**LOPE DE VEGA  
*Las Bizarrías de Belisa***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *BELISA, dama* |  |
| *FINEA, su criada* |  |
| *CELIA, dama* |  |
| *LUCINDA, dama* |  |
| *FABIA, criada* |  |
| *DON JUAN DE CARDONA* |  |
| *TELLO, su criado* |  |
| *OCTAVIO, galán* |  |
| *JULIO* |  |
| *CONDE ENRIQUE* |  |
| *FERNANDO, criado del conde* |  |
| *CRIADOS* |  |
| *MÚSICOS* |  |
| *DOS HOMBRES* |  |

**Acto I**

*Sala en casa de BELISA*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **I** | |
|  | |
| *Sale BELISA con vestido entero de luto galán, flores negras en el cabello, guantes de seda negra, y valona y FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Así rasgas el papel? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cánsame el Conde, Finea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué ingratitud! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que lo sea |  | | me manda amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuego en él, |  | | que pienso que no es tan vario | 5 | | en sus mudanzas el viento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Navega mi pensamiento |  | | por otro rumbo contrario: |  | | castigó mi voluntad |  | | el cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé si diga, | 10 | | que justamente castiga, |  | | señora, tu libertad. |  | | Tanto despreciar amantes, |  | | tanto desechar maridos, |  | | tanto hacer de los oídos | 15 | | arracadas de diamantes, |  | | claro está, que habían de dar |  | | esa ocasión al amor, |  | | para vengar tu rigor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien se ha sabido vengar. | 20 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh qué bien los has vengado |  | | con querer agora bien |  | | a quien, ni aun sabes a quién, |  | | ni él tampoco tu cuidado! |  | | Tus desdenes con razón | 25 | | agora diciendo están: |  | | *«¿qué se hizo el Rey Don Juan?* |  | | *los Infantes de Aragón* |  | | *¿qué se hicieron?».* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No presumas |  | | que desta mudanza estoy | 30 | | arrepentida, aunque doy |  | | agua al mar, al viento plumas; |  | | porque tengo la memoria |  | | deste necio amor tan llena, |  | | que juzgo poca la pena | 35 | | para tan inmensa gloria. |  | | ¿Llaman? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues quiero hablarte |  | | con más espacio después; |  | | mira quién es. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia es, |  | | que ha venido a visitarte. | 40 | |  |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **II** | |
|  | |
| *CELIA, BELISA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prospere tu vida el cielo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, Celia, si querrá |  | | tener ese gusto ya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la novedad recelo: |  | | dijéronme que te habían | 45 | | visto con luto en la calle |  | | Mayor, aunque gala y talle |  | | la causa contradecían: |  | | y hallo que todo es verdad; |  | | pero tanta bizarría | 50 | | no es tristeza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia mía, |  | | murió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi libertad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es imposible que en ti |  | | haya faltado el desdén. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es faltarme querer bien? | 55 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú quieres bien? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Yo. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | ya cesaron mis rigores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Veré primero sembrado |  | | de estrellas del cielo el prado, |  | | y el cielo de hierba y flores, | 60 | | y trocando el natural |  | | efeto veré también |  | | a la envidia decir bien, |  | | y a la virtud hablar mal; |  | | veré la ciencia premiada | 65 | | y a la ignorancia abatida, |  | | que es la verdad bien oída, |  | | y que la lisonja enfada, |  | | y el imposible mayor |  | | dar honra al que está sin ella, | 70 | | que crea, Belisa bella, |  | | que puedes tener amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una tarde, cuando el sol |  | | dicen que en el mar se esconde, |  | | y se le ponen delante | 75 | | las cabezas de los montes, |  | | cuando por aquella raya, |  | | que con varios tornasoles |  | | divide el cielo y la tierra, |  | | y los días y las noches, | 80 | | nubes de púrpura y oro |  | | van usurpando colores |  | | a las plumas de los aires, |  | | y a las ramas de los bosques |  | | iba sola con Finea, | 85 | | amiga Celia, en mi coche, |  | | tan sol de mi libertad, |  | | cuanto luego fui Faetonte, |  | | que nunca verás tan altas |  | | las soberbias presunciones, | 90 | | que no las fulminen rayos |  | | como a las soberbias torres. |  | | Era en la parte del Prado, |  | | que igualmente corresponde |  | | a esa Fuente, Castellana | 95 | | por la claridad del nombre, |  | | que también hay fuentes cultas, |  | | que, aunque obscuras, al fin corren |  | | como versos y abanillos, |  | | quiera el cielo que se logren. | 100 | | Iba Finea cantando |  | | en gracia de mis blasones |  | | finezas del Conde Enrique |  | | (que ya conoces al Conde, |  | | y a sus papeles escritos, | 105 | | para que, cuando me toque, |  | | como papel de alfileres, |  | | tenga papeles de amores) |  | | y a mis locas bizarrías, |  | | desprecios y disfavores, | 110 | | como si hubiera nacido |  | | de las entrañas de un roble, |  | | cuando veo un caballero |  | | con el semblante conforme |  | | al suceso que esperaba. | 115 | | Volvió la cara, y paróse |  | | a escuchar quién le seguía |  | | pero con pocas razones |  | | desnudando las espadas |  | | los ferreruelos descogen. | 120 | | El que digo, el pie delante, |  | | con el contrario afirmóse, |  | | gala y valor, que en mi vida |  | | vi hombre tan gentilhombre. |  | | No era el otro menos diestro. | 125 | | No te parezca desorden, |  | | que siendo mujer te cuente |  | | lo que es bien que ellas ignoren |  | | que aunque aguja y almohadilla |  | | son nuestras mallas y estoques, | 130 | | mujeres celebra el mundo, |  | | que han gobernado escuadrones: |  | | Semíramis y Cleopatra, |  | | poetas e historiadores |  | | celebran, y fue Tomiris | 135 | | famosa por todo el orbe. |  | | ¿No has visto cuando dos juegan, |  | | que sin conocerse escoge |  | | uno de los dos quien mira, |  | | sin que el provecho le importe, | 140 | | y quiere que el otro pierda, |  | | sin saber que esto se obre |  | | por conformidad de estrellas, |  | | que infunden inclinaciones? |  | | Pues desa suerte mi alma | 145 | | súbitamente se pone |  | | al lado del que juzgaba |  | | por más galán y más noble. |  | | Alzó el contrario de tajo, |  | | a quien mi ahijado embebióle | 150 | | una punta, con que dio |  | | en tierra, mas levantóse |  | | presto, porque después supe |  | | que traía un peto doble |  | | de Milán, labrado a prueba | 155 | | del plomo, que muros rompe. |  | | Acudieron a este punto, |  | | tirándole varios golpes, |  | | tres hombres a mi galán, |  | | cosa indigna de españoles. | 160 | | Pero dicen entre amigos, |  | | que el enemigo perdone, |  | | que sólo es vil el que huye, |  | | y valiente el que socorre. |  | | Con razón, o sin razón, | 165 | | salto de mi coche entonces, |  | | quito la espada al cochero, |  | | que arrimado a los frisones |  | | miraba a pie la pendencia, |  | | todo tabaco y bigotes, | 170 | | como si estuviera el necio |  | | de la plaza en los balcones |  | | y el Conde de Cantillana |  | | acuchillando leones: |  | | y partiendo al caballero, | 175 | | me pongo de Rodamonte |  | | a su lado. ¡Cosa extraña! |  | | En fin, hombres de la Corte, |  | | pues se volvieron humildes, |  | | los que llegaron feroces. | 180 | | Agradecido el galán |  | | de dos tan nuevas acciones, |  | | comenzó a hablarme, y no pudo, |  | | porque de lejos dan voces |  | | que la justicia venía, | 185 | | que no hay Santelmo en el tope |  | | después de la tempestad, |  | | que como una vara asome. |  | | Díjele: «En mi coche entrad, |  | | que si los caballos corren | 190 | | (porque éstos no son de aquellos |  | | que repiten para cofres), |  | | presto estaremos en salvo». |  | | Entró el galán y sentóse |  | | en la proa, y yo en la popa, | 195 | | como campos fronte a fronte. |  | | Viendo que nadie venía |  | | templó el cochero el galope, |  | | y en la Fuente Castellana |  | | para descansar, paróse. | 200 | | Yo siempre que voy al Prado |  | | llevo un búcaro, tomóle |  | | el cochero, y dionos agua, |  | | dile yo una alcorza, y diome |  | | las gracias en un requiebro | 205 | | que la mano agradecióle. |  | | Con esto le persuadí |  | | a que dejando favores, |  | | me contase la ocasión |  | | de la pendencia, que sobre | 210 | | cosas de amor sospechaba, |  | | que hay profetas corazones, |  | | pues antes que la dijese, |  | | celos me daban temores, |  | | que el que ha de matarla, sabe | 215 | | la garza entre mil halcones. |  | | En fin, dijo de esta suerte... |  | | Agora a escucharme ponte, |  | | para que como él a mí, |  | | de mi desdicha te informe: | 220 | | «Yo soy don Juan de Cardona, |  | | hijo del señor don Jorge |  | | de Cardona, aragonés, |  | | y doña Juana de Aponte; |  | | nací segundo en mi casa, | 225 | | y así mi padre envióme |  | | a Flandes, donde he servido |  | | desde los años catorce |  | | hasta la edad en que estoy; |  | | volvieron informaciones | 230 | | de mis servicios, y cartas |  | | de aquel ángel, que coronen |  | | los cielos, Infanta de Austria, |  | | de divinos resplandores, |  | | tía del Rey, que Dios guarde. | 235 | | Pretendí luego en la Corte |  | | a guisa de otros soldados; |  | | pero entre otras pretensiones |  | | de un hábito, vi una tarde |  | | con otro de chamelote, | 240 | | un serafín de marfil |  | | con toda el alma de bronce: |  | | quedé sin ella, seguíla, |  | | servíla, y agradecióme |  | | la voluntad, retirando | 245 | | todo lo que no es amores. |  | | Gasté, empobrecí; mi padre, |  | | enojado, descuidóse |  | | de mi socorro, y Lucinda |  | | (que éste es de esta dama el nombre), | 250 | | desdeñosa, a puros celos |  | | me mata viéndome pobre: |  | | que no hay finezas que obliguen, |  | | ni lágrimas que enamoren». |  | | Cuando esto dijo, quisiera | 255 | | sacar los ojos traidores, |  | | que por otra habían llorado. |  | | ¡Mirad qué envidia tan torpe! |  | | Prosiguió que la pendencia |  | | fue por ser competidores | 260 | | él y el galán, porque teme |  | | que si la obliga, la goce. |  | | Finalmente paró el caso |  | | en tantas lamentaciones, |  | | que sin saber por qué causa, | 265 | | quise arrojarle del coche. |  | | Él llorando y yo sin alma |  | | llegamos casi a las once |  | | a mi posada. Roguéle |  | | que me viese, y respondióme, | 270 | | que sería esclavo mío, |  | | con mil tiernas sumisiones, |  | | y despedido e ingrato |  | | a ver su dama partióse. |  | | Quedé tan necia que apenas | 275 | | sé por qué, cómo ni dónde |  | | amo, envidio, y con los celos |  | | temo que loca me torne, |  | | porque pienso que es castigo |  | | de aquellos tiranos dioses | 280 | | Venus y Amor, de quien hice |  | | burla, y los llamé embaidores. |  | | Troqué las galas en luto, |  | | la libertad en prisiones, |  | | la bizarría en descuidos, | 285 | | y en humildad los rigores. |  | | Ni voy al Prado ni al río, |  | | no hay cosa que no me enoje; |  | | a la música soy áspid, |  | | veneno a fuentes y flores, | 290 | | soy, no soy, vivo, no vivo, |  | | y entre tantas confusiones, |  | | ni sé dónde he puesto el alma, |  | | ni ella misma me conoce. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es suceso tan extraño, | 295 | | que, a no ser tuyo, no fuera |  | | posible que le creyera; |  | | pagas justamente el daño |  | | que has hecho a tantos, ingrata. |  | | Locura debe de ser | 300 | | querer quien otra mujer |  | | deja, aborrece y maltrata: |  | | pero de tu entendimiento |  | | la mayor locura ha sido, |  | | Belisa, no haber querido | 305 | | divertir el pensamiento. |  | | ¿Ya no vas, como solías, |  | | al Prado, ni al Soto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, |  | | que más me entretengo yo, |  | | Celia, en las tristezas mías, | 310 | | que en el lugar más remoto |  | | con mayor descanso estamos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así vivas, que salgamos |  | | estas mañanas al Soto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si va a decir la verdad | 315 | | (que encubrirla no es razón, |  | | ni a mi justa obligación, |  | | ni a tu segura amistad), |  | | con la ocasión deste mes, |  | | de tantas damas paseo, | 320 | | salgo al campo a ver si veo |  | | quien me ha de matar después |  | | mas ni en Sotos, ni en Retiros |  | | le he visto, ni él vuelve a verme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como en otros brazos duerme, | 325 | | no despierta a tus suspiros; |  | | pero salgamos mañana, |  | | que en mi buena dicha espero |  | | hallar ese caballero; |  | | que tengo por cosa llana, | 330 | | que, si le vuelves a ver |  | | y más despacio mirar, |  | | no sólo no le has de amar, |  | | pero le has de aborrecer, |  | | que muchas cosas agradan | 335 | | miradas súbitamente, |  | | mas pasa aquel accidente, |  | | y vistas despacio enfadan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ay, Celia, yo quiero darte |  | | crédito y seguir tu voto: | 340 | | disfrazada voy al Soto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo quiero acompañarte. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha de salir el Aurora |  | | cuando estés aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dar a tus consejos fe | 345 | | mis esperanzas mejora, |  | | porque de la luna el velo |  | | mirado con atención |  | | descubre manchas, que son |  | | indignas de tanto cielo. | 350 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **III** | |
|  | |
| *Calle con vista exterior de casa de LUCINDA* |  |
|  | |
| *Salen DON JUAN DE CARDONA, y TELLO, criado* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, el amor no gusta de consejos, |  | | y más del inferior. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Qué mayor prueba |  | | de que el amor es loco |  | | sin los consejos, de la vida espejos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y para el ciego amor, ¿es cosa nueva | 355 | | tener la vida, y aun el alma en poco? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien tiene vista al que le falta guía, |  | | que si entrambos son ciegos, van perdidos. |  | | Cuando tu amor Lucinda agradecía, |  | | estaban disculpados tus sentidos; | 360 | | pero agora que quiere bien a Octavio |  | | es infamia de amor sufrir su agravio, |  | | sino buscar remedio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué remedio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poner otros amores de por medio, |  | | que así se curan cuantos han querido, | 365 | | porque otro amor es el más breve olvido. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con qué dinero, necio? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No todos los amores tienen precio. |  | | Méritos tienes, ama. |  | | ¿Ha de faltar una mostrenca dama, | 370 | | que te quiera por gusto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Majadero! |  | | ¿Amores en la corte sin dinero, |  | | y más agora que tan caro es todo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo no sé otro modo, |  | | ni hay médico en el mundo que, tomando | 375 | | el pulso a un amador aborrecido, |  | | no le recete otra mujer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si cuando |  | | voy a buscar de tanto amor olvido, |  | | se me pone delante la hermosura |  | | de Lucinda, ¿podré yo por ventura | 380 | | decir amores a otra cara? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, |  | | una purga es veneno, |  | | y por tener salud la toma un hombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, ya no hay mujer que no me asombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alejandro lloraba, porque había | 385 | | un mundo solo, que con uno solo |  | | dijo que no podía |  | | con tanta tierra y mar de polo a polo |  | | satisfacer su pecho. |  | | Tú lo contrario has hecho, | 390 | | que sola una mujer en Madrid quieres, |  | | habiendo treinta mundos de mujeres: |  | | morenas, pelirrubias, gordas, flacas, |  | | unas mudas de lengua, otras urracas, |  | | discretas, mentecatas, bachilleras, | 395 | | airosas en las burlas y en las veras; |  | | hay enanas, hay largas como trampa, |  | | unas con pie de apóstol, consoladas |  | | del ponleví que imprime poca estampa, |  | | y otras, que en vez pudieran de arracadas | 400 | | traer las zapatillas; |  | | haylázaras mujeres de amarillas, |  | | que salen del sepulcro de las camas, |  | | y otras, que de clavel parecen ramas; |  | | hay romas, hay pioquintas, | 405 | | unas que se contentan con dos cintas, |  | | y otras como tarascas de dineros, |  | | que engullen mayorazgos por sombreros; |  | | unas piadosas, y otras socarronas, |  | | tales severas, tales juguetonas; | 410 | | unas mudables por andar más frescas, |  | | y otras firmes de amor, como tudescas: |  | | pero en siendo mujeres, sean morenas, |  | | sean blancas o no, todas son buenas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué pintura tan necia! | 415 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo, señor, ¿qué he dicho de Lucrecia |  | | la casta y en camisa, |  | | de Porcia y Artemisa, |  | | una, avestruz de hierros encendidos, |  | | y otra, sepultura de maridos? | 420 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay puerta! ¡Ay dulces rejas! |  | | A Lucinda llevad mis tristes quejas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ya que llegas, llama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun llegar a llamar teme quien ama. |  | | *[Llama]* |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IV** | |
|  | |
| *En la reja FABIA, criada* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién llama?, ¿quién está ahí? | 425 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dile, Fabia, a tu señora, |  | | que estoy aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es agora |  | | tiempo de llamar ansí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué razón? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque está |  | | desnudándose. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto? | 430 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fuera término honesto |  | | abriros la puerta ya. |  | | Id con Dios, don Juan, que habemos |  | | de madrugar, para ir |  | | al Soto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que vengo a oír | 435 | | tal crueldad! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hagas extremos. |  | | Mira que en la calle estás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Fabia, Fabia, espera. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espero, |  | | ¿qué queréis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que la quiero |  | | una palabra no más. | 440 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, en comenzando a hablar, |  | | tanto vendrás a empeñarte |  | | que venga el sol a rogarte |  | | que la dejes acostar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Abre, Fabia. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué locura! | 445 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **V** | |
|  | |
| *Sale a la reja LUCINDA* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Con quién hablas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con don Juan |  | | de Cardona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y qué dirán |  | | de tanta descompostura |  | | en la peor vecindad |  | | que tiene calle en Madrid? | 450 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lucinda hermosa, advertid, |  | | que es linaje de crueldad |  | | indigno de un caballero |  | | como yo, tratarme ansí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que Fabia os dijo aquí | 455 | | daros por disculpa quiero, |  | | porque habiendo de salir |  | | del alba al primer albor, |  | | no será razón, señor, |  | | que no me dejéis dormir: | 460 | | el afeite natural |  | | en el buen sueño reposa, |  | | que no se levanta hermosa, |  | | mujer que ha dormido mal: |  | | Id con Dios, y presumid, | 465 | | que os amo y tengo respeto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que yo me fuera, os prometo, |  | | señora, pero advertid |  | | que ver a Fabia turbada |  | | tan necios celos me ha dado, | 470 | | que pienso que lo ha causado |  | | el estar vos ocupada. |  | | Abrid, que con sólo entrar |  | | luego me vuelvo a salir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ésta no es hora de abrir, | 475 | | ni de dar que murmurar, |  | | que hay vecina tan liviana, |  | | que para escuchar despierta, |  | | apenas oye la puerta |  | | cuando ocupa la ventana. | 480 | | Hacedme esta cortesía |  | | de que os vais. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es imposible |  | | sin entrar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ya estáis terrible! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, Lucinda, porfía |  | | que le lleve a vuestra sala | 485 | | sólo a dejar estos celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ponerme en tantos desvelos, |  | | ni es cortesía, ni es gala, |  | | id con Dios, que puede ser |  | | que os resulte algún pesar. | 490 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vive Dios que he de entrar, |  | | y que lo tengo de ver. |  | | *[Intenta forzar la puerta]* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Golpes a mi puerta? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y coces |  | | hasta ponerla en el suelo. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VI** | |
|  | |
| *Salen OCTAVIO y JULIO con broqueles y espadas* |  |
|  | |
| *Abriendo la puerta de casa de LUCINDA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tanta descortesía, | 495 | | y a tan loco atrevimiento, |  | | saldrá el honor de esta casa |  | | a castigar vuestros celos. |  | | La puerta está abierta, entrad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No era sin causa el tenerlos. | 500 | | Vuesas mercedes me digan |  | | si son hermanos u deudos |  | | desta dama, u son galanes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues que no quiere entrar dentro, |  | | donde supiera quién somos, | 505 | | afuera se lo diremos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salgan, y sabrán también |  | | con los celos, o sin ellos, |  | | que soy don Juan de Cardona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo Tello su escudero. | 510 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | Ay, Fabia, ¿qué haré? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acostarte, |  | | y dense. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin alma quedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Aquí, Tello | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vengan otros, |  | | que éstos ya huelen a muertos. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VII** | |
|  | |
| *El Soto de Manzanares* |  |
|  | |
| *Salen el CONDE ENRIQUE y FERNANDO, criado* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | Bravo Mayo. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No permite | 515 | | distancia sin flor al suelo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con las estrellas del cielo |  | | en el número compite. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Crecido va Manzanares. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Imita al que ruin nació, | 520 | | que cuando crecer se vio, |  | | despreció los patrios lares, |  | | que al humilde nacimiento |  | | sucede como a este río, |  | | que descubre en el estío | 525 | | su arenoso fundamento. |  | | ¡Oh bien haya aquel discreto, |  | | que cuando se mejoró |  | | de fortuna, se quedó |  | | con aquel mismo sujeto. | 530 | | No disminuye el valor, |  | | antes muestra en parte alguna |  | | quien desprecia la fortuna, |  | | que la merece mayor. |  | | Muchos conozco yo aquí | 535 | | tan discretos en su estado, |  | | que todo lo que han mudado, |  | | es lo que hay fuera de sí. |  | | Pero esto aparte dejando, |  | | y viniendo al desatino, | 540 | | con que aquel desdén divino |  | | me quiere matar, Fernando, |  | | ¿cómo no ha venido a ser |  | | de aquestos campos aurora, |  | | que ya dice el sol que es hora | 545 | | de salir, y amanecer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estaráse componiendo |  | | de galas y bizarrías, |  | | con que estos festivos días |  | | sale de aurora riyendo, | 550 | | y en este verde teatro |  | | hace la madre de amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, que adoro su rigor, |  | | y su desdén idolatro, |  | | conjuraré su donaire | 555 | | para que venga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya espero |  | | que te obedezca ligero |  | | su espíritu por el aire. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ponte el sombrero, Belisa, |  | | pluma blanca y randas negras, | 560 | | aunque no ha menester plumas |  | | quien en tales pies las lleva. |  | | Ponte al espejo, y retrata |  | | en su cristal tu belleza, |  | | para que tengas envidia | 565 | | de que nadie te parezca. |  | | Que tú sola de ti misma |  | | puedes trasladar las señas, |  | | formando tú y el cristal |  | | otra mentira tan bella. | 570 | | Mira que te aguarda el Soto, |  | | y que en su verde alameda |  | | aún no han cantado las aves, |  | | por esperar que amanezcas. |  | | Péinate el pelo a lo llano, | 575 | | y no lo rices en trenzas, |  | | que si te ven la jaulilla, |  | | harás que las aves teman. |  | | Mira que rosas y lirios |  | | para salir a la selva, | 580 | | no rompen la verde cárcel |  | | hasta que les des licencia. |  | | Sarta de cuentas de vidrio |  | | banda de tu cuello sea, |  | | por que cuando te la quites | 585 | | quede convertida en perlas. |  | | Con las flordelises de oro |  | | ponte la verde pollera, |  | | pues que son pueblos en Francia |  | | mi esperanza y tus defensas. | 590 | | Para que la cuesta bajes |  | | a tus chinelas acuerda, |  | | que hay muchos ojos que suben |  | | cuando se bajan las cuestas. |  | | Ponte en la cabeza rosas, | 595 | | y en los zapatos rosetas, |  | | de manera que en los pies |  | | y en la cabeza se vean. |  | | Aunque yo tengo más celos |  | | del pie que de la cabeza, | 600 | | que aunque toda vas florida, |  | | no a lo menos toda honesta. |  | | Ven a matar de mañana, |  | | aunque el amor forme quejas |  | | que esté durmiendo el aurora, | 605 | | y tú, Belisa, despierta. |  | | Si alguno te dice amores |  | | destos que de hablar se precian, |  | | di que no vas a mirar, |  | | sino sólo a que te vean. | 610 | | Así, discreta Belisa, |  | | segura del Soto vuelvas, |  | | que no te engañen los ojos |  | | esto que llaman guedejas. |  | | Ponte el manto sevillano, | 615 | | no saques más de una estrella, |  | | que no has menester más armas, |  | | ni el amor gastar sus flechas. |  | | Más airosa vas tapada, |  | | y al fin con menos sospecha | 620 | | que matando cuanto miras, |  | | te conozcan y te prendan. |  | | Bien puedes salir, que ya |  | | los ruiseñores comienzan |  | | a ser campanas del alba, | 625 | | para que la tuya venga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, no conjures más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque ya se acerca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh conjuros amorosos, |  | | divina tenéis la fuerza! | 630 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VIII** | |
|  | |
| *Sale BELISA con la mayor gala de color que pueda, manto y sombrero de plumas, y FINEA de la misma suerte* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Sin ver al conde)* | | ¿Adónde Celia quedó? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con unas amigas queda |  | | sentada orilla del río. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como no tiene mis penas, |  | | cansóse de verme andar | 635 | | buscando la causa dellas. |  | | Mucho es que aquestas mañanas |  | | don Juan al Soto no venga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tendrále preso Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo, si don Juan se queja | 640 | | de sus desdenes y engaños! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué bien tus celos consuelas! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Finea)* | | ¡Ay, Finea! ¡El Conde! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor |  | | hoy quiere que coger puedas |  | | en el Soto de Madrid | 645 | | los azahares de Valencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya es tarde, Belisa ingrata, |  | | para encubriros de mí, |  | | que dentro del alma os vi, |  | | en cuyo espejo os retrata. | 650 | | Ya que los campos de plata |  | | la dorada aurora pisa, |  | | no envidien su dulce risa |  | | las aves, fuentes y flores, |  | | cuando con más resplandores | 655 | | sale a los nuestros Belisa |  | | Y aunque con sola una estrella |  | | podéis dar luz, no es razón, |  | | que esconda el manto a traición, |  | | la que ha venido con ella. | 660 | | Descubrid, Belisa bella, |  | | la que venís ocultando; |  | | mátenme entrambas, que cuando |  | | es tan cierta la vitoria, |  | | bien es que partan la gloria | 665 | | de haberme muerto mirando. |  | | La mayor honestidad, |  | | que fue de la villa espejo, |  | | le debe al campo el despejo |  | | de su verde soledad. | 670 | | Descubrid, mirad, matad, |  | | que es cruel razón de estado |  | | mostrar con el desenfado |  | | de que amor se maravilla, |  | | bizarrías en la villa, | 675 | | y desdenes en el Prado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No por veros me encubrí, |  | | cuando me alegré de veros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gracias al amor, y al campo |  | | en que más humana os veo. | 680 | | ¿Queréis escucharme? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | que tan cortés caballero |  | | no dirá cosa en mi agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | Oíd. | | *[Hablan bajo Belisa y el conde]* | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IX** | |
|  | |
| *Salen DON JUAN y TELLO, sin ver a BELISA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No descubro, Tello, |  | | en todo el Soto a Lucinda, | 685 | | y en su casa nos dijeron |  | | que había salido al campo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que nos engañaron temo, |  | | que esto de enviar al Soto |  | | siempre ha sido mal agüero. | 690 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No estará, Tello, Lucinda |  | | con Octavio por lo menos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bravo revés le pegaste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como le sentí en el pecho |  | | defensa, tiré por alto. | 695 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no llega gente, creo |  | | que en Enero vuelvo a Julio |  | | tiréle un tajo, y abriendo |  | | el broquel, subió tan alto |  | | por esos aires el medio, | 700 | | que, apartadas las estrellas, |  | | pienso que no estuvo un dedo |  | | de descalabrar la luna. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vengué con sangre mis celos, |  | | mas mira, por Dios, si ves | 705 | | a Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Preguntemos |  | | por ella. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿A quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A este Soto |  | | ejército de conejos. |  | | Diga, señor Manzanares, |  | | saca-manchas de secretos, | 710 | | a quien debe su limpieza |  | | la información de los cuerpos, |  | | el que lava en el verano |  | | lo que se pecó en invierno, |  | | cuya espuma es de jabón, | 715 | | cuyas orillas de lienzo, |  | | ¿ha visto vuesa merced |  | | una mujer de buen gesto, |  | | muy enemiga de amores, |  | | muy amiga de dineros, | 720 | | que desde pobres acá |  | | la perdió don Juan por serlo, |  | | y con ella una criada, |  | | centella de aqueste fuego, |  | | que le hurta los borradores, | 725 | | como los poetas versos? |  | | Habla el río: «Esa mujer |  | | que habéis perdido, escudero, |  | | está en casa con Octavio |  | | almorzando unos torreznos, | 730 | | con sus duelos y quebrantos. |  | | (¡Tal me vinieran los duelos!)» |  | | «¿De qué lo sabéis, buen río?» |  | | «De que estoy en su aposento |  | | en un cántaro, que al rostro | 735 | | le doy el primer bosquejo.» |  | | ¿Oyes lo que dice el río? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oigo que vienes muy necio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, señora, escucha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Juan y Tello | 740 | | están junto a aquellos olmos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Conde, yo me atrevo, |  | | en fe de vuestro valor |  | | que me aguardéis un momento |  | | junto a aquel coche, entretanto | 745 | | que con aquel caballero |  | | hablo dos palabras solas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si siendo celoso puedo |  | | ser cortés, iré forzando |  | | mi paciencia a obedeceros; | 750 | | pero sufrir que un galán, |  | | Belisa, os diga requiebros, |  | | más viene a ser bajo estilo |  | | que amoroso sufrimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es galán, aunque lo es, | 755 | | y así no hay de qué ofenderos, |  | | pues el nombre de marido |  | | siempre mereció respeto; |  | | de Aragón viene a casarse |  | | conmigo; que os vais os ruego, | 760 | | que no es de cobarde amante |  | | en público, ni en secreto, |  | | para no perder la dama, |  | | dejar el campo a su dueño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | ¿Que estáis casada? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, | 765 | | esto han tratado mis deudos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por cierto que él es galán! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No os parece que me empleo |  | | justamente en él? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después |  | | os responderán mis celos. | 770 | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **X** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, FINEA; DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor don Juan, los soldados |  | | y caballeros, ¿tan presto |  | | olvidan obligaciones? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora mía, no pienso |  | | que os ha ofendido mi olvido, | 775 | | falta sí de atrevimiento. |  | | Dos mil veces he querido, |  | | obligado a lo que os debo, |  | | ir a besaros la mano, |  | | y a resolverme no acierto. | 780 | | ¡Qué buena ventura mía, |  | | pues la he tenido de veros, |  | | que esta mañana me trujo |  | | donde tan hermosa os veo! |  | | ¡Qué bizarra! ¡Qué gallarda! | 785 | | ¡Qué talle! ¡Qué lindo aseo! |  | | ¿Qué jardín se debe a Mayo? |  | | ¿Cuándo Abril se fue lloviendo |  | | tantas rosas, tantas flores? |  | | ¡Qué airosamente el sombrero | 790 | | (coronel de vuestros ojos, |  | | timbre de vuestros cabellos) |  | | os hace Marte del Soto, |  | | belicosamente Venus, |  | | para matar y dar vida | 795 | | a los mismos que habéis muerto! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Lisonjas después de olvidos? |  | | ¿Después de agravios, requiebros? |  | | Guardadlos para Lucinda |  | | ¿Después de ingrato, discreto? | 800 | | ¡No, señor don Juan! ¿Vos sois |  | | Cardona? ¿Vos caballero |  | | de Aragón? ¿No hay más disculpa |  | | que decir «quiero y no tengo» |  | | de perdido por Lucinda? | 805 | | ¿Cómo os va con ella? ¿Hay celos? |  | | ¿Hay desdenes? ¿Hay galanes? |  | | Ya se deben de haber hecho |  | | las amistades, hablad. |  | | ¿De qué os suspendéis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo | 810 | | deciros de mis desdichas |  | | más de que loco amanezco |  | | en su calle, donde el sol |  | | me deja, cuando por cercos |  | | de oro en el mar de Occidente | 815 | | argenta el rubio cabello, |  | | hasta que peina el del alba |  | | con los rayos de su eterno |  | | curso, ilustrando los aires, |  | | dorando el verde elemento, | 820 | | cual suele por verde selva |  | | celoso novillo huyendo |  | | de su contrario, en los troncos |  | | romper la furia soberbio, |  | | temblar las ramas, sonando | 825 | | por varias partes los ecos, |  | | cubrir de polvo las nubes |  | | arañando el seco suelo; |  | | así yo la calle asombro, |  | | para mi selva de fuego, | 830 | | rompiendo a las duras rejas |  | | con mis suspiros los hierros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué linda comparación! |  | | ¡Qué bien aplicado ejemplo! |  | | ¡Qué bien pintado novillo! | 835 | | ¡Qué amanecer! ¡Qué concepto! |  | | ¿Sois poeta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, señora, |  | | no ha hecho malos o buenos |  | | versos amando, que Amor |  | | fue el inventor de los versos? | 840 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En lo tierno se os conoce. |  | | ¿Queréis hacerme un soneto |  | | a una mujer, que castiga |  | | la fortuna, amor y el tiempo? |  | | La fortuna por soberbia, | 845 | | por venganza el amor ciego, |  | | y el tiempo con derribar |  | | sus bizarros pensamientos; |  | | tan necia que quiere a un hombre, |  | | después de tantos desprecios, | 850 | | que está abrasado por otra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De componerle os prometo, |  | | pero advertid que no soy |  | | culto, que mi corto ingenio |  | | en darse a entender estudia. | 855 | | *(Hablan bajo Belisa y don Juan)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninfa del sombrero al sesgo, |  | | ¿quiere veinte y dos palabras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quite veinte y diga presto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sois vos de mala casta. |  | | Yo soy un mozo moreno, | 860 | | natural de Calahorra. |  | | Ya he dicho las dos, si tengo |  | | de hablar más, prorrogue el pacto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por no estorbar nuestros dueños, |  | | llegue cerca, y diga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo. | 865 | | *[Hablan bajo Tello y Finea]* |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XI** | |
|  | |
| *Salen LUCINDA, con sombrero de plumas, y FABIA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte a Fabia]* | | Ya te he dicho lo que siento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cómo, si quieres bien |  | | a don Juan, le estás haciendo |  | | tiros con Octavio, a un hombre |  | | que te adora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque espero | 870 | | a puros celos rendirle, |  | | de manera que troquemos |  | | la esperanza en posesión, |  | | y el amor en casamiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por mal le quieres llevar? | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reducido a tal extremo, |  | | él se casará conmigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por bien no es mejor consejo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Fabia, aquí está don Juan! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y no está ocioso a lo menos. | 880 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Gentil mujer! ¡Bravo talle! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hasta el socarrón de Tello |  | | tiene su poco de dama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | *(A Belisa)* | | Si habéis tenido deseo |  | | de conocer a Lucinda, | 885 | | agora veréis si tengo |  | | buen gusto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es ésta? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No veis |  | | en la mudanza que han hecho |  | | mis ojos, que quiere el alma |  | | salir a verla por ellos? | 890 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vos estáis bien empleado; |  | | con tanto, con ella os dejo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes no, que quiero yo |  | | probar también a dar celos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Deso tengo de servir? | 895 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que por mi amparo os tengo, |  | | suplícoos, pues no os importa, |  | | que entre los dos la matemos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Ahora bien, va de matar. |  | | ¿Qué es esto que intento? ¡Ay cielos! | 900 | | ¿Estoy loca? ¿Soy quien fui? |  | | ¿Quién en tanto mal me ha puesto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suplico a vuesa merced, |  | | mi reina, la del sombrero |  | | blanco, que por otra tal | 905 | | me preste ese caballero, |  | | que si le ha menester mucho, |  | | y ha sido galán al vuelo, |  | | para hablalle dos palabras, |  | | que le volveré tan luego | 910 | | que apenas sienta su falta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninfa del sombrero negro, |  | | y los guantes de achiote, |  | | no entra bien con el pie izquierdo, |  | | si viene a tomar la espada, | 915 | | porque es terminillo nuevo |  | | pedir el galán prestado; |  | | pero que sepa, le advierto, |  | | que soy como amigo ruin, |  | | que ni convido, ni presto. | 920 | | *(Aparte a don Juan)* |  | | ¿Voy bien? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a BELISA)* | | Extremadamente. |  | | Decidle más. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡El despejo |  | | con que me pide el galán, |  | | que es alma de aqueste pecho! |  | | ¿Queréis más? |  | | *(Aparte a don Juan)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Matadla, muera. | 925 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Fabia)* | | ¡Ay, Fabia, que estoy muriendo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(A Lucinda)* | | ¿Pero sobre qué le pide? |  | | Quizá nos concertaremos |  | | a manera de mohatra, |  | | con prendas, ribete, y tiempo, | 930 | | porque no hay diamantes chinos, |  | | oro en Tibar, ni en el Cerro |  | | de Potosí plata, ni ámbar |  | | en la Florida, por... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, |  | | no pase de por. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué? | 935 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque si es amor mohatrero, |  | | no tengo más prendas yo |  | | que palabras, juramentos, |  | | papeles, firmas, engaños. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hacemos nada con eso. | 940 | | Vuesa merced se ha engañado, |  | | que este galán me le llevo |  | | como mi marido acaso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Marido? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que le cuento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¡Jesús! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ha de desmayarse | 945 | | del susto deste suceso, |  | | acérquese más al río, |  | | dama, porque caiga dentro. |  | | *(Aparte a don Juan)* |  | | Dadme la mano, mis ojos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Y el alma es poco. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero | 950 | | verlos ir, vámonos, Fabia. |  | | ¿Esto llaman amor? ¡Fuego! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse LUCINDA y FABIA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien me habéis vengado! |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XII** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, DON JUAN, FINEA, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Ay, cielos! De mí me vengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muriendo voy por Lucinda | 955 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Y yo abrasada de celos. |  | | | |
|  | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XIII** | |
|  | |
| *TELLO, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tú también la mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tiénesla lavada? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso |  | | que ayer hizo tres semanas. |  | | ¿Tu nombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | Finea. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, | 960 | | Fineza te he de llamar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y el tuyo? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | Tello | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es Tello |  | | de Meneses, comerás |  | | muchas tortillas de huevos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor estas manecitas, | 965 | | como yo fritas en ellos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay qué Tello! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay qué Finea! |  | | ¡Ay qué niña de los cielos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¡Ay qué socarrón! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De quién? | 970 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De quién dices? Del infierno. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | Dame un favor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tuya soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué barbita! | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué moreno! | | | |

**Acto II**

*Sala en casa de BELISA*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **I** | |
|  | |
| *Sale BELISA con diferente vestido del que llevó al campo* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temerario pensamiento, |  | | que teniendo el mundo en poco, |  | | junto a la luna a ser loco |  | | sobre las alas del viento |  | | colocastes vuestro asiento, | 5 | | ¿qué desdicha, qué cuidado |  | | hoy os ha puesto en estado, |  | | que habéis tan hermosas plumas |  | | entre las blancas espumas |  | | del mar de amor sepultado? | 10 | | Sale vestida la nave |  | | de jarcias y de banderas |  | | con las velas tan ligeras, |  | | que el viento piensa que es ave |  | | mas el de popa süave | 15 | | vuelve con fácil mudanza |  | | en huracán la bonanza, |  | | por que no pueda ninguna |  | | del rigor de la fortuna |  | | asegurar la esperanza. | 20 | | Florece un árbol temprano, |  | | cuando el ruiseñor suspira, |  | | la primavera le mira |  | | llena de flores la mano; |  | | mas llega el hielo tirano, | 25 | | y con intensos rigores |  | | los pimpollos y colores |  | | cubre de tristeza y luto, |  | | porque hasta tener el fruto, |  | | no están seguras las flores. | 30 | | Por más que en el nido esconda |  | | el ave sus pajarillos, |  | | como los fuertes castillos |  | | con su cava, muro y ronda, |  | | dispara el pastor la honda, | 35 | | y con violencia importuna, |  | | sin dejar pluma ninguna, |  | | le arroja piedra villana, |  | | que no hay resistencia humana |  | | al golpe de la fortuna. | 40 | | Nave en el mar parecía |  | | mi libertad en amor; |  | | árbol vestido de flor |  | | mi locura y bizarría |  | | nido que el ave tejía | 45 | | era mi seguro olvido |  | | mas vino amor atrevido, |  | | y con el galán Cardona |  | | puso al pie de su corona |  | | la nave, el árbol y el nido. | 50 | | Vencedor destos despojos |  | | me mata sin ser culpado, |  | | que no sabe mi cuidado, |  | | aunque le dicen mis ojos |  | | con amorosos enojosos; | 55 | | soy mariposa en llegarme |  | | a la llama, y retirarme, |  | | y tanto amor me desvela, |  | | que doy tornos a la vela, |  | | y no acabo de quemarme. | 60 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **II** | |
|  | |
| *FINEA, BELISA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin quitarme el manto vengo |  | | por darte presto el recado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De prisa, será desdicha, |  | | que nunca viene despacio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hallé la casa (que fue | 65 | | en Madrid nuevo milagro, |  | | que no sabe del segundo |  | | quien vive el primero cuarto), |  | | dile el papel, abrazóme, |  | | diome este doblón de a cuatro. | 70 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | |  | |  | | --- | | Belisa ¿Oro tiene? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué no? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no se le dio me espanto |  | | a la señora Lucinda |  | | Muestra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | Toma. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo le guardo |  | | por ser la primera prenda | 75 | | que tengo suya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es cuidado |  | | que te perdonara yo; |  | | y prenda que él no te ha dado, |  | | no merece estimación. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por él, Finea, te mando | 80 | | un hábito de picote. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, sino el tuyo de raso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy contenta. Dime agora |  | | qué respondió. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tono bajo |  | | leyó y dijo: ¡Linda letra! | 85 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No dijo nada a la mano? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA. | |  | | --- | | No, a fe. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No era de Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llamó a Tello, y el picaño |  | | a tres ¡holas! respondió, |  | | que estaba hablando en el patio; | 90 | | pidió la capa y la espada, |  | | y díjome: «Luego parto |  | | a ver qué manda aquel ángel.» |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ángel dijo? Ése es engaño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad que lo añadí | 95 | | por aquello de la mano: |  | | que la lisonja es la fruta |  | | que más se sirve en palacio, |  | | y en ti un ángel más o menos |  | | no es lisonja, habiendo tantos. | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En cuerpo estaba en efeto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un gabancillo leonado |  | | tenía untado con oro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con gabán? Es cierto caso |  | | que tendría bigotera. | 105 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la nombres, que me espanto |  | | de ver los hombres con ella, |  | | y hay muchos tan confiados, |  | | que a la ventana se ponen, |  | | que es como asomarse un macho. | 110 | | Mientras tiene bigotera |  | | un hombre ha de estar cerrado |  | | en un sótano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es de ámbar |  | | con cairel de oro, no es malo, |  | | y quitada importa poco. | 115 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre pienso que, asomando |  | | la boca por entre el cuero, |  | | me coca algún mono zambo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Hubo montera? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cabello |  | | sirve a los mozos este año | 120 | | de montera y papahigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien parecen aseados. |  | | Ahora bien, va de aposento: |  | | ¿hay gran pobreza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un soldado, |  | | ¿qué ha de tener? Las paredes | 125 | | vestían cuatro retratos: |  | | uno del Rey, que Dios guarde, |  | | y otro de Lucinda al lado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y no tuvo celos? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ves, necia, que hace caso | 130 | | la imaginación, y celos |  | | son hombres imaginados? |  | | ¿Y de quién eran los otros? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El uno de don Gonzalo |  | | de Córdoba, su pariente, | 135 | | que en los países y estados |  | | de Flandes, me dijo Tello |  | | que anduvo con él. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguardo |  | | el vestido de la noche. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿La cama dices? De raso | 140 | | de la China un pabellón |  | | (lo limpio no sé pintarlo, |  | | que un tafetán lo cubría), |  | | lo demás, baúles, trastos |  | | de casa, ajuar de mozos: | 145 | | libros, guitarra, ante, casco, |  | | y un broquel en un rincón, |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda viene, habla paso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¿En qué lo ves? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el alma, |  | | que me lo ha dicho temblando. | 150 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **III** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Tello)* | | ¿Puedo yo penetrar su entendimiento? |  | | ¿No ves que fuera necia diligencia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Si, pero en su presencia |  | | estar como novicio de convento, |  | | que no ve tierra más de la que pisa! | 155 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, yo bien presumo que Belisa |  | | me tiene voluntad, pero en efeto |  | | en esto sólo quiero ser discreto, |  | | no siendo confiado, |  | | demás que no es amor haberme honrado | 160 | | con hacerme merced, y si lo fuera, |  | | no llegara Belisa a ser tercera |  | | de los amores de Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | que se suele cubrir una mentira |  | | con capa de verdad, y el que se llama | 165 | | galán, no ha de aguardar a que la dama |  | | le requiebre primero. |  | | Iba un fraile devoto caballero, |  | | y cuando tanta espuela le metía |  | | a la mula, decía: | 170 | | «Arre, por caridad, hermana mula.» |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa nos escucha, disimula. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor don Juan, ¿sin verme tantos días? |  | | ¿Qué es esto? Ingratamente lo habéis hecho. |  | | Trocamos vos y yo las bizarrías. | 175 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy de vuestra gracia satisfecho, |  | | pero por no cansaros |  | | me habrá de suceder desobligaros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor don Juan, a cierta dama un día |  | | presentó un papagayo un caballero, | 180 | | diciéndole que todo lo sabía, |  | | si no era hablar. Lo mismo os considero: |  | | vos sois galán, discreto y entendido, |  | | apacible, valiente y bien nacido, |  | | modesto, airoso, atento y de buen trato, | 185 | | y sólo os falta hablar, por ser ingrato. |  | | Y tú, Tello, también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cual es el dueño, |  | | tal el criado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A fe de calahorreño |  | | que estoy sin culpa yo, que sólo he sido |  | | lechón de aqueste pródigo perdido, | 190 | | eco de aquesta voz: parte el Cardona, |  | | verás que soy la maza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Y yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Bueno por vos me pone. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien merece |  | | vuesa merced que Tello así le trate. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Vuesa merced? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy un disparate. | 195 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay tan bravo león, que no se rinda |  | | a los divinos ojos de Lucinda |  | | ¡Qué tierno habrá llorado el buen Cardona, |  | | y qué habrá dicho allí de mi persona! |  | | ¿Pintóme muy feísima? Que, cierto, | 200 | | se haría un ermitaño en un desierto, |  | | y tentación a mí por lo del río |  | | y los celos del Soto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es desvarío. |  | | Contaros todo lo que pasa quiero; |  | | diré verdad a fe de caballero | 205 | | aragonés, y Córdoba y Cardona, |  | | y si mintiere, y esto no me abona, |  | | no vuelva yo a los ojos de mi padre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decid también: «De mi señora madre.» |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después, Belisa hermosa, que le distes | 210 | | con tal gracia a Lucinda tales celos |  | | en aquel Soto, donde sol salistes, |  | | más claro que el que adoran Delfo y Delos, |  | | escribióme un papel con ansias tristes |  | | hasta en la letra, ¡oh vengadores cielos!, | 215 | | que, en lágrimas envueltas y borrones, |  | | apenas se entendían las razones. |  | | Fui a verla, como allí me lo rogaba, |  | | y halléla con la mano en la mejilla, |  | | que el cuerpo en el estrado reclinaba; | 220 | | saludéla, llegué, tomé una silla. |  | | Lucinda, que la puerta me negaba, |  | | (¡oh castigo de amor, oh maravilla!), |  | | me dio su estrado; que en llegando a estado |  | | tan bajo amor, poco hay de estado a estrado. | 225 | | Tomándome las manos, y bañando |  | | las de los dos con lágrimas, decía |  | | que me adoraba tiernamente, cuando |  | | por obligarle amor, desdén fingía. |  | | Apenas, oh Belisa, vi llorando | 230 | | la que ser piedra para mí solía, |  | | cuando quedé como en la luz infusa |  | | Atlante del espejo de Medusa. |  | | Declaróme secretos pensamientos |  | | de una razón de estado bachillera, | 235 | | materias de obligar a casamientos, |  | | que yo escuché como si piedra fuera. |  | | Salí después de tantos sentimientos |  | | tan desenamorado, que pudiera |  | | vender olvido a la mayor constancia. | 240 | | ¡Gran cosa levantarse con ganancia! |  | | Cual suele labrador en noche obscura |  | | dormir en la campaña a cielo abierto, |  | | y ver la luz del alba hermosa y pura, |  | | o todo el sol de súbito despierto, | 245 | | así salí de confusión tan dura |  | | súbitamente y desde el golfo al puerto, |  | | que, despicado, en viéndome querido, |  | | su llanto risa fue, su amor olvido. |  | | Ni la vi más, ni la veré en mi vida. | 250 | | Como, duermo, paseo, y tiempo tengo |  | | para mi pretensión, que, de perdida, |  | | con verme libre, a restaurarla vengo. |  | | No lágrimas, no más traición fingida; |  | | a nuevo amor el corazón prevengo, | 255 | | aunque quien resucita, nadie crea |  | | que en volverse a morir discreto sea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Notable historia! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo os digo |  | | la verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Cierto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan cierto, |  | | que en mí fue sueño despierto | 260 | | lo que en Lucinda castigo. |  | | No más Lucinda, ya es hecho. |  | | A vuestros ojos lo juro: |  | | algún divino conjuro |  | | me la ha sacado del pecho. | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Tello, ¿es esto así? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé |  | | que pueda no ser así, |  | | porque esto pasa ante mí, |  | | señora, de que doy fe. |  | | Ya cesó la devoción | 270 | | de aquel su pasado arrobo, |  | | porque come como un lobo |  | | y duerme como un lirón: |  | | quitósele la celera |  | | y el amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gracias a Dios. | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pero enamoradle vos, |  | | a lo divino tercera; |  | | dad sujeto a este galán |  | | de vuestra mano. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí hiciera, |  | | si alguna dama supiera | 280 | | como la quiere don Juan |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | Una así como vos... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo, |  | | Tello? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así toda florida, |  | | despejada, bien prendida. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necia y lindísima ¿no? | 285 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más quiero engaños, rigores, |  | | iras y celosas tretas |  | | de las divinas discretas |  | | que de las necias favores. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja, Tello, a su elección | 290 | | la dama que quiere darme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero para asegurarme, |  | | que estéis en aprobación, |  | | que hay amante, que, enojado, |  | | sirve otro sujeto un mes, | 295 | | y vuelve a echarse a sus pies |  | | más tierno y enamorado. |  | | Y aun busca satisfacción |  | | a su misma pesadumbre |  | | porque la mala costumbre | 300 | | puede más que la razón. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo volviere a querer |  | | a Lucinda, plega a Dios... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | No juréis. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues dadme vos |  | | por vuestro gusto mujer | 305 | | que pueda amar y estimar, |  | | y veréis lo que me obliga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo conozco cierta amiga |  | | que de vos me suele hablar. |  | | Pero no, que me parece | 310 | | que os volveréis luego allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apostaré que te da, |  | | según la dama encarece, |  | | alguna doña Terrible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues eso si la burláis, | 315 | | que a Zaragoza volváis, |  | | lo tengo por imposible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estando vos de por medio, |  | | aunque sin mi gusto fuera, |  | | con mil almas la quisiera. | 320 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo intento vuestro remedio, |  | | y quiero que la veáis; |  | | mas primero que se rinda, |  | | cuantas prendas de Lucinda |  | | tenéis, guardáis y adoráis, | 325 | | mayormente su retrato, |  | | me habéis de dar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo haré |  | | que las traiga Tello, en fe |  | | de que ya le soy ingrato. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y será cierto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no? | 330 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cumpliréislo todo ansí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Digo mil veces que sí: |  | | Mas, ¿quién es la dama? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo. |  | |  |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IV** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | *(A Finea)* | | ¿Y tú no me quieres dar |  | | una ninfa a quien querer? | 335 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tiene que me volver |  | | de Fabia, después de estar |  | | un año en aprobación? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toda alhaja fregonil |  | | rendiré a tu pie gentil. | 340 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay retrato? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un San Antón |  | | para tener le pedí |  | | en mi aposento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y que no |  | | verás más a Fabia? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo? |  | | ¿Mas quién es la ninfa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mí. | 345 | |  |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **V** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué sientes desto? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy loco. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ama, quiere aquí, porfía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tal gracia y bizarría |  | | darle mil almas es poco. |  | | ¡Con qué gusto dijo: ¡Yo! | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y la picarilla: ¡Mí! |  | | ¿Vas enamorado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿No ha de haber Lucinda? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VI** | |
|  | |
| *Sala en casa del CONDE* |  |
|  | |
| *El CONDE, FERNANDO, MÚSICOS* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguna cosa, Fernando, |  | | me entretiene, estoy perdido. | 355 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo has de hallar el olvido, |  | | si estás siempre imaginando? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como la imaginación |  | | es madre de los concetos, |  | | olvidan mal los discretos, | 360 | | que celos conceptos son: |  | | de aquí nace que poetas |  | | son los más enamorados, |  | | imaginando, engañados, |  | | a sus damas tan perfetas. | 365 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En tantas definiciones |  | | de amor nunca van hallando |  | | la verdad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay más, Fernando, |  | | que ser imaginaciones. |  | | ¿Belisa, en fin, se ha casado? | 370 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Cardona aragonés |  | | es gentilhombre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí es, |  | | con que más celos me ha dado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él entra en su casa ya |  | | con libertad de marido. | 375 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bastante defensa ha sido, |  | | segura Belisa está, |  | | que a no ser marido, es cierto |  | | que no sufriera galán, |  | | y menos al tal don Juan | 380 | | Cantad algo, que estoy muerto. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *Siéntese en una silla, y canten los MÚSICOS* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Antes que amanezca* |  | | *sale Belisa,* |  | | *cuando llegue al Soto* |  | | *será de día.* | 385 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando ese estribo escribí, |  | | qué bizarra la miré. |  | | Cantad la copla, y haré |  | | una endecha para mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  | | --- | | *(Cantan)* | | *Mañanicas de Mayo* | 390 | | *salen las damas,* |  | | *con achaques de acero* |  | | *las vidas matan,* |  | | *no ha salido el alba,* |  | | *y sale Belisa* | 395 | | *Cuando* *llegue al Soto* |  | | *será de día*. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VII** | |
|  | |
| *LUCINDA, FABIA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a su ama)* | | Formaron tu pensamiento |  | | los celos, que no el agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por estar herido Octavio | 400 | | nuevos engaños intento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | Aquí está el CONDE | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y qué triste |  | | está escuchando cantar. |  | | *(A Fernando)* |  | | ¿Puede una mujer entrar? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nadie la entrada resiste | 405 | | a tal gracia y hermosura. |  | | ¿Señor, duermes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me quieres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que te buscan dos mujeres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es Belisa por ventura? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy sino la mayor | 410 | | enemiga desa dama: |  | | Lucinda soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la fama |  | | conozco vuestro valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fe del vuestro he venido |  | | a suplicaros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero | 415 | | tomad una silla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy quiero |  | | satisfacer al oído |  | | de la verdad, que, en ausencia, |  | | tanto ha escuchado de vos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Satisfaremos los dos | 420 | | la fama con la presencia. |  | | *(Siéntanse)* |  | | | |
|  | |
| *Retíranse los MÚSICOS* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta natural pasión, |  | | generoso Conde Enrique, |  | | que, contraria de la ira, |  | | en nuestros pechos reside, | 425 | | siempre la he juzgado igual, |  | | y si decirse permite, |  | | ira y amor son lo mismo, |  | | porque como es imposible |  | | que haya amor sin celos, y ellos | 430 | | venganza de agravios piden, |  | | es fuerza que entre la ira |  | | adonde el amor la admite, |  | | como se ve por ejemplos |  | | de esposos y amantes firmes, | 435 | | que mataron lo que amaban |  | | por celos, de que se sigue |  | | que la ira y el amor |  | | no son diferentes fines, |  | | aunque, en principios, contrarios. | 440 | | Todo este prólogo sirve |  | | de que el amor y la ira |  | | me traen a que os suplique |  | | que a mi remedio el valor |  | | de vuestra sangre os incline; | 445 | | por la ofensa que también |  | | de mis agravios recibe. |  | | Vino don Juan de Cardona |  | | (yo sé que una vez le vistes), |  | | de Zaragoza a la Corte, | 450 | | caballero de la insigne |  | | casa que en sus armas pone |  | | plumas de pavón por timbre. |  | | Un día, que nuestro Rey |  | | corrió lanzas, nuevo Aquiles, | 455 | | descuidada, y no de galas, |  | | a ver y ser vista vine; |  | | mirando pues con el brío |  | | que la espuela en sangre tiñe |  | | del bridón, que con las alas | 460 | | del viento las plantas mide, |  | | cuando a la sortija atento |  | | el que a dos mundos asiste |  | | con sólo un cetro, la lanza |  | | pasa de la cuja al ristre, | 465 | | y airosamente la lleva, |  | | veo que el don Juan que os dije |  | | atento a las de mis ojos |  | | era de sus niñas lince. |  | | La fiesta hizo fin, y amor | 470 | | principio, que por oírle |  | | halló lugar y esperanza |  | | de quererme y de seguirme. |  | | Desde aquel día hasta agora |  | | en pretenderme prosigue | 475 | | don Juan; mas yo, deseando |  | | a mejor fin reducirle, |  | | dile celos y desdenes |  | | -falso arbitrio-, con que hice |  | | que, mudando pensamiento, | 480 | | otra dama solicite. |  | | Ésta, a quien tan bien lo sabe, |  | | no es razón que yo la pinte, |  | | si bien en sus bizarrías |  | | cuanto celebran consiste. | 485 | | Dejáronla mucha hacienda |  | | sus padres; luce y repite |  | | con bostezos de señora |  | | a escuderos y tellices. |  | | Ésta, pues, que de don Juan | 490 | | fue la encantadora Circe, |  | | como aquella que entretuvo |  | | sin entendimiento a Ulises, |  | | no sólo ha podido hacer |  | | que me aborrezca y olvide, | 495 | | sino que en el verde Soto, |  | | que de puro cristal ciñe |  | | Manzanares, y este mes |  | | de verdes álamos viste, |  | | le llamó marido ¡ay, cielos!, | 500 | | ¿cómo pude resistirme? |  | | Desde aquel día me matan |  | | celos y congojas tristes. |  | | Llaméle y díjele amores, |  | | pero apenas quiso oírme, | 505 | | que ensoberbece a los hombres |  | | ver las mujeres humildes. |  | | A los dos, Enrique ilustre, |  | | una misma ofensa aflige, |  | | y así es justo que a los dos | 510 | | la misma venganza obligue. |  | | Yo haré de mi parte cuanto |  | | fuere a una mujer posible, |  | | que las más tiernas amando |  | | con celos se vuelven tigres; | 515 | | vos de la vuestra, y los dos |  | | para los dos, que si rinden |  | | celos, les daremos celos. |  | | ¡Al arma, mueran, suspiren, |  | | no se han de casar, que a vos | 520 | | os toca! O quedemos libres, |  | | o vengados, que aunque es fuerte, |  | | no es el amor invencible. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya de vuestra relación |  | | alguna parte sabía, | 525 | | porque la enemiga mía |  | | me dio a saber la ocasión. |  | | La soberbia y presunción |  | | de Belisa se ha rendido |  | | al título de marido, | 530 | | y con ser ansí mi amor, |  | | se agravia de su rigor, |  | | pues no me permite olvido. |  | | Por vos y por mí hacer quiero, |  | | en lo que posible fuere, | 535 | | lo que no contradijere |  | | a la ley de caballero; |  | | que nos venguemos espero, |  | | vos con celos de tan necio |  | | galán, y yo, que me precio | 540 | | de que estimen mis cuidados, |  | | que es venganza de olvidados |  | | hacer del rigor desprecio. |  | | Fuera de que puede ser |  | | (perdone vuestro valor) | 545 | | que, de fingir este amor, |  | | viniésemos a querer; |  | | porque suele suceder |  | | que cosas de amor tratando |  | | dos libres, y no pensando, | 550 | | que pueden ser verdaderas, |  | | venir a acabar en veras |  | | lo que se empieza burlando. |  | | Yo me rindo al talle y brío |  | | del galán aragonés, | 555 | | pero no tanto, después |  | | que Belisa ofende el mío; |  | | entremos a desafío, |  | | dos a dos, adonde espere |  | | vitoria el que más pudiere | 560 | | en el campo de los dos; |  | | y ayude amor, pues es dios, |  | | al que más razón tuviere. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cierta será la vitoria, |  | | Enrique, si me ayudáis. | 565 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad cómo la trazáis |  | | que resulte en vuestra gloria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En toda amorosa historia |  | | no es bien que el fin se presuma. |  | | Mujer soy, y será en suma, | 570 | | con que disculpada quedo, |  | | mío de amor el enredo |  | | y vuestra será la pluma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | Amor la imprima. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a su ama)* | | ¿Qué has hecho? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vengarme de quien me agravia. | 575 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  | | --- | | Loca estás. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y es cierto, Fabia, |  | | con tanto amor en el pecho. |  | | | |
|  | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VIII** | |
|  | |
| *El CONDE, FERNANDO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran parte del mal desecho |  | | con la venganza trazada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué habéis tratado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es nada. | 580 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta dama es de don Juan |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma, Fernando, el gabán, |  | | Y dame capa y espada. |  | | | |
|  | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IX** | |
|  | |
| *Sala en casa de BELISA* |  |
|  | |
| *BELISA, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Joyas a mí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por qué no, |  | | si eres la Reina de Troya. | 585 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuando está pobre don Juan, |  | | finezas tan amorosas? |  | | ¿A mí fénix de diamantes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con el verso y con la prosa |  | | que le enviaste, está loco. | 590 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pena me ha dado la joya. |  | | ¿Qué? ¿Se empeñó? ¿Cómo es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha sido empeño, señora, |  | | sino el paternal dinero |  | | que vino de Zaragoza, | 595 | | que así como vio el soneto |  | | dijo con voz amatoria |  | | rompiendo medio bufete |  | | de una puñada, Cardona: |  | | «¿Hay tan alta bizarría? | 600 | | ¡Que una señora componga |  | | tales versos! ¡Malos años |  | | para cuantos a Helicona |  | | van por agua y alcacer!» |  | | Y luego del baúl toma | 605 | | la bolsa zaragocí |  | | y dijo: «Tendrás agora |  | | el mejor dueño del mundo». |  | | Pero respondió la bolsa |  | | en tiple de los escudos: | 610 | | «Mejor soy para la olla.» |  | | Fuimos a la insigne puerta |  | | que guarda la cara nombran, |  | | sepulcro de oro y de seda, |  | | de tantos cofres langosta | 615 | | y para el fénix Belisa, |  | | fénix de diamantes compra, |  | | por que el día de San Marcos, |  | | que del trapo llaman zorras, |  | | salgas a matar guedejas, | 620 | | y dar envidia a valonas; |  | | pero dime, si es posible |  | | reducir a la memoria, |  | | el soneto que escribiste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como yo de amores loca | 625 | | no me osaba declarar, |  | | dije ansí: |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las Musas oigan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Canta con dulce voz en verde rama |  | | Filomena dulcísima al aurora, |  | | y en viendo el ruiseñor que le enamora, | 630 | | con recíproco amor el nido enrama. |  | | Su tierno amante por la selva llama |  | | cándida tortolilla arrulladora, |  | | que si el galán el ser amado ignora, |  | | no tiene acción contra su amor la dama. | 635 | | No de otra suerte al dueño de mis penas |  | | llamé con dulce voz en las floridas |  | | selvas de amor, que oyendo el canto apenas, |  | | se vino a mí, las alas extendidas, |  | | porque también hay voces filomenas | 640 | | que rinden almas y enamoran vidas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, que es soneto digno |  | | de que en sus obras le ponga |  | | la Marquesa de Pescara |  | | que Italia celebra y honra. | 645 | | O, pues también lo merecen, |  | | en las Canciones sonoras |  | | de la Isabela Andreína, |  | | representanta famosa, |  | | pues hoy estiman sus versos | 650 | | París, Nápoles y Roma. |  | | ¡Qué sonoridad, qué luces! |  | | ¿Y aquello de *arrulladora*? |  | | ¡Mal año para los cultos! |  | | ¡Qué claridad estudiosa! | 655 | | ¡Qué cultura! Dará envidias, |  | | aunque laurel les corona, |  | | al Príncipe de Esquilache |  | | y al Retor de Villahermosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eres poeta por dicha? | 660 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y por desdicha notoria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque ese lenguaje, Tello, |  | | a presumir me ocasiona |  | | que haces versos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué lindo! |  | | Oye una silva a una mona, | 665 | | a quien requebró un galán |  | | en peso la noche toda: |  | | Quedóse en un balcón, donde solía, |  | | desde las doce de la noche al día |  | | hablar cierto galán a una casada, | 670 | | por cerrar la ventana su criada, |  | | el animal que más imita al hombre, |  | | aunque él sabe también tomar su nombre: |  | | la mona con el frío, en la cabeza, |  | | púsose un paño que tendido estaba, | 675 | | con que la dicha moza se tocaba. |  | | Vino el galán, y atento a su belleza, |  | | tirábale al balcón de cuando en cuando |  | | chinas, con que la mona, despertando, |  | | salió ligera, y, en lo alto puesta, | 680 | | le daba algunos cocos por respuesta. |  | | Pensó que hablaba así por su marido, |  | | y la reja trepó, del hierro asido; |  | | mas queriendo besarla, de tal modo |  | | le asió de las narices que, temiendo | 685 | | que pudiera sacárselas del todo, |  | | se estuvo lamentando y padeciendo, |  | | hasta que el alba hermosa, |  | | vestida de jazmín con pies de rosa, |  | | de ver los dos amaneció riyendo; | 690 | | ella, del monicidio temerosa, |  | | al pobre amante, en vez de los amores, |  | | de arriba abajo le sembró de flores. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **X** | |
|  | |
| *FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Doña Lucinda de Armenta |  | | y doña Fabia su moza | 695 | | te quieren hablar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di que entren. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eso dices? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, ¿qué importa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voime por estotra puerta. |  | |  |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XI** | |
|  | |
| *LUCINDA, FABIA, BELISA, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué aguardan? Entren, señoras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si vuesa merced se acuerda | 700 | | de que en la florida alfombra |  | | de Manzanares, un día, |  | | compitiendo con la aurora |  | | amaneció perla en nácar, |  | | o rosa, que baña aljófar, | 705 | | siendo el pimpollo el sombrero, |  | | y vuesa merced la rosa, |  | | yo soy aquella mujer, |  | | que engañada de mi sombra, |  | | le pedí el galán prestado | 710 | | sobre prendas de lisonjas; |  | | como le asió de la mano, |  | | y subiendo en su carroza... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es carroza, sino coche, |  | | o vuesa merced me honra, | 715 | | como llamar licenciado |  | | por la presbítera toga |  | | al que es de prima tonsura. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que se finge boba. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | Soy cándida. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así parece. | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finalmente, ¿en qué se apoya |  | | esta celosa visita? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En que su merced recoja |  | | de noche al señor marido, |  | | porque no es justo que corra | 725 | | con ella Sotos y Prados |  | | en carroza, coche o posta, |  | | y que, en llegando la noche, |  | | mi puerta y ventanas rompa, |  | | ya con el pomo las unas, | 730 | | ya con las piedras las otras; |  | | entró una dellas por fuerza, |  | | y esta cadena me arroja |  | | diciendo que le escuchase. |  | | Escuchéle temerosa, | 735 | | lloró, en fin... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y con bigotes? |  | | ¡Válgate Dios por Cardona! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diole después en mi estrado |  | | tal desmayo, tal congoja, |  | | que fue menester volverle | 740 | | con agua de azahar y alcorzas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué ventura tener agua! |  | | Si no la tenéis, señora, |  | | él se queda a buenas noches. |  | | ¡Válgate Dios por Cardona! | 745 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Díjome de vos mil males: |  | | que día y noche le rondan |  | | la puerta criadas vuestras, |  | | que os vio aquella tarde sola |  | | y que le andáis persiguiendo. | 750 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy una perseguidora. |  | | ¿Que yo le persigo dice? |  | | ¡Válgate Dios por Cardona! |  | | Ahora bien, por el aviso |  | | la sirvo con esta joya | 755 | | que hoy me ha enviado con Tello, |  | | su famoso guardarropa, |  | | por que el día de San Marcos |  | | en la cadena la ponga, |  | | y vea vuesa merced | 760 | | si ha menester otra cosa |  | | desta casa, que aquí queda |  | | para su servicio toda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque sé las bizarrías |  | | desa mano poderosa, | 765 | | tomo la joya, y os beso |  | | la mano ilustre. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Belisa)* | | Perdona, |  | | que no vi cosa más necia |  | | que la que has hecho. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vos, señora Finea, | 770 | | decid a Tello que escoja |  | | otra dama, que después |  | | que a Lucinda mi señora |  | | sirve el conde don Enrique, |  | | también de mí se apasiona | 775 | | Fernando, su secretario, |  | | y yo le quiero. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejora |  | | vuesa merced de galán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él y don Juan se dispongan |  | | a no alborotar mi casa, | 780 | | que, si otra vez la alborotan, |  | | castigará su locura |  | | el Conde, porque me adora. |  | | Y a vuestra puerta en la calle |  | | aguarda con su carroza, | 785 | | para que vamos al Prado. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XII** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, FINEA, después el CONDE y LUCINDA* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | ¡Extraña historia! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es historia |  | | que me ha de costar la vida. |  | | A la ventana te asoma, |  | | mira si es el conde Enrique. | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor es que tú lo oigas, |  | | que desde el estribo llama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué libertad! Estoy loca. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Dentro el CONDE)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Al Prado, cochero, al Prado |  | | da la vuelta! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | *(Dentro)* | | A la Victoria, | 795 | | Magallanes de los coches. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué propria voz de celosa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tanta desdicha mía, |  | | ¡ay de mí!, ¿qué puedo hacer? |  | | ¡Oh, mal haya la mujer | 800 | | que del mejor hombre fía! |  | | Que don Juan de amor de un día |  | | se volviese a lo que amaba |  | | primero, en razón estaba; |  | | ¡pero no, querer yo bien, | 805 | | y declarárselo a quien |  | | por otra mujer lloraba! |  | | Halla un pájaro rompida |  | | la jaula, y volando al viento, |  | | cuando goza en su elemento | 810 | | de la libertad perdida, |  | | se acuerda de la comida, |  | | y vuelve a ver si está abierta, |  | | con ser su cárcel tan cierta. |  | | Así los amantes son, | 815 | | que con saber que es prisión, |  | | vuelven a la misma puerta. |  | | Volvióse la voluntad, |  | | aragonés caballero, |  | | sin querer gozar del fuero | 820 | | de su misma libertad. |  | | Fié de su falsedad |  | | mi enamorada afición. |  | | ¡Oh, qué necia condición |  | | de una voluntad sencilla, | 825 | | fiar almas de Castilla |  | | a los fueros de Aragón! |  | | No me pesa, porque fui |  | | necia, en que don Juan me rinda; |  | | pésame de que Lucinda | 830 | | se haya vengado de mí; |  | | lo que no tuve, perdí. |  | | Menos a enojo me incita, |  | | que una mujer más se irrita, |  | | y más con tanto ademán, | 835 | | que no el quitarle el galán, |  | | la burla de quien le quita. |  | | Lucinda, desdenes tales |  | | han hecho que os quiera bien, |  | | que hay muchos hombres, que a quien | 840 | | los trata mal, son leales. |  | | ¡Oh, amor, cómo son iguales |  | | en esto buenos y malos! |  | | No vienen con los regalos |  | | y en los celos se resuelven, | 845 | | que hay hombres perros que vuelven |  | | a donde les dan de palos. |  | | ¡Qué mal se supo entender |  | | mi ignorante bizarría, |  | | cuando dije que quería | 850 | | a un hombre de otra mujer! |  | | La disculpa habrá de ser |  | | no de Porcias y Lucrecias, |  | | que, a no haber amor, si precias |  | | que de ti se libren pocos, | 855 | | ni se hallaran hombres locos, |  | | ni hubiera mujeres necias. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XIII** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO, BELISA, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Tello)* | | Más de treinta mil ducados |  | | de dote, sin esta casa, |  | | tiene Belisa |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y las joyas, | 860 | | ricos vestidos y alhajas, |  | | ¿son barro? Dichoso eres, |  | | y advierte, que, si te casas, |  | | me des también a Finea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Yo te la doy. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Aquí estaban? | 865 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora mía y mi bien, |  | | ya el alma se me quejaba |  | | de vivir en vuestra ausencia, |  | | si ausente vivo con alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Confusa estoy! Lo mejor | 870 | | es volverle las espaldas. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Fuese? | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿No lo ves? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finea, |  | | escucha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tampoco habla. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XIV** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Tras ella iré. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué? |  | | La puerta cierra a la sala. | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, ¿qué novedad es ésta, |  | | sin que sepamos la causa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habelle dado la joya. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, en esas puertas llama. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he visto amante más pobre. | 880 | | Siempre parece que andas |  | | de puerta en puerta. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XV** | |
|  | |
| *FINEA en una ventana* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es Finea |  | | la que en la ventana aguarda? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | La misma. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finea, ¿qué es esto? |  | | ¿Este término esperaban | 885 | | de la señora Belisa |  | | mi deseo y mi esperanza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  | | --- | | Dice mi señora... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se vayan noramala. |  | | *(Cierra la ventana)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Acabóse. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí entra bien: | 890 | | «para vos traigo una carta». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué habemos de hacer? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Ven, que yo lo sé. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Éstas llaman |  | | bizarrías de Belisa, |  | | cerrar puertas y ventanas | 895 | | en agarrando la joya? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sígueme, que voy sin alma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El fénix se ha vuelto cisne, |  | | que, cuando se muere, canta. |  | | | |

**Acto III**

*Calle con vista exterior de la casa de LUCINDA*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **I** | |
|  | |
| *El CONDE y FERNANDO en hábito de noche* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay desdén que no se rinda |  | | con servir y porfiar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cansado estoy de ayudar |  | | desaliños de Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si Belisa ha conocido | 5 | | con el ingenio mayor |  | | del mundo, que ha sido amor |  | | el de Lucinda fingido, |  | | no es prudencia darle celos |  | | con ella; mejor sería | 10 | | conquistar su valentía |  | | con proseguir tus desvelos. |  | | Lucinda toma venganza |  | | de don Juan con sus mentiras; |  | | si la ayudas, ¿qué te admiras | 15 | | de vivir sin esperanza? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tienes razón, ya no quiero |  | | celos, servirla es mejor |  | | con amor y más amor, |  | | con dinero y más dinero. | 20 | | Dar celos suele importar, |  | | esto después de quererme, |  | | para despertar quien duerme, |  | | pero no para obligar. |  | | No hay armas para vencer | 25 | | una mujer desdeñosa |  | | como otra mujer, ni hay cosa |  | | que tenga tanto poder |  | | como aquella información |  | | de una amiga con su amiga; | 30 | | esto las rinde y obliga. |  | | Como de un género son, |  | | saben, para herir, tentar |  | | la flaqueza de la espada. |  | | ¿No has visto a Eva pintada, | 35 | | y que la viene a engañar |  | | con el rostro de mujer, |  | | que la culebra tomó? |  | | Pues este ejemplar les dio |  | | para engañar y vencer | 40 | | a mujeres con mujeres. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia con Belisa vive; |  | | estos días apercibe, |  | | si obligar a Celia quieres, |  | | aquel gran conquistador | 45 | | de voluntades, que llaman |  | | oro, y verás si te aman. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabe Celia mi amor, |  | | y me ha prometido hacer |  | | cuanto pudiera por mí. | 50 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dos hombres vienen aquí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Galanes deben de ser |  | | de Lucinda, que le rondan |  | | la puerta, tarde han llegado, |  | | pues dos veces he llamado, | 55 | | y no hay orden que respondan. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **II** | |
|  | |
| *Salen BELISA y FINEA de hombre con sombreros de plumas, y ferreruelos con oro y dos pistolas* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que has perdido el seso, |  | | y no debo de engañarme. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo lo que no es matarme |  | | no lo tengas por exceso; | 60 | | y ansí con tanta violencia |  | | amor mi cuerpo desalma, |  | | que no hay potencia en el alma, |  | | que viva su misma esencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tú a la puerta de Lucinda | 65 | | con estos necios disfraces? |  | | Considera lo que haces, |  | | por más que el amor te rinda, |  | | que si nos hallan ansí, |  | | nos habemos de perder. | 70 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En viendo que soy mujer, |  | | ¿qué podrán pensar de mí? |  | | Porque si agora me dan |  | | mil muertes o mil enojos, |  | | tengo de ver con los ojos | 75 | | lo que me niega don Juan; |  | | y es justo que ver intenten |  | | lo que temen y desean, |  | | porque como ellos lo vean, |  | | no dirá el alma que mienten. | 80 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuantas has hecho hasta aquí, |  | | bien pueden ser bizarrías; |  | | éstas no, porque porfías |  | | contra tu honor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a su amo)* | | Paréceme que has tomado, | 85 | | señor, el medio mejor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia, dinero y amor |  | | remediarán mi cuidado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Da lugar a estos galanes, |  | | que no llegan a la puerta | 90 | | por nosotros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verla abierta |  | | merecen los ademanes |  | | con que miran de Lucinda |  | | las rejas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FERNANDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vidas perdonan, |  | | valientes son, que pregonan | 95 | | lo que se precia de linda. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **III** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si con ella está don Juan, |  | | y te escribió aquel papel |  | | de que se casa con él, |  | | o por ventura lo están, | 100 | | ¿habemos de estar aquí |  | | hasta que nos halle el alba? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese papel fue la salva |  | | del veneno que bebí, |  | | que no hay veneno más fuerte, | 105 | | que las letras de un papel, |  | | pues tantas veces en él |  | | bebe la vida la muerte. |  | | Díceme que se desposa |  | | mañana, y que no hay lugar | 110 | | para poderla acabar |  | | una gala, por costosa, |  | | de soberbia guarnición, |  | | que yo le preste un vestido: |  | | bachillería que ha sido | 115 | | mi locura y perdición. |  | | ¿Hay tal modo de pudrir? |  | | ¡Que con mis galas se quiera |  | | casar! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gente viene, espera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué, sino sólo morir? | 120 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IV** | |
|  | |
| *Salen DON JUAN y TELLO, sin ver a BELISA y FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yerras, por Dios, en intentar hablalla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, Tello, ¿qué he de hacer, cuando imagino |  | | que ha hecho algún celoso desatino, |  | | aunque Belisa calla, |  | | por donde la he perdido, y me ha tratado | 125 | | con rigor tan cruel, que me ha cerrado |  | | las puertas y ventanas de tal suerte, |  | | que piensa retirada, y hecha fuerte, |  | | que puede entrar mi amor a ver su olvido, |  | | en átomo del aire convertido? | 130 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como la sirve el Conde, ser podría |  | | que se enojase, y nunca el que es prudente |  | | hizo pesar al hombre poderoso |  | | por no dar en sus manos algún día; |  | | que el desigual lo que es posible intente | 135 | | tengo por aforismo provechoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh qué necio Catón!, ¡oh qué grosero |  | | Séneca! Yo no quiero |  | | quitar su gusto al Conde, |  | | sino hablar a Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si responde | 140 | | como mujer celosa y agraviada, |  | | vendrá a parar en «fuese y no hubo nada». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Finea)* | | Finea, ¿no conoces |  | | estos galanes? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, no des voces. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡No me engañaba yo! ¡Pierdo el sentido! | 145 | | | |
|  | |
| *(DON JUAN llama en casa de LUCINDA)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que no llama de marido, |  | | que si marido fuera, |  | | la puerta con la aldaba deshiciera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No habrá tomado posesión, agora |  | | llamará de galán. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, señora, | 150 | | que no es bien que te vea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo callaré, mas no podré, Finea. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **V** | |
|  | |
| *Salen OCTAVIO y JULIO con otros dos hombres* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  | | --- | | *[Bajo a Julio]* | | Julio, hasta agora me duró la herida; |  | | curéla en fin, mas no curé el agravio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esperando ocasión se venga el sabio. | 155 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Éste es don Juan, llamando está a la puerta |  | | de Lucinda ¡Pues no ha de verla abierta! |  | | Yo no vengo a reñir, a matar vengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte a don Juan]* | | El Conde es éste. Gran sospecha tengo |  | | que te viene a matar con sus criados. | 160 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, no hay más: morir como soldados. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuatro son, dos me caben. No hayas miedo |  | | que me divida de tu lado un dedo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, Tello, aquí veré si eres valiente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte a Finea]* | | A matar a don Juan viene esta gente. | 165 | | A su lado me pongo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo te sigo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finea, defender al enemigo |  | | fue siempre gran fineza y bizarría. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, caballeros! Esa puerta es mía. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | Pues pase, si pudiere. | | | |
|  | |
| *Desenvainan las espadas DON JUAN y TELLO; BELISA y FINEA apuntan sus armas de fuego a OCTAVIO y compañeros* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Octavio, tente! | 170 | | Cuatro, y los dos con escopetas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Creo, |  | | que burlan mis desdichas mi deseo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuélvete y no acometas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OCTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En Madrid escopetas? |  | | ¡Caso, por Dios, terrible! | 175 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | JULIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A quien quiere matar todo es posible. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VI** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, FINEA, DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos se han ido con temor del plomo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La vida debo a aquestos caballeros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huyeron los villanos escuderos; |  | | de que el Conde no fue, sospechas tomo. | 180 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señores, si es posible conoceros, |  | | sepa a quién debo defender mi vida |  | | de tantos enemigos perseguida. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse las dos)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Volvieron las espaldas sin hablarte, |  | | ni quitar los embozos. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VII** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué parte | 185 | | llegaron estos hombres? ¿Si han bajado |  | | del cielo en mi favor? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas del tejado, |  | | porque si ángeles fueran, |  | | sin escopetas pienso que vinieran, |  | | que no las hay allá. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necia porfía, | 190 | | truenos y rayos son artillería. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verdad, por Dios, y que mostrarse quiso |  | | el ángel, que guardaba el Paraíso |  | | con espada de fuego. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué necio estuve y ciego! | 195 | | ¡Tal me tiene Belisa! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fueron con tanta prisa, |  | | que con razón te han dado |  | | ocasión al milagro imaginado, |  | | que si en forma de espíritus bajaran, | 200 | | las alas de penachos coronaran, |  | | pero no los sombreros. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ángeles son tan nobles caballeros. |  | | Esta puerta me avisa |  | | del peligro que tengo; | 205 | | mejor es ir a ver las de Belisa, |  | | así la noche paso y entretengo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien fuera, si te abriera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella me las abriera, si me oyera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una tapia muy baja el jardín tiene, | 210 | | que no es para subir dificultosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Podré yo entrar por ella? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ser podría. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vamos antes que lo estorbe el día, |  | | que se traslada de zafir en rosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor fuera salir de tanto empeño | 215 | | con trasladarle de la cena al sueño. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **VIII** | |
|  | |
| *Sala en casa de BELISA* |  |
|  | |
| *Salen BELISA, CELIA, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Guardaste las escopetas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, Belisa, están guardadas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Sin alma vengo! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es mucho, |  | | pues también fuiste sin alma, | 220 | | y me has tenido sin ella; |  | | porque de locura tanta |  | | ¿qué pudiera prometerme |  | | que no fuera tu desgracia? |  | | ¿Estaba don Juan, por dicha, | 225 | | a la puerta desa dama? |  | | Aunque dentro es lo más cierto, |  | | pues que mañana se casan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apenas, Celia, a la puerta |  | | de la dicha dama estaba | 230 | | (que dicha le viene bien, |  | | pues que ninguna le falta) |  | | cuando-a su casa venía |  | | cercado de gente y armas |  | | cierto agraviado enemigo: | 235 | | si yo no llego, le matan; |  | | temieron las escopetas, |  | | y volviendo las espaldas, |  | | desistieron de la empresa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Heroica y dichosa hazaña, | 240 | | que fue, mirándolo bien, |  | | una locura bizarra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reñísteme con lisonja |  | | de lo que fui temeraria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acuéstate, que se ríe | 245 | | de tus cosas la mañana, |  | | cuyos celajes azules |  | | embisten rayos de plata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es tan tarde como piensa |  | | tu sueño. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy desvelada. | 250 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Harto más lo vengo yo |  | | de tanta celosa rabia; |  | | responder quiero a Lucinda |  | | la que mañana se casa, |  | | la discreta, la dichosa, | 255 | | la linda, la bien tocada, |  | | que me ha pedido un vestido |  | | mientras sus galas le acaban, |  | | para que de sus vitorias |  | | sean despojos mis galas; | 260 | | que tal linaje de burla |  | | sólo pienso que se usara |  | | conmigo, de quien amor, |  | | con razón, toma venganza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no hay mañana lugar? | 265 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto que cuando tratan |  | | dos hacer un desafío, |  | | el agraviado no aguarda |  | | que salga primero el otro? |  | | Déjame tomar la espada, | 270 | | y matar esta mujer... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finea, avisa que tañan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Conmigo doña Lucrecia, |  | | por necia, que no por casta! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Escribir quieres agora? | 275 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pon, Finea, en esa cuadra |  | | una bujía y papel, |  | | tinta y pluma. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que anda |  | | por esos aires tu seso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Corre esta cortina! ¡Acaba! | 280 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **IX** | |
|  | |
| *Corriendo una cortina se descubre un aposento bien entapizado, un bufetillo de plata, y otro con escritorios, una bujía y el CONDE a un lado* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Jesús! ¿Qué hay aquí? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, señora, |  | | un hombre! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, no hagas, |  | | Belisa, extremos. Yo soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vueseñoría en mi casa |  | | a tales horas? ¡Ay, Celia! | 285 | | ¡Buen cuidado, gentil guarda! |  | | ¿Tú pones en mi aposento |  | | al Conde, y junto a mi cama? |  | | ¿Dónde se vio tal traición? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si yo salgo a ver quién llama, | 290 | | y en abriendo se entra dentro, |  | | y poderoso amenaza |  | | mi vida, ¿qué puedo hacer? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Decírmelo cuando entrara, |  | | y volviérame a salir | 295 | | donde esta noche pasara |  | | en casa de alguna amiga. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No estéis, señora, turbada, |  | | que si amor me puso aquí, |  | | en viendo vuestra desgracia, | 300 | | él me mostrará también |  | | la puerta por donde salga. |  | | De noche entré, sin pensar |  | | que tanto el sol se tardara |  | | de amanecer a mis ojos; | 305 | | detuviéronme mis ansias |  | | hablando con Celia en vos, |  | | y como las horas pasan |  | | tan apriesa por el gusto, |  | | sin que las sienta quien ama, | 310 | | cuando ya me quise ir, |  | | llamastes vos, y esperaba |  | | a salir sin que me viesen. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tan corteses palabras |  | | rindo todos mis enojos. | 315 | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **X** | |
|  | |
| *Salen DON JUAN y TELLO, asomándose por una puerta* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra quedito, que hablan |  | | en la cuadra de Belisa |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, que no era muy baja |  | | la tapia del dicho huerto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Difícil era la tapia, | 320 | | si amor no me diera el pie, |  | | o me subiera en sus alas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como no me ayudó a mí, |  | | por Dios que traigo quebrada |  | | la ausencia de la barriga. | 325 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hombre habla, ¡cosa extraña! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hombre aquí, y a tales horas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, ¿quién lo imaginara? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, señor! Cuántas de aquéstas, |  | | que se nos hacen gazapas | 330 | | con los ojitos de miz, |  | | tienen el zape en el alma; |  | | las más ricas del honor |  | | quiebran tal vez, y se pasan |  | | como mal papel, que deja | 335 | | en cada letra una mancha. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Loco estoy: escucha atento, |  | | pues este cancel nos tapa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nadie se fíe en cancel, |  | | si hablare mal en la sala. | 340 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(Al conde)* | | Yo creo a Vueseñoría, |  | | mas pues Lucinda le agrada, |  | | ¿para qué me busca a mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para escucharos, ingrata. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Después de tantos paseos, | 345 | | Prado y Fuente Castellana, |  | | viene a darme este disgusto? |  | | Mas debe de ser la causa, |  | | que le ha dejado por otro |  | | su condición, o se engaña. | 350 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | *[Aparte a su amo]* | | ¡Por la tribuna de Dios, |  | | que es el Conde, y que se abrasa |  | | Belisa de celos! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos! |  | | No me dejaba sin causa |  | | Belisa El Conde la goza. | 355 | | Hoy hizo fin mi esperanza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vámonos de aquí, señor, |  | | que si esto adelante pasa, |  | | te han de sentir, y vendréis |  | | los dos a sacar la espada. | 360 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay más que matarle? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | ¿Matar? ¡Eso que no es nada! |  | | Y después a caballito |  | | huyendo por las Italias, |  | | o por dicha, tú en teatro | 365 | | lutífero, yo en la hamaca, |  | | que llaman *finibus terrae*, |  | | cantando con media cara |  | | al sol, el remifasol |  | | con dos pasos de garganta. | 370 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa, yo no he querido |  | | a Lucinda, porque fue |  | | su enredo contra mi fe, |  | | sus celos contra mi olvido; |  | | y porque veáis que he sido | 375 | | tan galán como señor, |  | | desde aquí dejo el amor, |  | | sin admitirle jamás, |  | | que no es bien que pueda más |  | | mi gusto, que mi valor. | 380 | | Y, aunque sea a mi despecho, |  | | si vos pretendéis casaros, |  | | como decís, estorbaros, |  | | siendo quien soy, no es bien hecho. |  | | Hoy haré salir del pecho | 385 | | mi esperanza, sin que espere |  | | mas que el bien que vuestro fuere; |  | | porque no quiere, ni es justo, |  | | el que quiere más su gusto, |  | | que el honor de lo que quiere. | 390 | | Hoy viene al suelo la torre |  | | de mi necio y loco amor, |  | | que contra vuestro rigor |  | | el ser quien soy me socorre; |  | | que también amor se corre | 395 | | de ser mal agradecido, |  | | viendo, señora, que he sido, |  | | sobre necio y porfiado, |  | | para galán, desdichado, |  | | y grande para marido. | 400 | | Palabra os doy de ayudaros |  | | con el que lo fuere vuestro, |  | | con que presumo que os muestro |  | | tanto amor como en dejaros; |  | | con esto pienso obligaros, | 405 | | sin volveros a cansar, |  | | que un hombre, que con amar |  | | nunca pudo merecer, |  | | cuanto cansa con querer, |  | | obliga con olvidar. | 410 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alumbra a su Señoría, |  | | Finea. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Valor notable! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién está aquí? Alumbra. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | *(A Finea)* | | ¿Cómo? |  | | ¿Gente en mi casa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No saque |  | | la espada Vueseñoría. | 415 | | *(Empuña la espada y tercia la capa)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no, viendo esperarme |  | | detrás de un cancel dos hombres? |  | | Belisa, ¿traiciones tales |  | | con un hombre como yo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay desdicha semejante? | 420 | | Celia, ¿qué es esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que al Conde |  | | puse yo donde le hallaste, |  | | es verdad, no los demás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Conde, no os espante |  | | esta locura de amor. | 425 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor no puede espantarme, |  | | que juzga mal de la culpa |  | | quien en ella tiene parte. |  | | Admírome de Belisa, |  | | que con tantos ademanes | 430 | | y melindres, en su casa |  | | tenga hombres a horas tales, |  | | escondidos en canceles. |  | | Y así para no empeñarme |  | | en más de lo que es razón, | 435 | | porque no es justo que os mate |  | | por delito de marido, |  | | y guardaos de que os halle |  | | por casar, que ¡vive Dios, |  | | que todo el mundo no baste | 440 | | a defenderos la vida! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, señor, sin escucharme... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es presto para paciencias, |  | | y para disculpas tarde. |  | | | |
|  | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XI** | |
|  | |
| *BELISA, DON JUAN, TELLO, FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es ésta, ingrata Belisa, | 445 | | la causa para matarme? |  | | Justamente enmudecías, |  | | cuando yo llegaba a hablarte; |  | | justamente me cerrabas |  | | las puertas; pero sin llaves | 450 | | supo entrar amor a ver |  | | los agravios que me haces. |  | | Paredes abren los celos, |  | | cuando ven que no les abren; |  | | que, como los llaman linces, | 455 | | no hay cosa que no traspasen. |  | | Jurisdicción son de amor |  | | todos los verdes lugares; |  | | al jardín debo el que tuve; |  | | tanto un desengaño vale. | 460 | | A las cuatro de la noche, |  | | si es bien que noche se llame, |  | | cuando ya llama el aurora |  | | a las puertas orientales, |  | | ¿un señor, en quien concurren | 465 | | tan notables calidades, |  | | en tu aposento? ¿A estas horas, |  | | de tu casa el Conde sale? |  | | Si en tu calle no hay vecino |  | | que ahora esté por levantarse, | 470 | | y echas en la calle un hombre, |  | | ¿cómo quieres tú que calle? |  | | En la calle no hay secreto, |  | | que en llegando a despejarse |  | | tanto el honor, no presumas | 475 | | que guarden secreto a nadie. |  | | Si amabas a don Enrique, |  | | di, ¿para qué me engañaste? |  | | Que nunca fue valentía |  | | ser las mujeres mudables. | 480 | | Dejárasme con Lucinda; |  | | mal por mal, nunca tan tarde |  | | hombres en su casa hallé |  | | de quien pudiese quejarme. |  | | Desde tu casa me voy | 485 | | a Aragón, para olvidarte. |  | | ¡Dios me libre de Castilla! |  | | Para conocerla baste, |  | | que el ejemplo de tu amor |  | | me castigue y desengañe. | 490 | | Si volviere a verla, ¡cielos!, |  | | traidora espada me mate, |  | | o el más amigo me venda, |  | | y el más obligado pague |  | | con malas mis buenas obras, | 495 | | y a mi enemigo se pase. |  | | Perdone el hábito el Rey, |  | | que ya, con tantos pesares, |  | | me han dado Santiago celos, |  | | y es mejor morir en Flandes. | 500 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Acaba vuesa merced |  | | su plática lamentable? |  | | ¿Tiene esa larga oración |  | | epílogo que la ensarte? |  | | ¿Ha de haber: «no has visto», y esto | 505 | | con que acaban los Romances |  | | para vulgar chacota |  | | que llaman versos finales: |  | | «cuanto apacible severo |  | | cuanto tierno inexorable | 510 | | cuanto rendido tirano |  | | y cuanto humilde arrogante?» |  | | Prosiga vuesa merced. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Burlas en veras tan grandes? |  | | ¿Cuándo agravios, niñerías | 515 | | y cuando rabias, donaires? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gentilhombre aragonés, |  | | el de la ley del encaje, |  | | Juan por la gracia de Dios, |  | | Cardona por lo picante: | 520 | | si habemos de hablar de veras, |  | | si se han de tratar verdades, |  | | si descubrirse los pechos, |  | | si las almas declararse, |  | | diga, rey, si vino aquí | 525 | | su ninfa, que Dios le guarde, |  | | aquella a quien sólo faltan |  | | las alas para ser ángel; |  | | aquella que escribe en culto |  | | por aquel griego lenguaje, | 530 | | que no le supo Castilla |  | | ni se le enseñó su madre; |  | | aquella, en fin, cuyos ojos |  | | llaman a tantos galanes, |  | | que es el búho de la corte | 535 | | (quiera Dios que se los saquen), |  | | y me dijo que le rompe |  | | las puertas con ansias tales, |  | | y con ruegos tan humildes, |  | | que de lástima le abre; | 540 | | que se desmaya en su estrado |  | | (no es mucho que se desmaye, |  | | pues llora con bigotera, |  | | y hace pucheros infantes). |  | | ¿Cómo quiere el buen Cardona, | 545 | | y con la boda que añade |  | | en este papel su ninfa, |  | | que sufra yo que se case, |  | | porque mañana ha de ser, |  | | y me pide la ignorante | 550 | | vestidos para la boda, |  | | mientras los suyos se acaben? |  | | Váyase vuesa merced, |  | | que ya es de día, a acostarse, |  | | porque para desposado | 555 | | sin ojeras se levante, |  | | y para hacerse la barba, |  | | que es capítulo inviolable |  | | para ser más mozo el novio, |  | | y la señora enrizarse. | 560 | | Y sepa que he sido ejemplo |  | | entre mujeres leales, |  | | porque la que sale firme, |  | | es roca al mar, palma al aire. |  | | No truje al Conde a mi casa, | 565 | | que, ausente yo, pudo entrarse |  | | en ella; si culpa tuvo |  | | Celia, entre los dos la saben. |  | | La prueba de estar ausente |  | | es haber ido a buscarle, | 570 | | y deberme ya dos vidas, |  | | que porque no le matasen, |  | | la mía puse a peligro, |  | | con cuatro espadas delante, |  | | con las armas que temieron | 575 | | los que quisieron matarle. |  | | ¿Es esto, como presume, |  | | echar en la calle amantes? |  | | ¿Es esto mudar de fe? |  | | ¿Es esto ser inconstante? | 580 | | ¿Es esto tener yo culpa |  | | de ausentarse y de casarse? |  | | ¿Por mí se vuelve a Aragón, |  | | y desde Aragón a Flandes? |  | | La joya le di a Lucinda | 585 | | de aquel fénix de diamantes, |  | | que para mí mueren fénix, |  | | y para Lucinda nacen. |  | | ¿No responde? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Apenas puedo! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | *(A Finea)* | | ¿Y tú, no tienes que darme | 590 | | alguna disculpa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tello, |  | | pellejo de zorra traes. |  | | Con la barbada mesura, |  | | con el cansado desaire, |  | | que habiendo sido de Fabia | 595 | | pretensor fregonizante, |  | | ¿me pides que dé disculpa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿De Fabia yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues negarme |  | | quieres la verdad? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plega a Dios que me desgarre | 600 | | un oso las pantorrillas, |  | | o que mi dinero en parte |  | | le ponga que esté dudoso, |  | | pues hay cofres que le guarden; |  | | o que, sacando un vestido, | 605 | | me pida después el sastre |  | | más seda y más guarnición; |  | | o que, por Diciembre, pase |  | | en un rocín sin espuelas |  | | por la calle de Getafe, | 610 | | y que de lerdo y mohíno |  | | en cada mesón me pare; |  | | o que tenga un pleito, en quien |  | | paciencia y dineros gaste; |  | | que es maldición, en que todas | 615 | | cuantas tiene el mundo caben. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oh, Belisa, ¿qué habrá que no se intente |  | | con celos? Yo estoy ya desengañado, |  | | si tú lo estás. Su necia envidia aumente |  | | amor, que tantas penas te ha costado. | 620 | | La vida, que te debo justamente, |  | | mientras viviere me tendrá obligado. |  | | Tú mira cómo quieres, y en qué parte |  | | pueda, satisfaciéndote, vengarte. |  | | Que como agora sale el claro día | 625 | | por la boca del sol, y va rompiendo |  | | la obscura sombra de la noche fría, |  | | abriendo flores y cristal luciendo, |  | | a tus ojos saldrá la verdad mía, |  | | la noche de Lucinda descubriendo; | 630 | | y entonces los regalos, los amores, |  | | unos serán cristales, y otros flores. |  | | ¿Puedo hacer más, que pueda tu deseo |  | | hacer de mí? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quedo satisfecha, |  | | y que es enredo de Lucinda creo. | 635 | | Mas todo sin vengarme, ¿qué aprovecha? |  | | Que en el estado que mis cosas veo, |  | | y para deshacer toda sospecha, |  | | tú has de ser dueño, en fe de mi esperanza, |  | | de la satisfacción y la venganza. | 640 | | Yo te diré el engaño que he pensado |  | | para salir de todo con vitoria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A obedecerte estoy determinado, |  | | en celos, en amor, en pena, en gloria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues vete, y vuelve, y ten de mí cuidado. | 645 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo podrá faltar de mi memoria? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¡Adiós, don Juan! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muriendo me desvío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  | | --- | | ¡Adiós, zampoña! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Adiós, tabaco mío! |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XII** | |
|  | |
| *Sala en casa de LUCINDA* |  |
|  | |
| *Salen el CONDE, LUCINDA y FABIA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Notable resolución! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me sucedieran bien. | 650 | | Mas fue mayor su desdén |  | | que su atrevida afición. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El oro en toda ocasión |  | | es el primer movimiento. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia, en su mismo aposento | 655 | | me dio bastante lugar, |  | | pero no supe igualar |  | | mi dicha a mi atrevimiento. |  | | Pero ¿quién pudiera creer |  | | que fuera de casa estaba | 660 | | Belisa, cuando llegaba |  | | la noche a dejar de ser? |  | | No tuvo qué defender |  | | de mis locos desatinos, |  | | que nací, cuando mis sinos | 665 | | fueron encontrados bandos, |  | | donde enloquecen Orlandos, |  | | donde no fuerzan Tarquinos. |  | | Cual suele un desafiado, |  | | que a su contrario esperó, | 670 | | que hasta que venir le vio |  | | blasonaba confiado, |  | | y en viéndole, de turbado |  | | mudarse descolorido; |  | | pues así mi amor ha sido | 675 | | hasta que a Belisa vi, |  | | que en viéndola me rendí, |  | | antes de haberme rendido. |  | | Salí muy necio, en efeto, |  | | y es porque entré confiado, | 680 | | aunque un hombre despreciado, |  | | ¿cómo puede ser discreto? |  | | Hallé, escuchando en secreto |  | | al salir, vuestro don Juan, |  | | disculpa los dos me dan, | 685 | | si deste nombre se llama, |  | | tener en casa la dama |  | | a media noche el galán. |  | | Enojéme con razón, |  | | mas llegando a conocer | 690 | | que se pudiera ofender |  | | su crédito y opinión, |  | | no puse en ejecución |  | | con entrambos mi pesar, |  | | que ni a él le dejé hablar, | 695 | | ni a ella después mentir, |  | | porque no queda qué oír |  | | en no habiendo qué esperar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me canso injustamente. |  | | Él la adora, ¿qué porfío? | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay del pensamiento mío, |  | | que mayor agravio siente! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no parece que miente |  | | sombra de imagen incierta, |  | | tu don Juan está a la puerta. | 705 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué don Juan? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El de Cardona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿El mismo? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo en persona. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esté mil veces abierta. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XIII** | |
|  | |
| *DON JUAN, TELLO* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huélgome de hallar aquí, |  | | señor, a Vueseñoría, | 710 | | no para disculpa mía, |  | | si es que anoche le ofendí, |  | | sino porque de Belisa |  | | traigo a los dos un recado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buen mensajero ha buscado. | 715 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué me manda? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué me avisa? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Díjome que en un papel |  | | que Lucinda le escribió, |  | | que por eso me llamó |  | | para darme parte dél, | 720 | | la escribe, que hoy se desposa, |  | | que a tanta ventura tengo, |  | | que yo propio a daros vengo |  | | las gracias, Lucinda hermosa, |  | | y que en razón del vestido, | 725 | | que le honréis tiene a favor |  | | sus galas, con el mejor, |  | | y que nunca le ha servido. |  | | Y os envía a suplicar, |  | | que, de su mano tocada, | 730 | | salgáis a ser envidiada, |  | | y a no tener qué envidiar; |  | | y que si también queréis |  | | (tanto desea obligaros) |  | | en su casa desposaros, | 735 | | de ser madrina la honréis. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para deciros verdad, |  | | picarla fue mi deseo, |  | | pero ya después que veo |  | | la vuestra y su voluntad, | 740 | | hallo que lo que ha de ser, |  | | por de burlas que se intente, |  | | viene a ser por accidente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo acabo de entender, |  | | que Belisa no tenía | 745 | | a don Juan amor perfeto, |  | | porque todo ha sido efeto |  | | de su misma bizarría; |  | | que su extraña condición |  | | la obligaba a darle celos | 750 | | a Lucinda |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De los cielos |  | | era justa obligación |  | | favorecer mi verdad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por obligaros ha sido |  | | fingir mi amor tanto olvido | 755 | | y desdén tanta lealtad. |  | | ¡Oh, cuánto en amor alcanza |  | | la porfía y la razón, |  | | pues convierte en posesión |  | | la más perdida esperanza! | 760 | | Iré en casa de Belisa, |  | | pues, de hacerme tal favor |  | | con tan buen embajador, |  | | por más crédito, me avisa. |  | | Y suplico al señor Conde, | 765 | | que se halle a honrarme también. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con daros el parabién |  | | mi obligación corresponde. |  | | Juntos nos podemos ir. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme la mano, don Juan | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Novio y padrino se van. |  | | ¿Tienes algo que decir? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FABIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que envidio los desposados, |  | | Tello, por quererte bien. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame la mano también. | 775 | | Dios nos haga bien casados. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XIV** | |
|  | |
| *Sala en casa de BELISA* |  |
|  | |
| *Sale BELISA, muy bizarra, y CELIA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espante que pregunte |  | | para qué es tan nueva gala, |  | | y vestirse a tales horas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Celia, mis locuras andan | 780 | | por acabar de una vez |  | | con esta necia esperanza. |  | | Nací con inclinación |  | | a todo amor tan contraria, |  | | que no pensé que en mi vida | 785 | | a querer la sujetara |  | | discreción y gentileza; |  | | pero no hay soberbia humana |  | | sin contradición divina. |  | | Fundé mi loca arrogancia | 790 | | en que no hubiese mujer |  | | que no rindiese las armas |  | | a mi libre entendimiento; |  | | y estoy tan desengañada, |  | | que no sólo amor castiga | 795 | | con tantas celosas ansias |  | | mi libertad, pero ha hecho |  | | que se burle la ignorancia |  | | de mi altiva presunción, |  | | de suerte que no me agravia | 800 | | tanto en quitarme a don Juan, |  | | como en que piense muy vana |  | | que rinde mi entendimiento; |  | | y si agora no me falta, |  | | de los dos agravios pienso | 805 | | hacer a un tiempo venganza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  | | --- | | No sé si aciertas. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te dije la mañana |  | | que fuimos las dos al Soto, |  | | que el amor te castigaba | 810 | | tanto desdén y desprecio. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Coche a nuestra puerta para. |  | | Si la desposada viene, |  | | ninguna ventura iguala |  | | a sacar burla de burla | 815 | | y venganza de venganza. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XV** | |
|  | |
| *FINEA* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una galera de tierra, |  | | con clavos de oro por jarcias, |  | | cortinas por altas velas |  | | de tela riza de nácar, | 820 | | y por remos que le mueven |  | | cuatro cisnes de Alemania, |  | | con la señora Lucinda |  | | en tu portal desembarca. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  | | --- | | ¿Viene muy hermosa? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viene | 825 | | contenta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices, basta: |  | | no hay mujer alegre fea, |  | | ni triste hermosa. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya amainan. |  | | | |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **XVI** | |
|  | |
| *Salen LUCINDA, FABIA, el CONDE, DON JUAN, TELLO y criados acompañando* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuesa merced, mi señora, |  | | honre aquesta humilde casa | 830 | | mil veces en hora buena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuesa merced otras tantas |  | | favorezca mi humildad. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan bien vestida y tocada, |  | | ya no querrá que la sirva | 835 | | con cuidado ni con galas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No ha sido por no tener |  | | del favor desconfianza, |  | | mas por escusaros pena. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo cumplimiento cansa. | 840 | | Resta, señora Belisa, |  | | pues aquí nos acompañan |  | | tantos criados, que sean |  | | testigos de que se casan |  | | Lucinda y don Juan |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién? ¿Cómo? | 845 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  | | --- | | Lucinda y don Juan | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraña |  | | novedad! ¿Quién os lo dijo? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo quién? Agora acaba |  | | de decírnoslo don Juan |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Juan, o el sentido os falta, | 850 | | o no me entendistes bien, |  | | que yo a decir enviaba |  | | que viniese a ser madrina |  | | quien viene a ser desposada. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Madrina? ¿De quién? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mí. | 855 | | Y que al Conde suplicaba |  | | me honrase y favoreciese |  | | como me dio la palabra. |  | | ¿Díjeos esto? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así es verdad, |  | | mas mi turbación fue tanta, | 860 | | que erré el recado, mas tengo |  | | disculpa, si me la pasan |  | | por la necedad primera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ha sido necia venganza, |  | | pero yo la tomaré | 865 | | de los dos; sólo me espanta |  | | que esto sufra el conde |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CONDE | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo |  | | tengo, Lucinda, empeñada |  | | la palabra. Deteneos, |  | | y pues que también me agravian, | 870 | | consolaos conmigo, y dalde |  | | por mí, pues ya los aguarda |  | | el parabién con los brazos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más vale volver burlada |  | | que corrida. Yo los doy. | 875 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo a vos también con el alma. |  | | Quedemos las dos amigas; |  | | y el señor don Juan, que calla, |  | | me dará la mano a mí, |  | | pues que con tan buena gracia | 880 | | erró el recado. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON JUAN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo hice |  | | lo que mi dueño me manda. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TELLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo me agarro a Finea. |  | | Perdone, señora Fabia, |  | | que he menester esta alcorza. | 885 | | *(A Finea)* |  | | Con esta mano te llama |  | | mi amor, ¿qué aguardas? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Tello!, |  | | ¿ésa es mano o es patata? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BELISA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Senado ilustre, el poeta, |  | | que ya las Musas dejaba, | 890 | | con deseo de serviros |  | | volvió esta vez a llamarlas, |  | | para que no le olvidéis. |  | | Y aquí la comedia acaba. |  | | | |