**LOPE DE VEGA  
*Contra Valor no hay Desdicha***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *CIRO* |  |
| *ARPAGO* |  |
| *EL REY ASTIAGES* |  |
| *EVANDRO* |  |
| *FINEO* |  |
| *ALBANO* |  |
| *FILIS, dama* |  |
| *FLORA, villana* |  |
| *BATO, gracioso* |  |
| *MITRÍDATES* |  |
| *RISELO* |  |
| *SILVIO* |  |
| *UN CAPITÁN* |  |
| *UN CRIADO* |  |
| *VILLANOS* |  |
| *MÚSICOS* |  |
| *SOLDADOS* |  |
|  |  |

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Acto I** | | | |
|  | | | |
| *CIRO y MITRÍDATES, los dos en hábito de villanos* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quitarte tengo la vida. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tened, padre, la cayada; |  | | que la sufro, levantada, |  | | pero no podré caída. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tú tienes atrevimiento | 5 | | para responderme así! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más sufrimiento hay en mí, |  | | que hay en vos entendimiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acabóse: ya perdiste |  | | la vergüenza; mas ¿perder, | 10 | | Ciro, cómo puede ser, |  | | cosa que nunca tuviste? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué causa os he dado yo |  | | para tratarme tan mal, |  | | si este valor natural | 15 | | conmigo mismo nació? |  | | Un honrado pensamiento, |  | | que me habéis de agradecer, |  | | ¡viene con vos a perder |  | | su justo merecimiento! | 20 | | Padre, ne, penséis que vos |  | | solo mi artífice fuistes; |  | | porque si el cuerpo me distes, |  | | las almas infunde Dios. |  | | Este pensamiento honrado | 25 | | nace del alma; y así, |  | | lo que Dios infunde en mí, |  | | ¿cómo puede ser culpado? |  | | Corta un escultor un leño |  | | y señala una figura, | 30 | | que acabar después procura |  | | por las líneas del diseño. |  | | Este leño os debo a vos, |  | | figura muda y en calma; |  | | que la perfección del alma, | 35 | | sólo se la debo a Dios. |  | | Si traigo de la ciudad |  | | algunos libros que leo, |  | | decís que mi vida empleo |  | | en tan loca vanidad; | 40 | | si lo que dellos aprendo |  | | escribo, os da tal cuidado |  | | que virtüoso os enfado, |  | | y hombre de bien os ofendo. |  | | ¿Todo ha de ser cultivar | 45 | | la tierra y seguir dos bueyes? |  | | ¿No tienen los dioses leyes |  | | para saberlos honrar? |  | | ¿No es bien saber los secretos |  | | naturales de las cosas | 50 | | a la labranza forzosas |  | | para acertar los efetos? |  | | ¿Qué se pierde por saber |  | | el celestial movimiento? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese desvanecimiento, | 55 | | Ciro, te ha echado a perder. |  | | Esas guerras que has leído, |  | | y esos amores, te han hecho |  | | caballero a mi despecho, |  | | y por tu daño, atrevido. | 60 | | Todas estas caserías |  | | quieres gobernar; muy necio, |  | | haces de todos desprecio: |  | | tales pensamientos crías. |  | | Vive Filis esta aldea, | 65 | | de Arpago hermana, privado |  | | del Rey, por no dar cuidado |  | | a su madrastra Dantea; |  | | Y siendo tan principal, |  | | la sirves, y eres contrario | 70 | | de nuestro príncipe Dario: |  | | ¿puede haber locura igual? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, si a Filis serví, |  | | no toda la culpa fue |  | | mía; que no la miré | 75 | | sin que me mirase a mí. |  | | Nace de habernos criado |  | | juntos este noble amor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan grande competidor, |  | | Ciro, me pone en cuidado; | 80 | | que el peligro a que te pones |  | | es el que debo temer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me sabré defender |  | | con excusar ocasiones |  | | en que le pueda dar celos. | 85 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu discreción lo fío. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id seguro, padre mío. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Guarden tu vida los cielos. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las altas luces, despeñado en ellas, |  | | para que con sus rayos se confronte, | 90 | | en el carro del sol pisó Faetonte |  | | con los diamantes de sus ruedas bellas. |  | | Del fulgurante ardor formó querellas |  | | del Erídano claro el horizonte, |  | | viendo correr por el celeste monte | 95 | | extraño sol, atropellando estrellas. |  | | Así, mi dulce pensamiento honrado, |  | | ¿quién te podrá negar que al sol subiste, |  | | aunque mueras de Filis abrasado? |  | | Con gloria mueres si atrevido fuiste; | 100 | | pues ya que no eres sol, has confirmado, |  | | muerto en el cielo, que del sol naciste. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre BATO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Gracias a Júpiter santo |  | | que vengo a topar contigo! |  | | ¿Dónde estabas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato amigo, | 105 | | canséme de esperar tanto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los árboles uno a uno |  | | he contado por el prado |  | | buscándote, y no he dejado |  | | valle ni pastor ninguno | 110 | | sin preguntalles por ti. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hay de Filis? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que salía |  | | hoy para alegrar el día, |  | | y el alba en sus ojos vi. |  | | Di luego la norabuena | 115 | | a la selva; y a la fe, |  | | que donde estampaba el pie |  | | quedaba de flores llena. |  | | Cantaban los ruiseñores |  | | de árbol en árbol a coros, | 120 | | y los arroyos sonoros |  | | los bajos entre las flores. |  | | Llegué con mi reverencia, |  | | y la dije: «Venus bella |  | | te guarde, aunque de su estrella | 125 | | le ofenda la competencia.» |  | | Y ella, que apenas con risa, |  | | «Bien vengas», me respondió, |  | | del clavel con que me habló |  | | cerró las hojas aprisa; | 130 | | que, a tardarse, no lo ignores, |  | | tan bellas perlas mostrara, |  | | que el alba se las tomara |  | | para aljófar de las flores. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece que se ha mudado | 135 | | tu rústico entendimiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No has visto, en el aposento |  | | que el príncipe Dario ha entrado, |  | | quedar olor por un rato |  | | del guante de ámbar? Así, | 140 | | en después que a Filis vi, |  | | has de imaginar a Bato; |  | | porque habrá sido ocasión, |  | | si estoy discreto contigo, |  | | que traigo, el ámbar conmigo | 145 | | de su rara discreción. |  | | Mas aunque agora me precio |  | | de discreto embajador, |  | | luego que cese el olor |  | | verás que me vuelvo a necio. | 150 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Bato, mil años goces |  | | la nueva sabiduría; |  | | que aún te dura todavía |  | | el ámbar, pues te conoces! |  | | Pocos hombres hallarás | 155 | | que conozcan lo que son; |  | | pero es esta imperfección |  | | piedad del cielo en los más. |  | | Con esto, cielos, hicistes |  | | que no haya tales desprecios; | 160 | | que a conocerse por necios, |  | | muchos anduvieran tristes. |  | | ¿Dístele mis versos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di |  | | tus versos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿los leyó? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los leyó y agradeció. | 165 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿qué te dijo de mí? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se admiraba de ver |  | | tan honrados pensamientos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El estar tan desatentos, |  | | daño nos pudiera hacer. | 170 | | Ella pasa por el prado: |  | | si en la fuente se detiene, |  | | yo, ¿la hablo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablaron hombres |  | | mortales diosas: ¿qué temes? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre FILIS)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tu pie, Filis divina, | 175 | | dice Bato que florecen |  | | las selvas; yo, que las haces |  | | campo de estrellas celestes. |  | | No espera la blanca aurora, |  | | en el nido donde duerme | 180 | | el pájaro, con más ansias |  | | para ver las ramas verdes |  | | que tiñe de horror la noche |  | | y en mudo silencio envuelve, |  | | que yo tus hermosos ojos. | 185 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro discreto y valiente, |  | | Dario vino de la corte: |  | | peligro en hablarme tienes. |  | | Mira que estimo tu vida. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si tanto la favoreces, | 190 | | tendréla en mucho por ti. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A tus nobles partes debe |  | | este amor mi obligación. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si desa suerte engrandeces |  | | un villano como yo, | 195 | | no será mucho que piense |  | | que estas selvas, estos montes, |  | | a ver los amores vuelven |  | | de Endimïon y la Luna, |  | | permitiendo que contemple | 200 | | los rayos de tu hermosura, |  | | que el primer cielo enriquecen, |  | | la humilde bajeza mía. |  | | ¡Ay, cielos! ¿Qué culpan tienen |  | | las almas de que los cuerpos | 205 | | naciesen humildemente? |  | | El cielo no pudo errar |  | | la infusión del alma: advierte |  | | que en ella están las virtudes, |  | | por quien el cuerpo merece. | 210 | | Mírame todo por alma, |  | | de la manera que suele |  | | mirar las perlas el alba |  | | por el agua transparente, |  | | sin reparar en la concha | 215 | | que les dió, cauta, a los peces, |  | | naturaleza por arma |  | | que las cubre y las defiende. |  | | Alma soy, Filis: el alma, |  | | por inmortal, te merece, | 220 | | y prenda que con los dioses |  | | en la eternidad conviene. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro, si mi hermano Arpago |  | | y mi fortuna quisieren |  | | disponer de mí, te doy | 225 | | la palabra... Escucha... |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | |  |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre FLORA, sin ser vista de CIRO, BATO ni FILIS)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¿Puede |  | | llegar a más mi desdicha? |  | | ¿Puede el rigor de mi suerte? |  | | Hablando están... ¿Qué lo dudo? |  | | ¡Oh Filis, si tú supieses | 230 | | qué es celos, dudo que amor |  | | te dispusiese a ofenderme! |  | | Celos es enfermedad |  | | que el mismo que la padece, |  | | con vergüenza de decirla, | 235 | | no quiere, que la remedien. |  | | Pero yo, ¿por qué me quejo, |  | | cuando Ciro me aborrece, |  | | cuando de verme se espanta, |  | | cuando mi nombre le ofende? | 240 | | Pero pienso que es la causa |  | | que más en el alma duele, |  | | ver que Ciro quiera a Filis, |  | | que no el ver que no me quiere. |  | | Pidiéndola está un favor, | 245 | | y le dió una cinta verde, |  | | para mis celos azul. |  | | ¡Mal fuego la cinta queme! |  | | ¡Mal fuego el favor abrase! |  | | Y si lo invisible puede, | 250 | | queme también la esperanza. |  | | Ya se va. ¡Cielos, tenedme! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estaré, Filis divina, |  | | siempre a tu gusto obediente; |  | | que en tanta desigualdad, | 255 | | el alma que favoreces |  | | apenas me da palabras |  | | con que pueda agradecerte |  | | la esperanza desta cinta, |  | | dulce prenda, lazo fuerte, | 260 | | que hará que mi obligación |  | | dure en ella eternamente. |  | | Yo me voy; tú, Bato amigo, |  | | ven conmigo, y no me dejes; |  | | que si hay muertes para tristes, | 265 | | también las hay para alegres. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Ciro! ¡Plega a los cielos |  | | que este favor no te cueste, |  | | cuando, no. la vida, el seso! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse CIRO y BATO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dasme licencia que llegue | 270 | | para hablarte dos palabras? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh Flora! ¿En qué te detienes? |  | | Yo soy tu amiga. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo soy |  | | tu esclava. Escucha. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, hoy hace dos años | 275 | | que, para tantos enojos, |  | | en Ciro puse los ojos, |  | | como él mí sus engaños. |  | | Referirte aquí los daños |  | | que me ha costado llegar | 280 | | a merecer sujetar |  | | su rigor a mis querellas, |  | | será contar las estrellas |  | | o las arenas del mar. |  | | Finalmente, me quería | 285 | | por dejarme de querer; |  | | que tanto suele vencer |  | | una amorosa porfía. |  | | En estas selvas hoy día |  | | suenan fuentes, viven flores, | 290 | | testigos destos amores; |  | | pero hay, Filis, voluntades |  | | que no llegan a verdades |  | | y se quedan en favores. |  | | Después, Filis, que viniste | 295 | | de la corte a nuestra aldea, |  | | celos me mandan que crea |  | | que de mi mal causa fuiste. |  | | Veneno pienso que diste |  | | desde tus ojos a Ciro. | 300 | | Ya se enfada si lo miro: |  | | tanto me pierde el decoro, |  | | que se aburre si le adoro, |  | | y me llego y me retiro. |  | | Está ya tan caballero, | 305 | | el que era ayer labrador, |  | | que le respeto señor |  | | y cortesano le quiero. |  | | De tu discreción espero |  | | que de sus locos intentos | 310 | | vengarás mis sentimientos; |  | | que pierdes de lo que vales |  | | si a prendas tan desiguales |  | | humillas los pensamientos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Flora, esa misma razón | 315 | | te ha de obligar a pensar |  | | que yo no le pude dar |  | | para quererme ocasión. |  | | Su buena conversación, |  | | mi soledad entretiene; | 320 | | mas si a darte celos viene, |  | | mira que es necio rigor |  | | pensar que de mi valor |  | | alguna esperanza tiene. |  | | Ciro, entre esta humilde gente, | 325 | | es un mancebo entendido, |  | | a los demás preferido |  | | por lo discreto, y valiente; |  | | pero no creas que intente |  | | en público ni en secreto | 330 | | perderme, Flora, el respeto; |  | | que ese día, fuera poco |  | | que castigara por loco |  | | a quien escucho discreto. |  | | Pero toma en tus desvelos | 335 | | un cuerdo consejo agora: |  | | y es, que nunca pidas, Flora, |  | | de tu amor a nadie celos, |  | | porque de aquellos recelos |  | | y las penas que refiere, | 340 | | que lo merece se infiere; |  | | y siéndonos natural |  | | la envidia, por hacer mal |  | | queremos lo que otra quiere. |  | | Así que pedir te asombre | 345 | | celos, aunque haya razón, |  | | que es dar imaginación |  | | de los méritos de un hombre; |  | | que la de más casto nombre |  | | quiere ver lo que no viera | 350 | | sin la celosa tercera; |  | | y si lo estorban el ver, |  | | por tema querrá querer |  | | lo que le quitan que quiera. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por qué notable camino | 355 | | castigó mi atrevimiento! |  | | Despertó su pensamiento |  | | mi celoso desatino. |  | | Tarde su consejo vino, |  | | y vino mi muerte en él; | 360 | | mas no piense la cruel |  | | salir con lo que desea, |  | | que he de revolver la aldea |  | | si la vuelvo a ver con él. |  | |  |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase, y entren CIRO, BATO, ALBANO,  RISELO, SILVIO y villanos)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Ciro ha ganado a todos. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Víctor, Ciro! | 365 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La honra os agradezco: |  | | que bien se que por mí no la merezco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La ligereza, como el salto, admiro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Valiente ha sido de la barra el tiro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay mozo que igual sea | 370 | | a Ciro en el aldea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no soy yo, que lo que habéis saltado, |  | | miré sentado en la mitad del prado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Sólo resta luchar. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si hay quien quiera, |  | | con los brazos abiertos Ciro espera. | 375 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lucharé contigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que soy tu amigo. |  | | Pero ven con un brazo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para darte un abrazo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Lucha CIRO con BATO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con Bato dió en el suelo, | 380 | | asiéndole del brazo solamente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Una costilla me ha quebrado. ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ea, persiana juventud valiente, |  | | ¿quién lucha? ¿Quién me tuerce aqueste brazo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No yo, que estoy sin mí del batacazo. | 385 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato, dame esa mano si ver quieres |  | | milagros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo que de hierro eres. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Muestra, no temas. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, que me ha quebrado |  | | la mano! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No hay, mancebos, en el prado |  | | quien luche, corra, salte o quien esgrima? | 390 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A todos desanima |  | | tu fuerza, ligereza y gentileza. |  | | Mas justo es coronarte la cabeza |  | | deste verde laurel, |  | | que envidie Apolo, | 395 | | por siempre vencedor, |  | | único y solo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu digna frente adorne, |  | | *(Pónenle una corona de laurel)* |  | | para que cuando del ocaso torne, |  | | en sus amadas hojas amanezca. | 400 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién hay que, como tú, el laurel merezca? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hagamos algún juego |  | | ya que estás coronado, porque luego |  | | celebremos alegre tu victoria. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juguemos al reinar con la memoria | 405 | | deste laurel divino. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿quién ha de ser rey? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Yo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Desatino! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Echad suertes, mancebos generosos, |  | | y a quien la suerte caiga obedeciendo, |  | | el juego podréis ir entreteniendo. | 410 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera por los hechos valerosos |  | | y por la dignidad de tu persona, |  | | tú solo merecieras la corona. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que dijere tres cosas |  | | las más fuertes, que ése salga | 415 | | por rey. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dice Riselo, |  | | y comience Silvio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vaya. |  | | La cosa más fuerte digo |  | | que es la fortuna, contraria |  | | para todas sus acciones, | 420 | | en un discreto que calla. |  | | La necesidad es fuerte, |  | | pues obliga a cosas bajas; |  | | y la muerte, pues los reyes |  | | son hierba de su guadaña. | 425 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Diga Albano. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La porfía |  | | la ambición, que nunca para, |  | | y el diamante, pues que sólo |  | | con otro como él se labra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Diga Riselo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La mar | 430 | | con tormenta, o cuando baja |  | | el rayo, rompiendo, el viento, |  | | a dar en sus torres altas; |  | | y sin temor de los dioses, |  | | un tirano de su patria. | 435 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Diga Bato. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La más fuerte |  | | es la que a los hombres saca |  | | de sentido, que es el vino, |  | | tan poderoso monarca |  | | que hace a muchos de su nombre | 440 | | que en diversas lenguas hablan; |  | | y con dormir siempre en cueros, |  | | entre la nieve y escarcha, |  | | jamás amanece helado; |  | | pues si un hombre se desmaya, | 445 | | con un traguito de gloria |  | | vuelve lo amarillo en grana. |  | | La hambre es cosa muy fuerte; |  | | y porque de veras haya |  | | alguna cosa, es la honra, | 450 | | si la tiene a quien agravian. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Diga Ciro. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo más fuerte |  | | que en el cielo y tierra se halla, |  | | es la voluntad, divina |  | | forma en la materia humana; | 455 | | el amor, en cuyo triunfo |  | | tantas letras y armas tantas |  | | y tantas coronas rinden |  | | libros, laureles y palmas. |  | | La mujer y su hermosura | 460 | | son fortaleza que basta |  | | a rendir los altos dioses, |  | | de quien en historias tantas |  | | desde el principio del mundo |  | | sangrientas memorias hablan. | 465 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Ciro venció. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Víctor, Ciro! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El sacro laurel que enlaza |  | | su frente, con verde auspicio |  | | pronosticó su esperanza. |  | | Hincad todos la rodilla. | 470 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | ¡Viva el rey! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  | | --- | | ¡Viva! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por tanta |  | | fiesta, vasallos, hoy queda |  | | mi voluntad obligada. |  | | Yo os haré merced a todos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oigan qué presto nos manda, | 475 | | con ser rey por madurar! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siéntate sobre estas ramas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien ha de velar, vasallos, |  | | una república varia |  | | de guerra y paz, no es razón | 480 | | que se siente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buena entrada! |  | | Pues ¿ha de ser grulla un rey? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué labrador trabaja |  | | como un rey? Y yo he leído |  | | que un sabio a los reyes llama | 485 | | de la república esclavos, |  | | y que por eso se pagan |  | | las rentas, que se le deben |  | | por ley divina y humana. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya somos vasallos tuyos. | 490 | | ¿Qué mandas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero dar traza |  | | en lo que importa al gobierno |  | | de mi reino y de mi casa. |  | | Tener un amigo es fuerza; |  | | quien esto niega se engaña, | 495 | | porque yo no puedo solo |  | | gobernar provincias tantas. |  | | Quiero que éste Albano sea; |  | | que lo que el rey quiere y ama, |  | | no lo ha de escoger el pueblo, | 500 | | sino su gusto y su gracia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso tus manos mil veces. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi capitán de la guarda |  | | será Silvio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy tu esclavo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi presidente en la sala | 505 | | de mis Consejos, Riselo, |  | | pues la falta de las canas |  | | suplirá su entendimiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego ¿a mí no me das nada? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi secretario has de ser. | 510 | | Despachos, decretos, cartas |  | | y audiencias, corran por ti. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre FINEO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro, tu padre te llama: |  | | deja las fiestas y juegos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con más respeto lo habla. | 515 | | Hinca la rodilla en tierra: |  | | mira que la mano alarga |  | | porque se la beses. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Yo! |  | | Un tigre puede besarla. |  | | Astiages es mi rey; | 520 | | que de Ciro la arrogancia |  | | ya debe de ser locura. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Al rey desa suerte tratas! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Presidente... | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran señor... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De pies y de manos ata | 525 | | este villano a aquel roble, |  | | y hasta que la sangre salga, |  | | dos labradores le azoten. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre FINEO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  | | --- | | Camina. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sabes que hablas |  | | con un hijo de un criado | 530 | | del Rey? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Para qué te cansas? |  | | Mándalo el rey, y ha de ser. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué rey o qué calabaza? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Llevadle de aquí. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¿Hay tal insolencia? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla. | 535 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(RISELO y otros villanos se llevan a FINEO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vasallos, ya tengo edad |  | | para casarme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Eso tratas |  | | tan presto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A la sucesión |  | | importa, para que vaya |  | | en aumento mi corona, | 540 | | y porque a la guerra salga |  | | en teniendo quien me herede. |  | | Pero decidme: ¿qué dama |  | | estará mejor al reino? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lucinda es bella zagala. | 545 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es necia, y saldrán mis hijos |  | | necios. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿salen del alma? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque morena, es hermosa |  | | y discreta Felisarda. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No la quieras, porque tiene | 550 | | una madre temeraria, |  | | vieja, loca y socarrona. |  | | Mejor me parece Antandra. |  | | sino que es un poco roma. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Belisa tiene mil gracias. | 555 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Belisa es flaca. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No importa una reina flaca? |  | | A Semíramis, Camila |  | | y otras, las pintan las caras |  | | como un tamboril, a quien | 560 | | la nariz sirve de flauta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si os digo verdad, vasallos, |  | | solamente a mí me agrada |  | | la hermana de Arpago, Filis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué graciosa arrogancia! | 565 | | ¡Siendo hija de un privado |  | | del Rey! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Flora se olvidaba... |  | | pero ella viene. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entre FLORA)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, |  | | Ciro? ¿En qué locuras andas? |  | | A Fineo, dos pastores, | 570 | | atado al tronco de una haya, |  | | le han dado tantos azotes |  | | que el suelo de sangre baña. |  | | Dícenme que te haces rey; |  | | eso solo te faltaba. | 575 | | Filis te ha quitado el seso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, Flora, cómo hablas, |  | | que te mandará azotar |  | | si le replicas palabra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En las cosas de los reyes. | 580 | | Flora necia o avisada, |  | | ningún discreto se meta. |  | | Yo lo mando, y esto basta. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay semejante locura? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Flora, mucho te adelantas. | 585 | | Tres cosas te importan, Flora, |  | | si quieres morir lograda, |  | | que en tres palabras se encierran. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y son? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, mira y calla. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | |  |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y entren el REY ASTIAGES y ARPAGO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy hace algunos años, noble Arpago, | 590 | | que vi mi reino libre, con mi vida, |  | | de la desdicha del fatal estrago, |  | | por los sabios de Media prometida. |  | | A Júpiter divino satisfago |  | | la sucesión que reparé perdida, | 595 | | con víctimas, por quien, deshecho en llanto, |  | | mancho las aras de su templo santo. |  | | Sueños me atormentaban cada día; |  | | ya, gracias a los dioses, me dejaron |  | | sombras que nuestra antigua monarquía | 600 | | al imperio de Persia trasladaron. |  | | Casé a Mandane, sucesora mía |  | | (tanto los adivinos me obligaron), |  | | con el hombre más bajo que hallar pude, |  | | porque a los hados el decreto mude. | 605 | | Y no sólo con esto satisfecho, |  | | a mi primero nieto eché a las fieras, |  | | en cuyos dientes rígidos deshecho, |  | | no salgan mis sospechas verdaderas. |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Los altos cielos inmortal han hecho, | 610 | | como en su cielo están las once esferas, |  | | mi reino en Darío, pues de aquí se arguye |  | | que eterno en su valor se constituye. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aplacar a los dioses, sacro Astiages, |  | | es inviolable ley contra sus iras: | 615 | | así corren del mundo los linajes, |  | | que tantos siglos propagados miras. |  | | Con esto, sin mudanzas, sin ultrajes, |  | | de mármoles fabrica eternas piras |  | | la sucesión de la imperial corona, | 620 | | desde la fría a la abrasada zona. |  | | Muerto aquel niño, que cumplió a los hados |  | | el decreto cruel contra tu imperio |  | | de quitarte el laurel, y los sagrados |  | | cercos romper con tanto vituperio, | 625 | | pacíficos quedaron tus cuidados |  | | (que fue del cielo singular misterio), |  | | y asegurada la fortuna adversa |  | | de trasladar de Media el reino al persa. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entren EVANDRO y FINEO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no castiga, señor, | 630 | | tu justicia esta maldad, |  | | ociosa la majestad |  | | tendrá suspenso el valor. |  | | Pues has sido padre, advierte |  | | qué sentirán mis enojos | 635 | | mirando a un hijo a mis ojos |  | | maltratado desta suerte. |  | | Un mozuelo, labrador |  | | del monte en que tus ganados |  | | tengo, con bríos soldados | 640 | | y corazón de traidor, |  | | fingido en un juego rey, |  | | mi hijo mandó azotar |  | | porque no quiso guardar, |  | | siendo de burlas, su ley. | 645 | | ¡Vive Júpiter sagrado, |  | | que, como no le castigues, |  | | a poner fuego me obligues |  | | al monte en que se ha criado! |  | | De agraviado el seso pierdo, | 650 | | y con los locos me igualo. |  | | Soy padre, y no hay hijo malo; |  | | es hijo, y no, hay padre cuerdo. |  | | Mas fío de tu piedad |  | | que vengarás su malicia; | 655 | | que en la paz y la justicia |  | | consiste la majestad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por los dioses soberanos, |  | | que me has causado temor! |  | | ¡Rey fingido un labrador! | 660 | | No son pensamientos vanos; |  | | porque no sin fundamento |  | | en hombre tan bajo y vil |  | | cupiera lo varonil |  | | de tan alto pensamiento. | 665 | | Dime, mancebo, su nombre. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro se llama, señor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es fuerte? ¿Tiene valor? |  | | ¿Es bien hecho? ¿Es gentil hombre? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es tal, que en su compostura | 670 | | trasladó naturaleza, |  | | de Alcides la fortaleza, |  | | y de Adonis la hermosura. |  | | Ni hay hombre en toda la aldea |  | | que no le tema, señor, | 675 | | ni por fuerza o por amor |  | | moza que suya no sea. |  | | El goza, sin que con él |  | | ruego o justicia aproveche, |  | | de las ovejas la leche, | 680 | | de las colmenas la miel. |  | | El come lo que no ara, |  | | y coge lo que no siembra; |  | | un oso a brazos desmiembra, |  | | y una tigre desquijara. | 685 | | Verdad es que, por lo hablado, |  | | es apacible y discreto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Cielos! ¿Si es éste mi nieto, |  | | que habéis, por mi mal, guardado |  | | para quitarme el imperio? | 690 | | mas quiero disimular; |  | | que mandarle yo matar |  | | y vivir, no es sin misterio. |  | | Parte con Evandro, Arpago, |  | | y a Ciro me trae. ¿Qué estás | 695 | | suspenso? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | Ya voy. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verás, |  | | Evandro, si satisfago |  | | con mi ofensa tu venganza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así lo espero, señor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Cielos, quitadme el temor, | 700 | | pues que me dais la esperanza! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | |  |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y entren CIRO, ALBANO, SILVIO, BATO y villanos,  de soldados, con chuzos, espadas y banderas)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parad, soldados, aquí |  | | para que la reina os vea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué reina? ¿Estás en tu seso? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿ha de haber rey sin reina? | 705 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que se ha de enojar |  | | de ser reina. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo creas; |  | | demás de que esto es de burlas, |  | | y Filis es muy discreta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo la dije esta mañana | 710 | | que querías hacer guerra |  | | a los vecinos mancebos |  | | de la contrapuesta aldea, |  | | no sólo para enseñarte, |  | | mas por castigar la afrenta | 715 | | de entrarse por nuestras viñas |  | | y disfrutar nuestras huertas. |  | | Díjela cómo cazaban |  | | por las vedadas dehesas, |  | | con redes nuestros conejos, | 720 | | nuestras perdices con percha, |  | | y parecióle muy bien. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Juega, Albano, esa bandera |  | | con aire y donaire. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Mírame a mí. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | Toma. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muestra. | 725 | | Toca a rebato la caja, |  | | pon el pie desta manera, |  | | *(Juega la bandera)* |  | | y vuelve y revuelve. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién |  | | te enseñó? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Naturaleza. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(MITRÍDATES en la calle, FILIS a la ventana)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, loco? ¿Qué haces? | 730 | | Suelta la bandera, suelta. |  | | ¿No hay más que quitar de casa, |  | | esta cortina de seda, |  | | que dejó olvidada Evandro? |  | | Rómpela, y vendrán por ella, | 735 | | y será buena disculpa |  | | que en tus locuras la empleas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, temerario andáis |  | | conmigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjala, deja. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, que creo que habemos | 740 | | de atropellar la obediencia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dádsela, Ciro; que yo |  | | daré una cortina nueva, |  | | que en la bandera pongáis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En un libro de una guerra | 745 | | he leído que es deshonra |  | | que la bandera se pierda. |  | | Mi padre se irá en buen hora, |  | | y vos, mi dueño y mi reina, |  | | veréis en esta campaña | 750 | | cómo su ejército ordena |  | | este capitán de amor |  | | que hoy en serviros se emplea. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entren ARPAGO, EVANDRO y FINEO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuál es Ciro? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquel que tiene |  | | en la mano la bandera. | 755 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Mi hermano! ¿A qué viene al monte? |  | | Irme quiero, no me vea. |  | | *(Quítese de la ventana)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres Ciro? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy Ciro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué gente de guerra es ésta? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los mozos deste lugar, | 760 | | que para tiempos de veras |  | | se ejercitan en las burlas. |  | | Por eso, cuando se ofrezca |  | | en qué sirvamos al Rey, |  | | no hayáis miedo que nos vean | 765 | | bisoños, sino enseñados. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué doctrina y escuela |  | | has aprendido a ordenar, |  | | Ciro, ese campo, que llevas, |  | | y que tan diestro conduces? | 770 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Naturaleza me enseña |  | | la inclinación; lo demás |  | | he aprendido de un poeta |  | | que arte militar escribe. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Rey te llama: no seas | 775 | | rebelde a su mandamiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por dicha le ha dado quejas |  | | de mí el padre dese mozo; |  | | y supuesto que pudiera |  | | defenderme con mi gente | 780 | | de que castigarme pueda, |  | | no quieran los dioses, no, |  | | que a la corona suprema, |  | | aunque aventure la vida, |  | | el justo respeto pierda. | 785 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | Oye, Ciro. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué queréis, |  | | padre? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | Escucha. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es que tema, |  | | perdonadme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si allí vas, |  | | hijo, no espero que vuelvas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé la ocasión. | 790 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me echasen a las fieras |  | | o me diesen dos mil muertes... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no pienses que me dejas, |  | | que allá tengo de ir contigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Matarán las dos ausencias | 795 | | a mi madre. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo excuso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejad, soldados, la guerra, |  | | deponed todos las armas. |  | | Tú, Bato, avisa a la reina |  | | de que se va el rey de burlas | 800 | | porque le llama el de veras. |  | | | | | |
| **Acto II** | | |
|  | | |
| *Entre el REY, ARPAGO y acompañamiento* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan obediente ha llegado, |  | | Arpago, el fingido rey? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Merece, por justa ley, |  | | la muerte si está culpado; |  | | pero cuando a pensar llego | 5 | | que esta villana invención |  | | no ha sido conspiración, |  | | sino sólo burla y juego, |  | | libre le siento de culpa, |  | | y el venir sin resistencia | 10 | | declara más su inocencia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Mi temor no le disculpa. |  | | No me atrevo a declararme |  | | con éste, porque he pensado |  | | que le disculpa culpado | 15 | | para volver a engañarme. |  | | No ha de penetrar mi intento |  | | hasta que sepa si ha sido |  | | cómplice en el rey fingido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algún grave pensamiento | 20 | | molesta al Rey con temor |  | | de tales fingidos nombres. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Fue siempre el alma en los hombres |  | | el adivino mejor. |  | | ¡Cuántos, por no haber creído | 25 | | su divina profecía, |  | | lloraron, cual yo la mía, |  | | después de haber sucedido! |  | | Que cuando el temor en calma |  | | tiene un pensamiento impreso, | 30 | | se ve pintado, un suceso |  | | en el espejo del alma. |  | | ¿Quién viene con él? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su padre, |  | | que allá tus ganados guarda. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Y ¿tiene madre? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisarda | 35 | | se llama, señor, su madre, |  | | labradora como él. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Diles que entren. | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase ARPAGO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Vil temor |  | | me oprime, porque en rigor |  | | no siento malicia en él, | 40 | | pues padres tiene en su aldea, |  | | tan rústicos labradores. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entre ARPAGO, MITRÍDATES y BATO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Mitrídates)* | | Padre, no temas ni llores. |  | | Entra, y lo que fuere sea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a él)* | | ¡Ay, Ciro! Temblando, voy. | 45 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya están, señor, a tus pies. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(A Ciro)* | | ¿Eres tú el rey? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me ves? |  | | Rey de los mancebos soy, |  | | que se juntan en mi aldea |  | | a jugar y entretener; | 50 | | porque, ¿cómo puede ser |  | | que de otra manera sea? |  | | Es verdadera en ti solo, |  | | gran señor, la majestad; |  | | sólo tu imperio es verdad, | 55 | | que, como en el cielo Apolo, |  | | eres único monarca, |  | | cuya vida de justicia, |  | | come al ave de Fenicia, |  | | siempre respeta la Parca. | 60 | | Reina entre los animales |  | | el león; el campo alegra |  | | del aire el águila negra |  | | con plumas y alas reales; |  | | el sol, en sus luces bellas | 65 | | reina; la luna en la noche, |  | | que de su argentado coche |  | | son vasallos las estrellas; |  | | el delfín, en el rigor |  | | del mar, que asombra a las naves; | 70 | | y entre domésticas aves |  | | el gallo, madrugador. |  | | De sierpes, naturaleza |  | | al basilisco le dió |  | | imperio, y así nació | 75 | | coronada la cabeza; |  | | y porque las monarquías |  | | del tiempo más claras vieses |  | | mayo es el rey de los meses |  | | y el jueves rey de los días; | 80 | | En las flores, el clavel, |  | | y en las semillas, el trigo, |  | | y el tiempo, de cuanto digo, |  | | porque está sujeto a él. |  | | Reinan, con mucha razón, | 85 | | de los humanos despojos, |  | | en las facciones, los ojos, |  | | y en el cuerpo, el corazón. |  | | De las pasiones mayores |  | | rey quieren que el amor sea, | 90 | | y yo también en mi aldea |  | | soy rey de los labradores. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¡Vive Júpiter sagrado, |  | | que tanto a Mandane imita, |  | | que tiene en el rostro escrita | 95 | | la verdad de mi cuidado! |  | | Este sin duda es mi nieto; |  | | que en aquel rudo horizonte |  | | no fuera el parto de un monte |  | | tan atrevido, y discreto; | 100 | | porque son precisas leyes, |  | | de que tengo claras señas, |  | | que peñas engendran peñas, |  | | y reyes producen reyes. |  | | No le quisieron matar | 105 | | traidores que me engañaron, |  | | o los dioses le guardaron |  | | porque les quiso estorbar |  | | el intento que tenían |  | | de que me matase a mí: | 110 | | oráculo que temí, |  | | y adivinos me decían. |  | | Mas no salió muy adversa |  | | entonces la astrología, |  | | de que éste trasladaría | 115 | | mi cerro y corona al persa. |  | | quitándola de mi frente. |  | | Pero ya el cielo, aplacado |  | | de sacrificios, me ha dado |  | | remedio piadosamente, | 120 | | pues que vino a mi poder |  | | cuando en su primera edad |  | | intentó la majestad, |  | | reino que pudiera ser |  | | verdadero, aunque fingido, | 125 | | de los juegos de la aldea, |  | | en que puede ser que sea |  | | el pronóstico cumplido. |  | | Por lo menos, con secreto |  | | haré matar al villano: | 130 | | sin ser abuelo inhumano, |  | | hoy he de matar mi nieto. |  | | Dime tu nombre, mancebo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro me llamo, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¡Breve nombre! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A mi valor | 135 | | y virtud pienso que debo |  | | hacerle con obras grande. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con notable libertad |  | | hablas. Ello fue verdad. |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | ¡Que lo que su rey le mande | 140 | | no cumpla un vasallo! ¡Ah, cielo! |  | | mas yo me sabré vengar. |  | | ¿Por qué mandaste azotar, |  | | bañado de sangre el suelo, |  | | un labrador inocente? | 145 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque no me obedecía, |  | | ni como a rey me tenía |  | | el respeto conveniente. |  | | Dos acciones de los reyes |  | | son premiar y castigar. | 150 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿no, se han de moderar |  | | con justa piedad las leyes, |  | | como lo hacemos nosotros? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Había poco que era rey, |  | | y echéle toda la ley | 155 | | para ejemplo de los otros. |  | | No tengáis por nueva cosa |  | | mi exceso, si se reprueba, |  | | porque la justicia nueva |  | | entra siempre rigurosa. | 160 | | Después que pase algún mes |  | | de jüez y de señor, |  | | templarán este rigor |  | | el amor o el interés. |  | | Tiene el gobierno, pasadas | 165 | | las horas de la opinión, |  | | del amor la condición, |  | | que es más fuerte en las entradas. |  | | Temer y amar ha de ser |  | | la ley del buen gobernar: | 170 | | con beneficio el amar, |  | | y con castigo el temer; |  | | que aunque el beneficio hallo |  | | por la ley más provechosa, |  | | un buen castigo es gran cosa | 175 | | para que tema un vasallo; |  | | porque si un delito es grave |  | | y éste el rey no le castiga, |  | | mucho al cielo desobliga |  | | y al reino, que ya le sabe. | 180 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adónde aprendiste, Ciro, |  | | esas razones de Estado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los libros me han enseñado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu virtud e ingenio admiro, |  | | porque cavar y leer | 185 | | no caben en un sujeto. |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | ¿Qué dudo de que es mi nieto, |  | | y de que pudiera ser |  | | mi muerte si la piedad |  | | del cielo, no me librara, | 190 | | y el pronóstico cesara |  | | fingiendo la majestad? |  | | ¿Tu padre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, señor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedaos aquí tú y Arpago. |  | | Llevad a Ciro vosotros | 195 | | donde, con mucho regalo, |  | | quiero que tenga aposento |  | | algún tiempo en mi palacio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso tus reales pies. |  | | *(Aparte a él)* |  | | ¿Qué te ha parecido, Bato, | 200 | | de lo que le he dicho al Rey? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Ciro)* | | No te quisiera tan sabio, |  | | los reyes son como el sol, |  | | que han de deslumbrar sus rayos; |  | | que es tener en poco el cetro | 205 | | mirarlos de claro en claro. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Engañaste, que yo sé |  | | que me queda aficionado. |  | | Así son los hombres hombres; |  | | que, letrados o soldados, | 210 | | sin favor del Rey, ¿qué importan? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por azotar un villano |  | | quieres que te dé favor! |  | | Yo me holgaré que volvamos |  | | al monte como venimos. | 215 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse CIRO, BATO y el acompañamiento)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solos habemos quedado, |  | | porque me importa el secreto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | En el pecho me está dando |  | | mil saltos el corazón. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, labrador honrado, | 220 | | tu patria y tu nombre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy |  | | tu ganadero, y me llamo |  | | Mitrídates. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este Ciro, |  | | ¿es tu hijo? ¡Por el santo |  | | Júpiter que, si me engañas, | 225 | | que de Agrigento el tirano |  | | no ha de haber formado toro |  | | que te abrase a fuego manso |  | | como le haré para ti! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En la lealtad de vasallo | 230 | | pienso que hallaré mejor |  | | la respuesta, que en el daño |  | | que me puede suceder |  | | de no respetarte airado. |  | | Arpago está presente, que a mi aldea | 235 | | trujo un niño, señor, entre mantillas |  | | ricas, en quien naturaleza emplea |  | | pinceles de sus altas maravillas. |  | | Como suele en la copia de Amaltea |  | | azucena entre humildes florecillas, | 240 | | así, entre los pañales primitivos, |  | | del rostro en el marfil dos soles vivos. |  | | Llegó, en efeto, con secreto y prisa, |  | | y me mandó que a fieros animales, |  | | adonde planta de pastor no pisa, | 245 | | le echase entre peñascos y jarales. |  | | Apenas le tomé, cuando con risa |  | | de su inocencia me mostró señales, |  | | porque fuese testigo en su inocencia |  | | el recibir con risa la sentencia. | 250 | | ¡Cruel decreto, dar la muerte a vida |  | | que de la ejecución se está riendo! |  | | Pero como de mí no fue admitida |  | | la apelación, calló, perlas vertiendo. |  | | FuéseArpago, señor; yo, infanticida, | 255 | | llevéle al monte, aunque entre mí diciendo: |  | | «¿Qué más fiera que yo?» Pues no pudiera ninguna |  | | de aquel monte ser más fiera. |  | | Echéle entre dos peñas, que parece |  | | que piadosas entonces se abrazaban. | 260 | | Aun agoradecillo me enternece, |  | | y entonces ellas pienso que lloraban. |  | | La hierba así que en sus espacios crece, |  | | y las flores, parece que ocultaban |  | | el tierno niño, en ocasión tan fuerte, | 265 | | porque no le pudiese ver la muerte. |  | | Volví a mi casa, que con tierno llanto |  | | la senda apenas de aquel monte vía, |  | | donde hallé mi mujer, ¡oh cielo santo! |  | | que un hijo muerto malparido había. | 270 | | Contéla el caso, y afligióse tanto, |  | | que me dijo, llorando que tendría |  | | consuelo si aquel niño le trujese, |  | | si Júpiter vivir le permitiese. |  | | Al monte parto con ligero paso, | 275 | | que apenas con los pies tocaba al suelo, |  | | cuando al bordar el sol de oro el ocaso, |  | | hallo mi niño y mi dolor consuelo. |  | | Una perra le daba, ¡extraño caso!, |  | | piadosa el pecho por piedad del cielo, | 280 | | y de aves y animales defendía, |  | | que en torno dél la muerte conducía. |  | | Alzole en brazos de la dura tierra, |  | | imprimiendo en su cara tiernos besos. |  | | Voy por el monte, sígueme la perra | 285 | | entre las peñas y árboles espesos. |  | | Llego a mi casa, en fin... ¡Oh cuánto yerra |  | | quien piensa que impedir puede sucesos |  | | que tienen ya los cielos decretados, |  | | ni reprimir la fuerza de los hados! | 290 | | Crióle mi mujer, púsole *Ciro* |  | | por la perra que el pecho le había dado |  | | (que así se llama en nuestra lengua), y miro |  | | el cielo a su favor determinado, |  | | porque cuando fingido rey le admiro, | 295 | | y saber su valor te da cuidado, |  | | conoces que es el niño que ha vivido |  | | para hacer verdadero el rey fingido. |  | | Conocíase bien que era tu nieto |  | | en tanta discreción y valentía, | 300 | | que no pudiera ser menos efeto |  | | el que tan alta causa producía. |  | | Ya de las cielos se cumplió el decreto |  | | en el reino de burlas que fingía; |  | | si el haberle criado culpa ha sido, | 305 | | de mi inocente error perdón te pido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tus brazos, dignos justamente |  | | de un rey; que por piedad ninguno ha sido |  | | castigado en el mundo, ni ha perdido |  | | el premio de librar a un inocente. | 310 | | ¡Oh Arpago! ¿De qué temes, cuando siente |  | | tu pecho que mi amor te ha perdonado |  | | no haber ejecutado |  | | mi necio mandamiento? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, yo le cumplí; que sólo siento | 315 | | no verte el alma agora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿puede ser traidora |  | | alma de un rey? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El pensamiento humano |  | | sólo del cielo se defiende en vano. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mi corona, que te debo, Arpago, | 320 | | la vida, y que te pago |  | | con la verdad que debo, |  | | agradecido a sucesor tan nuevo. |  | | Y porque lo que digo verdad sea, |  | | vuélvase Ciro, vuélvase a la aldea; | 325 | | váyase libremente |  | | hasta que llegue tiempo conveniente |  | | que pueda declaralle por mi nieto; |  | | pero advirtiendo que ha de estar secreto, |  | | porque, por todo el coro | 330 | | de los dioses que adoro, |  | | que si le declaráis quién es, que luego |  | | os abrase a los dos en vivo fuego. |  | | ¿Daismeaquesta palabra? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo la juro |  | | a Marte, protector del patrio muro. | 335 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mí no tengo yo que asegurarte; |  | | que bien puede obligarte |  | | lo que he tenido tanto tiempo oculto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ya no dificulto |  | | que con estar secreto | 340 | | haré jurar por sucesor mi nieto. |  | | Tú parte, Mitrídates, |  | | porque de volver trates |  | | con Ciro al monte donde se ha criado. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | ¿Diréle alguna cosa? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me he holgado | 345 | | de conocer en rústico sujeto |  | | un mozo tan valiente y tan discreto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | Guarde tu vida el cielo. | | *(Vase)* | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu piadoso celo |  | | satisfecho, con justa confianza, |  | | Arpago generoso, | 350 | | te quiero dar de Ciro la crianza; |  | | que espero harás un rey tan belicoso, |  | | que ponga nuestra media monarquía |  | | en los últimos límites del día. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan justas confianzas | 355 | | puedes tener de mí como de Ciro, |  | | mancebo de tan altas esperanzas |  | | que al resplandor de tus hazañas miro |  | | águila caudalosa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para pagarte la amistad piadosa | 360 | | que con él has usado, |  | | hoy, Arpago, serás mi convidado; |  | | hoy comerás conmigo, que es muy justo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | Beso tus reales pies. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por este gusto |  | | no sé qué honras hacerte, | 365 | | llámame a Evandro. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy a obedecerte. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Habrá maldad que como aquésta sea? |  | | ¡Oh, fementido Arpago! |  | | ¿Así mi imperio tu traición desea? |  | | Pero yo te daré tan justo pago | 370 | | que sea mas dolor que el darte muerte. |  | | Villano, ¿desta suerte |  | | obedeces tu Rey? ¡Viven los cielos, |  | | que la sangre sosiegue mis desvelos |  | | del labrador valiente | 375 | | que quiere los laureles de mi frente |  | | trasladar a la suya! |  | | Que no es justicia que a maldad se arguya |  | | que, a quien quiere matarme al mediodía, |  | | le mate yo a la aurora. | 380 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entre EVANDRO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué manda Vuestra Alteza? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Evandro, agora |  | | mandé partir a Ciro sin castigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Así guardas justicia? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Evandro amigo, |  | | no fue sin ocasión, porque no quiero |  | | parecer tan severo | 385 | | a los ojos del pueblo, aficionado |  | | a ese mancebo loco y alentado. |  | | Hoy se parte, y hoy quiero que le mates. |  | | Sólo va con el viejo Mitrídates: |  | | síguele con soldados de mi guarda, | 390 | | y de noche le aguarda |  | | al paso más oculto deste monte. |  | | Pero a pensar disponte |  | | que has de traerme su cabeza fiera, |  | | que el frontispicio de mi templo espera, | 395 | | como del oso o jabalí le adorna |  | | el cazador que torna alegre de la presa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que se tarde el claro sol me pesa, |  | | de partirse al ocaso. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te espero: |  | | por verlo muerto, muero. | 400 | | *(Aparte)* |  | | ¡Oh cielos, no os canséis de asegurarme |  | | de un hombre que nació para matarme! |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | |  |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y entren FILIS y BATO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como si fuera la ausencia |  | | fácil pena al sentimiento, |  | | añadieron mis desdichas | 405 | | el peligro a mis deseos. |  | | ¿Cómo dejas, Bato, a Ciro? |  | | Que amor, en tales sucesos, |  | | del mal temiendo lo más, |  | | del bien espera lo menos. | 410 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque el Rey le recibió |  | | a los principios severo |  | | por enojo o por costumbre |  | | (que es la majestad en ellos |  | | como un vínculo real), | 415 | | después, con rostro risueño |  | | templó la deidad; que mueve |  | | mucho al airado el discreto. |  | | Así diez años Ulises, |  | | matador de Polifemo, | 420 | | aquel gigante de un ojo, |  | | anduvo por varios reinos. |  | | ¡Oh, si le vieras hablar |  | | con atrevido despejo, |  | | pensaras que era Sibila | 425 | | o el oráculo de Delfos! |  | | Finalmente, le mandó |  | | regalar: y así, le dejo |  | | en un cuarto de palacio |  | | tan metido a caballero, | 430 | | que parece que lo ha sido |  | | toda su vida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El ingenio |  | | lo alcanza todo: y así, |  | | muchos hombres que subieron |  | | en brazos de la fortuna | 435 | | a ocupar honrosos puestos, |  | | saben presto ser señores. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aún saben serlo tan presto, |  | | que cuanto fueron humildes, |  | | parecen después soberbios. | 440 | | Finalmente, por quitarte, |  | | Filis, del peligro el miedo, |  | | me ha enviado a que te diga |  | | que no le tengas en esto; |  | | porque aunque lamenta Evandro | 445 | | los azotes de Fineo, |  | | espera Ciro del Rey |  | | en vez de castigo, premio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dice mi hermano Arpago? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Júpiter que no entiendo, | 450 | | Filis, si verdad te digo, |  | | el alma destos enredos! |  | | El y el Rey y Mitrídates |  | | andan hablando en secreto. |  | | Ayer comió con el Rey. | 455 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Con el Rey! ¿Qué dices? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puedo |  | | asegurar lo que vi, |  | | y que entré a verlos comiendo. |  | | ¡Tanta plata, tantos platos, |  | | de tantos manjares llenos, | 460 | | tanto servicio y criados, |  | | éste entrando, aquél saliendo, |  | | todos atentos al Rey, |  | | y alguno, por dicha, atento |  | | más al capón que comía | 465 | | que a la deidad del imperio! |  | | ¡Oh, bien haya, dije yo, |  | | debajo de un pobre techo |  | | la olla de un labrador, |  | | los rotos manteles puestos | 470 | | sobre una tabla de pino, |  | | y aquel ver salir hirviendo |  | | el repollo en el verano, |  | | los nabos en el invierno, |  | | a su lado su mujer | 475 | | con el hijo tierno al pecho, |  | | el gato por mayordomo, |  | | y por maestresala el perro! |  | | Porque los contentos, Filis, |  | | si hay en el mundo contentos, | 480 | | no están en las ceremonias, |  | | sino en el gusto y el sueño. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bueno vienes de la corte! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, este poco seso |  | | de acá le llevé; que allá | 485 | | no venden entendimientos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿cuándo piensas volver? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta noche volver pienso; |  | | que sólo a verte he venido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha un atrevimiento. | 490 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo he de ver a Ciro; |  | | que secretamente quiero |  | | irme contigo esta noche. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A no estar el monte en medio, |  | | fuera fácil la jornada | 495 | | con recato y con silencio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra, y despacio en mi casa |  | | la venida trataremos; |  | | que amor no permite espacio |  | | donde le lleva el deseo. | 500 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Míralo, Filis, mejor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No gusta amor de consejos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿de qué gusta el amor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De ejecutar los remedios. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | |  |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y entren MITRÍDATES y CIRO con espada)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apenas de la licencia | 505 | | del Rey, padre, me informé, |  | | cuando, de la corte fue, |  | | y para siempre, mi ausencia. |  | | ¡Bien haya mi pobre aldea, |  | | que me falte o que me sobre, | 510 | | porque no hay contento pobre, |  | | ni bien que sin él lo sea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo me causa cuidado, |  | | Ciro, de Evandro la queja, |  | | pues sin venganza le deja, | 515 | | el Rey, del hijo azotado. |  | | No hay satisfacción que cuadre |  | | a injuria tan afrentosa, |  | | y ya sabes que es la cosa |  | | mas ciega del mundo un padre; | 520 | | que el amor con que le viene |  | | a estimar su pensamiento, |  | | le quita el entendimiento; |  | | pues ¿qué hará si no le tiene? |  | | Temo, al fin, un padre airado, | 525 | | Ciro, y aumenta mi pena, |  | | saliendo en noche serena, |  | | haberse el cielo turbado; |  | | Que, aunque no está del aldea |  | | este monte muy distinto, | 530 | | no hay Creta ni laberinto, |  | | que como su centro sea. |  | | Las nubes, rotos los senos, |  | | las estrellas amenazan, |  | | que el campo desembarazan | 535 | | del cielo, huyendo los truenos. |  | | Alguna desdicha temo |  | | entre tanta oscuridad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si vos, de tan larga edad |  | | llegando, padre, al extremo, | 540 | | teméis, con mayor razón |  | | temiera mi juventud |  | | la muerte, sin la virtud, |  | | que es alma del corazón. |  | | ¿Qué monte, que padre airado, | 545 | | qué cielo tempestuoso, |  | | qué enemigo poderoso |  | | en obscura noche armado; |  | | qué voraz actividad |  | | del fuego, ni qué violencia | 550 | | de agua o viento, o negra ausencia |  | | de la solar claridad; |  | | qué relámpagos y truenos, |  | | qué rayos ni qué centellas? |  | | Que, si huyeren las estrellas, | 555 | | estará firme a lo menos |  | | la que nació con mi dicha. |  | | Venga el mundo contra mí; |  | | que si con valor nací, |  | | *contra valor no hay desdicha*. | 560 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, hijo! ¿Qué estás diciendo? |  | | Aunque de valor te armas, |  | | con rumor de gente de armas |  | | está el monte estremeciendo. |  | | Pienso que sale verdad, | 565 | | Ciro, el rigor que temí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues padre, escondeos allí, |  | | entre aquella oscuridad; |  | | que si no habéis de ayudarme, |  | | mejor es que viváis vos. | 570 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no permita Dios. |  | | Vengan primero a matarme, |  | | y ¡ojalá pudiera ser |  | | que me transformara en ti, |  | | porque, matándome a mí, | 575 | | te pudiera defender! |  | | Que es mi amor tan excesivo, |  | | que, si por ti me matara, |  | | pienso que resucitara |  | | con saber que estabas vivo. | 580 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, retiraos allí: |  | | mirad que se acercan ya. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entren EVANDRO, FINEO y soldados)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  | | --- | | Aquí suenan. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aquí está |  | | quien buscáis....... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Ciro? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | EVANDRO | |  | | --- | | ¡Muera! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, hijo de mi vida! | 585 | | *(Riñen)* |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | ¿Cómo te diré quién eres |  | | antes que mueras, pues mueres? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tienes, hombre, revestida |  | | la furia de Flegetonte, |  | | en ese pecho? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Villanos, | 590 | | mal conocéis estas manos! |  | | *(Mételos a cuchilladas)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Huyendo van por el monte. |  | | ¿Quién pensara tal valor? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Desde dentro)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FINEO | |  | | --- | | ¡Padre, muerto soy! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fineo |  | | es aquél. No es éste Ciro. | 595 | | Marte, de su quinto cielo |  | | debió de bajar armado |  | | de diamante. Ya no siento |  | | las voces. ¡Ay de mí, triste? |  | | ¿Si por dicha Ciro es muerto? | 600 | | ¡Ciro!... Nadie me responde. |  | | Sólo, de lástima, el eco |  | | repite su amado nombre. |  | | Subir por el monte quiero. |  | | ¡Ánimo, caducas fuerzas! | 605 | | *(Súbese por el monte)* |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(CIRO, sangriento, con la espada desnuda)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tres de los villanos dejo |  | | entre las peñas tendidos, |  | | y los demás van huyendo. |  | | Herido estoy; pero poco. |  | | Sólo de mi padre siento | 610 | | la pena, porque habrá sido |  | | la espada con que le han muerto. |  | | ¡Qué terrible obscuridad! |  | | Si ignorar pudiera el cielo |  | | que no habían de matarme, | 615 | | pensara que lo había hecho |  | | por cubrir su gran teatro |  | | de paños de luto negro. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Desde dentro y lejos)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¡Ciro!... | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué voz es aquella? |  | | Pensara que destos cerros | 620 | | era pastor si mi nombre |  | | no pronunciara tan presto. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Desde dentro)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  | | --- | | ¡Ciro! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otra voz diferente: |  | | que es de mi padre sospecho. |  | | Por acá, por acá, padre. | 625 | | No responde: mi deseo |  | | debió de burlarme. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Desde dentro y lejos)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ciro!... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Júpiter santo! ¿Qué es esto? |  | | Parece voz de mujer, |  | | y si el alma no hace enredos | 630 | | (porque no es mujer el alma, |  | | si en el nombre, no en los hechos), |  | | Filis es la que me llama. |  | | ¡Qué pensamiento tan necio! |  | | ¡En un monte... a media noche! | 635 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Desde dentro)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Ciro!... | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más cerca la siento. |  | | Quiero responder. ¿Quién es? |  | | ¿Quién llama a Ciro? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen por tres partes a un tiempo, FILIS, MITRÍDATES y BATO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | Yo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Yo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielos! ¿Quién respondió? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | Yo soy. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | ¡Filis! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me ves? | 640 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si hay para un padre después |  | | brazos, aquí estoy contigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | ¡Padre!... | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y después un amigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bato! ¿Es posible que os veo, |  | | o es burla de mi deseo | 645 | | que los tres estéis conmigo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, mi bien! ¿Herido estás? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu amor, Filis hermosa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No de balde tu dichosa |  | | presencia, ¡oh Ciro!, me das; | 650 | | pero pudiendo ser más |  | | entre enemigos tan fieros, |  | | que el eco de sus aceros |  | | llevaba el aire al oído, |  | | dichosa desdicha ha sido. | 655 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, bellísimos luceros! |  | | Cese el aljófar que os baña; |  | | que más me podréis vencer |  | | que los que pueden volver |  | | con más gente a la montaña. | 660 | | Aún pienso que amor me engaña; |  | | que cuando tu voz oí, |  | | que era el alma presumí, |  | | que con la imaginación, |  | | hurtando a tu voz el son, | 665 | | hablaba dentro de mí. |  | | ¿Cómo vienes desta suerte? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevando a Bato por norte, |  | | me llevaban a la corte, |  | | Ciro, las ansias de verte. | 670 | | Era el estruendo tan fuerte |  | | de las armas y las voces |  | | de tus contrarios atroces, |  | | que en hielo me transformaron, |  | | y aun pienso que se espantaron | 675 | | los animales feroces. |  | | Y si en aquesta ocasión |  | | vives, yo pienso que fue |  | | porque tu vida pasé |  | | desde el campo al corazón; | 680 | | que entre aquella confusión, |  | | fiero y bárbaro tropel |  | | de tanta gente cruel, |  | | con el alma enternecida, |  | | dije: «Aquí estará su vida, | 685 | | y me matarán por él.» |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con este favor, mi bien, |  | | que amor trujo a mis oídos, |  | | los que huyeron, van vencidos; |  | | los demás, muertos se ven. | 690 | | Pero pelear tan bien |  | | no fue mucha valentía |  | | si Filis me defendía; |  | | que si más cerca llegara, |  | | con los ojos los matara, | 695 | | y yo descansar podía. |  | | Padre, gran pena me distes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ninguna a mi pena iguala, |  | | ni pensé volverte a ver, |  | | perdido por la montaña. | 700 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bato amigo, mucho debo |  | | a tu amor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si me le pagas, |  | | claro está que no le debes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! Gente con armas |  | | discurre el monte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ellos vuelven. | 705 | | Huyamos, Ciro. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta espada |  | | no sabe huir. Todos juntos |  | | os poned a mis espaldas. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entren ARPAGO y soldados)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pisando voy cuerpos muertos, |  | | que la misma luz del alba | 710 | | nos enseña por las sendas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | UN SOLDADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sangrientas están las ramas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí si es muerto Ciro! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Filio)* | | ¡Ay, Filis, gran mal me aguarda! |  | | Arpago, tu hermano, es éste. | 715 | | Detrás destas altas hayas |  | | es fuerza que os escondáis. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Filio)* | | ¿No estás, fortuna, cansada |  | | de perseguirme? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Señora, |  | | no temas aunque haya causa; | 720 | | que quien ha muerto a los otros |  | | se dará tan buena maña |  | | que hará de aquéstos lo mismo. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Retíranse FILIS, MITRÍDATES y BATO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arpago, yo soy. ¿Qué aguardas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esperaba a conocerte; | 725 | | que tan poco a poco baja |  | | el alba, que se ve apenas |  | | si es la noche o la mañana. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si a matarme vienes, ¿cómo |  | | tienes la espada en la vaina? | 730 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No vengo a matarte, Ciro: |  | | Ciro, en que he sido repara |  | | quien dos veces te dió vida |  | | a costa de sus entrañas. |  | | Retiraos todos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | 735 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Retíranse los soldados)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que escuches la historia larga |  | | de tu vida y mi desdicha. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dime, Arpago, si me engañas, |  | | porque no, será valor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes que del monte salgas | 740 | | sabrás si te engaño: escucha. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo escucho en tu confianza, |  | | pero más en mi virtud; |  | | porque, si a traición me matas, |  | | volveré del otro mundo | 745 | | y sabré tomar venganza. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro valiente, de quien |  | | pende la corona toda |  | | del Asia, aunque te quitaban |  | | con la vida la corona, | 750 | | ya no es tiempo de callar; |  | | que cuando la verdad sobra, |  | | aunque rompa mi palabra, |  | | más que me infama, me honra. |  | | No es la causa que yo tengo | 755 | | para vengarme tan poca; |  | | que no pedirá palabras |  | | quien hace tan malas obras. |  | | El cielo me manda hablarte, |  | | que rompérsela no importa; | 760 | | antes el cielo se sirve |  | | de que a un tirano la rompa. |  | | El rey Astiages, de Media, |  | | tuvo por hija la hermosa |  | | Mandane, de cuyo vientre | 765 | | soñó que con verdes hojas, |  | | entre fértiles racimos, |  | | salía una vid frondosa |  | | que toda el Asia cubría, |  | | por cuyo temor se informa | 770 | | de los sabios que en su reino |  | | guarnecen talares togas. |  | | Todos dicen que su hija, |  | | y unánimes se conforman, |  | | pariría un bello infante, | 775 | | que con fuerzas belicosas |  | | el reino le quitaría; |  | | y de suerte el Rey se asombra, |  | | que en Persia casa a Mandane |  | | con la más pobre persona, | 780 | | aunque noble, que halló en Persia, |  | | pensando que al cielo estorba |  | | el poder, a quien están |  | | sujetas todas las cosas. |  | | Pero no hay fuerzas humanas | 785 | | que a las divinas se opongan: |  | | antes, resistido el cielo, |  | | a más rigor se provoca. |  | | Preñada Mandane, el Rey |  | | la vuelve a su casa, y toma | 790 | | el niño que della nace. |  | | y a su marido la torna. |  | | Este me entrega, y me manda |  | | ¡qué crueldad! que en una sola |  | | selva le deje a las fieras, | 795 | | que le devoren y coman. |  | | No quise yo ser verdugo |  | | de un ángel; que galardona |  | | la piedad el cielo, tanto |  | | la inocencia le enamora. | 800 | | Con esto, aquel mismo día |  | | con tierno llanto le arroja |  | | mi ganadero a las fieras; |  | | después le vuelve a su choza, |  | | donde por suyo le cría, | 805 | | en cuya rústica ropa |  | | aquel ánimo real |  | | no de otra manera brota |  | | (volviendo en coturnos de oro |  | | las que eran abarcas toscas) | 810 | | que del conducto la fuente, |  | | por la superficie rota, |  | | bullendo las arenillas, |  | | revienta menudo aljófar. |  | | Este fuiste, fuerte Ciro, | 815 | | que de burlas rey te nombras, |  | | porque te enseñaba el cielo |  | | que a las veras te dispongas. |  | | Astiages, viéndote vivo, |  | | de tal manera se enoja, | 820 | | que me convida a comer, |  | | ¡ay, Dios!, con alma traidora. |  | | Como, y después me pregunta |  | | si fue espléndida y sabrosa |  | | la comida; yo, ignorante, | 825 | | le agradezco tantas honras. |  | | Enséñame luego... ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | ¡Qué lágrimas y congojas |  | | el prólogo quieren ser |  | | de mi tragedia llorosa! | 830 | | Me enseña, dije... ¡Ay de mí! |  | | ¿Cómo diré? ¿De qué forma? |  | | En una sangrienta fuente |  | | vi la cabeza amorosa, |  | | pies y manos de mi hijo. | 835 | | Tanto mueve y alborota |  | | el alma ver que su cuerpo |  | | su mismo padre le coma. |  | | En mi llanto y en su sangre |  | | mis tiernos ojos se mojan, | 840 | | por ver si pueden lavar |  | | la misma engañada boca. |  | | Volví elser que di a mi hijo |  | | a mi ser, como quien cobra |  | | lo que ha dado, y de mi carne | 845 | | se aumenta mi carne propia. |  | | Así me dijo: «En tu hijo |  | | tomar venganza me toca |  | | de no haberme obedecido, |  | | pues vive mi nieto agora.» | 850 | | ¿Qué león de Albania, qué sierpe |  | | de Libia, qué tigre, qué onza |  | | hiciera tan gran crueldad |  | | cuando los hijos le roban? |  | | Disimulé cuanto pude, | 855 | | y el Rey, con falsas lisonjas, |  | | te deja volver al monte |  | | para que sus peñas, sordas |  | | y mudas, fuesen testigos |  | | de tu muerte lastimosa. | 860 | | Apenas lo supe, Ciro, |  | | cuando quiere que socorra |  | | dos veces tu vida el cielo; |  | | pero cuando ya la aurora |  | | abre las puertas al día, | 865 | | veo en la florida alfombra |  | | del monte tres hombres muertos, |  | | y esa mano vencedora |  | | de la crueldad de tu abuelo. |  | | Vuelve, Ciro, a la memoria | 870 | | tus agravios; que los cielos |  | | con su mano poderosa |  | | le defienden, y te llaman |  | | al hecho de mayor gloria |  | | que en eterno bronce anima | 875 | | de la alta fama la trompa. |  | | Honra a tu madre Mandane, |  | | tu imperio heredado cobra |  | | de quien mil veces te ha muerto |  | | con fieras, hierro y ponzoña. | 880 | | Aunque para no matarte |  | | defenderte el cielo sobra; |  | | que es querer matar en él |  | | del sol la dorada antorcha. |  | | Consagra al templo inmortal | 885 | | esta verdadera historia; |  | | tu mismo imperio restaura, |  | | tu frente de lauro adorna. |  | | Yo te ayudaré. ¿Qué esperas? |  | | Pelea, mata, despoja, | 890 | | atropella, venga, rinde, |  | | tala, quema, vence, roba; |  | | rey te llama, gente junta, |  | | las banderas enarbola. |  | | Valor tienes, di quién eres; | 895 | | queDios te dará victoria. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Notable historia! Y tan llena |  | | de prodigios, que me ha dado |  | | contento como cuidado, |  | | y como esperanza pena. | 900 | | Lo que Júpiter ordena, |  | | resistir intenta en vano, |  | | la más poderosa mano; |  | | porque es mortal desatino |  | | contra el decreto divino | 905 | | oponerse intento humano. |  | | No sin causa me ponía |  | | el alma en el pensamiento |  | | ser rey; que este fingimiento |  | | de aquella verdad nacía. | 910 | | Esforzándose va el día; |  | | si nos ven, perdido soy. |  | | Palabra de rey te doy, |  | | si me ayudas, de vengarte, |  | | escribiéndote en qué parte | 915 | | gente levantando estoy. |  | | Mi padre, aunque no lo ha sido, |  | | y un amigo que venía |  | | conmigo, buscar quería, |  | | queen el monte se han perdido; | 920 | | que por eso, me despido |  | | de ti con tanto recelo. |  | | Dame tus brazos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo |  | | confirme nuestra amistad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás mi voluntad. | 925 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | Tú mi favor. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú mi celo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | Seré tu esclavo. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu amigo |  | | seré yo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi rey serás. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arpago, tu amigo es más, |  | | y cumpliré lo que digo. | 930 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto me veré contigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cielos, escríbase en vos |  | | esta amistad de los dos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la guerra me provoca. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Toca al arma. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al arma toca. | 935 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Arpago, adiós. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | Ciro, adiós. | | | | |
| **Acto III** | |
|  | |
| *Entren FLORA y BATO, de soldado gracioso* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No vengo bizarro, Flora? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y galán tan singular, |  | | que te pudiera envidiar |  | | el que lo fue de la aurora. |  | | Bien es que en esta jornada | 5 | | del más gallardo, presumas, |  | | porque no hay galán sin plumas |  | | ni valiente sin espada. |  | | A lo gallardo he pensado |  | | que has de igualar el valor, | 10 | | porque del ruin labrador |  | | sale siempre el buen soldado. |  | | Entre cuanta gente viene |  | | por varias partes a Ciro, |  | | sólo te alabo y te admiro | 15 | | de cuantos soldados tiene. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Díceslo, Flora, burlando; |  | | mas, pues ya no puede ser |  | | que a Ciro puedas querer, |  | | que me quieres voy pensando. | 20 | | Ya Ciro es rey, ya gobierna |  | | ejércitos, no ganados; |  | | ya camina entro soldados |  | | a conquistar fama eterna. |  | | Ya, en vez del rudo jumento, | 25 | | feroz caballo corrige |  | | con duro freno, y le rige |  | | entre la tierra y el viento. |  | | Ya no hay bueyes que administre |  | | la aguijada del arado; | 30 | | armas viste, y fresno herrado |  | | pasa de la cuja al ristre. |  | | Con esto, de las crueldades |  | | de su abuelo se defiende: |  | | imperios Ciro pretende, | 35 | | no labranzas ni heredades. |  | | No busca Ciro las tierras |  | | donde los ganados pacen; |  | | que las majestades nacen |  | | enseñadas a las guerras. | 40 | | Ya, con más altos intentos, |  | | aspira a reinar, no a ti: |  | | quiéreme tú, Flora, a mí, |  | | y juntemos pensamientos. |  | | Llevaréte, si me quieres, | 45 | | al lado por esas guerras; |  | | verás mares, verás tierras, |  | | que es condición de mujeres. |  | | Ea, ¿qué lo estás pensando? |  | | Que Filis, con ser quien es, | 50 | | a Ciro sigue después |  | | que ha visto a Ciro reinando. |  | | Y tenemos copia inmensa |  | | contra el viejo Rey cruel, |  | | aunque nos han dicho que él | 55 | | no se duerme, en la defensa. |  | | Que sabiendo que vivía |  | | su nieto, y que gente armaba, |  | | del Júpiter blasfemaba |  | | y a Arpago matar quería. | 60 | | Y así, de varias naciones |  | | tan grande campo ha formado, |  | | que cubre el más dilatado |  | | de banderas y escuadrones. |  | | Pero de Ciro el valor | 65 | | tan animoso le espera, |  | | que no pienso que pudiera |  | | ser el de Marte mayor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, Bato, desengañada |  | | de que era bárbara ley | 70 | | querer un nieto de un rey, |  | | entre estos montes criada, |  | | de pensamientos mudé; |  | | que era loca fantasía, |  | | y aquel amor que tenía, | 75 | | como se vino se fue. |  | | Ni de ti ni de otro alguno |  | | de cuantos Dios ha criado, |  | | estimaré su cuidado, |  | | ni le tendré de ninguno. | 80 | | Hayan los hombres nacido |  | | en buen hora, cuantos fueren, |  | | para quien ellos quisieren; |  | | logren su amor o su olvido; |  | | que yo los doy desde aquí | 85 | | a las que no los conocen, |  | | y muchos años los gocen |  | | sin darme celos a mí. |  | | Siempre nos causen desvelos |  | | los firmes y los más justos: | 90 | | ¡mal año para sus gustos |  | | si tengo de ver mis celos! |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejarás de ser mujer, |  | | serás piedra, y no persona; |  | | que la más fuerte amazona | 95 | | hombres hubo menester. |  | | Mas ya nuestro Marte miro, |  | | que con la divina rama |  | | del sol su gente le aclama |  | | por rey. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tocan cajas dentro)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Entren CIRO, con laurel; FILIS, en hábito corto; MITRÍDATES, SOLDADOS y MÚSICOS)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SOLDADOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Rey Ciro, rey Ciro! | 100 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  | | --- | | *(Cantando)* | | Coronad, soldados, |  | | la ilustre cabeza |  | | del valiente Ciro, |  | | nuevo rey de Persia. |  | | ¡Al arma, al arma, al arma; guerra, | 105 | | guerra! Toca la caja, y ríndase la tierra. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tocan la caja a rebato)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No desdice a mi laurel |  | | la música, pues se cuenta |  | | de Aquiles que se incitaba |  | | con la música a la guerra. | 110 | | Por incapaz el caballo |  | | del dulce son de las cuerdas, |  | | al de la caja se anima, |  | | y a la voz de la trompeta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Al arma, al arma, al arma; guerra, | 115 | | guerra! Toca la caja, y ríndase la tierra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien pareces laureado; |  | | pero no sé cómo pueda |  | | pensar que me ha estado bien, |  | | Ciro, tu inmensa grandeza. | 120 | | Alégrame de mirarte |  | | príncipe de Persia y Media, |  | | y de ver que con justicia |  | | tan grande imperio pretendas; |  | | el aplauso que te han dado | 125 | | las escuadras que gobiernas, |  | | la fama de tus principios, |  | | las armas de tus banderas; |  | | pero no puedo alegrarme |  | | que contra mí te engrandezcas. | 130 | | Reina me hiciste en las burlas |  | | para no serlo en las veras. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, aquel mismo soy |  | | que antes de ser rey; no temas; |  | | que obligaciones honradas | 135 | | son en las almas eternas. |  | | Bajos pensamientos tiene |  | | quien los amigos desprecia |  | | que tuvo cuando era humilde, |  | | por vanidad y soberbia. | 140 | | Para mí siempre serás |  | | lo que fuiste. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No desea |  | | mi alma tus reinos, Ciro; |  | | tú solo en mi pecho reinas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Mitrídates... | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijo mío... | 145 | | Perdona, que no quisiera |  | | perder aquel nombre amado |  | | que trasladaron las fieras |  | | a mis entrañas el día |  | | que pude librarte dellas. | 150 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta carta al Rey. mi abuelo, |  | | escribo para que crea |  | | el ánimo con que estoy. |  | | Tú la has de llevar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mis fuerzas |  | | ya no son para embajadas. | 155 | | A un soldado la encomienda |  | | que tenga tanto valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque locura parezca, |  | | yo se la pondré en las manos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué dirán si la lleva | 160 | | hombre como tú? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | los avisos de la guerra |  | | no requieren calidades, |  | | sino personas resueltas. |  | | Yo soy loco, y le daré | 165 | | la carta, cuando el Rey fuera |  | | Júpiter. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues parte, Bato, |  | | adonde las cajas suenan, |  | | y ten buen ánimo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta |  | | que a tu valor me parezca. | 170 | | Hoy no volveré con vida, |  | | o te traeré la respuesta. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bella Filis, ven conmigo: |  | | verás la gallarda muestra |  | | que hoy he mandado que haga | 175 | | mi ejército en tu presencia. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los cielos te den victoria. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevándote por estrella, |  | | es poco ganar un mundo. |  | | ¡Hola, capitán! Apresta | 180 | | un caballo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya te aguarda |  | | con paramentos de tela. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi virtud es mi fortuna; |  | | que la virtud no se hereda. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y entre el REY y ARPAGO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué muestra tanto valor? | 185 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Partí, señor, a la aldea, |  | | patria, si es bien que lo sea, |  | | de aquel monstruo labrador; |  | | y antes, señor, de llegar, |  | | sonaba de la manera | 190 | | el estruendo, como altera |  | | montes de espumas del mar. |  | | Pregunté a un pastor que hallé, |  | | del estruendo la ocasión, |  | | y díjome: «Este escuadrón | 195 | | que mal formado se ve, |  | | es la gente del rey Ciro, |  | | que de varias partes viene.» |  | | ¿Ciro, respondí, previene |  | | gente? Su locura admiro. | 200 | | Pues un villano, ¿a qué efeto, |  | | que ayer ovejas guardó?» |  | | «No es villano, replicó; |  | | que es del rey Astiages nieto.» |  | | Su historia le ha referido | 205 | | un hombre que le ha criado. |  | | Temióse apenas formado; |  | | ¿qué hará después de nacido? |  | | Que si antes de ser su ser |  | | le da el ser temor igual, | 210 | | después de ser, y ser tal, |  | | ¿querrá que deje de ser? |  | | De su poder engañado, |  | | piensa que el del cielo excede, |  | | porque aun el cielo no puede | 215 | | quitar el ser que no ha dado.» |  | | Entro en el lugar, y veo |  | | las flautas vueltas templadas |  | | cajas, lanzas las azadas, |  | | y el cavar, galán paseo. | 220 | | Hallo a Ciro, finalmente, |  | | entre estas bárbaras sumas, |  | | más coronado de plumas |  | | que de laureles la frente; |  | | y hablándole de tu parte, | 225 | | le digo cómo desea |  | | tu amor que el reino posea, |  | | dándole a Dario su parte. |  | | Dice con vana arrogancia |  | | dos mil locuras, señor; | 230 | | y es repetirlas error, |  | | porque no son de importancia. |  | | No le espantas general |  | | desta empresa. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre un CRIADO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, señor, |  | | un rústico embajador, | 235 | | a quien le despacha igual, |  | | trae una carta de Ciro. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Dile que entre. | | | |
|  | |
| *(Yendo a avisar)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CRIADO | |  | | --- | | Entrad. | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | No sé |  | | si pida silla, que en pie |  | | al Rey con Arpago miro. | 240 | | Mas no será maravilla |  | | la que el jumento me dió; |  | | que muchos hay como, yo, |  | | que pasan de albarda a silla. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¡Buen soldado! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desta traza, | 245 | | deste talle, desta ley |  | | son los demás. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor Rey... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Hablad. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Todo me embaraza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejad la espada, y decid. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vueso nieto, que Dios guarde, | 250 | | me dió esta carta ayer tarde. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En lo demás proseguid. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo demás se me ha olvidado; |  | | pero todo viene ahí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Sois soldado? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí. | 255 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ¿ha mucho que sois soldado? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soldado y embajador |  | | soy desde ayer. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte a Bato)* | | ¿Para mí |  | | traes alguna carta? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | luego os la daré, señor. | 260 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Lee)* | | «Ciro a su abuelo.» ¡Arrogante |  | | título! «Tu gran crueldad |  | | (que no hay hombre ni deidad |  | | que en cielo y tierra no espante, |  | | pues antes de tener vida | 265 | | me la quisiste quitar) |  | | me obliga a solicitar |  | | verla de ti defendida. |  | | Para esto, y no perder |  | | el reino de mis pasados, | 270 | | hice levas de soldados |  | | contra tu injusto poder. |  | | El dinero que traía |  | | de Persia tu tesorero |  | | tomé, porque es lo primero | 275 | | que mayor falta me hacía. |  | | Verdad es que le dejé |  | | luego un resguardo firmado |  | | de cómo estaba bien dado, |  | | y que a cuenta lo tomé | 280 | | de lo que he de haber; que en todo |  | | es bien la cuenta y razón». |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a mí en la misma ocasión |  | | me lo dijo dese modo. |  | | es Ciro muy puntual. | 285 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mi tesoro! Hoy le destruyo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De lo que no fuere suyo |  | | no ha de tomar un real. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | *(Lee)* | | «Si quieres, como mi abuelo, |  | | Volverme el reino que es mío | 290 | | (que matarme es desvarío |  | | cuando me defiende el cielo), |  | | »yo te prometo de darte, |  | | y como rey lo prometo, |  | | donde vivas con secreto, | 295 | | de mi reino alguna parte». |  | | Torres en el viento labra. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | ¿Oye, señor? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hombre, di. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo lo que viene ahí |  | | me lo dijo de palabra. | 300 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si mandarte castigar |  | | mi grandeza permitiera, |  | | villano, tu muerte fuera |  | | la que te hiciera callar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, si a tan vil sujeto | 305 | | humillas la majestad, |  | | la suprema autoridad |  | | padecerá indigno efeto. |  | | ¿Qué gentil Héctor, qué Aquiles, |  | | qué rey de los animales | 310 | | ensangrentó las reales |  | | uñas en las liebres viles? |  | | Demás de ser labrador |  | | y desigual enemigo, |  | | le reservan del castigo | 315 | | las leyes de embajador. |  | | Cause risa a tu grandeza |  | | ver los soldados que tiene |  | | Ciro, pues éste a dar viene |  | | la muestra de su bajeza. | 320 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arpago, no le imagines |  | | tan vil; que de no temer |  | | los principios, suelen ser |  | | tan desdichados las fines. |  | | Que, aunque no es Aquiles griego | 325 | | para ponerme desmayo, |  | | de un vapor se engendra un rayo, |  | | y de una centella un fuego. |  | | tú, villano, vete, y di |  | | que yo mismo a verle voy. | 330 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Capitán de Ciro soy |  | | aunque villano nací, |  | | y por allá nos veremos; |  | | que de la hoz a la espada |  | | no es muy larga la jornada, | 335 | | aunque parezcan extremos. |  | | No os fiéis en escuadrones; |  | | que hay mancebo por allá, |  | | que con la honda os hará |  | | ir trompicando terrones; | 340 | | Porque si Ciro tuviera |  | | cuatro mozos como yo, |  | | no digo este imperio, no, |  | | mas toda el Asia rindiera. |  | | Que es imposible criar | 345 | | tantos ejércitos ves |  | | como puede matar Dios, |  | | y yo ayudarle a matar. |  | | Sólo de haberme mirado |  | | Ciro he quedado tan fuerte, | 350 | | que puedo matar la muerte |  | | si fuese vuestro soldado. |  | | ¿Penséis que viene enseñado |  | | este fuerte capitán |  | | al regalado faisán | 355 | | y al vino aromatizado? |  | | ¡Vive Dios, si no le dais |  | | el reino y restituís!... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dioses! ¿Aquesto sufrís? |  | | ¿En qué entendéis? ¿Dónde estáis? | 360 | | Blasfemo de vuestro nombre. |  | | ¡A mí un villano!... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | que es loco y embajador. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa matar un hombre? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Téngase allá todo, rey; | 365 | | que no me envían a mí |  | | para que me mate así. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Válgale, Arpago, la ley, |  | | no de embajador, de loco. |  | | Di, villano, al otro infame | 370 | | que mi nieto no se llame; |  | | que a más furor me provoco. |  | | Y que me espere: verá |  | | quién es rey y quién traidor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no es Ciro labrador; | 375 | | rey es Ciro, y rey será. |  | | | |
|  | |
|  |  |
|  | |
| *(Vanse, y entren ALBANO, SILVIO, RISELO y CIRO)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Válgate Júpiter santo! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan presto se levantó |  | | que pienso que no ha caído. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay pájaro tan veloz. | 380 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso; no es nada, soldados. |  | | Bueno estoy, no hagáis rumor. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren CIRO y FILIS)* |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | ¡Mal agüero! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es agüero |  | | no para mí. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no? |  | | Caer, corriendo un caballo, | 385 | | cuando con tanta atención |  | | te aplauden y aclaman rey |  | | tus soldados a una voz, |  | | ¿No es agüero de caer |  | | del puesto a que te subió | 390 | | tu fortuna? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera, Filis; |  | | que a ver si es agüero voy. |  | |  |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vase, y entren ALBANO, RISELO, SILVIO y soldados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Donde al furioso caballo |  | | le detuvo el resplandor |  | | de las espadas (que, huyendo, | 395 | | tan velozmente corrió |  | | que no se quejaba el prado |  | | que le lastimase flor |  | | (tanto pueda aún en un bruto |  | | librarse de la prisión), | 400 | | bañado en sudor el cuerpo |  | | de aquella furiosa acción, |  | | y el freno de espuma y sangre), |  | | el fuerte Ciro llegó. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  | | --- | | La espada saca. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué efeto? | 405 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Las dos piernas le cortó, |  | | con aire y airada mano, |  | | de un revés. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bravo rigor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sentóse en tierra sin ellas |  | | el que las puso mejor | 410 | | al parar en la carrera. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y el animal que formó |  | | Naturaleza más bello |  | | para dar envidia al sol; |  | | porque, a tenerle su carro, | 415 | | no despeñara a Faetón. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren CIRO y MITRÍDATES)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, vasallos, el agüero |  | | en mi caballo cayó: |  | | tal es el temor y engaño |  | | de la humana condición. | 420 | | Él es muerto y yo soy vivo: |  | | conque el agüero cesó; |  | | que no hay fortuna contraria |  | | que no la venza el valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MITRÍDATES | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conozco y todos conocen | 425 | | tu valiente corazón; |  | | pero cuando avisa el cielo, |  | | ¿quien no ha de tener temor? |  | | ¿Qué rey murió sin cometa? |  | | ¿A qué fatal destrucción | 430 | | no precedieron presagios? |  | | ¿Qué infante en el pecho habló |  | | que no sucediesen guerras? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, padre, en la guerra estoy. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre BATO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame tus Reales pies, | 435 | | Capitán, cuyo blasón |  | | ya le temen los dos polos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, Bato, mi embajador! |  | | ¿Diste la carta al tirano |  | | de mi vida? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y respondió, | 440 | | con injuria de los dioses, |  | | que dará satisfacción |  | | presto a tu loca arrogancia. |  | | Pero ¡mira cómo Dios, |  | | cuando los hombres castiga | 445 | | por algún notable error, |  | | les ciega el entendimiento! |  | | Pues la memoria perdió |  | | del hijo muerto de Arpago, |  | | y vienen juntos los dos, | 450 | | fiándole la más parte |  | | del ejército, que yo |  | | vi formar en escuadrones, |  | | que pudiera dar temor |  | | a los feroces gigantes | 455 | | de la torre de Nembrot. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, fuerte Ciro! No esperes |  | | este primero furor. |  | | Retira tu gente adonde |  | | puedas con la dilación | 460 | | hace mayor tu defensa |  | | y su peligro menor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mirar a un caballero |  | | que de un caballo feroz |  | | se apea, no te respondo. | 465 | | De paz las señales son. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Ciro! Mi hermano es éste. |  | | Escóndete. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Retírase FILIS, y entre ARPAGO)* |  |
|  | |
|  |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué ocasión |  | | te la ha dado, noble Arpago, |  | | para hacerme este favor? | 470 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El Rey tu abuelo, Ciro valeroso, |  | | no sólo airado de que no eres muerto, |  | | mas de entender que intentas animoso |  | | de dalle la batalla a campo abierto; |  | | con saber que del tuyo numeroso | 475 | | el dilatado monte está cubierto, |  | | por ser bisoña gente, determina |  | | ver a qué parte Júpiter se inclina. |  | | Y ardiendo en ira de que tú dijeses |  | | que una parte del reino le darías | 480 | | en que viviese luego que rey fueses |  | | pues el justo respeto le perdías, |  | | como de espigas las doradas mieses |  | | de Julio miran los postreros días, |  | | cubrió los campos de la gente propia, | 485 | | conducida a la gente de Etiopía. |  | | Treinta mil hombre tuvo en breve plazo, |  | | de a caballo los diez, de a pie los veinte, |  | | de alfanje al lado y arco persa al brazo, |  | | o el fresno al ristre del arnés luciente. | 490 | | Las varias plumas en diverso lazo |  | | compiten a la fénix del Oriente; |  | | de suerte que, confusas las colores, |  | | parecen campos de diversas flores. |  | | Como primero que a la blanca aurora | 495 | | enrubie el sol las cándidas guedejas, |  | | de sus vivientes átomos colora |  | | los blandos aires escuadrón de abejas, |  | | así a la voz del atambor sonora |  | | y a la trompa marcial marchan parejas | 500 | | las armadas hileras, y el sol mira |  | | en cada morrïón un sol mentira. |  | | De fogosos alígeros bridones, |  | | que la máquina elevan corpulenta, |  | | encintan lazos, crines y cordones; | 505 | | que al más bruto animal la gala alienta: |  | | y tan iguales van los escuadrones, |  | | que donde aquél levanta el pie, le siente |  | | el que le sigue con destreza tanta, |  | | que no cubre más tierra que la planta. | 510 | | En medio, las banderas son el alma |  | | deste cuerpo que digo, donde el viento, |  | | cuando respeta las divisas, calma, |  | | y luego las convierte en su elemento. |  | | El Rey detrás, como al verde palma | 515 | | resiste al tiempo, de su ley exento; |  | | que la venganza, si en los años crece, |  | | la más caduca edad rejuvenece. |  | | Por no cansarte, digo que pudiera |  | | el Rey de Media conquistar a Troya, | 520 | | si con Agamenón a recia fuera |  | | por la venganza de la hurtada joya. |  | | No es inconstancia la que el alma altera; |  | | que la mitad del corazón apoya |  | | nuestra amistad, sino saber que es cierto | 525 | | que no te has de librar de preso o muerto. |  | | Esto será:, si esperas enemigo |  | | tan poderoso con tan flaca gente; |  | | que yo sólo podré morir contigo |  | | cuando tu pecho intrépido lo intente. | 530 | | Será la fe de verdadero amigo |  | | polo en que estribe amor eternamente, |  | | si en competencia del que sufre Atlante, |  | | donde fuere cristal, seré diamante. |  | | Y porque en un estrago tan notable, | 535 | | dicen que no ha de haber viva persona, |  | | quiero llevar mi hermana donde entable |  | | justa defensa a lo que el Rey blasona; |  | | porque es la guerra parca inexorable, |  | | que a ninguno respeta ni perdona; | 540 | | que si la pongo con defensa fuerte, |  | | luego contigo abrazaré la muerte. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  | | --- | | Huye, señor; ¿qué esperas? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he sentido, |  | | Bato, que venga el Rey tan poderoso; |  | | siento la ausencia con temor de olvido | 545 | | de aquel amor que conquisté dichoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALBANO | |  | | --- | | ¡Agora, Ciro, amor! | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | RISELO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tienes sentido? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SILVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, señor, que es el huir forzoso. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejadme solo aquí, porque recelo |  | | que de vuestro temor seofende el cielo. | 550 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Vanse todos menos CIRO)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando la nave en elmar |  | | con fiera tormenta surca |  | | los ondas, que con el viento |  | | arenas y estrellas juntan, |  | | ¡Qué de varios pensamientos | 555 | | en la bitácora turban |  | | al piloto, que contempla |  | | tocada de imán la aguja! |  | | ¡Qué cuidadosa quesirve, |  | | y por todas partes cruza, | 560 | | más turbada que obediente, |  | | la mal prevenida chusma! |  | | Cuál dice «amaina», cuál «vira», |  | | para que de presto acudan |  | | a la troza, al chafaldete, | 565 | | a la triza y a la amura, |  | | entre los cables y amarras |  | | no hay cosa que no confunda |  | | el temor, y no, aprovechan |  | | filácigas ni ataduras. | 570 | | Con remolinos pretende |  | | el mar que la nave suba, |  | | a la que argentan estrellas, |  | | por escalas de agua turbia; |  | | hasta que, tranquilo el mar, | 575 | | quiere el cielo que descubra |  | | aquel brillador diamante |  | | que paz en la gavia anuncia; |  | | y aquel celestial topacio |  | | tiende la melena rubia, | 580 | | formando círculos de oro |  | | entre las nubes purpúreas. |  | | Así corre mi esperanza |  | | con desesperada furia, |  | | tormenta de pensamientos | 585 | | en el mar de mis fortunas. |  | | Sentémonos, pues, cuidados, |  | | porque no deis en la dura |  | | tierra con el grave peso, |  | | aunque hay valor que le sufra. | 590 | | Hable el alma, que preside |  | | a las potencias, e infunda |  | | su luz al entendimiento, |  | | que oprimen sombras oscuras. |  | | Apenas sueños despiertos | 595 | | la imaginación confusa |  | | fabrica por divertirme, |  | | cuando el temor me deslumbra. |  | | *(Suenan toques de cajas en el aire)* |  | | ¡Cajas de guerra! ¿Qué es esto, |  | | que por la región segunda | 600 | | tocan del aire, y los ecos |  | | a los dos polos resultan? |  | | Las negras nubes se apartan |  | | dando lugar que discurran |  | | tropas de armados persianos, | 605 | | que vanas sombras figuran. |  | | Ya con lanzas, ya con rayos, |  | | ya con espadas desnudas, |  | | unos con otros pelean. |  | | Ya se esparcen..., ya se ocultan. | 610 | | Allí suenan instrumentos, |  | | en cuyos ecos pronuncian |  | | victoria los claros aires. |  | | ¡Qué confusiones, qué dudas! |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Surge la VOZ de una sombra)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LA VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro, no esperes al Rey, | 615 | | huye, que es mejor que huyas |  | | que no que la vida pierdas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho mi valor injurias. |  | | ¿Quién eres? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LA VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu padre soy. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con tu bajeza deslustras | 620 | | la majestad de mi madre, |  | | pues mi empresa dificultas. |  | | ¡Mal haya el tirano abuelo, |  | | que por temer, pues me escuchas, |  | | le dio a tan bajo caballo | 625 | | yegua de tanta hermosura! |  | | que si me diera un Aquiles, |  | | ¡viven las deidades sumas, |  | | que aun ellas mismas no estaban |  | | de mis hazañas seguras! | 630 | | Si tuviera al sol por padre, |  | | como por madre la luna, |  | | su fénix me viera el cielo |  | | sin abrasarme la pluma. |  | | ¡Mal haya el tirano abuelo, | 635 | | mal haya una vez y muchas |  | | que un sátiro y una ninfa |  | | puso a una misma coyunda! |  | | Naciera yo todo sol, |  | | sin faltarme parte alguna, | 640 | | con que, sin mojar los rayos, |  | | bebiera del mar la espuma. |  | | Vete, sombra, a tu descanso, |  | | vive la fúnebre tumba |  | | de hombre vil, pues no mereces | 645 | | como rey doradas urnas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LA VOZ | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Grandes desdichas te aguardan. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mientras que la vida dura, |  | | *contra valor no hay desdicha*. |  | | Déjame, sombra importuna. | 650 | | *(Pasa un cometa por el teatro)* |  | | ¡Qué fiero cometa pasa! |  | | todo parece que acusa |  | | mi temerario valor, |  | | y es lo que más me disculpa, |  | | parece que allí me nombra, | 655 | | entre sangrientas angustias, |  | | el hijo de Arpago muerto. |  | | ¿Qué cosa, cielos, más justa |  | | que vengar un inocente? |  | | Pues, valor, o muere o triunfa. | 660 | | Dios penetra pensamientos, |  | | Dios los corazones juzga, |  | | y a quien las vidas quitare, |  | | Dios le quitará la suya. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entre FILIS, en corto, con espada, botas y espuelas, y soldados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciro, de mi hermano huyendo | 665 | | porque no me hallase, fui |  | | alejando de ti |  | | y acercándome volviendo. |  | | Él se fue ya, presumiendo |  | | que me volví de temor | 670 | | a la corte, y no era error |  | | si yo la vida estimara: |  | | pero no hay cosa tan cara |  | | que no la desprecie amor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, de tanta firmeza | 675 | | no sé yoqué gracias darte. |  | | Yo soy en la guerra Marte, |  | | tú Venus en la belleza. |  | | Coronaré tu cabeza |  | | si la victoria me dan | 680 | | los cielos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que están |  | | contrarios a tu fortuna, |  | | si puede temer alguna |  | | tan ilustre capitán. |  | | El Rey viene poderoso, | 685 | | cajas y trompetas suenan; |  | | todos el valor condenan |  | | con que esperas animoso. |  | | El retirarte es forzoso |  | | hasta prevenir mejor | 690 | | quien esfuerce tu valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, agravio me hicieras |  | | si tal consejo me dieras |  | | menos que con tanto amor. |  | | Las cajas se acercan ya: | 695 | | yo voy a ordenar mi gente. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | Oye. | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Déjame. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente: |  | | tu vida en peligro está. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo la guardará. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muévate, Ciro, mi amor. | 700 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | No puedo más. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué rigor! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Filis, morir o vencer; |  | | porque es imposible haber |  | | desdicha contra el valor. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh amor! ¿Cómo temes tanto | 705 | | siendo todo corazón? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suspende, que no es razón, |  | | Filis, amorosa, el llanto. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo decirte cuánto |  | | tengo en los ojos impresos | 710 | | tus atrevidos excesos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quejaréme ¡oh luces bellas! |  | | que quieran vuestras estrellas |  | | pronosticar mis sucesos. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fueras, señor, tan mío | 715 | | como yo tu esclava soy, |  | | ya sé que dejaras hoy |  | | ese loco desvarío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con justa razón confío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin ella, muerte me das. | 720 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puedo ya volver atrás |  | | en hechos malos o buenos? |  | | Déjame intentar lo menos, |  | | que el cielo hará lo demás. |  | | Soldados, hoy quiero ver. | 725 | | *(Saca la espada)* |  | | Lo que me habéis prometido. |  | | No os espanto que haya sido |  | | del Rey mayor el poder. |  | | Yo he de morir o vencer: |  | | llevad siempre en la memoria | 730 | | la fama, el triunfo, la gloria |  | | de la alta empresa que sigo; |  | | que un poderoso enemigo |  | | hace mayor la victoria. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Tocan y dase la batalla, huyendo los soldados de CIRO de los del REY, y éntranse)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Entre FILIS y BATO)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Desde dentro)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Así dejáis vuestro rey | 735 | | y vuestro amigo, traidores! |  | | ¿Así cumplís la palabra? |  | | ¿Falta amor, la fe se rompe? |  | | ¡Cobardes, huyendo vais! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Júpiter, que del monte, | 740 | | cubierto de flechas, baja |  | | Ciro entre peñas y robles! |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su gente cobarde huye, |  | | y él la sigue dando voces. |  | | Cayó en tierra. ¿Si está herido? | 745 | | | |
|  | |
| *(Sale CIRO con algunas flechas clavadas en la rodela)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Persas, ¿dónde vais sin orden? |  | | Mataré... |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detén la espada. |  | | Filis soy, ¿no me conoces? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh Filis! Mi gente infame, |  | | las espaldas vueltas, corre; | 750 | | que nunca fueron las obras |  | | a las palabras conformes. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | ¿Estás herido? | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No siento |  | | heridas, sino traiciones. |  | | Capitanes, yo soy Ciro; | 755 | | cese la infame desorden: |  | | soldados, yo soy el rey, |  | | vivo estoy: ¿qué os descompone? |  | | Las mujeres os infaman |  | | con afrentosas razones; | 760 | | ¿quién hay que oiga sus afrentas |  | | y a la batalla no torne? |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entren ARPAGO y soldados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ánimo, valiente Ciro, |  | | que ya Arpago, te socorre; |  | | mi gente paso a la tuya: | 765 | | los escuadrones recoge; |  | | que, aunque publica victoria |  | | el Rey, si al paso te pones |  | | del monte, harás por lo menos |  | | que no los rinda y despoje. | 770 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh Arpago amigo, cumpliste |  | | la palabra como noble! |  | | Aunque parezco vencido, |  | | no lo estoy mientras informe |  | | el alma esta vida. Tengo | 775 | | justa esperanza en los dioses. |  | | Dellos soy hijo; estas flechas |  | | te dirán que no soy hombre. |  | | Diamantes tengo por alma |  | | en pecho y manos de bronce, | 780 | | ninguna dellas me ha herido, |  | | Marte detuvo sus golpes; |  | | no pasan mortales flechas |  | | a divinos corazones. |  | | Mi gente vuelve; que, en fin, | 785 | | no hay cosa que los provoque |  | | como ver que las mujeres |  | | los afrenten y deshonren. |  | | ¡Ea, soldados, al arma! |  | | ¡Ah, cómo vuelven feroces! | 790 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | León capitán de liebres, |  | | hará las liebres leones. |  | | | |
|  | |
| *(Entranse. Tocan y vuélvese a dar la batalla, saliendo y entrando como suelen)* |  |
|  | |
| *(Entren CIRO, el REY, ARPAGO, FILIS, con el rostro cubierto, MITRÍDATES, BATO y soldados)* |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Midió mi soberbia el suelo. |  | | La espada, Ciro, detén, |  | | que no puede estarte bien | 795 | | matar a tu mismo abuelo. |  | | En vano se opone al cielo |  | | poder mortal; no me des |  | | la muerte, pues ya no es |  | | venganza, sino bajeza, | 800 | | pues siendo yo tu cabeza, |  | | me estás mirando a tus pies. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  | | --- | | Levántate. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para estar |  | | de rodillas. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no; |  | | que ningún hombre venció | 805 | | si no supo perdonar. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun no me dejan hablar |  | | las lágrimas para darte |  | | las gracias. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera olvidarte |  | | de que antes me has obligado | 810 | | rendido, porque me has dado |  | | ocasión de perdonarte; |  | | porque es tan alta la gloria |  | | de perdonarte vencido, |  | | que hasta este punto no ha sido | 815 | | verdadera la victoria. |  | | Que puesto que la memoria |  | | de tus crueldades pedía |  | | la pena que merecía, |  | | ¿cómo quitarte podré | 820 | | aquella vida que fue |  | | el principio de la mía? |  | | Casaste con hombre vil |  | | mi madre porque lo fuera |  | | el que della procediera, | 825 | | que fue prevención sutil; |  | | mas yo en su pecho gentil, |  | | como el alma lo sabía, |  | | viendo que hombre vil nacía, |  | | dejé la del padre aparte, | 830 | | y sólo saqué la parte |  | | que de mi madre tenía. |  | | Que aunque es en la formación |  | | el padre primera forma, |  | | Dios, que las almas informa, | 835 | | trocó la primera acción |  | | en su vientre. Tu intención |  | | tanto al cielo se declara, |  | | que desde entonces me ampara; |  | | porque, a no nacer a ley | 840 | | de todo príncipe o rey, |  | | allá dentro me quedara. |  | | De suerte que haberme dado |  | | padre humilde entonces, es |  | | más agravio que después | 845 | | mi muerte solicitado |  | | En fin, lo que no me has dado, |  | | que es vida, abuelo, te doy; |  | | vive, pues que vivo estoy; |  | | no dejes de ser por mí, | 850 | | pues finalmente por ti |  | | soy todo aquello que soy. |  | | Para que pases la vida |  | | una ciudad te daré |  | | de mi reino, donde esté | 855 | | tu persona bien servida, |  | | y la mía defendida |  | | de algún loco desvarío; |  | | que ya de ti no me fío, |  | | porque estás a toda ley | 860 | | más enseñado a ser Rey |  | | que no a ser abuelo mío. |  | | ¿Qué nombre a tus hechos das? |  | | ¿Qué historia, qué fama esperas, |  | | pues hallé piedad en fieras, | 865 | | y en tus entrañas jamás? |  | | Pero con esto no más, |  | | por no ofender la esperanza |  | | que te da mi confianza; |  | | que, aunque el cuerpo no lo sienta, | 870 | | el que de palabra afrenta, |  | | toma del alma venganza. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo daré con humildad |  | | a tu imperio la obediencia |  | | que verá el mundo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, Arpago, | 875 | | llegó ocasión a tus quejas, |  | | pues no he vengado a tu hijo. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes agravio me hicieras |  | | en no darme parte a mí |  | | de la piedad y grandeza | 880 | | con que has perdonado al Rey; |  | | y te suplico que seas |  | | tan piadoso, que me des |  | | de aquesta piedad la media |  | | para que perdone al Rey. | 885 | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Palabras de tu nobleza! |  | | ¿Dónde está Filis? |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BATO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, |  | | con esta banda cubierta. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | Yo soy tu esclava. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soldados, |  | | la hermana de Arpago es reina. | 890 | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FILIS | |  | | --- | | Pagaste mi amor. | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARPAGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y el mío. |  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CIRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aquí dio finel poeta, |  | | que aun vive para serviros, |  | | a su historia verdadera |  | | fiado en vuestro valor, | 895 | | por que llamarse pudiera |  | | *Contra valor no hay desdicha;* |  | | *y el primero Rey de Persia.* |  | | | |