira, |  | | te mandaba no tirar; |  | | ya te doy licencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Admira |  | | que mandes ejecutar | 445 | | flechas de amor, armas de ira, |  | | en aves simples, señora; |  | | porque yo a las bravas tiro, |  | | donde la fiereza mora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temerosas liebres miro | 450 | | por estos bosques agora; |  | | tira a alguna, y del pellejo, |  | | como Hércules, te viste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agradézcote el consejo. |  | | ¡Niño finalmente hiciste | 455 | | al que es más que el tiempo viejo! |  | | Pues ¿no te acuerdas que a Apolo, |  | | que de haber muerto a Fitón |  | | se alababa, vencí solo? |  | | ¿Ignoras tú la opinión | 460 | | que tengo de polo a polo? |  | | ¿Es esta la vez primera |  | | que yo te venzo? ¡De mí |  | | te ríes de esa manera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te conozco: ¡ay de mí! | 465 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Así me tratas! Espera, |  | | que antes de un hora verás |  | | si mariposas, palomas |  | | o liebres venzo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Jamás |  | | mis tiernas palabras tomas | 470 | | como ellas son. ¿Dónde vas? |  | | *(Vase CUPIDO)* |  | | Espera, Cupido, advierte... |  | | Fuése, y enojado parte; |  | | de su venganza me advierte: |  | | o enamora de otra a Marte, | 475 | | o de su amor me divierte. |  | | Como es niño, al fin, Amor, |  | | presto se enoja: no sabe |  | | de burlas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale CAMILA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué rigor |  | | Apolo, a todos süave, | 480 | | dio respuesta a mi temor! |  | | Aconséjame que olvide... |  | | Pero ¿qué pastora es ésta |  | | que nuestra ribera mide? |  | | ¡Qué hermosa! ¡Qué bien compuesta! | 485 | | ¡Qué rayos de amor despide! |  | | Quiérola hablar. Si eres diosa, |  | | perdóname, ninfa hermosa, |  | | mas si eres humana prenda, |  | | haz que de tu boca entienda | 490 | | tu enigma dificultosa. |  | | ¿Eres, dime, de esta sierra, |  | | o extranjera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De otra soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué buscas por esta tierra? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buscando mi manso voy, | 495 | | que del redil se destierra. |  | | ¿Hasle visto, por ventura? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué señas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una carlanca |  | | y esquila de plata pura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué piel? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Encarnada y blanca, | 500 | | con sola una mancha escura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | ¿Hacia dónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El remolino |  | | de la frente le cubrió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ayer a este monte vino. |  | | Pero sospechara yo | 505 | | que os trajo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo adivino. |  | | Algún amor, decir quieres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien podemos las mujeres |  | | unas con otras hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mismo vengo a buscar. | 510 | | Profeta de amores eres. |  | | Y esto se causa también |  | | de que algún pastor querrás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alguno quiero también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Merécelo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tanto más, | 515 | | que adoro... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | su desdén. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Su desdén adoras? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Tanto merece? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera |  | | hablarte de espacio aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Yo escucharte. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues espera. | 520 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Comienza. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  | | --- | | Escúchame. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hartas disculpas son esas. |  | | No digas más: ya sé yo |  | | que tiene amor fuerza extrema. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Éste, pues, hizo que Mirra, | 540 | | loca, aunque hermosa doncella, |  | | amase a su mismo padre; |  | | pero teniendo vergüenza, |  | | se descubrió a un ama suya, |  | | que temiendo que se diera | 545 | | la muerte, por remedialla, |  | | llevarla a su padre intenta |  | | en forma de otra mujer. |  | | El Rey, sin saber quién era, |  | | ofendió los cielos altos. | 550 | | Escondieron las estrellas |  | | sus rayos, de tal maldad. |  | | Pero la noche postrera, |  | | un hacha mandó traer |  | | para poder conocerla. | 555 | | Apenas la vio Ciniras, |  | | cuando Mirra, con vergüenza |  | | de su padre y de sí misma, |  | | huyó por montes y selvas. |  | | A la tierra de Sabá | 560 | | llegó la triste, y en ella |  | | pidió a los dioses castigo. |  | | Los dioses, porque su ofensa |  | | pudiese llorar mejor, |  | | cubriéndola de corteza, | 565 | | en árbol la transformaron, |  | | que aquellas aromas tiernas |  | | llora, que se llaman mirra. |  | | Mirra, o lágrimas sabeas. |  | | Mas llegado el día del parto, | 570 | | bramaba el tronco, que apenas, |  | | no siendo diosa Lucina, |  | | pudiera entender sus quejas. |  | | Vino y sacó un bello niño, |  | | que dándole a las deesas | 575 | | de los ríos, le criaron |  | | con tan alta gentileza, |  | | que no hay náyade en su fuente, |  | | dría en bosque, en monte orea, |  | | amadríade por árbol, | 580 | | que no se pierda por ella. |  | | Adonis tiene por nombre, |  | | Amores mejor dijeran, |  | | porque todos los del mundo |  | | se cifran en su belleza. | 585 | | Una de las que le adoran, |  | | yo soy; pero no me quieras |  | | más mal, que como es tan niño, |  | | que le hablen de amor le pesa. |  | | Despreciando la hermosura, | 590 | | su oficio es cazar las fieras; |  | | mas no ha cazado ninguna |  | | que como su pecho sea. |  | | Mas ¿para qué te le alabo? |  | | Él mismo a esta fuente llega. | 595 | | Advierte que es basilisco: |  | | pon a tus ojos defensa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre ADONIS con un venablo, montera, y vestido antiguo verde, medias blancas y calzadillos dorados con cintas, y CUPIDO detrás de él)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Selvas y bosques sombríos, |  | | adonde la primavera |  | | se baña en cristales fríos, | 600 | | y donde la luz primera |  | | dio vida a los ojos míos. |  | | Árbol divino sabeo, |  | | cárcel de mi triste madre, |  | | por quien agora me veo | 605 | | hijo y nieto de mi padre, |  | | y monstruo de su deseo: |  | | sabed que, en esta ocasión, |  | | sin estimar sus placeres, |  | | que siempre pesares son, | 610 | | aborrecer las mujeres |  | | tengo por justo blasón. |  | | Como en vuestras espesuras, |  | | bosques de mi tierna edad, |  | | paso las horas seguras, | 615 | | más precio mi libertad |  | | que todas sus hermosuras. |  | | Cansado de haber seguido |  | | un corcillo volador, |  | | que dejo en el monte herido, | 620 | | para templar el calor, |  | | a vuestra sombra he venido. |  | | Por eso, fuente serena, |  | | cuyas aguas cristalinas, |  | | espejos de Filomena, | 625 | | vuelven diamantes las chinas |  | | y perlas la blanca arena, |  | | perdonad si os enturbiare; |  | | que quiero bañarme en vos |  | | mientras este sol pasare. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy veréis si amor es Dios. |  | | Ya tiro: Venus repare, |  | | que aunque más mi madre sea, |  | | la tengo de herir de amor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tírela una flecha y váyase)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué puede ver quien te vea? | 635 | | ¡Ay Dios, qué extraño dolor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los ojos, pastora, emplea |  | | en Adonis con recato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él es del cielo un retrato; |  | | Pero el que adoro es divino. | 640 | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Cupido a vengarse vino. |  | | ¡Mal hijo, rapaz ingrato! |  | | *(A Camila)* |  | | ¿Quieres que yo persuada |  | | a este Adonis, y le diga |  | | tus partes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serrana amada, | 645 | | dile que mi amor obliga |  | | a un monte, a una piedra helada. |  | | Mis desatinos le cuenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre esos lirios te sienta, |  | | que le voy a hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los cielos | 650 | | te libren de amor y celos, |  | | que es el mal que me atormenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo te llamas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camila. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parte, que le voy a hablar. |  | | Allí me aguarda. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyase CAMILA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Destila, | 655 | | viento, de este cedro, azar, |  | | tus varias alas afila, |  | | anima mi sentimiento, |  | | Favonio aromatizado; |  | | Céfiro, a mi voz atento, | 660 | | hurta a las flores del prado |  | | de su boca el dulce aliento. |  | | Mi carcaj, arco y saetas |  | | y venablo, pongo aquí, |  | | hierba, en tus manos secretas. | 665 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Tente. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios! ¿Quién eres, di, |  | | que mi descanso inquietas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No huyas, por mil razones. |  | | Por mujer, la principal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con eso temor me pones. | 670 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera mujer mortal, |  | | Y sujeta a imperfecciones... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿quién eres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus soy, |  | | que sólo a buscarte vengo |  | | de la esfera donde estoy. | 675 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Respeto a tu nombre tengo. |  | | Mil alabanzas te doy, |  | | y en sacrificio, Señora, |  | | la voluntad que jamás |  | | rendí a mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde agora | 680 | | sabrás qué es amor, sabrás |  | | querer bien a quien te adora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es amor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Amor?... Deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De lo que es hermoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿querré lo que veo? | 685 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Si te agrada. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es forzoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por tu condición lo creo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuéntanme de amor mil males; |  | | pónenme temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor |  | | es falso entre los mortales. | 690 | | No se entiende ese rigor |  | | con los dioses celestiales. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes la misma razón |  | | me da a entender tu mudanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los dioses nunca lo son. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego en humana esperanza, |  | | ¿hay divina posesión? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando la humana hermosura |  | | el cielo baja a la tierra, |  | | ¿qué posesión más segura? | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dicen que el Dios de la guerra |  | | o la tiene, o la procura. |  | | Pues si amas a Marte, en parte |  | | mujer humana te veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, que quiero a Marte, | 705 | | no porque a Marte deseo, |  | | sino porque quiero a-marte. |  | | Ya no quiero aquel soldado |  | | que a mi celoso marido |  | | ha puesto en tanto cuidado. | 710 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡En tanto amor, tanto olvido! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es amor gusto acabado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la memoria te vuelve, |  | | y de tu pasada historia |  | | tantos amores revuelve... | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y si olvidó la memoria |  | | quien a olvidar se resuelve? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, Venus, soy un mancebo |  | | de la manera que ves: |  | | a competir no me atrevo, | 720 | | aunque licencia me des, |  | | ni con Marte ni con Febo; |  | | que cuando el fuego consumas, |  | | de las cenizas secretas |  | | saldrá, cuando más presumas, | 725 | | en oyendo las trompetas, |  | | y en viendo brillar las plumas. |  | | Veo tus ojos divinos |  | | llenos de sol, veo dos cielos; |  | | pero ya son adivinos | 730 | | los míos, que por tus celos |  | | vengo a llorar desatinos. |  | | Tu talle, tu bizarría, |  | | y tu deidad, de que arguyo |  | | mi dicha, con osadía | 735 | | me fuerzan a ser más tuyo |  | | que tú pretendes ser mía. |  | | Pero si Febo o si Marte, |  | | celosos de mí... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente. |  | | ¡Qué es ofenderte ni darte | 740 | | disgusto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo luciente, |  | | ¿no ha de hallarme en cualquier parte? |  | | Marte, ¿no puede también |  | | matarme con tantas armas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, mis ojos; no, mi bien. | 745 | | Y en vano, Adonis, te armas, |  | | contra amor, dese desdén; |  | | Que así en el alma guardarte, |  | | y en mis ojos esconderte, |  | | sabrá el gusto de gozarte. | 750 | | que ni Febo pueda verte. |  | | ni Marte pueda matarte. |  | | Vencido me ha tu hermosura: |  | | si te igualo al ser que soy, |  | | ¿pagarásme? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está segura. | 755 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adonis, a Chipre voy. |  | | Fíame la nieve pura |  | | de esa blanca, hermosa mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dichoso el mortal que vino |  | | desde el ser humilde humano | 760 | | a merecer el divino |  | | de tu valor soberano! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Pónganse los dos en un carro, que se verá en una nube, y desaparézcalos con música, en diciendo lo que se sigue)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú puedes honrar el suelo. |  | | Palomas, alzad el vuelo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No querría ser Faetón, | 765 | | y caer por ambición |  | | hecho pedazos del cielo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| **Acto II** | |
|  | |
| *Entre HIPÓMENES, mancebo muy galán, y TEBANDRO* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja, por Dios, la caza. |  | | Sepamos qué es aquesto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En confusión me ha puesto | 770 | | ver la campaña y plaza |  | | de este bosque sagrado, |  | | de tan diversas gentes coronado. |  | | Las mudas soledades, |  | | de los pastores nido, | 775 | | imitan en ruïdo |  | | las confusas ciudades, |  | | y a sus varios oficios |  | | los árboles se vuelven edificios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que va navegando, | 780 | | el norte va siguiendo; |  | | quien ignora, leyendo; |  | | quien mira, preguntando. |  | | Pregunta, si te admiras, |  | | y no te admirarás de lo que miras. | 785 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí vienen pastores, |  | | Tebandro: preguntemos |  | | qué gente es la que vemos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren MENANDRO y TIMBREO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué triste fin de amores, |  | | oh míseros amantes! | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Menandro!, pues amas, no te espantes. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores de este monte, selva y prado, |  | | ¿qué suceso ha causado aquesta junta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien muestra esa pregunta ser su dueño |  | | no de aqueste pequeño monte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivo | 795 | | donde su extremo altivo alcanza apenas. |  | | Ver las campañas llenas de mil gentes |  | | de partes diferentes, nos admira. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda la que se mira en este prado, |  | | sabed que se ha juntado a la carrera, | 800 | | que ¡nunca a Dios pluguiera se inventara! |  | | ¿De la hermosura rara nunca oístes |  | | de Atalanta, o supistes este nombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es justo que te asombre esta ignorancia, |  | | si miras la distancia de la tierra | 805 | | nuestra, que este mar cierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estad atentos: |  | | con dulces pensamientos de casarse |  | | Atalanta a informarse al templo vino |  | | de Apolo, y el divino dios Febeo |  | | respondió a su deseo que se guarde, | 810 | | que con peligro y tarde casaría. |  | | Ella, desde este día, por el monte |  | | que todo este horizonte muestra en torno, |  | | con varonil adorno entretenida, |  | | pasaba honesta vida descuidada. | 815 | | Mas siendo deseada su hermosura |  | | (que ésta no está segura aun entre fieras), |  | | pensó de mil maneras esconderse, |  | | y vino a resolverse que al fin fuese |  | | de aquel que la venciese... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué? ¿En la lucha | 820 | | o en el tirar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha: es tan ligera, |  | | que al viento en la carrera se adelanta. |  | | Quiso, pues, Atalanta que corriesen |  | | los que la pretendiesen, y rendida, |  | | entregarse vencida al victorioso. | 825 | | ¡Oh caso lastimoso, que al vencido, |  | | que le cueste ha querido la cabeza! |  | | Y es tal su ligereza, que los cuellos |  | | de mil mancebos bellos han regado |  | | con su sangre este prado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me cuentas? | 830 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que verás si intentas la aventura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mortal hermosura, al fin prestada, |  | | flor, sombra, viento, nada, ¿hay algún loco |  | | que se estime en tan poco? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la vieras, |  | | Yo sé que no dijeras lo que dices. | 835 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por más que solemnices su hermosura, |  | | la vida... es gran locura aventuralla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No diera por gozalla en casamiento |  | | un cabello. ¡Oh, qué cuento tan donoso! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si de su cuerpo hermoso y rostro vieras | 840 | | el milagro, dijeras lo contrario. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sé que el pincel es vario en la belleza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ésta a naturaleza misma espanta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi vida es mi Atalanta, Dios me guarde. |  | | Pues no soy muy cobarde, que las fieras | 845 | | de este monte y riberas de este río, |  | | saben el brazo mío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Laureada |  | | de flores viene, honrada y victoriosa, |  | | la bella ninfa hermosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habrá vencido |  | | algún necio atrevido su hermosura. | 850 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  | | --- | | Morir tienen por dicha. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué locura! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salgan NINFAS y PASTORES con instrumentos; y ATALANTA detrás con una guirnalda de flores)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Triunfa la hermosura, |  | | vence Atalanta! |  | |  |  | | Lo que cuesta se estima: |  | | ¡Viva quien mata! | 855 | |  |  | | No estiman los hombres |  | | las empresas llanas. |  | | Todo lo que es fácil, |  | | como fácil pasa. |  | | Las dificultades | 860 | | merecen almas. |  | |  |  | | Lo que cuesta se estima: |  | | ¡Viva quien mata! |  | |  |  | | Siendo la hermosura |  | | prenda tan alta, | 865 | | por culpa del dueño |  | | no es estimada. |  | | Atalanta sola |  | | supo estimarla. |  | |  |  | | Lo que cuesta se estima: | 870 | | ¡Viva quien mata! |  | | | |
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|  |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué te parece? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé |  | | cómo te diga, pastor, |  | | lo que en sus ojos miré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué sientes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muero de amor: | 875 | | rayo en mis sentidos fue. |  | | ¡Con qué brevedad entró |  | | por el más noble sentido |  | | al alma que me abrasó! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que estoy perdido. | 880 | | Otro soy; que no soy yo. |  | | ¡Cuan en vano me espantaba |  | | de aquel que por tu belleza |  | | una vida aventuraba, |  | | cifra de naturaleza | 885 | | donde su poder se acaba! |  | | Que mil vidas que tuviera, |  | | todas por ti las perdiera. |  | | Tebandro, yo he de correr. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Búrlaste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Burlé, sin ver | 890 | | lo que vi ¡Que nunca viera! |  | | ¡Ay de mí! ¿Por qué dilato |  | | poner en ejecución |  | | lo que ya en el alma trato? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por tan liviana ocasión, | 895 | | ¿eres a tu vida ingrato? |  | | Detente: no digas nada |  | | a esta mujer, si es mujer |  | | cosa tan fiera y helada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la pudiese vencer... | 900 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TEBANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esa esperanza, engañada, |  | | todo este campo ha teñido |  | | de sangre, de mil que han sido |  | | como tú. Mas Dios te guarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿seré yo más cobarde, | 905 | | si es mi amor más atrevido? |  | | Si alguno la ha de vencer, |  | | ¡Ay cielos! ¿no puede ser |  | | que sea yo? ¿Qué me acobardo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Qué mancebo tan gallardo! | 910 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Qué más que humana mujer! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Oh, cuánto me pesaría |  | | que a pretenderme viniese! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Ay, si la llamase mía! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  | | --- | | [Aparte] | | ¡Ay, si la muerte le diese | 915 | | Y qué lástima sería! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | De la sentencia el rigor |  | | me hiela. Abrásame amor. |  | | Temor me está deteniendo. |  | | Pero amor me está diciendo | 920 | | que me dará su favor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | De cuantos mancebos vi, |  | | ninguno así me agradó. |  | | ¡Nunca yo le agrade así! |  | | Que aunque más le quiera yo, | 925 | | El jamás me quiera a mí. |  | | ¿Quién ha visto no querer |  | | el que quiere ser querido? |  | | Pues en mí se viene a ver, |  | | porque ha de morir vencido, | 930 | | y no he de ser su mujer. |  | | Pues dejarme vencer yo |  | | y perder mi honor, no puedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Si amor se determinó, |  | | ¿por qué me detienes, miedo? | 935 | | Nunca quien amó, temió. |  | | ¿Quiero? Sí. Pues ¿cómo temo? |  | | ¿Temo? No. Pues ¿en qué cosa |  | | reparo, si en el extremo |  | | desta luz soy mariposa, | 940 | | y a cada vuelta me quemo? |  | | *[A Atalanta]* |  | | ¡Oh tú, que en belleza igualas |  | | el sol, de su luz vestida, |  | | que por los ojos exhalas, |  | | llévame también la vida | 945 | | donde me quemas las alas! |  | | Doncella hermosa, o deidad |  | | divina, que en sombra humana |  | | disfrazas tu claridad, |  | | a tu vista soberana | 950 | | se presenta mi humildad. |  | | El premio de tu hermosura |  | | me anima a perder la vida, |  | | que por el bien que procura, |  | | es más inmortal, perdida, | 955 | | que la del alma segura. |  | | Si te venzo y te poseo, |  | | no porque eres celestial |  | | desprecies mi buen deseo; |  | | que soy, aunque soy mortal, | 960 | | hijo del rey Megareo. |  | | De mi amor me maravillo, |  | | como aspiro a tanta gloria, |  | | mas ya vencido, me humillo. |  | | Corramos: tú a la victoria, | 965 | | y yo, señora, al cuchillo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mancebo, cualquier que seas, |  | | gran lástima tengo en ver |  | | que a ti mismo no te veas, |  | | pues pudiéndote querer, | 970 | | otra hermosura deseas. |  | | Si no te dueles de ti, |  | | ten de tus padres dolor; |  | | que ya veo desde aquí |  | | la fuerza de su rigor, | 975 | | por el que me das a mí. |  | | Si es mostrar que amor me tienes, |  | | yo le creo, sin probar |  | | el ánimo con que vienes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con mostrarme ese pesar, | 980 | | más me animas que detienes. |  | | Si primero que supiese |  | | que te agradaba, te di |  | | el corazón, no te pese |  | | de que quien te agrada a ti | 985 | | lo que le has dado te diese. |  | | Ya no hay remedio: más quiero |  | | que vivir sin ti, morir. |  | | Si de amor por verte muero, |  | | ¿qué más morir que vivir | 990 | | adonde la muerte espero? |  | | Corramos, y los despojos |  | | goza, y no te cause enojos, |  | | que yo gusto, y justo es, |  | | de que mates con los pies | 995 | | lo que abrasas con los ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que sea tan desdichada, |  | | y de tan contraria suerte, |  | | que de lo que más me agrada, |  | | para su temprana muerte | 1000 | | sea mi hermosura espada! |  | | Vete, mancebo, y no quieras |  | | Pagarme mal este amor. |  | | Mira que la muerte esperas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | Yo he de morir. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué dolor! | 1005 | | ¡Qué mal tu edad consideras! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | Acaba ya. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no quiero. |  | | ¡Jueces!... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿O es ley, o no? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  | | --- | | Ley es. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si es ley, ¿qué espero? |  | | Vencida se confesó. | 1010 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Hoy le doy la muerte, hoy muero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué respondes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que a correr |  | | vamos, pues quieres morir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | Ve adelante. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué has de hacer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi persona prevenir. | 1015 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, dejalde vencer! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todos se vayan, y quede HIPÓMENES)* |  |
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|  | |
| *(Baje de un cielo, que estará hecho, una nube cerrada, y ábrase a la mitad con música, saliendo della muchos pajarillos, y véase VENUS dentro con algunos CUPIDILLOS pintados, o de bulto, y diga)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hipómenes, yo vengo enternecida |  | | de tus ruegos y lástimas, y quiero |  | | darte favor y remediar tu vida |  | | con una industria en que tu bien espero. |  | | Atalanta no puede ser vencida, | 1065 | | porque el viento veloz no es tan ligero. |  | | Sobre los trigos, con destreza extraña, |  | | camina sin doblar la débil caña, |  | | Pero con estas tres manzanas de oro, |  | | así la vencerás en la carrera. | 1070 | | En viendo la ventaja, su decoro |  | | descompondrás echando la primera; |  | | si ves que la codicia del tesoro |  | | la vence, la segunda y la tercera |  | | podrás echar; que mientras va por ellas, | 1075 | | podrás dejar atrás sus plantas bellas. |  | | Con esto, al palio llegarás primero, |  | | gozando el premio que mil vidas cuesta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Reina de las estrellas, y lucero |  | | que aposentas al sol cuando se acuesta, | 1080 | | madre de amor, retrato verdadero |  | | de la piedad, los cielos hagan fiesta |  | | a tu nombre divino, y los amores |  | | siembren sobre la tierra oliva y flores! |  | | Por ti vive la paz, por ti se aumenta | 1085 | | y propaga el linaje de los hombres, |  | | el ave vuela, el árbol se sustenta, |  | | y hasta las fieras de temidos nombres. |  | | Dame licencia, y a mi curso atenta, |  | | turba el suyo ligero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te asombres, | 1090 | | que vencerás si mi consejo tomas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tuyas serán dos cándidas palomas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(La nube se cierre, y suba con música. HIPÓMENES se entre y salga CUPIDO con tres niños: NARCISO, JACINTO y GANIMEDES)* |  |
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|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué habemos de jugar? |  | | Diga Cupidillo un juego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mis juegos todos son fuego, | 1095 | | ¿para qué os queréis quemar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  | | --- | | Dile tú, Narciso. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  | | --- | | Tú, pues... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vaya al esconder. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy de ese parecer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al esconder, ¿por qué no? | 1100 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿No soy amor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cosa imposible ha sido |  | | estar amor escondido. |  | | Que el fuego da claridad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ganimedes diga un juego. | 1105 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juguemos a la gallina |  | | ciega. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien; echo la china. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué? Cupido es ciego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque ciego, Dios me guarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién toca como a ti? | 1110 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me hagáis gallina a mí, |  | | porque no hay amor cobarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di tú, Jacinto, algún juego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juguemos a la palmada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguno desos me agrada. | 1115 | | Todos son juegos de ciego, |  | | y no quiero juego yo |  | | que tanto imita los celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos son desvelos, |  | | y adivina quién te dio. | 1120 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ningún juego te da aliento? |  | | Ya es ese mucho rigor, |  | | pero basta ser tú amor |  | | para nunca estar contento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juguemos al abejón. | 1125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para ti es de gusto, hermano, |  | | que al que coges a tu mano |  | | le das lindo bofetón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juguemos a los señores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde hay amor no hay señor, | 1130 | | que todo lo iguala amor: |  | | por eso, no te enamores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juega al toro de las coces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy amor: no quiero toro, |  | | Y más, coces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso ignoro. | 1135 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es porque no me conoces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es mejor ir a coger |  | | fruta a alguna huerta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Habrá fruta por aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En Chipre, ¿no la ha de haber? | 1140 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espérate, Ganimedes, |  | | que allí he visto una colmena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  | | --- | | ¿Tiene miel? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda está llena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Saltarás tú las paredes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú te pones a gatas, | 1145 | | Pondréme de pies en ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso: un pastor viene aquí, |  | | no te entienda lo que tratas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FRONDOSO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después que el señor Apolo |  | | estuvo conmigo airado, | 1150 | | ando por aqueste prado |  | | afligido, triste y solo. |  | | Díjome, por maldición, |  | | que a nadie parecería |  | | la forma que antes tenía: | 1155 | | ¡Bien castigó mi intención! |  | | Desde entonces no he dejado |  | | fuente, ni aun arroyo dejo, |  | | que no me sirva de espejo: |  | | en su cristal me traslado. | 1160 | | Pero en unas me parezco |  | | elefante, en otras toro... |  | | Yo ¡triste! aflíjome, lloro, |  | | y en extremo me entristezco. |  | | Huyo de mí por no verme; | 1165 | | mas viendo que voy conmigo, |  | | dejo lo mismo que sigo, |  | | y comienzo a enloquecerme. |  | | ¡Oh Apolo! De tu justicia, |  | | a tu piedad santa apelo. | 1170 | | ¡Oh, cuánto castiga el cielo |  | | un pecado de malicia! |  | | Confieso que fue maldad; |  | | mas tú eres Dios, yo soy hombre; |  | | la diferencia del nombre | 1175 | | ha de obligar tu deidad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Jacinto! Allí, ¿no estaba |  | | un pastor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allí le vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  | | --- | | ¿Volvióse culebra? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué culebra tan brava! | 1180 | | Huye, Cupido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | Culebra dicen que soy. |  | | A verme a esta fuente voy. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase FRONDOSO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arma el arco, tira presto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, si esta sierpe matase | 1185 | | como Apolo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya se huyó. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  | | --- | | Luego ¿no le tiró? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Miedo tuvo que tirase. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De eso las fuerzas se arguyen |  | | de tus manos rigurosas, | 1190 | | pues las sierpes venenosas, |  | | Amor, de tus flechas huyen. |  | | Trepemos a la colmena. |  | | No hay de qué tener temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega desta parte, Amor. | 1195 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¡Oh, qué linda miel! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es buena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay, ay, ay! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es eso? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, madre, |  | | que una de estas me picó, |  | | que andan en la miel! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JACINTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo |  | | Oí decir a mi padre | 1200 | | que, sacando lo que deja, |  | | cesa el dolor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Narciso! |  | | que huigamos de aquí te aviso, |  | | no te pique alguna abeja. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | NARCISO | |  | | --- | | Vamos, Jacinto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GANIMEDES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | También | 1205 | | a casa me quiero ir. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse todos y quede CUPIDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay Dios, que me he de morir! |  | | ¡Tanto mal en tanto bien! |  | | ¿Esto es miel? ¿Esto es dulzura? |  | | ¡Qué amarga pena que cuesta! | 1210 | | ¿Esta es miel? Ponzoña es ésta, |  | | engaño y traición segura. |  | | ¡Ay! ¿qué haré, triste de mí? |  | | Hinchado se me ha la palma. |  | | ¡Ay, que si lo sabe el alma, | 1215 | | se me saldrá por aquí! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale VENUS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cansada estoy de buscarte. |  | | Yo juro que he de ponerte |  | | a la escuela, por hacerte |  | | bueno a puro castigarte. | 1220 | | ¿Dónde has estado perdido? |  | | En las espaldas te quiero |  | | poner, Cupido, un letrero. |  | | Ya no es Amor conocido: |  | | como reina el interés, | 1225 | | no saben quién es Amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, qué terrible dolor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué lloras? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No lo ves? |  | |  |  | | Por los jardines de Chipre, |  | | madre, andaba divertido, | 1230 | | entre las flores y rosas |  | | jugando con otros niños. |  | | Cuál trepa por algún sauce, |  | | presumiendo alcanzar nidos, |  | | cuál hace jaulas de juncos | 1235 | | por coger los pajarillos, |  | | cuál coge verdes almendras, |  | | cuál blancas flores de espinos, |  | | cuál entreteje guirnaldas |  | | de rosas y azules lirios, | 1240 | | cuando en unos corchos altos, |  | | los sabrosos edificios |  | | de cera y miel nos llamaron |  | | con sus panales nativos. |  | | Púsose Jacinto a gatas, | 1245 | | comenzó sobre él Narciso |  | | a ver si sacar podía |  | | la miel por algún resquicio... |  | | Yo, ¡triste! que siempre fui |  | | para mi gusto atrevido, | 1250 | | metí la mano en el corcho... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notable desatino! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Madre mía, una avecilla |  | | que apenas no tiene pico, |  | | me ha dado el mayor dolor | 1255 | | que pudiera un áspid libio. |  | | Ves aquí, madre, la mano. |  | | Ponme un paño. Estoy perdido. |  | | Cúrame presto, ¡ay de mí! |  | | ¡Presto, presto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No des gritos, | 1260 | | sino advierte que tú eres |  | | niño pequeño, Cupido, |  | | y que, en picando en los ojos |  | | como fiero basilisco, |  | | dejas en el alma y pecho | 1265 | | más fuego que en el abismo. |  | | Y eres tan cruel tirano, |  | | que a mí propia me has herido, |  | | con ser tu madre. Y así, |  | | te ha dado el cielo el castigo. | 1270 | | De Adonis me enamoraste... |  | | ¡muerta estoy, pierdo el juicio! |  | | Celos de las ninfas tengo |  | | de este bosque y de este río. |  | | A buscarle vengo aquí | 1275 | | por tu ocasión, enemigo. |  | | ¡Plegue al cielo que te vea |  | | puesto en el mismo peligro: |  | | que, siendo amor, te enamores, |  | | porque mueras en tu oficio! | 1280 | | ¡y no maldigan los hombres |  | | mi vida por tus delitos! |  | | Que no hay mujer que no diga, |  | | de las que una vez te han visto, |  | | que no está por ti sin fama, | 1285 | | desde Lucrecia hasta Dido. |  | | Por ti Roma, España, Troya... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, madre, que yo os digo |  | | que no soy sólo el culpado |  | | de tus locos desatinos. | 1290 | | Todos se quejan de amor, |  | | ¡ya he visto versos y libros!, |  | | porque todas sus flaquezas |  | | quieren disculpar conmigo. |  | | ¿Qué importa que yo os provoque, | 1295 | | si tenéis libre albedrío? |  | | Pero no hacéis resistencia |  | | a vuestro propio apetito. |  | | Yo iré a vengarme de vos: |  | | ¡sabrá Marte y el Sol mismo | 1300 | | lo que pasa con Adonis! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase CUPIDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, vuelve, espera, niño. |  | | Fuese. ¿Hay tal atrevimiento? |  | | Pues ¡por Júpiter divino, |  | | que te has de acordar de mí | 1305 | | si otra vez los cielos piso! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FRONDOSO)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay ventura tan alta ni tan célebre? |  | | En efecto, las cosas más difíciles |  | | tienen su fin. Que a todo llega un término. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Frondoso, ¿de qué vienes tan atónito? | 1310 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastora celestial, belleza angélica, |  | | ¿quién eres tú que de mi nombre rústico |  | | te has acordado, cuando aquestos bárbaros |  | | me tienen por león, por sierpe rígida, |  | | que unos me llaman toro y otros sátiro? | 1315 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una extranjera soy, que de las márgenes |  | | del Erimanto vine a vuestros límites. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no eres Venus o la luna errática, |  | | Arïadna serás, serás Andrómeda, |  | | imagen ya de la celeste máquina. | 1320 | | Mas pues que te disfraza el mortal hábito, |  | | oye el suceso en este breve epílogo: |  | | Atalanta veloz, que huyendo el tálamo |  | | vino por estos bosques, siempre indómita... |  | | la que, como has oído, fue tan áspera, | 1325 | | a cuantos en el curso ligerísimo |  | | pudo vencer, dio en pena muerte infelice, |  | | corrió esta tarde con el bello Hipómenes; |  | | pero valióse de una industria el príncipe, |  | | que tres manzanas, más que las Hespérides, | 1330 | | que Medea guardó con arte mágica, |  | | le fue arrojando entre las plantas ágiles; |  | | con que, mientras la ninfa iba cogiéndolas, |  | | ganó el laurel tan digno de sus méritos. |  | | Diéronsela sus padres sin escándalo, | 1335 | | y celebróse allí la boda espléndida, |  | | a que han venido en infinito número |  | | habitadores de estos campos fértiles. |  | | Esta es historia digna de corónica. |  | | Dadme licencia, pues están pacíficos, | 1340 | | que de esta fuente en el cristal diáfano |  | | que corre entre los pies de aquellos árboles, |  | | pues ya que me llamáis mi nombre y título, |  | | me vaya a ver con miedo de un oráculo |  | | que me ha representado en mil imágenes. | 1345 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Guíete amor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y cumpla tus propósitos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase FRONDOSO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huélgome que Atalanta, ya doméstica, |  | | sea de amor por mis ardides víctima. |  | | Eso me debe Hipómenes solícito. |  | | Bañen mis aras dos palomas cándidas, | 1350 | | cante su amor en dulce voz Calíope, |  | | desde el blanco alemán al negro etíope. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen HIPÓMENES y ATALANTA)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulcísima esposa mía, |  | | que mil años guarde el cielo |  | | en mi alegre compañía. | 1355 | | Sol, que has dado en mortal velo |  | | envidia al que alumbra el día: |  | | tan rico de tu hermosura |  | | voy por aquesta espesura, |  | | que se para, al ver que llevo | 1360 | | otro más hermoso Febo, |  | | la celeste arquitectura. |  | | No venció mi ligereza |  | | la tuya; venció mi amor, |  | | que siendo igual en grandeza | 1365 | | al sol, pienso que es mayor |  | | que tu divina belleza. |  | | Vencí, Atalanta, vencido: |  | | victorioso y preso voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi bien, la vencida he sido: | 1370 | | yo confieso que lo estoy, |  | | y que amor lo ha permitido. |  | | Antes de vencer, venciste, |  | | porque desde que te vi, |  | | a tu valor me rendiste. | 1375 | | A correr vencida fui, |  | | y tú victorioso fuiste. |  | | No fue codicia del oro |  | | de las manzanas, mi bien; |  | | de ti sí, que eres tesoro | 1380 | | de mayor valor, y a quien |  | | por oro del alma adoro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué piensas tú que fueron |  | | las manzanas que la palma |  | | de la victoria me dieron? | 1385 | | Las tres potencias del alma, |  | | que tus desdenes vencieron. |  | | La primera que a tu gloria |  | | ofrecí, sin libertad, |  | | para tan alta victoria, | 1390 | | fue mi ciega voluntad. |  | | La segunda, mi memoria. |  | | Pero pienso que hablo a tiento. |  | | Que creo que la primera |  | | fue, esposa, mi entendimiento; | 1395 | | porque si no te entendiera, |  | | no amara con fundamento. |  | | De entenderte nació amarte. |  | | Pero mira que he de hablarte |  | | en cosas de amor aquí; | 1400 | | del cielo, a quien te pedí, |  | | vengo, Atalanta, a celarte. |  | | Estos árboles no son, |  | | por ser de este monte sendas, |  | | buenos en esta ocasión. | 1405 | | Aquí hay un templo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ofendas |  | | su divina religión. |  | | Mira que de Venus es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es Venus? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ATALANTA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus es diosa, |  | | y reina de amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después | 1410 | | que yo te vi más hermosa, |  | | pongo esa diosa a tus pies. |  | | No hay Venus ya, ni de amor |  | | otra diosa que Atalanta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Qué bien me paga el favor! | 1415 | | ¿Hay descortesía tanta? |  | | ¿Hay ingratitud mayor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes, mi bien, que quisiera |  | | ver esa Venus aquí, |  | | porque confesar la hiciera | 1420 | | que eres más bella, y que a ti |  | | el arco y flechas te diera? |  | | Que tú has de matar de amor; |  | | porque Venus, que le vende |  | | por interés, ¿qué valor | 1425 | | puede tener, pues ofende |  | | su calidad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Oh traidor! |  | | ¡Oh costumbre de los hombres, |  | | el pagar los beneficios |  | | con estos ingratos nombres! | 1430 | | ¿Estos son los sacrificios? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | HIPÓMENES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, mi bien: no te asombres, |  | | que no hay dioses en la tierra |  | | que puedan hacerme guerra |  | | donde tengo tu hermosura. | 1435 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Éntrense en el templo los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay mayor descompostura? |  | | A poder decir que yerra |  | | en alguna cosa el cielo, |  | | fuera en no haber destruido |  | | con agua o con fuego el suelo. | 1440 | | ¡Bien lo tengo merecido, |  | | pues en su bien me desvelo! |  | | ¡Traidor, mis manzanas de oro |  | | te han dado a Atalanta bella, |  | | y así tratas mi decoro! | 1445 | | Mas no vivirás con ella, |  | | por la vida a quien adoro. |  | | ¡Vive Adonis, que he de daros |  | | la pena que merecéis, |  | | y en leones transformaros, | 1450 | | para que al mundo le deis |  | | con dos ejemplos tan raros! |  | | Salid luego de mi templo, |  | | dejando la humana forma, |  | | pues tan fieros os contemplo: | 1455 | | esa figura os conforma. |  | | Servid, ingratos, de ejemplo. |  | | *(Salgan dos leones y échense a sus pies)* |  | | No hay que moverme con llanto. |  | | Por esos montes huid, |  | | dando a las fieras espanto. | 1460 | | Entre ellas siempre vivid, |  | | pues las parecisteis tanto. |  | | ¡Qué triste estoy! Buscar quiero |  | | mi sol, que con él confío |  | | templar este enojo fiero. | 1465 | | Amanece, Adonis mío, |  | | si soy tu amado lucero. |  | | | |

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| **Acto III** | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho me espanto de ti, |  | | que me digas su afición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu celosa condición, | 1470 | | dorado Apolo, advertí. |  | | Tengo tan aborrecida |  | | la de mi lasciva madre, |  | | y el ver que al cielo y mi padre |  | | ofenda su libre vida, | 1475 | | que darte aviso intenté, |  | | para que otra vez tu mano |  | | ponga la red de Vulcano. |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apolo, |  | | pues de tus ojos estoy |  | | cierto que todo lo ven, |  | | ¿cómo has sufrido que viva |  | | libre esta Venus lasciva | 1510 | | con este Adonis también? |  | | ¿No basta el amor de Marte, |  | | que fue de los dioses risa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi luz, que el mundo divisa, |  | | en dos polos se reparte. | 1515 | | Mientras iba al de Calixto, |  | | la Luna, mi hermana, fue |  | | la que en mi lugar dejé, |  | | y ella sin duda lo ha visto. |  | | No me ha querido decir | 1520 | | su injusta conversación, |  | | porque adora a Endimión, |  | | antes la quiere encubrir. |  | | Que bien saben las mujeres, |  | | unas por otras, amando, | 1525 | | ya callando, y ya negando, |  | | encubrirse sus placeres. |  | | Lo que yo vi por el día |  | | no fue más de un tierno hablar; |  | | que a veces no puedo entrar, | 1530 | | Cupido, donde querría. |  | | En los bosques se escondieron, |  | | cuyos árboles frondosos |  | | nunca a mis rayos celosos |  | | entrada a sus plantas dieron; | 1535 | | mas yo haré venganza en ellos |  | | luego que el verano llegue, |  | | cuando la humedad les niegue |  | | para sus verdes cabellos. |  | | Esto vi, mas sospeché | 1540 | | que era sólo amor, Cupido. |  | | Pero si tú la has herido, |  | | culpa de tus flechas fue, |  | | ¿cómo a Venus se la pones? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si va a decir la verdad, | 1545 | | yo pongo en su voluntad |  | | estas libres aficiones. |  | | Todo es venganza de ver |  | | que esta loca se desvela |  | | en que yo vaya al escuela, | 1550 | | y aprenda, Apolo, a leer. |  | | Ya leo, ya sé escribir, |  | | compongo versos de amor, |  | | en que digo aquel rigor |  | | que doy al alma a sentir; | 1555 | | mas ella, porque el maestro |  | | me azote, me pone allí; |  | | que por lo que toca a mí, |  | | ya estoy en las letras diestro. |  | | Haz, por tu vida, venganza | 1560 | | de este mal nacido amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adonis es cazador, |  | | que puede darte esperanza. |  | | Vete, y déjame con él, |  | | que yo le daré la muerte. | 1565 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿adonde vuelvo a verte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Junto a aquel verde laurel. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Aun no tienes olvidada |  | | a Dafnes, que en él suspira! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, traidor, que flechas de ira | 1570 | | pusiste en su vida airada! |  | | Vete, que si de mi historia |  | | me renuevas el dolor, |  | | no haré cosa, niño Amor, |  | | que no aflija mi memoria. | 1575 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guárdete Júpiter santo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase CUPIDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Venus me afligen celos |  | | desde que ayer, por los cielos, |  | | enjugué del alba el llanto. |  | | Pagarme tiene la injusta | 1580 | | muchas burlas que me ha hecho |  | | Salga Adonis de su pecho. |  | | Cosa de que tanto gusta. |  | | Bajen mis rayos divinos |  | | a los centros abrasados, | 1585 | | aunque no están enseñados |  | | a tan escuros caminos. |  | | A las tinieblas eternas |  | | demos luz. Oye, Plutón: |  | | tú, que la vil confusión | 1590 | | de la escuridad gobiernas, |  | | a mi claridad camina; |  | | y aunque estés en fuertes lazos, |  | | deja un momento los brazos |  | | de tu amada Proserpina, | 1595 | | *(Levántese un lienzo en que estará pintado un edificio, quedando arriba hecho cielo con sus estrellas, sol, y luna pintados, y descúbrase debajo otro a modo de infierno)* |  | | deja la tiniebla, y ponte |  | | presto a escuchar la voz mía, |  | | o de tus furias me envía |  | | a la fieras. |  | | Sal presto: ¿quieres acaso | 1600 | | que entre mi luz más adentro? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga la furia TESIFONTE vestida de negro, y bordada de llamas, con un cuello de velo negro, y argenterías, el tocado lo mismo, con algunas sierpes de oro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TESIFONTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya desde el escuro centro |  | | salgo a detener tu paso. |  | | Detente, Apolo divino, |  | | Tesifonte soy: ¿qué mandas? | 1605 | | Tú, que por los aires andas, |  | | y es el cielo tu camino, |  | | ¿cómo descendiste al centro? |  | | Aquella dorada cinta |  | | que tu luz adorna y pinta, | 1610 | | no la has de hallar aquí dentro. |  | | Las figuras celestiales |  | | son aquí tormentos feos, |  | | Tántalos y Prometeos, |  | | en sus penas infernales. | 1615 | | Aquí no hay que repartir |  | | el año en sus doce meses, |  | | ni hay aquí plantas ni mieses, |  | | ni flores que producir. |  | | Aquí no hay oro ni plata, | 1620 | | alquimista celestial. |  | | De sólo fuego inmortal, |  | | Discordia, y rigor, se trata. |  | | ¿Qué es lo que quieres, que así |  | | con tus rayos nos ofendes, | 1625 | | pues hacer día pretendes |  | | la noche que vive aquí? |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tesifonte sangrienta, |  | | señora de las armas. |  | | que con hachas de fuego | 1630 | | influyes guerras tantas, |  | | yo no quiero que al mundo |  | | como otras veces vayas, |  | | ceñida de serpientes, |  | | y de diamante armada, | 1635 | | a destruir la Europa, |  | | a disfamar el Asia, |  | | al África desierta, |  | | ni a las indianas playas. |  | | Estése queda Grecia; | 1640 | | y Troya, coronada |  | | de muros y de olivas, |  | | no tiemble de Casandra. |  | | Duerma el soldado fuerte. |  | | Los parches de las cajas | 1645 | | sólo a los dados sirvan, |  | | y a la fortuna varia. |  | | Las trompetas sonoras, |  | | el bronce por quien hablan, |  | | para siempre enmudezcan, | 1650 | | ciegas de poco usadas. |  | | Estense las banderas |  | | dobladas en las astas, |  | | sin que las haga el viento |  | | colores de sus alas. | 1655 | | Las espadas sangrientas |  | | no salgan de las vainas, |  | | ni las pintadas flechas |  | | de los carcajes salgan. |  | | No se esmalten de plumas | 1660 | | las lustrosas celadas, |  | | ni los fresnos y abetos |  | | den ramas a las lanzas. |  | | Las naves de altos bordes |  | | embarquen oro y plata, | 1665 | | no lleven municiones |  | | ni escuchas en las gavias. |  | | Que vayas quiero sólo |  | | a los bosques de Arcadia, |  | | y en un jabalí fiero | 1670 | | embistas tu arrogancia. |  | | Éntrate, Tesifonte, |  | | en sus fieras entrañas, |  | | para matar a Adonis, |  | | que ha de salir a caza; | 1675 | | que yo te le pondré |  | | donde con furia extraña |  | | su verde edad malogres, |  | | y a Venus su esperanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TESIFONTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apolo soberano, | 1680 | | que tú lo mandes basta |  | | para que te obedezca |  | | cuanto el infierno abarca. |  | | Vete ligero al cielo, |  | | porque después que estampas | 1685 | | tu luz en mis tinieblas, |  | | descansan estas almas: |  | | ni aquel peñasco duro |  | | que a Sísifo quebranta, |  | | ni de Ixïon la rueda, | 1690 | | ni las cincuenta hermanas... |  | | Caronte alzó los remos |  | | de su mohosa barca, |  | | Radamanto no juzga, |  | | ni el Cancerbero ladra. | 1695 | | Yo voy luego a ese bosque, |  | | y por la misma traza |  | | daré la muerte a Adonis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si aquella vida acabas, |  | | te prometo cien libras | 1700 | | del oro de la Arabia |  | | para unas armas bellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TESIFONTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cumple tu palabra, |  | | y vete presto al cielo, |  | | que su grandeza agravias | 1705 | | en este escuro limbo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo vuelvo a ver mi patria. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen VENUS y ADONIS, VENUS viene deteniéndole)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente, por vida mía, |  | | si la estimas, prenda amada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | Suelta, acaba. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No querría | 1710 | | que te sucediese nada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mi destreza confía, |  | | que yo suelo al más ardiente, |  | | fiero jabalí, que baña |  | | de sangre y de espuma el diente, | 1715 | | testigo aquesta montaña, |  | | atravesar el tridente. |  | | Un oso bajaba ayer, |  | | todo de abejas pintado, |  | | a este arroyuelo a beber, | 1720 | | o porque en su vidro helado |  | | pensaba su ardor vencer. |  | | Y por esos ojos bellos, |  | | espejos de aquestos míos, |  | | y esos divinos cabellos, | 1725 | | pues mis juveniles bríos |  | | pudiste rendir con ellos, |  | | que de errarle con sospecha, |  | | junté del arco las puntas |  | | con tal fuerza, que la flecha, | 1730 | | al acabar de estar juntas, |  | | rompió los aires derecha, |  | | y estando un instante en calma, |  | | después de muerto vivió |  | | para darme mayor palma, | 1735 | | porque la flecha no dio |  | | lugar que saliese el alma. |  | | Pero, en fin, como le toca |  | | a lo mortal que no impida |  | | lo mismo que le provoca, | 1740 | | como le cerró la herida, |  | | salió el alma por la boca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi bien, ya estoy satisfecha |  | | de tu valor, si por dicha |  | | piensas que hablé con sospecha. | 1745 | | Mas suele ser la desdicha |  | | del arco del cielo flecha. |  | | ¿Adónde hallará reparo |  | | el hombre cuando le tira? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tengo un Dios por amparo | 1750 | | y escudo para su ira, |  | | ¿qué más divino reparo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mi bien! En casos tales, |  | | temor hiela, y amor ciega. |  | | No sólo entre los mortales | 1755 | | la envidia vive; que aun llega |  | | a los dioses celestiales. |  | | Siéntate aquí, por mi vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, cómo vienes extraña! |  | | ¿Ya mi valor se te olvida? | 1760 | | Deja que aquesta montaña |  | | siguiendo las fieras, mida. |  | | Si mi rostro y mi cabello |  | | señas femeniles son, |  | | mira que un hombre, si es bello, | 1765 | | tiene más obligación. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De no parecello. |  | | Un feo procure ser, |  | | a puro artificio, hermoso; |  | | y un hermoso, parecer | 1770 | | valiente, fuerte, animoso, |  | | o confiese que es mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, mis ojos, que porfías, |  | | digo que vayas; mas quiero, |  | | pues son tan grandes los días, | 1775 | | que pases el sol primero |  | | al pie destas fuentes frías. |  | | Esto no es contra el valor |  | | de tu nombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso es muy justo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y entretanto, mi señor, | 1780 | | te contaré por mi gusto |  | | la ocasión de este temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te obedezco, y aquí |  | | me siento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera, que a ti |  | | que te sirva es justa cosa | 1785 | | el regazo de una diosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | Comienza. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | Está atento. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Siéntese VENUS, y póngase en su regazo ADONIS recostado, y ella diga así)* |  |
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| *(Estando ADONIS durmiendo en las faldas de VENUS, ella cantará lo siguiente, y a la segunda copla saldrá APOLO)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rapacillo lisonjero, |  | | el de los ojos vendados. |  | | si no aciertas cuando tiras, | 1850 | | ¿por qué te pintan con arco? |  | | Niño, que engañas el tiempo, |  | | ¡un viejo de tantos años!, |  | | ¿por qué le hurtaste las alas, |  | | pues que te vas tan despacio? | 1855 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Quien llega a tan triste tiempo, |  | | después de tiempo tan largo, |  | | ¿para qué pide esperanzas, |  | | cuando le dan desengaños? |  | | ¿Es posible que mis ojos | 1860 | | a Adonis están mirando |  | | en el regazo de Venus? |  | | ¡Él durmiendo, ella cantando! |  | | Pero yo soy el que sueño, |  | | pues mis ojos engañados | 1865 | | quieren juntar lo divino, |  | | por lo imposible, a lo humano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | *[Cantando]* | | Tú fuiste incendio de Troya, |  | | de España, Roma y Cartago. |  | | Ni ha tenido imperio el mundo | 1870 | | de quien no fueses tirano. |  | | Yo me estaba en mi sosiego, |  | | de mi libertad gozando, |  | | en la deidad de mi trono. |  | | sin pensamientos humanos. | 1875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | ¡Que sufran celos de Apolo |  | | tal infamia! ¡Que en sus brazos |  | | vean un hombre mortal, |  | | y no le abrasen mis rayos! |  | | Cielos, ¿soy el sol? ¿quién soy? | 1880 | | Cielos, si haberme mirado |  | | con alas de cera un hombre |  | | tuvistes por tanto agravio; |  | | si Faetón era otro yo, |  | | y le veis precipitado | 1885 | | en el mar de su soberbia, |  | | pudiendo en mi propio llanto, |  | | ¿cómo sufrís esta fuerza? |  | | Pero ¿qué espero? ¿Qué aguardo? |  | | Voy a incitar las tres furias, | 1890 | | que una es poco en tantos daños. |  | | Buscar quiero algún pastor |  | | que ayude a mi engaño, en tanto |  | | que Tesifonte se viste |  | | de aquel animal airado. | 1895 | | Verán los cielos agora |  | | qué son celos, pues llegaron |  | | a cegarme, si son celos |  | | los celos averiguados. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Levántase ADONIS a las voces)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Válgame el cielo! ¿Qué es esto? | 1900 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tienes, señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues habiéndote aquí puesto |  | | desde mis brazos en pie, |  | | ¿te levantas descompuesto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La sangre de aquesta edad, | 1905 | | como está ardiendo en las venas, |  | | finge con ferocidad |  | | campañas de guerras llenas, |  | | armas, sangre y novedad. |  | | Esto soñaba: no quieras | 1910 | | que con privación tan grande |  | | intente algunas quimeras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que el sueño en tus ojos ande |  | | con imágenes tan fieras! |  | | Yo le haré dar tal castigo, | 1915 | | que no se burle contigo. |  | | Mas ¿qué soñabas, mi bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | Déjame. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tanto desdén, |  | | querido señor, conmigo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Era todo fantasía. | 1920 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tenías, prenda mía? |  | | De tan mal sueño me advierte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Corta vida y triste muerte, |  | | soñaba yo que tenía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿eso te da pasión? | 1925 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tanta y con tanta razón, |  | | que sólo, en este recelo, |  | | puede tener tu consuelo |  | | alegre mi corazón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creas lo que se ve | 1930 | | en ese lienzo imperfeto |  | | de que el sueño pintor fue. |  | | Pero advierte que el discreto |  | | tiene por madre a la fe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por serlo desde este día, | 1935 | | si por eso lo he de ser, |  | | al sueño y su fantasía |  | | te prometo no creer, |  | | mas a la fe, madre mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso está puesto en razón. | 1940 | | Vete a cazar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien podré, |  | | sin que me cause pasión |  | | con su temor; que bien sé |  | | que los sueños, sueños son. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse y salgan APOLO y FRONDOSO)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, no huyas de mí. | 1945 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diome el verte mil desmayos: |  | | detén, Apolo, los rayos, |  | | no muestres tu fuerza en mí. |  | | Yo soy el que te quería |  | | con el pájaro burlar, | 1950 | | pero bien vine a pagar |  | | la loca malicia mía. |  | | A ninguno he parecido |  | | este mismo ser que soy. |  | | A todos asombros doy, | 1955 | | ando de mí mismo huido. |  | | Ya no llego a mi cabaña, |  | | mi ganado menosprecio; |  | | si tuve el cayado en precio, |  | | ni me ayuda ni acompaña. | 1960 | | Todo lo dejo olvidado, |  | | y jamás cobrarlo espero; |  | | que, de perdido, no quiero |  | | mi ganado y mi cayado. |  | | A tal desesperación | 1965 | | he venido, que he perdido |  | | mi sentido, mi vestido, |  | | mi cayado y mi zurrón. |  | | A todos parezco mal. |  | | Nadie lo que soy arguye. | 1970 | | Mi propia sombra me huye. |  | | ¿Quién ha visto pena igual? |  | | Por venganza o compasión |  | | aun no hay en mi mal testigos: |  | | los que me eran más amigos, | 1975 | | ya mis enemigos son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lástima tengo de ti. |  | | Mas yo te perdonaré |  | | Y a tu forma volveré, |  | | si una cosa haces por mí. | 1980 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué puede haber, Delio santo, |  | | difícil para servirte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero un secreto decirte: |  | | mira si te estimo en tanto. |  | | ¿Conoces un cazador | 1985 | | bellísimo de este monte, |  | | que por todo su horizonte |  | | no hay hermosura mayor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es Adonis, por ventura? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por desventura, dirás. | 1990 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la mía mucho más, |  | | que por su mucha hermosura. |  | | mi bella Camila adora |  | | ese monstruo de belleza, |  | | donde la naturaleza | 1995 | | sus riquezas atesora. |  | | ¡Nunca yo le conociera! |  | | ¡Nunca este monte habitara! |  | | El viento a verle se para, |  | | fuentes y árboles altera, | 2000 | | las ninfas que le han criado |  | | pierden el seso por él, |  | | hasta un ingrato laurel |  | | en su tronco ha suspirado. |  | | Y aun dicen, y ser podría, | 2005 | | que ha bajado a nuestro suelo, |  | | desde su tercero cielo, |  | | Venus, a verle algún día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien: lo que has de hacer |  | | es no más de irle a buscar, | 2010 | | y decirle que pasar |  | | un jabalí viste ayer, |  | | y que entiendes que está aquí; |  | | que con codicia vendrá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy. Mas decid: ¿será | 2015 | | verdad que yo vuelva en mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues que ya te perdoné, |  | | no dudes que será cierto. |  | | Busca a Adonis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy le advierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | APOLO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte]* | | Y hoy la muerte le daré. | 2020 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase APOLO, y FRONDOSO quede)* |  |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué ventura tan grande que he tenido |  | | en que Apolo, ofendido, |  | | perdonase mi culpa! |  | | Ya no seré de aquestos montes fiera. |  | | Admitió mi disculpa. | 2025 | | Mas ¿qué valle, qué prado, qué ribera |  | | tendrá al hermoso Adonis? |  | | Filomela, Coronis, |  | | Progne y tantas hermosas dulces aves, |  | | que con voces süaves | 2030 | | celebráis su hermosura, |  | | ¿qué fuente clara y pura |  | | le tiene agora, o qué florido prado? |  | | Mas ¿no es aqueste? ¡Ay, cielos! |  | | sí, pues los lirios de este arroyo helado | 2035 | | se han vestido de celos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen ADONIS, CAMILA, y ALBANIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No desprecies mi amor, deidad divina, |  | | aunque en humanos velos |  | | cubres el resplandor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camila bella, |  | | a tu Menandro inclina | 2040 | | los ojos, de piedad y amor vencidos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Con qué dichosa estrella |  | | nació de estos floridos |  | | valles la ninfa que gozar espera, |  | | en dulce matrimonio, | 2045 | | de tus años la verde primavera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De vuestro amor me basta el testimonio |  | | de tantas alabanzas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué, ¿ninguna te mueve? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Albania, yo no doy mis esperanzas | 2050 | | como el almendro loco, |  | | que la rígida nieve |  | | del Capricornio helado tiene en poco. |  | | Como el árbol discreto, el moral sabio, |  | | procedo en mi temor y en vuestro agravio. | 2055 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di, cuando burla sea, |  | | que mi amor agradeces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di, porque yo lo crea: |  | | «Mi voluntad mereces». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo que mayor daño | 2060 | | hace un fingido bien que un desengaño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A cuál, di, por lo menos. |  | | te inclinas de las dos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A cuál estiman |  | | esos ojos serenos? | 2065 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestros ruegos me fuerzan y me animan. |  | | ¿Queréis que os diga a entrambas lo que siento |  | | de vuestra pretensión y pensamiento, |  | | discreción y belleza, |  | | donde naturaleza | 2070 | | puso la ciencia del pincel cifrada? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA y CAMILA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ninguna de las dos me agrada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué montañas ásperas naciste? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tigre te dio leche, qué leona? |  | | ¿Qué Cáucaso engendró tu basilisco? | 2075 | | ¿En qué desierta, inhabitable zona, |  | | en qué Libia aprendiste |  | | esta crüel dureza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, más duro que risco |  | | en las ondas del mar inexpugnable! | 2080 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, más fiero que el viento embravecido |  | | en los Euripos, donde brama Scila! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  | | --- | | *[A Adonis]* | | Por no estorbar que Albania y que Camila |  | | te dijesen sus celos, me detuve. |  | | Por este monte sube | 2085 | | agora un jabalí cerdoso y fiero: |  | | si quieres que te sirva de montero, |  | | sígueme, Adonis, y darásle muerte |  | | con esta jabalina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Oh, buen pastor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora, Adonis fuerte, | 2090 | | quiero ver tu valor y gentileza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la huella camina, |  | | mientras mis perros llamo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues empieza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡To, Melampo! ¡To, Castor! ¡To, Menipo! |  | | Ya vienen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues al paso me anticipo. | 2095 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse FRONDOSO y ADONIS, y sale MENANDRO, y TIMBREO)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Aquí me dices que están? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, Menandro, las vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No estaba Adonis aquí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora, Menandro, van |  | | él y Frondoso ligeros | 2100 | | tras un jabalí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si busca |  | | fieras, ¿para qué se ofusca |  | | en buscar pechos más fieros? |  | | Aunque pues sois tan de cera |  | | en adorar su desdén, | 2105 | | no os viene este nombre bien: |  | | ¡el que os desprecia es la fiera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Menandro, ¿tan declarado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes, Albania, te advierto |  | | que soy galán encubierto, | 2110 | | con temor de mal pagado. |  | | No me querría embarcar |  | | donde no pueda salir; |  | | que encubierto puedo huir, |  | | y declarado esperar. | 2115 | | Hasta ver nuestros desvelos, |  | | lazos del favor hacéis, |  | | mas cuando en la red nos veis. |  | | nos matáis A puros celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi error desengañada, | 2120 | | y el oráculo advertida, |  | | quiero estimarte ofendida, |  | | y amarte desengañada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  | | --- | | [A Camila] | | Y tú, ¿qué dices de mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que agradecida a tu amor, | 2125 | | me ha pesado del rigor |  | | que te he mostrado hasta aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verdad ha venido a ser |  | | el pronóstico de Apolo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú eres mi amor, y a ti solo, | 2130 | | Menandro, pienso querer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo a ti solo, Timbreo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Gracias a amor soberano |  | | que vuestro rigor tirano |  | | conoció nuestro deseo! | 2135 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Diga adentro ADONIS)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay cielos!, ¡que me mata! |  | | ¡Socorro, Venus bella! |  | | ¿Adonde estás, señora? |  | | Pues ¿cómo aquí me dejas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué voces dolorosas, | 2140 | | pastores, son aquellas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adonis me parece, |  | | ¿si le ha muerto la fiera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ADONIS | |  | | --- | | *[Dentro]* | | ¡Ayúdame, Frondoso! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FRONDOSO con ADONIS en brazos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores de esta selva, | 2145 | | ayudadme a llorar |  | | tan mísera tragedia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es muerto el bello Adonis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FRONDOSO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cual cándida azucena, |  | | del labrador pisada, | 2150 | | inclina la cabeza. |  | | Cual oriental jacinto, |  | | cuando la noche llega, |  | | las olorosas hojas |  | | marchita, humilla y cierra. | 2155 | | Salió de aquestos robles, |  | | sobre quien ya descienda, |  | | de Júpiter tonante, |  | | la furibunda flecha, |  | | un jabalí cerdoso, | 2160 | | que por la boca abierta, |  | | en vez de blanca espuma, |  | | arrojaba centellas; |  | | yo vi donde tocaban |  | | arder la verde hierba, | 2165 | | cual suelen los rastrojos |  | | que los pastores queman. |  | | El animoso mozo, |  | | (el corazón me tiembla |  | | sólo en deciros esto) | 2170 | | salió de aquella senda, |  | | y apenas el venablo |  | | afirmado en la tierra |  | | le puso al pecho, cuando |  | | por él al suyo se entran | 2175 | | los agudos colmillos, |  | | ¡Ay cielos!, y atraviesan |  | | la carne delicada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente: ¿qué ninfa es ésta? |  | | *(Salen VENUS y CUPIDO)* |  | |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejadme ver, pastores, | 2180 | | la muerta vida de mi Adonis caro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus, de los amores |  | | diosa, ¿cómo a tu amor no diste amparo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque el hado tenía |  | | dispuesta la tragedia de este día. | 2185 | | Ponelde en este suelo. |  | | ¡Ay, mísera de mí! Póngase luto |  | | en mi tercero cielo |  | | toda estrella de amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué triste fruto | | ha dado tu esperanza! | 2190 | | Madre, quien siembra amores, viento alcanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bellísimo mancebo, |  | | envidia de los hombres y, por dicha, |  | | del mismo hermoso Febo, |  | | bien te pronosticaba esta desdicha. | 2195 | | Mas ¿qué voz o qué espejo, |  | | a la primera edad dará consejo? |  | | Mas pues que los amores |  | | pocas veces nos rinden mejor fruto |  | | de sus hermosas flores, | 2200 | | memoria de tu muerte y de mi luto |  | | quedará de esta forma: |  | | tu cuerpo en flores mi dolor transforma. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desaparezca ADONIS, y de allí salga una rama llena de flores y hojas)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué rama tan hermosa, |  | | de olorosas flores llena! | 2205 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por memoria de su pena |  | | la vuelve en ella la Diosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parécese al tornasol |  | | que tras Apolo se viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Azul y amarillo. Tiene | 2210 | | colores de cielo y sol. |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que mi Adonis querido |  | | es muerto, y su roja sangre |  | | se ha vuelto en aquestas flores, |  | | no es justo que de amor trate. | 2215 | | Yo me quiero recoger |  | | entre las monjas vestales. |  | | No me busques más, Cupido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vos monja? ¡Qué disparate! |  | | Cuando yo fuere fraile, madre; | 2220 | | madre, cuando yo fuere fraile. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois para monja muy dama: |  | | Cupido os conoce, y sabe |  | | que no lo podréis sufrir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré, que la causa es grande. | 2225 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que vos os consolaréis, |  | | como las mujeres hacen; |  | | que lloran al primer día, |  | | y al segundo hacen donaire. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creáis que me consuele, | 2230 | | ni que deje de encerrarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callad, madre: no creáis |  | | que dejaréis los galanes, |  | | las ventanas, los favores, |  | | las joyas, los ricos trajes, | 2235 | | los billetes y los celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nadie, del mundo, me trate. |  | | Al templo de Vesta voy: |  | | allí no me busque nadie. |  | | Monja quiero ser, y quiero | 2240 | | que treinta rejas me guarden. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando yo fuere fraile, madre; |  | | madre, cuando yo fuere fraile. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya para mí murió el mundo, |  | | galas, músicas y trajes. | 2245 | | Todo se acabó en Adonis, |  | | que muerto a mis ojos yace. |  | | Con él se acabó mi vida, |  | | y comienzan mis pesares. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TIMBREO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aquí la Tragicomedia | 2250 | | del bello Adonis acabe. |  | | | |