**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Amor Enamorado***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *SIRENA, ninfa* |  |
| *ALCINO, labrador* |  |
| *DAPHNE, ninfa* |  |
| *SILVIA, labradora* |  |
| *BATO, villano* |  |
| *PHEBO* |  |
| *ARISTEO, príncipe de Tesalia* |  |
| *PENEO, río* |  |
| *COREBO, criado* |  |
| *VENUS, diosa* |  |
| *CUPIDO* |  |
| *LA LUNA* |  |
| *DIANA, diosa* |  |
| *JÚPITER* |  |
| *LISENO, padre de Sirena* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Jornada I** | |
|  | |
| *Sale SIRENA, ninfa, huyendo* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Júpiter, sacra deidad, |  | | piedad si no falta en vos, |  | | que dejarais de ser dios |  | | si os faltase la piedad: |  | | blasón de la majestad | 5 | | es tenerla aunque castigue, |  | | y a que la espere me obligue; |  | | que no me hubiérades hecho |  | | para ser alma del pecho |  | | de una fiera que me sigue. | 10 | | No sé por dónde dilate |  | | el pecho, de temor lleno; |  | | ¡cielos, volvedme veneno |  | | porque al comerme le mate! |  | | Cuando esta venganza trate, | 15 | | justo fue si muero ansí; |  | | pero, ¡qué necia, ¡ay de mí!, |  | | a tal remedio os provoco; |  | | que fuera veneno poco |  | | para el que ella tiene en sí! | 20 | | Ya, Silvia, pues no hay favor |  | | en los dioses, montes, dadme |  | | socorro, o precipitadme: |  | | será piadoso rigor; |  | | no hay muerte como el temor, | 25 | | aunque después me la den; |  | | peñas, encubridme bien, |  | | creced, robles, aumentad |  | | las ramas; ¡cielos, piedad, |  | | mis padres matáis también! | 30 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale ALCINO, labrador, galán)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquí pienso que fue; |  | | éstas son, ¡ay suerte mía!, |  | | de las flores que cogía, |  | | y debe el prado a su pie. |  | | ¿Si la hallaré? ¿Si podré?... | 35 | | ¡Oh, esperanzas! ¡Oh, temores! |  | | Pero ¿qué señas mejores |  | | que pies de tal perfección? |  | | aunque no sé cuáles son |  | | las estampas o las flores. | 40 | | ¡Oh, prado, que no me des |  | | nuevas della en tantas penas, |  | | por donde van azucenas |  | | las de sus hermosos pies! |  | | Jazmín, pues morir me ves, | 45 | | ¿por dónde va mi jazmín? |  | | Poned a su curso fin, |  | | tenedla, campos helados, |  | | si os queréis volver en prados, |  | | que va corriendo un jardín. | 50 | | Aquí cayeron ahora, |  | | y aún con lágrimas también, |  | | que como perlas se ven |  | | sí pasó como la aurora; |  | | pues si en vuestras hojas llora, | 55 | | habla, azahar; habla, clavel; |  | | pero ¿qué bulto es aquel |  | | que detrás de aquella peña |  | | más temor que cuerpo enseña, |  | | si está mi esperanza en él? | 60 | | ¿Eres tú, Sirena mía? |  | | ¿Eres tú, mi bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien te ha llorado después |  | | que tu muerte presumía: |  | | creí que muerto te había | 65 | | el fiero animal impío; |  | | pero fue gran desvarío, |  | | pues ningún cuerpo vivió |  | | después que el alma faltó; |  | | que eres tú el alma del mío. | 70 | | Desciende, mi luz, desciende. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | Estoy temblando. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No impida |  | | temor tus pies; que mi vida |  | | es quien la tuya defiende. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temor, Alcino, me ofende, | 75 | | de nieve mi vuelve el pie. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes, señora, lo fue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desciendo en tu confianza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven a alentar mi esperanza, |  | | ya que no puedes la fe. | 80 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Ella baja)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo me hallaste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguí |  | | las flores que habías perdido, |  | | lenguas por donde he venido, |  | | que me dijeron de ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¿Las flores te hablaron? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; | 85 | | y no fue la vez primera, |  | | ni fuera error, aunque fuera |  | | para peligros mayores, |  | | el preguntar a las flores |  | | por la misma primavera. | 90 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo tú pudieras ser |  | | de mi corazón sosiego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pagado me has todo el fuego |  | | en que el mío siento arder; |  | | en la sangre puede hacer | 95 | | esa inquietud algún mal. |  | | ¿En qué te traeré el cristal |  | | desta fuente, que algún día |  | | en mis ojos le traía, |  | | del alma fuente inmortal? | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esos eran los cristales |  | | que la mía estima en más: |  | | voy a beber. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beberás |  | | en búcaro de corales: |  | | ya que a recibirla sales | 105 | | para ser cristal en rosa, |  | | no heredes, fuente dichosa, |  | | la lisonja de Narciso: |  | | pero ya tarde te aviso; |  | | que es la causa más hermosa. | 110 | | Ya que su boca a tus hielos |  | | hizo tan alto favor, |  | | no dejes beber, pastor, |  | | que me matarás de celos; |  | | luego te convierte en hielos; | 115 | | siendo en tu campo sereno |  | | copa de ardiente veneno, |  | | y agua de ámbar para mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | Yo bebí, Alcino. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo vi |  | | el clavel de perlas lleno; | 120 | | pero en esta envidia loca, |  | | tu boca fue el instrumento, |  | | y el agua mi pensamiento, |  | | que se acercaba a tu boca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Galán estás y discreto. | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cosas hace el pensar, |  | | si fuese en todo lugar |  | | la imaginación efeto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puesto que me has obligado |  | | con tal fácil desatino, | 130 | | más que discreto, mi Alcino, |  | | te quisiera enamorado. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen DAFNE, ninfa, SILVIA y BATO, villanos rústicos)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¿Que tú la viste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alahé, |  | | que la vi subido en somo |  | | de un cerro, y que tiene el lomo, | 135 | | que de conchas no se ve. |  | | ¿No habéis visto la corteza |  | | de un jaspe? Tal es la piel |  | | como que arrojó el pincel |  | | sobre la naturaleza; | 140 | | como murciélago son |  | | las alas, y llenas de ojos |  | | verdes, dorados y rojos, |  | | sin ser ruedas de pavón; |  | | en lo que es dellas más tierno, | 145 | | estrellas se dejan ver |  | | de plata, si puede haber |  | | estrellas en el infierno; |  | | en la reverenda cola, |  | | bien puede, Dafne, caber | 150 | | la tienda de un mercader: |  | | ¿qué digo una tienda sola? |  | | ¡Voto al sol, toda una praza! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre las gracias de Bato, |  | | como le cuesta barato, | 155 | | es mentir con linda traza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿tampoco creerás |  | | que tien la barriga verde |  | | en redondo, Dios me acuerde, |  | | cuarenta varas y más? | 160 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué graciosa impertinencia! |  | | ¿Cómo se puede saber? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un sastre lo dijo ayer, |  | | hombre de buena conciencia, |  | | que le tomó la medida | 165 | | para hacelle mi verdugado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Silvia, a mí me da cuidado |  | | o verdadera o fingida: |  | | y la cara ¿cómo es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no es cosa tan fea; | 170 | | mas no hay hombre que la vea |  | | que pueda vivir después; |  | | un reinoceronte es nada, |  | | es un peñasco de hielos, |  | | es una mujer con celos, | 175 | | es una suegra enojada; |  | | un pedregoso barranco |  | | es la frente, y tien por crin |  | | las cerdas de un puerco espín |  | | labradas de negro y branco; | 180 | | la nariz como guadaña, |  | | y los ojos dos incendios |  | | cercados de escolopendrios |  | | en vez de ceja y pestaña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dafnes, el miedo sería | 185 | | quien a mentir le provoca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tres varas tiene de boca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tres varas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si cada día, |  | | como a los ganados venga, |  | | se almuerza cuatro cochinos | 190 | | y diez corderos añinos, |  | | ¿qué boca quieres que tenga? |  | | Ayer se comió un pastor, |  | | que le alcanzó de una encina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay dioses, tanta rüina | 195 | | tanto mal, tanto rigor! |  | | ¿Es Sirena aquélla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | y Alcino el que está con ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¡Mi Sirena! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dafne bella, |  | | ¿adónde vais por aquí? | 200 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amaneció con el día |  | | esta serpiente cruel |  | | en el prado; y como en él |  | | tan poco reparo había, |  | | venimos al monte huyendo | 205 | | Bato, Silvia y yo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La tierra |  | | se despuebla, y en la sierra |  | | van las aldeas haciendo |  | | una ciudad populosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tanto sabes, Alcino, | 210 | | ¿por qué culpa o qué destino |  | | esta sierpe venenosa |  | | vino a Tesalia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Anteayer |  | | contaba un sabio pastor |  | | la causa deste rigor. | 215 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A todos harás placer |  | | en referir lo que sabes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diré, Dafne, lo que sé, |  | | que de Doristo escuché |  | | y de otros pastores graves. | 220 | | Después que el alto Jove omnipotente, |  | | de aquel abismo en sombras sumergido |  | | sacó el mundo invisible, y el presente |  | | por tantos siglos en eterno olvido, |  | | dos causas, la materia y la eficiente, | 225 | | estaban para ser, no habiendo sido, |  | | en acto aquésta y en potencia aquélla, |  | | y entre las dos naturaleza bella. |  | | Una era cielo en altos movimientos, |  | | y otra era tierra en firme compostura; | 230 | | mas como dividió los elementos, |  | | salió la luz resplandeciente y pura: |  | | fúlgida antorcha obscureció los vientos, |  | | globo de plata la tiniebla obscura, |  | | bordaron el zafir diamantes claros, | 235 | | del siempre cano mar brillantes faros. |  | | La verde tierra, ya del fruto amago, |  | | se entapizó de hierbas y de ramas, |  | | cubriendo en agua el ara y viento vago, |  | | al fénix plumas y al delfín escamas; | 240 | | no conocían el horrible estrago |  | | de Marte fiero, y sus ardientes llamas, |  | | los hombres que en la edad de oro vivían, |  | | ni en los comunes términos partían. |  | | Tras ésta, la de plata y la de cobre, | 245 | | en que va comenzaba la malicia |  | | y molestar con fuerza el rico al pobre, |  | | volviéndose a los cielos la justicia: |  | | no permiten, airados, que la cobre, |  | | creciendo la maldad y la codicia, | 250 | | en la de hierro, con que vio la tierra |  | | hurto, traición, mentira, incendio y guerra. |  | | De los gigantes, el mayor, Tifonte, |  | | subir intenta a la región divina, |  | | poniendo un monte encima de otro monte, | 255 | | a quien airado Júpiter fulmina; |  | | después, con más rigor, todo horizonte |  | | cubrir de tantas aguas determina, |  | | que el alto extremo, exento al aire y hielo, |  | | apenas viese del Olimpo el cielo. | 260 | | Soberbia tempestad la tierra inunda; |  | | las nubes ríos, las estrellas fuentes; |  | | témplase el cielo, y su piedad redunda |  | | en dar nuevos al sol rayos lucientes: |  | | volvió la tierra a ser la vez segunda, | 265 | | y se dejó pisar de sus vivientes, |  | | produciendo más fértiles al hombre |  | | cuantas naturalezas tienen nombre. |  | | Entre las fieras hórridas famosa, |  | | que entre los partos de la tierra estimo | 270 | | por la más estupenda y prodigiosa, |  | | tanto, que aun a pintarla no me animo, |  | | nació Fitón, serpiente venenosa, |  | | del gran calor del sol y húmido limo, |  | | tanto, que por la parte se corría | 275 | | que en su disforme producción tenía. |  | | Esta destruye la Tesalia ahora, |  | | cuya fama cruel el mundo admira |  | | por cuanto ilustra la oriental aurora, |  | | y donde el sol en negra sombra expira: | 280 | | ganados despedaza, hombres devora, |  | | y Júpiter airado, que los mira, |  | | mientras que más sus aras vuelven jaspe, |  | | más duro está que bárbaro arimaspe. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro gran ruido de silbos y hondas, diciendo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Huid, pastores, huid, | 285 | | que desciende de la cumbre |  | | del monte la sierpe al valle! |  | | ¡Todo lo tala y destruye! |  | | ¡Huid! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Júpiter santo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esta vez, Silvia, me sume | 290 | | Fitón en su escuro vientre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Huye, Bato! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dafne, huye! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  | | --- | | ¡Por aquí, Sirena! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, triste! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tropezando los unos en los otros huyen, quedando BATO en el suelo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa que no me ocupe |  | | frío temor: ¡muerto soy! | 295 | | Ceres y Baco me ayuden. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FEBO con su arco y flechas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi cuarta esfera al suelo |  | | bajo, penetrando nubes, |  | | a los montes de Tesalia, |  | | que tristes voces confunden; | 300 | | quejas de un fiero animal, |  | | envueltas en llanto suben |  | | a mis dorados palacios; |  | | su luz eclipsan y cubren. |  | | Dejé el carro a discreción | 305 | | de Flegón y Etonte; alumbren |  | | el mundo, y las ruedas de oro |  | | la región etérea sulquen; |  | | que basta que el primer móvil, |  | | que tantos Cielos incluve. | 310 | | desde la aurora los lleve |  | | donde su término cumplen, |  | | hasta que en sueño y silencio |  | | la obscura noche sepulte, |  | | a las sierras, soledades, | 315 | | y a los hombres, pesadumbres. |  | | Tomé el arco, y las saetas |  | | pintadas al hombro puse, |  | | antes que otro de los dioses |  | | tan alta hazaña me usurpe; | 320 | | que la envidia y la ambición |  | | no hay cosa que no perturben, |  | | así en imperiales solios, |  | | como, en pajizas techumbres. |  | | Voy en busca de la fiera; | 325 | | mas ya la tierra descubre |  | | uno de los hombres muertos, |  | | por donde le siga y busque; |  | | pero no lo está del todo. |  | | ¿Vives, hombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Venus dulce, | 330 | | Febo dorado, favor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alza el rostro, no te turbes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres, señora sierpe? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Hombre, escucha. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que la escuche? |  | | Esta vez, por el pescuezo | 335 | | al estómago me engulle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Estás herido? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ve |  | | la sangre que se me escurre |  | | qué arromadizada viene? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Oye, necio. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me hurgue; | 340 | | que cosquillas de una sierpe |  | | no hay hueso que no machuquen; |  | | cómame junto, por Dios, |  | | pero no me despachurre; |  | | manido estoy, no haya miedo | 345 | | que la haga mal en el buche. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si estás herido, yo soy |  | | el primero que compuse |  | | aforismos medicables; |  | | muestra el pecho, ¿qué rehuyes? | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, que me muque, señores! |  | | ¡Ay, señores, que me muque! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Levanta, bestia. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es sierpe? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Aun no dejas que te cure? |  | | Médico soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tarde viene: | 355 | | no he menester que me purgue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | ¿No estás herido? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no; |  | | que estas verdes alegustres |  | | donde huyendo tropecé, |  | | de no le ver me disculpen. | 360 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por adónde va Fitón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, no me lo pregunte: |  | | así Dios le dé salud. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Villano vil, no te excuses, |  | | que tú me la has de enseñar. | 365 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo cómo, si nunca supe |  | | por adónde van las sierpes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hayas miedo que te injurie |  | | yendo conmigo; que soy |  | | Febo, el autor de la lumbre | 370 | | celestial; yo soy Apolo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Pollo, el que nos hunde |  | | a rayos en el verano, |  | | y en el invierno se escurre; |  | | por acá los labradores | 375 | | se quejan que no madure |  | | las cosas cuando es sazón, |  | | que unas cría y otras pudre; |  | | y también los segadores, |  | | que dicen que los aturde, | 380 | | porque no hay vino que beban, |  | | que al momento no le suden. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina, ignorante, y dime, |  | | antes que Fitón se oculte, |  | | dónde le tengo de hallar. | 385 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mire, señor, que se aburre, |  | | porque se le ha de mamar |  | | como a higo por Octubre; |  | | tenga lástima a sus años, |  | | porque dan las juventudes | 390 | | dolor si en agraz se van. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Camina. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí no me culpe, |  | | pues él por fuerza me lleva; |  | | pero diga, ansí se enjugue |  | | de las aguas del invierno | 395 | | entre sus martas azules, |  | | si es sol que todo lo ve, |  | | ¿no es necedad que procure |  | | que yo le enseñe la sierpe? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Villano, no me disgustes! | 400 | | Ahora soy cazador; |  | | saetas llevo, y no luces, |  | | con que deste al otro polo |  | | no hay cosa que dificulte. |  | | Ven sin temor; que me aflige | 405 | | ver lo que esta tierra sufre: |  | | que sólo es digna de Febo |  | | una hazaña tan ilustre. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen ARISTEO, Príncipe de Tesalia, y COREBO, criado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COREBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No está lejos Vuestra Alteza |  | | de la gruta donde vive. | 410 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya mi pecho se apercibe, |  | | Dafne hermosa, a tu belleza, |  | | honor de naturaleza |  | | y gloria de mi deseo; |  | | que no ha de negar Peneo, | 415 | | aunque tan ilustre río, |  | | su hija a mi amor, por mío, |  | | y a mi ser por Aristeo. |  | | Príncipe heredero soy |  | | de Tesalia. ¿A quién pudiera | 420 | | dar su hija que fe diera |  | | la nobleza que le doy? |  | | ¡Perdido por ella estoy! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COREBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien, señor, lo manifiestas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vi, Corebo, en unas fiestas | 425 | | a Dafne, donde excedía |  | | cuantas damas aquel día |  | | las adornaron compuestas; |  | | como el diamante al rubí, |  | | como la rosa a la flor, | 430 | | y el ámbar a todo olor, |  | | vencer a todas la vi: |  | | todos los sentidos di |  | | al primero movimiento; |  | | y viendo mi entendimiento | 435 | | tan dulce imaginación |  | | solicitó su atención |  | | por la vista el pensamiento. |  | | Rendíle, en fin, por los ojos |  | | cuanto supo y pudo amor, | 440 | | como suele al vencedor |  | | el rendido los despojos; |  | | mas creciendo los enojos |  | | de una pena tan suave, |  | | rompió el secreto la llave. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COREBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta es la cueva, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La esperanza de mi amor, |  | | Hoy, en posesión acabe. |  | | *(Descúbrese el río PENEO en su gruta)* |  | | ¡Oh! Tú, famoso e ínclito Peneo, |  | | que entre el Olimpo y Osa | 450 | | riegas el Tempe, que con pies de rosa |  | | recibe tu cristal en su deseo: |  | | escucha atento al Príncipe Aristeo, |  | | si no perturba el aire hasta tu oído |  | | de las sonoras aguas el rüido; | 455 | | levanta la cabeza, coronada |  | | de tantas varias flores, y la copia |  | | de fructíferas ramas esmaltada, |  | | digno blasón de tu grandeza propia. |  | | El Nilo por Egipto y Etiopía, | 460 | | el Gange por la India, y cuantos sorbe |  | | el mar por todo el orbe, |  | | te rindan vasallaje. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Aristeo, |  | | ese te debe sólo a ti Peneo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabes, claro río, | 465 | | a que me trae el pensamiento mío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tendréme por dichoso |  | | en que mi yerno seas, |  | | pues de Dafne deseas, |  | | príncipe, ser esposo, | 470 | | y ella también será con estas bodas |  | | hermosa reina de las ninfas todas |  | | que habitan mi ribera; |  | | vuelve a tu casa y confiado espera. |  | | que en sabiendo su gusto, pues es justo, | 475 | | te la dará mi amor con mayor gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la nobleza de tu heroico pecho |  | | partiré satisfecho; |  | | que no es razón que un río semideo |  | | pueda volver atrás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parte, Aristeo; | 480 | | porque, entre cuantas cosas tienen nombre, |  | | los ríos solamente |  | | nunca vuelven atrás de su corriente; |  | | ejemplo para el hombre, |  | | si es hombre el que no cumple lo que dice. | 485 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo te prospere de aguas puras. |  | | ¡Oh dulce auspicio de mi amor felice! |  | | ¡Oh tiempo, pues por todo te apresuras, |  | | pasa por mí veloz con alas nuevas, |  | | pero en dándome a Dafne no te muevas! | 490 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Él se va por una parte, y DAFNE entra por otra, y SILVIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gente de la ciudad, Silvia: ¿qué es esto? |  | | ¿y con mi padre hablando? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estarán por ventura consultando |  | | tu casamiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre fue molesto |  | | ese cansado nombre a mis oídos. | 495 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué galanes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Menos que maridos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No parece mujer, pues en naciendo, |  | | ese nombre les abre los sentidos, |  | | ni viven otra cosa persuadiendo |  | | a sus padres jamás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo no entiendo | 500 | | darle esa pesadumbre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dafne mía, |  | | escucha! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh padre mío! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vienes a lo que el Príncipe venía? |  | | Merece amor, cuidado ha sido justo, |  | | puesto que más en esta parte fío | 505 | | de tu elección que de mi propio gusto. |  | | Él es el heredero |  | | de Tesalia y de Marte, |  | | en cuya militar doctrina y arte |  | | al mas ejercitado le prefiero. | 510 | | ¿Qué respondes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amado padre mío, |  | | bien sabes que a las selvas me desvío, |  | | huyendo, así de dioses como de hombres, |  | | no sólo las personas, mas los nombres. |  | | Yo soy ninfa del coro | 515 | | de la casta Diana; |  | | perdona si el respeto, si el decoro |  | | por ley divina y obediencia humana |  | | debido a obligaciones naturales, |  | | fuera de prendas tales, | 520 | | te pierdo, pues no puedo obedecerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PENEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuando esperaba de Tesalia verte, |  | | Dafne, reina y señora, y que me dieras |  | | nietos que en mis riberas |  | | los viera yo mancebos, | 525 | | ya Martes, y ya Febos, |  | | correr gallardos persiguiendo fieras, |  | | inobediente y loca me respondes? |  | | ¡Qué bien al grande amor que me has debido, |  | | y a tus obligaciones, correspondes! | 530 | | Pues no me verás más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Padre querido! |  | | Metióse entre las ondas, y cubrióse |  | | de un pabellón de plata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre las aguas va diciendo: «¡Ingrata!» |  | | con murmurar sonoro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Permitióse, | 535 | | Silvia, jamás a ninfa de Diana |  | | que se casase? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que es locura vana |  | | esto de ninfas: la naturaleza |  | | hizo para los hombres la belleza |  | | por aumentar el mundo. | 540 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si un hombre fuera Júpiter segundo, |  | | rey del supremo imperio, |  | | o por este hemisferio |  | | tuviera la belleza de Narciso, |  | | le tuviera en los céspedes que piso: | 545 | | aborrezco los hombres, esto es cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | Enojarás a Venus. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te advierto |  | | que della, y de su hijo mal nacido |  | | no se me da... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente, que Cupido |  | | es un dios que a los dioses inmortales | 550 | | hace temblar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sus bienes y sus males |  | | son para gente loca, ociosa y vana: |  | | yo soy ninfa del coro de Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, tanto coro y tanto dianizarte! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Váyase Venus a casar con Marte! | 555 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Baje VENUS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dafne, entre cuantas ninfas |  | | viven estas verdes selvas, |  | | tan soberbia como hermosa, |  | | y como hermosa soberbia: |  | | ¿qué blasonas, qué presumes, | 560 | | ingrata a naturaleza, |  | | que no crió a la hermosura |  | | para vivir entre fieras? |  | | ¿Sabes que soy de quien hablas? |  | | ¿Sabes que los dioses tiemblan | 565 | | del menor rayo une influya |  | | mi dulce amorosa estrella? |  | | ¿Sabes que es mi hijo Amor? |  | | ¿Sabes que en las almas reina? |  | | ¿Sabes que no se resiste | 570 | | pecho mortal de sus flechas? |  | | ¿Sabes que aquella armonía |  | | que el cielo y tierra gobierna |  | | es Amor? ¿Sabes que están |  | | pendientes de su cadena | 575 | | los elementos que pone |  | | en paz de su eterna guerra? |  | | ¿Sabes que es concordia Amor, |  | | y que el cielo se sustenta |  | | en paz, moviendo sus orbes | 580 | | concertada inteligencia? |  | | ¿Por qué el matrimonio huyes, |  | | pues tu mismo ser te enseña |  | | que alma y cuerpo están casados |  | | como el agua con la tierra? | 585 | | ¿Qué fiera corre este campo, |  | | qué ave en el aire vuela, |  | | que hasta tener compañía |  | | viva contenta y quieta? |  | | ¿Burlas mis razones, Dafne? | 590 | | ¿Risa en mi propia presencia? |  | | Pues ¡por Júpiter sagrado... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No prosigas, aunque sea |  | | atrevimiento al respeto |  | | debido por ley eterna | 595 | | a las celestes deidades, |  | | porque no has de hacer que tema |  | | ni de tu estrella los rayos, |  | | ni de tu hijo las flechas. |  | | Yo sirvo y amo a Diana; | 600 | | si eres diosa, diosa es ella |  | | que templará como luna |  | | cuanto abrasares cometa, |  | | voyme a buscar, sin temerte, |  | | la soledad de las selvas; | 605 | | que más que escuchar los hombres, |  | | estimo el tratar con fieras. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay atrevimiento igual? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, aunque voy con ella, |  | | no soy tan bárbara y loca; | 610 | | suplícole que me tenga |  | | en posesión de mujer |  | | para cuanto me acontezca; |  | | y sepa Su Majestad |  | | que ninguna cosa llega | 615 | | a ser más mal empleada |  | | que hermosura en mujer necia. |  | | ¿A los hombres quiere mal? |  | | Que la imite no lo creas. |  | | ¿Qué me han hecho a mí los hombres | 620 | | porque yo los aborrezca? |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con razón quedo corrida. |  | | ¡Amor, amor! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale CUPIDO con arco y flechas: harále mujer, en hábito corto y bizarro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulce reina, |  | | dulce madre, dulce diosa, |  | | dulce llama, dulce estrella. | 625 | | ¿Qué me mandas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No estoy yo |  | | para que tan tierno vengas, |  | | puesto que te doy los brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy amor, hablo en mi lengua: |  | | mas ¿quién te ha dado ocasión | 630 | | para el enojo que muestras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una ninfa de Diana, |  | | un hielo, un alma de piedra, |  | | aquí con mil libertades, |  | | de nuestra deidad blasfema, | 635 | | de nuestro poder se ríe, |  | | de amar los hombres se afrenta. |  | | No eres mi hijo, Cupido, |  | | ni permito que me debas |  | | las alas de que formaste | 640 | | las plumas de tus saetas; |  | | pondré el amor en tu hermano, |  | | no dejaré que me veas |  | | eternamente la cara, |  | | si de Dafne no me vengas. | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conozco a Dafne; hoy haré |  | | que de amores enloquezca; |  | | haréla llorar de celos, |  | | haré que con tristes quejas |  | | y lágrimas rompa el aire, | 650 | | y el seco prado humedezca; |  | | no ha de vivir sólo un punto |  | | con quietud. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venganza fuera |  | | fácil; mas temo a Diana, |  | | que luego me dice afrentas, | 655 | | mis adulterios infama, |  | | y la red de hierro alega |  | | con la risa de los dioses |  | | cuando me vieron en ella |  | | con el dios de las batallas; | 660 | | también dice que en la tierra |  | | quise a Adonis, que hoy es flor, |  | | y que lloré la tragedia |  | | del sangriento jabalí |  | | entre las mirras sabeas | 665 | | de los campos orientales. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo quieres que emprenda |  | | tu venganza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Enamorando |  | | della a quien ella no quiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabes, madre y señora, | 670 | | que el Amor tiene dos flechas: |  | | una de plomo, otra de oro; |  | | la de plomo es cosa cierta |  | | que causa aborrecimiento; |  | | hiriendo a Dafne con ella, | 675 | | y con la de oro algún dios, |  | | ten por segura la fuerza, |  | | porque al supremo poder |  | | no puede haber resistencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será discreta venganza. | 680 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si es venganza discreta, |  | | ata con cintas de nácar |  | | el carro de oro las bellas |  | | palomas de jazmín puro; |  | | vuelve a tu luciente esfera, | 685 | | que yo la pondré por obra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De aquellas rosas que engendra |  | | el sacro monte Pangeo, |  | | producidas de mis venas, |  | | te prometo una guirnalda. | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Juno, si Palas fuera, |  | | te han de rendir vasallaje. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guardaos, mujeres soberbias; |  | | que anda enojado el Amor: |  | | amad, o temed sus flechas. | 695 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FEBO y BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¿Viste la sierpe? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya vi |  | | el fiero animal gigante. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si le tienes delante, |  | | déjame volver a mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero que seas testigo | 700 | | de que la sierpe maté. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin verlo lo juraré |  | | y sin que vaya contigo, |  | | al uso, de la ciudad, |  | | adonde hay tantos que juran, | 705 | | que escriben y que procuran |  | | lo que nunca fue verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Júpiter, que mira el suelo, |  | | les dará justo castigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No teme el falso testigo | 710 | | a Júpiter ni a su cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Súbete a ese monte, Bato, |  | | y estarás seguro en él. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya silba el monstruo cruel, |  | | del mismo infierno retrato. | 715 | | Huid las sangrientas garras |  | | de Fitón, ninfas, huid; |  | | pastores, trepad, subid |  | | por esas pardas pizarras; |  | | ya se acerca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Extraño horror | 720 | | me pone el fiero vestiglo, |  | | que desde el primero siglo |  | | no le vio el mundo mayor. |  | | *(Sale la sierpe echando fuego)* |  | | Vertiendo fuego me espera: |  | | ¡Júpiter, dame favor! | 725 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mátale presto, señor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo haré que a mis manos muera; |  | | cumplió el cielo mi esperanza; |  | | bizarro tiro: cayó. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Voto al sol, que le acertó | 730 | | por la mitad de la panza! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Baja, Bato; que ya está |  | | vertiendo sangre en el prado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun no estoy asegurado |  | | hacia la cueva se va. | 735 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cortaréle la cabeza |  | | para ponella en el templo |  | | de Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois ejemplo |  | | de valor y fortaleza. |  | | Ninfas, pastores, bajad | 740 | | de los montes a los prados: |  | | los escondidos ganados |  | | por el valle apacentad; |  | | ya puede el rojo arrebol |  | | dorar la cándida lana | 745 | | desde la fresca mañana |  | | hasta que se ponga el sol; |  | | ya con las flechas felices |  | | rompió sus manos feroces. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen DAFNE, SIRENA, SILVIA y ALCINO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato, ¿de qué son las voces? | 750 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato, ¿qué victoria dices? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú alegre en esta ocasión? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú sin miedo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, alahé; |  | | pues ¿no queréis que lo esté?, |  | | si Febo ha muerto a Fitón? | 755 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¿Muerto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y cortándole está |  | | la cabeza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digna hazaña |  | | de un dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la montaña |  | | bajan los pastores ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La fama, desde nosotras, | 760 | | con mil lenguas importunas, |  | | quita los ecos de unas |  | | para ponerlos en otras; |  | | ya se junta todo el valle |  | | para dalle el parabién. | 765 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya vuestros ojos le ven. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Lindo aspecto! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hermoso talle! |  | | *(Sale FEBO con la cabeza)* |  | | Hincaos de rodillas todos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato, de rodillas ponte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde lejos, que aún la temo; | 770 | | verá qué hocico y cogote |  | | que tenía el buen Fitón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venid seguros, pastores, |  | | que el arco de Febo ha muerto |  | | la destrucción de los montes, | 775 | | el incendio de los valles |  | | y el veneno de los bosques, |  | | para que su protector |  | | de hoy más Tesalia me nombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Libertador de la patria, | 780 | | por eternos siglos goces |  | | la gloria de tanta hazaña. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú solo mereces nombre |  | | de vencedor inmortal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tus pies, Febo, se postre | 785 | | cuanto por el cielo ilustras, |  | | cuanto alumbras por el orbe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tus sacras aras, Febo, |  | | ofrezcan mirras y aloes |  | | los más apartados indios. | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En grandes obligaciones |  | | nos ha puesto su mercé; |  | | Dios se lo pague y le torne |  | | con bien de cualquier camino |  | | que vaya del Sur al Norte; | 795 | | que cierto que mos comía |  | | ese maldito serpoche |  | | en montañas y en aldeas, |  | | los ganados y los hombres, |  | | ni mos quedaba cochino, | 800 | | aunque su mercé perdone, |  | | que en verdad que los perniles |  | | bien merecen que se nombren; |  | | ni cabritos, ni terneras, |  | | ni conejos, ni pichones, | 805 | | ni mondonguinos, ni gansos; |  | | pues gallinas, diez o doce, |  | | sin pedir una toalla |  | | ni un panecillo, zampóse |  | | de un espetón muchas veces, | 810 | | sin que las plumas lo estorben: |  | | pues lo que es leche no es nada |  | | aunque lo cuente a la postre: |  | | de veinte o treinta calderas, |  | | apenas dejaba el cobre. | 815 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro relinchos; pastores y pastoras, con instrumentos, cantando y bailando, y CUPIDO detrás de ellos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la gala de Febo |  | | cantad, pastores, |  | | y coronen sus aras |  | | rosas y flores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | UNA VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Del claro Peneo | 820 | | las verdes riberas, |  | | de Arcadia los bosques, |  | | de Tempe las selvas, |  | | a ofrecerle vengan |  | | precisos dones, | 825 | | y coronen sus aras |  | | rosas y flores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Invisible entre esa gente |  | | rústica, bárbara y pobre, |  | | me trae una noble envidia | 830 | | de ver que a Febo coronen |  | | por disparar una flecha, |  | | pues de todo su horizonte |  | | no queda pastor o ninfa |  | | que no le celebre y loe. | 835 | | ¡Qué vanaglorioso está! |  | | ¡Qué soberbio se antepone |  | | a las deidades celestes! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre estas peñas y robles |  | | un templo tiene mi hermana, | 840 | | la hermosa Diana, adonde |  | | descansa cuando en las selvas, |  | | fieras sigue, ciervos corre; |  | | porque es Diosa de la caza, |  | | y porque Arcadia la invoque, | 845 | | la cabeza de Fitón |  | | quiero que su templo adorne. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, de tu victoria alegre, |  | | los blancos velos descoge. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(El templo se abra, y se vea DIANA en altar con un venablo y un perro al lado, como la pintan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre tus sacros trofeos | 850 | | permite, Diosa triforme, |  | | que a tu noble templo ofrezcan |  | | pastores y cazadores, |  | | tenga lugar esta fiera, |  | | porque no es justo que honre | 855 | | otro altar victoria mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo, tan grandes favores |  | | sólo mi amor los merece; |  | | cuantos tigres y leones |  | | tiene el Asia, cuantas fieras | 860 | | y armados rinocerontes, |  | | no pudieran ser despojos, |  | | ni en todo el mundo mayores, |  | | que de Fitón la cabeza; |  | | esta ilustre y sobredore | 865 | | los demás triunfos y ofrendas |  | | con que mis aras componen; |  | | cuando en las selvas Diana, |  | | y cuando Luna en la noche, |  | | a honrarme vendré con gusto | 870 | | de una fiera tan disforme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No por lustros y olimpiadas, |  | | pastores, de hoy más se note |  | | mi triunfo, sino por años; |  | | mirad que esta ley impone | 875 | | Febo en premio desta hazaña |  | | porque mi victoria logre |  | | la memoria que merece; |  | | y quiero que nombre tomen, |  | | estas fiestas que instituyo | 880 | | de Fitón, juegos fitones. |  | | Daré premio a los que fueren |  | | ya en la lucha los mejores, |  | | ya en correr, ya en hacer versos, |  | | en otras gracias conformes | 885 | | la fiesta de aquel día. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  | | --- | | ¡Viva Febo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Marte asombre |  | | este triunfo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Víctor, Febo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cantad y ofrecedle flores. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la gala de Febo | 890 | | cantad, pastores, etc. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todos se van cantando; quedan FEBO y CUPIDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ha llegado ningún dios, |  | | de cuantos sobre las torres |  | | cristalinas de los cielos |  | | tienen asiento en sus orbes, | 895 | | a tanta fama, a tal gloria, |  | | a tal triunfo, a tanto nombre? |  | | Vulcano es un vil herrero, |  | | ¿qué importa que rayos forje? |  | | Mercurio un tratante humilde, | 900 | | estafeta de la corte |  | | de los dioses celestiales; |  | | pues Marte, de que interrompe |  | | la paz del mundo se alabe, |  | | y de formar escuadrones, | 905 | | rizar plumas, limpiar armas, |  | | lanzas, espadas y estoques; |  | | pues Neptuno, con sus vientos |  | | y sus delfines veloces, |  | | ¿quién puede ser? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no puedo, | 910 | | Febo, sufrir que blasones, |  | | afrentando las deidades, |  | | ni que a presumir te arrojes |  | | por una hazaña tan vil, |  | | que cuando a esta tierra importe, | 915 | | más fue acierto que valor. |  | | ¿Quieres que todos te adoren |  | | cuantos en Tesalia viven |  | | con dioses, que protectores |  | | tuvieron por tantos siglos, | 920 | | y no es bien que los provoques? |  | | Vete a matar liebres viles, |  | | si cazador te dispones, |  | | y si sol, a ver hazañas |  | | que de mi valor te informen; | 925 | | que yo, de los dioses todos |  | | el menor, si a mí me escogen, |  | | humillaré tus soberbias, |  | | vengaré tus sinrazones, |  | | haré... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente, rapaz, | 930 | | si no quieres que de un golpe |  | | deje sin Amor el mundo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú a mí? Mal me conoces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí conozco: ¿no eres tú |  | | el que inventó las traiciones, | 935 | | los agravios, las bajezas, |  | | las guerras, los tratos dobles, |  | | los adulterios, los celos, |  | | y otras tantas invenciones, |  | | con que no hay cielo que dejes, | 940 | | ni tierra que no alborotes? |  | | ¿No eres tú el hijo de Venus, |  | | dama que vivió sin orden |  | | en Chipre por tantos años? |  | | No dudes de que te sobren | 945 | | padres nobles y plebeyos: |  | | el que quisieres escoge. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Fue la tuya más horrenda, |  | | cuyas peregrinaciones |  | | sabe Delfos, y las cantan | 950 | | las ranas con roncas voces, |  | | trocando en pellejos verdes |  | | sus labradores capotes? |  | | ¿Qué respondes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por muchacho |  | | no te arrojo, niño enorme, | 955 | | desotra parte del cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco a poco y no me apoques: |  | | ¿qué gigantes fulminaste? |  | | ¿Qué rayos tiraste entonces, |  | | que tales soberbias dices? | 960 | | Si matar fieras feroces |  | | es gloria, mayor será |  | | matar las almas de amores. |  | | ¿Es blasón rendir las fieras, |  | | más que herir los corazones? | 965 | | Tú flechas visibles tiras, |  | | yo invisibles, tan veloces |  | | que no hay resistencia humana |  | | que su ejecución estorbe. |  | | Mira tú: del arco y flechas, | 970 | | ¿quién puede con más razones |  | | blasonar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, Cupido: |  | | dejando aparte que pones |  | | fuego al mundo, que disculpa |  | | neciamente tus errores, | 975 | | tus tragedias y venganzas, |  | | de que a los hombres despojes |  | | de su libertad, no arguyo |  | | tu valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso respondes: |  | | pues ¿qué animal es igual | 980 | | al hombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los que te acogen |  | | son hombres desocupados |  | | que viven en ocio torpe: |  | | ¿qué virtudes has vencido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero afrentar los dioses | 985 | | ni cansarte con ejemplos. |  | | ¿Tú no te precias de noble, |  | | de sabio y valiente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si te hiciese que llores |  | | de amor, ¿qué dirás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú. | 990 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete, infame, y no me enojes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la prueba, y sean testigos |  | | esos cielos que nos oyen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tengo impenetrable el alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | Yo soy rayo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy bronce. | 995 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | Yo te haré, cera. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy sol. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si eres sol, serás Faetonte; |  | | que para fuerzas de amor, |  | | ni valen hielos ni soles. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Jornada II** | |
|  | |
| *Salen VENUS y CUPIDO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien me obedeciste! |  | | En obligación te estoy; |  | | gracias, Cupido, te doy |  | | del cuidado que tuviste: |  | | alta venganza me diste | 5 | | si, después que me partí, |  | | Dafne se burla de mí, |  | | y a su Diana siguiendo, |  | | por las selvas anda huyendo |  | | de los hombres y de ti. | 10 | | Gustarás de que me afrente |  | | con soberbia presunción, |  | | y te haya dado ocasión |  | | para ser inobediente. |  | | ¿En qué estrella, en qué accidente | 15 | | consiste que, sin temor, |  | | sea para mí rigor, |  | | ira, desdén y aspereza, |  | | el que por naturaleza |  | | es para todos Amor? | 20 | | Quien tantas almas enciende |  | | de mi hijo no se alabe, |  | | pues que vengarme no sabe |  | | de una mujer que me ofende. |  | | Por toda Arcadia se extiende, | 25 | | de Febo la ilustre fama, |  | | que lo que sabes te llama, |  | | porque dio muerte a una fiera; |  | | y tú, como si lo fuera, |  | | tiemblas de ver una dama. | 30 | | ¡Vive Júpiter sagrado, |  | | que estoy de pura tristeza |  | | por quebrarte en la cabeza |  | | el arco mal empleado! |  | | Dime, cobarde y armado, | 35 | | dime, desnudo y valiente, |  | | ¿cómo aquel valor consiente, |  | | que con tu sangre te di, |  | | que Febo te venza a ti, |  | | y que a mí Dafne me afrente? | 40 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Infamas sin ocasión |  | | mi cuidado, madre mía; |  | | que no ha sido cobardía |  | | sino aguardar ocasión: |  | | yo daré satisfacción | 45 | | a mi agravio y tus enojos, |  | | y por esos bellos ojos, |  | | dulce estrella del aurora, |  | | que ha de ser antes de un hora |  | | Dafne de tus pies despojos: | 50 | | yo, que sin guardar decoro, |  | | a Júpiter transformé, |  | | por Leda, en cisne, y mudé, |  | | por la bella Europa, en toro: |  | | vete, que el plomo y el oro | 55 | | hoy te dirán si me atrevo; |  | | que por lo que a ti te debo, |  | | y la parte que me alcanza, |  | | tendrás de Dafne venganza |  | | y yo la tendré de Febo. | 60 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Dasme la palabra? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Doy |  | | a tus ojos celestiales. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues por humildades tales |  | | mis brazos te doy, y estoy |  | | tan satisfecha, que voy, | 65 | | como pudiera vengada, |  | | contenta y desenojada. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú, principio de mi vida, |  | | como me mandas servida, |  | | como mereces amada. | 70 | | Selvas de Arcadia, montes y riberas, |  | | yo soy Amor; mi madre me ha reñido; |  | | de hoy más, todo mortal guarde el sentido; |  | | que no he de perdonar aves ni fieras. |  | | Tú, que las plantas, al correr ligeras, | 75 | | por las sendas estampas del olvido, |  | | presto verás, habiéndome ofendido, |  | | lo que va de las burlas a las veras. |  | | Hoy has de aborrecer, y ser querida; |  | | y tú, vanaglorioso Febo, advierte | 80 | | que no te importa ser fitonicida. |  | | No pienses libre de mis flechas verte, |  | | porque de cuantas cosas tienen vida, |  | | sólo no supo qué es amor la muerte. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro ruido de pastores, y sale BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desgraciado en premios soy: | 85 | | si el cielo premios lloviera, |  | | ninguno a mí me cupiera; |  | | por desesperarme estoy. |  | | ¡Oh, tiempo, no sé por quién |  | | eres a mi premio ingrato! | 90 | | Todos alaban a Bato, |  | | pero nadie le hace bien. |  | | ¿De cuál peñasco arrojado |  | | me dará fin este río, |  | | que aun de morir desconfío, | 95 | | según nací desdichado? |  | | Este es bajo, éste eminente, |  | | éste aún no me da lugar; |  | | tal estoy, que no he de hallar |  | | peñasco que me contente. | 100 | | Un mancebo viene allí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, que el cielo te guarde, |  | | pastor, ¿qué fiesta esta tarde |  | | celebra el Arcadia aquí, |  | | que tanta gente se junta? | 105 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deciros la causa quiero; |  | | que parecéis forastero |  | | en el traje y la pregunta: |  | | dio Febo muerte a Fitón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué Febo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El nacido Delo, | 110 | | el que lleva por el cielo |  | | el dorado cherrión. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | Y Fitón, ¿quién fue? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una fiera |  | | serpiente, que se comía |  | | los ganados, y este día | 115 | | celebran monte y ribera |  | | con juegos, que él ordenó, |  | | de cantar, saltar, bailar, |  | | hacer versos y luchar, |  | | y todos los pierdo yo. | 120 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cantáis vos? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Muy mal. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Saltáis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Mucho peor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hacéis versos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, señor; mas son perversos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo queréis ganar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque como yo sabía | 125 | | que lo peor se premiaba, |  | | por lo mismo imaginaba que el premio merecería. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué cosa tan mal dicha! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo la he dicho muchas veces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde son dioses jüeces, | 130 | | culpad a vuestra desdicha; |  | | que los dioses saben bien |  | | quién merece premio o no. |  | | Decid los versos, que yo |  | | quiero ser jüez también. | 135 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es dios su merced acaso? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decid, que yo os lo diré |  | | después. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya van alahé, |  | | pero quítese del paso: |  | | en tomando su arco y flechas | 140 | | Febo de un espetón |  | | mató a la Sierpe Fitón, |  | | y todos estos montes y riberas; |  | | le hacen fiestas |  | | saltando y bailando, | 145 | | jugando y andando; |  | | y dicen que el dios Cupido |  | | nunca hizo tiro tan llocido, |  | | porque es herrero su padre, |  | | y su madre, por desastre, | 150 | | le hubo en un sastre, |  | | y nadie se asombre, |  | | que era mujer, y no hombre, |  | | y esto lo puedo jurar, |  | | aunque nunca la vi nadar. | 155 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay más? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Poco le parece? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si vos escribís ansí, |  | | ¿qué premio esperáis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí |  | | me han dicho que le merece. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues porque jamás culpéislos | 160 | | dioses, con este anillo |  | | os premio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Me maravillo, |  | | si es fino, que me lo déis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad que tiene virtud |  | | esa piedra para hacer | 165 | | que os quiera cualquier mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios le dé vida y salud: |  | | Silvia me burló mil veces, |  | | hoy me tengo de vengar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no podréis murmurar | 170 | | siendo los dioses jüeces. |  | | Finalmente. ¿a quién premiaron |  | | de las ninfas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mejores |  | | en todas gracias de flores, |  | | los cabellos coronaron | 175 | | de Dafnes y de Sirena, |  | | que cantando las dos, creo |  | | que pudieran, como Orfeo, |  | | suspender la eterna pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dafne premiada? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pues no! | 180 | | Tanto, que con dulce guerra |  | | la miró Febo en la tierra, |  | | y en el cielo se paró. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Febo la miró? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es mujer |  | | que se la pide a Peneo | 185 | | mueso príncipe Aristeo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquí la pienso ver. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Todos los pastores de fiesta, con instrumentos, y FEBO detrás coronado de roble, y DAFNE y SIRENA, de flores)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En grandes obligaciones |  | | nos pone tu majestad, |  | | con hallarte, ¡oh, gran deidad!, | 190 | | en nuestros juegos fitones; |  | | con esto serán más claros. |  | | tú con más amor servido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi propio interés ha sido, |  | | pastores, venid a honraros. | 195 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Habla BATO con el Amor, y no le ve)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora, ilustre mancebo, |  | | pues que no la conocéis, |  | | la bella Dafne veréis, |  | | veréis al valiente Febo; |  | | mas ¿por adónde se fue? | 200 | | que sin verle no es posible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estoy, pero invisible, |  | | donde ninguno me ve; |  | | desde aquí la flecha de oro |  | | a Febo quiero tirar; | 205 | | Diana ha de perdonar, |  | | pues no ofendo su decoro; |  | | por enamorar a Febo, |  | | la de plomo a Dafne tiro. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tira dos flechas a DAFNE y a FEBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que en Dafne miro | 210 | | nuevo ser, semblante nuevo; |  | | nunca tanto en su belleza, |  | | como ahora reparé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué diferente miré, |  | | de Febo la gentileza | 215 | | de lo que la miro ahora! |  | | Gallardo me parecía, |  | | como al tiempo que salía |  | | de los brazos del Aurora: |  | | ¡qué pena de verle tomo! | 220 | | ¡Qué mal talle! No merece |  | | ser deidad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya le aborrece, |  | | ya va haciendo efecto el plomo, |  | | y el oro en Febo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores, |  | | Febo querrá descansar; | 225 | | volvamos a coronar |  | | su templo de almas y flores. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Éntrense todos cantando, y FEBO detenga a DAFNE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera, Dafne, espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hazme un favor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¿En qué te sirvo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una flor | 230 | | desa guirnalda quisiera; |  | | ni es mucho a la primavera |  | | pedir flores por favores, |  | | que es propio tiempo de amores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Flores me pides a mí, | 235 | | cuando al Aurora y a ti |  | | deben los prados las flores? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que se puede tomar |  | | no puede favor llamarse, |  | | porque es cosa que ha de darse | 240 | | si favor se ha de llamar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que a otro puede dar, |  | | es forzoso conceder |  | | que superior viene a ser, |  | | y tu deidad perdería | 245 | | si yo, de cosa que es mía, |  | | le puedo favorecer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dafne hermosa, la deidad |  | | celestial naturaleza, |  | | de cuanto es mortal riqueza | 250 | | no tiene necesidad: |  | | lo que pide es voluntad; |  | | las demás cosas son vanas |  | | para prendas soberanas, |  | | y ésta falta entre las dos; | 255 | | que siempre está pobre Dios |  | | de voluntades humanas. |  | | El olor del sacrificio, |  | | desde la ardiente ceniza |  | | los aires aromatiza, | 260 | | porque en su piadoso oficio |  | | es del corazón indicio, |  | | y por eso juzgas mal |  | | en llamarte desigual; |  | | que es tal la fuerza de amor, | 265 | | que puede hacer inferior |  | | lo inmortal a lo mortal. |  | | La violencia más segura |  | | para hacer desde la tierra |  | | a los mismos dioses guerra, | 270 | | es la perfecta hermosura. |  | | El oro y la plata pura, |  | | las piedras, los minerales |  | | y las perlas orientales, |  | | las crío y engendro yo; | 275 | | pero nunca el sol crió |  | | esos ojos celestiales. |  | | Que si pudiera mi mano |  | | dar a tu belleza ser, |  | | ¿qué le quedaba que hacer | 280 | | a Júpiter soberano? |  | | Y aún pienso, y tengo por llano, |  | | que tan perfecta y tan pura |  | | belleza y rara pintura |  | | ella misma se hizo a sí, | 285 | | porque de otra que de ti |  | | no fuera tanta hermosura. |  | | Yo puedo hacer en la mina |  | | el diamante y el rubí, |  | | no engastar en carmesí | 290 | | clavel tu boca divina: |  | | con esto, Dafne, imagina, |  | | si te parece extrañeza |  | | que conquiste tu belleza, |  | | que hasta un dios pudo rogar | 295 | | por lo que le puede dar |  | | la mortal naturaleza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo ilustre, yo nací |  | | del claro río Peneo, |  | | como sabes, semideo, | 300 | | en cuya orilla crecí |  | | hasta que las ninfas vi |  | | de la triforme Diana, |  | | a quien dediqué lozana |  | | verde edad, que no hermosura, | 305 | | y a su casta imagen pura |  | | la parte que tengo humana. |  | | Aristeo me pidió |  | | por mujer, que de Tesalia |  | | es Príncipe, y la acidalia | 310 | | Venus tanto se enojó |  | | de que le dejase yo |  | | por seguir su casto coro, |  | | que contra el justo decoro |  | | a que me quieras te obliga, | 315 | | porque, queriéndote, siga |  | | las leyes de Amor, que ignoro. |  | | Yo no quiero, ni he querido, |  | | ni pienso querer jamás, |  | | si todo el oro me das | 320 | | de tus rayos producido: |  | | muda el amor en olvido; |  | | que aunque eres deidad, yo humana, |  | | será tu esperanza vana |  | | mientras más loca pretenda, | 325 | | pues cuanto Venus me ofenda, |  | | sabrá guardarme Diana. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Al autor de la luz tanto desvelo, |  | | tanto desdén y desigual porfía! |  | | Estoy por no salir, ni formar día, | 330 | | aunque la Tierra se lamente al Cielo. |  | | Caiga la noche de sí misma al suelo, |  | | sin esperanza de la lumbre mía, |  | | porque la caza que estas selvas cría |  | | se envuelva en sombra de su eterno velo. | 335 | | Suspende el arco al hombro, que profana |  | | la ley de Amor, y si es buscar severa |  | | fieras tu condición, dulce tirana, |  | | ¿qué fiera más cruel hallar espera |  | | que la que tiene con belleza humana, | 340 | | de piedra el alma, el corazón de fiera? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(CUPIDO se le pone delante)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adónde bueno, gallardo |  | | Febo, el del famoso tiro? |  | | Vienes de ver, por ventura, |  | | las fiestas y regocijos | 345 | | que a la muerte de Fitón |  | | las riberas deste río |  | | celebran con tanto aplauso |  | | de juegos y sacrificios? |  | | ¿O, codicioso de hacer | 350 | | suerte igual entre estos riscos, |  | | buscas otra sierpe fiera |  | | que derribe excelsos pinos, |  | | que devore los ganados, |  | | y rompa los edificios? | 355 | | ¿Adónde la dejas muerta? |  | | Que yo confieso que envidio |  | | las honras que estos serranos |  | | hacen a tu nombre invicto. |  | | ¿Qué dicha mayor que ver | 360 | | cómo eres dellos tenido |  | | por el mayor de los dioses |  | | que tiene el sagrado Olimpo? |  | | Adórante cuantas ninfas |  | | habitan los extendidos | 365 | | campos que riega Peneo |  | | en círculo cristalino, |  | | y más entre todas Dafne, |  | | su hija, con quien he visto, |  | | de la florida ribera | 370 | | entre los verdes alisos, |  | | tan tierna y enamorada, |  | | que parece que yo mismo |  | | la enseñaba los amores |  | | que a tus requiebros ha dicho. | 375 | | ¿Cómo la dejaste ir? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal nacido basilisco, |  | | dulce afrenta de las almas, |  | | grave error de los sentidos, |  | | engaño de la esperanza, | 380 | | tirano del albedrío, |  | | sinrazón de la razón |  | | y de la memoria olvido; |  | | pasión del entendimiento, |  | | de la voluntad hechizo, | 385 | | suspensión de las acciones, |  | | humano con lo divino, |  | | y divino con lo humano; |  | | el más traidor que ofendido, |  | | por envidia y por venganza | 390 | | te burlas, rapaz, conmigo: |  | | ¿Parécete que es victoria |  | | haberme Dafne rendido? |  | | ¿Lo que su hermosura ha hecho |  | | atribuyes a tu oficio? | 395 | | Sus ojos, y no tus flechas, |  | | sus donaires, no tus tiros; |  | | que la hermosura perfecta |  | | no mata con artificio. |  | | Plega al cielo que te veas, | 400 | | siendo Amor, aborrecido, |  | | y que te deje, a quien ames, |  | | por hombre mortal e indigno, |  | | y que por tus ojos veas, |  | | abrasado en celos vivos, | 405 | | sus dos almas, sus dos vidas, |  | | en un cuerpo hermafrodito. |  | | Oigan los dioses mis ruegos, |  | | en cuya piedad confío |  | | venganza de tus agravios, | 410 | | y piedad de mis suspiros. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé cómo, viendo a Febo |  | | tan triste, el placer resisto; |  | | pero sin comunicarse, |  | | ¿qué gusto jamás lo ha sido? | 415 | | Voy a referir a Venus |  | | sus trofeos y los míos. |  | | Dafne huye, Febo adora, |  | | yo triunfo. ¡Cupido, víctor! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen DAFNE y SIRENA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De eso vienes victoriosa? | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué quieres que lo esté |  | | con más razón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desdén fue |  | | de mujer loca y hermosa; |  | | ¿dirás que de virtuosa |  | | el desdén ha procedido? | 425 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Valor y virtud ha sido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no le doy ese nombre, |  | | pues al que es dios y al que es hombre |  | | tratas con un mismo olvido. |  | | Que desechos a Aristeo | 430 | | me parece necedad, |  | | y de Febo la deidad, |  | | vanaglorioso trofeo: |  | | ¡Que ningún amor ni empleo |  | | tu condición te permita! | 435 | | ¡Qué nación el mundo habita, |  | | que haya despreciado al sol, |  | | desde el indio al español, |  | | y del alemán al scita? |  | | ¡Ah, Dafne! Júpiter quiera | 440 | | que no pague la locura |  | | de emplear tanta hermosura |  | | en ir siguiendo una fiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé qué premio me espera, |  | | y no es esperanza vana, | 445 | | cuando lo sepa Diana, |  | | de cuyo coro me precio, |  | | y por cuyo honor desprecio |  | | toda la riqueza humana. |  | | Mas cuando su celestial | 450 | | compañía no siguiera, |  | | menos a Febo quisiera, |  | | porque me parece mal; |  | | tanto, que en odio mortal |  | | el respeto he convertido. | 455 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es gallardo y entendido |  | | un hombre, ¿qué ha de tener |  | | para quererte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nacer |  | | con dicha de ser querido; |  | | tanto sol no me conviene, | 460 | | ni hay tan rudo labrador |  | | que me parezca peor |  | | de cuantos Arcadia tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus le ama y le entretiene, |  | | y día y noche le sigue. | 465 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | Mal gusto. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo te obligue |  | | a hacer presto un necio empleo |  | | en el sátiro más feo, |  | | que tus melindres castigue. |  | | Todas las que sois así, | 470 | | arrepentidas lloráis |  | | después que a todos vengáis, |  | | como lo espero de ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete. Sirena, de aquí, |  | | y no culpes mi desdén; | 475 | | que como tú quieres bien, |  | | hablas mal contra el decoro |  | | de Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De su coro |  | | me río, y de ti también. |  | | Nace al aurora la flor | 480 | | vanagloriosa de sí, |  | | y si pasa por allí |  | | el gallardo cazador, |  | | parece que de temor |  | | de que la toque su mano, | 485 | | aunque fue melindre en vano, |  | | a las hojas se retira, |  | | y cuando ya el sol expira, |  | | la pisa el rudo villano. |  | | Tu aspereza no es virtud, | 490 | | sino necia vanagloria; |  | | en tanto intenta victoria |  | | tu loca solicitud: |  | | yo culpo tu ingratitud, |  | | de vana arrogancia llena. | 495 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete y déjame, Sirena; |  | | que viciosa compañía |  | | hará que juzguen la mía |  | | por la libertad ajena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es porque de Alcino soy, | 500 | | yo estoy tan bien empleada |  | | como tú estás engañada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En mi daño si lo estoy: |  | | vete con Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me voy; |  | | todo el tiempo lo sujeta: | 505 | | tú verás si eres discreta, |  | | y si yo la necia soy. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa más importuna |  | | que la persuasión de un necio, |  | | cuando presume que sabe | 510 | | y que enseña al que es discreto. |  | | No de otra suerte combate |  | | la roca en la mar al viento |  | | las ondas de las aguas |  | | una tras otra soberbio, | 515 | | que como quien burla dél, |  | | firme en su nativo asiento, |  | | vuelve en espumas los golpes, |  | | y en blanda risa los ecos: |  | | así se cansa quien piensa | 520 | | reducir mi entendimiento |  | | a no seguir de Diana |  | | limpia vida y trato honesto. |  | | Por más imposible juzgo |  | | que pueda querer a Febo, | 525 | | que hacer solsticio sus rayos |  | | un año en medio del cielo. |  | | *(Sale un ciervo por una puerta del teatro)* |  | | ¡Oh, qué valiente animal! |  | | Tan alto y hermoso ciervo |  | | no le ha criado el Arcadia: | 530 | | seguirle y tirarle quiero. |  | | ¿Huyes? Yo sabré seguirte. |  | | Yo mate este ciervo, y Febo |  | | mate serpientes Fitones. |  | | *(Va tras él, y vuelve a salir por la otra parte)* |  | | No pareces muy ligero, | 535 | | ciervo gentil, por Diana, |  | | a quien humilde prometo |  | | de tu pardo morrión |  | | las plumas para trofeo, |  | | más que penacho marcial, | 540 | | cobarde muestra del pecho, |  | | de honrar su templo contigo: |  | | pero ¡ay, Júpiter! ¿Qué es esto? |  | | Burla ha sido de los ojos, |  | | cual suele pintar el sueño | 545 | | en el interior sentido |  | | formas de vanos efectos. |  | | ¡Ay Dios, ay triste, ay de mí! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Por donde el ciervo se desaparece, sale FEBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Sosiega, Dafne. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Febo soy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué me quieres? | 550 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Que me escuches. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muerta quedo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te truje con engaño |  | | entre estos olmos y fresnos, |  | | adonde apenas las aves |  | | rompen el mudo silencio: | 555 | | fingí el ciervo que seguiste; |  | | hoy quedarán mis deseos |  | | de tu desdén victoriosos, |  | | pues aún apenas el cielo |  | | nos puede ver, que las ramas | 560 | | edifican verdes techos |  | | para defender los troncos, |  | | en que estriba su alimento, |  | | contra las estrellas sirias, |  | | que ladran por ofendellos. | 565 | | Sosiégate, vuelve el rostro; |  | | qué, ¿te turbas? ¿Tan grosero |  | | villano me consideras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi desdicha considero |  | | y tu traición. ¿Esto hacen | 570 | | dioses? ¡Qué gentil ejemplo |  | | para los hombres mortales! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si lo fuera yo, sospecho |  | | que me tuvieras amor; |  | | tú estás sin mayor remedio | 575 | | que trocar en voluntad |  | | la fuerza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Fuerza? Primero |  | | se harán pedazos los polos |  | | en que estriba el firmamento, |  | | y la rueda celestial | 580 | | caerá desasida de ellos; |  | | primero verán los hombres |  | | trocados los elementos, |  | | ligera el agua y la tierra, |  | | pesados el aire y fuego; | 585 | | primero aquellos diamantes |  | | del cielo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, tanto primero! |  | | Dafne, yo te adoro; yo |  | | soy el que tengo el gobierno |  | | del mundo; ya no es posible | 590 | | que puedan mis brazos menos |  | | que tus desdenes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, triste! |  | | ¡Ay, infeliz! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando huyendo |  | | fueras a aquellas regiones |  | | que eternamente me vieron, | 595 | | tengo de alcanzarte: Dafne, |  | | espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Valedme, cielos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen BATO y SILVIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con ese talle querías, |  | | Bato, que yo te quisiese? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí querrás, aunque te pese. | 600 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué neciamente porfías! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la boca bien podrás |  | | decir sí; que dices no. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En diciendo nones yo, |  | | no diré pares jamás; | 605 | | estos son nuestros azares, |  | | estas nuestras condiciones. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como ésas han dicho nones, |  | | que después paran en pares; |  | | pues a fe que tengo aquí... | 610 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A ver, por tu vida, a ver? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime si me has de querer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, resí, tatarasí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ver, ¿qué no harán mujeres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si también tú dices no, | 615 | | ¿cómo es posible que yo |  | | pueda pensar que me quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Mira qué anillo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy corta |  | | de vista, en mi mano quiero |  | | verle. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues jura primero. | 620 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mi palabra, ¿no importa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mujer no está obligada; |  | | que por esto viene a ser |  | | quien no la cumple mujer, |  | | y es rueca la que era espada. | 625 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plegue a Dios que, si lloviere, |  | | ni pie ni mano me moje, |  | | y que en la cama me arroje |  | | cuando más sueño tuviere; |  | | ni coma ni beba más | 630 | | de lo que tuviere gana, |  | | y si fuere de mañana, |  | | no me levante jamás. |  | | ¡Mira qué gran juramento! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alahé, que has de comprir | 635 | | lo que dices, o morir |  | | por ello. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muestra, jumento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Toma. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Bato querido, |  | | dámele. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quiéresme? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Verá el diablo! Verdad es; | 640 | | sacudióla el dios Copido; |  | | pero el hombre fue discreto |  | | que aquel anillo me dio, |  | | si por el dar entendió |  | | la virtud de este secreto. | 645 | | Ahora bien, dame un abrazo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Malos años para ti! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y el juramento? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | tú verás, llegado el plazo, |  | | cómo llueve y no te mojas, | 650 | | ni eres la mañana dueño |  | | de tus pies, y que con sueño |  | | sobre la cama te arrojas. |  | | Ésta me ha engañado, |  | | soy un tonto; engañarla quiero: | 655 | | ¿Silvia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quiere el grosero? |  | | porque sepa que me voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No sabes como el Fitón |  | | que mató Febo dorado |  | | preñado estaba? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Preñado? | 660 | | ¿De quién? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De otro serpentón |  | | que salió de la barriga |  | | aquella noche. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mal año! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tanto, que, temiendo el daño, |  | | a que consulten obliga | 665 | | la diosa Temis, y dice |  | | que ha de comer solamente |  | | toda mujer que no siente |  | | qué es amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, infelice! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las que engañan, y después | 670 | | lo que prometen defienden, |  | | las que piden, las que venden |  | | el amor por interés, |  | | las ingrata, las crueles. |  | | las tontas, las bachilleras, | 675 | | las que engañan con chimeras |  | | a los amantes noveles, |  | | las que toman los anillos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bato, no digas más; |  | | que esta noche me verás | 680 | | al volver mis corderillos! |  | | Pero porque no te vean |  | | busca un pellejo de lobo, |  | | y por uno y otro escobo |  | | haz de suerte que lo crean, | 685 | | porque me hables entretanto |  | | que anda el prado temeroso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ser lobo es dificultoso: |  | | tomalle no lo era tanto; |  | | pero yo lo haré por ti | 690 | | e iré a buscar el pellejo, |  | | que lobo, zorra y conejo |  | | me quiero volver; mas di: |  | | ¿quiéresme ahora abrazar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¡cómo si abrazaré! | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien que la engañé! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué, palos le he de dar! |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y sale DAFNE huyendo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tened lástima de mí! |  | | ¡Favor, dioses inmortales, |  | | no pueden desdichas mías | 700 | | desacreditar deidades! |  | | Si la virtud no os obliga, |  | | ¿cómo podrán los mortales, |  | | temiendo vuestra justicia, |  | | reprimir sus libertades? | 705 | | ¡Favor, piedad! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FEBO dentro, como que viene de lejos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde huyes |  | | y de quién, hermosa Dafne? |  | | Para, de piedad de ti, |  | | ya que no de mí, a escucharme: |  | | mira que de ti la tengo; | 710 | | pues para que no te canses, |  | | voy rogando a mis deseos |  | | que se detengan y paren. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, ya suena más cerca! |  | | ¡Árboles, cubridme, dadme | 715 | | favor, pues falta a los dioses! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy yo rústico amante, |  | | no soy villano grosero; |  | | tú verás, como me aguardes, |  | | que sólo me manda Amor | 720 | | que te mire, que te hable |  | | con aquel cortés respeto |  | | que es tan justo que te guarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parecéis malos jüeces, |  | | deidades inexorables, | 725 | | que en los reos no castigan |  | | los delitos que ellos hacen. |  | | ¡Oh, Júpiter! Si tú fuerzas |  | | a Egina, a Leda y Danae, |  | | ¿cómo detendrás a Febo? | 730 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Detente, Dafne, un instante! |  | | ¿Cómo sufres que tus pies |  | | tantas espinas maltraten? |  | | ¿Quieres, por dicha, cruel, |  | | que, como a la hermosa madre | 735 | | de Amor, produzca la tierra |  | | nuevas rosas de tu sangre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya le veo, yo soy muerta! |  | | Peneo, mi dulce padre, |  | | ¡favor! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FEBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No dirás que he sido | 740 | | tan veloz para alcanzarte |  | | como corriendo los cielos, |  | | aunque eres más bella imagen, |  | | que por mi eclíptica de oro |  | | forman eternos diamantes. | 745 | | *(Váyase DAFNE arrimando a la transformación)* |  | | Ya no tienes dónde huir; |  | | si quieres asegurarte, |  | | en estos brazos te esconde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tierra, tus entrañas abre, |  | | y en tu centro me sepulta. | 750 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Transformándose en laurel)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, espera; celestiales |  | | dioses, ¿qué crueldad es ésta? |  | | ¿Un árbol queréis que abrace? |  | | ¿Qué lo dudo? Ramos son |  | | que del duro tronco salen, | 755 | | alma de aquella cruel: |  | | venganzas son desiguales |  | | de mis ofensas, Amor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(DAFNE en el árbol)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con qué voz lamentable, |  | | temblando el árbol se queja | 760 | | piadosamente suave: |  | | ¿Qué haré, que pierdo el sentido? |  | | ¡Que todo el cielo vengase |  | | a Venus! ¡Ah falsos, dioses! |  | | Produce, tierra, gigantes, | 765 | | que intrépidos otra vez |  | | intenten aposentarse |  | | en el alcázar eterno, |  | | de donde arrojados bajen: |  | | poned montes sobre montes, | 770 | | ¡oh terrígenas titanes! |  | | Y matadme a mí el primero, |  | | si hay hombres que dioses maten: |  | | ¡oh, cielos, quién ahora, en tantos males, |  | | pudiera ser mortal para matarse! | 775 | | Árbol, aunque ingrato fuiste, |  | | quiero en la muerte mostrarte |  | | que fue mi amor verdadero, |  | | porque no hay prueba que iguale |  | | como, después de la muerte, | 780 | | firmezas de voluntades. |  | | Tú serás el árbol mío, |  | | laurel quiero que te llamen, |  | | aunque en tu dura corteza |  | | su condición se retrate, | 785 | | cubriendo un alma de bronce |  | | y unas entrañas de jaspe. |  | | Arrojo el roble, y desde hoy |  | | quiero de ti coronarme: |  | | desta rama haré a mi frente... | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdona; para honrarte, |  | | corona que también sea, |  | | para ilustres capitanes, |  | | triunfo de insignes victorias |  | | y premio de hazañas grandes. | 795 | | Tú serás la verde insignia |  | | de Césares imperiales, |  | | lauréola de ingenios |  | | en las científicas artes, |  | | tú de poetas honor, | 800 | | que de siglo a siglo nacen. |  | | Pero ¿qué puede haber, Dafne, que baste, |  | | si no tengo de verte, a consolarme? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DAFNE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo, el favor agradezco, |  | | aunque arrepentida tarde; | 805 | | que para ejemplo de ingratas |  | | quiso el cielo transformarme |  | | en el que llamas laurel. |  | | Vengado estás; ya no aguardes |  | | oír más mi voz. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temblaron | 810 | | las ramas: ya el alma parte |  | | a los Elisios. Permite, |  | | si no he de oírte, abrazarte, |  | | aunque es tanta tu dureza |  | | que, para que no te abrace, | 815 | | volverás a ser mujer |  | | y volverás a matarme, |  | | para que en vida y muerte no me falte |  | | desdén que huya, ni beldad que mate. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosas mandan las mujeres | 820 | | a los hombres, que es un necio |  | | el que por tan caro precio |  | | quiere, comprar sus placeres. |  | | ¿Adónde hallaré, en efeto, |  | | este pellejo de lobo? | 825 | | Silvia me tiene por bobo; |  | | pues a fe que soy discreto. |  | | Lo que para no envidiado |  | | dicen algunos que basta, |  | | y más no habiendo en mi casta | 830 | | ni dichoso ni letrado. |  | | Si ésta me cumple el concierto, |  | | todos somos vengativos; |  | | muchos lobos topo vivos, |  | | y ninguno topo muerto. | 835 | | Allí está Febo, a la fe; |  | | él del pellejo dirá, |  | | pues por esos mundos va |  | | y cuanto hay en ellos ve. |  | | ¡Ah, señor Febo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién llama? | 840 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato soy, aquel zagal |  | | que le enseñó el animal |  | | que le ha dado tanta fama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me quieres? Que recelo |  | | que para tu daño sea. | 845 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hanme dicho que voltea |  | | por la maroma del cielo, |  | | y véngole a pescudar |  | | si en el mundo, nuevo o viejo |  | | ha topado algún pellejo | 850 | | de lobo que me enseñar; |  | | que esta noche Silvia y yo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Villano, ¿burlas a mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿con eso le ofendí? |  | | ¿De un pellejo se enojó? | 855 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Mataréte. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielo santo, |  | | favor! Al monte me subo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Aguarda. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡En qué poco estuvo |  | | que me diese con un canto! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase subiendo por el monte)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La Luna, mi blanca hermana, | 860 | | está de creciente ahora, |  | | ya de salir es la hora; |  | | escucha, hermosa Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si acaso me llama a mí? |  | | ¡Ah, señor! ¿Topó el pellejo? | 865 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú no, me das consejo, |  | | Luna, ¿qué ha de ser de mí? |  | | Ven, Diana, ven hermana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no me puede faltar: |  | | ¿Qué dice? ¿Que le he de hallar | 870 | | en el templo de Diana? |  | | Dios se lo pague, señor; |  | | que ya voy por el pellejo. |  | | (Vase) |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luna, de la tierra espejo, |  | | y del cielo resplandor, | 875 | | en quien la noche se toca, |  | | y se miran las estrellas, |  | | si la luz que en ti y en ellas |  | | infundo sol te provoca, |  | | óyeme en la tierra Febo. | 880 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Por lo alto un carro de plata; DIANA sentada en él con una media luna en el tocado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te escucho, hermano mío; |  | | ¿qué tienes? ¿De quién te quejas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De dos monstruos, madre e hijo, |  | | incendios de tierra y cielo, |  | | que a tu frígido epiciclo | 885 | | solamente han perdonado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué te han hecho? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese Cupido, |  | | ese hermano de la muerte, |  | | ese decrépito niño, |  | | envidioso de que hiciese | 890 | | aquel celebrado tiro |  | | con que di muerte a Fitón, |  | | de Tesalia basilisco, |  | | me hirió de amor de la hija |  | | de Peneo, ilustre río, | 895 | | que huyendo de mí, transforman, |  | | airados siempre conmigo, |  | | los dioses en árbol; mira |  | | si me quejo, si suspiro, |  | | si lloro con justa causa; | 900 | | como a mi hermana, te pido, |  | | si no remedio, venganza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por esta luz que recibo, |  | | Febo, de tus claros rayos, |  | | y que doy por tantos siglos | 905 | | doce veces a los años, |  | | que ha de hacer que el mal nacido |  | | rapaz, por quien le aborrezca, |  | | de amor se abrase a sí mismo. |  | | Tú verás enamorado | 910 | | al Amor, nuevo prodigio |  | | al mundo; que esta venganza |  | | será por los mismos filos. |  | | No hay dios que esté bien con él, |  | | todos le han aborrecido; | 915 | | tú verás como le doy |  | | con mi castidad castigo. |  | | ¿No sabe Venus, no sabe |  | | que sus lascivos delitos |  | | descubren mis castos rayos? | 920 | | Conmigo, Venus, conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues prosigue tu carrera, |  | | luna de los ojos míos; |  | | pisen tus ruedas de plata |  | | los celestiales zafiros; | 925 | | que ya se mira el Aurora |  | | coronada de jacintos, |  | | y las flores en los prados, |  | | y las aves en los nidos, |  | | hacen salva a su lucero | 930 | | con las hojas y los picos, |  | | para que mi carro de oro |  | | trueque por el griego el indio. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Pasa el carro lo demás del teatro por lo alto, y acabe la jornada segunda)* |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Jornada III** | |
|  | |
| *Sale CUPIDO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué venganza del cielo, |  | | qué ira de sus dioses soberanos, |  | | con envidioso celo |  | | del imperio que tengo en los humanos, |  | | pena me dió tan nuevamente fiera, | 5 | | que siendo el mismo Amor, de amores muera? |  | | Aves enamoradas, |  | | que destas selvas en el Buen Retiro, |  | | o solas, o casadas, |  | | no cantáis versos sin final suspiro, | 10 | | y con ecos dulcísimos sonoros |  | | amor y celos alternáis a coros; |  | | fieras que las montañas |  | | vivís en soledad, tal vez quejosas |  | | de serlo mis hazañas, | 15 | | faunos lascivos y silvestres diosas, |  | | humor vital, vegetativas almas |  | | de tantos cedros, plátanos y palmas; |  | | Pastores deste prado, |  | | que tantas veces abrasé de amores: | 20 | | si hubiera yo pensado |  | | lo que era yo, mis penas y rigores, |  | | con más piadoso afecto hubieran sido |  | | en mataros de amor temiendo olvido. |  | | Tiré sin experiencia | 25 | | de mi mismo dolor, que no sabía |  | | de celos ni de ausencia; |  | | maté sin ver que se acercaba el día |  | | de dar a todos tan cruel venganza, |  | | que me abrasa de amor sin esperanza; | 30 | | cual suele en blanda cera |  | | arder la luz y consumirse luego, |  | | en mi abrasada esfera |  | | soy alimento de mi propio fuego, |  | | siendo en la cera, que mi fin recela, | 35 | | mi propio ardor el alma de la vela. |  | | Aves, fieras, pastores, |  | | una ninfa cruel, una pastora, |  | | mata al Amor de amores; |  | | ya no hay amor, ni mata, ni enamora: | 40 | | Sirena es ya, Sirena prende y mata, |  | | y siendo Amor con el amor ingrata. |  | | Quebrar el arco quiero |  | | en este tronco de mi mal testigo, |  | | pues de mí propio muero: | 45 | | yo me maté, yo fui traidor conmigo: |  | | que en tanta confusión, en tanto abismo, |  | | yo mismo soy veneno de mí mismo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FEBO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, señor Amor, blanda la mano; |  | | que este laurel es mío, | 50 | | que tiene vida y sentimiento humano; |  | | ¿no ve que maltratarle es desvarío? |  | | Si quiere enamorarle, |  | | desde lejos podrá mejor tirarle; |  | | que darle con el arco es bajo modo | 55 | | para el alma que cubre esa corteza, |  | | que tuvo en vida celestial belleza, |  | | si con las flechas mata el mundo todo, |  | | no mate con el arco bajamente; |  | | abrase, tire, prenda, mas no afrente. | 60 | | Si no le supo herir cuando vivía, |  | | ¿por qué le hiere muerto? |  | | o le castiga porque no quería |  | | ser más necia que fue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Desdicha mía! |  | | Vete, Febo, con Dios. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto le advierto: | 65 | | respete mi laurel, que ya corona |  | | césares, capitanes y poetas. |  | | ¿Cómo no habla? ¿Cómo no blasona? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete, Febo, por Dios, que mis saetas |  | | te han vengado de mí; las que tiraba | 70 | | se vuelven a mi pecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo ha sido? |  | | O ¿quién te hurtó las flechas del aljaba? |  | | Ya soy tu amigo: cuéntame, Cupido, |  | | tan grande novedad, que te prometo |  | | sentir tus penas y guardar secreto. | 75 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas, Febo, que el alma no te miro? |  | | ¿Ahora vienes a engañarme, Febo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De verte amar me admiro: |  | | ¿no eres tú Amor? ¡Qué prodigioso y nuevo |  | | portento, amar Amor quien no le quiere! | 80 | | ¡Llorad, pastores, que el Amor se muere! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Basta, Febo, no más; ya estás vengado! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuantos males me has hecho, me has pagado. |  | | Ahora, ingrato Amor, verás quién eres, |  | | pues que, siendo el Amor, de amores mueres. | 85 | | ¡Con qué traición mirabas, |  | | con qué crueldad herías! |  | | ¡Paga, villano Amor, el mal que has hecho! |  | | Las saetas trocabas, |  | | y a Dafne me rendías, | 90 | | en cuya nieve se abrasó mi pecho; |  | | ya quedo satisfecho |  | | de todos mis agravios |  | | con verte, Amor, rendido; |  | | mira de hoy más, Cupido, | 95 | | cómo hieres los dioses y los sabios, |  | | que tantas maldiciones |  | | alcanzaron castigo a tus traiciones. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tal venganza he dado? |  | | Aves, fieras, pastores, | 100 | | venid a ver a Amor enamorado; |  | | y dí los pasadores, |  | | el arco y la cadena, |  | | a la bella Sirena; |  | | ella mata de amores, | 105 | | ella sola es amor, ella enamora; |  | | della os guardad, pastores, desde ahora; |  | | que ya no soy Cupido, |  | | sino el Amor, que fue de amor vencido. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale VENUS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, ¿de qué te lamentas? | 110 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mí mismo, aunque acertara |  | | cuando de ti me quejara, |  | | que verme sin honra intentas. |  | | ¿Vienes a ver mis afrentas, |  | | por dicha? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Debes de estar | 115 | | loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pudiera el pesar |  | | enloquecerme de triste, |  | | porque tú sola pudiste |  | | al Amor enamorar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿estáslo, Amor, de mí? | 120 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo siempre de ti lo estoy, |  | | mas hoy que venganza doy |  | | al mundo, no fue por ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Quieres bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, sí; |  | | y tú lo sabes mejor. | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientes, Amor, que en rigor, |  | | por tus ardientes castigos |  | | ¿quién tiene más enemigos |  | | en cielo y tierra que Amor? |  | | ¿Nunca has visto en una voz | 130 | | la gente de algún lugar |  | | juntarse para matar |  | | un fiero animal feroz, |  | | que contra su furia atroz, |  | | de que a todos parte alcanza, | 135 | | cuál con dardo, cuál con lanza, |  | | cuál con alabarda sale, |  | | porque entre todos iguale |  | | al agravio la venganza? |  | | Pues esto han hecho, contigo | 140 | | los dioses, y yo pudiera, |  | | pues no hay en Tesalia fiera |  | | como tú fuiste conmigo; |  | | Marte en el cielo testigo, |  | | como Adonis en el suelo: | 145 | | pero puesto que recelo |  | | la causa, dime quién es, |  | | para ayudarte después |  | | a pedir piedad al cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulce madre mía, | 150 | | Lucero el mayor, |  | | que del cielo esmalta |  | | su azul pabellón; |  | | divino planeta, |  | | celeste esplendor, | 155 | | prólogo del día, |  | | preludio del sol, |  | | a quien por benigna, |  | | Júpiter le dio |  | | del tercero cielo | 160 | | la jurisdicción: |  | | yo tuve con Febo, |  | | cuando, cazador, |  | | con valiente brazo |  | | dio muerte a Fitón, | 165 | | la cuestión que sabes, |  | | de que procedió |  | | el laurel de Dafne |  | | con alma y sin voz, |  | | quejóse a los dioses, | 170 | | llamóme traidor; |  | | no sé cuál de todos |  | | a todos vengó. |  | | Hay una serrana, |  | | destos valles flor, | 175 | | gloria de su aldea, |  | | de su prado honor, |  | | basilisco en vista, |  | | humano y feroz, |  | | ángel en belleza, | 180 | | fiera en condición. |  | | Nunca con tal risa |  | | las hojas abrió |  | | la rosa al rocío |  | | del primero albor, | 185 | | cuando Abril la esmalta |  | | del rojo arrebol, |  | | que ocultaba el Marzo |  | | en verde botón: |  | | parece que el cielo | 190 | | jazmines tomó |  | | para hacer al rostro |  | | cándido color. |  | | Si pintar quisiera |  | | tanta perfección, | 195 | | recibiera agravio |  | | su eterno pintor. |  | | Quien mira su brío, |  | | dice con razón |  | | que la primavera | 200 | | por allí pasó. |  | | Yo la vi una fiesta |  | | que al valle salió; |  | | no sé qué me dijo, |  | | prestéla atención; | 205 | | que el oír al ver |  | | siempre fue veloz. |  | | Miróme al descuido, |  | | cuidado me dio; |  | | que en viendo los ojos, | 210 | | ¡ay del corazón! |  | | Reparando en ella, |  | | un helado ardor |  | | discurrió mis venas |  | | y la alma llegó. | 215 | | Pregunté la causa |  | | del nuevo vigor, |  | | respondióme el alma, |  | | madre, que era yo; |  | | de suerte, señora, | 220 | | que yo mismo soy |  | | el amor que tengo, |  | | pues muero de amor. |  | | Nunca su ponzoña |  | | al áspid mató, | 225 | | como a mí me mata |  | | mi propio dolor; |  | | del aljaba pienso |  | | que se me cayó, |  | | yendo a recostarme, | 230 | | algún pasador, |  | | y por este lado |  | | de suerte me hirió, |  | | que Amor, que era uno, |  | | se ha partido en dos, | 235 | | a cuanto le digo, |  | | me responde: «No», |  | | porque todos dicen |  | | que quiere un pastor; |  | | como es igual suyo | 240 | | presto se rindió, |  | | que amores iguales |  | | verdaderos son; |  | | tales partes tiene, |  | | que celoso estoy; | 245 | | que hay gustos que dejan |  | | por un hombre, un dios. |  | | Ella viene, madre, |  | | voyme de temor; |  | | dile que me quiera | 250 | | si tu hijo soy, |  | | de mí no se queje |  | | ningún amador, |  | | yo renuncio el arco, |  | | madre, desde hoy; | 255 | | Sirena le tenga, |  | | que al Amor venció; |  | | madre, ya soy celos, |  | | ya no soy Amor. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y salen SIRENA y SILVIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con justa razón se queja | 260 | | Amor. ¡Qué gentil mujer! |  | | Mas necia debe de ser |  | | si un dios por un hombre deja, |  | | que implica contradicción |  | | ser amor y no le amar. | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De hoy más te puedes llamar |  | | vengadora, y con razón, |  | | de las mujeres que amaron |  | | y que mal pagadas fueron |  | | pues que tus ojos rindieron | 270 | | a quien a tantos negaron: |  | | notable dicha has tenido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Silvia, yo no estoy contenta, |  | | porque, cuando el Amor sienta |  | | que por Alcino le olvido, | 275 | | querrá, con desconfianza, |  | | vengarse en los dos celoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hará; que en un poderoso |  | | es bajeza la venganza. |  | | Si un hombre de gran fortuna | 280 | | dos mil virtudes tuviese, |  | | como vengativo fuese, |  | | no tiene virtud ninguna; |  | | que es ofensa del valor |  | | el no saber perdonar. | 285 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dirá Amor que es castigar |  | | mi amor porque es dios de amor. |  | | Ve, Silvia, y llámame a Alcino, |  | | hable con mi padre luego, |  | | que Amor, de sí mismo ciego, | 290 | | podrá hacer un desatino; |  | | casémonos, que después |  | | él me guardará mejor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | Yo voy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me quiere Amor? |  | | Si es amor, lo mismo es | 295 | | querer a quien he querido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A verte sola esperaba, |  | | menos arrogante y brava, |  | | más amor, menos olvido; |  | | la madre del Amor soy, | 300 | | Sirena, a quien tratas mal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, planeta celestial, |  | | en tu misma esfera estoy; |  | | no soy ninfa de Diana, |  | | ni sus ejercicios sigo | 305 | | por estas selvas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digo |  | | que no procedes humana |  | | en querer a quien te quiere, |  | | pero no de mejorarte, |  | | pudiendo en más alta parte, | 310 | | tu injusto desdén se infiere; |  | | si mi Cupido te adora, |  | | ¿cómo ofendes su deidad |  | | con ajena voluntad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes presumo, señora, | 315 | | que le ofendiera en mudarme, |  | | pues siendo amor verdadero, |  | | en sabiendo que a otro quiero, |  | | podrá su ley castigarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Serás la primer mujer | 320 | | que a dos en un tiempo quiera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seré la mujer primera |  | | que a entrambos pueda querer; |  | | el amor ha de ser uno, |  | | esto bien lo sabéis vos, | 325 | | porque la que quiere a dos, |  | | no quiere bien a ninguno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco sabes del papel |  | | del amoroso teatro, |  | | porque a dos, a tres y a cuatro | 330 | | puede entretenerse en él. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entretener no es amar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no ames y entretén. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero bien, y querer bien |  | | nunca dio tanto lugar; | 335 | | que a la mujer que es dichosa |  | | en querer quien la ha querido, |  | | no le ha de quedar sentido |  | | para querer otra cosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos galanes, señora, | 340 | | acreditan la hermosura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mujer que honor procura |  | | sin buena fama, no es buena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca la verdad se infama; |  | | la virtud ha de vencer. | 345 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué virtud puede tener |  | | quien no tiene buena fama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la virtud que es segura, |  | | no ofenden injustos nombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En habiendo muchos hombres, | 350 | | es oficio la hermosura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué bachillera cansada! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Obrar bien no es hablar mal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Métete monja vestal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué si estoy casada? | 355 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No has de gozar lo que quieres. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será injusto tu rigor, |  | | o enemigos del honor, |  | | mujeres para mujeres: |  | | ¡Qué consejos de una diosa! | 360 | | ¡Cuántas se pierden ansí! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro, voces de pastores, con silbos y estallidos de hondas)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Aquí, pastores, aquí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De todo estoy temerosa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Al lobo, al lobo, pastores! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga BATO con pellejo de lobo atado al pescuezo, que le cubre las espaldas, y la cabeza metida por la suya)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué desdicha! ¡Muerto vengo! | 365 | | ¿Adónde podré esconderme? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, triste! Una fiera veo: |  | | ¿Por adónde podré huir? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, Sirena, te ruego |  | | que me defiendas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él habla: | 370 | | ¡cielos, qué animal tan fiero! |  | | Sátiro o fauno, ¿qué quieres? |  | | ¿Tan presto te vengas, Venus? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no soy sastre ni macho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres centauro? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Eso es bueno! | 375 | | ¿Yo cigarro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿quién eres? |  | | ¡Ay, Dios! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un lobo moderno, |  | | que aun no estoy examinado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Lobo? ¡Socorredme, cielos! |  | | Venus le envía a matarme. | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué viernes o qué embeleco? |  | | Mírame bien, que yo soy; |  | | ¿tengo, por dicha, otro gesto |  | | del que tuve siendo Bato? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bato! Perdona el miedo: | 385 | | ¿Podré tentarte la cara? |  | | Él es, ¿qué dudo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto |  | | me desconoces, Sirena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El temor, Bato, es tan ciego, |  | | que cree lo que imagina; | 390 | | pero dime, ¿quién te ha puesto |  | | desta suerte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, Sirena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú tienes amor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No tengo |  | | mis diez y nueve sentidos, |  | | sin los demás movimientos? | 395 | | ¿No sabes que quiero a Silvia? |  | | Díjome que por secreto |  | | viniese en forma de lobo; |  | | que hay vecino que del sueño |  | | se quitan por acechar | 400 | | si hay en la calle requiebro. |  | | Yo, Sirena, que no estaba |  | | ducho a ser lobo, el pellejo |  | | que ves le quité a Diana, |  | | porque me lo dijo Febo. | 405 | | La Diosa, con el enojo, |  | | cuando las cabañas entro, |  | | solicitó los pastores |  | | de valles, montes y cerros: |  | | juntáronse contra mí; | 410 | | yo, como era lobo nuevo |  | | y no sabía el oficio, |  | | en cuatro pies iba huyendo; |  | | pero como no sabía, |  | | apenas en pie me vieron, | 415 | | huyeron, imaginando |  | | que fuese algún dios mostrenco; |  | | porque hay en Arcadia tantos |  | | que ya nos damos con ellos, |  | | pues solamente no es dios | 420 | | el que no tiene dinero. |  | | De pedradas, finalmente, |  | | y mordeduras de perros, |  | | que por poco me mataran, |  | | tal he quedado, que creo | 425 | | que soy lobo, y así voy |  | | a llevarle su pellejo |  | | y pedir que me perdone; |  | | que Amor, autor de embelecos, |  | | tuvo la culpa de todo. | 430 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él viene, y viene a buen tiempo: |  | | pídele, Bato, justicia |  | | de Silvia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no me atrevo; |  | | que como andan estos dioses |  | | con tantos enojos, temo | 435 | | que me convierta en gazapo, |  | | o por ventura en vencejo; |  | | y conozco un arcabuz |  | | que está en tirallos tan diestro, |  | | que ha despoblado los aires, | 440 | | y no se halla uno dellos |  | | por un ojo de la cara: |  | | pues si en toro me convierto, |  | | sin que lo sepa la muerte, |  | | dará conmigo en el suelo. | 445 | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y sale CUPIDO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, bellísima Sirena! |  | | No sin causa tan amenos |  | | hallé los prados de Arcadia, |  | | que obedientes florecieron |  | | a la estampa de tus pies. | 450 | | Pienso que mi madre Venus |  | | habló ya contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí |  | | me dijo tu pensamiento; |  | | yo le respondí que amaba |  | | y que, amando, fuera yerro | 455 | | culpable amar otro amor. |  | | Dilo tú como maestro |  | | de amar, y como quien es |  | | el legislador y dueño |  | | desta universal razón; | 460 | | di que sin culpa me siento, |  | | pues tú fuiste quien de Alcino |  | | me enamoró; mas yo quiero |  | | quererte si tú me das |  | | la libertad para hacerlo. | 465 | | Desenamórame, Amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si soy Amor, cómo puedo |  | | ser desamor? Ese oficio |  | | hace la ausencia, los celos |  | | o la ingratitud. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues todo | 470 | | te ofrece el mismo remedio; |  | | cánsate de verme ingrata, |  | | y pues celoso te veo |  | | de Alcino, auséntate, Amor; |  | | mas ¿cómo ignoras, con serlo, | 475 | | que amor con amor se cura? |  | | Quiere bien otro sujeto: |  | | podrá desenamorarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma tú el mismo consejo, |  | | y enamórate de mí: | 480 | | verás cómo olvidas luego |  | | a Alcino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puede ser, |  | | si no me quitas primero |  | | el amor que tú me diste. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen SILVIA y ALCINO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho, Silvia, le agradezco | 485 | | que quiera que hable a su padre; |  | | que temo algún mal suceso |  | | como el de Dafne, que hoy lloran |  | | con turbias aguas Peneo |  | | y el Príncipe de Tesalia, | 490 | | que emprendió su casamiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella, que te adora, Alcino, |  | | quiere poner tierra en medio |  | | con casarse; que este Amor |  | | anda en perseguirla necio, | 495 | | cuanto ella en aborrecerle |  | | discreta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente. ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | ¿No es Cupido aquel? ¡Ay, Silvia, |  | | qué buen aborrecimiento! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Amor y SIRENA juntos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero yo diferencio | 500 | | el hablar por accidente |  | | de haber sido por conciertos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, Silvia, en la selva solos; |  | | si del mismo Amor no tengo |  | | celos, ¿de quién quieres, Silvia, | 505 | | que tenga en el mundo celos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, Alcino está allí; |  | | que no le demos, te ruego, |  | | celos; que te doy palabra |  | | de amarte en llegando el tiempo | 510 | | de llevar a la montaña |  | | el ganado, pues con esto |  | | y su ausencia habrá lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El capítulo primero |  | | de amar, es obedecer; | 515 | | yo me voy, y te obedezco. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé cómo acierte a hablarla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca tuve más deseo |  | | de verte, mi Alcino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aparta |  | | los brazos, detén el pecho; | 520 | | que si en él ha entrado amor, |  | | ¿cómo podrán estar dentro |  | | dos amores? Muchos años |  | | le goce; que yo no emprendo |  | | competencia con los dioses: | 525 | | ni soy Tifón ni Japeto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dices? ¿Estás en ti? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En ti no estoy, que es lo cierto; |  | | ni en mí, que, si en mí estuviera, |  | | nunca viera lo que veo, | 530 | | con los ojos no hay engaño; |  | | adiós, que al monte me vuelvo: |  | | si bajare al prado, plega... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno está sin juramento; |  | | vete, pues gustas, Alcino, | 535 | | de tratar con tal desprecio |  | | a quien deja un dios por ti. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú le dejas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo le dejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo, si le tienes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buenos andáis de conceptos; | 540 | | ea, Alcino, habla a Sirena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que la hable yo primero? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quédate ahí como él plega; |  | | que se está el cielo riendo |  | | de los amantes perjuros: | 545 | | Sirena, no des con esto |  | | venganza a Amor, da los brazos |  | | a Alcino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, yo primero? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que venganzas tiene Amor |  | | tan tiernas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo no me vengo. | 550 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si yo también me enojo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues confiese, como es cierto, |  | | que yo no he tenido culpa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que soy tu esclavo confieso, |  | | y que mis brazos te doy. | 555 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Alcino! ¡Ay, Dios! ¡Ay, muero! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Estará de pies SIRENA en la trampa del teatro, y al abrazarse los dos, se hundirá SIRENA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Júpiter soberano! |  | | Sirena, Sirena, ¿quién |  | | te lleva? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro, SIRENA)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¡Alcino! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mi bien! |  | | Pero ¿qué te llamo en vano? | 560 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué desdicha! Por aquí |  | | se entró. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Seguiréla yo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga una fuente de agua hacia arriba)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En agua se convirtió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo mismo será de mí, |  | | Sirena del alma mía; | 565 | | agua son ya tus despojos, |  | | pues hechos fuentes mis ojos, |  | | te harán, de hoy más, compañía; |  | | heroica hazaña de amor |  | | convertir en agua el fuego, | 570 | | por ver si en ella me anego; |  | | más fue industria que valor: |  | | vuélveme en agua, y tendremos |  | | un mismo fin; vengarás |  | | tu pecho; mas no, querrás | 575 | | para que no nos juntemos. |  | | ¡Triste padre cuando oyere |  | | el suceso, y triste yo: |  | | selvas, Sirena murió; |  | | selvas, Alcino se muere! | 580 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Airados están los dioses, |  | | Arcadio, contra tus selvas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí está Silvia, alahé; |  | | que, aunque nunca Amor se venga, |  | | me lo ha de pagar ahora. | 585 | | Pues Silvia, ¿es buena conciencia |  | | que me pongas por quererte |  | | en hábitos que me muerdan |  | | cuantos perros tiene el monte, |  | | que los hay de mil maneras, | 590 | | invisibles y visibles? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bato, que desas quejas |  | | no es tiempo ahora! Cupido, |  | | viendo inútiles sus flechas, |  | | convirtió a Sirena en agua. | 595 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tenemos otra lobera? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pluguiera a Dios: por aquí, |  | | Bato, asoma la cabeza; |  | | verás qué fuente tan linda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas qué, ¿me arrojas en ella? | 600 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estas lágrimas son burla? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale una llama de fuego)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy a verla. ¡Que me queman, |  | | que me abrasan! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No era fuente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Chamuscóme las guedejas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cae un lienzo de lo alto en forma de palacio, que dejándolos en el teatro a los dos, cubre todo el monte)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bato! ¿Quién por el aire, | 605 | | sin que los cuerpos lo sientan, |  | | nos ha traído a esta casa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Silvia, tú eres hechicera; |  | | que desde aquello del lobo, |  | | no es posible que no seas | 610 | | o la hija del Sil, Circe, |  | | o la de Colchos, Medea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo? ¿Cómo si estoy sin mí? |  | | Ni ¿qué encantadora hubiera |  | | que formara este palacio? | 615 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las columnas que sustentan |  | | la machina son de jaspe |  | | y de mil preciosas piedras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Locos debemos de estar, |  | | porque por aquella puerta, | 620 | | si no es engaño o es sueño, |  | | salen Cupido y Sirena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Sirena está viva! Júpiter |  | | con bien me vuelva a mi tierra, |  | | que desde lo del pellejo | 625 | | ande, como ánima en pena. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CUPIDO y SIRENA, y criados que les ponen sillas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sirena, yo soy Amor; |  | | no temas, yo vivo aquí, |  | | todo lo que ves, fingí |  | | de celos de tu pastor. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Justo ha sido mi temor, |  | | dulce Cupido, hasta verte; |  | | que fuera venganza fuerte |  | | e indigna de tu poder, |  | | por querer y no querer | 635 | | darme tan injusta muerte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  | | --- | | Siéntate. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime quién son |  | | los que te sirven aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los celos, que van tras mí, |  | | linces en toda traición, | 640 | | la fineza, la ocasión, |  | | la esperanza y la mudanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buen criado la esperanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y entre éstos, con plaza igual, |  | | los que siempre sirven mal. | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La ausencia y la venganza; |  | | maspor que segura estés, |  | | llega, Silvia; llega, Bato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serán los dos en retrato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serán los mismos que ves. | 650 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Danos, señora, los pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y en albricias de tu vida, |  | | que yo los brazos te pida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy de contento loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola! ¡Mientras duermo un poco, | 655 | | aperciban la comida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta sí que es buena casa; |  | | que sin comer no hay placer, |  | | porque hay dios que sin comer |  | | toda la vida se pasa. | 660 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca del Amor fue escasa |  | | la mano; aquí comerás |  | | ambrosía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por jamás |  | | supe yo que era ambrosía: |  | | di que me den ollería, | 665 | | que de eso conozco más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedóse dormido Amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Debe de andar desvelado: |  | | cuando tiene el bien hallado, |  | | duerme un amante mejor. | 670 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por allí suena rumor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Baja DIANA por el aire)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esta suerte, mi venganza |  | | a Venus y a Amor alcanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SIRENA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay, Dios! ¿Quién me lleva? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Asiendo DIANA a SIRENA, vuelan juntas)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Silvia, todo se mudó. | 675 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo es venganza y mudanza. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(El palacio se sube arriba, y queda descubierto el monte)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es eso, Sirena mía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuál Sirena? Aquí bajó |  | | quien volando la llevó |  | | por adonde nace el día. | 680 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la cabeza traía |  | | una luna plateada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, Diana airada? |  | | ¿En fe de tu castidad |  | | te atreves a mi deidad? | 685 | | ¿Ya no estabas bien vengada? |  | | ¡Vive el cielo, que has de arder |  | | de amores de Endimión, |  | | si tanta contemplación |  | | poderosa puede ser! | 690 | | Estos deben de tener |  | | la culpa por no avisarme. |  | | ¡Matarlos quiero y matarme! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Huye, Silvia, que está loco! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Muerta soy! | | | |
|  | |
| *(Huyen los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No lo estoy poco | 695 | | de amor y de no vengarme! |  | | Bien se conoce que ha sido |  | | venganza de cielo y tierra |  | | este rigor, esta guerra, |  | | este desdén, este olvido: | 700 | | ¿Yo rendido, yo vencido, |  | | yo celoso y despreciado? |  | | ¿Quién hubiera imaginado? |  | | O ¿cómo pudiera ser |  | | que el mundo llegara a ver | 705 | | el Amor enamorado? |  | | Conjurados contra mí |  | | los dioses, dieron lugar |  | | que se pudiese vengar |  | | Diana y Febo de mí: | 710 | | poder y nombre perdí; |  | | veneno tan abrasado; |  | | mas fuerte fue quien me ha dado |  | | que Amor de mi propio amor, |  | | soy, para pena mayor, | 715 | | el Amor enamorado. |  | | Montes, la locura mía |  | | crece en venganza de Febo |  | | y aunque en el amor no es nuevo, |  | | no era yo quien le tenía: | 720 | | yo le daba y repartía, |  | | quedándome descuidado, |  | | y hoy tengo, sin ser amado, |  | | el amor que a todos di, |  | | para que se viese en mí | 725 | | el Amor enamorado. |  | | Si de la muerte el rigor |  | | mata, la muerte no muere, |  | | lo mismo de amor se infiere |  | | ¿cómo muere Amor de amor? | 730 | | Mas ¿de qué sirve el furor, |  | | si no voy desesperado |  | | a vengarme del cuidado |  | | que mi propio amor me da? |  | | guardaos, mortales, que va | 735 | | el Amor enamorado. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y salen FEBO y DIANA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy agradecido, |  | | bellísima Diana, |  | | del castigo que has dado justamente |  | | al bárbaro Cupido, | 740 | | no sólo yo, mas cuanto de la humana |  | | historia el mundo reconoce y siente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Febo, la novedad del accidente |  | | de amor le vuelve loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para lo que merece, todo es poco. | 745 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que importa es casar los dos amantes, |  | | que puede ser que intente un desvarío |  | | en los que menos pueden. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen LISENO, viejo, padre de SIRENA, y ALCINO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mis lágrimas, Alcino, son bastantes |  | | a vencer la corriente deste río | 750 | | cuando las suyas por su Dafne exceden |  | | las ondas desa mar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si de Sirena, |  | | Liseno, hubieras visto la desdicha, |  | | más fuera tu dolor, mayor tu pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Soy fiera yo, por dicha, | 755 | | de los montes rifeos? |  | | ¿Serán más eficaces tus deseos |  | | que la naturaleza? |  | | Yo lamento, mi ser, tú su belleza: |  | | ¿qué amor, que sentimiento | 760 | | puede igualar a un padre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El de su esposo, |  | | pues concertado ya mi casamiento, |  | | la pierdo con un fin tan lastimoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Piadoso el cielo fuera, |  | | si el cuerpo de Sirena me dejara, | 765 | | que a un mármol consagrara, |  | | donde sus honras fúnebres hiciera |  | | con llanto del Arcadia; mas el cielo |  | | aun no me quiso dar este consuelo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El viejo padre me enternece, Febo. | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diana, pues con él viene su esposo, |  | | antes que algún engaño intente nuevo |  | | el ofendido Amor, será forzoso |  | | que llegue el desengaño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que es razón intentas. | 775 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  | | --- | | Liseno. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  | | --- | | Febo ilustre. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué lamentas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Sirena, mi hija, que me ha muerto |  | | con un traidor engaño, |  | | por tu venganza, Amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sirena vive. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo, si yo la vi morir? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí es cierto | 780 | | los brazos le apercibe, |  | | y tú de esposo la dichosa mano, |  | | que fue de Amor el pensamiento vano. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Abriéndose el templo de DIANA, se ve a SIRENA en él)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pastores destas riberas |  | | que visteis mi tierno llanto, | 785 | | venid a ver mi alegría: |  | | ¡Sirena vive! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisardo, |  | | Jacinta, ¡corred, llegad! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Los pastores y pastoras salen con instrumentos, y SILVIA y BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De quién ha sido el milagro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISENO | |  | | --- | | De Febo y Diana. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera | 790 | | echarme a los pies de entrambos, |  | | ya que ayer se me perdió |  | | una borrica en el prado: |  | | por ventura sabrán della, |  | | y yo les daré su hallazgo. | 795 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Cantan los MÚSICOS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivan Febo y Diana, |  | | gocen sus rayos, |  | | y Sirena y Alcino |  | | se den las manos. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(En este baile y relinchos entren VENUS y CUPIDO, y los aparten)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no, mientras yo tengo | 800 | | imperio de los humanos |  | | corazones: Amor soy, |  | | que vengo a vengar mi agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo soy Venus, Diana; |  | | que si los dos sois hermanos, | 805 | | Cupido es mi hijo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venus, |  | | los dos quedarán casados |  | | porque es justo; vete a Chipre, |  | | que son intentos bastardos |  | | de la autoridad de dioses. | 810 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú conmigo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Venus, paso! |  | | ¡Mi hermana es Luna en el cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa, si es el más bajo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el centro Proserpina, |  | | Diana en selvas y campos. | 815 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo que se han de matar, |  | | que ya aperciben los arcos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Bato! ¡El cielo se rompe! |  | | ¡Todo es trueno, todo es rayos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(En este ruido baje en un águila JÚPITER)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JÚPITER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dioses, ¿queréis, por ventura, | 820 | | con tan recios desagravios, |  | | desconcertar la armonía |  | | de los cielos soberanos? |  | | Tú, Venus, ¿desde el tercero |  | | quieres oponerte al cuarto | 825 | | Príncipe y Rey de la luz |  | | del estrellado teatro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VENUS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, señor, desde aquí digo |  | | que mi hijo y yo dejamos |  | | a tu arbitrio la sentencia. | 830 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JÚPITER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Febo por tus engaños, |  | | Amor, a Dafne perdió, |  | | la razón, a quien han dado |  | | nombre de alma de la ley, |  | | dice que es derecho llano | 835 | | que Amor no goce a Sirena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como de Júpiter santo |  | | es la sentencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CUPIDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No importa; |  | | de él y de todos aguardo |  | | vengarme presto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALCINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sea, | 840 | | Sirena mía, entretanto |  | | tu esposo, y vénguese Amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Jopiter sagrado, |  | | antes que se vuelva al cielo |  | | en ese buitre volando, | 845 | | mande a Silvia que me quiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | JÚPITER | |  | | --- | | ¡Silvia! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JÚPITER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quiere a Bato! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIA | |  | | --- | | Yo te obedezco. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FEBO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aquí, |  | | divino planeta cuarto, |  | | Luna, madre de otro sol, | 850 | | que gocéis por muchos años, |  | | dé fin en vuestro servicio |  | | *El Amor enamorado*. |  | | | |