**LOPE DE VEGA  
*El Desprecio Agradecido***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *DON BERNARDO* |  |
| *OTAVIO* |  |
| *LISARDA* |  |
| *FLORELA* |  |
| *INÉS* |  |
| *LUCINDO* |  |
| *SANCHO* |  |
| *DON ALEJANDRO* |  |
| *MENDO* |  |

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| **Jornada I** | | | |
|  | | | |
| *Salen DON BERNARDO y SANCHO, con espadas desnudas y broqueles* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué torpe salto que diste! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eran las paredes altas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú pienso que mejor saltas |  | | porque más miedo tuviste. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién no teme a la justicia, | 5 | | y dejando un hombre muerto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temerario desconcierto; |  | | quien vive, vivir codicia. |  | | Casa principal es esta, |  | | adonde habemos entrado. | 10 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo vengo desollado; |  | | sangre la pared me cuesta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la obscuridad no veo |  | | más de que aqueste es jardín. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué habemos de hacer, en fin? | 15 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Librarme, Sancho, deseo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si nos sienten, es forzoso |  | | pensar que somos ladrones. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡En qué fuertes ocasiones |  | | se pone un hombre celoso! | 20 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Nunca el diablo nos dejara |  | | venir de Sevilla a aquí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Sala es esta. ¿Entraré? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Mujeres hablan. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Repara |  | | en que dicen que se van | 25 | | a acostar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué haremos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que lo que fueren miremos |  | | detrás deste tafetán. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen LISARDA y FLORELA, damas, y INÉS criada)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pon la vela en esa mesa, |  | | y muestra aquel azafate. | 30 | | Quitaremeaquestas rosas, |  | | que no quiero que se ajen. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué cansado estuvo Otavio! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay cosa que tanto canse |  | | como un deudo pretendiente | 35 | | de marido, y no de amante. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten esta cadena, Inés. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Lo que siento desnudarme! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo mucho más que vestirme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no queréis que os enfade, | 40 | | si el vestiros y adornaros |  | | por la mañana se hace, |  | | cuando tomáis los pinceles, |  | | para que hermosos agraden |  | | los claveles y jazmines, | 45 | | que suelen desfigurarse |  | | en el curso de la noche? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué bueno estuvo esta tarde |  | | el Prado! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La procesión |  | | de los coches fue notable. | 50 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bravo humo, brava gloria, |  | | brava prosa de galanes! |  | | Muy válido anduvo *riesgo*, |  | | *superior*, *inescusable*, |  | | *valimiento*, *acción*, *despejo*, | 55 | | *ruidoso*, *activo*, *desaire*, |  | | *lucimiento* y *caravanas*. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Caso estraño que el lenguaje |  | | tenga sus tiempos también. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vienen a ser novedades | 60 | | las cosas que se olvidaron. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De nada pude alegrarme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues hartos lo pretendieron. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasea por esta calle |  | | una dama de Sevilla, | 65 | | bien prendida y de buen aire, |  | | su ropa de levantar |  | | testimonios o alamares, |  | | papagayo en el balcón, |  | | en casa mulata y paje, | 70 | | un forastero, Florela, |  | | de estremada gracia y talle, |  | | en que he reparado un poco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es poco que tú repares. |  | | ¿Hate parecido bien? | 75 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, pero puedo jurarte |  | | que me pesa de que mire |  | | sin saber por qué se cause, |  | | esta dama al forastero. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso nace de agradarte, | 80 | | que amor de celos y envidia |  | | dicen algunos que nace |  | | cuando de súbito viene, |  | | sin que le dé la otra parte |  | | materia para querer | 85 | | en servicios o amistades, |  | | en requiebros o en papel. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo diré, y esto baste, |  | | que así quisiera un marido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Y a Otavio no? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios me guarde. | 90 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Cáesele el broquel a SANCHO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jesús! ¿Qué ruido es ese? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué se cayó? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te espantes. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cerraste la puerta, Inés? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuál, señora? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La que sale |  | | al jardín. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Abierta está. | 95 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué buen cuidado! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más tarde |  | | suele cerrarse otras veces. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Disculpas y necedades. |  | | Toma esa luz; mira presto |  | | lo que se cayó. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Notable | 100 | | cosa! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un broquel. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Aquí broquel? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Semejante |  | | prenda será de mi hermano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero los tafetanes |  | | en dos pares de zapatos | 105 | | no es posible que rematen. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jesús mil veces, ladrones! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen los dos)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuesas mercedes no hablen |  | | palabra, que una desdicha |  | | fue la ocasión de que entrase | 110 | | donde estoy. Soy caballero, |  | | maté un hombre en esa calle, |  | | entreme en la primer casa |  | | para que no me llevasen |  | | preso, donde una mujer | 115 | | me dijo que me pasase |  | | por la pared deste huerto |  | | a estas casas principales |  | | donde estaría seguro, |  | | que ella por marido o padre | 120 | | celosos, no se atrevía |  | | a tenerme, ni guardarme, |  | | y arrimando una escalera |  | | pasamos desta otra parte, |  | | saltando desde las tapias, | 125 | | aunque con peligro grande. |  | | Si piedad en el valor |  | | de las personas que nacen |  | | con tantas obligaciones, |  | | es justo, señoras, que hallen | 130 | | desdichas de un caballero, |  | | no deis causa a que me maten, |  | | que yo soy el que dijisteis |  | | que os pesaba que pasase |  | | (con lo demás que no digo) | 135 | | por esta mujer la calle. |  | | Ella me dio la ocasión |  | | para que al hombre matase. |  | | Si me obligáis a salir, |  | | sus deudos han de matarme, | 140 | | o la justicia prenderme; |  | | mas no es posible que falte |  | | piedad en tanta hermosura, |  | | pues no solamente un ángel, |  | | pero dos, en tal peligro | 145 | | quiere el cielo que me guarden. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué notable confusión! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y vós, señora, amparadme |  | | por ángel añadidura |  | | destos coros celestiales; | 150 | | que me matará mi amo, |  | | porque soy tan miserable |  | | que se me cayó el broquel, |  | | dormido en desdichas tales. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mis amas están agora | 155 | | en consulta: no se gazmie, |  | | que ya le he visto otra vez, |  | | y con lo que resultare |  | | tendrá sagrado o destierro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si salgo destos azares, | 160 | | te ofrezco un broquel de cera |  | | como si fueras imagen. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por haberos visto, y ver |  | | que sois hombre principal, |  | | aunque el caso es desigual | 165 | | de mi honesto proceder, |  | | quiero parecer mujer |  | | en tener piedad de vós, |  | | aunque ignoro de los dos |  | | las calidades y nombres, | 170 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que en piedad, más que los hombres, |  |  |  |  | | nos parecemos a Dios. |  |  |  |  | | Lo que vós habéis oído |  |  |  |  | | no lo puedo yo negar, |  |  |  |  | | ni vós amar y celar | 175 |  |  |  | | la dama que os ha ofendido, |  |  |  |  | | pero quede repartido |  |  |  |  | | entre los tres el suceso, |  |  |  |  | | que yo os libre de ser preso |  |  |  |  | | y que ella obligue sus ojos, | 180 |  |  |  | | y que no os den más enojos, |  |  |  |  | | y vós a tener más seso. |  |  |  |  | | En más peligro estuviera |  |  |  |  | | vuestra vida si llamara, |  |  |  |  | | porque el temor me forzara, | 185 |  |  |  | | si antes de agora no os viera. |  |  |  |  | | Hasta que la luz primera |  |  |  |  | | asegure vuestra vida, |  |  |  |  | | vivirá aquí defendida |  |  |  |  | | y advertid que digo *aquí*, | 190 |  |  |  | | para que dentro de mí |  |  |  |  | | esté mejor defendida. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, si quiso amor |  | | que por tan grande rodeo |  | | me trujese un mal deseo | 195 | | a un bien nacido favor, |  | | mayor que el mal y el rigor |  | | será la dicha y el bien, |  | | y vós el sagrado, en quien |  | | mi vida, con mi ventura, | 200 | | como en templo de hermosura |  | | seguras de hoy más estén. |  | | Y siendo mi asilo y templo |  | | en sus aras, con razón, |  | | arderá mi corazón | 205 | | para agradecido ejemplo, |  | | en cuya imagen contemplo |  | | mis prisiones por despojos; |  | | pero hame causado enojos |  | | que tan poco me guardéis, | 210 | | si hasta el alba prometéis, |  | | y ha salido en vuestros ojos |  | | la dama que me ha traído |  | | por entre casos injustos |  | | (tanto pueden malos gustos) | 215 | | desde Sevilla perdido, |  | | en quien nací, bien nacido, |  | | aborrezco, y vuestro soy, |  | | quitándole desde hoy |  | | el alma para que sea | 220 | | vuestra, aunque viene tan fea |  | | que con vergüenza os la doy. |  | | Es mi nombre, que mejor |  | | lo que no sabéis abona, |  | | don Bernardo de Cardona, | 225 | | con que he dicho mi valor. |  | | Aquí hay piedad y rigor: |  | | rigor porque amé sin veros, |  | | piedad por enterneceros |  | | en quererme defender, | 230 | | que amaros no pudo ser |  | | primero que conoceros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | Inés. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Señora? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A los dos |  | | encierra en ese aposento, |  | | y dame luego la llave. | 235 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aun no escapamos de presos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venid, señores, que es tarde. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Inés, ¿no habrá por lo menos |  | | dos deditos de colchón? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Colchón? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es mucho requiebro? | 240 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan de espacio quiere estar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No vee que todo me duermo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues para qué pide lana, |  | | que en bronce será lo mesmo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es toda dulce la niña. | 245 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | Ven, Florela. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El alma llevo |  | | lastimada deste caso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo se llama esta dama? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisarda, y el caballero |  | | su padre, don Alejandro. | 250 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pudiera mejor que al griego |  | | llamarse *el Magno*, por ser |  | | quien más hazañas ha hecho |  | | en solo hacer a Lisarda, |  | | porque con sus ojos bellos | 255 | | puede conquistar el mundo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo la diré este conceto |  | | cuando la esté descalzando. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cien escudos tenéis ciertos |  | | por un zapatillo suyo. | 260 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Tan prestísimo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy tierno. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues para qué le queréis? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para traerle aquí dentro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Son de poleví; el talón |  | | os hará mal en el pecho. | 265 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es la otra señora? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | Su hermana. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es ángel, es cielo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas, ¿qué pedís?, ¿un zapato? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pido, aunque le encarezco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entrad porque descanséis, | 270 | | y vendré en amaneciendo |  | | a despertaros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Inés, |  | | no duermo si no me acuesto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues un libro, y esta vela, |  | | os será de gran provecho. | 275 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién es? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Parte veinte y seis* |  | | de Lope. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Libros supuestos, |  | | que con su nombre se imprimen. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y a mí, por si no me duermo, |  | | ¿qué me dais? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A *Don Quijote*, | 280 | | porque vós y vuestro dueño |  | | imitáis sus aventuras. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Dice verdad. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y aun sospecho |  | | que habemos de ser más locos |  | | si Dios no nos guarda el seso. | 285 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | |  |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y entran OTAVIO y LUCINDO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Gran ventura, por Dios! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notable ha sido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, no estáis herido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | Diome la vida el jaco. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué modo |  | | fue la cuestión? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí lo sabréis todo, |  | | sin contar, como suelen, en ausencia | 290 | | de la parte que falta, la pendencia. |  | | De vuestro tío y de mi padre alinda |  | | la casa de una dama sevillana, |  | | que no es tan limpia, fresca, hermosa y linda |  | | la risa de la cándida mañana, | 295 | | pues como a cuanto mire, abrase y rinda, |  | | ni arrogante, ni fácil, ni tirana, |  | | para añadir a su beldad trofeos, |  | | ardieron en sus ojos mis deseos. |  | | Visitándola, pues, como vecino, | 300 | | con toda honestidad, dos o tres días, |  | | o la amistad o la llaneza vino |  | | a que escuchase las razones mías. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Amor, que con su ciego desatino, |  |  |  |  | | en preguntas, respuestas y porfías | 305 |  |  |  | | el tiempo pasa sin sentir que pasa, |  |  |  |  | | me dio sueño de necios en su casa. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Eso no entiendo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es nombre que se ha puesto |  | | a quien en una silla, porfïado, |  | | en la conversación es tan molesto | 310 | | que parece que en ella está acostado. |  | | Yo, pues si bien con proceder honesto, |  | | estuve tan dormido y tan cansado |  | | como si fuera un bronce, hasta las once, |  | | cera en el alma, y en el cuerpo bronce. | 315 | | A las horas que digo, un hombre llama |  | | con más furor que si llamara en huerta. |  | | La casa tiembla, túrbase la dama, |  | | la dormida familia al son despierta; |  | | yo, por ganar de bravo alguna fama | 320 | | no me dejo rogar, voy a la puerta |  | | donde si uno llamó, dos hombres miro; |  | | tercio la capa, desenvaino y tiro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | Brava resolución. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hagáis donaire, |  | | que estaba en la ventana Dorotea. | 325 | | Mas por dar cuchilladas de buen aire, |  | | como quien bravo parecer desea, |  | | me pudo suceder tan mal desaire |  | | que el uno que me busca y no rodea, |  | | de una estocada, aunque el izquierdo saco, | 330 | | me derribó; caí, ¡bien haya el jaco! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco firme de pies os considero. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco, diréis mejor, diestro de manos. |  | | Acudió la justicia, el caballero |  | | fugitivo midió los aires vanos. | 335 | | Suelen llamar *las once mil de acero* |  | | los que escriben de casos inhumanos |  | | a los jacos de malla, y hoy lo creo, |  | | pues que por su favor libre me veo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tarde es para llamar, y Dorotea | 340 | | nos dijera quién es, pues no es posible |  | | que tan celoso su galán no sea, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | necio en llamar y en esperar terrible. |  |  |  |  | | El alba con celajes hermosea |  |  |  |  | | el campo de los cielos apacible; | 345 |  |  |  | | huyendo de sus rayos las estrellas, |  |  |  |  | | que como sale el sol, se esconden ellas. |  |  |  |  | | Entraos en vuestra casa, que en sabiendo |  |  |  |  | | quién es este celoso mal sufrido, |  |  |  |  | | o iremos la venganza previniendo | 350 |  |  |  | | (aunque él es hasta agora el ofendido), |  |  |  |  | | o con firme amistad reconociendo |  |  |  |  | | su antigüedad, pondréis en justo olvido |  |  |  |  | | Amor, que aun no ha llegado a ser infante, |  |  |  |  | | pues sois, en esperando, tierno amante. | 355 |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdonadme el llamaros tan aprisa, |  | | que no por primo, por amigo os llamo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El aurora otra vez con mayor risa, |  | | bajando el ruiseñor del nido al ramo, |  | | que sale ya la gente nos avisa. | 360 | | Hoy vendré a veros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya sabéis que os amo, |  | | y más agora que mi padre aguarda |  | | que seáis primo y marido de Lisarda. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh tiempo, si trujeses este día |  | | de la dispensación! ¡Oh Roma! ¡Oh cielo! | 365 | | ¡Oh, sagrada ciudad! ¿Quién te desvía, |  | | que no te alcance de mi amor el vuelo? |  | | Durmiendo estás aquí, Lisarda mía, |  | | cuando yo por tus ojos me desvelo. |  | | ¡Oh, sol despertador de los mortales! | 370 | | Pues que duerme mi sol, ¿por qué no sales? |  | | Despierta, que te aguardan tantas flores, |  | | hermosa aurora, y tantas fuentes puras, |  | | unas piden cristal, otras colores; |  | | ¿quién duda, estrellas, que estaréis seguras? | 375 | | Dulces calandrias, pájaros cantores, |  | | que el pico suspendéis, noches obscuras, |  | | despertad a Lisarda, que a Lisarda |  | | la flor, el agua, el ave, el alma aguarda. |  | | Despierta a mi dolor, dulce señora, | 380 | | huye de mi temor la noche fría |  | | si tuviera esos ojos el aurora, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | jamás durmiera y siempre fuera día |  |  |  |  | | si estuviera contigo quien te adora, |  |  |  |  | | sus ansias, sus amores, su porfía | 385 |  |  |  | | no permitieran sueño a tus estrellas. |  |  |  |  | | Mirándose estuviera el alma en ellas. |  |  |  |  | | ¿Cuál hombre agora fuera tan dichoso |  |  |  |  | | que durmiera en tu casa desvelado? |  |  |  |  | | Oh, ¡quién fuera jardín, Jasón famoso, | 390 |  |  |  | | del fruto de tus árboles dorado! |  |  |  |  | | Mas, ¡ay, que vive Prometeo ingenioso, |  |  |  |  | | por atrevido en un peñasco atado! |  |  |  |  | | ¡Ay Dios, si cerca ya de tu aposento |  |  |  |  | | escuchara tu voz, tu dulce acento! | 395 |  |  |  | | Celos tengo de mí, que imaginando |  |  |  |  | | que hay hombre alguno dentro, estoy celoso, |  |  |  |  | | y soy yo mismo, porque el alma entrando |  |  |  |  | | allá me tiene en forma de tu esposo. |  |  |  |  | | Alma, ¿quién esta dentro? Tú, que hablando | 400 |  |  |  | | con ella estás tan tierno y amoroso. |  |  |  |  | | Vamos, amor, que aunque me voy bien puedo |  |  |  |  | | dormir seguro, pues que dentro quedo. |  |  |  |  | |  |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase, y salen DON BERNARDO y SANCHO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Buena noche. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toledana. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Peor fuera estando presos. | 405 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya doña Aurora celeste |  | | clarifica el aposento, |  | | y le dan el parabién |  | | los pájaros de ese huerto, |  | | chillando por los tejados | 410 | | tantos gorriones nuevos, |  | | que parece que nos llaman. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdidos amanecemos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En una huerta del Prado |  | | bebió largo un estranjero, | 415 | | y en la puerta de Alcalá |  | | se lo dejaron sus deudos. |  | | Los coches que se partían |  | | al anochecer, creyendo |  | | que entre muchos que allí aguardan | 420 | | sentados, era uno dellos, |  | | dijéronle que se entrase |  | | con los demás, los cocheros; |  | | lo que él hizo, sin saber |  | | si era coche o aposento. | 425 | | Durmió como niño en cuna, |  | | y a la mañana, despierto, |  | | preguntaba por su casa, |  | | de los amigos creyendo |  | | que le llevaron en coche | 430 | | hasta que del coche el dueño |  | | pedía el dinero a voces. |  | | El estranjero, diciendo |  | | que le volviese a Madrid, |  | | pues sin causa ni concierto | 435 | | le trujeron a Alcalá, |  | | estando en Madrid durmiendo. |  | | Los que a las voces se hallaron, |  | | celebraron el suceso, |  | | y dándole la ropilla | 440 | | para prenda del dinero |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | del porte, volvió a Madrid |  |  |  |  | | a pie, desnudo, sin cuello, |  |  |  |  | | sin zapatos, sin espada, |  |  |  |  | | sin comer y sin sombrero. | 445 |  |  |  | | No pienso que es necesario |  |  |  |  | | decir que este mismo sueño |  |  |  |  | | nos ha pasado a los dos: |  |  |  |  | | tú con el vino de celos |  |  |  |  | | y yo siguiendo tus pasos, | 450 |  |  |  | | pues nos hallamos despiertos, |  |  |  |  | | como el otro en Alcalá, |  |  |  |  | | en casa de un caballero, |  |  |  |  | | que si nos pidiese el porte, |  |  |  |  | | por ventura volveremos | 455 |  |  |  | | más desnudos a la calle. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien has aplicado el cuento, |  | | como yo hubiera dormido, |  | | que toda la noche en peso |  | | he pasado en desatinos. | 460 | | Las historias revolviendo |  | | de Dorotea, a quien ya |  | | como al demonio aborrezco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Al demonio? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, y aun más. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tan presto? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es presto, | 465 | | porque un agravio en amor |  | | son muchos años de tiempo. |  | | Al estranjero que dices |  | | imito, en que anocheciendo |  | | mis celos en Dorotea, | 470 | | hoy en Lisarda amanezco; |  | | ¡con qué gracia se quitaba |  | | las rosas de los cabellos |  | | con el marfil de las manos, |  | | y las joyas que poniendo | 475 | | iba en aquel azafate! |  | | ¡Qué airoso talle, qué cuerpo! |  | | Cuando se quitó la ropa, |  | | quedó como un ángel bello |  | | en la almilla. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, por Dios, | 480 | | que a ponerle un candelero |  | | y unas alas, no podía |  | | ser más propio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al fin me quejo |  | | de ti, por cuyo broquel |  | | no pasó de almilla adentro; | 485 | | que si no es por el ruido, |  | | ya despejaba el manteo |  | | y se quedaba de ninfa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te quejes, que no es bueno |  | | verlas en paños menores, | 490 | | adonde lo más es menos, |  | | que en mujeres y empanadas[1](javascript:void(null);) |  | | del figón, hay mucho queso. |  | | Una vez compré un besugo |  | | tan pequeño, en pan tan hueco, | 495 | | que dije, alzando la capa: |  | | «¿qué haces aquí, pigmeo?», |  | | y me respondió con risa: |  | | «Soy engaña-majaderos, |  | | que compran lo que no ven, | 500 | | y afirman lo que no vieron». |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿esta mala noche, |  | | Sancho, pasaste durmiendo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, engañado estás, |  | | que en no cenando, no duermo. | 505 | | Por todo este gabinete, |  | | o tocador, que así creo |  | | que se llama en Francia, adonde |  | | tienen las damas su espejo |  | | y aderezo de matar, | 510 | | porque sus blancos aceros, |  | | broqueles, rodelas, jacos, |  | | son las rosas de Toledo, |  | | los jazmines del Gran Turco, |  | | los moldes y otros enredos. | 515 | | Aunque ya quiero callar, |  | | que no meterme profeso |  | | en lo que introduce el uso, |  | | o sea malo, o sea bueno. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Digo pues, señor, que anduve | 520 |  |  |  | | buscando con mucho tiento, |  |  |  |  | | entre catres y escritorios |  |  |  |  | | algo que comer, y veo |  |  |  |  | | un bote que presumí |  |  |  |  | | jalea, destapo y pruebo | 525 |  |  |  | | y he pensado reventar. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Era algún embeleco |  | | de aceite de mata y lirios, |  | | limón y claras de huevos, |  | | o cosas tan endiabladas | 530 | | que parece que me dieron |  | | tártago, o si hay otra cosa |  | | más amarga, fuera desto. |  | | Hallé en una escribanía |  | | un papel, y aquí le tengo. | 535 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Papel? Muestra, que ya el sol, |  | | por ver si Lisarda dentro |  | | de su tocador está, |  | | para consultar su espejo, |  | | acecha por los resquicios. | 540 | | *(Lea)* |  | | Letra es de hombre; escucha atento: |  | | «Prima de mis ojos...» |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Malo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La «prima», Sancho, era bueno, |  | | lo malo es lo «de mis ojos». |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Di adelante. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya tenemos | 545 | | la dispensación. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Detente. |  | | ¡Vive Dios que es casamiento, |  | | y traen dispensación, |  | | porque deben de ser deudos! |  | | Errado habemos el lance | 550 | | y el camino si volvemos |  | | de Alcalá a Madrid tan tristes. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Pena me ha dado. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué haremos, |  | | si ha puesto el bordón por prima? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gran falta en tal instrumento. | 555 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quedo, que siento la llave. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ya siento que me ha muerto |  | | con espada de papel. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale INÉS)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buenos días, caballeros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué mejores, bella Inés, | 560 | | que entrando vós por aurora? |  | | ¿Qué hace el sol? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, mi señora? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El sol destos ojos es. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya está vestida, y su hermana |  | | y ella se quieren tocar, | 565 | | dicen que les deis lugar, |  | | que pues es tan de mañana |  | | podréis salir sin que os vean. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No podré volver a ver |  | | estas damas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Podrá ser, | 570 | | que pienso que lo desean. |  | | Toda la noche han estado |  | | hablando de vós las dos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿De mí? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De vós, que de vós |  | | están las dos con cuidado. | 575 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hase visto en rosa pura |  | | tal amanecer de Inés? |  | | ¡Bien haya lo que no es |  | | artificio en la hermosura! |  | | ¿Hase visto esta mañana? | 580 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisonjas, Sancho, en ayunas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te dijera ningunas, |  | | a no ser verdad tan llana, |  | | que con hambre no hay amor |  | | que aliente a buenos efetos. | 585 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno estás para concetos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y para almorzar mejor. |  | | ¿No cortarás de un tocino |  | | alguna lonja que suene |  | | en la sartén? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi ama viene. | 590 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale LISARDA)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amaneced, sol divino |  | | en los ojos que han pasado |  | | tal noche. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fue mejor |  | | la mía, con el temor |  | | a que me habéis obligado, | 595 | | y creed que me ha pesado |  | | de la descomodidad. |  | | Fuerza ha sido, perdonad, |  | | que huésped que él se convida, |  | | es fuerza que la comida | 600 | | la busque en la voluntad. |  | | Salid, señor don Bernardo, |  | | antes que entre más el día, |  | | que, por quien veros podría, |  | | justamente me acobardo; | 605 | | que hacen hombre mozo y gallardo, |  | | y a tal hora es ocasión |  | | que ofenderá mi opinión; |  | | que hay vecino que por gala |  | | lo menos vive en la sala | 610 | | y lo más en el balcón. |  | | Tened agradecimiento |  | | a quien entraros dejó |  | | donde ninguno llegó |  | | a poner el pensamiento, | 615 | | que el mío de ver mi intento |  | | tiene tan perdido el brío, |  | | que de verlo desconfío, |  | | con más valor del que os muestra, |  | | si bien es la culpa vuestra | 620 | | y el atrevimiento mío. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La aurora y el sol, señora, |  | | salen por hacer vivir |  | | los hombres, vós en salir |  | | para despedirme agora, | 625 | | ni parecéis sol, ni aurora, |  | | pero pues ya lo sois mía, |  | | ¿qué temor os desconfía, |  | | si vuestra luz considera, |  | | pues aunque de noche fuera, | 630 | | por fuerza saldré de día. |  | | Ya pagaré la posada, |  | | como nadie la pagó, |  | | pues por lo que no durmió, |  | | el alma dejó empeñada. | 635 | | Toda estuvo desvelada |  | | en vuestros bellos despojos, |  | | dándoles dulces enojos |  | | el veros cerca también, |  | | porque nadie durmió bien | 640 | | dándole el sol en los ojos. |  | | Y así, con esta atrevida |  | | imaginación turbada, |  | | que por pared tan delgada |  | | pasaba a veros dormida, | 645 | | estuvo tan divertida |  | | el alma en lo más perfeto, |  | | que es fuerza cómo hace efeto |  | | la fuerte imaginación. |  | | Pedir, señora, perdón | 650 | | de que os perdiese el respeto. |  | | Dejó mi atrevimiento |  | | que mi alma cuerpo fuera, |  | | porque la pared pudiera |  | | pasar como el pensamiento, | 655 | | que si el pensamiento, atento |  | | a lo que intenta gozar, |  | | queriéndose transformar |  | | en hombre, pudiera ser, |  | | no hubiera hermosa mujer | 660 | | que se pudiera guardar. |  | | No hay llave, puerta o rigor |  | | que a lo imaginado asombre; |  | | que de pensamientos de hombre, |  | | ¿qué mujer guardó su honor? | 665 | | Que no ha menester favor |  | | para entrar el pensamiento |  | | al más guardado aposento, |  | | si bien se engañan después, |  | | porque como viento es, | 670 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | también lo que goza es viento. |  |  |  |  | | Yo estuve, espíritu en fin, |  |  |  |  | | como al sol el tornasol, |  |  |  |  | | mirando dormido al sol, |  |  |  |  | | entre clavel y jazmín. | 675 |  |  |  | | Y dice: «Tal serafín |  |  |  |  | | será fin de Dorotea, |  |  |  |  | | porque no hay cosa más fea |  |  |  |  | | que amar después del agravio, |  |  |  |  | | ni pensamiento más sabio | 680 |  |  |  | | que el que se muda y se emplea. |  |  |  |  | | Mas como quien llega tarde |  |  |  |  | | posada no suele hallar, |  |  |  |  | | y parte sin descansar |  |  |  |  | | antes que la luz aguarde, | 685 |  |  |  | | estoy, señora, cobarde, |  |  |  |  | | porque como no dormía, |  |  |  |  | | mirando me entretenía |  |  |  |  | | vuestro tocador, y en él |  |  |  |  | | hallé, señora, un papel | 690 |  |  |  | | en que mi muerte venía. |  |  |  |  | | Que si en el primer renglón |  |  |  |  | | que la vela le encendiese, |  |  |  |  | | y porque más presto fuese, |  |  |  |  | | lleguele a mi corazón. | 695 |  |  |  | | ¡Oh, engaño de mi pasión! |  |  |  |  | | ¡Oh, qué necia confïanza! |  |  |  |  | | ¡Oh, qué burlada esperanza!, |  |  |  |  | | pues que por quemarle a él |  |  |  |  | | ardió el corazón en él | 700 |  |  |  | | y se trocó la venganza. |  |  |  |  | | Ya sé que os casáis, ya sé |  |  |  |  | | que no tengo que esperar, |  |  |  |  | | que me tardé en caminar, |  |  |  |  | | y otro en la posada hallé, | 705 |  |  |  | | mas ya que desdicha fue, |  |  |  |  | | por suerte dichosa estimo |  |  |  |  | | con que a padecer me animo, |  |  |  |  | | aunque parto descontento, |  |  |  |  | | que estuve en vuestro aposento | 710 |  |  |  | | primero que vuestro primo. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | Papel mostrad. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no, |  | | pues ya sabéis del papel |  | | el dueño y lo que hay en él. |  | | Apenas lo he visto yo, | 715 | | basta saber que llegó |  | | la dispensación que espera |  | | vuestro primo. ¿Quién dijera |  | | que en tan breves ocasiones, |  | | de donde vienen perdones | 720 | | mi muerte injusta viniera? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Bernardo, yo no pude |  | | lo por venir prevenir, |  | | ni hay ciencia en lo por venir |  | | que las desventuras mude. | 725 | | Ya no hay qué tema o qué dude. |  | | Fuerza es casarme, no sé |  | | qué os diga, solo diré |  | | que aunque mi primo merece |  | | mucho, no me lo parece | 730 | | después que os vi y os hablé. |  | | Mi padre tiene este gusto, |  | | no soy la primera yo |  | | que la obediencia obligó |  | | a casarse con disgusto. | 735 | | Sea justo o no sea justo, |  | | ya es fuerza ser su mujer, |  | | y digo bien, que ha de ser |  | | fuerza, por fuerza, el casarme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué de cosas a matarme | 740 | | se juntan! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué puedo hacer? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me volveré a Sevilla, |  | | y su río aumentaré |  | | con lágrimas, o seré |  | | peña de su verde orilla. | 745 | | Adiós, generosa villa, |  | | no para mí, que me has muerto, |  | | pues el casamiento es cierto |  | | de Lisarda. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quisiera, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Bernardo, que no lo fuera. | 750 |  |  |  | | Idos, que es tarde. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No acierto. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entra FLORELA)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Estáis locos! ¿Cómo estáis |  | | tan ciegos, desta manera |  | | que no veis que es medio día? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que es medio día, Florela? | 755 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La dulce conversación |  | | no sabe que el tiempo vuela, |  | | hurta a la vida las horas |  | | sin que la vida lo sienta. |  | | Ya no es posible salir, | 760 | | don Bernardo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni quisiera |  | | eternamente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, hermana, |  | | dado me has notable pena! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De comer pide mi padre. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo también lo pidiera | 765 | | si estuviera entre cristianos, |  | | pues no ha pasado cuaresma |  | | por mí como desde ayer. |  | | Pienso que si me pusieran |  | | sobre cualquiera color, | 770 | | eso mismo pareciera. |  | | Camaleón soy, Inés. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto comerás, espera. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Presto comerás? ¿Soy niño |  | | cuando viene de la escuela? | 775 | | Mira que rabio, y con rabia |  | | tienen sacada licencia |  | | los perros para morder, |  | | los pobres y los poetas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, ¿no podré salir? | 780 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Verte nuestro padre es fuerza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay sino esperar la noche. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En eso, Lisarda, aciertas, |  | | que es imposible salir, |  | | si no es que todos lo vean. | 785 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al tocador, caballeros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Al tocador? ¿No pudiera |  | | ir a la cocina yo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra desollado, entra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Tú me desuellas. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, | 790 | | pues te vas con la pelleja. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entra y cierra, Inés. No sé |  | | qué habemos de hacer, Florela, |  | | para que secretamente |  | | coma esta gente, que es fuerza. | 795 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eso no te dé cuidado, |  | | pero pedirte quisiera |  | | una merced. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te puedo |  | | negar, que posible sea? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mañana te has de casar. | 800 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dios sabe lo que me pesa! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Bernardo es hombre noble, |  | | rico y de gallardas prendas; |  | | hablarle yo no es razón; |  | | tú, pues esta tarde quedas | 805 | | en casa, puedes decirle |  | | que no se vaya a su tierra, |  | | que holgarás, pues no ha de ser |  | | tuyo, que yo le merezca, |  | | para que seáis cuñados, | 810 | | que me hable y que me quiera, |  | | que me sirva y que me escriba, |  | | que tú sabes, que tú piensas |  | | que le tengo inclinación, |  | | con otras cosas más tiernas, | 815 | | porque nunca son culpadas |  | | inclinaciones honestas, |  | | que con esto que tú harás |  | | como quien es tan discreta, |  | | harás de una hermana, esclava. | 820 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo lo haré para que entiendas, |  | | Florela, lo que te quiero, |  | | pues quiero también que sepas |  | | que te doy, celosa, un hombre |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que algún cuidado me cuesta, | 825 |  |  |  | | que con esto, por lo menos, |  |  |  |  | | negociaré que le vea. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | Dame tus manos. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, engaños |  | | de amor, Ulises, sirenas, |  | | peligros del mar, en quien | 830 | | la misma razón se anega, |  | | y las potencias del alma |  | | que se han de correr tormenta! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | | |  |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen LUCINDO, OTAVIO y MENDO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto sabréis el dueño, cuyos celos |  | | ocasionar pudieron vuestra muerte, | 835 | | a ser aquel acero menos fuerte, |  | | si algún amor os tiene Dorotea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agradezco a los cielos |  | | la dicha que he tenido, |  | | pero no es menester que el amor sea | 840 | | por quien sepa quién es aquel celoso, |  | | sino ser ya para los dos forzoso |  | | ser el aborrecido, y yo querido, |  | | que la mayor venganza del que es sabio |  | | es olvidar la causa del agravio. | 845 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal sabéis vósla tema de los celos. |  | | Abrasarán los yelos |  | | más fríos de la Scitia, y en la zona |  | | que el sol jamás visita, |  | | harán arder a Troya. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No permita | 850 | | amor, si agravios del honor perdona, |  | | que vuelva a la amistad de Dorotea, |  | | que si os digo verdad, solo desea |  | | mi alma en su porfía, |  | | que deje de ser suya, siendo mía. | 855 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llama, Mendo, a esa puerta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué tengo de llamar estando abierta? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tal miedo habrá tenido vuestra dama, |  | | que no quiere cerrar, porque si llama |  | | halle la puerta abierta, | 860 | | o vino acaso y derribó la puerta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues trujiste linterna, llega Mendo |  | | y entra sin miedo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy, señor, temiendo |  | | algunos bultos, que el portal podría |  | | tener en sombra envueltos. | 865 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí tendrás a tu favor resueltos |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | dos hombres. Entra. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | Voy. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que fantasía |  | | es hoy la de mujer tan recatada, |  | | la más parte pasada |  | | de la noche, tener la puerta abierta? | 870 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estar, Lucindo, de la puerta cierta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo vengo a vengar, determinado, |  | | el deshonor pasado, |  | | y hacer que Dorotea |  | | más bravo a mí que a su galán me vea. | 875 | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vuelve MENDO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | La casa está segura. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No dijiste |  | | que estábamos aquí? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dionos licencia |  | | de entrar a visitarla. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con paciencia, |  | | que solo el aire las paredes viste. |  | | No hay más que algunos clavos por el suelo, | 880 | | reliquias y despojos de mudanza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temor de la justicia, ¡vive el cielo!, |  | | fue causa de mudarse. ¿Qué esperanza |  | | me queda ya de verla? Pero creo |  | | que ha de ayudar amor a mi deseo. | 885 | | Aquí tiene una amiga, y ser podría |  | | que estuviese con ella. |  | | No es lejos, esperadme. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si de día |  | | viniera a saber della, |  | | pudiera remediar, con verle vivo, | 890 | | el temor excesivo |  | | que tuvo de su muerte, |  | | porque en Madrid es fuerte |  | | el primero rigor de la justicia, |  | | y de algunos ministros la cudicia. | 895 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hará, Mendo, a tales horas |  | | mi Lisarda? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu Lisarda |  | | estará agora durmiendo, |  | | porque son las doce dadas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con eso se borda el cielo | 900 | | de tantas puntas de plata, |  | | porque como duerme el Sol, |  | | cubren sus cúpulas altas. |  | | No hubiera en su pabellón |  | | las guarniciones y franjas | 905 | | de sus diamantes, a estar |  | | sus estrellas desveladas. |  | | No se atreviera la Luna |  | | a ser de los cielos hacha, |  | | ni a sacar sus blancas pías | 910 | | en su carroza argentada, |  | | si mi luna de marfil |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | no suspendiera las blancas |  |  |  |  | | ruedas en que mueve amor |  |  |  |  | | el volante de dos almas. | 915 |  |  |  | | ¿Qué piensas, Mendo, que son |  |  |  |  | | aquellas negras pestañas? |  |  |  |  | | Lanzas que guardan las niñas |  |  |  |  | | que en dos camas de esmeraldas |  |  |  |  | | están durmiendo, que como | 920 |  |  |  | | son reinas, duermen con guarda. |  |  |  |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bravos disparates dices, |  | | solo te falta que añadas |  | | los monteros de Espinosa, |  | | y tudescas alabardas. | 925 | | Lo cierto será, señor, |  | | que estarán ella y su hermana |  | | soñando como doncellas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué soñarán? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que se casan. |  | | Que después que balbuciente, | 930 | | formando medias palabras |  | | y desata la edad la lengua, |  | | repiten *marido* y *taita*. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisarda, señora, bien |  | | no se dirá por Lisarda | 935 | | que los sueños, sueños son, |  | | pues nos casamos mañana. |  | | ¿Qué sientes de su belleza, |  | | de su donaire y su gracia? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que es discreta, como fea, | 940 | | y como hermosa, bizarra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sientes que me quiere mucho? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De la manera que ama |  | | el trigo el sol en agosto, |  | | la tierra en abril el agua, | 945 | | un avariento su hacienda, |  | | un extranjero su patria, |  | | y un marido a su mujer |  | | las primeras tres semanas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Habrá algún hombre en el mundo | 950 | | que con su talle y sus galas |  | | pueda parecerle bien? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y con su belleza rara |  | | de Adonis y de Jacinto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, balcones! ¡Oh, ventanas! | 955 | | ¡Oh, puertas! ¿Cuándo será |  | | noche, que estando cerradas |  | | no esté en la calle envidioso |  | | de la más humilde esclava? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Paso, señor, que han abierto. | 960 | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lucindo, fuera de casa, |  | | y salen dos hombres della. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | Caso estraño. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosa estraña. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen DON BERNARDO y SANCHO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sal presto, y tú cierra, Inés. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Parece, señor, que anda | 965 | | gente en la calle. Camina. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Salieron? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, sino el alba. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿De en cas de Alejandro? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno, |  | | y con rodelas y espadas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A tal hora y con rodelas? | 970 | | ¿Seguirelos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Lisarda |  | | no será galán, señor; |  | | Florela será culpada |  | | en aqueste desatino. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina pues, no se vayan, | 975 | | que lo tengo de saber, |  | | o me ha de costar el alma. |  | | | | | |
| **Jornada II** | | |
|  | | |
| *Salen OTAVIO y MENDO* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Bravo hombre! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cid Español! |  | | Mas ya que de vernos llora |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | sin dormir perlas la aurora, |  |  |  |  | | no se las enjugue el Sol. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No tendrá fuerzas el sueño | 5 | | para vencer el disgusto, |  | | porque solo con el gusto, |  | | es de las potencias dueño. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temerarias cuchilladas |  | | tiraba el hombre, por Dios. | 10 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se me fueran los dos, |  | | o mal o bien reparadas, |  | | a no haber imaginado |  | | en medio de la cuestión |  | | que ciertos señores son. | 15 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Señores? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que con cuidado |  | | pasan, Mendo, cada día |  | | por la calle de Lisarda. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Florela es dama gallarda, |  | | y por Florela sería. | 20 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esa duda y temor |  | | de tan súbito accidente |  | | no será amor tan valiente |  | | que no le venza el honor. |  | | No más Lisarda, esto es hecho. | 25 | | Rasgue la dispensación |  | | Alejandro, que no son |  | | burlas para un noble pecho. |  | | Si el mayor príncipe fuera |  | | el que la calle pasara, | 30 | | lo que el poder intentara, |  | | mi loco amor resistiera. |  | | Pero quien sale a las doce |  | | de la noche de su casa, |  | | pues me descasa y se casa, | 35 | | por muchos años la goce. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues cómo podrás cumplir |  | | la palabra que le has dado |  | | a Alejandro? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese cuidado |  | | se remedia con fingir | 40 | | que aguardo a don Juan, mi hermano, |  | | que como sabes está |  | | en Sevilla. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque será |  | | disculpa, es remedio en vano, |  | | porque con la dilación | 45 | | y el verte triste, darás |  | | causa que sospechen más. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes, con esta ocasión |  | | la tendré para saber |  | | si es Lisarda o si es Florela, | 50 | | procediendo con cautela |  | | para no darle a entender |  | | neciamente lo que vi, |  | | por ser mi sangre en efecto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es pensamiento discreto. | 55 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Llaman a la puerta? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues tan de mañana, quién? |  | | ¿Si es Lucindo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ser podría. |  | | Voy a verlo, pues del día |  | | nos viene a dar parabién. | 60 | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Suele en obscuro y tímido aposento |  | | sentir ruido un hombre desvelado, |  | | y más de honor que de valor armado, |  | | la causa examinar con miedo atento; |  | | pero llegando a donde solo el viento | 65 | | sus pasos repitía con alentado |  | | peligro, entonces abrazar turbado |  | | la sombra de su mismo pensamiento. |  | | Mas de otra suerte en ciega noche asombra, |  | | Lisarda, este ruido mis recelos, | 70 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que tiene cuerpo aunque parece sombra. |  |  |  |  | | Van donde suena el golpe mis desvelos, |  |  |  |  | | pero ofendido con razón se nombra |  |  |  |  | | quien topa agravios cuando busca celos. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vuelve MENDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es Lucindo el que a tal hora | 75 | | te busca, es un caballero, |  | | mas purga que forastero, |  | | pues que te busca a tal hora, |  | | que porque no es de hombres sabios, |  | | aqueste nombre le doy. | 80 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien hace, que enfermo estoy |  | | de calenturas de agravios. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Él y cierto Gandalín, |  | | que dicen ser sevillanos, |  | | vienen a besar tus manos. | 85 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, ya presumo el fin. |  | | Cartas de mi hermano son, |  | | Mendo, que en Sevilla está |  | | y adelante pasará |  | | ese hidalgo, y es razón | 90 | | que no pierda la jornada. |  | | Di que entre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya están aquí. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen DON BERNARDO y MENDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdonad si os ofendí |  | | con mi forzosa embajada, |  | | aunque pues estáis vestido | 95 | | no ha sido el agravio tanto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, señor, no me levanto, |  | | que esta noche no he dormido, |  | | ni tampoco me vestí, |  | | porque no me desnudé. | 100 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo (que después que llegué, |  | | ninguna, señor, dormí). |  | | Antes que de muchos sea |  | | visto, a visitaros vengo, |  | | porque algún peligro tengo | 105 | | de que la gente me vea. |  | | Esta me dio vuestro hermano, |  | | que con cuidado pusiese |  | | en vuestra mano y que fuese |  | | la respuesta por mi mano. | 110 | | Dos días ha que llegué, |  | | luego pregunté por vós, |  | | pero no pude, por Dios, |  | | visitaros, porque fue |  | | notable mi ocupación. | 115 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con vuestra licencia leo |  | | que en vuestro semblante veo |  | | que buenas las nuevas son. |  | | *(Lea)* |  | | «El señor don Bernardo de Cardona, que os dará esta, va a la Corte a un negocio en que os habrá menester. Servilde y regaladle con tanto gusto y cuidado que conozca que sois mi hermano, y sobre todo aposentalde en vuestra casa, porque yo lo estoy en la de sus padres, donde trato de casarme». |  | | No quiero pasar de aquí, |  | | que lo demás de la carta | 120 | | son negocios, y serviros |  | | es el de más importancia. |  | | Vós seáis muy bien venido, |  | | que antes de agora esperaba |  | | este día que ha traído | 125 | | a mi dicha mi esperanza. |  | | Aquí habéis de ser mi huésped, |  | | y no repliquéis palabra, |  | | que es inescusable oficio |  | | para obligaciones tantas. | 130 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | El negocio a que venís, |  |  |  |  | | ayudaré con el alma, |  |  |  |  | | con la vida, con la hacienda |  |  |  |  | | que menos que esto no basta |  |  |  |  | | a la noticia que tengo | 135 |  |  |  | | de lo que a don Juan regalan |  |  |  |  | | vuestros padres en Sevilla. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fuera, Otavio, acción ingrata |  | | no aceptar tanta merced; |  | | y porque ya mi jornada | 140 | | será tan breve que pienso |  | | que podría ser mañana, |  | | que el negocio a que venía, |  | | culpa de la misma causa, |  | | tuvo fin en el principio, | 145 | | con que es fuerza que me parta, |  | | que está en peligro mi vida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En tan súbita mudanza |  | | de pensamiento y suceso, |  | | permitid que fuerza os haga | 150 | | para saber la ocasión. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo negaros nada |  | | en tantas obligaciones, |  | | y porque de vuestra casa |  | | y de vós valerme es fuerza, | 155 | | antes que a Sevilla vaya, |  | | reduciré si es posible |  | | a un breve epítome tantas |  | | fortunas en una noche, |  | | que pudiera compararlas | 160 | | a los diez años de Ulises. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dejaréis más obligada |  | | nuestra amistad, que al favor |  | | y al secreto es cosa clara. |  | | Que al favor lo está mi pecho, | 165 | | y al secreto mi palabra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serví en Sevilla una mujer, Otavio, |  | | un ángel, una perla, una pintura |  | | de las que hicieron a su honor agravio, |  | | por la necesidad o la hermosura | 170 | | la edad primera, de quien dijo el sabio |  | | que la senda ignoró con tal locura, |  | | me puso en este loco pensamiento, |  | | que apenas conocí mi entendimiento. |  | | Siempre a su lado, como suele, andaba | 175 | | celoso ruiseñor el amor mío, |  | | yo por los verdes campos la llevaba |  | | ya en barcos enramados por el río. |  | | Las noches breves átomos juzgaba, |  | | en este dulce ángel de mi albedrío, | 180 | | porque llegando el sol a medio día, |  | | aun no pensaba yo que amanecía. |  | | Fuele forzoso, o fue invención hallada |  | | de alguna liviandad el ver la corte. |  | | Indias de la hermosura y embarcada | 185 | | siguió su gusto y yo también mi norte, |  | | porque el de una mujer determinada, |  | | ¿qué obligación habrá que la reporte? |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | O fue de cierta esclava mal consejo, |  |  |  |  | | de la luz de su sol escuro espejo. | 190 |  |  |  | | Seguila, en fin, que me llevaba el alma |  |  |  |  | | cual suele el tigre al cazador, y creo |  |  |  |  | | que en viéndome en Madrid, a un tiempo calma |  |  |  |  | | la obligación, el trato y el deseo, |  |  |  |  | | pocas veces amor llevó la palma | 195 |  |  |  | | de ausencia firme con ajeno empleo. |  |  |  |  | | Llamé una noche, y pienso que tan recio, |  |  |  |  | | que fui más que galán marido necio. |  |  |  |  | | Salió un hidalgo y respondió su espada, |  |  |  |  | | pero midió de una estocada el suelo. | 200 |  |  |  | | Suena justicia, y yo tierra sagrada |  |  |  |  | | hago una casa, y la prisión recelo, |  |  |  |  | | y por unas paredes, la turbada |  |  |  |  | | vida en las manos encomiendo al cielo; |  |  |  |  | | doy en un huerto, y dél en una sala, | 205 |  |  |  | | que encantamiento mi fortuna iguala. |  |  |  |  | | Por no cansaros, dos hermanas bellas, |  |  |  |  | | de ver tanta desdicha lastimadas, |  |  |  |  | | me ampararon discretas, y por ellas |  |  |  |  | | me libré de justicias y de espadas; | 210 |  |  |  | | y por guardar su honor, que son doncellas |  |  |  |  | | nobles, anoche y a las once dadas |  |  |  |  | | salí, no sé si diga enamorado, |  |  |  |  | | pero olvidado del amor pasado. |  |  |  |  | | ¿Quién duda que diréis que ya los cielos | 215 |  |  |  | | se mueven a piedad de don Bernardo? |  |  |  |  | | Pues allí comenzaron mis desvelos, |  |  |  |  | | si desta casa algún favor aguardo, |  |  |  |  | | porque dos hombres al salir, con celos |  |  |  |  | | me van siguiendo, y llega el más gallardo | 220 |  |  |  | | a preguntar quién soy, gentil pregunta, |  |  |  |  | | saqué la espada y respondió la punta. |  |  |  |  | | Esto fue anoche, y la ocasión ha sido |  |  |  |  | | de veniros a ver tan de mañana, |  |  |  |  | | que puedo ser por dicha conocido, | 225 |  |  |  | | pues quien mudable fue, será tirana. |  |  |  |  | | En vuestra casa quiero, aunque escondido, |  |  |  |  | | seguir la luz de una esperanza vana, |  |  |  |  | | sirviendo Otavio a quien el alma debe |  |  |  |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | tanto favor en término tan breve. | 230 |  |  |  | | Y no os maravilléis de ver que pasa |  |  |  |  | | el alma a otro sujeto sus despojos, |  |  |  |  | | pues amor es un veneno que traspasa |  |  |  |  | | el corazón, entrando por los ojos. |  |  |  |  | | Fénix nace mi amor, fénix se abrasa, | 235 |  |  |  | | las cenizas de celos y de enojos, |  |  |  |  | | produciendo venganzas y desvelos |  |  |  |  | | un ave amor, de las reliquias celos. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | ¿Hay suceso más estraño |  | | que este el caballero fue | 240 | | que seguí y acuchillé? |  | | ¿Hay más claro desengaño? |  | | Hoy a Lisarda perdí, |  | | disimular quiero aquí |  | | mi desdicha y confusión. | 245 | | Con notable admiración |  | | vuestras fortunas oí. |  | | De todo salisteis bien, |  | | que fue notable favor |  | | de la fortuna, y mayor | 250 | | tomar venganza también |  | | de aquella ingrata, por quien |  | | tantas desdichas tuvisteis; |  | | ¿pero cómo no supisteis |  | | de la dama que os libró | 255 | | el nombre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque temió |  | | la pregunta que me hicisteis, |  | | no quiso el nombre fiarme, |  | | porque de tanto favor |  | | pudiera ofender su honor, | 260 | | refiriéndole acabarme. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | *(Aparte)* | | Necio estoy en declararme; |  | | que podría ser sospechoso |  | | presumir que estoy celoso. |  | | Sin verle ha crecido el día | 265 | | tan gustoso me tenía |  | | vuestro discurso amoroso. |  | | En fin, ¿serviréis la dama |  | | que aquella noche os libró? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si nadie me conoció, | 270 | | ni lo publica la fama. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto olvida quien ama |  | | por lo primero que mira? |  | | Vuestra condición me admira. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuélvese el amor, Otavio, | 275 | | en ira con el agravio, |  | | y en la venganza la ira, |  | | pero no hay mayor venganza |  | | del agravio del discreto, |  | | que mudar a otro sujeto | 280 | | el amor y la esperanza. |  | | Que en sabiendo esta mudanza |  | | la dama que fue querida, |  | | envidiosa y ofendida |  | | suele volver a querer, | 285 | | que no hay pesar en mujer |  | | como verse aborrecida. |  | | Y yo sé que si vós veis |  | | desta dama la hermosura, |  | | que envidiaréis mi ventura | 290 | | y mi amor disculparéis. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venid y descansaréis |  | | de dos noches tan estrañas. |  | | ¡Oh, Lisarda! ¿Tú me engañas?, |  | | ¿Tú desleal? Pero miento, | 295 | | pues antes del casamiento |  | | me avisas y desengañas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué decís? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que como amigo, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | en todo pienso ayudaros. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo vida y alma fiaros, | 300 | | y a serlo vuestro me obligo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, celos, fiero enemigo! |  | | Mas sin razón me acobarda |  | | siendo tan bella y gallarda |  | | Florela, pues con cautela | 305 | | sabré si quiere a Florela |  | | o si me engaña Lisarda. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse los dos)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Vuesa merced cómo ha nombre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si oyó usancé decir |  | | quién es aquel escudero | 310 | | que topó con su rocín, |  | | yo soy el mismo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Sancho, |  | | ¿quién duda que de dormir |  | | estarás necesitado? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como de lluvias abril, | 315 | | poeta de consonantes, |  | | si es duro de digerir, |  | | las letras y villancicos |  | | de madre, morena y gil, |  | | de ser soberbio en romance | 320 | | quien es humilde en latín, |  | | y de no saber de todos |  | | quien sabe poco de sí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por comparaciones entras? |  | | Gusto tienes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre di | 325 | | en parecer conversado |  | | con gente palacieguil. |  | | Discreto pasta volante, |  | | que desde Guadalquivir, |  | | a pedir a Manzanares | 330 | | vengo el grado de sutil. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven y verás mi aposento, |  | | donde, aunque indigno de ti, |  | | honrarás cuatro colchones, |  | | menos tres, por no mentir. | 335 | | Sábanas hay, aunque están |  | | a lavar, que presumí |  | | siempre de lo que es limpieza. |  | | Almohadas..., nunca fui |  | | amigo de gollerías. | 340 | | Hay mesa, estampa, candil, |  | | peine, silla, limpiadora, |  | | calzador, y todo en fin |  | | para tu servicio Sancho. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como me viste venir, | 345 | | preveniste el aposento. |  | | ¿No hay algún guadamecí |  | | que cubra lo inexcusable? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Debes de ser zahorí. |  | | Téngole, y de buena mano, | 350 | | con la historia de David. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Tu nombre? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por una letra |  | | no soy el que por ahí |  | | ayuda a los que patean, |  | | y por Mengo, Mendo fui. | 355 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues Mendo o Mengo, camina, |  | | que de cierto serafín, |  | | más socarrona que grave, |  | | más dama que fregatriz, |  | | oro toda, toda perla, | 360 | | desde el moñazo al chapín, |  | | tengo después que contarte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | ¿El nombre? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Inés. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pesie a mí, |  | | que es Inés también la mía. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues podremos competir | 365 | | en sonetos, si los haces. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy del Parnaso arlequín. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y entra LISARDA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Flores de aqueste jardín, |  | | por donde entró don Bernardo, |  | | y en quien tornasol aguardo, | 370 | | al sol que ha de ser mi fin. |  | | Rosa, clavel y jazmín, |  | | que con vida más segura |  | | gozáis tan breve hermosura, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que en un mismo día hacéis | 375 |  |  |  | | de la cuna en que nacéis |  |  |  |  | | vuestra verde sepultura. |  |  |  |  | | Hablar con vosotras quiero, |  |  |  |  | | pues que tuvo mi alegría |  |  |  |  | | principio y fin en un día, | 380 |  |  |  | | y donde nacisteis muero, |  |  |  |  | | El mismo término espero, |  |  |  |  | | flor como vosotras fui, |  |  |  |  | | donde nacisteis nací, |  |  |  |  | | y si engañadas estáis, | 385 |  |  |  | | a saber lo que duráis |  |  |  |  | | aprended, flores, de mí. |  |  |  |  | | La luz de vuestras colores, |  |  |  |  | | la pompa de vuestras hojas, |  |  |  |  | | que azules, blancas y rojas | 390 |  |  |  | | retratan celos y amores, |  |  |  |  | | ¿por qué os desvanecen, flores? |  |  |  |  | | Si aviso y ejemplo os doy, |  |  |  |  | | que ayer fui lo que hoy no soy, |  |  |  |  | | y si hoy no soy lo que ayer, | 395 |  |  |  | | hoy podéis en mí saber |  |  |  |  | | lo que va de ayer a hoy. |  |  |  |  | | Como vosotras, fue cierto |  |  |  |  | | que dio mi esperanza flor, |  |  |  |  | | pero siempre las de amor | 400 |  |  |  | | tuvieron el fruto incierto. |  |  |  |  | | Áspid vino amor cubierto |  |  |  |  | | de vosotras, no le vi, |  |  |  |  | | matome y dejome así, |  |  |  |  | | para que quien hoy me vea | 405 |  |  |  | | tan diferente, no crea |  |  |  |  | | que ayer maravilla fui. |  |  |  |  | | Sois, con hermosas colores |  |  |  |  | | como las que viste amor, |  |  |  |  | | exhalaciones de olor, | 410 |  |  |  | | porque haya cometas flores. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Oh, fáciles resplandores |  |  |  |  | | a quien incitando estoy, |  |  |  |  | | pues hoy maravilla doy |  |  |  |  | | de ver que ayer, desde aquí, | 415 |  |  |  | | sombra al sol con lo que fui |  |  |  |  | | y hoy sombra mía no soy. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
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| *(Entra FLORELA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy en obligación, |  | | Lisarda, a tus diligencias; |  | | mejor eras para prima | 420 | | que para hermana y tercera. |  | | Bien hablaste a don Bernardo, |  | | bien el suceso lo muestra, |  | | bien lo afirma tu descuido, |  | | bien lo dice su respuesta, | 425 | | bien lo sienten mis deseos, |  | | bien te culpan mis sospechas, |  | | bien lo adevinan mis celos, |  | | bien lo sufre mi paciencia. |  | | Si fuera posible ser | 430 | | tuyo, si posible fuera |  | | no ser de Otavio, que ya |  | | las horas, Lisarda, cuenta |  | | para que seas su esposa, |  | | para que tu esposo sea, | 435 | | hallara tu amor disculpa; |  | | pero no siendo tan necia |  | | que porfíes cuando sabes |  | | que sin esperanza esperas, |  | | sucédele a tu deseo | 440 | | lo que a los barcos que reman |  | | contra corriente de río, |  | | que los vuelve con más fuerza |  | | el ímpetu de las ondas, |  | | no viendo la resistencia | 445 | | con las esferas del agua, |  | | pues cuando piensan que llegan |  | | a las riberas, están |  | | más lejos de las riberas, |  | | ya que no puede ser tuyo | 450 | | este caballero, deja |  | | que sea mío, Lisarda, |  | | cuando en Otavio te empleas, |  | | que si todas las mujeres |  | | aguardan a que las vean, | 455 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | las sirvan, las enamoren, |  |  |  |  | | las requiebren y pretendan, |  |  |  |  | | casaranse tarde o nunca; |  |  |  |  | | que si un platero a su tienda |  |  |  |  | | no sacase cada día | 460 |  |  |  | | las joyas y las cadenas, |  |  |  |  | | y las tuviese encerradas |  |  |  |  | | sin hacer más diligencia, |  |  |  |  | | como era posible hurtallas, |  |  |  |  | | era imposible vendellas. | 465 |  |  |  | | Cuantas cosas tiene España |  |  |  |  | | la mudanza las gobierna, |  |  |  |  | | el gusto las califica, |  |  |  |  | | la novedad las aprueba, |  |  |  |  | | los trajes se mudan y hacen | 470 |  |  |  | | que de otra nación parezcan |  |  |  |  | | los hombres, y entre estas cosas |  |  |  |  | | padece injurias la lengua. |  |  |  |  | | Agora se usan, Lisarda, |  |  |  |  | | mujeres de una manera, | 475 |  |  |  | | mañana se usarán de otra, |  |  |  |  | | y por esa diferencia |  |  |  |  | | importa no descuidarte |  |  |  |  | | tú, pues que ya te remedias |  |  |  |  | | y le tienes con Otavio, | 480 |  |  |  | | permite que yo le tenga. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién, Florela, imaginara |  | | de tu ingenio y de tu honor, |  | | que no casándome amor, |  | | tu necedad me casara? | 485 | | En lo que dice repara, |  | | porque si a Otavio le doy |  | | la mano, que ha de ser hoy, |  | | ¿cómo dices, en agravio |  | | de lo que merece Otavio, | 490 | | que de don Bernardo soy? |  | | Que si don Bernardo a mí |  | | tiernamente me miró, |  | | no tengo la culpa yo |  | | de que no te mire a ti. | 495 | | Tú, si le vieres, le di |  | | que estás dél enamorada; |  | | que yo a otra fuerza obligada, |  | | más quisiera ya tratar |  | | en descasar, que casar, | 500 | | y apenas estoy casada. |  | | De la riqueza incitado, |  | | que el rico indiano vio, |  | | pasar un hombre intentó |  | | el mar, que ya vio pintado, | 505 | | pero en mirando, admirado |  | | en las playas españolas, |  | | respetar las nubes solas, |  | | con tal temor huye dél, |  | | que aun presume que tras él | 510 | | vienen corriendo las olas. |  | | Yo, que apenas he llegado |  | | a la orilla del casar, |  | | aunque vi pintado el mar |  | | en otras que se han casado, | 515 | | tiemblo de mirarle airado |  | | y de llegar me arrepiento; |  | | huyo con el pensamiento |  | | si voy volviendo la cara, |  | | que aun presumo (cosa rara) | 520 | | que me sigue el casamiento. |  | | Mas como la voluntad |  | | de mi padre es un respeto, |  | | a quien forzada prometo |  | | obediencia y humildad, | 525 | | no quiere mi libertad |  | | usar su propio albedrío, |  | | y por eso no porfío |  | | aunque mi envidia sea |  | | que don Bernardo no sea | 530 | | tuyo, pues no ha de ser mío. |  | | Dirás que, ¿cómo atrevida |  | | al recato profesado, |  | | contra mi honor te he contado |  | | que por él estoy perdida? | 535 | | ¿No has visto en casa encendida |  | | arrojar manos villanas |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | riquezas que juzgan vanas?, |  |  |  |  | | pues así mi fuego amor, |  |  |  |  | | lo que guardaba mi honor | 540 |  |  |  | | arroja por las ventanas. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, Lisarda, yo creo |  | | (tan desdichada nací) |  | | lo que me dices aquí |  | | de tu bárbaro deseo. | 545 | | Solicitaré mi empleo |  | | sin ti, por darte pesar. |  | | A don Bernardo he de hablar, |  | | porque basta para hacer |  | | que yo sea su mujer, | 550 | | ser mujer y porfïar. |  | | Salmacis, ninfa de un río, |  | | vio bañándose a Androgeo, |  | | y encendida a su deseo, |  | | fugitivo a su desvío, | 555 | | porfïó, como porfío, |  | | tanto que de dos hicieron |  | | uno los dioses, y fueron |  | | Hermafrodito llamados, |  | | con que quedaron casados | 560 | | y jamás se dividieron. |  | | Pues yo sabré porfïar |  | | de suerte que en testimonio |  | | de mi amor, un matrimonio |  | | nos pueda a los dos juntar, | 565 | | sin podernos apartar; |  | | que aunque la muerte divida, |  | | será nuestra fe ceñida |  | | de tantos lauros y palmas, |  | | que juntando las dos almas | 570 | | tengamos eterna vida. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo, por esa intención, |  | | lo pienso estorbar de modo |  | | que no se junte en un todo |  | | cada parte de esa unión, | 575 | | que el Sol y la Luna son |  | | divinas luces del suelo, |  | | y en oponiendo su velo |  | | la tierra, cosa tan baja, |  | | la luz de los dos ataja, | 580 | | y dejan obscuro el cielo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te pusieses delante |  | | de mi sol, tierra envidiosa, |  | | con eclipses de celosa |  | | y con engaños de amante, | 585 | | con fuego haré que te espante, |  | | que cuando aquel gran farol |  | | vuelve a su propio arrebol, |  | | y la oposición destierra, |  | | la tierra queda por tierra, | 590 | | y el sol, como siempre, sol. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No querrá el Sol (yo lo sé) |  | | tenerte por Luna a ti, |  | | porque mirándome a mí, |  | | noche de mi luz te haré. | 595 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dices: noche seré, |  | | porque todas le verás |  | | conmigo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Engañada estás, |  | | que si es sol, y es prenda mía, |  | | haré todo el año un día, | 600 | | y no habrá noche jamás. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale LUCINDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para que estés advertida |  | | de que esta noche te casas, |  | | y para pedirte albricias, |  | | vengo a decirte, Lisarda, | 605 | | que es tan prevenido el novio, |  | | tal es su prisa y sus ansias, |  | | que ha traído hasta el padrino, |  | | y es huésped de nuestra casa, |  | | porque como es forastero, | 610 | | no quiere que della salga |  | | nuestro padre, por hacer |  | | lisonja a Otavio, que tantas |  | | obligaciones le tiene, |  | | que como ya su posada | 615 | | de Otavio ha de ser contigo |  | | en esta casa, y estaba |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | en la suya el forastero, |  |  |  |  | | era forzoso dejarla. |  |  |  |  | | Ya le aderezan un cuarto, | 620 |  |  |  | | aunque los dos se escusaban. |  |  |  |  | | Mas como nuestro Alejandro, |  |  |  |  | | lo cortés y el nombre iguala, |  |  |  |  | | no ha sido posible hacer |  |  |  |  | | que el forastero se vaya; | 625 |  |  |  | | tanto, que pienso que ha sido |  |  |  |  | | de Otavio invención gallarda |  |  |  |  | | para casar a Florela, |  |  |  |  | | porque es persona estremada |  |  |  |  | | de talle y entendimiento. | 630 |  |  |  | | Ellos vienen; tú Lisarda |  |  |  |  | | muestra, pues eres discreta, |  |  |  |  | | tu gusto, donaire y gala, |  |  |  |  | | por si ha de ser tu cuñado, |  |  |  |  | | en cuenta de la desgracia | 635 |  |  |  | | en que habéis de estar después, |  |  |  |  | | porque solo el nombre basta. |  |  |  |  | | Tú (por si ha de ser tu esposo) |  |  |  |  | | Florela, cortés le habla, |  |  |  |  | | no que le parezcas boba, | 640 |  |  |  | | que se volverá mañana, |  |  |  |  | | que pierde mucho al principio |  |  |  |  | | hablando mal una dama, |  |  |  |  | | que quien entra hablando bien, |  |  |  |  | | nadie le ha negado el alma. | 645 |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entren DON ALEJANDRO, DON BERNARDO, OTAVIO, SANCHO e INÉS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí, señor don Bernardo, |  | | están Lisarda y Florela. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya me alegra el dulce nombre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el dulce nombre me alegra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme, señoras, las manos. | 650 | | *(Aparte)* |  | | ¿Pero qué burlas son estas |  | | de mi fortuna, o qué sueños, |  | | que como verdades crea? |  | | ¿Dónde estoy? ¿Dónde he venido? |  | | La casa es esta, y las bellas | 655 | | damas donde estuve, cuando |  | | por la ingrata Dorotea |  | | maté aquel hombre. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O mis ojos |  | | con el alma efetos truecan, |  | | o es don Bernardo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Lisarda!, | 660 | | mis esperanzas se aumentan. |  | | Don Bernardo es el amigo |  | | de Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se pudiera |  | | fingir mayor suspensión; |  | | turbadas miran y atentas | 665 | | don Bernardo, Lisarda |  | | y Florela, y él a ellas. |  | | Pues yo... ¿qué dice de mí? |  | | Estrañas cosas ordena |  | | la fortuna; aun no es posible | 670 | | que mis justos celos sepan |  | | a cual de las dos se inclina. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es mucho que se suspenda, |  | | señoras mías, el alma |  | | mirando tanta belleza. | 675 | | Perdonad lo que he tardado, |  | | que ha sido amorosa fuerza |  | | de mis sentidos, en quien... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vive el cielo, que no acierta |  | | a hablar palabra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, | 680 | | no puede haber cosa nueva |  | | que os ofrezca en esta casa, |  | | pues ya la tenéis por vuestra. |  | | Mi hermana Florela y yo |  | | reconocemos la deuda | 685 | | de Otavio, que os ha traído |  | | adonde serviros pueda |  | | la voluntad de las dos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he visto en mi vida necia, |  | | sino es agora, a Lisarda. | 690 | | Válgame el cielo, si es ella |  | | la que a don Bernardo mira, |  | | que hablar mal y ser discreta |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | no pudiera ser amor, |  |  |  |  | | que más turba amor, que enseña. | 695 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amor, si tú hubieras sido |  | | cazadora, te dijera |  | | que Otavio lo ha sido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eran Lisarda y Florela |  | | perdices, trujo a mi amo | 700 | | por ventar para cogerlas, |  | | y en viéndolas, como el perro |  | | hasta la mano se queda |  | | suspenso, hasta que su dueño |  | | de la suya el halcón suelta, | 705 | | don Bernardo se ha quedado |  | | y Otavio de las pigüelas, |  | | del honor suelta los celos |  | | para averiguar sospechas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por quitar la confusión | 710 | | de todos, y que es tan nueva |  | | que no hay en la sala, Sancho, |  | | persona que no la tenga, |  | | ya en efeto estáis aquí |  | | y nuestra boda tan cerca, | 715 | | que es la mayor confusión; |  | | pero lo que fuere sea. |  | | Venme a ayudar a poner |  | | el cuarto donde aposenta |  | | Alejandro a tu señor. | 720 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, pero más quisiera |  | | que no hubiéramos venido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que abril tiene vueltas |  | | como marzo, y podrá ser |  | | que dé con la boda en tierra. | 725 | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse los dos, y entra MENDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El notario a los tres llama, |  | | y a la señora Florela. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  | | --- | | Vamos, Otavio. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A buen tiempo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho el huésped me contenta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo pienso que si en Sevilla | 730 | | se casa con doña Elena |  | | su hermano don Juan, que aquí |  | | hará Otavio de manera |  | | que don Bernardo se case |  | | con Florela. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solos quedan. | 735 | | Yo volveré cuando estén seguros. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin que me vean |  | | tengo de volver a ver |  | | lo que don Bernardo intenta. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y quedan DON BERNARDO y LISARDA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es posible que ha salido | 740 | | amor a ser invención, |  | | aunque con tal confusión |  | | que por ella me ha traído |  | | a tu casa, y que haya sido, |  | | Lisarda mía, de suerte | 745 | | que a tal tiempo venga a verte, |  | | que te cases y que yo |  | | te pierda? ¿Por qué me dio |  | | tal vida para tal muerte? |  | | Como el que soñó tesoro | 750 | | y las manos de oro llenas, |  | | podía llevarle apenas |  | | la noche. ¡Oh prenda que adoro! |  | | Que te vi, soñaba el oro; |  | | despierto lloro y incierto, | 755 | | pues cuando despierto advierto |  | | que el que en tus ojos soñé, |  | | perdí cuando desperté, |  | | pues a perderte despierto. |  | | Gran ventura hubiera sido | 760 | | venir, Lisarda, a tu casa, |  | | mas cuando Otavio se casa, |  | | no es dicha haberte perdido. |  | | Hoy ha de ser tu marido, |  | | y yo mañana saldré | 765 | | de Madrid, aunque veré |  | | que a Sevilla llegar pueda |  | | quien en tus ojos se queda |  | | y deja el alma en tu fe. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bernardo, desde aquel día | 770 | | que te vi con Dorotea, |  | | mi corazón te desea, |  | | mi vida es tuya, no es mía, |  | | pero la dura porfía |  | | de mi suerte, me quitó | 775 | | la libertad con que yo |  | | hiciera elección de ti; |  | | no tú me perdiste a mí, |  | | que yo soy quien te perdió. |  | | Suelen después del arado, | 780 | | en las más cubiertas lomas, |  | | buscar amantes palomas |  | | el trigo recién sembrado. |  | | Y con vuelo apresurado, |  | | llevarse el halcón la una, | 785 | | y la otra en tal fortuna |  | | quedar suspensa mirando |  | | por donde se fue volando |  | | sin esperanza ninguna. |  | | Y así, yo, con menos dicha, | 790 | | sin que a resistir me atreva, |  | | miro por donde te lleva |  | | a Sevilla mi desdicha. |  | | Solo con lágrimas dicha |  | | puede ser la resistencia | 795 | | de mi turbada obediencia. |  | | Ellas te la dicen ya, |  | | viendo que tan cerca está |  | | mi casamiento y tu ausencia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Solo un abrazo, mi amor, | 800 | | quisiera llevar de ti, |  | | por prendas de que te vi |  | | inclinada a mi favor. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Temo de Otavio el rigor, |  | | temo a Florela también; | 805 | | puede ser que nos estén |  | | mirando, que los amantes |  | | en acciones semejantes |  | | nunca piensan que los ven. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entra OTAVIO, acechando)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hablando están. Desde aquí | 810 | | tengo de ver si es Florela |  | | o si es Lisarda a quien ama. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entra FLORELA, por la otra parte)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde aquí, celosa y necia, |  | | que celos nunca negaron |  | | la condición que profesan, | 815 | | tengo de ver lo que hablan. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sabe el cielo si quisiera |  | | darte mis brazos, Bernardo, |  | | pero el temor no me deja. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entran SANCHO, e INÉS con una antepuerta de seda)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando de sedas tan ricas | 820 | | todo el aposento cuelgas, |  | | ¿esta antepuerta me das? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué tiene esa antepuerta? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por en medio está manchada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Manchada? | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Y aun rota. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muestra. | 825 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Tiéndela. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten de esa parte, |  | | y lo que dices me enseña. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(El uno de un lado, y el otro del otro la tienden, de suerte que tapan DON BERNARDO y a LISARDA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdona, que la ocasión |  | | me permite que me atreva. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, para darte los brazos, | 830 | | mi dicha me da licencia. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Maldita seas, Inés! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plegue al cielo que no tengas |  | | dicha. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con espacio están. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué miráis? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esta antepuerta. | 835 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues qué tiene? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dice Sancho |  | | que está rota, y que por ella |  | | entrará el aire. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pudo |  | | el aire de mis sospechas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevalda, necios, de aquí. | 840 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Desto, señora, te pesa? |  | | ¿Quieres tú que se resfríe |  | | (si por tantas partes entra) |  | | don Bernardo, mi señor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Como es Lisarda discreta, | 845 | | bien os habrá entretenido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes yo le he dado cuenta |  | | de mi jornada a Madrid |  | | y el amor de Dorotea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisarda es muy entendida. | 850 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Burlas, Florela? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De veras |  | | hablo, y tú me entiendes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos |  | | adonde mi padre espera, |  | | porque lo que han concertado |  | | sepan que ha sido en mi ausencia. | 855 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo fue en vuestro favor. |  | | ¿No hay que temáis? |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse. Quedan DON BERNARDO, SANCHO y INÉS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sancho, llega, |  | | dame tus brazos, tus pies |  | | también. ¡Bien haya la puerta, |  | | la antepuerta y las manos, | 860 | | que acaso, o sin caso en ellas |  | | estuvo tanto favor! |  | | Voy con ellos. La maleta |  | | abre con aquesta llave, |  | | saca cien escudos della | 865 | | y dalos a Inés. Tú, Sancho, |  | | mi vestido hasta las medias |  | | te pondrás. Adiós, adiós. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te parece la fiesta |  | | que hace a un favor quien ama? | 870 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, pero son diligencias |  | | en imposibles, si bien |  | | Lisarda pienso que piensa |  | | no digo ser de tu amo, |  | | por la amistad que profesa | 875 | | con Otavio, mas no ser |  | | de Otavio, y si a serlo llega, |  | | darle tal vida, que presto |  | | o la deje o la aborrezca. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hay en los campos de Orán | 880 | | unos moros, Inés bella, |  | | a quien llaman bencerrajes, |  | | que aquella noche primera |  | | que se casan, a la novia, |  | | ya que desnuda se acuesta, | 885 | | en vez de dulces amores |  | | azotan con unas riendas; |  | | y preguntando la causa |  | | un cautivo de mi tierra, |  | | le dijo un moro: «Cristiano, | 890 | | esto se hace por muestra |  | | de valor y valentía, |  | | porque si con tal fiereza |  | | tratan lo que más adoran, |  | | hieren lo que más desean, | 895 | | ¿qué harán con sus enemigos |  | | cuando vayan a la guerra?» |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Malditos sean los moros |  | | y las moras, que se emplean |  | | en esos bárbaros perros. | 900 | | ¡Yo azotes! ¡Y con sus riendas! |  | | No me casara en mi vida |  | | a ser mora, y me anduviera |  | | cinamoma por los montes, |  | | como en las Indias las negras | 905 | | cuando se van de sus amos; |  | | o me fuera, Sancho, a Meca |  | | a meter monja moruna. |  | | ¡Mal año quien tal supiera! |  | | Desposadas y azotadas | 910 | | y desnudas las desuellan. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues tú no ves que es costumbre? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por el siglo de mi abuela, |  | | que había, Sancho, de ser |  | | coneja de Inglaterra, | 915 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que con pellejo los asan, |  |  |  |  | | o armarme de todas piezas, |  |  |  |  | | valentía en el donaire, |  |  |  |  | | eso sí; mas, ¡con la hembra...! |  |  |  |  | | Cuando diera un desposado | 920 |  |  |  | | azoticos a su prenda, |  |  |  |  | | bueno está, mas, ¡riendas, Sancho! |  |  |  |  | | ¿Qué dejan para las suegras, |  |  |  |  | | si así tratan las mujeres? |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pensé que lo sintieras | 925 | | con tanta fuerza, perdona, |  | | y digo que Otavio queda |  | | obligado a Benaraje, |  | | para que Lisarda sepa |  | | que profesa valentía. | 930 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y tú, Sancho, ¿también fueras, |  | | si te casaras conmigo, |  | | lo que a Bernardo aconsejas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esa noche, Inés, mis brazos |  | | fueran riendas, mas si hicieras | 935 | | por qué... |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente, no lo digas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Aguarda. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | Mal año. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es, Sancho, el mejor jinete |  | | el que castiga la yegua. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues quién? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El que la regala, | 940 | | y solo en sus piensos piensa. |  | | | | |
| **Jornada III** | | |
|  | | |
| *Salen OTAVIO, LUCINDO y MENDO* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En quién como en don Bernardo |  | | puede hacer Florela empleo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre ha sido mi deseo |  | | que este mancebo gallardo |  | | fuese esposo de Florela, | 5 | | y le he cobrado afición. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Habladle con discreción, |  | | por si acaso le desvela |  | | la dama que de Sevilla |  | | le trajo a Madrid. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hará, | 10 | | que fuera quererla ya |  | | más error que maravilla. |  | | Sin esto en Florela veo |  | | nuevas señales de amor, |  | | que habrán nacido en rigor, | 15 | | no tanto del buen empleo, |  | | como de haberla mirado |  | | don Bernardo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que el principio de querer |  | | nace de ajeno cuidado. | 20 | | Amor sin ojos nació, |  | | y así, al basilisco fiero |  | | los hurtó, porque primero |  | | mata el que al otro miró. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo los he visto mirar | 25 | | con apacibles semblantes. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La vista es lengua de amantes. |  | | Ya habrán tenido lugar, |  | | por la dilación que ha puesto |  | | Lisarda en casarse. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tiene | 30 | | poca salud, mas ya viene |  | | mi padre, Otavio, dispuesto |  | | para que esta noche sea, |  | | y yo con feliz agüero, |  | | casar a Florela quiero, | 35 | | que pienso que lo desea |  | | quien tiernamente la mira. |  | | Voy a hablarle. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo me quedo |  | | a consultar con el miedo |  | | mi verdad y su mentira, | 40 | | que tengo yo que esperar, |  | | Mendo, en celos declarados, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | que son muy necios cuidados |  |  |  |  | | después de ver, sospechar. |  |  |  |  | | ¡Vive Dios que es fingimiento | 45 |  |  |  | | la enfermedad, o habrá sido |  |  |  |  | | de tristeza! Amor y olvido |  |  |  |  | | combaten mi pensamiento. |  |  |  |  | | Amor que a Bernardo tiene |  |  |  |  | | mi casamiento dilata. | 50 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te corresponde, ingrata, |  | | si esta noche le previene. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su engaño, su falsa fe, |  | | me helaron y me abrasaron. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué piensas que llamaron | 55 | | tirano a amor? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo sé. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque todo lo acobarda. |  | | Todos piensa que pretenden |  | | mandarle, todos le ofenden |  | | y, en fin, de todos se guarda. | 60 | | Siempre vive con sospecha, |  | | como es traidor y cruel. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo intento guardarme dél, |  | | pero poco me aprovecha. |  | | Ya Lisarda me aborrece | 65 | | por don Bernardo; yo fui |  | | la causa en traerle aquí. |  | | Como noche se entristece |  | | en viéndome a mí, y con él |  | | se alegra, claro testigo | 70 | | de que anochece conmigo, |  | | y que amanece con él. |  | | Con esto, Mendo, repara |  | | en lo que hará quien la adora, |  | | si tal noche y tal aurora | 75 | | está mirando en su cara. |  | | Como suele el tornasol |  | | sentir del Sol en ausencia |  | | la rubia circunferencia |  | | en que se retrata el Sol. | 80 | | Yo que miro en mis desvelos, |  | | escuro su resplandor, |  | | cierro las hojas de amor, |  | | y me desmayo de celos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, que viene aquí Sancho, | 85 | | que a mí también me ha ofendido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llámale, Mendo, Bellido, |  | | y seré yo el rey don Sancho. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entran SANCHO y INÉS, él trae un azafate con un tafetán)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Darás aqueste azafate |  | | a Lisarda, tu señora, | 90 | | que don Bernardo, mi amo, |  | | con voluntad generosa |  | | quiere alegrar la sangría. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien le debe esta lisonja, |  | | si la sangría es por él. | 95 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien lo siente, y bien lo llora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, si la vieras sangrar! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hubo desmayo de rosas? |  | | ¿Hubo «apriéteme quedito, |  | | morireme si no afloja | 100 | | la cinta, y píqueme cuanto |  | | baste a que la sangre corra», |  | | y otros melindres ansí? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hubo, con espada corta, |  | | que en dos vainas de marfil | 105 | | el acero blanco aforra |  | | una fuente de rubíes, |  | | de un brazo senda de aljófar, |  | | que de un monte de azucenas |  | | dio en una barca redonda. | 110 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, poética Inés. |  | | Yo creo tu cultilona |  | | musa, y que eres vocablista |  | | tengo por cosa notoria. |  | | Dale el azafate. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Adiós. | 115 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Hola, Inés, hola! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En las olas |  | | del mar dio el barco azafate; |  | | plega a Dios que no se rompa. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto que te dio Sancho? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé cierto, algunas cosas | 120 | | que don Bernardo la envía, |  | | que usan en la corte agora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es excelente persona |  | | don Bernardo, su nobleza |  | | vence toda ejecutoria. | 125 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto han de hacer los amigos |  | | por los amigos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Importa |  | | a conservar la amistad. |  | | Los buenos regalan y honran. |  | | ¿Darás licencia que quite | 130 | | el tafetán? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta y sobra |  | | que sea tu gusto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Banda? |  | | Bueno, ¿y con ella una joya? |  | | ¡Qué discreta prevención! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú a lo menos te desposas | 135 | | con ella, y no le das nada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Azafates de almas solas |  | | le envían mis pensamientos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien, que no hay cosa que coman |  | | las sangradas, como almas. | 140 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿En pena no? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ni aun en gloria. |  | | Hay mujer (y está en lo cierto) |  | | que quiere más una alcorza |  | | que cuatro canastas de almas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deshechas de amor las toman. | 145 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo creas, aunque vengan |  | | en gigote o pepitoria, |  | | que con almas invisibles |  | | ni se vende ni se compra. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Libro de memoria es este. | 150 | | Pues di, ¿libro de memoria |  | | es bueno para sangrías? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No entiendo de ceremonias. |  | | Descuido pienso que fue |  | | de Sancho. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si cantos y orlas | 155 | | fueran diamantes, pasara |  | | por joya rica y gustosa, |  | | pues sin adorno alguno |  | | sospecho, pues no le adorna, |  | | que es para escribir en él | 160 | | cómo recibe las joyas |  | | mejores, ante escribano. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con palabras misteriosas |  | | me hablas. Voy a llevarlas, |  | | que no sé qué te responda. | 165 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No digas que he dicho nada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo, por qué? | | *(Vase)* | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vete en buen hora. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Confieso que son tus celos |  | | justos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Lisarda alevosa! |  | | ¿Qué aguardo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alevosa no, | 170 | | que estar sin culpa la abona, |  | | y ser necio don Bernardo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues dónde quieres que ponga, |  | | o por qué cuenta, este libro |  | | de memoria, que a dos cosas | 175 | | puede servir: o a que escriba |  | | en él, y que él corresponda |  | | en el mismo a mis favores, |  | | o a ser empresa amorosa |  | | para decir que la tenga | 180 | | dél, pues ha de ser mi esposa. |  | | ¡Fuego del cielo en mi amor, |  | | si hubiese pasión tan loca |  | | que pusiese, con casarse, |  | | en aventura la honra! | 185 | | No más, basta que la mía |  | | de haber tenido se corra |  | | tal pensamiento Alejandro, |  | | a mi venganza perdona; |  | | que la he de intentar de suerte | 190 | | por ser tú mi sangre propia, |  | | que solo pare en desprecio; |  | | que en gente ilustre no es poca. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen LISARDA, con la banda, y FLORELA)* | |  |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es mandarme prevenir |  | | para la muerte. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hables, | 195 | | que son locuras notables |  | | las que empiezas a decir. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa, si he de morir? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira que te escucha Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay, Florela, amante sabio. | 200 | | No sé como este no siente |  | | en mí tan nuevo accidente, |  | | y en él tan notable agravio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envidia tengo, Lisarda, |  | | a quien con tal cortesía | 205 | | supo alegrar tu sangría, |  | | y tan justo premio aguarda. |  | | ¡Oh, cómo vienes gallarda |  | | con esa banda, en que ya |  | | descansando el brazo está | 210 | | de la fuerza y de la ira, |  | | con que tantas flechas tira, |  | | con que tantas muertes da. |  | | Aunque pierda yo tu abrazo, |  | | me alegra ver, dulce prenda, | 215 | | que se pase amor la venda |  | | desde los ojos al brazo. |  | | Llegó de su vista el plazo, |  | | ya ve el amor para ser |  | | más prudente en escoger | 220 | | los que importa que lo sean, |  | | y aun hace a muchos que vean |  | | lo que no quisieran ver. |  | | Ya mira con discreción, |  | | ya no tira amor atento, | 225 | | ya mira el merecimiento, |  | | ya estima la obligación, |  | | ya sabe hacer elección. |  | | Pero aunque importa mirar, |  | | ¿cómo es posible tirar | 230 | | teniendo el brazo sangrado? |  | | Y en esa banda acostado, |  | | no se querrá levantar. |  | | Amantes, ya no hay quien prenda, |  | | venid a pedir favor, | 235 | | porque tiene el brazo amor |  | | atado a su propia venda. |  | | No hayáis miedo que le estienda, |  | | ¿pero quién habrá que crea |  | | que esta dulce banda sea | 240 | | para encubrir su afición, |  | | cortina del corazón, |  | | porque nadie se le vea? |  | | Pues yo pienso que le he visto, |  | | y como toda la historia | 245 | | vi en un libro de memoria, |  | | a la de mi amor resisto. |  | | Nunca imposibles conquisto; |  | | que es locura, aunque de buenos, |  | | y no quiero, por lo menos, | 250 | | aventurar mi osadía, |  | | ni es justo que historia mía |  | | ande por libros ajenos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que no has sabido hacer, |  | | Otavio, quieres culpar; | 255 | | quien no me quiere alegrar, |  | | no me debe de querer. |  | | ¡Celos antes de mujer! |  | | Pero, ¿para qué tratas, |  | | hombre, de quien desconfías? | 260 | | Buscarle estuvo en tu mano, |  | | menos cuerdo y cortesano, |  | | y no alegrara sangrías. |  | | Si don Bernardo, tu amigo, |  | | ha sabido que esto es uso | 265 | | de la corte, y se dispuso |  | | a ser tan cortés conmigo, |  | | tus celos, crüel castigo |  | | a mi corazón le dan, |  | | que no es prenda de galán, | 270 | | antes ponérsela es |  | | como a sitial de tus pies, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | cubrirle con tafetán. |  |  |  |  | | Suele torcerse en la calle |  |  |  |  | | alguna dama el chapín, | 275 |  |  |  | | y ella detenerse a fin |  |  |  |  | | desea que el brazo halle, |  |  |  |  | | sin reparar en el talle |  |  |  |  | | algún hombre, y así enlazo |  |  |  |  | | mi brazo deste embarazo, | 280 |  |  |  | | no porque estimase yo |  |  |  |  | | la banda, por quien la dio, |  |  |  |  | | sino porque tenga el brazo. |  |  |  |  | | Mi sangre se ha de sentir, |  |  |  |  | | que cuando alegre y gallardo | 285 |  |  |  | | me la alegra don Bernardo, |  |  |  |  | | tú me la quieres pudrir. |  |  |  |  | | Que vuelvan, quiero pedir, |  |  |  |  | | a sangrarme, aunque rehuya |  |  |  |  | | el brazo de parte suya. | 290 |  |  |  | | Banda me manda traer, |  |  |  |  | | y esta servirá de ser |  |  |  |  | | la medida de la tuya. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te la quites, Lisarda, |  | | que no ha de esperar la mía, | 295 | | que en lo imposible porfía |  | | la noche que dueño aguarda. |  | | ¿Pero ya, qué me acobarda, |  | | cuando de quejas mayores, |  | | que celos de tus favores | 300 | | la media noche abiertas |  | | están hablando tus puertas, |  | | y deste jardín las flores? |  | | Pregúntale al tocador |  | | quién durmió en él, quién tenía | 305 | | por huésped, y todo un día |  | | mereciendo tu favor; |  | | y juzga tú si al honor |  | | lo del tocador le toca. |  | | Si así te tocas, ¿qué loca | 310 | | pasión podrás disculpar |  | | lo que se llega a tocar |  | | con las manos y la boca? |  | | Si por mí, Lisarda bella, |  | | Lisardo en tu casa está, | 315 | | primero salió de allá |  | | que yo le trujese a ella. |  | | Esto para dueño en ella |  | | me desmaya, y me desalma, |  | | me mata, y me tiene en calma, | 320 | | y no te admire el rigor, |  | | que tengo aquel tocador |  | | atravesado en el alma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, Florela, cumpliste |  | | la palabra y el deseo | 325 | | de intentar que don Bernardo |  | | fuese tuyo (¡estraños celos!), |  | | como si fuera ya mío, |  | | cuando es Otavio mi dueño. |  | | Pero no ha sido razón | 330 | | quererle por malos medios, |  | | contándole lo que estaba |  | | entre las dos tan secreto. |  | | ¿Tú eres hermana? ¿Tú, ingrata? |  | | ¿En qué Arabia, en qué desierto | 335 | | de Libia nacen más fieras, |  | | fieras que en tu pecho fiero? |  | | ¿Hay tal maldad, tal traición? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A satisfacer no acierto |  | | tu engaño, aunque de tu agravio, | 340 | | con justa causa me quejo. |  | | Pero de que no lo he sido, |  | | Lisarda, deste suceso, |  | | solo pongo por testigo |  | | al cielo, y le pido al cielo | 345 | | que aquí me quite en tus ojos |  | | la vida, si culpa tengo. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen LUCINDO, DON BERNARDO y SANCHO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estimo, señor Lucindo, |  | | la merced que me habéis hecho, |  | | y del señor Alejandro | 350 | | tan honroso ofrecimiento, |  | | que su hija, y vuestra hermana, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | merece más alto empleo, |  |  |  |  | | y yo le acetara a estar |  |  |  |  | | más libre, pero no quiero | 355 |  |  |  | | engañaros, que no es justo. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Sois casado? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es por eso. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues por qué? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque una noche |  | | maté, incitado de celos, |  | | un hombre en este lugar, | 360 | | y cuando temo estar preso, |  | | no viene bien que me case. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si está vivo ese muerto, |  | | ¿no os podéis casar? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si es vivo, |  | | puede ser, mas no lo creo. | 365 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | Bien podéis. | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, |  | | aunque dándome en el pecho |  | | aquella fuerte estocada, |  | | tomé posesión del suelo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Vósérades? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, que estaba | 370 | | con Dorotea. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora quiero |  | | daros mil veces mis brazos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué respondéis? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que lo acepto, |  | | en escribiendo a mis padres, |  | | que bien sabéis que no puedo | 375 | | sin su bendición y gusto. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sois hijo obediente, honesto. |  | | Allí están mis dos hermanas, |  | | pedirlas albricias quiero. |  | | Florela, ya estás casada. | 380 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que voy con esto |  | | a decir a nuestro padre |  | | que don Bernardo es tu dueño. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué súbito embajador! |  | | El parabién darle quiero | 385 | | a don Bernardo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lisarda, |  | | tu buen término agradezco, |  | | mas no vayas por mi vida, |  | | que tengo celos, y temo |  | | que desbarates la boda. | 390 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, yo te obedezco, |  | | hasta saber si dijiste |  | | a Otavio nuestro secreto, |  | | pero ¿no podré tratarle |  | | de otras cosas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A qué efecto? | 395 | | ¿Qué tienes tú que enviar |  | | a las Indias con sus deudos? |  | | Pues en la Contratación |  | | de Sevilla, mucho menos |  | | tienes negocios, Lisarda. | 400 | | Dame solo este contento |  | | de no hablarle, pues te queda |  | | después de casados tiempo |  | | para cuanto nos quisieres, |  | | después que no tenga celos, | 405 | | hacer merced a los dos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos, Florela, no quiero |  | | que pienses que yo te quito, |  | | como dices, tu remedio. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho que te has casado, | 410 | | si no es que estando más lejos |  | | de lo que quisiera estar, |  | | entendí mal lo que temo |  | | de tu fácil condición. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre fácil te parezco. | 415 | | El hombre muerto le puse, |  | | y de mi prisión el miedo |  | | por objeción a Lucindo, |  | | de no hacer el casamiento, |  | | masdíjome que era él. | 420 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya entendí todo el suceso. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No se puede responder |  | | a un casamiento propuesto |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | con libertad, que es agravio |  |  |  |  | | de la dama y de sus deudos. | 425 |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En el monte de Sanlúcar, |  | | que mira verdes cabellos |  | | de sus pinos, en las aguas |  | | del mar de España soberbio, |  | | cuando parten a las Indias | 430 | | los navegantes modernos, |  | | que cudiciosos del oro |  | | no ven los peligros ciertos, |  | | hay un gatazo, señor, |  | | que sentado en uno dellos | 435 | | está diciendo: «Tornau, |  | | tornau», sonando los ecos |  | | en las naves, con que muchos |  | | se desembarcan de miedo. |  | | Yo pues, señor, que te miro, | 440 | | yo pues, señor, que te veo |  | | por obligado embarcado |  | | en el mar deste concierto, |  | | y dentro del prodigioso |  | | galeón San Casamiento, | 445 | | desde el monte de mi amor, |  | | desde el pilar de mi celo, |  | | estoy diciendo: «Tornau, |  | | tornau, tornau, caballero», |  | | hecho gato de lealtad | 450 | | contra gatos de dinero, |  | | que donde es grande el peligro, |  | | nunca fue bueno el provecho. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fuera horror, como piensas, |  | | Sancho, sino grande acierto | 455 | | el casarme con Florela, |  | | lo que temo y lo que siento, |  | | lo que temo y lo que miro, |  | | lo que gano y lo que pierdo, |  | | lo que adoro, lo que olvido, | 460 | | lo que busco, lo que dejo, |  | | es el amor de Lisarda, |  | | que con saber que no puedo |  | | contrastar tanto imposible, |  | | todo se me abrasa el pecho. | 465 | | Díjele, Sancho, a Lucindo, |  | | que escribiría primero |  | | a mis padres, a Sevilla, |  | | por hallar en este medio |  | | remedio de no casarme. | 470 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De tu claro entendimiento, |  | | en la obligación que tienes |  | | al regalo que te han hecho, |  | | no pudo salir, señor, |  | | más ajustado y discreto. | 475 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | Inés viene. | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale INÉS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bella Inés, |  | | ¿qué quieres? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dalle a tu dueño |  | | este libro de memoria. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues no le hablas? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo |  | | que no tengo orden de arriba. | 480 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De arriba a abajo te quiero, |  | | pero parece que traes |  | | la faz a orza. ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | Desdichas. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo desdichas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¡Y qué desdichas! | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pucheros? | 485 | | Mira que soy sevillano. |  | | Declárate, porque luego |  | | clamoreen por el hombre; |  | | que desde aquí te prometo |  | | por el alma de Escamilla, | 490 | | que fue de los bravos duelo, |  | | una mohada y dos chirlos, |  | | y si repara a lo diestro, |  | | la conclusión y adiós. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | No puedo hablarte. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es eso, | 495 | | Sancho? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este libro me ha dado |  | | Inés, los ojos al sesgo. |  | | No sé lo que significa |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | tan notable sentimiento. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí en la primera hoja | 500 | | *(Lea)* |  | | dice: «Ya se ha descubierto |  | | cuanto ha pasado, y Otavio |  | | trueca en agravio sus celos. |  | | Mi honra y mi vida están |  | | en que salgáis luego, luego | 505 | | desta casa y de Madrid. |  | | Si me queréis como os quiero, |  | | dulce señor de mi vida, |  | | esto os suplico, esto os ruego. |  | | La triste Lisarda». |  | | ¡Ay triste! | 510 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Murió un señor deste reino, |  | | y la señora vïuda |  | | escribió a un encomendero |  | | labrador, que se llamaba |  | | Pero García, en un pliego, | 515 | | materia de sus negocios, |  | | y con aquel sentimiento |  | | firmó la triste duquesa; |  | | y el buen hombre, respondiendo |  | | a su carta y su tristeza, | 520 | | firmó la suya, diciendo: |  | | «el triste Pero García». |  | | Agora, señor, que veo |  | | firmar la triste Lisarda, |  | | que respondas te aconsejo, | 525 | | por igual dolor, el triste |  | | don Bernardo, que a tu ejemplo, |  | | si la triste Inés me escribe, |  | | el triste Sancho de Oviedo |  | | le respondo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Agora burlas? | 530 | | ¿Este es tiempo, majadero? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya lo veo yo, señor, |  | | que es de majaderos tiempo, |  | | porque no entiendo, ni sé |  | | cómo viven los discretos. | 535 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te diré cómo viven. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Callando y sufriendo. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Entran OTAVIO y MENDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Repórtate, señor, y no le hables |  | | con el rigor que dices, que no es justo, |  | | que sus acciones son menos culpables. | 540 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quieres que sufra yo tanto disgusto? |  | | ¿Cómo podré? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es esto, Otavio amigo, |  | | que me parece que venís sin gusto? |  | | Y cuando yo me voy, no iré conmigo, |  | | si no quedáis con él, que yo os deseo. | 545 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cómo que os vais? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que es forzoso os digo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues tan súbitamente, no lo creo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien lo podéis creer, pues no he podido |  | | escusar el peligro en que me veo, |  | | mozo en la Corte, nuevo y bien nacido, | 550 | | con padres y dinero, y Dorotea |  | | que promete mejor que andar perdido. |  | | Don Gonzalo de Córdoba desea |  | | que me vaya con él a esta jornada. |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | ¿Pues dónde un noble la nobleza emplea | 555 |  |  |  | | como sirviendo al Rey? Porque la espada |  |  |  |  | | mejor parece allí, que aquí tomando |  |  |  |  | | con guante de ámbar guarnición dorada. |  |  |  |  | | Estuvieron mis padres obligando |  |  |  |  | | al gran duque de Sesa, cuando en Roma | 560 |  |  |  | | estuvo la embajada ejercitando, |  |  |  |  | | y agora el sucesor mi amparo toma |  |  |  |  | | y me acomoda con su heroico hermano, |  |  |  |  | | que tantas veces los herejes doma. |  |  |  |  | | Ya os acordáis que se le opuso en vano | 565 |  |  |  | | al valeroso joven, descendiente |  |  |  |  | | de aquel famoso capitán cristiano, |  |  |  |  | | que llamaron *el Grande* justamente, |  |  |  |  | | en Alemania el conde Palatino, |  |  |  |  | | y que gigante le rompió la frente. | 570 |  |  |  | | Pues hoy, Otavio, estaba de camino, |  |  |  |  | | que ya su majestad le ha despachado, |  |  |  |  | | y acompañarle Otavio determinó. |  |  |  |  | | No puedo, por la prisa que me han dado, |  |  |  |  | | besar la mano a vuestra dulce esposa, | 575 |  |  |  | | abrazalda por mí, que me ha obligado, |  |  |  |  | | así a Lucindo y a Florela hermosa, |  |  |  |  | | así a Alejandro y la familia toda, |  |  |  |  | | que mi partida es súbita y forzosa. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Justo fuera que honrárades mi boda. | 580 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdonadme, no puedo detenerme. |  | | Tú, Sancho, los caballos acomoda. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Al fin, Sancho, te vas? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy a ponerme, |  | | no Mendo entre los barcos de Sevilla, | 585 | | donde en cama de plata el Betis duerme, |  | | mas donde con alguna almondeguilla |  | | de plomo, en caldo de figón mosquete, |  | | no me dejen quijada, ni costilla. |  | | Dios me deje volver a Tajanete. | 590 | | Dale un abrazo a Inés, que me ha obligado, |  | | y depárele Dios un buen jinete. |  | | Al pastelero de la esquina he dado |  | | algunas pesadumbres, y le debo |  | | de hojaldres y pasteles un ducado. | 595 | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | Pagarasle por mí, que no me atrevo, |  |  |  |  | | como voy a morir, a deber nada |  |  |  |  | | a Dios. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Pues lloras? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soy soldado nuevo. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal encubriste la pasión formada |  | | de tus celos injustos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No he podido | 600 | | lisonjear la voluntad forzada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No fue justo mostrarte desabrida |  | | con quien ya se partía por sospechas |  | | de agravio que tu propio le has fingido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé de donde salen tantas flechas. | 605 | | No me consueles, Mendo, cuando vienes, |  | | que vienen todas al honor deshechas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre fueron culpadas las mujeres. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre lo son los hombres que las miran |  | | para engañarlas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Riguroso eres. | 610 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Conozco el blanco donde todos tiran. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Sale FLORELA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes que nuevas te den |  | | de que ya tu grande amigo |  | | no solo será testigo |  | | de que te empleas también, | 615 | | sino tu hermano y cuñado. |  | | Albricias vengo a pedirte, |  | | y a alegrarte y a decirte, |  | | como queda concertado, |  | | que no haya más dilación | 620 | | que cuanto a Sevilla escriba. |  | | Mira cómo amor se priva |  | | con celos de la razón, |  | | cuando sospechaste mal |  | | de tan cuerdo y tan gallardo | 625 | | caballero. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Don Bernardo |  | | es hombre tan principal |  | | que nunca dél lo creí. |  | | De lo que estuve quejoso |  | | ya no lo estoy, ni celoso | 630 | | de quien se aparta de aquí |  | | para no volver jamás. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo para no volver? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No pienso que puede ser |  | | ver a don Bernardo más, | 635 | | porque a Alemania partió |  | | con el generoso hermano |  | | del duque de Sesa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En vano |  | | flor a la aurora nació |  | | mi dicha, pues en los yelos | 640 | | de la noche se han cerrado |  | | sus hojas. Tú le has echado |  | | de aquí con tus necios celos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo, Florela, no te aguardo |  | | por ignorante mujer. | 645 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues qué causa pudo haber |  | | de partirse don Bernardo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No verme casar, que amor |  | | tal vez a la ausencia apela, |  | | y aquesto basta, Florela, | 650 | | que es mucho a quien tiene honor. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cubierta de lucidas banderolas, |  | | la nave indiana el rumbo a España gira, |  | | entra en el golfo y procelosa mira, |  | | trepando el mar, las gavias españolas. | 655 | | Allí, por escapar las vidas solas, |  | | mas mira al cielo, que al amaina y vira, |  | | y últimamente la esperanza espira |  | | en competencia de montañas de olas. |  | | Mas sirve de consuelo, que se lanza | 660 | | al dulce puerto por el golfo incierto, |  | | y que le goza, mientras no le alcanza. |  | | Pero ha sido en mí grave desconcierto |  | | la desdicha mayor de mi esperanza, |  | | romper la nave sin salir del puerto. | 665 | |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Vase, y salen DON BERNARDO y SANCHO, de camino)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es imposible pasar |  | | desta venta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás en ti? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, que si estuviera en mí, |  | | pudiéramos caminar; |  | | pero así como quien tiene | 670 | | vicio, Sancho, de beber, |  | | que no acierta a andar, ni a ver |  | | lo que va, ni lo que viene, |  | | este vino de mi amor, |  | | que por los ojos bebí, | 675 | | me marea y lleva ansí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vuelve a proseguir, señor, |  | | el viaje, que en volver |  | | atrás se aventura tanto, |  | | que de escucharte me espanto. | 680 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Necio, ya no puede ser. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues un hombre que salió |  | | de Madrid para Alemania, |  | | más feroz que león de Albania, |  | | en una venta paró. | 685 | | ¿Con qué, valeroso Cid, |  | | quieres que amor te corone? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alemania me perdone, |  | | que yo me vuelvo a Madrid. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues en Madrid qué has de hacer? | 690 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ver a Lisarda casar, |  | | que verla me ha de templar |  | | de Otavio propria mujer. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes te dará más celos |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que amor cesará. | 695 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo sé que amor te dará |  | | mayor fuego y más desvelos. |  | | Hay en Écija insufrible |  | | calor en todo el verano, |  | | y a un caballero ecijano | 700 | | pregunté cómo es posible |  | | que sufran tanto calor, |  | | si aun aquí nos abrasamos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué te respondió? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Buscamos |  | | el aposento menor». | 705 | | Así tú, muy necio, vas |  | | a buscar de tu amor ciego, |  | | donde quepa menos fuego, |  | | habiendo en lo menos más. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te quiero tan chistoso, | 710 | | Sancho, cuando estoy muriendo. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Trátame bien, que me ofendo |  | | dese nombre vergonzoso. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes agora se usa |  | | por excelente vocablo. | 715 | | | | |
|  | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Entre los usos del diablo, |  | | ese no ha tenido escusa. |  | | ¡Chistoso! ¿Qué diferencia |  | | de cualquier afrenta tiene? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este necio me entretiene | 720 | | con su cansada elocuencia. |  | | Saca los caballos presto, |  | | que no he de pasar de aquí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde Sevilla salí |  | | a obedecerte dispuesto. | 725 | | Mas, ¿qué disculpa hallarás |  | | que a tantos celos contente? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fingir algún accidente. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A buscar tu muerte vas, |  | | el buen suceso me ampare, | 730 | | que adivino desde aquí |  | | que me han de matar a mí |  | | de lo que a ti te sobrare. |  | | ¡Ea!, ya soy tu trompeta, |  | | ponte a caballo: mas di | 735 | | qué me darás, porque aquí |  | | te dé una invención discreta |  | | para volver sin agravio |  | | de Otavio a Madrid. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con veinte |  | | escudos hay harto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tente. | 740 | | Di que encontramos, a Otavio, |  | | la estafeta de Sevilla |  | | en el camino, y que vuelves |  | | por cartas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La duda absuelves. |  | | Tu ingenio me maravilla. | 745 | | Es cosa puesta en razón. |  | | ¿Veinte dije?, sean cuarenta. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cómo al amor contenta |  | | cualquiera loca invención! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es estremada cautela. | 750 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mucho yerras en volver; |  | | que temo que te han de hacer |  | | casar con la tal Florela. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Necio temor te acobarda! |  | | Que no habrá, en esto me fundo, | 755 | | mujer para mí en el mundo, |  | | si no lo fuere Lisarda. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | |  |
|  | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen LISARDA y INÉS)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Tú le viste partir? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto te olvidas |  | | del libro de memoria. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué quieres, |  | | pues todas las mujeres | 760 | | son, tal vez, atrevidas? |  | | Mire mi honor, que quien su honor desprecia |  | | lloró después arrepentida y necia. |  | | Echarle fue discreto desvarío, |  | | mas yo sé que en lo mismo te vengaste, | 765 | | si el alma me llevaste, |  | | dulce Bernardo mío; |  | | que no pasara yo tan triste vida |  | | si trocara las almas tu partida. |  | | Temor de Otavio y de Florela celos, | 770 | | que ya tu casamiento pretendía, |  | | me dieron osadía |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | entre tantos recelos |  |  |  |  | | para apartar de ti con mil enojos, |  |  |  |  | | no el alma que te di, sino los ojos, | 775 |  |  |  | | ¿qué harán sino cegar estando ausentes? |  |  |  |  | | Si tienes mi desdicha por agravio, |  |  |  |  | | gozaralosOtavio |  |  |  |  | | convertidos en fuentes; |  |  |  |  | | y no te espantes si tu ausencia lloran, | 780 |  |  |  | | que están dentro dos niñas que te adoran. |  |  |  |  | | Con unido rocío los estremos |  |  |  |  | | baña la noche al día, y la luz pura |  |  |  |  | | del sol en sombra obscura, |  |  |  |  | | y así los dos seremos, | 785 |  |  |  | | tú el sol, la noche yo, Bernardo mío, |  |  |  |  | | tierra mi amor, mis lagrimas rocío. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué te sirve que fatigues tanto |  | | tu espíritu, señora, en imposibles? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En males insufribles | 790 | | parece ocioso el llanto, |  | | pero es engaño, que si el llanto amansa |  | | furia de amor, el corazón descansa. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El día más alegre en las mujeres, |  | | aquel suele llamar en que se casan; | 795 | | ¡y tú, señora, quieres |  | | (tales desdichas pasan) |  | | hacer que el más lloroso y triste sea! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llámele alegre quien casar desea, |  | | que para mí lo fuera, Inés, el día | 800 | | que pudiera trocar tan nuevas galas |  | | y esa falsa alegría, |  | | que a la mayor igualas, |  | | en negro luto y blancas tocas. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira |  | | que en brazos de la noche el sol espira. | 805 | | Tus deudos, tus crïados, los amigos |  | | de tu padre y hermano traen a Otavio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos, de tanto agravio, |  | | vendrán a ser testigos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Finge alegría, que entran en la pieza. | 810 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No lo puedo acabar con mi tristeza. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen acompañados OTAVIO, LUCINDO, ALEJANDRO, FLORELA y MENDO)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego que se den las manos, |  | | vayan a llamar, Lucindo, |  | | los músicos, porque quiero |  | | que con mucho regocijo | 815 | | se celebre el desposorio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan cuerdo, tan triste miro |  | | a Otavio, que me da pena. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo estos días le he visto |  | | con menos gusto tratar | 820 | | su casamiento. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Imagino |  | | que la mudanza de estado |  | | la causa, Florela, ha sido. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MENDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estremos están los novios, |  | | Inés, Otavio muy tibio | 825 | | y Lisarda mesurada. |  | | ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un retrato al vivo |  | | de los novios de Hornachuelos: |  | | él con ojos de novicio |  | | y ella trocada en los viernes | 830 | | la cara de los domingos. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Salen DON BERNARDO y SANCHO rebozados)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Plega a Dios que no te cueste |  | | el venir tan atrevido |  | | alguna desdicha. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, |  | | que el alboroto y ruido | 835 | | de la casa nos defiende, |  | | para no ser conocidos, |  | | y en viéndolos dar las manos, |  | | volveremos al camino, |  | | tú sin miedo y yo sin alma, | 840 | | ni conocidos, ni vistos. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | ¿Esto quieres? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no puedo, |  | | Sancho, por más que porfío |  | | dejar de verlos casar. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tienes tan fuerte capricho, | 845 | | que hasta verlos acostados, |  | | y por ventura con hijos, |  | | no querrás salir de aquí. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que mis deudos y amigos |  | | están presentes, ¿qué falta? | 850 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | FLORELA | |  | | --- | | Que se den las manos. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primo, |  | | llegad, llega tu Lisarda. |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Al acercarse el uno al otro, dirá OTAVIO, deteniéndola)* | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que te aguardes te suplico, |  | | Lisarda. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  | | --- | | ¿Por qué? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy |  | | quien te ha querido y servido, | 855 | | como sabéis. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es verdad. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo soy agora el mismo |  | | que no te quiero, y te dejo, |  | | que este desprecio es debido |  | | al tuyo, que en este tiempo, | 860 | | ingrata a tantos servicios, |  | | a tanto amor y deseo, |  | | quisiste al mayor amigo |  | | que tuve, y por mi desdicha |  | | Lisarda a tu casa vino; | 865 | | aguardé para vengarme |  | | a término tan preciso |  | | que fuese mi libertad |  | | de tu desprecio castigo. |  | | Con esta resolución, | 870 | | que te cases te permito |  | | con quien quisieres. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es hecho |  | | de hombre noble y bien nacido. |  | | La sangre que tienes mía |  | | sacarte quiero. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lucindo, | 875 | | detente, que dice bien. |  | | Si esto es ansí, mi sobrino, |  | |  | | | | | |  | | | |  | | la culpa tiene Lisarda, |  |  |  |  | | si es verdad lo que le dijo. |  |  |  |  | | | | |
|  | | |
| *(Mientras se pone en medio de los dos, llega por un lado SANCHO a LISARDA)* | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  | | --- | | Señora, escucha. | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es? | 880 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sancho, señora, Sanchico. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Pues no os fuisteis a Alemania? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, mas ya habemos venido |  | | como brujos por los aires. |  | | En efeto habemos visto | 885 | | al bravo rey de Süecia |  | | y al gran conde Palatino, |  | | en Móstoles de Alemania. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Viene Bernardo contigo? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquel es que está embozado. | 890 | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, hermano, deudos míos, |  | | no averiguéis si es bien hecho |  | | o mal hecho lo que hizo |  | | Otavio en desprecio vuestro, |  | | que desde este punto digo | 895 | | que se ha de llamar de todos |  | | el desprecio agradecido, |  | | porque si aqueste desprecio |  | | para mi remedio estimo, |  | | lo que va de mal casada, | 900 | | a estarlo con gusto mío, |  | | justo será que se llame |  | | el desprecio agradecido, |  | | y que le agradezca a Otavio |  | | desprecio que es beneficio. | 905 | | Yo estoy casada. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con quién? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No esta lejos mi marido. |  | | ¡Desembozaos, caballero |  | | y dadme la mano! |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  | | --- | | *(Desembózase)* | | Afirmo |  | | con dárosla y con el alma, | 910 | | señora, cuanto habéis dicho. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCINDO | |  | | --- | | ¿Es don Bernardo? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | DON BERNARDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, Inés, a tu servicio, |  | | Sancho de Oviedo, hijodalgo |  | | como un pernil de tocino. | 915 | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | INÉS | |  | | --- | | ¿No eres soldado? | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SANCHO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué quieres, |  | | si en tres días he corrido |  | | de Móstoles a Alarcón? |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | OTAVIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aunque pudiera contigo |  | | enojarme, don Bernardo, | 920 | | tu casamiento confirmo, |  | | y de Lisarda a Florela, |  | | pues que viene a ser lo mismo, |  | | daré la mano y el alma. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALEJANDRO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puede haber sucedido | 925 | | mayor dicha en tal desprecio. |  | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LISARDA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por eso el poeta dijo, |  | | senado, que se llamase |  | | *El desprecio agradecido*. |  | | | | |