**LOPE DE VEGA  
*La Bella Aurora***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *CÉFALO* |  |
| *FLORIS* |  |
| *FABIO* |  |
| *ELISA* |  |
| *EL PRÍNCIPE DORISTEO* |  |
| *PERSEO* |  |
| *AURORA* |  |
| *BELISA* |  |
| *DIANA* |  |
| *JULIO* |  |
| *ANTEO* |  |
| *UN GIGANTE* |  |
| *FELICIO* |  |
| *FINEO* |  |

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| **Acto I** | |
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| *Salen CÉFALO, de camino, y FLORIS* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, fálteme Dios |  | | si hallo cosa en esta ausencia |  | | que pueda hacer resistencia |  | | al mal de faltarme vos. |  | | Y es para el alma tan fuerte, | 5 | | que su consideración |  | | no tiene comparación |  | | con el rigor de la muerte. |  | | Crece la tristeza mía |  | | con tanta violencia, amor, | 10 | | que en el temor y el dolor |  | | mil veces muero en un día. |  | | Yo llevo, en fin, de los dos |  | | mayor soledad agora, |  | | que no estáis sola, señora, | 15 | | acompañada de vos; |  | | que para comparación |  | | de que en dolor me igualáis, |  | | pues que vos con vos estáis, |  | | mayores mis males son. | 20 | | Dad ventaja a mi memoria |  | | de las penas que sentís, |  | | porque donde vos vivís, |  | | ¿qué puede haber sino, gloria? |  | | Cesar la eterna armonía | 25 | | de las esferas del cielo, |  | | alma del sol, que en el suelo |  | | cuanto vive engendra y cría: |  | | Hacer eterna amistad |  | | los elementos, parece | 30 | | decir que haceros merece |  | | mi presencia soledad. |  | | No lo creáis, pensamiento; |  | | máteme cuerdo el pesar, |  | | y no sin seso el pensar | 35 | | tan altos merecimientos. |  | | | |
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| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué donaire tan grande! |  | | ¡Oh, qué imposible tan nuevo! | 110 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FABIO y ELISA, criados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo cumplo con lo que debo, |  | | si no es que quedar me mande. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien te supieras quedar |  | | si me tuvieras amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay amor donde hay señor, | 115 | | ni quedar donde hay mandar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Otros criados no había? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No seas, Elisa, loca; |  | | que hay criados de la boca, |  | | que la sirven todo el día, | 120 | | que en dando todo señor |  | | en llamar siempre un criado, |  | | aquél es de su cuidado |  | | inmortal ejecutor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que quieres? | 125 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay de partida? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que ya |  | | todo apercibido está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, cuidadoso eres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo primero los rocines, |  | | aunque boca abajo están, | 130 | | relinchos por gracias dan |  | | que al campo los encamines; |  | | el tuyo el bocado muerde |  | | bañando el oro en espuma, |  | | ya papagayo sin pluma | 135 | | todo vestido de verde; |  | | porque sin las guarniciones, |  | | verdes por partes distintas, |  | | en crin y cola, mil cintas |  | | sirven de plumas y alones; | 140 | | yo llevo aquel bayo a quien |  | | cubre el enmaderamiento, |  | | un pellejo macilento |  | | por quien las tripas se ven. |  | | Si ves el rocín, señor, | 145 | | pensarás que han puesto allí |  | | un viejo guadamací |  | | a un banco de un herrador. |  | | ¡Por Dios, que pienso que voy |  | | sobre la envidia a esta caza! | 150 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿No vas con gusto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi plaza |  | | a quien la quisiere doy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | El correrá. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco o nada; |  | | presto tus ojos lo vean, |  | | sino es que los ciervos sean | 155 | | hechos de paja y cebada. |  | | De perros nos va mejor, |  | | galgos, sabuesos y bracos, |  | | grandes, chicos, gordos, flacos, |  | | que atados forman, señor, | 160 | | una capilla perruna |  | | en esa puerta, que es cosa |  | | insufrible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dulce esposa, |  | | yo voy corriendo fortuna |  | | en el mar de vuestros ojos; | 165 | | no me aneguéis de esa suerte, |  | | ni el sol que de ellos se vierte |  | | eclipse nubes de enojos. |  | | Venid a verme partir |  | | pues tan presto he de volver. | 170 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo que os he de perder, |  | | porque me suele decir |  | | el alma muchas verdades. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Perder por ir a cazar |  | | a un monte? ¡Qué incierto mar | 175 | | para apartar voluntades! |  | | Venid, que el Príncipe espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me puedo consolar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ella no puede llorar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llorar ¡oh Fabio! quisiera; | 180 | | pero tengo el corazón |  | | encontrado con los ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues pescados sin remojos |  | | secos, incomibles son; |  | | no llores si hay fe tan poca; | 185 | | que llorar y no sentir, |  | | es por los ojos mentir, |  | | que suele ser por la boca. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el Príncipe de Tebas, DORISTEO, de caza, y PERSEO, privado suyo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si sabes qué es amor, sabrás, Perseo, |  | | que es siempre industrias todo. | 190 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé de amor el modo, |  | | mas sé que amor es hijo del deseo, |  | | y que para gozar lo que desea, |  | | no hay imposible que difícil sea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adoro la divina prenda hermosa | 195 | | de Céfalo dichoso, |  | | imposible forzoso, |  | | por ser, como lo es ya, su casta esposa: |  | | hoy al campo le llevo |  | | sin estimar lo que a mí mismo debo. | 200 | | No a quitarle la vida, porque fuera |  | | quitársela a su esposa: |  | | una industria amorosa |  | | me enseña a que le deje en la ribera |  | | del mar, o entre las selvas divertido, | 205 | | para que vuelva a pretender su olvido; |  | | favor pido al amor, Céfalo ausente, |  | | que ausencias suelen darle: |  | | no con dejar de amarle, |  | | con menos quiero yo que me contente: | 210 | | hábleme sólo a mí, sólo merezca |  | | mi amor, que sin amarme le agradezca. |  | | Dos ojos tiene el cielo: el verdadero |  | | se llama el sol dorado; |  | | con resplandor prestado | 215 | | sale la luna; pues lo mismo quiero. |  | | Quiera a Céfalo bien, ¡qué desvarío! |  | | Y resplandor prestado será el mío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no supiera yo lo que es amarte, |  | | divina Floris mía, | 220 | | fuera vana porfía |  | | sus experiencias presumir el arte; |  | | el Príncipe te adora, y yo en secreto, |  | | pero con esperanza a un mismo efeto. |  | | Mas ¿quién tan atrevida y locamente | 225 | | al poder amoroso |  | | querrá oponer celoso |  | | su loco amor, si el Príncipe le siente? |  | | Porque no sólo la lealtad debida, |  | | que igual peligro correrá la vida. | 230 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Murmuras de mi loco pensamiento, |  | | o por ventura piensas |  | | que igualará defensas |  | | Floris a su amoroso atrevimiento? |  | | Pues ten por cierto (aunque parezca loco) | 235 | | que, a ser posible, le tuviera en poco. |  | | Armese Floris de desdén conmigo, |  | | cubra el hermoso cielo |  | | de cristalino hielo, |  | | y los dioses me dan mayor castigo | 240 | | que a quien hurtó su llama, que no puedo, |  | | tener menos amor ni mayor miedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conmigo estás, señor, tan disculpado, |  | | que de este pensamiento |  | | a tu merecimiento, | 245 | | si no te conociera, hubiera dado |  | | aquel lugar que la naturaleza |  | | puso en tu sangre por mayor grandeza. |  | | Ama a Floris divina, al campo lleva |  | | a su engañado esposo; | 250 | | que amor es poderoso, |  | | y no es la industria en sus intentos nueva: |  | | de los dioses que adoras en su templo, |  | | los engaños de amor toman ejemplo. |  | | Coronados de flores, blanco Toro, | 255 | | pasó la mar a Europa, |  | | sin vela, o viento en popa, |  | | Júpiter, que otra vez en lluvia de oro |  | | transformado, gozó de Danae bella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Valed, engaños, mi amorosa estrella. | 260 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CÉFALO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déme, señor, Vuestra Alteza |  | | los pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Céfalo amigo! |  | | ¡Ay celos, de amor castigo! |  | | ¡Ay, soberana belleza! |  | | ¡Oh, qué gran favor me has hecho | 265 | | en quererme acompañar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto es servirte, y mostrar |  | | que amor me debe tu pecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El ser tan recién casado, |  | | bien claro muestra que ha sido | 270 | | haberme favorecido |  | | y para siempre obligado. |  | | Quedará Floris muy triste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es discreta, y vió que es justo |  | | servirte, porque en tu gusto | 275 | | todo el de los dos consiste; |  | | pero al fin, como mujer, |  | | en lágrimas... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué rigor! |  | | ¡Quién las mereciera ver! |  | | Pero lágrimas lloradas | 280 | | por otro amor fuego fueran, |  | | por más hermosas que hicieran |  | | tus estrellas enojadas. |  | | Ahora bien, Céfalo, vamos; |  | | que ya nos llaman ausentes, | 285 | | las sombras entre las fuentes, |  | | y la caza entre los ramos: |  | | que yo también dejo a quien |  | | no siente mi ausencia menos; |  | | volveremos de amor llenos, | 290 | | y de despojos también. |  | | Tú para dar a tu esposa, |  | | y yo a cierto desdén mío; |  | | que mucha venganza fío |  | | para la vuelta amorosa | 295 | | de esta ausencia, aunque ha de ser |  | | más breve de lo que piensas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay para mi amor ofensas |  | | como no darte a entender |  | | que aventurara por ti | 300 | | mayor bien, si mayor fuera, |  | | aunque mi esposa perdiera, |  | | que es el mayor que hay en mí. |  | | A los montes que me llevas |  | | y adonde Alcides bajó, | 305 | | iré por servirte yo; |  | | sólo quiero que me debas |  | | este amor, este deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién viene contigo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio; |  | | que en dejarle hiciera agravio | 310 | | a su amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así lo creo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déme tu Alteza los pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Traes, Fabio, aquestos días |  | | aquel humor que solías? |  | | que ha mucho que no me ves. | 315 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, las cosas están |  | | de forma, o fueron mejores, |  | | que gastarán los humores, |  | | y aun la vida gastarán. |  | | Perece el mundo, y no espero | 320 | | que ha de haber otro segundo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo ansí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Falta del mundo, |  | | el alma, que es el dinero. |  | | No sé cómo pueda darte |  | | de esta sentencia el sentido; | 325 | | lo que estaba repartido, |  | | está todo en una parte. |  | | No tiene la mocedad |  | | las costumbres que solía; |  | | la vejez niega y porfía | 330 | | las señales, y la edad: |  | | esto no entra bien aquí; |  | | de damas, el interés |  | | se ha vuelto amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ansí es, |  | | bien andará para mí | 335 | | el mundo con sus mudanzas, |  | | pues podré, Floris, con oro, |  | | atrevido a tu decoro, |  | | esforzar mis esperanzas. |  | | En fin es el interés | 340 | | muy poderoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es de modo, |  | | que es dueño y señor de todo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy justamente lo es; |  | | y a su ejemplo, esta cadena |  | | te has de poner. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya tenía | 345 | | otra mayor, que es la mía, |  | | de tus beneficios llena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, Fabio, los criados |  | | todos sois murmuración, |  | | si por cualquiera ocasión | 350 | | nos veis de dar descuidados. |  | | ¡Ay de los señores, Fabio! |  | | Porque, en dejando de dar. |  | | cosa no sabéis hablar |  | | sin nuestra ofensa y agravio. | 355 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si con aquesta pensión |  | | esta cadena me dabas, |  | | más intereses cobrabas |  | | que sus principales son: |  | | lo que yo decir quería | 360 | | no lo interpretaste bien, |  | | porque el interés también |  | | más altamente porfía: |  | | bien sé que dais, y que honráis, |  | | y sé, pero no te enojes | 365 | | que dais como los relojes, |  | | que no sabéis lo que dais; |  | | dad a un cuerdo, a un noble, a un sabio |  | | y daréis bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Ahora bien, |  | | yo quiero darte también | 370 | | por esas tres cosas, Fabio.) |  | | Venme a hablar sin que te vea |  | | Céfalo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu esclavo soy. |  | | ¿Qué es esto? Confuso estoy. |  | | Algo el Príncipe desea. | 375 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y salen la ninfa AURORA, y BELISA, con arcos, velos y baqueros)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor menospreciado, |  | | venganzas apercibe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De quien segura vive, |  | | no se verá vengado; |  | | que él deseos tira, | 380 | | que no con arco y flechas, que es mentira |  | | pues esos reportados |  | | con cuidados que velan, |  | | cuando más se revelan, |  | | ¿cómo serán cuidados? | 385 | | si el amor es deseo, |  | | haced que el alma ignore lo que veo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cuando ven los ojos |  | | lo que es digno de amarse, |  | | ¿Puede el alma ocultarse | 390 | | para no darle enojos? |  | | Mas ignoras con arte |  | | que el alma está del todo en toda parte. |  | | Desengáñate, Aurora, |  | | que el alma es la primera, | 395 | | que lo que considera, |  | | por los ojos adora; |  | | sin consultarla, o casta, o amorosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa, yo te digo |  | | que, si ella se resiste, | 400 | | que nunca la conquiste |  | | pensamiento enemigo: |  | | donde ella no consiente, |  | | ni el gusto obliga, ni el sentido siente. |  | | La dulce compañía | 405 | | de la casta Diana, |  | | desde que la mañana |  | | abre, la puerta al día, |  | | hasta que se la cierra |  | | la oscura hija de la helada tierra, | 410 | | es gloria, es alegría |  | | de un casto y libre pecho, |  | | que no ha pagado pecho |  | | a humana compañía; |  | | allá, por las ciudades | 415 | | hay mujeres que entienden voluntades. |  | | Aquí, seguir las fieras |  | | por selvas enramadas, |  | | a veces avisadas |  | | de las aves parleras, | 420 | | es el mayor contento |  | | que puede presumir el pensamiento. |  | | Ver bañar una siesta |  | | a la bella Diana, |  | | adonde planta humana | 425 | | ni llega, ni molesta; |  | | tan blanca y transparente, |  | | que parece figura de la fuente; |  | | y de ninfas cercada, |  | | como luna de estrellas, | 430 | | celebra las más bellas, |  | | después de ser de todas envidiada. |  | | ¡Qué diversa escultura |  | | descubre sin el velo la hermosura! |  | | Es vida más contenta | 435 | | por estas soledades, |  | | que cuantas las ciudades |  | | que el loco vulgo aumenta |  | | dan al entendimiento; |  | | que amor, ¿cuándo no fue pena y tormento? | 440 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen dos villanos: JULIO y ANTEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo queda apercibido; |  | | no falta sino que venga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Feliz monte cuando tenga |  | | rey tan amado y querido, |  | | que le quiere de manera, | 445 | | sin haber visto su cara, |  | | que para que me matara, |  | | quisiera volverme fiera. |  | | Dos veces esta mañana |  | | salí a ver si viene ya. | 450 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, que están por acá |  | | dos Nínfolas de Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Mirarélas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, a fe; |  | | dicen que vuelven cochinos |  | | los hombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué desatinos! | 455 | | No hacen mal, Julio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si las van a ver desnudas, |  | | vuelven los hombres venados, |  | | que por eso en nuestros prados |  | | hay tantas seguras mudas; | 460 | | mas si los hombres no son |  | | bachilleres y atrevidos, |  | | los dejan con sus sentidos, |  | | sin hacer transformación. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¡Labradores! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Santo cielo! | 465 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué andáis alborotados? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nínfolas que en estos prados |  | | habitáis en mortal velo, |  | | sabed que viene a cazar |  | | hoy el Príncipe de Tebas. | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, ¡tomad por esas nuevas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, que nos quieren tirar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Huye, Julio! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Corre, Anteo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah, borrachas! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cuáles van! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué poco de verme dan | 475 | | estos tebanos deseo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Príncipe es alabado |  | | de hermoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay igualdad |  | | con la hermosa libertad |  | | de un corazón descuidado. | 480 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿no, le piensas ver? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo ver hombres en mi vida? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquí, Aurora, escondida, |  | | ¿en qué se puede ofender |  | | nuestra señora. Diana? | 485 | | Mira que en este rüido |  | | se conoce que han venido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A lo que tengo de humana |  | | piden los ojos su parte. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡To, to! Por acá, Melampo. | 490 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De gritos se vuelve el campo |  | | sabrosa imagen de Marte. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CÉFALO y FABIO con venablos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notables espesuras! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca mayores las vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escondámonos aquí | 495 | | para mirarlos seguras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha tocado el sol más claro |  | | sus arenas plateadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estas zarzas intrincadas |  | | nos servirán de reparo. | 500 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Escóndense)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde el Príncipe quedó? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siguiendo va por la selva |  | | un jabalí que al de Adonis |  | | imitaba en la fiereza. |  | | Yo, en viéndole los colmillos, | 505 | | hice broquel de una peña; |  | | que todo animal que muerde, |  | | es como veneno en flecha. |  | | También hay en la ciudad |  | | jabalíes que penetran | 510 | | honras con dientes de envidia, |  | | de los cuales no aprovecha |  | | guardarse el más recatado; |  | | mas como de aquéstas pueda, |  | | es necedad arrogante. | 515 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son las domésticas fieras |  | | las que dan más ocasión |  | | a que los hombres las teman. |  | | Las de esta selva son muchas: |  | | temo que el Príncipe quiera | 520 | | salir tan presto de aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten, señor, por cosa cierta |  | | que saldrá presto si ama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si él amara, no viniera |  | | a los montes, en que olvidan | 525 | | los que aborrecer desean. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué sabes tú si hay agravio |  | | que obligarle a olvidar pueda? |  | | Pero no se aplican bien |  | | a la caza estas materias. | 530 | | Mira dónde has de pasar |  | | el sol de esta ardiente siesta: |  | | ¿qué ladra el perro del cielo |  | | a las vecinas estrellas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta fuente, Fabio amigo, | 535 | | donde encajara un poeta |  | | esto de planta sonora, |  | | cristal vivo, voz de perlas, |  | | a quien hacen verde toldo |  | | los alisos que la cercan: | 540 | | como laurel de su margen |  | | y sombra de sus arenas, |  | | con dulcísima harmonía |  | | es cítara de estas selvas, |  | | adonde a versos las aves | 545 | | historias de amor alternan; |  | | ello nos llama; no es bien, |  | | cansados, buscar por ellas |  | | más frescura que sus aguas, |  | | más alfombra que su hierba: | 550 | | ríndete aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Apolo, |  | | que presumo que durmiera, |  | | no digo al son desta fuente, |  | | que parece que se queja, |  | | pero en un trillo por cama, | 555 | | y por algodón sus piedras. |  | | Aquí mi venablo arrimo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aura, mis ojos refresca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es Aura? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El viento manso |  | | que por estas hojas suena. | 560 | | | |
|  | |
| *(En echándose, salgan AURORA y BELISA)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué te parece? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he visto, |  | | Belisa, mayor belleza: |  | | ¿es posible que son tales |  | | todos los hombres de Tebas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si del primero que has visto | 565 | | te agradas desta manera, |  | | ¿para qué, de amor burlando, |  | | mostrabas tanta aspereza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto hablar de la mar |  | | los que no han entrado en ella? | 570 | | ¿No has visto la valentía |  | | de quien nunca vio la guerra? |  | | Pues así yo blasonaba |  | | de las hondas y armas fieras, |  | | hasta que vi sus peligros | 575 | | y conocí sus tormentas: |  | | por cierto, el hombre es gallardo; |  | | presumo que si le viera |  | | la misma casta Diana... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, Aurora, no lo sepa. | 580 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, voyme de aquí |  | | antes que el hombre nos sienta; |  | | pero no, vuelve; ¿qué importa |  | | cuando nos hable y nos vea? |  | | Pero ¿soy yo la que digo, | 585 | | Belisa, cosas como éstas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame mirar a mí |  | | el que, con menos nobleza, |  | | acompaña al que tú miras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mírale presto, y no seas | 590 | | causa que despierte acaso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Buena traza! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si es buena, |  | | para él será lo mejor. |  | | ¡Huye! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Vamos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pero espera; |  | | que, aunque es gran diosa Diana, | 595 | | dicen que es más fuerte que ella |  | | Venus, y que le ha mandado |  | | que sus secretos no entienda |  | | Júpiter, porque el amor |  | | todas las cosas aumenta, | 600 | | y no quiere que los dioses |  | | puedan impedir que crezcan. |  | | Volvamos a ver el hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como pájaro, te enreda. |  | | mientras más piensas que huyes, | 605 | | la liga de su belleza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo le podré yo hablar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No podrás si no despierta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo haremos rüido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finjamos algunas quejas. | 610 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, qué terrible león! |  | | ¡Valedme Venus, Minerva, |  | | Palas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No hay quién nos socorra! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, ¿qué voces son éstas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma, señor, tu venablo. | 615 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Marte que nos defiendas, |  | | mancebo, en tus fuertes brazos |  | | de la furia de esta fiera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por dónde va? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué virtud |  | | tienes, señor, contra ellas, | 620 | | que en viéndote huyó? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las ramas |  | | por aquella parte suenan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¡Yo me desmayo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hola, Fabio! |  | | ¡Agua! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De allí se despeña |  | | una ninfa de cristal. | 625 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, ¿tanta flaqueza, |  | | siendo de estas selvas ninfa, |  | | siendo cielo de esta tierra? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | Ya estoy en mí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues el agua |  | | algún ninfo se la beba; | 630 | | que en las selvas es el vino |  | | elemento de más fuerza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos os desmayáis de ver |  | | las fieras; mayor flaqueza |  | | es el desmayarse un hombre | 635 | | mirando las rosas bellas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién sois, señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | He venido |  | | con el Príncipe de Tebas |  | | a estos bosques a cazar; |  | | perdímeesta ardiente siesta | 640 | | de los demás caballeros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuestro disgusto me pesa; |  | | pero porque este favor |  | | (aunque para tanta deuda, |  | | si bien con gran voluntad, | 645 | | será la paga pequeña) |  | | agradecer pueda en algo, |  | | venid donde daros pueda |  | | en que podáis descansar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Transformándome en estrella, | 650 | | fuera a gozar de ese cielo; |  | | mas, ¿cómo tanta bajeza |  | | ocupará tal lugar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esa humildad fuera buena |  | | en otros merecimientos, | 655 | | mas no en la nobleza vuestra, |  | | que bien se ve en vuestro rostro. |  | | Detrás de aquesta arboleda, |  | | adonde están más casados |  | | los álamos y las yedras, | 660 | | yace un palacio en que vive, |  | | a cuya vistosa puerta |  | | forman linteles y jambas |  | | las enramadas cabezas |  | | de ciervos de aquestos montes, | 665 | | y las forcejudas testas |  | | de jabalíes y osos; |  | | porque sirve su fiereza |  | | de rústica arquitectura. |  | | Vamos; estaréis en ella | 670 | | hasta que decline el sol |  | | y el Occidente se vea |  | | vestido de azules nubes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es fuerza que os obedezca, |  | | porque, como a las deidades | 675 | | que estas montañas respetan, |  | | os tengo en veneración. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo agradezco la obediencia. |  | | ¿El nombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Céfalo es; |  | | ¿y el vuestro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengan | 680 | | más bella aurora mis ojos |  | | siempre que el cielo amanezca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y yo tengo de ir allá? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no ve que si se queda |  | | le harán aquí mil pedazos | 685 | | de aqueste monte las fieras, |  | | y que hay en estos sagrados |  | | bosques figuras diversas |  | | de sátiros y de faunos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios, mala gente es esa! | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo es su nombre? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi nombre |  | | por una parte comienza |  | | de la música. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es el ut? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | No es el ut. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿El re? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No acierta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apostaré que es el mi. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pase adelante dos letras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es el fa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio me llamo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Humor gastas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien quisiera: |  | | ¿cómo se llama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa |  | | porque no se desvanezca. | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Belisa de golpe? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | Y sígame, por que tenga |  | | menos calor, hasta tanto |  | | que el sol antípoda sea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que vamos vendidos; | 705 | | que nunca los hombres llevan |  | | más peligro que tratando |  | | con mujeres bachilleras. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el PRÍNCIPE DORISTEO y PERSEO, de noche)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Noche de amor, amparo, norte y guía, |  | | secretaria de todos sus secretos, | 710 | | muda enemiga del parlero día, |  | | madre de pensamientos y concetos; |  | | de celos y de honor secreta espía, |  | | indiferente a necios y a discretos; |  | | en fin, noche que callas cuando mira | 715 | | el cielo con más ojos tu mentira. |  | | Mientras que la verdad de la mañana |  | | descubre engaños, y en el campo flores, |  | | y en estrados de raso azul y grana |  | | sale a juzgar el sol causas mayores, | 720 | | permite que en otra alba soberana |  | | sin celos amanezcan mis amores; |  | | pues no le faltará blando rocío, |  | | quinta esencia de amor, al fuego mío. |  | | Dejo los montes, y dejando en ellos | 725 | | también mis celos, vengo a ver tus puertas, |  | | hermosa Floris, que a tus ojos bellos |  | | traigo una vida entre esperanzas muertas |  | | recoge, si salieres, tus cabellos, |  | | si tanto amor los mereciere abiertos; | 730 | | que si piensa la noche que es el día, |  | | en Tebas se sabrá la pasión mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tuviera tu amor, y si tuviera, |  | | Príncipe, tu poder, yo me arrojara |  | | donde la fuerza más lugar mediera, | 735 | | y de penas injustas me excusara; |  | | Júpiter por ejemplo me sirviera, |  | | y en lluvia de oro por la torre entrara; |  | | que por su gusto un Príncipe mancebo, |  | | ¿por qué no puede ser Júpiter nuevo? | 740 | | Ven con armas aquí, rompe, derriba, |  | | pues ya en el campo su marido ausente, |  | | ninguna cosa de gozar te priva |  | | la hermosura de Floris. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necio, tente, |  | | y nunca amor permita que se escriba | 745 | | de un hombre como yo que fui insolente; |  | | porque los altos poderosos dueños, |  | | el espejo han de ser de los pequeños: |  | | pues ¿cuál entendimiento enamorado |  | | brazos buscó sin ser correspondido? | 750 | | ¿A quién pudo mover un rostro airado, |  | | de forzadas colores encendido? |  | | Quieren gustos de amor un mismo agrado, |  | | un mismo sentimiento consentido; |  | | porque en disgustos pretender contentos, | 755 | | es tañer, sin templar, dos instrumentos: |  | | llama, Perseo, y déjame que intente |  | | el olvido primero de su esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya he llamado, y responden tibiamente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llama con voces de mi amor celoso. | 760 | | | |
|  | |
| *(ELISA en alto)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién llama a tales horas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el Oriente |  | | abrió la puerta a Febo luminoso; |  | | di, Elisa, que es el Príncipe de Tebas, |  | | bien triste de traer tan tristes nuevas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FLORIS en alto)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, gran señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mandad, señora, | 765 | | que abran la puerta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No será posible |  | | Céfalo ausente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien podéis agora; |  | | yo soy quien soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy un imposible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La cortesía que valor desdora, |  | | ¿dónde vive el honor tan invencible? | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me podéis querer mi dueño ausente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Téngolo de decir públicamente? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues cosa que no puede ser tan clara |  | | yo no la escucharé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Brava aspereza! |  | | ¿Pensáis que os tengo amor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién tal pensara? | 775 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien pudiera por vos tanta belleza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los criados no es gente que repara |  | | en la seguridad ni en la nobleza; |  | | los que saben que son siempre testigos, |  | | los llaman los primeros enemigos; | 780 | | pero ¿que puede ser que no se pueda |  | | decir menos que abriendo a tales horas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera yo, pues a mi cuenta queda, |  | | darte consuelos de dolor que ignoras: |  | | tu gran lealtad mañana me conceda, | 785 | | si aquesta noche tu marido lloras, |  | | que te venga a decir de qué manera |  | | murió en el monte a manos de una fiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay! mísera de mí, no me engañaba |  | | el alma en tanto mal! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitóse, o creo | 790 | | que cayó de la reja donde estaba; |  | | pero ¿qué es lo que intenta tu deseo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Que le olvide no más. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y si no acaba |  | | de olvidarle jamás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, Perseo: |  | | si un vivo ausente lo que ves padece, | 795 | | el que no ha de volver, ¿qué se merece? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | Pues, ¿él no volverá? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que yo tengo |  | | ordenado a Tancredo y a Lidoro |  | | que le detenga, sin decir que vengo |  | | a la ciudad y a ver el sol que adoro. | 800 | | iré y vendré, si a Céfalo entretengo, |  | | guardando a su nobleza igual decoro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | Terribles voces dan. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, no me espanto; |  | | la nueva es falsa y verdadero el llanto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| (Salen FABIO y BELISA) |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si algún amor me has debido, | 805 | | que más es que algún amor, |  | | di, ¿qué laberinto ha sido |  | | este de tanto rigor, |  | | Belisa, en que estoy metido? |  | | ¿En qué palacio encantado. | 810 | | si bien es tan regalado, |  | | mi señor y yo vivimos, |  | | si por una hora venimos |  | | y un siglo habemos estado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Un siglo te ha parecido? | 815 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con las cosas que aquí veo |  | | estoy tan desvanecido, |  | | que he pensado, y aun lo creo, |  | | que há mil que habemos venido. |  | | Todo es salas y aposentos, | 820 | | dorados los pavimentos, |  | | y los techos de cristal, |  | | con pintura celestial |  | | en paredes y cimientos; |  | | todo es camas de labores | 825 | | extrañas, ricos estrados, |  | | donde parecen, con flores |  | | varias, pedazos de prados |  | | las alfombras de colores: |  | | todo es jardines y fuentes, | 830 | | cuyas sonoras corrientes |  | | caminan sendas de arena, |  | | con larga espaciosa vena, |  | | por mil cuadros diferentes. |  | | Y componen sus labores | 835 | | flores de tales colores |  | | y con tanta actividad, |  | | que parece que es verdad |  | | que hay elemento de flores, |  | | tanta flor, tanta violeta, | 840 | | cristales y oro verás, |  | | plata y perla tan perfeta, |  | | que no es posible haber más |  | | en la frente de un poeta. |  | | ¿Qué es esto, Belisa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, | 845 | | el tebano, tu señor, |  | | es gallardo, es fuerte, es sabio; |  | | los que merecen amor, |  | | también merecen agravio. |  | | Nunca verás hombre feo, | 850 | | necio e indigno, querido; |  | | el ser tal movió el deseo |  | | de Aurora; la Aurora ha sido |  | | digna de su hermoso empleo. |  | | El palacio es del Aurora, | 855 | | ninfa que el sol enamora |  | | y que, amándola, porfía |  | | a seguirla cada día, |  | | y con sus rayos la dora |  | | Ella, aunque cada mañana | 860 | | lo espera en camas de grana, |  | | de diamantes y zafiros, |  | | da por Céfalo suspiros, |  | | aunque es hermosura humana. |  | | ¿Ves las perlas y el cristal | 865 | | que llueve el cielo al Aurora? |  | | Pues es, con ser desigual, |  | | que por su Céfalo llora |  | | y que a su sol quiere mal. |  | | Ella le tiene encantado | 870 | | y de la caza olvidado, |  | | dándole favor Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Diana fue liviana, |  | | el mundo vive engañado; |  | | casta por nombre tenía, | 875 | | aunque cierto tropezón |  | | me dicen que tuvo un día |  | | con aquel Endimión |  | | que en sus menguantes dormía. |  | | ¡Oh, cuántas, con ser tan diosas, | 880 | | tienen flaquezas humanas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, en todas estas cosas |  | | calla; que las lenguas vanas |  | | nunca fueron provechosas. |  | | Mira que es santo el callar | 885 | | y que, en llegando a contar |  | | a tu dueño lo que digo. |  | | te ha de venir el castigo |  | | en este mismo lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temblando estoy; no he topado, | 890 | | Belisa mía, en los días |  | | que en este palacio he estado, |  | | sino sátiras y arpías |  | | que en su lengua me han hablado. |  | | No sé por dónde me trujo | 895 | | a este monte mi fortuna; |  | | que si a tratar me redujo, |  | | Belisa, gente cabruna, |  | | yo he de salir mono o brujo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla; mira que el hablar | 900 | | llaman veneno los sabios, |  | | que a muchos suele matar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me coseré los labios; |  | | pero déjame quejar. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CÉFALO y AURORA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me puedo detener, | 905 | | Diana a llamar me envía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es posible que me quieras, |  | | pues ausentarte porfías. |  | | Ya que de mi propio ser, |  | | hermosa Aurora, me olvidas, | 910 | | no me dejes; que de celos, |  | | la vida, el gusto me quitas. |  | | ¿Antes que el cielo amanezca |  | | de mi lado te desvías? |  | | ¿Dónde, Aurora, te levantas? | 915 | | ¿Cómo, señora, no miras |  | | que el mayor gusto de un hombre |  | | que adora mujer o amiga, |  | | es, en abriendo los ojos, |  | | decirle: «Amor, buenos días»; | 920 | | mirar cómo abre los suyos, |  | | y le mira, vuelta en risa |  | | la bella boca, y le dice: |  | | «Buenos los tengas, mi vida» |  | | Tú, con irte de mis brazos, | 925 | | de tan alto bien me privas; |  | | ¿dónde vas tantas mañanas |  | | destocada y mal vestida? |  | | Vuelvo a verte, y no te hallo; |  | | lloro de amor y de envidia | 930 | | del dichoso que te lleva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que engañada celosía! |  | | ¿No ves que, si me estuviese |  | | entre tus brazos dormida, |  | | siendo el Aurora, que el sol | 935 | | a la tierra no saldría? |  | | Yo voy por él, y a correr |  | | de su cama las cortinas, |  | | para que el mundo amanezca, |  | | que ¡por tu vida y la mía! | 940 | | que las perlas, que las flores, |  | | beben cuando ya se libran |  | | de la prisión de la noche, |  | | en que estuvieron marchitas; |  | | son lágrimas que me debes. | 945 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué mal hace quien camina! |  | | pobre sol, que con ser sol, |  | | sólo porque cada día |  | | anda en estas ocasiones, |  | | cervales rayos le crían. | 950 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame, mi bien, pues sabes |  | | la verdad; que con más prisa |  | | que voy volveré a tus brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parte, y déjame sin vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, Belisa, que ha media hora | 955 | | que la noche fugitiva |  | | se atreve al sol por mi causa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Siguiéndote voy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay, señor! |  | | Desdichas tuyas y mías; | 960 | | aquí estamos encantados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no imaginas |  | | que te han quitado el amor |  | | de tu esposa y tu familia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué lo sabes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí | 965 | | me lo ha contado Belisa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Encantado estoy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | advierte que Aurora es ninfa |  | | de Diana, y le ha pedido |  | | favor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo eso es mentira, | 970 | | porque la casta Diana |  | | no trae en su compañía |  | | ninfas que con hombres duerman. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si a Diana llaman trina, |  | | será casta cuando es luna; | 975 | | la luna es húmeda y cría, |  | | mas en la tierra es Diana, |  | | y en el centro Proserpina: |  | | tales vemos las mujeres, |  | | que por la nobleza altivas, | 980 | | en la condición son flacas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues déjame que la siga, |  | | pues he de ver si el sol sale |  | | como ella dice. |  | | *(Vase CÉFALO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pidas |  | | desengaños a los celos, | 985 | | que ejecutan más que fían; |  | | él va mirando las nubes, |  | | que es natural fantasía |  | | de hombre que ama. ¿Qué es aquesto? |  | | Abrió la tierra una mina; | 990 | | parece que pare un hombre. |  | | *(Toquen una caja)* |  | | Con los dolores suspira: |  | | ¡muerto soy! ¡Qué gran gigante! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga un GIGANTE por un hueco del teatro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GIGANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hombre que en Tebas habitas, |  | | ¿sabes dónde estás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, | 995 | | no ha mucho que lo, sabía; |  | | ya he perdido la memoria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GIGANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando a un parlero le avisan |  | | de que no diga un secreto |  | | y la palabra le obliga, | 1000 | | ¿qué espera el tal hablador, |  | | y más cuando es la ofendida |  | | persona tan principal? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, si en toda mi vida |  | | dijere cosa que vea, | 1005 | | aun de personas indignas, |  | | que me entierren donde estás; |  | | súbase la tiranía |  | | adonde le diere gusto; |  | | ande el poder homicida | 1010 | | quitando vidas sin causa; |  | | las letras desnudas vivan; |  | | pida por Dios el ingenio, |  | | y la necedad se vista |  | | telas de Persia, y esconda | 1015 | | el oro de las dos Indias; |  | | haya estrellas en la arena, |  | | y cardos en donde habitan |  | | los dioses; el más cobarde |  | | se asiente en la esfera quinta, | 1020 | | y el más valiente a sus pies; |  | | hable la lisonja y sirva; |  | | den palos a la verdad |  | | y premios a la mentira; |  | | pueda el que tiene dineros, | 1025 | | y el que no, pueda desdichas; |  | | que no hablaré más palabra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GIGANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Jura en el cetro que miras |  | | del gran dios Demogorgón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Gorgón, si en mi vida | 1030 | | dijere cosa que vea, |  | | hagan los dioses salchichas |  | | de este cuerpo desdichado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | GIGANTE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás si te castigan. |  | | *(Métase por donde salió)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Lo que ha menester saber | 1035 | | un hombre para que viva! |  | | Finalmente, no hay que hablar |  | | si se cae el cielo encima: |  | | el que es discreto, silencio, |  | | y ande lo de abajo arriba; | 1040 | | que si muere en pie el conejo, |  | | es no más de porque chilla. |  | | | |
| **Acto II** | |
|  | |
| *Salen el PRÍNCIPE DORISTEO y PERSEO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notables cosas hace la fortuna, |  | | si a la fortuna se ha de dar la causa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La nueva fue fingida, y vez alguna |  | | pronostica verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué se causa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el alma con avisos importuna, | 5 | | y no le ponen accidentes pausa, |  | | por lo que participa de divina, |  | | a pretender remedio el dueño inclina. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dije a la bella Floris que quedaba |  | | su esposo muerto a manos de una fiera | 10 | | cuando con más salud solicitaba |  | | la caza por el monte y la ribera; |  | | y aunque mi amor (fingiendo) la engañaba, |  | | la mentira salió tan verdadera |  | | que ha un año y más que Céfalo, perdido, | 15 | | pasó las aguas del eterno olvido. |  | | Mas otro tanto tiempo mi esperanza |  | | padece su crueldad, sin ser posible |  | | entrar en su firmeza la mudanza. |  | | ¡Oh, gran lealtad, mas condición terrible! | 20 | | ¡Qué falsa fue, Perseo, mi esperanza! |  | | Porque dura montaña inaccesible, |  | | del peñasco de Sísifo cargado, |  | | llevo en los hombros mi mortal cuidado. |  | | Sale la noche y cubre los mortales | 25 | | de sueño y de temor, y yo despierto |  | | a idolatrar de Floris los umbrales, |  | | y parezco dormido en estar muerto. |  | | Sale de los palacios orientales |  | | la fresca Aurora, envuelta en velo incierto, | 30 | | y hallándome a su puerta, al sol avisa |  | | que para ver mi amor se dé más prisa. |  | | Sale el dorado sol; no sale a verme, |  | | sino para que venga a retirarme |  | | de acción tan loca; en tanto Floris duerme | 35 | | descuidada de verme y remediarme. |  | | ¿De qué esperanzas puedo yo valerme, |  | | o qué mayor crueldad desengañarme? |  | | Yo, en tanta confusión, morir me veo |  | | si no muere primero mi deseo. | 40 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tratemos, si a tu Alteza le parece, |  | | casar a Floris. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si a un marido muerto |  | | guarda la fe que a su memoria ofrece, |  | | con el vivo su amor será más cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el marido, señor, su fe merece, | 45 | | será sin duda pensamiento incierto; |  | | pero siendo el marido de tu mano, |  | | no podrá ser tu pensamiento vano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿ha de ser fingido el casamiento? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y de manera que la noche propia | 50 | | ocupes su lugar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabrá mi intento, |  | | y para mi opinión es cosa impropia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quiero, pues te he dado el pensamiento |  | | de alguna historia verdadera copia, |  | | ser su fingido esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora veo | 55 | | tu fe, tu amor y tu lealtad, Perseo. |  | | Ejecuta la industria más discreta |  | | que ha visto el ciego amor, y reina luego; |  | | que no hay otra esperanza que prometa |  | | fin a mis penas y a mi amor sosiego. | 60 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Llamo? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Bien puedes. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la boda aceta |  | | la bella Floris, en amor tan ciego |  | | no espere Doristeo de este engaño |  | | hallar provecho, porque soy su daño. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FLORIS y ELISA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mucho, Floris, te atreves. | 65 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo ser descortés. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya mueve en los blancos pies |  | | dos cristales y dos nieves. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre los que amáis pensáis |  | | desatinos semejantes. | 70 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En estrellas de diamantes |  | | de a cinco rayos andáis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que esto no entienda mi amor, |  | | enfermo del mismo mal! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hermosura celestial, | 75 | | de hablaros tengo temor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No le tenga Vuestra Alteza |  | | de quien a sus pies está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, que se correrá |  | | la misma naturaleza; | 80 | | no os hizo a vos, para ser |  | | humilde a ninguna cosa, |  | | mortal; antes como a diosa |  | | os tengo de obedecer. |  | | Días ha que no salís, | 85 | | días ha que nadie os ve; |  | | ya, Floris, pasó, ya fue |  | | lo que lloráis y sentís. |  | | Tiempo es ya de descansar |  | | de penas que no agradecen | 90 | | los muertos, ni las merecen, |  | | pues no las han de pagar. |  | | Diréis que aboga por mí |  | | mi amoroso pensamiento; |  | | ya, Floris, es otro intento | 95 | | con el que he venido aquí. |  | | Que, viendo vuestra firmeza, |  | | mudé amor por no querer |  | | contra violencia vencer |  | | tan desdeñosa belleza; | 100 | | y ya sólo vive en mí |  | | la opinión de vuestro honor; |  | | que si la ofendió mi amor, |  | | no se ha de quedar ansí. |  | | ¡Vive Júpiter sagrado | 105 | | que os he de restituir |  | | cuanto se puede mentir |  | | de un poderoso cuidado! |  | | Yo os he casado; mirad |  | | si deseo vuestro honor; | 110 | | Perseo os tenía amor |  | | por gusto de mi amistad: |  | | bien os empleáis en él; |  | | yo quiero ser el padrino. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por cierto que os imagino | 115 | | cruel conmigo y con él: |  | | conmigo, pues intentáis |  | | quitarme tan justa pena; |  | | y con él, pues de amor llena |  | | el alma, a otro amor me dais. | 120 | | Porque si habéis intentado |  | | quitarme a un amigo esposo, |  | | ¿qué habéis de hacer, poderoso, |  | | sino quitarme a un criado? |  | | ¿Es éste acaso el intento | 125 | | con que habéis venido aquí? |  | | ¿Concertáis los dos ansí |  | | este injusto casamiento? |  | | Pues cuando fuérades vos, |  | | que no digo yo Perseo, | 130 | | os igualara el deseo, |  | | y el mismo amor de los dos. |  | | Yo fui de Céfalo; yo |  | | soy de Céfalo, y seré |  | | de Céfalo, que esta fe | 135 | | no murió cuando él murió. |  | | Ella vive, y vive en mí |  | | Céfalo, ni ha de tener |  | | otro dueño a quien querer |  | | alma que una vez rendí. | 140 | | No soy yo de las mujeres |  | | que piensan más de una vez, |  | | y vos mismo sois jüez |  | | en amorosos placeres. |  | | Aquella que allí pasó, | 145 | | pasa en la memoria en mí; |  | | si a Céfalo dije sí, |  | | diré a todo el mundo no. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Floris, no es esto lealtad, |  | | mas causa engendra este efeto; | 150 | | ¡por mi vida, que hay secreto |  | | que engaña con la verdad! |  | | Y perdonad que, cansado |  | | de tan necia resistencia, |  | | no remito a vuestra ausencia | 155 | | lo que de vos he pensado. |  | | Aquí hay oculta persona |  | | que en secreto os entretiene; |  | | yo sabré por dónde viene, |  | | quién le ayuda y quién le abona, | 160 | | aunque, si acaso es criado, |  | | tendrá más dificultad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Respetar la majestad |  | | a escucharos me ha obligado; |  | | pero ¡quién pensar pudiera | 165 | | que, contra mi honestidad, |  | | tan injusta libertad |  | | en vuestro valor cupiera! |  | | En viendo que una mujer |  | | se conserva sola y casta, | 170 | | y que el interés no basta |  | | para poderla vencer, |  | | luego decís que hay secreto |  | | de criado o de galán, |  | | o que por ventura están | 175 | | con miedo de algún defeto. |  | | Decís que por encubrir |  | | faltas secretas son buenas, |  | | por ver si con estas penas |  | | se quisiesen descubrir. | 180 | | Cansadas tretas, ¡por Dios!, |  | | para probar la firmeza, |  | | e indignas de la nobleza |  | | de un Príncipe como vos. |  | | Y para no proceder | 185 | | adelante en enojaros, |  | | porque quiero perdonaros |  | | y no me quiero ofender, |  | | dadme licencia... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esperad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo escuchar agravios; | 190 | | demás que los reyes sabios |  | | siempre honraron la verdad. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Oye, Elisa. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, ¿qué puedo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile a esa cruel que soy |  | | el Príncipe, y di que estoy | 195 | | tal que a mí me tengo miedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos haréis como señor, |  | | estimando la lealtad |  | | de esta mujer. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdonad, |  | | obligaciones de honor, | 200 | | que voy a hacer desatinos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Terrible crueldad! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De suerte |  | | que solicita mi muerte |  | | su honor con rayos divinos; |  | | mas yo he de hacer, o perderme, | 205 | | que antes que ella pueda hacer |  | | que me canse de querer, |  | | se canse de aborrecerme. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CÉFALO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dices, Fabio? ¿Es posible |  | | que ha un año que estoy aquí? | 210 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo mil veces que sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, parece imposible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos veces en el Carnero |  | | que pinta la astrología |  | | he visto el sol desde el día | 215 | | que aquí llegamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué espero, |  | | sino que eterna prisión |  | | sepulte, Fabio, mis años? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La causa de estos engaños |  | | amores y hechizos son. | 220 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Aurora hechicera? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tan hermosa, ¿se vale |  | | de otras cosas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te sale |  | | del alma el amor a ti. |  | | Y cuando alguna mujer | 225 | | que pagan su amor no alcanza, |  | | o por gusto, o por venganza, |  | | de esto se suele valer; |  | | si suspiras, si estás triste, |  | | ¿qué te espanta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puedo | 230 | | dejar de sentir, si quedo |  | | sin el cielo en que me viste? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me atrevo muchas veces, |  | | Céfalo, a desengañarte; |  | | que tengo para avisarte | 235 | | muchos ojos por jüeces. |  | | La noche que te advertí |  | | de cosas que no sabías, |  | | y falté más de seis días, |  | | ¿adónde piensas que fui? | 240 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde estuviste? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé |  | | si era monte o si era prado; |  | | que en jumento transformado, |  | | de hierbas me sustenté. |  | | No sabía la ocasión, | 245 | | y un día una fuente clara |  | | me mostró la indigna cara |  | | de un animal de razón. |  | | Y aunque me vi, ni por sueños |  | | del agua me enamoré, | 250 | | puesto, Céfalo, que sé |  | | que hay Narcisos borriqueños. |  | | Acordéme de que había |  | | algunos hombres ansí, |  | | que enamorados de sí, | 255 | | se miraban cada día. |  | | Cuando vi las dos orejas |  | | y aquella nariz bestial, |  | | el hocico desigual, |  | | hundidos ojos y cejas, | 260 | | saqué del alma dos graves |  | | suspiros; mas tales fueron, |  | | que como de un trueno huyeron |  | | de todo el bosque las aves. |  | | En fin, con el negro hocico | 265 | | la clara fuente enturbié, |  | | pues causa de verme fue |  | | en figura de borrico. |  | | Y fui diciendo entre mí: |  | | «Quien se ve de esta manera, | 270 | | ¿cómo es posible que quiera |  | | enamorarse de sí?» |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entran BELISA y AURORA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con este disgusto vivo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan triste Céfalo está? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tanto, Belisa, que ya | 275 | | de mi propio amor me privo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué nace su tristeza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De algún amor que ha dejado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En un año no ha borrado |  | | cualquier amor tu belleza? | 280 | | ¡Hombre firme! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta fuente |  | | dos rayas quisiera hacer: |  | | una, de que haya mujer |  | | que quiera tan neciamente. |  | | Y otra, de que al fin de un año, | 285 | | con una mujer hermosa, |  | | se le acuerde de otra cosa |  | | a un hombre firme en su engaño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo nos podremos ir |  | | sin que lo supiese Aurora? | 290 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es tan gran madrugadora, |  | | que nos ha de ver huir. |  | | Temo estas selvas, que están |  | | llenas de sombras y miedos, |  | | de laberintos y enredos, | 295 | | y de respuestas que dan. |  | | Allí asoma un elefante, |  | | allí una mona, allí un oso. |  | | salta un sátiro peloso, |  | | y un fauno medio gigante. | 300 | | No sé qué habemos de hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Céfalo mío, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh bella Aurora! ¡Oh mi bien! |  | | Cortina hermosa del cielo, |  | | primero estrado del sol, | 305 | | arco de su luz primero, |  | | peine de marfil, con quien |  | | compone el rubio cabello. |  | | No en vano los verdes prados |  | | de improviso florecieron, | 310 | | perlas bordaron las aguas |  | | de estos limpios arroyuelos. |  | | No en vano las libres aves |  | | iban alternando versos |  | | de sauce en sauce, de flor | 315 | | en flor, con tan dulces ecos. |  | | ¿Cómo te has tardado tanto |  | | con el sol? ¡Muero de celos! |  | | ¿Qué te ha dicho de los hombres |  | | a nuestras plantas opuestos? | 320 | | Ya me mataba de verte |  | | aquel ardiente deseo |  | | con que te adoró mi vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pon a tu lengua silencio, |  | | tebano infame, y advierte | 325 | | que las deidades sabemos, |  | | no sólo vuestros engaños, |  | | vuestros mismos pensamientos. |  | | ¿Qué mujer en hombre fía |  | | si sé que te vas huyendo, | 330 | | si ese día que lo intentas |  | | me dices falsos requiebros? |  | | Dime toda la verdad; |  | | que por fuerza no te quiero |  | | si fueras el mismo Apolo. | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aurora, tu ofensa temo; |  | | no te espantes que los hombres |  | | aquellas prendas amemos |  | | que nos dieron igualmente |  | | en matrimonio los cielos. | 340 | | Señora, yo soy casado |  | | en Tebas, y te prometo |  | | que es digna Floris, mi esposa, |  | | del grande amor que la tengo; |  | | junto los dos nos criamos, | 345 | | y amor de suerte en dos pechos, |  | | que vino a ser una el alma |  | | y uno mismo el pensamiento. |  | | Era yo recién casado, |  | | y de los brazos el tiempo | 350 | | tan poco, que aún no llegamos |  | | a perdernos el respeto. |  | | Dábale a Júpiter gracias |  | | de ver, en amaneciendo, |  | | a mi lado abrir los ojos | 355 | | ángel tan hermoso y bello, |  | | una imagen de marfil, |  | | una tan perfecta Venus, |  | | que me mataba la envidia, |  | | si supiera mis secretos, | 360 | | cuando el Príncipe de Tebas, |  | | cuando el galán Doristeo, |  | | me manda que le acompañe |  | | a esta caza, en que durmiendo |  | | me viste, divina Aurora, | 365 | | y donde ha un año que duermo; |  | | que no puede tanto olvido |  | | ser menos que eterno sueño. |  | | Dióme de mi loco engaño |  | | aviso Fabio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué has hecho, | 370 | | qué has dicho? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y fui poco a poco |  | | mi desdicha conociendo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy me matan, hoy me chupan |  | | brujos, jimios y camellos; |  | | ya no saldremos de aquí. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con esto, Aurora, muriendo |  | | de celos de la hermosura |  | | de Floris, no estoy contento |  | | con tus regalos y gustos; |  | | que si hay honor de por medio, | 380 | | no creas que hay hombre alegre |  | | con cuanto bien tiene el suelo. |  | | Es sola, es moza, es hermosa: |  | | tiene gallardos mancebos |  | | Tebas, y tan atrevidos, | 385 | | que a nadie guardan respeto. |  | | Pero aunque me mate aquí |  | | mi celoso pensamiento, |  | | la obligación de mi honor, |  | | y el ansia de mis deseos, | 390 | | no saldré de aquesta selva |  | | ni de tu obediencia, haciendo, |  | | de servirte y adorarte, |  | | de nuevo mil juramentos; |  | | porque viendo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No prosigas. | 395 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Señora... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, no quiero |  | | tus palabras ni tus obras. |  | | Ya, Céfalo, te aborrezco; |  | | porque no hay mujer tan vil, |  | | ni de tan bajo sujeto, | 400 | | que quiera un hombre forzado. |  | | Vete de mis ojos luego; |  | | que a fe que te ha de pesar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aurora, si te merezco |  | | por un año de tus brazos | 405 | | que me escuches, oye. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necio, |  | | vete, pues vas por tu mal. |  | | *(Váyase AURORA)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa, ¿qué culpa tengo |  | | del desamor de mi amo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo no, si tus consejos | 410 | | han sido causa de todo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Plega a Júpiter inmenso, |  | | que si yo... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya es tarde, infame! |  | | Presto verás... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tan presto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que te han de sacar los ojos | 415 | | mil mochuelos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mil mochuelos! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyase BELISA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que haré ¡triste de mí! que dice Aurora |  | | que por mi mal veré mi esposa amada |  | | si fue a mi honor y a su valor traidora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digas tal, que Aurora habló enojada. | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya parte a verla el alma que la adora, |  | | mas con vergüenza y con razón turbada |  | | de ver que la ofendí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la ofendiste, |  | | pues que forzado y engañado fuiste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un año habrá que falto, y de manera | 425 | | estoy trocado que fingirme quiero |  | | un hombre extraño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bárbara quimera! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Probaré con amor y con dinero |  | | a conquistar su fe. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando te quiera, |  | | ¿que discreción será? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Saber espero, | 430 | | por lo que hará conmigo, lo que ha hecho |  | | conociendo su falso o firme pecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | No lo aconsejo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celos, dicen, Fabio, |  | | y la ocasión que dió mi larga ausencia, |  | | con lo que Aurora dice que a mi agravio | 435 | | ni amor ni honor han hecho resistencia: |  | | a ver mi muerte voy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay hombre sabio |  | | como ha probado en tantos la experiencia, |  | | que haya probado ni mujer ni espada, |  | | que a bien librar ha de quedar probada. | 440 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse, y entren FLORIS, ELISA y FINEO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu padre tiene este gusto, |  | | y estas memorias me dió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si al Príncipe respondió |  | | mi lealtad con tal disgusto, |  | | y queriendo que Perseo, | 445 | | su más privado, y amigo, |  | | se desposase conmigo, |  | | ¿qué me persigues, Fineo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas en tan verde edad |  | | conservarte de esta suerte? | 450 | | ¿No has de salir, no han de verte? |  | | ¿Todo ha de ser soledad? |  | | ¿No estará mejor guardado |  | | tu honor de un mancebo hermoso, |  | | que no sujeto al ocioso | 455 | | vulgo, siempre desbocado? |  | | ¿Qué podrá decir de ti, |  | | si hermosura y soledad |  | | nunca hicieron amistad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soledad, sola, ¡ay de mí! | 460 | | Mas no digas que te envía |  | | mi padre, porque sospecho |  | | que el Príncipe... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal has hecho |  | | en dudar de la fe mía; |  | | si hablé al Príncipe jamás, | 465 | | Júpiter permita... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente; |  | | muestra los papeles. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente |  | | vida los cielos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay más? |  | | *(Lea)* |  | | «Alexandro, natural de Corinto, caballero ilustre, es de diez y ocho años, hermoso y rico». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Son buenas partes? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Famosas; |  | | pero son diez y ocho años, | 470 | | para marido, muy pocos; |  | | porque, como no han gozado, |  | | del mundo, quieren saber |  | | qué otros gustos, qué otros brazos |  | | tienen diversas mujeres; | 475 | | y así, tengo por gran daño |  | | que el marido sea tan mozo. |  | | Con tu licencia, le rasgo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lee aquéste, que sospecho |  | | que te agrade. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me agrado, | 480 | | te doy palabra de ser |  | | suya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A los méritos salgo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | *(Lea)* | | «Lisardo, mancebo noble, de talle y costumbres, rizado de cabello, y cuidadoso de sus galas, de lindas manos y...». | | Aquí me quedo, en la y, |  | | ¿éste me alababas tanto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿fue más bello Narciso? | 485 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Talle y costumbres alabo; |  | | lo rizado del cabello |  | | no me agrada, que es mal caso |  | | que nos estemos los dos |  | | por la mañana rizando; | 490 | | porque, si entran a saber |  | | qué mandamos los criados, |  | | no sabrán quién de los dos... |  | | Mas basta, no lo digamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo ha de ser un mancebo? | 495 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un mancebo sin cuidado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sucio acaso y mal vestido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, sino muy bien; y ¿acaso |  | | la limpieza y el aseo |  | | no está en un hombre afectado, | 500 | | que está más tiempo al espejo |  | | que pide un cuello? Veamos |  | | el que se sigue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será |  | | Darte más novios cansancio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *(Lea)* |  | | «Cesarino, alto y barbinegro, de edad de cuarenta años». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reparas; luego ¿te agrada? | 505 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En los cuarenta reparo; |  | | que como mujeres y hombres |  | | siempre los años negamos, |  | | añado diez a cuarenta, |  | | y así tendrá cincuenta años. | 510 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo, si es barbinegro? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y eso juzgas por milagro? |  | | Y de ochenta puede serlo |  | | con un poco de cuidado. |  | | ¿Llamaron? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | Si. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete y vuelve. | 515 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voyme, el volver excusando; |  | | que quien se quiere casar, |  | | no mira en tantos ni en cuántos. |  | | *(Váyase FINEO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vé, Elisa, y mira quién llama; |  | | que yo no pienso querer | 520 | | hombre en mi vida, ni ser |  | | contraria a mi honesta fama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  | | --- | | Voy, señora. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La que nace |  | | como nací, se obligó |  | | a la fe que guardo yo; | 525 | | que puesto que muerto yace |  | | mi esposo, está vivo en mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la puerta un mercader, |  | | dice que te quiere ver. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mercader, Elisa, a mí? | 530 | | Despídele; que no quiero |  | | ver sedas, oro, ni galas; |  | | que es dar más ojos, más alas |  | | al pensamiento ligero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que estás más triste | 535 | | que el día que aquesta nueva |  | | que a tantas penas te lleva |  | | del trágico nuncio oíste. |  | | Déjale entrar; que no sé |  | | lo que te quiere. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero. | 540 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Advierte que es extranjero, |  | | como en el traje se ve, |  | | y que no aventuras nada; |  | | por ventura, es en provecho |  | | tuyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necia estás; sospecho | 545 | | que darme pena te agrada. |  | | Di que entre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entrad, caballero. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen, en hábito de mercaderes, CÉFALO y FABIO con una caja)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Júpiter, señora, os guarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Buena persona! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cobarde, |  | | Fabio, etsoy; pero ¿qué espero? | 550 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos seáis muy bien venido. |  | | ¿De dónde sois? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy de Atenas. |  | | Helada tengo en las venas |  | | la sangre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo estoy perdido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué me habéis buscado? | 555 | | ¿Qué es lo que os dicen de mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy en el palacio oí |  | | que os casáis o habéis casado; |  | | tengo joyas extremadas |  | | de todas piedras; querría | 560 | | que os agradasen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tendría |  | | de nuevas tan excusadas |  | | la culpa algún cortesano |  | | ocioso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no es verdad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí vive la lealtad | 565 | | de un muerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es lealtad en vano; |  | | que también decir oí |  | | que era vuestro esposo muerto |  | | de una fiera en un desierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | Es verdad. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues siendo ansí, | 570 | | ¿por qué no os queréis casar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque muerta adoro en él. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sois discreta, pues ¿dél |  | | ya qué podéis esperar? |  | | Yo entré a venderos el oro | 575 | | y piedras que traigo aquí, |  | | y después, Floris, que os vi, |  | | con toda el alma os adoro. |  | | Soy, como veis extranjero, |  | | con quien no podéis perder; | 580 | | y aunque me veis mercader, |  | | disfrazado caballero. |  | | Porque me dejéis serviros |  | | os quiero esta noche dar |  | | una cintura y collar | 585 | | de diamantes y zafiros |  | |  |  | | que vale diez mil ducados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién no hicieron pensar, |  | | y pensando dar lugar a efectos menos honrados? |  | | Yo, Elisa, no he respondido | 590 | | por dudar el interés, |  | | mas por ver lo mucho que es |  | | a Céfalo parecido. |  | | ¿Has visto error, si este nombre |  | | se debe a naturaleza, | 595 | | como en la igual gentileza |  | | de Céfalo y de este hombre? |  | | Confieso que ha despertado |  | | la memoria algún deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con inclinación te veo. | 600 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Dudosa está. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ha dudado |  | | Floris, me ha sido traidora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habla bajo, no te entienda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No porque interés pretenda |  | | de cuanto el indio atesora, | 605 | | os respondo, caballero, |  | | con alguna voluntad: |  | | cuando os vais de la ciudad, |  | | hablaros despacio quiero. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Quítese la capa CÉFALO, y diga sacando la espada)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, infame! ¡Viven los cielos, | 610 | | que has de morir a mis manos! |  | | ¡No eran mis recelos vanos, |  | | verdades eran mis celos! |  | | ¡Yo soy Céfalo, tu esposo: |  | | vivo estoy! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos, valedme! | 615 | | ¡Montes, selvas, socorredme! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse los dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Tente, señor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Soy celoso! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y tú, Elisa, hasme ofendido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo, Fabio? Pues ¿qué me has dado, |  | | o cuando me has obligado | 620 | | con el nombre de marido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tienes, Elisa, razón; |  | | y aunque tu marido fuera. |  | | y de tu amor no tuviera |  | | ni mi honor satisfacción, | 625 | | no te probará jamás, |  | | porque a la mujer más casta |  | | sólo un antojo le basta, |  | | que es golpe en vidrio, y no hay más. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(DIANA y AURORA. DIANA en hábito de diosa, con arco)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto me dicen de ti. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si verdad, señora, fuera, |  | | o el hombre visto se hubiera, |  | | o se conociera en mí; |  | | si satisfacción te di |  | | de mi castidad, Diana; | 635 | | si es de Apolo la mañana, |  | | y las tardes tuyas son, |  | | con siniestra información |  | | te quiere engañar Silvana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No Silvana solamente; | 640 | | Dórida, Filis, Dantea, |  | | dicen lo mismo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque sea |  | | su envidia tan vil que intente |  | | que tu gran deidad me afrente, |  | | no debes luego creer | 645 | | cosas dichas por tener |  | | de mi privanza recelos; |  | | porque es con envidia y celos, |  | | áspid la mejor mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien sé yo que las mañanas, | 650 | | Aurora, estás con el sol, |  | | y que al primer arrebol |  | | de sus luces soberanas, |  | | en blancas telas y granas |  | | le envuelves, y das al suelo; | 655 | | de las tardes no recelo: |  | | vas conmigo a las florestas; |  | | pero ¿no hay noches, no hay siestas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué cosa se encubre al cielo? |  | | Haz mejor información, | 660 | | y de tus baños me arroja |  | | si mi término te enoja. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿testimonio son? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como a ti de Endimión, |  | | pues, en fin, te han levantado, | 665 | | Diana, que le has amado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué cosa en el sentenciar |  | | la ira puede templar |  | | como hallarse el jugo culpado? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FLORIS huyendo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tu soberano amparo | 670 | | una tebana mujer |  | | su vida quiere ofrecer, |  | | falta de humano reparo. |  | | No es, señora, el sol más claro |  | | que mi inocencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién viene | 675 | | siguiendo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien no tiene |  | | piedad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sosiega segura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Matarme un traidor procura |  | | que mi deshonra previene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No osará llegar aquí, | 680 | | o en mármol le volveré; |  | | mil vidas le quitaré |  | | si él sólo un cabello a ti. |  | | Todo el suceso me di |  | | porque la verdad me obligue | 685 | | que te guarde y le castigue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, señora, mi historia, |  | | si me basta la memoria |  | | para tanto mal. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prosigue. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Divina Diana, | 690 | | gloria de las selvas, |  | | luna en las celestes |  | | regiones etéreas: |  | | de las ninfas castas |  | | ilustre defensa, | 695 | | a quien los lascivos |  | | sátiros respetan: |  | | hija soy, señora, |  | | de Ericteo y Celia; |  | | mi primera patria, | 700 | | la famosa Tebas. |  | | En mis años tiernos, |  | | porque apenas eran |  | | convenientes años |  | | para tener penas, | 705 | | amé, siendo amada |  | | de quien bien pudiera |  | | ser amor, por niño, |  | | de mejores flechas. |  | | Aumentóle el tiempo; | 710 | | que el amor se aumenta |  | | con las privaciones |  | | cuando dos desean. |  | | Céfalo era el nombre |  | | de mi dulce prenda, | 715 | | pintura admirable |  | | de naturaleza. |  | | Ibamos al campo, |  | | dándonos licencia, |  | | a coger las flores | 720 | | de la primavera. |  | | El me coronaba |  | | la frente con ellas; |  | | yo, con mis collares, |  | | la suya de perlas. | 725 | | Daba el tiempo a amor |  | | atrevidas fuerzas; |  | | vieron nuestros padres |  | | peligrosas muestras. |  | | Encerrada estuve, | 730 | | pero no se encierran |  | | las almas que salen |  | | en escritas letras. |  | | Al fin nos casaron, |  | | porque no vinieran | 735 | | a mayores daños |  | | privaciones necias. |  | | Apenas un mes, |  | | locamente ciega, |  | | gocé de mi esposo | 740 | | las caricias tiernas, |  | | cuando Doristeo, |  | | príncipe de Tebas, |  | | necio amante mío, |  | | causa de mis penas, | 745 | | por aquestos montes |  | | a caza le lleva, |  | | y para engañarme |  | | perdido le deja. |  | | Díceme que es muerto; | 750 | | mentirosas nuevas, |  | | por ver si podía |  | | vencerme con ellas; |  | | pero a él y a muchos |  | | hizo resistencia | 755 | | limpia castidad |  | | y casta limpieza. |  | | No quise casarme, |  | | puesto que pudiera |  | | con grandes señores. | 760 | | ¡Qué injusta firmeza! |  | | Pues después de un año, |  | | con la voz diversa, |  | | el rostro y el traje, |  | | y diciendo que era | 765 | | mercader corintio, |  | | Céfalo me prueba |  | | con diversas joyas |  | | de preciosas piedras. |  | | Yo, no porque fuese | 770 | | codiciosa de ellas, |  | | mas porque el retrato, |  | | el rostro y presencia |  | | de mi esposo vía, |  | | alguna flaqueza | 775 | | repartí a los ojos, |  | | permití a la lengua; |  | | él, sacando entonces |  | | la espada sangrienta |  | | de fieras del campo. | 780 | | quiso hacerme fiera, |  | | diciendo: «¡Ah, traidora! |  | | ¿Esta fe profesas? |  | | ¿Este amor me guardas? |  | | ¿Este honor respetas?» | 785 | | Yo, triste, turbada, |  | | sin hallar respuesta, |  | | sin tener disculpa, |  | | sin saber enmienda, |  | | porque nunca aguardan | 790 | | en desdichas ciertas |  | | espadas desnudas, |  | | razones compuestas, |  | | salí de mi casa, |  | | dándome una huerta | 795 | | paso para el campo |  | | entre unas acequias. |  | | Viéneme siguiendo, |  | | y entre aquellas peñas |  | | oigo decir: «¡Floris! | 800 | | «¡Adúltera, espera!» |  | | Nunca yo he sido; |  | | él sí que me deja |  | | por otra mujer |  | | en tan larga ausencia; | 805 | | mas para los hombres |  | | no se hicieron quejas; |  | | suyas son las culpas, |  | | nuestras son las penas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lástima me ha dado oírte; | 810 | | pero ya has llegado a parte |  | | que no podrá molestarte |  | | aunque se canse en seguirte; |  | | que no será poderoso |  | | simil engaños apresta. | 815 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, triste! Floris, es ésta |  | | por quien me deja su esposo, |  | | pero ya con más consuelo |  | | de su desdén y aspereza, |  | | pues nunca mayor belleza | 820 | | salió del pincel del cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy, señora, segura |  | | de tu grandeza y piedad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu inocencia y mi deidad |  | | de su traición te asegura; | 825 | | ven, y estarás en mis baños. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mi mal quieren los cielos |  | | que tengan tan fieros celos |  | | tan hermosos desengaños. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen el PRÍNCIPE, PERSEO y CAZADORES)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos veces el dorado vellocino, | 830 | | que a Colcosdió jardín y nombre eterno, |  | | dorado Febo, infatigable vino, |  | | enjugando los ojos al invierno, |  | | desde que en este monte peregrino, |  | | amor sin esperanza y sin gobierno, | 835 | | con Céfalo a seguir las fieras y aves |  | | me trujo sólo entre cuidados graves. |  | | Aquí, si tienes bien en la memoria, |  | | Perseo, este lugar, quedó engañado, |  | | y yo volví solícito a mí gloria, | 840 | | que tanta pena y confusión me ha dado. |  | | ¡Dichoso ausente, cuya nueva historia |  | | a la fama dará mayor cuidado |  | | que pudo de Penélope la tela! |  | | Siendo verdad aquí, y allá cautela, | 845 | | ¿de cuál mujer se cuenta tal hazaña? |  | | ¿Qué difunto gozó de tal firmeza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O fue sepulcro suyo esta montaña, |  | | o peña se volvió de su aspereza; |  | | ninguna cosa a Floris desengaña | 850 | | para que dé lugar a su belleza: |  | | ¡notable amor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Merece bronce eterno |  | | tan duro corazón, pecho tan tierno. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entrense y salga FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Inmensos montes, que a mis tristes quejas |  | | de peñas me prestáis duros oídos; | 855 | | hiedras del claro Apolo, verdes rejas |  | | que dais a tantos álamos vestidos; |  | | mar que en escollos bárbaros te quejas, |  | | triste de ver tus campos oprimidos |  | | de un monte vuelto en pájaro ligero, | 860 | | decidle a Floris que sin ella muero. |  | | Arboles que escaláis las intrincadas |  | | nubes, con verdes almas arrogantes, |  | | por quien segunda vez miran turbadas |  | | la guerra que intentaron los gigantes; | 865 | | sonoras fuentes que corréis templadas, |  | | salpicando las hierbas de diamantes, |  | | formando ese arroyuelo lisonjero, |  | | decid a Floris que sin ella muero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Céfalo no es aquéste? ¡Caso extraño! | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | Parécelo, ¡por Júpiter! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos! |  | | Aunque en los ojos puede haber engaño, |  | | éstas verdades son, no son recelos: |  | | Céfalo, ¿dónde vas? ¿Quién a tal daño |  | | redujo tu valor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Celos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué celos? | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celos de Floris, Floris fugitiva, |  | | que no quiere que ya con ella viva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿El seso le han quitado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así parece. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿dónde está tu Floris? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este monte |  | | la esconde en su aspereza, y me enloquece | 880 | | por todo aqueste bárbaro horizonte. |  | | Si piadosa por dicha se os ofrece |  | | antes que como sol se me transmonte, |  | | pasando el mar, a mis suspiros fiero, |  | | decid a Floris que sin ella muero. | 885 | | Después de un año que viví escondido |  | | en este monte con extrañas pruebas |  | | de mi fortuna, y de un amor fingido, |  | | fui disfrazado a ver mi esposa a Tebas. |  | | Engañáronme celos, y atrevido | 890 | | propuse a su virtud infamias nuevas: |  | | saqué la espada. ¡Qué rigor, ¡ay, cielos! |  | | de lo que puede un desengaño en celos! |  | | Huyó, seguíla, y en aquesta selva |  | | la voy buscando, sin saber por dónde; | 895 | | mas no es posible que a escucharme vuelva, |  | | que por mas que la llamo no responde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, Céfalo, por más que se revuelva, |  | | si no es que el centro de este mar la esconde, |  | | penetraré las selvas con mi gente | 900 | | antes que vuelva el sol al Occidente. |  | | Ea, Perseo, no ha de quedar rama. |  | | Que no vamos contando una por una. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy a nueva esperanza amor te llama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Favorecerme quiere la fortuna. | 905 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre CÉFALO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por este arroyo que el cristal derrama |  | | de aquella fuente en quejas importuna, |  | | unos pastores dicen que le vieron: |  | | aquél parece; él es, no me mintieron. |  | | ¿Dónde vas, señor mío, de esta suerte? | 910 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¡Eh, Floris de mi vida! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo tu vida? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, dulce causa de mi amarga muerte! |  | | Vuelve a mis brazos, ¿dónde vas perdida? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no soy Floris, sino Fabio; advierte |  | | que estás sin seso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alma, divertida, | 915 | | a la imaginación la representa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues dile al alma tú que no te mienta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, busquemos a mi amada esposa, |  | | pidámosle perdón de aquel agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Busquémosla, señor, que es justa cosa. | 920 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rompe la voz en esos montes, Fabio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Floris! ¡Ah, Floris! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile, Fabio, ¡hermosa! |  | | Quizá responderá |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Concepto sabio, |  | | que a hermosa no hay mujer, puesto que fea |  | | que no responda y que es su nombre crea. | 925 | | ¡Floris hermosa, Floris más hermosa |  | | que al prevenir el sol la blanca aurora! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(AURORA entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién llama a Aurora? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Floris amorosa! |  | | Céfalo, aquel que tu hermosura adora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vengada estoy de ti; no soy tu esposa, | 930 | | tu enemiga, villano, soy agora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes, Aurora, de mi Floris nuevas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sé que la goza el Príncipe de Tebas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera, aguarda. ¡Ay de mí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿No ves que es venganza? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por entre las ramas corre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Daréle voces que vuelva. |  | | *(Desde dentro)* |  | | ¡Aurora, Aurora! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro, y más lejos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, Aurora, así amanezcas |  | | clara, cristalina y limpia, | 940 | | ¿hablas de veras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De veras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿El príncipe Doristeo |  | | a mi Floris lleva? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lleva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, señor, que es el eco |  | | que en aquellos valles suena. | 945 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjame, Fabio, que ya |  | | fueron ciertas mis sospechas. |  | | ¿No es verdad, hermosa Aurora, |  | | y que ya son ciertas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciertas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No se va con Doristeo | 950 | | Floris a Tebas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Tebas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No porfíes, no la llames; |  | | y porque mejor lo creas, |  | | déjame que la pregunte: |  | | Aurora, ¿eres necia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necia. | 955 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres traidora? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Traidora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres vieja y fea? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que era fea confesó, |  | | pero calló que era vieja, |  | | que hasta el eco en las mujeres | 960 | | la edad y los años niega. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué haré, Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creer |  | | esta celosa hechicera, |  | | sino buscar a tu esposa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prados, montes, fuentes selvas, | 965 | | ¿dónde está mi bella Floris? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FLORIS entre con ELISA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que la lleve al baño, ordena |  | | Diana, estas blancas tocas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a mí estas flores y hierbas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es buena esta vida, Elisa? | 970 | | ¿No te hallas bien con ella? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No volviera a la ciudad |  | | por los tesoros de Grecia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hará mi enemigo esposo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Querrá dar a tu inocencia | 975 | | la muerte, y por galardón |  | | de tu lealtad y firmeza, |  | | la infamia de que le has hecho |  | | la no imaginada ofensa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, Fabio, vuelve el rostro, | 980 | | ¿no es Floris, mi esposa, aquélla? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, señor, y aquélla, Elisa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Floris, mi vida, no temas; |  | | yo soy Céfalo, tu esposo, |  | | quien te adora y te desea. | 985 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Socorro, hermosa Diana! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No huyas, aguarda, espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda, detente, Elisa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Las dos, huyendo, se pongan en dos tramoyas que estarán en dos partes del lienzo del vestuario, y dando la vuelta, al abrazarlas se hallarán con dos sátiros muy feos en los brazos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, soberana belleza! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos! ¿Qué es lo que veo? | 990 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos! ¿Qué bestia es ésta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suéltame, por Dios, los brazos, |  | | Belisa en demonio enjerta. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vuelvan a dar la vuelta y queden solos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Piensas que tendré temor |  | | aunque en mil formas te vuelvas? | 995 | | Seguirte tengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de Mí! |  | | Pero esto no es cosa nueva, |  | | que mil vestidas mujeres, |  | | a los que a gozarlas llegan, |  | | si la cáscara les quitan, | 1000 | | se vuelven cosas más feas. |  | | | |
| **Acto III** | |
|  | |
| *Salen FLORIS y CÉFALO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escúchame desde aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tengo ya de escucharte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los dioses, dura Anaxarte, |  | | te vuelvan piedra por mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | Ya te espero. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Escucha. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. | 5 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin armas, señora, estoy; |  | | palabra a tus ojos doy, |  | | esposa, de no ofenderte: |  | | no voy a buscar tu muerte, |  | | a buscar mi vida voy. | 10 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Tengo yo tu vida? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | que está sólo en escucharme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo quieres matarme |  | | estando tu vida en mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si celoso te ofendí, | 15 | | te adoro desengañado; |  | | pero aunque sé que has estado |  | | como en la mar firme roca, |  | | quiero oírlo de tu boca |  | | para quedar descansado. | 20 | | Nunca más el alma enciende |  | | amor porque nunca olvide, |  | | que cuando un celoso pide |  | | disculpas a quien le ofende. |  | | Bien tu hermosura me entiende; | 25 | | mira qué amor pudo hallar |  | | en el alma más lugar, |  | | ni en el honor más disculpa |  | | que, siendo yo quien te culpa, |  | | enseñarte a disculpar. | 30 | | Discúlpate con mi amor, |  | | jüez, abogado y parte, |  | | porque sólo en disculparte |  | | consiste, Floris, mi honor. |  | | Ama el jüez tu valor; | 35 | | el deseo que en mí ves |  | | abogado tuyo es; |  | | parte, amor, tras tanta ausencia; |  | | mira, Floris, qué sentencia |  | | darán contra ti los tres. | 40 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Engañada, esposo mío, |  | | por tu muerte, aunque fingida, |  | | llegué hasta perder la vida |  | | con piadoso desvarío |  | | los dioses, de quien confío | 45 | | que te han de decir quién fui |  | | y en qué soledad viví, |  | | no quisieron que muriese, |  | | para que mi honor pudiese |  | | volver agora por mí. | 50 | | Pregúntale a Doristeo |  | | mi resistencia y valor, |  | | y las fuerzas de mi honor |  | | contra su loco deseo; |  | | también pregunta a Perseo | 55 | | si sus bodas desprecié; |  | | qué casamientos dejé |  | | pregunta a Tebas, y luego |  | | el elemento del fuego |  | | verás ardiendo en mi fe. | 60 | | Pues entre mil despreciados, |  | | ¿porqué había de querer |  | | un extraño mercader |  | | y unos celos disfrazados? |  | | Despertaste mis cuidados, | 65 | | que casi fueron antojos, |  | | viendo a Céfalo en tus ojos. |  | | Si tú te ofendiste a ti, |  | | no digas que te ofendí, |  | | ni me des sin causa enojos. | 70 | | Que cuando te hubiera amado |  | | no quedaras ofendido, |  | | porque siendo tú el querido, |  | | no fueras el agraviado. |  | | Fuera de eso, disculpado | 75 | | pudiera quedar mi error, |  | | pues eras muerto, señor, |  | | y con testigos tan ciertos, |  | | pues se entierra con los muertos |  | | el respeto del honor. | 80 | | Los maridos, pues lo eres |  | | de aquella fiera homicida, |  | | no vuelven de la otra vida |  | | a castigar sus mujeres. |  | | Memorias castigar quieres | 85 | | de tu mismo amor celoso, |  | | ni fue error, pues fue amoroso; |  | | que si quererte quería, |  | | era que el alma decía |  | | que eras tú mi dulce esposo. | 90 | | Fue error de la fantasía |  | | adonde te estaba viendo, |  | | como quien dice durmiendo |  | | las cosas que hace de día. |  | | Por esta causa sería, | 95 | | que como en lo que te quiero |  | | he pensado un año entero, |  | | de costumbre que he tenido |  | | en abrazarte fingido, |  | | te abrazaba verdadero. | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, ¿de qué puedo agraviarme? |  | | que, aunque ofendido me hubieras, |  | | disculpa, Floris, tuvieras |  | | en la gracia de culparme. |  | | Llega, permite abrazarme; | 105 | | bien dices: ya estaba muerto. |  | | Ya estoy de mi engaño cierto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Querrás hacerme pedazos? |  | | Pero si muero en tus brazos, |  | | yo sé que en morir acierto. | 110 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Abrácense)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mi bien! ¡Qué gran consuelo! |  | | ¡Ay, no te apartes de mí! |  | | ¡Ay, quién se quedará ansí, |  | | como el Géminis del cielo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Ya no me matas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy | 115 | | muerto en tus brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera: |  | | Diana es ésta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera |  | | hablarla, ¡qué necio soy! |  | | que dicen que ningún hombre |  | | la puede hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad; | 120 | | no quieras que su deidad, |  | | o te castigue, o te asombre: |  | | escóndete, esposo, allí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Iráste con ella? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, |  | | que no te he abrazado yo | 125 | | para apartarme de ti. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(DIANA y AURORA, y DIANA con un dardo dorado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un hombre me parecía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Será pastor de esta selva. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | Huyó en viéndote. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No vuelva |  | | Floris a mi compañía. | 130 | | ¿Qué es esto, enemiga? ¿ansí |  | | has despreciado mi amparo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el engaño te declaro, |  | | tú misma hablarás por mí: |  | | Céfalo, mi dulce esposo, | 135 | | con tal llanto ha satisfecho |  | | mi temor, que habemos hecho |  | | paces; ya no está celoso, |  | | ya conoce mi lealtad, |  | | ya mi firmeza agradece; | 140 | | y así, razón me parece, |  | | Diana, que tu deidad |  | | me dé licencia, que quiero |  | | volverme a Tebas con él. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, no te fíes de él, | 145 | | prueba su verdad primero, |  | | que puede ser que por mí |  | | te respete en esta selva, |  | | y que cuando a Tebas vuelva |  | | se quiera vengar de ti. | 150 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es muy justo advertimiento: |  | | viva algún tiempo contigo |  | | donde, temiendo el castigo, |  | | excuse el atrevimiento; |  | | que después que algunos días | 155 | | vuelva en tus brazos amor |  | | a ser el mismo, o mayor, |  | | del que entonces conocías, |  | | volverás a la ciudad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paréceme buen consejo. | 160 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí tiene un pastor viejo |  | | una famosa heredad, |  | | con una casa extremada, |  | | y yo haré que os tenga en ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú serás, Aurora bella, | 165 | | mi amparo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Floris amada, |  | | quisiera tener qué darte, |  | | ya que de mi compañía |  | | te partes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora mía, |  | | no el alma, el cuerpo se parte. | 170 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo este dardo te doy, |  | | prenda que en mucho estimé |  | | desde que a Tebas bajé, |  | | en cuyas selvas estoy. |  | | No le tirará persona | 175 | | sin matar a quien tirare; |  | | no hay fiera que en monte pare, |  | | por cuantos el sol corona; |  | | no hay un ligero animal |  | | que no alcance. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mi esposo, | 180 | | de tu brazo generoso |  | | aceto el don celestial; |  | | que es notable cazador |  | | y lo estimará en extremo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DIANA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que dilato, Floris, temo | 185 | | las paces de vuestro amor. |  | | Tú, Aurora, busca esa casa, |  | | y quedaos los dos con Dios. |  | | *(Váyase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien podéis hablar los dos, |  | | pues ya de las selvas pasa. | 190 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo voy, con licencia tuya, |  | | a hablar mi Céfalo amado. |  | | *(Váyase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, el daño pasado |  | | en más bien te restituya. |  | | ¡Ay de mis pensamientos mal logrados! | 195 | | ¡Ay de mis esperanzas mal nacidas, |  | | un año vanamente entretenidas |  | | en contentos de amor siempre engañados! |  | | Arrojé de mis brazos despreciados |  | | un hombre que me cuesta tantas vidas, | 200 | | y vuelven a dar sangre las heridas |  | | viendo mi amor los celos declarados. |  | | Mientras quien llora agravios no procura |  | | ver la ocasión, en duda se defiende |  | | y del bien que merece se asegura; | 205 | | pero si el alma ve que quien la ofende |  | | goza de mayor gracia y hermosura, |  | | hiélase el gusto y el amor se enciende. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FELICIO y ANTEO, villanos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un año habrá por agora |  | | que vino el Príncipe aquí. | 210 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Junto a la fuente le vi. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | Pues ¡Felicio! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hermosa Aurora! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No sabes como te quiero |  | | dar dos huéspedes famosos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cortesanos enojosos, | 215 | | si son de Tebas, espero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No son sino dos casados |  | | que han dejado la ciudad, |  | | para hacer de su amistad |  | | testigos montes y prados. | 220 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pensé que era de la gente |  | | que paga en lisonjas vanas, |  | | que habla tardes y mañanas, |  | | y sabe más quien más miente. |  | | Pensé que era quien no da | 225 | | y de todo se aprovecha, |  | | gente que nada sospecha |  | | en lo que interés le va; |  | | pero pues casados son |  | | y de allá vienen huyendo, | 230 | | sólo servidos pretendo, |  | | no quiero más galardón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | Voy por ellos. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Belisa |  | | sabe ya lo que ha de hacer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que me habéis de perder, | 235 | | celos, el amor me avisa. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyase, y entre FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué tengo de parar |  | | al fin de tanto camino? |  | | ¿Yo por selvas peregrino, |  | | sin hallar villa o lugar? | 240 | | ¿Yo sin comer y dormir |  | | por seguir a una mujer? |  | | Conviértete en alcacer, |  | | Dafne, y déjame vivir. |  | | Aquí en la hierba se envuelve, | 245 | | allí se torna gazapo, |  | | aquí de un tigre me escapo, |  | | allí en sátiro se vuelve. |  | | Yo ¡triste!, de rama en rama, |  | | como tras pájaro nuevo, | 250 | | sus ojos llevo por cebo, |  | | y voy donde amor me llama. |  | | Aquí están dos labradores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es algún cazador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si sabrán de mi señor? | 255 | | ¿Han visto un loco de amores |  | | que va por aquí perdido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta selva no posa |  | | sino la más casta diosa, |  | | no la madre de Cupido. | 260 | | Mirad, señor cortesano, |  | | que la piséis con respeto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | Oye. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué manda? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En efeto, |  | | ¿no hay poblado hasta lo llano, |  | | ni qué comer ni beber? | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuentes hay y fruta alguna. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fruta y agua en panza ayuna, |  | | ¿quién la podrá detener? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues advertid, caballero, |  | | que no de todas se bebe, | 270 | | donde más limpio se mueve |  | | claro cristal lisonjero; |  | | porque hay fuente que en bebiendo |  | | quita el seso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Santo Dios! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que hacen necios más de dos. | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Necios? Ya lo estoy temiendo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchos hay en mi lugar |  | | que de esta fuente han bebido; |  | | bien haya el vino, que ha sido |  | | discreto en callar y hablar. | 280 | | Hay fuente que hace los hombres |  | | miserables, gruñidores, |  | | falsos, ingratos, traidores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digas más, no las nombres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Árbol de fruta hay aquí, | 285 | | que, en tirando de una pera, |  | | sale del árbol afuera, |  | | ligero como un neblí, |  | | un sátiro por detrás, |  | | y sacude un pescozón. | 290 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Montes de los diablos son; |  | | no los vuelvo a ver jamás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí hay manzano que quita |  | | la generación a quien |  | | come su fruta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Está bien: | 295 | | no en balde en montes habita; |  | | pero espántome que, luego |  | | que se supo en este valle, |  | | las pastoras de buen talle |  | | no los hayan dado al fuego. | 300 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hay unos árboles bellos |  | | que hacen luego encanecer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ganaría de comer |  | | hombre que tratase en ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si con su fruta topáis, | 305 | | vos saldréis viejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero |  | | comer en mi vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espero |  | | que luego los conozcáis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si alguna ninfa saliere |  | | de estas ramas en que andáis, | 310 | | guardaos que no comáis |  | | ninguna cosa que os diere; |  | | y quedaos con Dios. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo |  | | os guarde; yo estoy sin mí: |  | | ¿adónde voy por aquí? | 315 | | que el temor me ha vuelto en hielo. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre AURORA con BELISA, y traigan dos fuentes de plata con flores, y debajo, en la una de ellas, harina, y en la otra humo)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya quedan aposentados |  | | por darte gusto, señora. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No les amanezca aurora |  | | con rayos del sol dorados. | 320 | | Celos me matan, Belisa; |  | | pero, vamos, que Diana, |  | | toda esta alegre mañana, |  | | fatigada el monte pisa, |  | | y ya querrá descansar. | 325 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allí dos pastoras veo: |  | | comer y beber deseo; |  | | mas no me atrevo a llegar. |  | | Pero ¿qué dudo? Que Aurora |  | | y Belisa son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | 330 | | ¿Hombre en tan secreto puesto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me conoces, señora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Fabio? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | El mismo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿dónde |  | | vas de esta suerte perdido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mí señor, ofendido, | 335 | | tu selva sagrada esconde. |  | | Que en busca de su mujer |  | | va loco de valle en valle. |  | | ¿Tenéis, mientras no le halle, |  | | algo que pueda comer? | 340 | | ¿Qué es lo que lleváis ahí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega el rostro y comerás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dentro? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llégate más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he topado nada aquí. |  | | *(Levante el rostro del plato de la harina todo blanco)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué hermoso que has quedado! | 345 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero nada topé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | Prueba de éste. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Probaré. |  | | Las flores solas me has dado. |  | | *(Alce la cara llena de humo)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora que estás hermoso, |  | | cuanto quisieres tendrás. | 350 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse las dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué comer quisiera más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Adiós, mi Fabio amoroso! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tras ellas irme quisiera, |  | | pero temo un mal suceso. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(DORISTEO y PERSEO y su gente)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran trabajo me ha costado | 355 | | hallar a Floris, Perseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, sabe Vuestra Alteza |  | | que aquí tienen aposento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y que están los dos en paz |  | | para matarme de celos. | 360 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acaba ya con su esposo, |  | | pues que no hay otro remedio; |  | | que esta tierra da ocasión, |  | | con mil animales fieros, |  | | para ponerles la culpa, | 365 | | y será cierto el suceso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda esta selva sagrada |  | | llena está de semideos, |  | | silvanos, sátiros, faunos, |  | | centauros y anfesibenos; | 370 | | hanle de ver porque están |  | | todos los árboles llenos, |  | | y publicarlo de suerte |  | | que pierda el honor que tengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cazadores son, y aquél | 375 | | debe de ser Doristeo. |  | | ¿Qué temo de hacerte señas? |  | | ¡A la ho, ah caballeros! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Júpiter santo me valga, |  | | y qué sátiro tan feo! | 380 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | Fauno es, sin duda. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo fauno? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tírale y mátale, Ardenio |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tírale y mátale! Pies, |  | | en vos está mi remedio. |  | | *(Húyese)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAZADORES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Guarda el fauno! ¡Hola, pastores! | 385 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Guarda el fauno! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Yo soy muerto! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(FELICIO y villanos con chuzos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es de él, por dónde va? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sube el monte, midiendo |  | | con las plantas los peñascos, |  | | y con los brazos el viento. | 390 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que no llegáramos antes! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Mal los queréis. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hannos hecho |  | | grandes males. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo ansí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué cabrito, fruta y queso, |  | | no nos comen cada día? | 395 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La comida es lo de menos. |  | | ¡Ay de la moza que agarran! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿llevanla? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin remedio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Dónde? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allá se la zambullen |  | | por esos bosques espesos. | 400 | | No ha un mes que la pobre Silvia, |  | | de nuestro zagal Riselo, |  | | parió dos medios cabritos, |  | | uno blanco y otro negro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id, pastores, a seguirle; | 405 | | y vos aguardad, buen viejo, |  | | que el Príncipe os quiere hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los pies mil veces os beso: |  | | seguid el fauno, pastores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Voto al sol, que le derriengo | 410 | | si con la tranca le alcanzo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si soy del servicio vuestro, |  | | mandadme, Príncipe ilustre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fiarte, Felicio, quiero, |  | | conociendo tu valor, | 415 | | un pensamiento secreto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es acaso amor de Floris? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, padre, por Floris muero! |  | | Tu Rey soy, mas si me ayudas, |  | | hacerte mi Rey prometo. | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es para daros entrada, |  | | no puedo decir que puedo, |  | | porque es la mujer más casta |  | | que ha visto en su edad el tiempo; |  | | si para sacarla adonde | 425 | | la podáis hablar, sospecho |  | | que lo que el ingenio falte, |  | | me diga el amor que os tengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso te pido no más; |  | | y a no estar, como lo vemos, | 430 | | tan cerca mis cazadores, |  | | hiciera un notable exceso: |  | | besara tus pies, Felicio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor, yo soy el que debo |  | | ser la tierra de esos pies! | 435 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo podrás? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye atento: |  | | lo que más a las mujeres |  | | las saca de sí, son celos; |  | | ella lo está de su esposo; |  | | decirle que quiere quiero | 440 | | una ninfa de este valle; |  | | con esto le irá siguiendo, |  | | y tú, escondido, podrás |  | | hallar a tu mal remedio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Haráslo así? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego al punto. | 445 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ellos vienen, yo te dejo. |  | | ¡Hola, seguidme! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PERSEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi amor |  | | se cansó de dar al viento |  | | esperanzas lisonjeras; |  | | y es el del Príncipe eterno. | 450 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen FLORIS y CÉFALO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás asegurada |  | | del amor que te tengo, Floris mía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy bien empleada, |  | | pues te gozo, mi bien, como solía; |  | | que en lo demás, la muerte | 455 | | ya no lo puede ser después de verte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después que me has contado |  | | que el Príncipe te amaba, estoy celoso, |  | | no porque te he culpado, |  | | pero porque un amante poderoso, | 460 | | si quiere con violencia, |  | | ni basta honestidad, ni resistencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pésame de tu pena: |  | | amando, somos necias las mujeres; |  | | mas de esta selva amena | 465 | | en mi vida saldré si tú no quieres. |  | | El viva las ciudades, |  | | y yo contigo aquí las soledades. |  | | Asegura mis celos |  | | del tiempo que has faltado de mis brazos. | 470 | | Así te den los cielos, |  | | después de larga vida, largos plazos |  | | para que a vivir vuelvas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mi amor son testigos estas selvas: |  | | si Júpiter formara de su idea | 475 | | una belleza tal, una hermosura, |  | | que la del sol, tan celestial criatura, |  | | con sus divinos ojos fuera fea; |  | | si cuanto abril en flores hermosea |  | | tuviera su color, su nieve pura, | 480 | | y para su riqueza la ventura |  | | le entregara la copia de Amaltea; |  | | si fuera amor de su valor despojos, |  | | y de su perfección jamás oída, |  | | la misma castidad tuviera antojos; | 485 | | si como el fénix única nacida, |  | | no te olvidara, Floris de mis ojos, |  | | porque eres alma de mi propia vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si, de su poder por muestra rara, |  | | hermoso un hombre Júpiter hiciera, | 490 | | de suerte que la envidia no pudiera |  | | poner falta en su cuerpo ni en su cara; |  | | si de Apolo la cítara igualara, |  | | y en la voz a las Musas excediera, |  | | y si al planeta de la quinta esfera | 495 | | la fama de las armas le quitara; |  | | si de sabio, discreto y entendido |  | | todos los sabios le rindieran palma, |  | | y el más antiguo rey de bien nacido; |  | | si su valor tuviera el mundo en calma, | 500 | | no te olvidara, Céfalo querido, |  | | porque eres cielo en que descansa el alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siendo verdades ciertas |  | | las que me dices, Floris de mis ojos, |  | | ¿qué importan las inciertas | 505 | | sospechas de mis celos? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Darme enojos |  | | con celos ya no es justo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor sólo con celos da disgusto, |  | | mas no sabe excusarlos; |  | | huélgome de vivir en esta selva | 510 | | para poder dejarlos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tú no quieres que en mi vida vuelva |  | | a la ciudad, mi vida, |  | | de cuando no eres tú mi amor se olvida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La caza es mi ejercicio; | 515 | | aquí viviré yo con más contento: |  | | mi regalado oficio |  | | es seguir por el campo, o por el viento, |  | | las aves o las fieras, |  | | o pescar de Anfitrite en las riberas. | 520 | | Aquí, cuando la aurora |  | | hurte cabello al sol para el tocado |  | | de la frente de Flora, |  | | saldré con tu licencia al verde prado, |  | | a la caza que pare, | 525 | | y a néctar te sabrá lo que matare; |  | | no saldré por la tarde |  | | por que no falte noche a tu deseo, |  | | ni cuando Febo arde |  | | en las guedejas del León nemeo, | 530 | | pondré a la luna redes, |  | | porque no quiero yo que sola quedes. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Guarda el fauno, guarda el fauno! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué es esto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No os cause pena; |  | | que no se atreven de día | 535 | | los faunos a las aldeas; |  | | éste es un sátiro necio |  | | que habrá topado en las eras |  | | la bota de algún pastor, |  | | y busca dónde la duerma. | 540 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre huyendo FABIO, tiznado)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Socorro, amparo, señores! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿aquí te atreves, bestia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Céfalo, detén la espada. |  | | Fabio soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú Fabio? Espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, señor; ¿no me conoces? | 545 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cómo desta manera |  | | andas por aqueste monte? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tengo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué? La más fea |  | | figura y rostro que han visto |  | | los pastores de esta selva. | 550 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda me han trastornado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Vente conmigo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creas |  | | que mientras aquí vivieres |  | | serás lo que de antes eras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta fuente te quiero | 555 | | lavar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, y si llega |  | | algún pastor a matarme, |  | | te ruego que me defiendas. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Váyanse)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, huésped, ¿desta suerte |  | | tratan los hombres aquí? | 560 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los que no se guardan, sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De sus engaños me advierte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué mayor que el de tu esposo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A mi esposo han engañado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninfas se han enamorado | 565 | | de su talle y rostro hermoso, |  | | y aun él lo ha estado de alguna. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo sé bien, |  | | ni a ti es razón que te den |  | | celos de la misma Luna: | 570 | | disimula, que podrás |  | | callando saber quién es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú, si alguna cosa ves, |  | | huésped, ¿no me avisarás? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como viere tu prudencia. | 575 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Palabra te doy de ser |  | | para los celos mujer, |  | | mas no para la paciencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo me voy a informar |  | | de pastores deste valle; | 580 | | que como tu lengua calle, |  | | bien lo podrás remediar; |  | | pero si hablas aquí, |  | | transformarán a tu esposo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | Vete. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FELICIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Júpiter piadoso | 585 | | se duela de él y de ti. |  | | (Váyase) |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh mal que el cielo dió para castigo |  | | de quien vivir con libertad pretende! |  | | No digo amor, que amor a nadie ofende; |  | | celos iba a decir, agravios digo. | 590 | | Pero si celos son con un testigo, |  | | ¿qué amor de la sospecha se defiende? |  | | pues una sola vida y alma enciende |  | | a quejarme de ti, dulce enemigo. |  | | Dice mi amor que deje los desvelos, | 595 | | con que a engañarme la sospecha viene |  | | entre seguridades y recelos. |  | | Y como en esta duda se entretiene, |  | | voy a quererte, y tiénenme los celos; |  | | voy a olvidarte, y el amor me tiene. | 600 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren CÉFALO y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun agora pareces |  | | hombre como los otros, Fabio amigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tus pies mil veces, |  | | si puedo ya, señora, hablar contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fabio, de aquestas selvas | 605 | | será milagro que a la patria vuelvas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios nos defienda a todos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi bien, antes que el sol su rostro encienda, |  | | por los más tiernos modos |  | | de amor, te pido, dulce hermosa prenda, | 610 | | licencia para darte |  | | despojos de una fiera en cierta parte: |  | | dióme un pastor aviso; |  | | déjamela matar por vida tuya; |  | | que al Príncipe no quiso | 615 | | darle este lance en una selva suya, |  | | y por eso querría |  | | que fuese empresa solamente mía; |  | | no te enojes, mis ojos; |  | | que por sus luces amorosas juro | 620 | | de no te dar enojos, |  | | pues con jurar por ellos te aseguro |  | | de volver esta siesta, |  | | y aguardarásme tú la mesa puesta. |  | | Ea, ¿qué dices?, ¿puedo? | 625 | | Di que sí por tu vida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo digo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Con pena quedas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo |  | | triste de no saber que voy contigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y dentro de mi pecho, |  | | de amores tuyos y regalos hecho. | 630 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me digas amores; |  | | que quien los dice al tiempo que se parte, |  | | gustos tiene traidores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿hay causa mayor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero avisarte, |  | | mi bien, que han de decirse | 635 | | para quedarse, y no para partirse. |  | | Este dardo Diana |  | | me dió para las fieras, tan dichoso |  | | que no hace suerte vana |  | | en tigre, en pardo, en sierpe, en león, en oso | 640 | | que cobardes venados |  | | de verle se le rindan por los prados. |  | | Este te doy, mis ojos, |  | | porque te acuestes en aquesta ausencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ausencia? Dasme enojos. | 645 | | Siempre, mi vida, estás en mi presencia: |  | | aceto y beso el dardo |  | | que basta a hacerme cazador gallardo. |  | | De hoy más tembladme, fieras, |  | | que de vosotras soy fatal estrago | 650 | | por montes y riberas; |  | | adiós, mi bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aún no me satisfago |  | | de mi temor celoso, |  | | que es cobarde el temor si está dudoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vente, Fabio, conmigo. | 655 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Allá tengo de ir? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengas miedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es miedo? Voy contigo, |  | | ya Marte en el valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muriendo quedo: |  | | los cielos te acompañen; |  | | ni las fieras, mi bien, ni el sol, te dañen. | 660 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No voy con mucho gusto, |  | | que desde que por fauno me tuvieron, |  | | traigo mortal disgusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielos! Mis deseos se cumplieron, |  | | si este nombre merecen | 665 | | celos que a ver si son verdad se ofrecen: |  | | seguir quiero a mi esposo; |  | | sin duda alguna ninfa que le tuvo |  | | con encanto amoroso, |  | | y un año en este bosque le detuvo, | 670 | | le ha dicho que le aguarda: |  | | ¡celos, volad, que amor es ave y tarda! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(BELISA entre)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde vas, Floris hermosa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No me detengas, Belisa, |  | | pues que mi inquietud te avisa | 675 | | que debo de estar celosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que has vuelto a ser esposa |  | | de Céfalo, sin temor |  | | vive, que el pasado amor |  | | de quien aquí le quería, | 680 | | se templó desde aquel día |  | | que conoció tu valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quiéresme decir quién es? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, pues que ya no te ofende. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa, el amor se enciende | 685 | | con las dudas, ya lo ves. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te ha de pesar después, |  | | mejor encubierto está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ni una letra me dirá |  | | tu rigor de esta mujer? | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una, ¿qué te puede hacer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Di, por Dios! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Comienza en A. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di la segunda siquiera: |  | | que bien me lo debes tú. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Extraña estás! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | Dila. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es U. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Burlas, Belisa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime la letra tercera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La tercera letra es R. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz que esa letra se cierre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdona; que estás cansada. | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy celosa desdichada, |  | | o habrá cosa en que no yerre. |  | | *(Váyase FLORIS)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Necia estás! | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre AURORA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que agora |  | | dijiste a Floris de mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tres letras le dije aquí | 705 | | de tu nombre, hermosa Aurora; |  | | que como su esposo adora, |  | | el dueño saber procura |  | | de sus celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es cordura, |  | | porque se aumenta el amor | 710 | | con la envidia y el temor |  | | que da la ajena hermosura. |  | | Cuando yo a Floris no vía, |  | | menos sentía el desdén, |  | | Belisa amiga, de quien | 715 | | por ella me aborrecía; |  | | mas desde aquel triste día, |  | | por Céfalo estoy muriendo; |  | | de Floris lo mismo entiendo |  | | si supiese que soy yo | 720 | | por quien un año olvidó |  | | lo que envidiosa pretendo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablando hemos bajado |  | | a la fuente de Diana. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo fresco de la mañana | 725 | | ilustró su verde prado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las verdes ramas han dado |  | | señal de que gente viene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya ni guardarme conviene, |  | | ni ser más que una mujer | 730 | | que mira en otro poder |  | | toda la vida que tiene. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salen CÉFALO, con el dardo, y FABIO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí puedes descansar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y más, que las linfas puras |  | | se adornan de dos figuras. | 735 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y es mármol que sabe andar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cansado vengo de dar |  | | pasos sin provecho al viento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres tú, monstruo sediento? |  | | ¿Vienes a dar a la fuente | 740 | | veneno, con que la gente |  | | muera de cristal violento? |  | | ¿Eres tú quien me dejó |  | | cuando más alma le di, |  | | y quien luego trujo aquí | 745 | | la causa que me mató? |  | | ¡Ingrato! ¿En qué te ofendió |  | | mi amor? Fuéraste con ella, |  | | gozárasla; mastraella |  | | donde la viesen mis ojos, | 750 | | ¿fue para aumentarme enojos, |  | | o para darlos a ella? |  | | ¿Qué puede Floris hacer |  | | si sabe que yo te quiero? |  | | Y yo, ¿qué he de hacer, si muero | 755 | | de que la has de querer? |  | | Las dos habemos de ser |  | | desdichadas pues te agrada, |  | | por bizarría excusada, |  | | que perdamos alma y vida; | 760 | | ella, celosa querida, |  | | y yo, celosa olvidada. |  | | *(Váyase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¡Aurora, Aurora! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es bien |  | | que vuelva a satisfacciones |  | | mujer que a morir la pones | 765 | | con tan ingrato desdén. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tú, ¿quéjaste también |  | | de que soy ingrato yo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú no eres hombre? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, no, |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres fauno? ¿Bestia eres? | 770 | | *(Váyase BELISA)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tales dejáis las mujeres |  | | a quien vida y alma os dió? |  | | Tú me debes de engañar; |  | | que yo debo de tener |  | | otra cara desde ayer. | 775 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Allí te puedes mirar, |  | | mas déjame descansar |  | | al rüido de esta fuente; |  | | que amor, cuando ya no siente, |  | | es mármol a toda queja, | 780 | | y si vuelve a lo que deja, |  | | todo cuanto dice miente. |  | | *(Siéntase CÉFALO)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En amores acabados, |  | | siempre fui de parecer |  | | que ni el hombre, o la mujer, | 785 | | vuelven bien reconciliados. |  | | Aquellos gustos pasados |  | | todos parecen fealdades; |  | | las finezas, necedades; |  | | las locuras, fantasías; | 790 | | los papeles, boberías; |  | | y los amores frialdades; |  | | descansa, y goza tu esposa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale FLORIS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por aquí pienso que van: |  | | pero ¿qué digo? Allí están; | 795 | | selva, esconde una celosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ven, Aurora mía amorosa! |  | | ¡Ven, Aura mía suave! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay cielos, todo se sabe! |  | | ¿A Aura llama? ¡Sí, Aura espera! | 800 | | ¡Viva mi honor, mi amor muera |  | | como mi vida se acabe! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Aura, venme a refrescar: |  | | que tengo de aquesta siesta |  | | gran deseo de tus brazos! | 805 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay Dios, sus brazos desea! |  | | Aura llama; ya, ¿qué dudo? |  | | Las letras dicen que es ella; |  | | verdad me dijo Belisa. |  | | ellas son las mismas letras: | 810 | | la primera letra es A; |  | | U, la segunda; tercera, |  | | es R. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ven, Aura hermosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya por estas hojas suena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No querría que de mí | 815 | | le advirtiesen estas quejas; |  | | aquí me quiero esconder |  | | para aguardar a que venga. |  | | Traidores hombres, ¿de quién |  | | puede fiarse una ausencia? | 820 | | Loca está mujer que os ama. |  | |  |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el viento, Fabio, refresca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tengo por buena vida |  | | la del cazador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No seas |  | | enemigo de la caza, | 825 | | que es imagen de la guerra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es notable su trabajo; |  | | ya por montes, ya por sierras, |  | | ya le derriban los troncos, |  | | ya el caballo le despeña; | 830 | | oféndele el sol, el aire; |  | | come mal, duerme en la hierba, |  | | y aún se envejece más presto: |  | | dichoso un hombre que juega; |  | | lindo vicio estar sentado | 835 | | en una silla a una mesa, |  | | hecho tejedor de naipes. |  | | Unos salen, otros entran; |  | | si gana, dice donaires; |  | | toda la chusma celebra | 840 | | las necedades que dice |  | | por los baratos que espera. |  | | Nunca le faltan dineros, |  | | todos le dan y le prestan, |  | | no le despeña el caballo | 845 | | estáse la silla queda, |  | | y nunca es tan desdichado, |  | | por más que jugando pierda, |  | | que no le falten amigos |  | | y dineros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien te quejas, | 850 | | y conforman a tu honor |  | | tus deseos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quisiera |  | | ejercicios descansados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es lo que en las ramas suena? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | No sé, por Dios. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Si es acaso, | 855 | | Fabio amigo, aquella fiera |  | | que nos dijo aquel pastor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No creas, señor, que es ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no? Tirarla quiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  | | --- | | No la tires. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¡Fuera! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. | 860 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Haz esta famosa suerte, |  | | dardo de Diana bella. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, esposo, que me has muerto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es voz? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alma me tiembla: |  | | que me has muerto, esposo, dijo. | 865 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Esposo? Apártate. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga FLORIS con otro dardo atravesado, que le habrán puesto entretanto que estaba escondida, de la misma manera, terciado de azul y oro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Céfalo de mi vida, |  | | aunque ya la tengo apenas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres tú, señora mía? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién quieres, mi bien, que sea? | 870 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo te he muerto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú me has muerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Desdichada fue mi estrella! |  | | ¿Qué haré, Fabio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy sin alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mataréme antes que muera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Esposo, esposo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mi vida! | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay Dios, qué mal te aconsejas |  | | en matarte, pues me matas |  | | dos veces de esa manera! |  | | Llégate a mí, señor mío; |  | | oye, ansí más dichas tengas | 880 | | que tu desdichada esposa, |  | | pues ha de ser la postrera, |  | | una palabra no más; |  | | mira que ya por la puerta |  | | de la herida sale el alma. | 885 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estoy, para que creas |  | | que no sé cuál es mayor, |  | | o la vergüenza, o la pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo un bien quiero pedirte |  | | que en la muerte me concedas, | 890 | | y hasme de dar la palabra |  | | de cumplir lo que prometas; |  | | que lo que pide el que muere, |  | | obliga con mucha fuerza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me puedes tú pedir | 895 | | que dificultoso sea, |  | | no pidiéndome que viva |  | | después que te viere muerta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no te cases con Aura, |  | | Aura que tanto deseas, | 900 | | Aura que tanto llamabas, |  | | pues que me has muerto por ella: |  | | por ella vine celosa; |  | | mi amor, mi bien, te merezca |  | | que no le des este gusto. | 905 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay desdicha como aquésta? |  | | ¿Celos de Aura te han traído |  | | siguiéndome por la selva? |  | | Aura, amores, no es mujer, |  | | ni yo la llamé por verla; | 910 | | Aura es un viento, mis ojos, |  | | que blandamente refresca. |  | | ¿Hay tal engaño? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Dios, |  | | que con razón te lamentas |  | | de tu estrella desdichada! | 915 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¡qué desdichada estrella! |  | | ¡Pastores de aquestos montes, |  | | ninfas, aves, flores, fieras, |  | | venid a matarme todos; |  | | yo os maté la primavera | 920 | | yo he muerto al sol! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Salga el PRÍNCIPE DORISTEO, PERSEO, AURORA, BELISA, FELICIO y todos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es aquesto? |  | | Céfalo, ¿de qué te quejas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, príncipe Doristeo! |  | | ¿Qué mal puede haber que sea |  | | como el mío? ¡He muerto a Floris! | 925 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú mismo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre estas adelfas, |  | | celosa estaba escuchando |  | | las palabras lisonjeras |  | | que al Aura dije, abrasado |  | | del sol en su ardiente siesta. | 930 | | Pensé que era fiera, ¡ay triste! |  | | Tiréle este dardo, que era |  | | prenda de la infame diosa |  | | que estas riberas afrenta. |  | | ¡Dejadme quitar la vida! | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja la espada: no quieras |  | | más espada que el dolor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  | | --- | | ¡Floris! ¡Ah, Floris! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, bella |  | | Floris! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el alma partió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CÉFALO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, señora! ¿Al fin me dejas? | 940 | | ¿Por qué me estorbáis matarme? |  | | ¡Vive Dios, Luna sangrienta, |  | | que de envidia diste el dardo |  | | a mi esposa, que a tu esfera |  | | suban mis brazos gigantes, | 945 | | con más olimpos y Flegras! |  | | Echaréte de los cielos, |  | | porque los cielos no tengan |  | | envidiosas del valor |  | | de la virtud de la tierra; | 950 | | ya saben que no eres casta, |  | | aunque de casta te precias; |  | | pregúntale a Endimión |  | | qué dice de tus flaquezas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, señor, vuelve en tu acuerdo! | 955 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alma tengo suspensa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AURORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, en lugar de venganza, |  | | le ofrezco lágrimas tiernas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DORISTEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Floris, yo fui desdichado |  | | en amarte; si mi pena | 960 | | es tan grande aborrecido, |  | | ¿cuál será la que le queda |  | | a quien fue de ti adorado? |  | | Dadle, ninfas de estas selvas, |  | | sepultura en oro y jaspe, | 965 | | y acabe aquí la tragedia |  | | de la mujer que ha tenido |  | | más desdicha y más firmeza. |  | | | |