**LOPE DE VEGA  
*La Devoción del Rosario***

Personajes:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *PEDRO GERMÁN, monje* |  |
| *UN ÁNGEL* |  |
| *FRAY ANTONINO, prior* |  |
| *UN CAPITÁN* |  |
| *VIVALDO, cautivo* |  |
| *NICOLO, cautivo* |  |
| *ALESIO, cautivo* |  |
| *FILIPO, soldado* |  |
| *ROSIO, soldado* |  |
| *COSME, soldado* |  |
| *CELIMO, moro* |  |
| *EL REY DE TÚNEZ* |  |
| *LUCIFER* |  |
| *SATANÁS* |  |
| *ROSA, mora* |  |
| *AJA, mora* |  |
| *MARCELA, cautiva* |  |
| *ARCHIMA AMET* |  |
| *SULTÁN* |  |
| *ALBERTO, cautivo* |  |
| *EL AUXILIO DIVINO* |  |
| *BECEBA, alcaide moro* |  |
| *UN MERCADER* |  |

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| **Jornada I** | | | |
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| *Sale PEDRO GERMÁN, monje, solo* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Dios sin principio y sin fin, |  | | cuyos soberanos pies |  | | pisa el mayor serafín! |  | | ¡Dios uno y Personas tres, |  | | que entender quiso Agustín, |  | | y en el ejemplo del mar, |  | | que el niño encerrar quería |  | | en tan pequeño lugar, |  | | vio que ninguno podía |  | | tan gran piélago aplacar! |  | | ¡Dios, de quien sólo creer |  | | es más justa reverencia |  | | que no intentaros ver, |  | | cuál impulso, qué violencia |  | | aquí me pudo traer! |  | | Señor, en mi celda estuve: |  | | ¿cómo me traéis aquí? |  | | Mas... ¿qué prometida nube |  | | de oro y sol se acerca así |  | | que sobre mis hombros sube? |  | | Como si en una linterna |  | | su cuerpo el sol se encerrara, |  | | le alumbra la luz interna |  | | y la superficie clara, |  | | bañada en su lumbre eterna; |  | | juntos caminan los dos |  | | al monte de vuestro cielo. |  | | ¿Qué es esto, divino Dios? |  | | O es que Vos bajáis al suelo |  | | o sube algún santo a Vos. |  | | *(Suspéndese el monje, y con música sube por una canal una figura de papa, con capa y tiara)* |  | | ¡Valgame el cielo!, podré |  | | decir por este varón |  | | que por las nubes se ve: |  | | ¿Quién es éste, que de Edón |  | | sube, puesto que no fue |  | | con vestidura vestida? |  | | Sí, que es el alba ceñida, |  | | y la capa y la tiara |  | | vencen del sol la luz clara |  | | por el oriente esparcida. |  | | ¿Quién serás, confesor santo, |  | | con ese precioso manto, |  | | tú que por corona tienes |  | | tres esferas en las sienes |  | | que tus canas honran tanto? |  | | Tu luz apenas resisto; |  | | más bien muestras, verde cedro, |  | | ya sobre el Líbano visto, |  | | que eres sucesor de Pedro, |  | | aquel Vicario de Cristo. |  | |  |  | | | | | |
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| *(Tocan cajas destempladas; sale un CAPITÁN y cuatro soldados, que son VIVALDO, NICOLO, ALESIO y ANTONIO, con cruces en los pechos)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no hay que hacer aquí; cubrid de luto |  | | las cajas, las trompetas y las armas. |  | | El general murió; cesó la guerra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIVALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desdicha general de Italia ha sido, |  | | de España y Francia y las naciones todas |  | | que del nombre católico se precian. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NICOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Descanse el fiero turco, crezca el número |  | | de mamelucos y de zapas fieros; |  | | discurra el mar de Ebrón, ya con sus naves, |  | | pues faltó ya quien le pusiese freno. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIVALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya el otomano, casa prodigiosa, |  | | su nombre ensalce y su corona aumente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Duerme en Constantinopla, turco fiero, |  | | del acero católico seguro, |  | | pues el nuevo Godofre parte al cielo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Soldados generosos, caballeros |  | | ilustres, que mostráis en la cruz roja |  | | serlo de Cristo, ¿dónde vais tan tristes? |  | | ¿Quién es el capitán que lloráis muerto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El muerto general que nos preguntas, |  | | que, como en soledad estás, lo ignoras, |  | | es el Sumo Pontífice, el gran Pío. |  | | Pío segundo es muerto, y el primero, |  | | que, después de las armas celestiales, |  | | con las humanas quiso echar del mundo |  | | el fiero turco, destrucción de Hungría, |  | | llevósele la muerte; el pastor muerto, |  | | las ovejas se esparcen. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Triste caso, |  | | aunque para el bendito Padre alegre, |  | | pues ya sus obras y deseo santo |  | | el ciclo premia con laurel eterno! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIVALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bendícenos y ruega por nosotros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  | | --- | | El cielo os dé su bendición. | | *(Vase)* | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vivaldo, |  | | aquí no hay más que hacer, que ya de Ancona |  | | quieren sacar el cuerpo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | VIVALDO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo querría |  | | acompañarle. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CAPITÁN | |  | | --- | | Vamos. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALESIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues concede |  | | tantas gracias el cielo a quien a Roma |  | | llegare con el cuerpo, ¿qué soldado |  | | dejará de ganarlas? ¡Cuerpo santo, |  | | a vuestro lado iré deshecho en llanto! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y quedan solos ANTONIO y NICOLO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NICOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué tan suspenso estás, |  | | Antonio, en esta ocasión? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que mi buena intención |  | | llegó hasta serlo, y no más. |  | | Mi estudio dejado había |  | | por las armas de la fe, |  | | que en naciendo profesé, |  | | que es ciencia que a Dios me guía. |  | | El Pontífice supremo, |  | | como sabes, me había dado |  | | de esta facultad el grado, |  | | para el alma honor extremo. |  | | Porque de esta borla roja, |  | | cruz santa que traigo al pecho, |  | | fue de aquel gran sabio hecho |  | | que los infiernos despoja. |  | | Llegamos todos a Ancona, |  | | muere el santo general, |  | | que en mejor carro triunfal |  | | divino laurel corona, |  | | y vuelvo con tal tristeza |  | | de ver que me he de quitar |  | | la cruz sin pasar el mar |  | | que con tanta fortaleza |  | | mártir pensaba yo ser |  | | a manos del turco fiero, |  | | que temo como primero |  | | a mi estudio no volver. |  | | Porque si otra vez el mundo |  | | me vuelve a su confusión, |  | | ¿qué más cierta perdición |  | | que entrar en su mar profundo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NICOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todos habemos venido |  | | a ser de Cristo soldados, |  | | por ver, de tantos llamados, |  | | quién llega a ser escogido; |  | | pero pues la santa empresa |  | | que hacía contra el impío |  | | turco el Pontífice Pío |  | | aquí con su muerte cesa |  | | y no hay príncipe cristiano |  | | que la quiera proseguir, |  | | con su cuerpo quiero ir |  | | ansí, Antonio, porque gano |  | | tan grandes indulgencias |  | | como por tener que hacer |  | | en Roma. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puede ser, |  | | por algunas diferencias |  | | que traigo conmigo en mí |  | | en materia de mi Estado, |  | | acompañarte, que he dado |  | | en lo que nunca creí. |  | | Vete, Nicolo, en buen hora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | NICOLO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Prospere tu vida el cielo, |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Adiós, peligros del suelo, |  | | bien que el cielo vulgo adora! |  | | ¡Adiós, locas pretensiones! |  | | ¡Adiós, esperanzas vanas, |  | | pues no os desengañan canas |  | | ni os obligan sinrazones! |  | | ¡Adiós, servir y no ver |  | | para siempre el galardón! |  | | ¡Adiós, hermosa opinión, |  | | vanaglorioso placer! |  | | ¡Adiós, amistad fingida! |  | | ¡Adiós, verdad despreciada, |  | | que quiero en breve jornada |  | | poner en salvo mi vida! |  | | Servir a Dios es seguro; |  | | todo lo demás, dudoso. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale COSME, camarada de ANTONIO, soldado roto con cruz al pecho)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Adiós, celada! ¡Adiós, coso! |  | | ¡Adiós, berberisco moro! |  | | ¡Adiós, morillos, pues ya |  | | Murió Pío y yo quedé |  | | de defensor de la fe. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Cosme! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cóseme tú a mí, |  | | que tú harto cosido estás. |  | | ¡Ah, guerra de Satanás, |  | | medrado vuelvo de ti! |  | | De donde pensé sacar |  | | fama eterna y un tesoro, |  | | dándome el alarbe moro |  | | ocasión de pelear, |  | | Pío, por estarse holgando, |  | | allá en el ciclo se fue |  | | a descansar; yo quedé, |  | | pollo aterido, piando. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosme, criado y amigo |  | | de aqueste Antonio, que ya |  | | huyendo del mundo va |  | | como de un grande enemigo. |  | | Pues ya la santa jornada |  | | que hacía el segundo Pío |  | | contra el turco poderío |  | | para que dio la cruzada, |  | | cuya divina señal |  | | nuestros pechos ilustraba, |  | | se acabó por lo que acaba |  | | todo aquello que es mortal, |  | | yo no pienso dar la vuelta |  | | a la patria sin vencer |  | | otro enemigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el ver |  | | que tu voluntad resuelta |  | | quiere la guerra seguir |  | | no me pone inclinación, |  | | ¿bajos mis intentos son? |  | | ¿No te merezco servir? |  | | ¿Tan mal camarada he sido? |  | | ¿No te he dado en las posadas |  | | las gallinas encerradas, |  | | el cabritillo escondido? |  | | ¿Qué Pollo se me escapó, |  | | como yo de ojo le viese, |  | | que a tu plato no trujese? |  | | ¿Quién te sirvió, como yo? |  | | Y como tú te inclinaras, |  | | ¿quedar hermosa doncella |  | | que no durmieras con ella? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calla, Cosme. ¿No reparas |  | | que de aquesas sinrazones, |  | | hechas contra voluntad, |  | | de sus sueños se ha de dar |  | | cuenta? En confusión me pones. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya predicas? ¡Pesía a tal! |  | | Vamos y el pesar destierra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, Cosme; no es esta guerra |  | | la que tú piensas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿cuál? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Es contra el mundo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que sea |  | | contra mil mundos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tu celo |  | | conozco; pero es el cielo |  | | por lo que aquí se pelea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  | | --- | | ¿El cielo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, que dél son |  | | el mundo, carne y demonio |  | | contrarios. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho, Antonio, |  | | que tratas de religión. |  | | Mas dime claro tu intento. |  | | Tu hechura soy, ¿qué reparas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues el tuyo me declaras, |  | | escucha mi pensamiento. |  | | El ilustre y noble Cosme |  | | de Médicis, que a Florencia |  | | dio el más rico ciudadano |  | | que las historias celebran; |  | | aquel de quien pronostican |  | | todos los hombres de letras |  | | que dél han de suceder |  | | pontífices a la Iglesia, |  | | reyes en Francia y España; |  | | aquel que en virtud y hacienda |  | | sobrepujó a cuantos hombres |  | | sin título el mundo cuenta; |  | | aquel que cuando murió |  | | Pedro, que su hacienda hereda, |  | | mirando la que tenía, |  | | halló en sus libros de cuenta |  | | que ningún hombre, alto o bajo, |  | | de cuantos hay en Florencia |  | | le dejaba de deber |  | | dineros, que fue grandeza |  | | que de ninguno se escribe; |  | | entre muchas excelencias, |  | | tuvo la mayor de todas, |  | | que fue conocer la deuda |  | | en que estaba a Dios, y así |  | | propuso satisfacerla, |  | | porque solía decir, |  | | lleno de risa y modestia: |  | | «Aunque más a Dios le pago, |  | | cuando a las cuentas se llega, |  | | hallo que siempre me alcanza, |  | | siempre quiere que le deba.» |  | | En los montes Pesulanos, |  | | por ser tan propias las peñas |  | | de aquel santo que solía |  | | buscar el cielo por ellas, |  | | aquel jerónimo insigne |  | | que, por ser tan dura puerta |  | | del alma el pecho de un hombre, |  | | llamó en él con una piedra, |  | | edificó un monesterio, |  | | y no lejos dél y entre ellas |  | | otro que llama abadía, |  | | cuyo dueño el nombre muestra |  | | al seráfico Francisco, |  | | hombre que desde la tierra |  | | por cinco escalas de sangre |  | | se le entró a Dios por las venas. |  | | Otro edificó notable, |  | | pero dentro de Florencia; |  | | uno a Santa Berdiana, |  | | y al santo mártir de guerra |  | | que hasta los huesos asados |  | | sirvió de Cristo a la mesa, |  | | hizo un templo suntuoso; |  | | y sin éste, en cuatro iglesias, |  | | las capillas y retablos, |  | | y a todas dio tantas rentas, |  | | posesiones, vasos de oro, |  | | ornamentos, perlas, piedras, |  | | que excedió al gran Constantino. |  | | Pero entre tantas grandezas, |  | | hizo a San Marcos un templo |  | | y a Domingo le encomienda, |  | | que con sus predicadores |  | | quiso que en guarda le tengan. |  | | Mira el ingenio de Cosme, |  | | que, como Marco nos cuenta |  | | el Evangelio y Domingo |  | | nos lo predica y enseña |  | | con la sangre de sus hijos |  | | y con sus divinas letras, |  | | como se ve en Pedro Mártir |  | | y en tantos que le confiesan |  | | junto a Marcos y a Domingo, |  | | para que Domingo sea |  | | el león con que le pintan |  | | y esté libre, en su cabeza |  | | hacen este monasterio |  | | un prior que el mundo eleva |  | | con la fama de su nombre |  | | y de sus divinas prendas. |  | | Este es el santo Antonino, |  | | a quien dicen que ya ruegan |  | | con tan rico arzobispado |  | | como es su patria Provencia. |  | | Confesóme el santo el día |  | | que para tan santa guerra |  | | tomé aquesta roja cruz, |  | | y entre muchas excelencias |  | | para bien del alma mía, |  | | pienso que fue la primera |  | | el santísimo rosario |  | | de la siempre Virgen Reina |  | | de los ángeles y cielos, |  | | que es devoción que profesa |  | | todo el Orden dominico; |  | | que quien devoto le reza, |  | | no dudes, Cosme, no dudes |  | | que eternamente se pierda, |  | | porque, al fin, le da la mano |  | | esta celestial Princesa. |  | | Yo, pues, he dado en rezarle; |  | | y del santo hablar con ella |  | | me ha nacido una afición |  | | que hasta el alma me penetra. |  | | Iba a la guerra del turco; |  | | pero pues la guerra cesa, |  | | contra el mundo, y el demonio, |  | | y la carne quiero hacerla. |  | | bomingo me dio las armas; |  | | allá quiero entrar con ellas; |  | | vestirme quiero las suyas. |  | | Cosme amigo, adiós te queda, |  | | que por dar cuenta mejor |  | | de estas soberanas cuentas |  | | quiero que Domingo santo |  | | mi padre y padrino sea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ha tenido fin la historia? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Sí, Cosme. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda es buena |  | | pues que yo no me he dormido |  | | siendo tan larga tu arenga; |  | | y aunque siento dejar mucho |  | | el mundo por ciertas cuerdas |  | | de amigos que, en vez de gorras, |  | | ya hasta vamos a una mesa |  | | y por otras zarandajas, |  | | cabellos, cintas y prendas |  | | que son regalos del alma, |  | | memorias de mi gallega, |  | | todo, Antonio, lo antepongo |  | | a ti, y es justo me creas |  | | que me debes este amor. |  | | A la Religión me lleva, |  | | donde seré motilón, |  | | que no faltará una puerta, |  | | la cocina o refectorio |  | | o el cultivar una huerta, |  | | que en estos oficios es |  | | donde un religioso medra; |  | | que yo de vista lo sé, |  | | ya que no por experiencia. |  | | Y si la huerta me entregan, |  | | con mis lágrimas en ella, |  | | sobre un bodigo y torrezno |  | | plantaré rosas tan bellas |  | | que si nacen entre espinas |  | | podrá ser, y Dios lo quiera, |  | | que en mi pecho humilde nazcan. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahí, Cosme, el ciclo te enseña. |  | | Dame mil veces tus brazos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye, Antonio, ¿es cosa cierta |  | | que puedo mudarme el nombre? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, amigo; como tú quieras. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos; no he de ser más Cosme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuentas son tus rosas bellas. |  | | ¡Dios permita, quiera Dios, |  | | Pues sois rojas y estáis negras, |  | | que, teñidas con mi sangre, |  | | cuentas de coral os vuelva! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse. Salen EL REY DE TÚNEZ, BECEBA, alcaide; ROSA, mora)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Engañóme tu privanza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te quejas con razón, |  | | antes te doy confianza; |  | | que niega la posesión |  | | quien concede la esperanza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando a Rosa, tu sobrina, |  | | hayas de dar, rey famoso, |  | | compañía igual, no es dina |  | | persona de tu espacioso |  | | reino, al extraño te inclina. |  | | Mas si en Túnez se ha de hallar, |  | | ¿quién en la paz y en la guerra |  | | pueda al Beceba igualar? |  | | ¿Quién te ha puesto en paz la tierra |  | | y asegurado la mar? |  | | ¿Por quién tiemblan las galeras, |  | | las de Italia, que en las suyas |  | | toquen tiemblan tus banderas? |  | | ¿Quién más cautivos te ha dado? |  | | ¿Quién más servicios te ha hecho? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me confieso obligado |  | | y bien estoy satisfecho, |  | | Beceba, de tu cuidado. |  | | Yo no te he negado a Rosa. |  | | No es negarla el dilatar |  | | de que ahora sea tu esposa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué más cansado negar |  | | que dilatar una cosa? |  | | ¡Pluguiera a Alá que dijeras: |  | | «Beceba, Rosa ha de ser |  | | de otro dueño!», y tú me vieras |  | | justo sentimiento hacer, |  | | cubrir luto mis galeras. |  | | Lo que da tormento inmenso |  | | es ver que el bien no se niega, |  | | porque, como estoy suspenso, |  | | mientras que llega o no llega |  | | peno más mientras más pienso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Envía, invicto señor, |  | | al adcaide a alguna empresa |  | | donde temple tanto amor, |  | | que amor en ausencia cesa; |  | | y así cesará el rigor, |  | | que pues no le das razón |  | | de la dilación del bien, |  | | sentirá su dilación. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y ausente dura también |  | | la verdadera afición. |  | | ¡Oh, qué medio has escogido |  | | tan conforme a tu desdén, |  | | tan semejante a tu olvido! |  | | ¿Eso dices? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien, |  | | que la obedezcas te pido. |  | | Haz, Beceba, alguna cosa |  | | para que obligues a Rosa. |  | | Parte el mar de Italia; corre |  | | la costa de España hermosa. |  | | No dejes el paso libre, |  | | ni leño que no se espante, |  | | ni que a su sombra esté libre |  | | de Cartagena a Alicante |  | | y desde Denia al Colibre. |  | | Enciende fuego en sus playas |  | | y pase el mar de sus rayas |  | | azotado de tus remos, |  | | tocarán a sus extremos |  | | los pies de sus atalayas. |  | | Vuelve los aires oscuros, |  | | tiemble la tierra en su centro |  | | tanto, que los fuertes muros |  | | se retiren más adentro |  | | para estar de ti seguros, |  | | que cuando vuelvas tendrás |  | | esta prenda que deseas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si estriba en eso no más, |  | | yo juro Alá que tú veas |  | | el hombre a quien hoy la das. |  | | Guárdate, Italia, que baja |  | | un rayo de Túnez fiero, |  | | que con tan alta ventaja, |  | | con piedras, fuego y acero |  | | tus leños quebranta y raja. |  | | Guárdate, España, que sube |  | | de la exhalación del llanto |  | | al sol de Rosa la nube, |  | | que ha de llover más espanto |  | | que yo de sus ojos tuve. |  | | Puertos en cerradas calas, |  | | riberas, costas, recodos; |  | | rayo soy de amor con alas: |  | | llorad todos, temblad todos |  | | mis suspiros y mis balas. |  | | ¡Hola, soldados! ¿Qué hacéis? |  | | Cubrid mis seis galeotas |  | | de flámulas; no dejéis |  | | ni velas ni jarcias rotas |  | | que no adornéis y enlacéis |  | | de bengala de Lisboa. |  | | Cubran con el nombre y loa |  | | de amor que estas flechas fragua |  | | desde el carel hasta el agua |  | | y de la popa a la proa. |  | | Vista roja tamarete |  | | la chusma, que es necesaria |  | | no se mire filarete |  | | que no tenga luminaria |  | | ni jarcia ni gallardete. |  | | Izad el cañón que cubre |  | | con sus jarcias la cureña |  | | y, en viendo que se descubre |  | | de Túnez o casa o peña |  | | a quien la distancia cubre, |  | | haced salva al rey y a Rosa; |  | | Pero mejor es volviendo |  | | de Italia rica a su hermosa... |  | |  |  | | Ea, herid a esos cristianos. |  | | ¿En qué os detenéis, villanos?, |  | | que antes que pase este mes |  | | habéis de estar a sus pies |  | | y no besando sus manos. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Gallardo parte, | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En efeto, |  | | ¿me prometes a Beceba? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosa, cierto amor secreto |  | | dilatarle intenta y prueba |  | | el bien que yo le prometo; |  | | pero esto ha sido no más |  | | que alejarle, bella Rosa, |  | | del lugar adonde estás, |  | | que hay otra afición forzosa |  | | a quien remediar podrás. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El valor de tu sobrina |  | | me ha dado mil pretendientes. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es la sangre la que inclina |  | | por más que cubrir lo intentes, |  | | sino esa beldad divina |  | | de la cual esta persona |  | | que yo te digo está presa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si la beldad le aprisiona, |  | | delito has hecho. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Confiesa; |  | | Pero eso mismo le abona; |  | | que si es delito querer |  | | a quien se puede ofender |  | | de ser un hombre ofendida, |  | | la hermosura pretendida |  | | le puede satisfacer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Es hombre el que me pretende |  | | que me merece? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si quien |  | | te pretende no te ofende, |  | | ninguno el quererte bien |  | | con más méritos emprende. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues si iguala a mi valor |  | | y es tu gusto, gran señor, |  | | di quién es y sea mi esposo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego, ¿soy tan venturoso? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué? ¿Tú me tienes amor? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me dio el cielo del alma |  | | tres potencias, que en despojos |  | | llevas para triunfo y palma? |  | | ¿No me dio, Rosa, estos ojos |  | | que dejas mirando en calma? |  | | ¿No tengo yo entendimiento |  | | que de tu rara beldad |  | | alcance el conocimiento? |  | | ¿No tengo yo voluntad |  | | con que lo que entiendo intento? |  | | ¿No podrán por mis oídos |  | | entrar tus dulces razones, |  | | espíritus encendidos |  | | con que al alma fuego pones |  | | por los más nobles sentidos? |  | | ¿Parécete que el quererte, |  | | siendo tu sangre, no es cosa |  | | más fácil, pues de esta suerte |  | | quiero en ti mi sangre, Rosa, |  | | que en una las dos convierte? |  | | Sobre parentesco, amores; |  | | bien es como guarnición |  | | de oro en azul los favores; |  | | deudas entre deudos son, |  | | y más mientras son mayores. |  | | Ves aquí la causa, Rosa, |  | | por qué no quiero casarte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuese, tío, justa cosa |  | | quererme bien por ser parte |  | | de tu sangre generosa, |  | | ¿cómo yo no siento en mí |  | | quererte bien, digo bien, |  | | más que a rey y deudo a ti? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La costumbre del desdén |  | | te obliga a tratarme así. |  | | Míralo mejor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | no dudes que te quisiera; |  | | mas fuera notable error, |  | | rey de Túrez, que pusiera |  | | en tu condición mi amor. |  | | Si fueras un rey cristiano |  | | que a mí sola me quisieras, |  | | que yo te quisiera es llano, |  | | porque estoy cierta que dieras |  | | sólo a una mujer la mano. |  | | Mas siendo moro, ¿no ves |  | | que has de tener otras tres |  | | y más de tres mil amigas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo me obligo, si te obligas, |  | | que sola en el alma estés. |  | | Yo seré en el casamiento |  | | cristiano, y en la ley, moro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Durará tu juramento |  | | mientras que seguro adoro |  | | tu gusto y tu pensamiento; |  | | mas después que amor siniestro |  | | llegue al efecto que muestro, |  | | serás moro en olvidarte |  | | y cristiano en descasarte |  | | por el parentesco nuestro. |  | | Dame licencia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Oye un poco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdona esta libertad, |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A más amor me provoco. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Déjeme tu majestad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | No puedo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | ¡Suelta! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Estoy loco! |  | | ¡Oye a un rey! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su hechura soy. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¡Oye a tu amante! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No puedo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¡Oye a tu tío! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí estoy. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tienes? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Respeto y miedo. |  | | Perdóname si me voy. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué es la causa que un hombre valeroso |  | | con la espada en la mano, altivo, fuerte, |  | | corta el cuello arrugado, rompe y vierte |  | | saliente humor del tronco sanguinoso; |  | | o discurre un ejército furioso, |  | | dando mil muertes sin temer la muerte, |  | | amando una mujer tiemble de suerte |  | | que le vence y derriba un rostro hermoso? |  | | ¿Cómo pedir el hombre, si concede |  | | el sueño y el sustento cada día |  | | sin que afligido y sin vergüenza quede, |  | | y cuando pide amor tiembla y porfía? |  | | Debe de ser que sin comer no puede |  | | pasar el hombre y sin amor podía. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entran FRAY ANTONINO, prior; ANTONIO, de fraile, y COSME, de lego muy mesurado)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, santísimo Antonino, |  | | que este vuestro siervo Antonio |  | | para hacer guerra al demonio |  | | a vuestra milicia vino. |  | | Ya que de las quince rosas |  | | el dichoso cuello enlazo |  | | y me habéis puesto en el brazo |  | | dos armas tan poderosas |  | | como oración y lición |  | | y el hábito blanco y negro, |  | | de verme galán me alegro |  | | y serlo en el corazón |  | | de aquella Reina del cielo |  | | cuyas rosas son tan bellas, |  | | que no hay corona de estrellas |  | | que mire tan alta el suelo, |  | | decidme, padre divino, |  | | qué es lo que ahora mandáis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijo que a Sicilia vais, |  | | puesto que es largo el camino, |  | | y que estas cartas llevéis |  | | para el prior de Mesina, |  | | ciudad puesta en la marina, |  | | de quien al punto sabréis |  | | para lo que allá os envío. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme está muy contento |  | | con el hábito. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo siento |  | | algo de hambre, padre mío. |  | | Como, pues, ya nos han dicho |  | | cuanto tenemos que hacer, |  | | no se trata de comer, |  | | ¿tiene el comer entredicho? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No le dé aquesto cuidado; |  | | que quien a su cargo está, |  | | en siendo hora llamará. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien puede haberse olvidado, |  | | que como el refitolero |  | | come cuando tiene gana, |  | | harásele de mañana. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calle, no sea tan grosero. |  | | Tenga, padre, sufrimiento; |  | | dadme esa mano bendita. |  | | *(Al prior)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hijo, estos padres imita |  | | con humilde pensamiento; |  | | toma ejemplo de sus vidas |  | | y de sus santas acciones, |  | | y para que entre aflicciones |  | | el divino auxilio pidas, |  | | ningún día se te olvide |  | | pasar las rosas süaves |  | | de esas cuentas, de esas aves. |  | | Con ellas, Antonio, pide, |  | | que cuanto alcanzar quisieres, |  | | como esta Orden lo profesa, |  | | que alcanzará la Princesa |  | | bendita entre las mujeres. |  | | Nuestro santísimo padre |  | | Domingo fue de este voto, |  | | como galán, tan devoto |  | | de la siempre Virgen madre. |  | | Que la azucena que ahora |  | | la Iglesia pinta en su mano, |  | | aunque muestra el soberano |  | | bien que el ser casto atesora, |  | | yo por María imagino |  | | espejo en que se miraba, |  | | que el Padre eterno lo alaba. |  | | De este atributo divino |  | | es azucena y espejo, |  | | y ansí en Domingo se ve, |  | | de cuya mano tomé |  | | este divino consejo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, pues me he de partir, |  | | por que pueda acompañarme, |  | | a fray Cosme puedes darme, |  | | si conmigo quiere ir; |  | | que con él me hallaré bien, |  | | pues que fue mi compañero |  | | en el siglo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De él espero |  | | que sabrá acudir también |  | | a su justa obligación. |  | | Yo gusto que, como amigo |  | | y hermano, vaya contigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues danos tu bendición. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No pudieras, padre amado, |  | | darme mayor testimonio |  | | que no apartarme de Antonio, |  | | de su amoroso cuidado? |  | | En el siglo le seguí |  | | cuando fui su mochilero, |  | | y ansí hasta el cielo no quiero |  | | padre, apartarle de mí. |  | | ¡Qué lindos pollos rapaba |  | | y gallinas!... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Está en sí? |  | | Calle, que no es para aquí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdone, no me acordaba. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo os guarde y bendiga. |  | | Partid luego, que es ya tarde. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El mismo, padre, te guarde. |  | | ¿Quién habrá, Cosme, que siga |  | | la gran virtud, la excelencia |  | | de este famoso varón? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muchas sus virtudes son. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Puede entrar en competencia |  | | con aquellos soberanos |  | | anacoretas de Egito. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ha obrado bien lo que ha escrito |  | | con sus doctísimas manos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tomó bien aquel consejo |  | | de rezar siempre el rosario? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O forzoso o voluntario. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que le rece le aconsejo, |  | | y, no piense en argüir |  | | en si es fuerza o voluntad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si le he de decir verdad, |  | | luego me empiezo a dormir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego rézale sentado? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, de rodillas estoy; |  | | pero tan presto me voy |  | | como si estuviera echado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, padre, récele en pie. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Póngome a peligro grande |  | | de que a dos pasos que ande |  | | conmigo en el suelo dé. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | *«Deo gratias»*. Pues el cuidado |  | | que a la oración se le debe, |  | | ¿no le despierta o le mueve? |  | | Todo lo tengo probado. |  | | Si estoy en la portería, |  | | no me dormiré en un mes |  | | aunque no mueva los pies |  | | de un lugar en todo el día; |  | | si en la huerta, es de manera |  | | que tengo en Argos los ojos, |  | | sin que el sueño me dé enojos, |  | | y lo mismo si voy fuera. |  | | Pero en tomando el rosario |  | | no sé qué se tiene en sí, |  | | que no hay purga para mí, |  | | ni hay huevos, ni letuario |  | | de suaves adormideras |  | | que a tal sueño me provoque. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios le despierte y le toque. |  | | Ya es tiempo de hablar de veras. |  | | Diga, ¿el lunes no rezó |  | | cuando el rosario le di? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿El lunes, padre? No y sí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo puede ser sí y no? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Comencé, y a las primeras |  | | avemarías... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Durmióse? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, padre; pero atrevióse |  | | el sueño con mil quimeras; |  | | resistí por todo el diez, |  | | y al «Paternoster»... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hubo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tan necio y pesado estuvo, |  | | que me dormí de una vez |  | | desde las diez a las siete. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Luego el martes bien podría |  | | rezar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya recé ese día |  | | por el bien que nos promete |  | | él haber en él nacido |  | | la hermosa Reina del cielo; |  | | pero en el mayor desvelo |  | | que jamás, padre, he tenido. |  | | Di en pensar si vencería |  | | con descabezar el sueño, |  | | que era de mis ojos dueño, |  | | y que luego rezaría; |  | | comencé a dormir por ver |  | | qué tal remedio le doy... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Despertó luego? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A eso voy. |  | | Sí, padre, al amanecer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si durmió de esa manera, |  | | el miércoles rezaría, |  | | pues que ya dormido había |  | | para la semana entera. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El miércoles comencé |  | | los misterios del rosario, |  | | y, a Pesar de mi contrario, |  | | hasta la oración llegué |  | | donde Pedro se durrnió, |  | | y en aquel huerto tendido |  | | lo contemplé tan rendido, |  | | que también me dormí yo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues el jueves, que podía |  | | en la cena contemplar |  | | el misterio del altar |  | | y la santa Eucaristía, |  | | ¿no rezaría también, |  | | si en San Juan, dormido el pecho, |  | | de Cristo pensó? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sospecho |  | | que le contemplé muy bien. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Hasta qué hora? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue mucho, |  | | por ser los misterios tantos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y el viernes? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Días tan santos |  | | porfío, batallo y lucho, |  | | que este viernes comencé |  | | a ir tras judas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Buen cuidado! |  | | ¿No ve que estaba ahorcado? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En él, padre, contemplé, |  | | y como en él suspiraba, |  | | me sucedió... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dormiría |  | | hasta el alba? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hasta otro día. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Muy bien la semana acaba! |  | | El sábado apostaré |  | | que con los guardas durmió |  | | si el sepulcro contempló. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Durmiendo los contemplé. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, toda la semana, |  | | ¿qué habrá rezado? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En seis días, |  | | padre, treinta avemarías. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; mas será cosa llana |  | | que el domingo habrá cumplido |  | | lo que dejó de rezar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, padre, ¿no es día de holgar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De holgar a los que han tenido |  | | oficios, porque su vida |  | | trabajando han de pasar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y no es trabajo rezar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por ser hoy nuestra partida |  | | no le riño como fuera |  | | justo; mas, ¿propone aquí |  | | la enmienda? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi padre, sí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rece esta semana entera. |  | | Y pues sueño no le deja |  | | ser al rosario fiel, |  | | ate de un clavo un cordel |  | | y el cordel ate a la oreja, |  | | para que cuando a dormír |  | | se vaya le tire della. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Podráse salir con ella. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Con ella se ha de salir? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, padre, que de suerte |  | | me suele el sueño cargar |  | | que me la puede sacar |  | | primero que yo despierte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora bien; venga conmigo, |  | | que habemos de partir luego. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me quite, a Dios le ruego, |  | | aqueste sueño enemigo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la Virgen, que le dio |  | | las rosas. lo ha de pedir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el rezar fuera dormir, |  | | ¿quién rezara como yo? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse, y salen LUCIFER y SATANÁS)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién podrá tener sosiego |  | | viendo que el cielo perdió, |  | | de justa soberbia ciego, |  | | y para siempre heredó |  | | noche, tinieblas y fuego? |  | | ¿Quién, ya que Dios le destierra, |  | | no envidia sus maravillas |  | | viendo que un hombre de tierra |  | | ocupa las altas sillas |  | | que pierdo en tan justa guerra? |  | | Si no tuviera mi mal |  | | en la venganza el remedio, |  | | por morir en pena igual |  | | tomara por justo medio |  | | que Dios me hiciera mortal |  | | después de su muerte santa, |  | | con cuya cruz no se espanta, |  | | con cuya llave abre el cielo, |  | | con cuya luz ve en el suelo |  | | y el hombre muerto levanta. |  | | Varias cosas intenté, |  | | muchos hombres he quitado |  | | al cielo en que me crié, |  | | por que al de tierra formado |  | | no suba adonde bajé. |  | | Mas tantas estratagemas |  | | vence la cruz y enmudece |  | | nuestras víboras blasfemas, |  | | que va del hombre parece |  | | que son las armas extremas; |  | | y esta cruz yo la llevara |  | | en paciencia, que no al hombro, |  | | que, como es de Dios la vara, |  | | soy delincuente y me asombro |  | | sólo de verle la cara. |  | | Pero tantas invenciones |  | | de armas como le han dado |  | | mi tormento y mis prisiones. |  | | en el infierno han doblado |  | | mi tormento y mis prisiones. |  | | ¿Qué rosario, di, Satán, |  | | es este que me atormenta? |  | | De escala nombre le dan, |  | | y es bien, pues de cuenta en cuenta |  | | por él al cielo se van. |  | | ¿Qué rosas son éstas, di, |  | | o avemarías, pues fui |  | | de ella muerto en Nazaret? |  | | ¿Qué «paternoster» también, |  | | si es padrastro para mí? |  | | ¿Has visto, Satán, la gente |  | | que este rosario me escapa? |  | | ¿Qué haré, que estoy impaciente? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De este Domingo la capa |  | | te cubre la vista ardiente; |  | | este fraile, infernal toro, |  | | te da en los ojos con ella; |  | | las capillas de este coro |  | | de aquella siempre doncella |  | | descubre estas rosas de oro. |  | | Estos son los jardineros |  | | de este divino rosal; |  | | por cultivarle ligeros |  | | te ha venido tanto mal. |  | | Con las rosas te hacen fieros, |  | | que con las cuentas divinas |  | | las dan tan maravillosas, |  | | que, aunque espino le imaginas, |  | | ellos se llevan las rosas |  | | y a ti te dan las espinas. |  | | Del mundo se te libró, |  | | donde le pusiste al cebo |  | | que a los principios picó |  | | por el rosario el mancebo |  | | que en Florencia se vistió |  | | el blanco y negro vestido |  | | de aquel perro negro y blanco |  | | que ha tu destrucción pedido; |  | | que como Dios es tan franco, |  | | le ha dado cuanto ha querido |  | | Pues ya por su devoción |  | | ha estado la Virgen santa, |  | | cuyas estas rosas son, |  | | en gracia y privanza tanta, |  | | que nos pone en confusión. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No; es que va navegando |  | | a Sicilia y que Antonino |  | | le dio el hábito. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si cuando |  | | de la guerra santa vino |  | | no se me fuera volando |  | | de ese Antonino a los pies, |  | | que ya, como sabes, es |  | | arzobispo de Florencia, |  | | yo pusiera en contingencia |  | | los pasos en que le ves. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué importa que esté seguro |  | | a la sombra del rosal, |  | | como la hiedra en el muro, |  | | contra el Poder celestial? |  | | Desde hoy vencerle procuro. |  | | ¿Nunca has oído, Satán, |  | | cómo las mujeres dan |  | | mayor victoria a su nombre |  | | cuando enamoran un hombre |  | | que es de otra dama galán |  | | Pues ésa es la fuerza mía. |  | | Poco podrá mi porfía |  | | si, aunque fea, no enamora |  | | mi envidia y le quita agora |  | | este galán a María, |  | | que le ha dado por favor |  | | para empresa de mirarlas... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Las rosas de su color? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Unas rosas marchitarlas |  | | con mi veneno y furor. |  | | Advierte el intento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Di. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Beceba no viene aquí |  | | moro de Túnez corsario? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  | | --- | | El mismo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué rosario |  | | librará Antonio de mí? |  | | Ea, que ya vio la nave |  | | donde aquestos frailes van; |  | | *(Hace que lo ve)* |  | | ya la sigue como al ave |  | | medrosa el pardo alcotán. |  | | Da en popa viento suave. |  | | Ya llegó, ya les previene |  | | de que amainen, ya dispara, |  | | *(Suenan tiros)* |  | | ya la nave temor tiene, |  | | ya se rinde, ¿quién la ampara? |  | | Ya el moro a los bordes viene. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme, aquel motilón, |  | | con un remo se defiende |  | | de cuantos contrarios son; |  | | ya al suelo derriba y tiende |  | | la sarracena nación. |  | | A bordo las cuerdas trepa; |  | | entró dentro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy aquí. |  | | ¿No quieres que hacerlo sepa? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  | | --- | | ¿Ríndensele todos? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí; |  | | sólo el motilón increpa |  | | el sarraceno valor. |  | | Ya la chusma sobre él viene. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Todo ese valor mantiene |  | | ese rosario traidor. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen FRAY COSME, con un remo defendiéndose de BECEBA y ARCHIMA AMET, y SULTÁN y FRAY ANTONIO, atadas las manos, y CAMILO, pasajero, y MARCELA, dama)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  | | --- | | ¡Date, papa! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Papear |  | | y verlo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Está sin sentido, |  | | fray Cosme? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy descosido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué hace, padre? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pelear. |  | | ¿No os arrimáis, desleales? |  | | Llegad, veréis cuál se escapa, |  | | que pues me habéis hecho papa, |  | | yo os quiero hacer cardenales. |  | | Llegad, perros, que aquí espero |  | | de manos en la ocasión. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme, dése a prisión. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiero, padre, no quiero; |  | | dése vuestra reverencia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya que estoy atado, hermano, |  | | dése, ¡por Dios! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es en vano. |  | | Ya se acabó la paciencia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues muera. Hacelde pedazos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su perdición, padre, temo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llegad, sabréis qué es un remo |  | | regido por estos brazos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo le mando en obediencia |  | | que se deje, padre, atar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sólo eso pudo obligar |  | | mi rigor y mi impaciencia. |  | | Muy bien me podéis ligar, |  | | perros, a vuestro placer, |  | | pues sé que es obedecer |  | | mejor que sacrificar. |  | | *(Atanle las manos)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí no hay más que ofrecerse |  | | a este cordel. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ten piedad |  | | si ejecutas tu crueldad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas, ¿quieren todos perderse? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Duélete, señor, de mí; |  | | no me trates con rigor! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios lo ha permitido así, |  | | que como soy pecador |  | | y veinte años le ofendí, |  | | quiere que pague cautivo |  | | las ofensas que le hice |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Notable pena recibo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tenga paciencia. ¿Qué dice? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Atado yo estando vivo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme, si él hoy rezara, |  | | como yo se lo avisé, |  | | nunca aquí el moro llegara, |  | | que, puesto que yo recé, |  | | si en mis pecados repara, |  | | verá que no he merecido |  | | ser de la Virgen oído. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la cristiana gallarda, |  | | remedio esta gente aguarda. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que tengas piedad te pido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pienso que serás presente |  | | para que el rey dé por ti |  | | un ángel que adoro ausente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por él, padre, estoy yo así. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme, no sea impaciente. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estos padres no quisiera |  | | que llevaras, que hacen mal |  | | a los cautivos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si fuera |  | | tal mi dicha, mi bien tal |  | | que yo a tus manos muriera, |  | | ¿qué fin mejor puedes dar |  | | a mi jornada que el cielo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues yo te quiero matar. |  | | Daré tu cabeza al suelo |  | | y echaré tu cuerpo al mar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El fraile, Satán, se escapa; |  | | al cielo se va por pies |  | | envuelto en su negra capa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No hay un remedio que des? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué furia tus ojos tapa? |  | | ¿Quién tu entendimiento ciega? |  | | ¿Tú no ves que a nadie llega |  | | más presto un grande rescate |  | | que a un fraile? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues no se mate; |  | | el oro por ti me ruega. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué, no merecí morir? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Calle, que bien vamos vivos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apresta y ¡alto!, partir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Parécete que cautivos |  | | no es morir? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bueno es vivir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasad a las galeotas, |  | | cautivos, que a Túnez vais. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CAMILO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué diferentes derrotas! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, señor, me regaláis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo esa chusma no azotas? |  | | Cristiana, tened consuelo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay mi desdicha en el suelo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen santa, en Vos confío! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este fraile ha de ser mío |  | | o he de revolver el cielo. |  | | | | | |
| **Jornada II** | | | |
|  | | | |
| *Salen ARCHIMA AMET y SULTÁN* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué hacen esos esclavos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apenas el sol los ve. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Y los papas que compré? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esos blasonan de bravos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hazles peor tratamiento |  | | que a los demás. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su paciencia |  | | les sirve de resistencia |  | | y de humilde sufrimiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si te digo la verdad, |  | | sultán, no hay noche ninguna |  | | que en sueños no me importuna |  | | alguna sombra o deidad. |  | | Que Antonio siga hasta tanto |  | | que se vuelva moro, y de esto |  | | anda triste y descompuesto, |  | | y aun después que me levanto, |  | | suele aquesta misma sombra |  | | la imaginación cansarme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  | | --- | | ¡Extraña cosa! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mostrarme |  | | tantas, que el alma me asombra. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen LUCIFER y SATANÁS)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No hemos de salir con esto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | O no ser yo quien soy |  | | o le habemos de ver hoy |  | | el traje africano puesto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SATANÁS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuentas que da cada día |  | | de su devoción a Dios |  | | han hecho que de los dos |  | | no aproveche la porfía. |  | | Llega, y al dueño tirano |  | | este pensamiento infunde |  | | para que en su mal redunde. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo no quieres, villano, |  | | castigar aquel Antonio |  | | hasta que deje su fe? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De que ya le castigué |  | | su sangre da testimonio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Apriétale hasta que deje |  | | la ley de Cristo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Con quién hablabas? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dale, aunque al cielo se queje. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, sombra, cualquier que seas, |  | | palabra te doy de hacer |  | | que muera o se ha de volver |  | | a la ley que tú deseas. |  | | Vete en buen hora al lugar |  | | que tienes en tierra o cielo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay en el cielo ni suelo |  | | donde me dejen estar |  | | si entre vosotros no estoy |  | | o con los indios resido, |  | | pues el cielo que he tenido, |  | | el ser que en efecto soy, |  | | no me duró sola un hora; |  | | era corto para mí: |  | | que como cedro subí |  | | y amanecí como aurora. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué tienes? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No sé, sultán. |  | | Saca luego de los hierros |  | | aquesos cristianos perros |  | | por quien tormento me dan. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  | | --- | | Voy. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  | | --- | | Camina. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda un poco |  | | y lo que pasa verás. |  | | *(Vase el SULTÁN)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sombra, ¿qué pretendes más, |  | | si no es que me vuelva loco? |  | | ¡Vive Alá, papa cristiano, |  | | cualquier que seas, que hoy |  | | has de morir, pues estoy |  | | más esclavo de un tirano |  | | por ti que lo estoy de mí! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen SULTÁN, FRAY ANTONIO, COSME y MARCELA, los tres cautivos)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy, perros, pienso mataros. |  | | Que quiere ver azotaros |  | | ArchimaAmet aquí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con acabar nuestra vida |  | | acabarás nuestra pena. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  | | --- | | ¿Es buena esta vida? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Buena, |  | | y más si es por Dios sufrida. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja, Antonio, esa locura; |  | | adora en Mahoma y mira |  | | que te amenaza su ira. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen santa, Virgen pura, |  | | Virgen más clara que el sol, |  | | favoreced vuestro esclavo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Préciase el perro de bravo |  | | más que si fuera español. |  | | ¡La ropa fuera ya, perros! |  | | Tiéndanse en tierra. |  | | *(Desnúdanse y échanse de bruces)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay de mí! |  | | Padre Antonio, que por ti |  | | vine a verme en estos hierros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Diga, hermano, que por Dios. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién le metió que yo fuese |  | | con él a Sicilia y viese |  | | tanto mal para los dos? |  | | ¿No me estaba yo muy bien |  | | en mi santa portería, |  | | donde a mis horas comía, |  | | donde cenaba también? |  | | ¡Ay mi huerta de San Marcos! |  | | ¡Ay mi santo refectorio! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Otro más raro es notorio |  | | le espera y mil triunfos santos, |  | | donde cenará algún día |  | | a la mesa del Cordero. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así, padre, en Dios lo espero |  | | pero como yo comía |  | | tan libre de aquestos hierros |  | | en mi refectorio a ratos, |  | | cercado de tantos gatos, |  | | muérome entre aquestos perros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya, hermano, yo estoy desnudo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  | | --- | | Tiéndase, pues. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En qué cama? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cuándo te cansarás? Llama |  | | dos calabreses membrudos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mirad para en acabando |  | | qué colación apercibe. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Dios, Cosme, los recibe, |  | | que Dios nos está mirando. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué el resibo ha de ser? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De qué? De aquestos regalos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Yo, ¡por Dios! recibir palos? |  | | No estoy de ese parecer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desnúdate, ¿qué porfías? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Quítale COSME el palo al SULTÁN y dale con él)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya la paciencia he perdido. |  | | ¿No te contentas vestido? |  | | ¡Toma! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay espaldas mías! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Andan tras él FRAY ANTONIO y ARCHIMA AMET, poniéndose en medio)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «*Deo gratias*», fray Cosme, hermano; |  | | ¿así pierdes la obediencia? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Acabóse la paciencia; |  | | no me hable, padre, a la mano. |  | | Déjeme que le sacuda |  | | media docena no más. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cautivo, ¿eres Barrabás? |  | | Prendedle, moros; ayuda |  | | por Mahoma soberano! |  | | ¡Cautivo, perro, traidor, |  | | que has de probar mi rigor! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasito, blanda la mano. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen AJA, mora, y LUCIFER)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Estás loco? ¿Qué es aquesto? |  | | ¿Comprastes bestias por dicha |  | | o hombres? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi desdicha, |  | | ora, tu piedad me ha puesto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De mandarle castigar |  | | pienso conseguir mi intento |  | | y doyle merecimiento |  | | con que me doble el pesar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién te mete en eso a ti? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué te han hecho esos cautivos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Poco, pues los dejo vivos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por qué los tratas ansí? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque este Antonio deseo, |  | | Aja, que se vuelva moro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | (¡Pluguiera a Alá!, que le adoro |  | | y a un ángel viéndole veo!) |  | | *(Aparte)* |  | | Pero sea con regalos, |  | | no a palos, que de esa suerte |  | | le perderéis con su muerte. |  | | Un roble da el fruto a palos; |  | | pero los árboles nobles |  | | dejan tomar con la mano |  | | el fruto, y este cristiano |  | | no fue de casta de robles. |  | | Vete y déjame con él. |  | | Llevad esotro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo quiero |  | | hacer tu gusto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo espero |  | | que sin castigo crüel |  | | se rinda a mi cortesía. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lleva ese perro, sultán, |  | | donde los demás están. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SULTÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Camina, perro; algún día |  | | nos veremos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiera Dios |  | | que nuestro rescate sea |  | | en contienda de pelea |  | | y que la hayamos los dos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Cosme, tenga paciencia, |  | | que es gran joya la humildad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tenga su paternidad |  | | mas brío en tan gran violencia. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse LOS MOROS y COSME)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llega, enternece aquel pecho. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | (¡Temor tengo, oh santo Alá! |  | | ¿Qué piedra en tu pecho está? |  | | Antonio, ¿de qué eres hecho |  | | que cierra al alma la entrada? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira qué hermosura tiene. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Contra mí la carne viene |  | | de dulce deleite armada. |  | | ¡Virgen, socorred, pues Vos |  | | excedistes en pureza |  | | los ángeles y en belleza |  | | cuanto en el cielo no es Dios! |  | | Domingo, pues me libré |  | | del mundo con el sagrado |  | | de vuestra ropa y a nado |  | | a vuestro puerto llegué, |  | | donde al demonio vencí |  | | dándole azotes crueles, |  | | las rosas que en los vergeles |  | | de vuestra casa cogí, |  | | la carne, que es el mayor |  | | de los enemigos míos, |  | | viene con notables bríos |  | | de anegar mi propio honor. |  | | ¡Favor, padre soberano; |  | | y vos, heroico Antonino, |  | | pues el hábito divino |  | | me dio vuestra santa mano, |  | | haced oración por mí! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Háblale, ¿qué te acobardas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En fin, dulce Antonio, ¿aguardas |  | | que yo te requiebre a ti? |  | | Si es vergüenza y es temor |  | | de ver que soy tu señora, |  | | tu cautiva soy agora, |  | | tú mi adorado señor. |  | | Lo que es mi talle y persona |  | | ya la ves, no hay que alabarte. |  | | ¡Ojalá para obligarte |  | | tuviera yo la corona |  | | de toda el Asia! Mi hermano |  | | es rico. Deja tu ley. |  | | Deudo tengo con el rey. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pídele, necia, la mano, |  | | que palabras no es sentido |  | | y el tocar sentido es, |  | | y el sentir hace después |  | | apetecer lo sentido. |  | | Aunque se incitan oyendo |  | | los hombres más que mirando, |  | | muchos se pierden tocando, |  | | que es ir el fuego encendiendo. |  | | Llegarse al fuego calienta; |  | | pero si se toca, abrasa. |  | | Pásale la mano, pasa; |  | | llega y abrazarle intenta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué armas podré tomar |  | | contra ti? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mira, cristiano, |  | | que te adoro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh fuerte mano! |  | | Comenzad a pelear. |  | | Basta el rosario del cuello. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Perdíme; no aguardo más. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Rosas, cristiano, me das? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Yo rosas? | | *(Vuélvese el rosario rosas)* | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muestra, mi bien. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué dices? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  | | --- | | *(Hace cuando va a tomar el rosario que se quema)* | | ¡Ay, que me abraso! |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y que con ligero paso |  | | Alá o los cielos te den. |  | | Rosas dijo que le daba |  | | cuando el rosario miró |  | | y, la mano se abrasó |  | | cuando las rosas tocaba. |  | | ¡Ah Virgen! ¡Tanto favor! |  | | ¡Tantas gracias y mercedes! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sa1e COSME)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salir por las calles puedes |  | | de Túnez libre, señor; |  | | mas cree en darte la nueva |  | | antes de pedirte albricias. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué albricias, Cosme, codicias, |  | | puesto que albricias te deba? |  | | ¿Qué tengo yo que te dar, |  | | si no es de aqueste jaleco |  | | o de aquel bizcocho seco |  | | lo que hoy tengo de cenar? |  | | Ve por ello si te agrada; |  | | más de diez onzas serán. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Piedras por onzas nos dan. |  | | ¡Qué vida tan regalada! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto entre moros se medra. |  | | Yo te juro que algún día |  | | esa piedra me sabía, |  | | más que pan de azúcar, piedra. |  | | Pero dime, ¿quién nos dio |  | | licencia para salir |  | | de esta mazmorra y vivir |  | | en la luz que Dios crió? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A Túnez, padre, ha venido |  | | Clemente, un embajador |  | | de Génova por valor |  | | de su virtud conocido |  | | en toda el África, y éste |  | | al rey pidió por merced |  | | delante de ArchimaAmet, |  | | que sólo cuando se acueste |  | | permita que moro alguno |  | | encierre en mazmorra esclavo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Al embajador alabo, |  | | Cosme, y al rey noble. Al uno, |  | | por la merced que pidió, |  | | y al otro, por concedella. |  | | Gracias a la Virgen bella. |  | | ¿Ha rezado hoy? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Padre, no. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿por qué? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De no comer |  | | estoy muy desvanecido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Y ha comido? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya he comido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora lo puede hacer. |  | | Saque el rosario. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quebróse |  | | el cordón y no he podido |  | | ensartarle. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No ha podido? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hubo embarazo; olvidóse. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Venga, yo le ayudaré |  | | a ensartar las cuentas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos; |  | | pero como aquí pasamos |  | | crujía, sospecho a fe |  | | que algunas se habrán ido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Cuántas? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vaya agora cuenta. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Diga, a ver. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ciento cincuenta. |  | | *(Saca sola la cruz)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Luego todas se han perdido? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La cruz me quedó no más. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dios, Cosme, le dé su luz. |  | | Ate un cordel a esa cruz |  | | y no le pierda jamás. |  | | Que en él daremos los dos |  | | tantos nudos como cuentas, |  | | y pase aquestas afrentas |  | | y palos siempre por Dios, |  | | que es soberbio con exceso |  | | y le podrá suceder |  | | gran daño, a mi parecer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estése, padre, con eso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aquí dicen que labrado |  | | tienen un famoso templo |  | | los genoveses. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ejemplo |  | | de cristiano celo han dado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En él hay un santo altar |  | | de un crucifijo devoto, |  | | de manos y pies tan roto, |  | | que aun la sangre quiso dar. |  | | Esta visita ha de ser, |  | | Cosme hermano, la primera, |  | | pues nos dejan salir fuera |  | | y mañana puede hacer, |  | | de agallas o de otras cosas, |  | | un rosario en qué rezar, |  | | si el cordel le ha de quitar |  | | la devoción de las rosas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien dice, Vamos, que allá |  | | habrá mercader cristiano |  | | que rosario tenga. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es llano; |  | | alguno en la plaza habrá. |  | | ¿Cuándo me veré, mi Dios, |  | | en vuestra santa presencia? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Refectorio de Florencia, |  | | ¿cuándo me veré yo en vos? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse. Salen EL REY DE TÚNEZ, BECEBA, MARCELA, cautiva, y ROSA)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si no te obliga, rey, a haberte dado |  | | esta cristiana para darme a Rosa, |  | | ni a ti, Rosa ingratísima, he obligado |  | | con aquesta jornada victoriosa, |  | | ¿qué esperanza en tan dudoso estado |  | | será para mi vida provechosa? |  | | ¿Cuál será de los dos el pensamiento, |  | | pues cuantos me habéis dado lleva el viento? |  | | Surqué la mar azul, corrí la posta |  | | en mis seis galeotas que juzgaban |  | | el golfo desigual carrera angosta; |  | | así las blancas olas sujetaban. |  | | De Sicilia espanté la fértil costa, |  | | y Apebón y Paquino me temblaban, |  | | que los azufres de sus bocas fieras |  | | se helaron de temor de mis banderas. |  | | Cuando volví de tan dichosa empresa, |  | | las ninfas de la mar, en sus navales |  | | carros, entapizados de ova espesa, |  | | me ofrecieron mil perlas y corales. |  | | Tú sólo, rey, a quien mi dicha pesa; |  | | tú sola, Rosa, a quien mis largos males |  | | nunca engendran amor, me recibistes |  | | con tibios brazos y con ojos tristes. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beceba, quien emprenda grandes cosas, |  | | ha de tener, con el valor, paciencia. |  | | No se cogen tan fáciles las rosas; |  | | sus mismas ramas hacen resistencia. |  | | Estimo que tus manos victoriosas |  | | ya de Sicilia, Córcega y Valencia, |  | | Nápoles y Cerdania, vengan ricas, |  | | pues tales prendas a mi gusto aplicas. |  | | El parabién te doy; pero no puedo |  | | darte lo que consiste en otro gusto. |  | | Rosa tiene la culpa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Bueno quedo! |  | | Tras tantas esperanzas, tal disgusto. |  | | Con justa causa me partí con miedo |  | | de su respuesta y de su agravio injusto. |  | | Lo que temí llegó, pues ya los cielos |  | | corrieron las cortinas a mis celos. |  | | Ya veo a Rosa cerca de tus brazos, |  | | como se mira en cuadro de pintura |  | | por cristiano pincel: entre mil lazos, |  | | gozar de Venus Marte la hermosura. |  | | Todos los imposibles y embarazos |  | | con que tu amor dificultar procura |  | | cosa tan fácil nacen de este intento, |  | | y yo estoy tal, que digo lo que siento. |  | | Con un hacha de amor entré seguro |  | | a ver tu pensamiento en tu deseo, |  | | que estaba con mis celos tan oscuro. |  | | Ya Rosa en él y entre tus brazos veo. |  | | Pues siendo así, ¿qué busco?, ¿qué procuro? |  | | ¿qué pido?, ¿qué pretendo?, ¿qué rodeo? |  | | Dejar quiero tu tierra y tu servicio |  | | y proseguir de Marte su ejercicio. |  | | Argel tiene las costas africanas, |  | | donde estarán mejor mis galeotas. |  | | Tráiganse aquí chalupas y tartanas, |  | | las tuyas pobres de la chusma rotas, |  | | no como suelo yo naves cristianas |  | | de alto bordo que suben sus derrotas, |  | | Italia, África, Dinamarca y Flandes, |  | | con que has labrado atarazanas grandes. |  | | Dame mi esclava, rey, que el alma adora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si no quiero dártela, Beceba, |  | | ¿qué dirás? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Que me pagas bien ahora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No basta el galardón que un rey te deba? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame mi esclava y tu sobrina adora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿No me la diste? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  | | --- | | Sí. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué más prueba |  | | de que es mía? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fue un trueco de la hermosa |  | | Rosa, mas ¿no me das tampoco a Rosa? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quiere, y yo no tengo de forzarla. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  | | --- | | Rosa, ¿ no quieres tú? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quiero, Y es justo, |  | | lo que quisiere el rey. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay que culparla; |  | | está sujeta y ha de hacer tu gusto. |  | | Dame mi esclava a mí, que quiero darla |  | | al rey de Argel. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Por darme a mí disgusto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por lo que tú mereces; pues es llano... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Prosigue la razón. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ...que eres tirano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¡Prendedle! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por la punta de esta espada. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por Alá que te haré quitar la vida. |  | | ¡Hola, guardas, alcaide! Rosa amada, |  | | de su muerte no quedes ofendida |  | | *(Vase el REY)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Intenta, rey, lo que a tu gusto agrada, |  | | que, puesto que de entrambos soy querida, |  | | a nadie tengo amor, que, aunque está ciego, |  | | mi pecho es nieve si su flecha es fuego. |  | | ¿Cómo es tu nombre, cristiana? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por mi desdicha, Marcela; |  | | por venir derecho el mal, |  | | el mismo nombre lo muestra. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | ¿Eres española? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | aunque a Nápoles la bella |  | | pasé con un capitán. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | ¿De dónde eres? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De Valencia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo te he cobrado afición. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero que te la deba |  | | te había pagado, mora, |  | | que tu donaire y belleza |  | | obliga a tenerte amor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En esta correspondencia |  | | de voluntades pagadas, |  | | que nace de las estrellas, |  | | fuera yo tu grande amiga, |  | | mi secretaria te hiciera, |  | | mis pensamientos fiara |  | | de tu valor satisfecha; |  | | como te volvieras mora, |  | | y si mora te volvieras, |  | | yo te casara con hombre |  | | que fuera igual a tus prendas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con aquí veis cada día |  | | cristianas que su ley dejan, |  | | parécete, bella Rosa, |  | | que seré lo mismo que ellas. |  | | Y cree que no fiara |  | | de mi valor y paciencia |  | | para trabajos tan grandes |  | | tan dificultosa prueba, |  | | a no haber en el camino |  | | hallado la resistencia |  | | de vuestros ruegos, regalos, |  | | honras, gustos y promesas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿qué resistencia hallaste |  | | si quieren hacerte fuerza? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  | | --- | | No la entenderás. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | No hay cosa que yo no entienda |  | | del trato de las cristianas, |  | | que me he criado con ellas. |  | | Las labores que yo sé, |  | | una esclava portuguesa |  | | me las enseñó, y aun creo |  | | que, si hasta agora viviera, |  | | su ley me hubiera enseñado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues, Rosa, cuando fui presa |  | | deste alcaide, lo fue un fraile |  | | dominico de Florencia. |  | | Hombre de linda persona, |  | | honestos ojos y lengua; |  | | tan devoto de la Virgen |  | | que adoran cielos y tierra |  | | por Madre del mismo Dios, |  | | que, hablando y tratando en ella, |  | | las lágrimas que lloraba |  | | enternecieran las piedras. |  | | A todos encomendó |  | | la devoción de esta Reina, |  | | y a mí, aparte, como vía |  | | que nuestra común flaqueza |  | | es más fácil para el mal, |  | | me dijo: «Cuando te quieran |  | | persuadir, Marcela amiga, |  | | moros que mora te vuelvas, |  | | acuérdate de la Virgen |  | | y de la santa paciencia |  | | con que a Menfis y al gran Cairo, |  | | huyendo de la sangrienta |  | | furia de Herodes, llevó, |  | | por sus arenas desiertas, |  | | al benditísimo Niño; |  | | y que, sentada en la hierba, |  | | margen de una fuente clara, |  | | con las manos, más que estrellas, |  | | le lavaba los pañales; |  | | mientras, una blanca cesta |  | | José de dátiles rojos |  | | cogía de las soberbias |  | | palmas que entonces al suelo |  | | humillaban las cabezas. |  | | Considera los trabajos |  | | que esta celestial princesa |  | | pasaría tantos años |  | | y súfrelos tú por ella, |  | | y por que jamás la niegues, |  | | toma estas divinas cuentas, |  | | que, si cada día las pasas, |  | | ellas serán tu defensa.» |  | | Bien escuché sus palabras, |  | | pues del modo que en la imprenta |  | | queda el papel, las dejó |  | | en medio del alma impresas. |  | | Este es el santo rosario. |  | | ¡Ojalá que tú quisieras |  | | conocer estas verdades! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta, amiga, que las tenga |  | | respeto y amor ahora. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale LUCIFER)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No es mala ocasión aquésta |  | | para salir con mi intento. |  | | Este fraile, Rosa bella, |  | | es el hombre más gallardo |  | | que hizo Naturaleza. |  | | Tiene un ingenio divino. |  | | Bueno será que le veas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Podré yo ver este fraile? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  | | --- | | ¡Pluguiese a Dios | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No quisiera |  | | revelar alguna cosa |  | | que me diese en la cabeza. |  | | ¿Cosa que Antonio de Ríjoles |  | | aquesta mora convierta |  | | y por un alma dudosa |  | | la más cierta se me pierda? |  | | Mas yo lo sabré trazar |  | | sin que me resulte ofensa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ArchimaAmet le compró, |  | | cómprale o, por más modestia, |  | | dile al rey que se lo pida. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más segura ha de ser ésa. |  | | Al rey le quiero pedir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿qué aguardas? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ven, Marcela, |  | | que ya me muero por verle. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El cielo tus pasos mueva. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse las dos)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No, sino yo, que soy ángel, |  | | aunque perdí por soberbia |  | | ser luz, ser sol, ser aurora, |  | | y ya soy noche y tinieblas. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen FILIPO, ALBERTO y ROSIO, cautivos)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIPO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, vida trabajosa! |  | | ¿Cómo con tantas penas dura tanto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, muerte perezosa! |  | | ¿Cómo no escuchas mi profundo llanto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, muerte y vida juntas, cómo vivo! |  | | ¡No hay mayor muerte que vivir cautivo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIPO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que se aflige el villano |  | | de que no llueva a tiempo en su cosecha? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que llora el cortesano |  | | su pretensión sobre los vientos hecha? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que teme el navegante al mar ni al viento? |  | | ¡Ay, Dios! ¿Por qué no duerme el avariento? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué se lamentan éstos |  | | de sólo ver la libertad perdida, |  | | si en el libro están puestos |  | | del bautismo de Cristo y restituida? |  | | De vicio se lamenta todo el suelo. |  | | Callen, pues callo yo, que perdí el cielo. |  | | ¿No fue por mí vertida |  | | la sangre del Cordero sobre el ara? |  | | Trabajo en mortal vida, |  | | descanso presto que en la muerte para; |  | | mas yo, inmortal y que de Dios me alejo, |  | | me pudiera quejar y no me quejo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entra ANTONIO)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cautivos, que lo fuisteis |  | | del demonio y de Cristo libertados, |  | | a ser libres vinisteis |  | | y de nuevo por él regenerados. |  | | Hagamos penitencia, que en paciencia |  | | se ejercita también la penitencia. |  | | Nuestros pecados fueron |  | | la causa de vivir donde vivimos; |  | | mas ya que nos trajeron |  | | donde la alegre libertad perdimos, |  | | no perdamos el alma, que es tesoro |  | | más que la libertad, que pierde el oro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIPO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién eres, que predicas |  | | penitencia, cristiano, donde hay tanta? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Amigo, bien replicas. |  | | Cautivo de la Virgen sacrosanta |  | | soy lo primero, y luego, un fraile pobre, |  | | aunque en ser de quien soy todo me sobre. |  | | Por las manos dichosas |  | | del varón apostólico Antonino, |  | | me dio estas bellas rosas |  | | deste rosario celestial, divino. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sácale y huye EL DEMONIO)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cegóme, ¡oh perro! Pues caerás espera, |  | | que yo fui sol y ya perdí mi esfera. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este que cada día |  | | rezo a la Virgen, y vosotros todos |  | | que le recéis querría, |  | | pues por divinos celestiales modos |  | | os dará libertad con esperanza, |  | | que de su Hijo cuanto quiere alcanza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Danos los pies, ¡oh padre!, |  | | que todos prometemos ser devotos |  | | de aquella Virgen madre. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ella permita que cumpláis los votos |  | | en sus templos, llevándole el rescate |  | | a Loreto, a la Peña o Monserrate. |  | | De un mercader ahora |  | | compré aquestos rosarios. Ea, cristianos, |  | | rosas de tal Señora |  | | no es justo que se os caigan de las manos, |  | | que mientras más traigáis la mano en ellas, |  | | en vez de marchitarse están más bellas. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen ARCHIMA AMET y CELIMO)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este, Celimo, es mi esclavo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues éste te pide el rey. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que es el talle te alabo; |  | | mas para dejar su ley, |  | | terrible, arrogante y bravo. |  | | ¿Qué haces, Antonio, aquí? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con la licencia, señor, |  | | ando por Túnez así. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El rey sabe tu valor; |  | | al rey, Antonio, te di; |  | | parte a verle con Celimo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy, señor, a obedecerte. |  | | Amigos, hoy os animo |  | | con mi sangre; con mi muerte |  | | veréis si la prenda estimo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse ANTONIO y CELIMO)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Id a trabajar vosotros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Somos tuyos? Riñe a otros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ALBERTO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué buenas rosas llevamos! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | FILIPO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos tras él y pidamos |  | | que ruegue a Dios por nosotros. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse todos. Salen AJA y COSME)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Viendo el notable rigor |  | | de Antonio, a quien tanto adoro, |  | | y que no se vuelva moro, |  | | porque no me tiene amor, |  | | crece mi pena inhumana |  | | tanto, que resuelta vengo, |  | | pues yo soy quien sólo tengo, |  | | para volverme cristiana. |  | | Dile, Cosme, que, pues él |  | | no quiere ser moro aquí, |  | | yo seré cristiana, y di |  | | que me casaré con él. |  | | Que, aunque sé que ha de pesar |  | | a mi hermano, yo sabré |  | | hacer de suerte que esté |  | | de esotra parte del mar |  | | cuando entienda nuestro intento; |  | | y a ti, si aquesto conciertas |  | | y su voluntad despiertas, |  | | tan dormida a mi tormento, |  | | fuera de la libertad, |  | | luego que estemos casados. |  | | te daré dos mil ducados |  | | y del alma la mitad, |  | | porque en joyas y dinero |  | | puedo llevar treinta y más. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, engañada estás |  | | y desengañarte quiero. |  | | Aunque te vuelvas cristiana, |  | | no puede Antonio casarse |  | | contigo, ni aun obligarse |  | | a cosa alguna liviana, |  | | porque es fraile y no es posible. |  | | Deja esas cosas agora |  | | y trata, ilustre señora, |  | | de algún medio convenible |  | | para darnos libertad, |  | | que él te llevará si quieres |  | | ser cristiana, y donde fueres, |  | | tu hermosura y calidad |  | | te darán galán marido, |  | | a quien luego querrás bien, |  | | que no es mostrarte desdén |  | | no haberte Antonio querido, |  | | sino ser fraile profeso. |  | | Esta razón le desvía, |  | | que entre cristianos sería |  | | gran pecado y gran exceso |  | | y al instante castigado |  | | que de alguno se entendiese. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y si yo con él me fuese, |  | | ¿está también obligado |  | | a no mostrarme afición |  | | y pagar mi voluntad? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | También es la castidad |  | | su principal profesión. |  | | Y aunque Antonio, por ser hombre, |  | | pudiera satisfacerte, |  | | antes sufriera la muerte |  | | que perder de casto el nombre. |  | | Ya es un ángel en la tierra |  | | y un santísimo varón, |  | | y tanta la devoción |  | | que su casto pecho encierra |  | | con la divina María, |  | | que aquellas rosas le dio, |  | | que, si le tratase yo |  | | de esta plática algún día, |  | | para siempre era acabada |  | | nuestra amistad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que mi mal |  | | es sin remedio? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Es mortal. |  | | Si el que te di no te agrada, |  | | aun yo, con ser motilón, |  | | como y como. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AJA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿ Pues qué? ¿Tú |  | | puedes casarte? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Jesú! |  | | ¡Abernuncio! ¡Tentación! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase santiguando COSME, diendo: ¡Abernuncio! ¡Tentación! Salen ANTONIO, ROSA y LUCIFER)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuanto me promete el rey |  | | no es para mí de importancia, |  | | que no hay humana ganancia |  | | para que deje mi ley. |  | | Sola tu rara hermosura |  | | me hubiera dado, señora, |  | | primer movimiento agora |  | | de tan notable locura; |  | | tanto, que pienso que estoy |  | | fuera de mí, pues te miro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh, qué bien he puesto el tiro! |  | | De medio a medio le doy. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lo que no pudo el tormento |  | | de mi prisión, hambre y sed, |  | | dese fiero ArchimaAmet |  | | por diabólico instrumento; |  | | lo que Aja no alcanzó |  | | con tanto amor y blandura, |  | | pudo, Rosa, tu hermosura. |  | | Pero, ¿qué digo? ¿Soy yo? |  | | ¡Vete! ¡Apártate de mí! |  | | ¡Dios mío! ¿Vos me dejáis? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Otra vez a Dios tornáis? |  | | Luego, ¿no soy nadie aquí? |  | | Pues aunque a ser no llegué |  | | Dios, porque Dios es sólo uno, |  | | nunca tan cerca ninguno |  | | alto pensamiento fue. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antonio, desde aquel día |  | | que Marcela habló de ti, |  | | por los oídos te di |  | | lo más que el alma podía. |  | | Ya que te veo, mi bien, |  | | por los ojos te confirmo |  | | por mi señor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo afirmo |  | | que el alma te doy también. |  | | ¡Ay de mí! ¿Qué dije? ¡Cielos! |  | | ¡Qué ceguedad! ¡Qué locura! |  | | ¡Qué deleite! ¡Qué hermosura! |  | | Cubre con fingidos velos |  | | la muerte eterna, el perder |  | | a Dios, el fuego infernal. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esto se vuelve a hacer mal; |  | | más cuidado es menester. |  | | Habla más tierno. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mi vida!, |  | | en mí una esclava tendrás; |  | | este reino heredarás, |  | | que no hay deudo que os lo impida. |  | | A mi tío el rey se han muerto |  | | dos hijos. Si he merecido |  | | que vos seáis mi marido, |  | | tened el reino por cierto. |  | | Pues ¿quién será como vos |  | | servido entonces, amores? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Faltado me han los favores |  | | y los auxilios de Dios. |  | | ¡Ay ojos que habéis podido |  | | cegar todas las estrellas |  | | del cielo, pues ya sin ellas |  | | voy por vuestro mar perdido! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Bien va aquesto; atraíle. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | Dame esa mano. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y también |  | | el alma. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ahora va bien. |  | | Pues ¿qué? ¿Se pensaba el fraile |  | | ser más fuerte que Sansón |  | | y más santo que David? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cegad, ojos; pies, huid! |  | | ¡Ya es tarde; estoy en prisión! |  | | Los palos, la mala vida |  | | y el regalo desta mano |  | | me han vuelto loco; ya en vano |  | | «recuerda el arma dormida». |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  | | --- | | Pídele un abrazo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Esposo, |  | | dadme un abrazo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quisiera. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | Pues ¿quién lo estorba? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Espera; |  | | que hay un estorbo forzoso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En que soy tu esposa advierte; |  | | tú, mi contento y mi gloria. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Adónde está la memoria? |  | | «Avive el seso y despierte» |  | | Apártate un poco allí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | Aquí aguardo. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Extraño intento |  | | me ha puesto en el pensamiento |  | | el perder el alma así! |  | | *(Pónese a dudar)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Háblale, que está dudando. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, mi Antonio! ¡Ah, mi señor! |  | | ¿De qué es aquese temor? |  | | ¿Qué hacéis así? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | «Contemplando». |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy bien puede dar lugar |  | | un hombre a propias pasiones. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién de tales ocasiones |  | | se habrá sabido librar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Háblale, que se convierte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mi Antonio, mira que espero. |  | | ¿Qué haces, mi bien? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Considero |  | | «cómo se viene la muerte»... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deja esa imaginación, |  | | que daña imaginar tanto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mas ¿ por qué causa me espanto |  | | de unas cosas que, al fin, son |  | | flaquezas tan naturales? |  | | Demás de que yo, ¿qué sé |  | | del secreto de mi fe? |  | | Aunque fundamentos tales |  | | mi fe, ¿no está recibida |  | | por justa, por santa y buena? |  | | Mas si se aumenta la pena, |  | | ¿«cómo se pasa la vida»?... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya tropezáis con la fe. |  | | Vos caeréis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿En estos años, |  | | podré sufrir tantos daños? |  | | ¿No es posible, no podré |  | | en brazos de esta mujer |  | | ser rey de Túnez y ser |  | | quien treinta galeras arme |  | | y discurra todo el mar? |  | | Mandaré, tendré gobierno, |  | | que hartos hay en el infierno |  | | solamente por mandar. |  | | Que pasar vida tan fuerte |  | | es locura y es rigor. |  | | Mas... ¡ay! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué pensáis, amor? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡«Cómo se viene la muerte»! |  | | Quiero quitarme el rosario, |  | | que ya el cuello me atormenta. |  | | Pesa un quintal cada cuenta |  | | y ya no me es necesario. |  | | Aquí lo quiero poner. |  | | ¡Rosario, quedaos a Dios! |  | | *(Quítasele)* |  | | Que voy a abrazar sin vos |  | | aquella hermosa mujer. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Victoria! ¡Vencí! No hay más |  | | ¡Infierno, fiestas! ¡Vencí! |  | | Más te precio, fraile, a ti, |  | | pues ya en mi poder estás, |  | | por ser de aquel perro negro |  | | que así me muerde y persigue |  | | y con su rosario sigue, |  | | y más me ensancho y alegro |  | | que con mil almas de moros. |  | | ¡Ea, infierno, fiesta luego; |  | | haya fuegos, pues en fuego |  | | se han de gastar mis tesoros! |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | Abrázame. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Estoy temblando. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | ¿De qué, mi bien? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De pensar |  | | en cómo me ha de llevar |  | | el infierno «tan callando». |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Abrázanse, y mientras se abrazan vuelve la tramoya con UN ÁNGEL, que toma el rosario que ANTONIO puso sobre la peña)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este rosario, estas rosas, |  | | me manda llevar la Reina |  | | que sobre los cielos reina. |  | | *(Cúbrese)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dadme esas manos hermosas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Manos y brazos te doy. |  | | Ven para que el rey te vea. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Desde hoy le quiero servir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy te ha de hacer su visir. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Basta que su esclavo sea. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase. Sale PEDRO GERMÁN, monje)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después que retirado |  | | vivo en la soledad de aquestas peñas, |  | | ya del mundo olvidado, |  | | de que apenas podré decir las señas, |  | | no he tenido tal día; |  | | llore, pues es razón, el alma mía |  | | mi estimado rosario, |  | | que tantos años fue mi compañero, |  | | las armas y el contrario |  | | de más temor a mi enemigo fiero, |  | | se me cayó en el fuego, |  | | donde me calenté, cual Pedro, ciego. |  | | Grande culpa he tenido. |  | | El cielo me castiga en regalarme, |  | | Mejor el encendido |  | | fuego debiera, ¡ay, mísero!, abrasarme |  | | que a mi rosario santo. |  | | Mas yo le apagaré con este llanto. |  | | Pues, Virgen, revestida |  | | del sol que os hizo nueve meses |  | | aurora esclarecida, |  | | que las rosas, olivas y cipreses |  | | os dieron atributos, |  | | y Vos con mil virtudes atributos |  | | sea yo perdonado; |  | | de vuestro Hijo su piedad me toque. |  | | Quiero, pues he llorado, |  | | ensartar desde rústico alcornoque, |  | | pues sus cuentas me ofrece, |  | | otro que mil en penitencias rece. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Aparécese EL ÁNGEL con el rosario de ANTONIO)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  | | --- | | ¿Pedro Germán? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, cielo! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ÁNGEL | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Toma aqueste rosario, que te envía, |  | | para mayor consuelo, |  | | la Reina de los ángeles, María. |  | | *(Cúbrese)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | PEDRO GERMÁN | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién eres, visión santa? |  | | Mas ya veloz al cielo se levanta. |  | | Contento voy ahora. |  | | ¡Oh, siempre Virgen, Madre soberana! |  | | ¡Oh, piadosa Señora! |  | | ¡Oh, hija ilustre de Joaquín y Ana! |  | | ¿Tanto favor, bien tanto? |  | | ¡Bendito el fruto dese vientre santo! |  | | A vuestra imagen bella, |  | | que en pobre altar entre estas peñas guardan |  | | quiero, divina estrella, |  | | pues ya las rosas que me dais aguardan, |  | | ir, pues es tan süave, |  | | a deciros con él mil veces ¡«Ave»! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase. Salen EL REY, ARCHIMA AMET, SULTÁN y ROSA y a su lado. ANTONIO, de moro, muy galán)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De esta suerte, Antonio, estás |  | | cual merece tu persona. |  | | Así vas a la mezquita, |  | | por que reniegues ahora |  | | de tu ley, bautismo y fe, |  | | que toda Túnez se goza |  | | a que un papa como tú |  | | siga la ley de Mahoma. |  | | Esta noche haremos fiesta |  | | y gozarás de tu esposa, |  | | y yo te pondré después |  | | en tan alto estado y honra, |  | | que te envidie toda Italia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para mí, gran señor, sobra |  | | que me des a tu sobrina. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo amaba en extremo a Rosa, |  | | pero después que Marcela |  | | por verte ya moro es mora, |  | | gusto de emplearla en ti, |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, señor, soy dichosa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo te quieres llamar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sultán desde hoy me nombran. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Moros, abrazalde todos. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanle abrazando con música. Suena COSME dentro)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si el cielo rayos me arroja, |  | | querrá en el mayor peligro |  | | mostrar más misericordia. |  | | ¡Dejadme pasar, infames! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién es este que alborota |  | | nuestra común alegría? |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale COSME)* | |  | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  | | --- | | ¡Fray Antonio! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosme, ¿ignoras |  | | que ya me llamo Sultán? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Maldiga el cielo la boca |  | | que tal ha dicho! ¡Jesús! |  | | *(Santíguase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Conjúrasme? ¿Qué te asombras? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No me tengo de asombrar |  | | de ver, traidor, que deshonras |  | | el hábito soberano |  | | de Domingo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿De eso lloras? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lloro y rabio juntamente. |  | | ¿Tú moro, Antonio? ¿Tú bodas? |  | | ¿Tú Sultán? ¿Tú almaizares? |  | | ¡Honroso apellido tomas! |  | | ¿Qué has hecho la fe, enemigo, |  | | que profesaste? ¿Las rosas |  | | de nuestra Virgen y Madre |  | | las marchitas y deshojas? |  | | ¿Tú casado? ¿Tú mujer? |  | | ¿Cómo no riñes ahora |  | | como no he rezado? ¡Perro, |  | | vil, hipócrita! ¿Tú osas |  | | siendo fraile? Mas ¿qué mucho, |  | | si a Dios dejas y te tornas |  | | moro? El casarte es lo menos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosme, que te apasïonas. |  | | Vuélvete moro, que el rey |  | | estimará tu persona |  | | y te casará. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí haré. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Hay infamia más notoria! |  | | ¿Adónde está la doctrina |  | | que predicabas haun hora |  | | animando a los cautivos |  | | con fingida vanagloria? |  | | Pero, traidor, ¡vive el ciclo!, |  | | que, si fuera de la tropa, |  | | puedo cogerte a las manos, |  | | que has de gozar poco a Rosa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Prendedle, matadle, moros! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Primero mi sangre toda |  | | habéis de comprar, villanos; |  | | y por que os salga costosa, |  | | la vendo con esta espada. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | *(Saca a un moro la espada de la cinta)* | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Muera el traidor! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ya blasonas? |  | | Arrímate a mí, cobarde; |  | | verás si medroso tornas, |  | | volviendo al temor la cara. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Que esto sufre tu corona? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah de mi guarda! ¡Matadle! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Dame licencia, señora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No te he de soltar, Sultán. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pasito, Antonio, que llora |  | | esa imagen que idolatras, |  | | y no es bien dejarla sola. |  | | No esperes mi compañía, |  | | que cuando judas se ahorca |  | | no lleva apóstol Santiago; |  | | y si tú tomas la posta |  | | presto para ir al infierno, |  | | yo pienso entrar en la gloria, |  | | al santo rosario asido |  | | de aquella Virgen hermosa. |  | | Esto me enseñaste tú; |  | | pues al infierno te arrojas, |  | | hinche de fuego el caldero, |  | | que no has de llevar la soga. |  | | Cosme el motilón soy, moros. |  | | Si alguno a su cargo toma |  | | esta injuria, sígame, |  | | que aquí le espero. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
|  | *(Vase)* | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay tal cosa? |  | | ¡Prendedle, asidle! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, |  | | déjale que pase agora |  | | aquel ímpetu primero. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | Déjenle por ti. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, |  | | dadme aquesa hermosa mano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | Y el alma en ella. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Hay más gloria? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo haré matar al esclavo |  | | si por ventura os enoja. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Vamos a donde reniegues. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Qué rosas dejo por Rosa! | | | | | |
| **Jornada III** | | | |
|  | | | |
| *Sale COSME, solo* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que haya renegado Antonio |  | | de Cristo y su ley sagrada! |  | | El alma tengo turbada. |  | | ¡Oh, cuánto sabe el demonio! |  | | Como es viejo, sabe tanto, |  | | De sus embustes reniego. |  | | ¡Que le haya ganado el juego |  | | a un hombre tan docto y santo! |  | | Cómo no hay que hacer caudal, |  | | como San Pablo refiere, |  | | mientras un hombre viviere |  | | en esta carne mortal. |  | | Bravamente le reñí |  | | y encolericéme tanto, |  | | que de los moros me espanto |  | | cómo con vida salí. |  | | Pero sienten dar la muerte |  | | estos perros a un cautivo |  | | y por su avaricia vivo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale LUCIFER en hábito de cautivo)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Muy bien vengo de esta suerte. |  | | Hoy con aquesta invención |  | | probar quiero en la conquista, |  | | pues ya vencí al canonista |  | | si venzo a este motilón. |  | | Temo que sus persuasiones |  | | a Antonio me han de volver. |  | | Suelen echarme a perder |  | | estos frailes motilones; |  | | que, como no son letrados, |  | | lo que una vez aperciben |  | | no hay pensar que los derriben, |  | | creen bien a ojos cerrados. |  | | ¿Fray Cosme? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Quién me ha llamado? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Un cautivo miserable, |  | | si le permite que hable |  | | su mala suerte y estado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La suerte no es sino buena, |  | | que, al fin, es orden de Dios. |  | | Cautivo estoy como vos, |  | | también padezco esa pena, |  | | y algo más. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  | | --- | | ¿Más que yo? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, |  | | y algo más paso que vos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Más que yo? ¡Pluguiera a Dios! |  | | ¡No puede ser! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo así? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Porque este mi cautiverio |  | | es eterno. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿por qué? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ese porqué yo lo sé; |  | | no carece de misterio. |  | | Es el calor que hay en mí |  | | tan grande, que no hay rescate |  | | cuando de aqueso se trate |  | | que pueda igualarme. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Sí? |  | | ¿Qué hombre tan calificado |  | | sois? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y mi palabra empeño |  | | que de un imperio soy dueño, |  | | de donde fui desterrado. |  | | Y pues no se ha de acabar |  | | vida con tanto rigor, |  | | pienso que será mejor, |  | | Cosme amigo, renegar. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  | | --- | | ¿Qué? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Renegar del bautismo, |  | | trocando azotes y palos |  | | en contentos y regalos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Emperador del abismo |  | | me parecéis. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Testimonio |  | | nos dan de aquesta verdad |  | | Antonio y su santidad. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sin duda éste es el demonio, |  | | que, como a Antonio ha engañado, |  | | a mí procura engañarme. |  | | Pues él viene a trasquilarme |  | | y ha de volver trasquilado. |  | | ¡Ah si le pudiese echar |  | | el rosario al cuello! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Quién |  | | supiese hacerlo tan bien |  | | que a éste pudiese engañar! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Si yo el rosario le echase, |  | | qué linda fiesta ha de haber! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El infierno se ha de arder |  | | si al motilón engañase. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Va COSME sacando rosario a escondidas y vase arrimando hacia el demonio; el demonio, desviándose y mirándole de medio ojo)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En efecto que será |  | | el renegar acertado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Pues no! Si a ser respetado |  | | llegase un hombre. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí hará. |  | | No sé por dó está metido. |  | | Este enredador habrá |  | | andado en esto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si ya |  | | Antonio está convencido |  | | de que es la ley africana |  | | la mejor, ¿qué hay que esperar, |  | | Cosme, sino renegar? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, amigo, de buena gana; |  | | pero querría saber... |  | | ¡Jesús! ¿En qué estás asido? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si acaso me ha conocido. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Más que lo ha de echar de ver |  | | y he de perder la ocasión. |  | | ¡Gracias a Dios! ¡Ya salió! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Huye EL DEMONIO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que el rosario me cegó! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  | | --- | | ¡Ah, tiñoso! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, motilón! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  | | --- | | ¡Pies de gallo! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ignorantazo! |  | | El rosario lo engrandece. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Aguarda, si te parece, |  | | zorrazo vicio, gatazo. |  | | *(Da tras él con la pretina y ahora huye)* |  | | Tiene razón de decir |  | | que soy un necio ignorante. |  | | ¡Que le tuviese delante |  | | y no le supiese asir! |  | | Entendió el perrazo el juego |  | | y echóse luego a partido. |  | | ¡Ah, Dios; quién le hubiera asido! |  | | Dos mil azotes le pego. |  | | ¡Que no supiese gozar |  | | de tan dichosa ocasión! |  | | Soy un asno en conclusión; |  | | bien puedo echarme a rodar. |  | | Antonio me da cuidado, |  | | que a Cristo y su Madre ha sido |  | | ingrato y desconocido. |  | | Voy a ver en qué ha parado, |  | | que, aunque ya tiene perdida |  | | la gracia, yo he de trazar |  | | cómo la vuelva a cobrar |  | | o me ha de costar la vida. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vase. Salen EL REY DE TÚNEZ y FRAY ANTONIO de moro, SULTÁN y CELIMO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tengo tan grande deseo, |  | | Sultán, de ver aumentada |  | | esta ley que, adoro y creo, |  | | que no sólo por la espada |  | | que por conservarla empleo, |  | | mas por las letras querría. |  | | Tú, pues nuestra lengua sabes |  | | y sabes la intención mía, |  | | que sólo de hombres tan graves |  | | trasladar la ley se fía, |  | | en tu lengua italiana |  | | copiarás nuestro Alcorán, |  | | que muchos que la africana |  | | ley tan gustosa verán |  | | dejarán su ley cristiana. |  | | Cuatro meses ha que estás |  | | en servicio de Mahoma; |  | | pero ninguno le harás |  | | como éste, si sabe Roma |  | | que tu aprobación la das. |  | | Fuera de que calificas |  | | lo escrito, obligas a Alá |  | | a satisfaciones ricas, |  | | pues tan obligado está |  | | de que su ley testificas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, el rey Tolomeo |  | | quiso la ley de Moisén |  | | copiar del idioma hebreo, |  | | y envió a Jerusalén |  | | para cumplir su deseo |  | | por hombres sabios y graves. |  | | Setenta fueron, y a todos |  | | cerró de por sí; las llaves |  | | guardó por ver si en los modos |  | | que éstos suelen, como sabes, |  | | defraudar una sentencia, |  | | convenían en hacer |  | | uno de otro diferencia. |  | | Pero aquí no es menester |  | | tan costosa diligencia. |  | | Manda que luego me den |  | | el Alcorán y verás |  | | si yo lo traduzco bien. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por los setenta valdrás, |  | | Sultán, tú solo también. |  | | ¿Traéis mi Alcorán ahí? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  | | --- | | Sí, señor. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues mientras voy |  | | a caza, lo pasa así. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tú verás, señor, que soy |  | | fiel a nuestra ley y a ti. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Para la vuelta, Sultán, |  | | copia; el principio he de ver. |  | | Guárdete Alá. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué dirán |  | | los que me vieren poner |  | | en mi boca el Alcorán? |  | | Pero ya saben que soy |  | | moro y que casado estoy, |  | | ¿qué importa que sepan esto? |  | | ¡Hola, Celín! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  | | --- | | ¡Señor! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Presto, |  | | mesa y recado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya voy. |  | | *(Va por ello)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Trasladé algunas historias |  | | de los reyes africanos, |  | | sus batallas, sus memorias, |  | | por que entiendan los cristianos |  | | que no merecen la gloria. |  | | Y del gusto que ha tenido |  | | el rey de ver traducido |  | | el origen de estos reyes, |  | | quiere que copie sus leyes. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale CELIMO con el recado de escribir y pónelo encima de un bufete)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Tinta y papel he traído. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Salte afuera, y si criado |  | | o amigo me entrara a ver, |  | | dile que estoy ocupado, |  | | quiero primero leer |  | | para ver lo que traslado. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Pónese a leer, y con música descubren a SANTO DOMINGO con el perro y la hacha, como le pintan, y el azucena en la mano, y SAN ANTONINO de rodillas ante el santo)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SAN ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Santísimo patriarca |  | | y fundador soberano |  | | de nuestra gran Religión, |  | | padre de infinitos santos, |  | | arquimandrita divino, |  | | perro insigne negro y blanco, |  | | que con el hacha en la boca |  | | abrasarás los contrarios |  | | de la Iglesia y fe de Cristo; |  | | pues los lobos, en mirando |  | | vuestra carlanca de oro, |  | | llena de diamantes claros |  | | de virtudes y excelencias, |  | | huyeron de ver sus rayos, |  | | que la medalla del cuello, |  | | estando en medio adornando, |  | | donde la Reina del cielo |  | | con atributos tan altos, |  | | como estrellas de Jacob, |  | | cercaba el sol con sus rayos. |  | | Guzmán divino, español, |  | | de quien tendrán reyes tantos |  | | su ascendencia, que ya miro |  | | pasar de Filipo cuarto. |  | | Domingo ilustre, a quien Dios, |  | | por mil días de trabajos, |  | | hizo Domingo en el cielo, |  | | que los ángeles guardaron; |  | | yo di el hábito en Florencia |  | | a un mancebo saboyano |  | | casi de mi propio nombre, |  | | siendo prior de San Marcos. |  | | Dile el rosario también, |  | | que fue el soberano lazo, |  | | que a vuestra casa le truje |  | | como a novillo domado. |  | | Pasando a Sicilia Antonio, |  | | los moros le cautivaron, |  | | donde, habiendo resistido |  | | hambres, cadenas y palos, |  | | pudieron los tiernos ojos, |  | | pudieron las blancas manos, |  | | los deleites, los amores |  | | de una mora hacer de suerte |  | | que, ya de Dios olvidado, |  | | dejó su ley. ¡Gran dolor |  | | para todo el orden sacro |  | | de vuestro santo distrito, |  | | pues, renegado y casado, |  | | vive en Túnez, en su lengua |  | | el Alcorán trasladando. |  | | Padre santísimo, a quien |  | | dio la Virgen el rosario |  | | contra los fieros herejes |  | | y Ella os enseñó a rezarlo, |  | | dividiéndole en tres partes, |  | | por quince misterios santos, |  | | no permitáis que se pierda |  | | a quien le dio vuestra mano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SAN DOMINGO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arzobispo de Florencia, |  | | hijo Antonino; si el daño |  | | de Antonio te duele a ti, |  | | porque tú le diste el hábito, |  | | no menos a mí, que soy |  | | a quien la Virgen dio el cargo |  | | de cultivar estas rosas |  | | de su huerto sacrosanto. |  | | yo le pediré que pida |  | | a su Hijo este milagro |  | | de su rosario divino. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | SAN ANTONINO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si sus ojos soberanos |  | | pone la Virgen en él, |  | | hoy triunfará su rosario. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Cúbrese la apariencia, y ANTONIO, que ha estado leyendo, diga admirado)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Puede ser más notables desatinos? |  | | ¿Es posible que tal estimo y precio? |  | | ¿Hanse escrito más bárbaros caminos? |  | | O este Mahoma fue en extremo necio, |  | | que, como vio que a necios persuadía, |  | | con sus cautelas quiso hacer desprecio. |  | | Cuanto es la bestia describir porfía; |  | | son deleites y engaños atractivos; |  | | toda virtud, toda razón desvía. |  | | Lascivia y gula, que mostró excesivos, |  | | son polos de su ley, y ésta promete |  | | el ignorante a muertos como a vivos. |  | | Pedazos de la ley cristiana mete, |  | | mal entendidos, el blasfemo. ¡Oh, cosa |  | | digna de que un demonio la interprete! |  | | ¡Oh, qué linda, económica y famosa |  | | presunción de un loco disparate, |  | | fundada en necedad tan fabulosa! |  | | Ya de hoy más Aristóteles no trate |  | | la suya, ni a moral filosofía |  | | Platón la lengua aurífera desate. |  | | ¡Qué loco estaba yo, Virgen María, |  | | cuando dejé vuestro rosario santo |  | | por una vil y, deshonesta arpía! |  | | Pues de haberle dejado pudo tanto |  | | el demonio engañoso, que soy suyo, |  | | habiéndome cubierto vuestro manto. |  | | ¡Oh vil, falso Profeta! El libro tuyo |  | | queme llama del cielo, pues quien eres |  | | *(Arroja el libro y písale)* |  | | de tus escritos bárbaros arguyo. |  | | ¡Oh, tú, siempre entre todas las mujeres |  | | bendita, ayuda aquí, dame tu mano, |  | | que a ti me volveré si tú me quieres! |  | | Favor, Domingo, padre soberano. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Echase de pechos llorando sobre el bufete y salen por un lado LUCIFER y por otro EL AUXILIO DIVINO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A quién pides favor? ¿Tienes vergüenza? |  | | Pues, perro, no hay piedad, lloras en vano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Mientes, villano!, que el dolor comienza, |  | | y si prosigue y el llorar porfía, |  | | no dudes tú que la batalla venza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Tan presto, Auxilio santo? ¿Quién te envía? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Quien me puede enviar, Dios, por los ruegos |  | | de la Princesa celestial María. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después de mil perjuros y reniegos |  | | de Ella y su Hijo y de sus santos nombres, |  | | ¿vienes a abrirle tú los ojos ciegos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ángel de las tinieblas, no te asombres, |  | | que Dios no tiene en iras ni en venganzas |  | | la condición y, estilo de los hombres. |  | | Antonio, llora, que llorando alcanzas |  | | cuanto pidas a Dios. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, ya lloro. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A un perdido enriqueces de esperanzas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mal sabes tú lo que las rosas de oro |  | | alcanzan de María y de Dios ella. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | En éste no, que ya no es fraile; es moro. |  | | Y esa divina y celestial Doncella |  | | favorezca cristianos con sus rosas; |  | | pero no a quien sus rosas atropella. |  | | Que si son en sus ojos tan hermosas, |  | | por otra Rosa vil las ha dejado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A recibirle fueron poderosas. |  | | Dios te manda dejarle. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Su mandado |  | | obedezco; mas voy a hacer de suerte |  | | que tiemble el cielo de mi brazo airado. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antonio, a Dios tus lágrimas convierte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Osaré, Auxilio santo, alzar la cara? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Alzala, que, pues lloras, quiere verte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¿Perdonaráme Dios? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿No es cosa clara, |  | | si lo vas suspirando con tu llanto?... |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | Negué su nombre; fui traidor. | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Repara |  | | que Pedro le negó; pero fue tanto |  | | el llanto suyo, que hoy es fundamento |  | | y de su Iglesia sustituto santo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya os oigo, aunque no os veo; mas si intento |  | | decir que soy cristiano a este rey moro, |  | | ¿qué me sucederá? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Breve tormento |  | | y gloria eterna. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues la muerte adoro, |  | | aunque es terrible trance. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Atrás te vuelves |  | | ¿Cómo no miras las coronas de oro |  | | de tantos frailes santos y resuelves |  | | que ellos sin culpa han muerto y tú culpado? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué, tantos hijos de Domingo entraron |  | | por su sangre en el cielo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los que espera |  | | el claustro de Madrid, oye. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Ganaron |  | | fuego y sangre la inmortal bandera? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Después de adornar las puertas |  | | así yo del templo santo |  | | de entorchados jeroglíficos, |  | | de la fe símbolos sacros, |  | | corresponderánse enfrente |  | | de otras dos puertas dos cuadros |  | | que no fueron de por sí, |  | | por ser dos mártires santos. |  | | Luego, por orden, comienzan, |  | | en soberanos retratos, |  | | los dominicos atletas |  | | y sangrientos espectáculos |  | | palmas en las manos todos, |  | | todos al cuello rosarios, |  | | que las rosas hay quien diga |  | | que de sangre se engendraron. |  | | San Pedro, mártir, que hizo, |  | | para corona del labio, |  | | del cuchillo la diadema |  | | y de su filo los rayos. |  | | El primer inquisidor |  | | y protomártir Conrado, |  | | fray Nicolás, que en Hungría |  | | los herejes degollaron |  | | siendo su obispo, con cinco |  | | frailes, y fray Berengario, |  | | arzobispo de Cracovia, |  | | de una lanza atravesado; |  | | fray Pagano, y luego tú, |  | | que vienes bien con Pagano. |  | | Mira si el lugar aceptas. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, Señor, bañado en llanto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Fray Felipe, hijo del rey |  | | de Ceba, mártir a palos, |  | | y con fray Andrés Pelisco |  | | a los leones echado. |  | | Mas para animarte más |  | | con sus divinos retratos, |  | | mira la Virgen de Atocha |  | | y los mártires del claustro. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Suena música y descúbrese la Virgen de Atocha, y a los 1a dos, los mártires que aquí van referidos, cada uno con su martirio, como van dichos, y se advierta que en esta apariencia consiste la fuerza de la comedia, o sea en un árbol formado con seis nichos, la Virgen en medio)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Serenísima María, |  | | que la luna estáis pisando, |  | | aunque con el alma os miro |  | | a la luz de vuestros rayos, |  | | haced de los muchos vuestros, |  | | por vuestro santo rosario, |  | | este milagro conmigo, |  | | pues Dios por vos obra tantos. |  | | Antonio soy, si merezco |  | | llamarme nombre cristiano |  | | habiéndoos a vos y a Dios |  | | por el demonio trocado. |  | | No soy Sultán, Virgen pura. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | AUXILIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gente suena. Allá te aguardo; |  | | no vuelvas atrás, Antonio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ayudadme, Auxilio santo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Cúbrese la apariencia. Quéda se ANTONIO solo. Sale FRAY COSME)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | A pesar de cien morillos, |  | | hasta esta sala he llegado, |  | | donde dicen que está Antonio |  | | el Alcorán trasladando. |  | | Y pues el rey no está aquí, |  | | por el hábito sagrado |  | | de mi padre que lo escrito |  | | tengo de hacer mil pedazos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Misericordia, Dios mío! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, fray Sultán, renegado! |  | | Solos estamos agora. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ay, Virgen! ¿Quién me ha llamado! |  | | el nombre que yo aborrezco? |  | | ¡Cosme amigo! ¡Cosme hermana! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Mi hermano vos? De Mahoma |  | | lo ser, que yo no me pago |  | | de hermanos que son infames. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cosme, dame aquestos brazos; |  | | mal dije, dame esos pies, |  | | quiero mil veces besarlos, |  | | *(Echase a sus pies y huye FRAY COSME)* |  | | por católicos, por fuertes, |  | | por buenos, cuerdos y santos. |  | | No me los niegue, no huya. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Eres tentación del diablo. |  | | ¿Estás sin seso, Sultán? |  | | ¿Esa media habréis sacado |  | | de vuestro renegamiento? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy el vil renegado |  | | que, engañado del demonio |  | | por un antojo liviano, |  | | negué a mi Dios y su Madre |  | | y a su divino rosario. |  | | Mas ya, hermano Cosme, vuelvo, |  | | conociendo mi pecado, |  | | como pródigo segundo, |  | | a sus paternales brazos. |  | | Hermano, ayúdame tú; |  | | ruega por mí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Cielo santo! |  | | ¿Hablas de veras? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Sí, amigo; |  | | hermano, de veras hablo. |  | | ¡Misericordia, Dios mío! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen pura del Rosario, |  | | vuestras hazañas son éstas! |  | | Pues alto, mi padre amado, |  | | diga como yo dijere |  | | a voz alta. |  | | *(Va COSME diciendo, y ANTONIO en voz alta lo repite)* |  | | Sepan cuantos |  | | en Túnez, Fez y Marruecos |  | | ha sido patente y llano |  | | que renegó fray Antonio |  | | del Orden dominicano, |  | | que le engañó Satanás, |  | | como hombre débil y flaco. |  | | Pero ya que ha conocido |  | | los embustes, los engaños |  | | del Alcorán de Mahoma, |  | | profeta falso y borracho, |  | | embustero y codicioso, |  | | corrido y desengañado |  | | de haber seguido su ley, |  | | aunque tan pequeño espacio, |  | | la deja por mentirosa, |  | | mala y de malos resabios, |  | | señuelo para el infierno |  | | y cebo de condenados. |  | | Por tanto, reniega della |  | | y de su dueño falsario; |  | | confiesa la ley de Cristo |  | | y sus estatutos santos, |  | | que Cristo es Dios verdadero |  | | y redentor soberano. |  | | Confiesa en Dios tres Personas |  | | distintas por soberano |  | | misterio y un solo Dios |  | | poderoso, bueno y sabio; |  | | que Jesucristo es Dios hombre, |  | | que en el vientre sacrosanto |  | | de Santa María, su madre, |  | | por el Espíritu Santo |  | | fue concebida y nació, |  | | su virginidad quedando |  | | sin corrupción, limpia y pura |  | | antes y después del parto. |  | | Que, en cuanto hombre, padeció |  | | y fue muerto y sepultado; |  | | resucitó el día tercero; |  | | subió al cielo; está sentado |  | | a la diestra de su Padre; |  | | desde do vendrá juzgando |  | | en el postrimero día |  | | a los buenos y a los malos, |  | | para dar premio y castigo, |  | | conforme hubieren obrado |  | | los hombres en esta vida. |  | | Y confiesa todo cuanto |  | | la santa Iglesia Romana |  | | ha dispuesto y ordenado |  | | y ordenará hasta morir |  | | en su protección y amparo. |  | | Esto es lo justo y lo bueno, |  | | lo católico y lo santo, |  | | y quien dijere otra cosa |  | | mentirá como bellaco. |  | | *(Hasta aquí ha ido repitiendo)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Así, mi Dios, lo confieso. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Agora, déme esos brazos, |  | | y vamos por esas calles, |  | | hechos locos, publicando |  | | a voces la ley de Cristo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  | | --- | | ¡Vamos, Cosme! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  | | --- | | ¡Vamos! | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Vamos! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse diciendo a voces: ¡Viva Cristo! ¡Viva Cristo! Sale BECEBA con lanza y adarga)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Montes de Túnez, cubiertos |  | | de fieras y de leones, |  | | testigos de mis razones, |  | | aunque a mis voces desiertos; |  | | mar contrario, en cuyos puertos |  | | fue mi esperanza perdida, |  | | en esto acaba su vida |  | | quien pone su fe y amor |  | | en un ingrato señor |  | | y en una mujer fingida. |  | | Ciudad, yo fui alcaide en ti; |  | | ya soy alarbe en el campo, |  | | los pies en la arena estampo |  | | que en ricos palacios vi. |  | | Desterrado vivo aquí |  | | de mi rey y de mi dama, |  | | ¡Dichoso campo el que os ama |  | | sin que otro interés le obligue, |  | | que nunca la envidia sigue |  | | a los que viven sin fama! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Voces dentro. Sale el REY peleando con un león)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cobarde soy. ¡Por Alá! |  | | ¿Ninguno me da favor? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es el rey que mi amor |  | | tan mal pagándome está. |  | | El león le rinde ya; |  | | su gente llega. Yo quiero |  | | hacer como caballero, |  | | que al rey, aunque ingrato sea, |  | | cuando en peligro se vea, |  | | le he de acudir el primero. |  | | Bestia crüel, vente a mí, |  | | deja al famoso Almanzor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Quién eres? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, señor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  | | --- | | ¿Es Beceba? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señor, sí. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Da BECEBA tras el león y sale luego; déjale muerto)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre de ti presumí |  | | este valor. ¡Oh, buen moro! |  | | Por el santo Alá que adoro |  | | que el reino tengo de darte; |  | | mas para poder pagarte |  | | no tiene el mundo tesoro. |  | | Voluntades mal pagadas, |  | | servicios mal conocidos, |  | | en vasallos bien nacidos |  | | no hacen las quejas espadas. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Ahora sale BECEBA)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De dos sangrientas lanzadas, |  | | el león, atravesado, |  | | tiñe en sangre el verde prado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y yo, a tus brazos rendido, |  | | perdón, Beceba, te pido |  | | de todo el desdén pasado. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Cuando en peligro te hallo, |  | | acudo a mi obligación. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La falta del galardón |  | | prueba la fe del vasallo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen ARCHIMA AMET y CELIMO con albardas)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  | | --- | | ¿Muerto decís? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | CELIMO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | El caballo, |  | | por lo menos, muerto queda |  | | en esta verde arboleda. |  | | El rey es éste. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | TODOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Señor! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No a mí, sino al vencedor, |  | | para que pagarle pueda. |  | | Beceba es rey, pues por él |  | | tenéis rey: mató al león. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hechos de su mano son, |  | | que es su lealtad tan fiel. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Volveré a Túnez con él |  | | y, llevándole a mi lado, |  | | entrará conmigo honrado. |  | | Fiesta y máscaras haced. |  | | Parte a Túnez, Maamet, |  | | refiere lo que ha pasado. |  | | Salgan, reciban así |  | | al Beceba como a rey. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Voy, porque tu gusto es ley. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y él lo merece por sí. |  | | Que vivo por él les di. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Tantas honras, Almanzor! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy conocerás mi amor; |  | | que quien, pagado tan mal, |  | | fue tan hidalgo y leal, |  | | es señor de su señor. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse. Salen ANTONIO, medio desnudo, y ROSA, asida de él)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Dónde vas de esa manera? |  | | Tente, mi bien, ¿dónde vas? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Rosa, no me tengo más. |  | | Suelta, Rosa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Escucha, espera; |  | | mira que soy tu mujer, |  | | cuando no por ser quien soy. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Por lo mismo huyendo voy. |  | | Por ti he perdido mi ser; |  | | por ti no soy. Ya los dos |  | | no hemos de hablar de ese nombre. |  | | Hoy vuelvo a ser, porque el hombre, |  | | ¿cómo puede ser sin Dios? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Algo, mi vida, te ha dado |  | | alguna envidiosa mora |  | | de mi ventura. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Señora, |  | | no es mora quien me ha tocado, |  | | aunque me enamoró a mí |  | | su belleza soberana, |  | | sino la mayor cristiana, |  | | pues que tuvo a Cristo en sí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿A Cristo nombras? ¿Qué es esto? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Pues ¿no quieres que le nombre, |  | | si por remedio del hombre |  | | está de esta suerte puesto? |  | | *(Saca un Cristo)* |  | | ¡Ay, Rosa, míralo aquí! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  | | --- | | ¿Loco te has vuelto? | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes cuerdo, |  | | pues hallo aquí lo que pierdo |  | | por mi locura y por ti. |  | | ¡Halle yo, Padre divino, |  | | en este costado abierto |  | | sagrado acogida y puerto |  | | del mar de mi desatino! |  | | ¡Haced, santas venas frías, |  | | que aquéstas por vos desangre |  | | las tristes lágrimas mías! |  | | Pues que vos, rey celestial, |  | | sois piedra, imprímanse en vos, |  | | que si sois piedra, mi Dios, |  | | en piedra hacen señal. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Siempre temí tu mudanza. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Malhaya el hombre traidor |  | | que fuera de vos, Señor, |  | | pone jamás su esperanza! |  | | Mi confianza mortal, |  | | que es viento, en nada la fundo, |  | | siempre la puse en el mundo |  | | y en vos nunca, por mi mal. |  | | Pero yo juro, Señor, |  | | de pagarlo con la vida, |  | | a vuestra sangre ofrecida, |  | | a quien debo tanto amor. |  | | Quédate, Rosa, y el ciclo |  | | se duela de ti. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, mi bien! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Ya no hay bien, Rosa, sin quien |  | | murió para bien del suelo. |  | | Voy a morir. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah, señor, |  | | mira que te adoro! ¡Fuese! |  | | ¿Que este fin mi amor tuviese? |  | | ¡Oh, qué mal puse mi amor! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale LUCIFER)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Deseaba entrar aquí |  | | y nunca he podido entrar, |  | | que éste se ha sabido armar |  | | bravamente contra mí. |  | | ¡Oh, qué espada de dos filos |  | | tomó el traidor en la mano. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Que se haya vuelto cristiano! |  | | Mas son comunes estilos |  | | de estos renegados perros. |  | | Al rey haré que le mate. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con regalo es bien se trate. |  | | Póngale primero en hierros. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Mejor será por amor. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Regálale; ve tras él. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ROSA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Lágrimas podrán con él |  | | lo que no pudo el rigor. |  | | Voy a seguirle. |  | | *(Vase)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | LUCIFER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Reniego |  | | de mí mismo, pues María |  | | Dudo dar luz este día |  | | al alma de un hombre ciego. |  | | ¡Domingo, mucho supiste; |  | | a buen árbol te arrimaste! |  | | ¡Qué bien sus rosas fundaste |  | | ¡Qué hermoso huerto escogiste! |  | | ¿Quién me ha encontrado contigo, |  | | perro labrador de herejes? |  | | Mas yo haré que esta vez dejes |  | | la prenda que ha de ir conmigo. |  | | En tu dorada carlanca |  | | no hay tocar; mas quiero ver |  | | si te pudiese morder |  | | algo de esa fimbria blanca. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Entran el REY, BECEBA, ARCHIMA AMET y CELIMO)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué alegre y regocijada |  | | Túnez, señor, te recibe! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Moros: por Beceba vive |  | | vuestro rey! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ARCHIMA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Famosa entrada! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Salen los músicos con un baile morisco, con máscaras)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MÚSICOS | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Gardamos, Alá, Muley, |  | | que gardar al rey, que garda |  | | al rey, que un león tener |  | | para hacer mochos pedazos, |  | | quitarmo ley desas brazos |  | | y él vida por él poner. |  | | Túñez, tenelde placer |  | | por vasallo de bon ley, |  | | Mahoma, gardar Muley, |  | | gardar al rey, gardar al rey. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse los músicos. Sale ANTONIO de fraile con su corona)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Los que me vistes por deleite vano |  | | negar la fe de Cristo que profeso |  | | y, habiéndole primero dado el beso, |  | | venderle como bárbaro villano. |  | | Los que dejastes el valor cristiano |  | | por el ejemplo de mi loco exceso, |  | | mirad que ya le adoro y le confieso, |  | | trayéndole en el alma y en la mano. |  | | No soy Sultán; Antonio, sí; ninguno |  | | crea que creo al bárbaro Profeta, |  | | porque se engañará si piensa alguno. |  | | La ley de Cristo adoro; vuestra seta |  | | maldigo. Cristo es Dios, que es trino y uno. |  | | Mi sangre está ya a vuestros pies sujeta. |  | | *(De rodillas)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por Alá, que de cuantas invenciones |  | | en mi entrada se han hecho no hay ninguna, |  | | Sultán, que con la tuya se compare! |  | | ¡Qué bien de los cristianos se ha burlado! |  | | Beceba, ¿ no es muy digno de un gran premio? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Qué máscara! ¡Qué fiesta más discreta! |  | | ¡Qué bien ha castigado a los cristianos! |  | | ¡Qué bien sus desatinos me presenta! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No son máscara, rey; antes es esto |  | | quitarme ya la máscara del rostro. |  | | Yo creo en Jesucristo, Cristo vivo. |  | | Cristo es Dios. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Cómo es esto? Espera un poco. |  | | Sultán, ¿hablas de veras o estás loco? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No soy Sultán, Antonio soy; ya vuelvo |  | | a los palacios de mi Padre, a donde |  | | me ha vestido del hábito primero |  | | para sentarme a su gloriosa Mesa. |  | | Pródigo fui de sus tesoros ricos; |  | | guardé negro ganado de deleites; |  | | roto volví, mas ya me dio sus brazos, |  | | a trueco de mil lágrimas, y puso |  | | en mi cuello la estola de su gracia. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antonio, mira bien lo que aventuras. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Qué ventura mayor que con mi sangre |  | | confirmar las verdades que confieso? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | No hay fiesta sin azar, que todas tienen |  | | por fin guardado algún desabrimiento. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ah rey! ¿Está mejor Rosa empleada |  | | en un cristiano vil? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Llevadle presto, |  | | y dentro de tres días, si no dice |  | | que a Mahoma confiesa, dadle muerte. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | De aquí a tres días, rey, de aquí a tres años, |  | | de aquí a tres mil, diré lo mismo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh perro! |  | | Llevadle al campo luego, apedreadle |  | | y quemaréis su cuerpo. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | ANTONIO | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Virgen pura, |  | | cumplióse mi deseo! Mi remedio |  | | debo a vuestro santísimo rosario. |  | | ¡Oh santa devoción! En vos espero |  | | que no se perderá quien la tuviere. |  | | *(Llévanle)* |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Arrepentido estoy, ¡por Alá santo!, |  | | de haber honrado a este cristiano perro. |  | | Vuélvase, moros, el contento en llanto. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Por éste me pusiste en tal destierro! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Famoso alcalde, pues te debo tanto |  | | y he conocido mi notable yerro, |  | | yo huelgo de que quede libre Rosa, |  | | que, si hoy la quieres, hoy será tu esposa. |  | | Sin esto haré que el Gran Señor confirme |  | | mi sucesión en ti. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Beso tus manos, |  | | ¡oh generoso rey, columna firme |  | | de todos los estados africanos! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | REY | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Obligarme pudiste y persuadirme. |  | | No haré más confianza de cristianos. |  | | Vamos a ver a Rosa. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | BECEBA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Hoy quiera el cielo |  | | lograr tus años y premiar mi celo. |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Vanse. Salen MARCELA y UN MERCADER)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Antes de embarcarme quiero, |  | | aunque pudiera en mi llanto, |  | | pues que no soy conocida |  | | con la mudanza del hábito. |  | | ver, si pudiera, a mi Antonio. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MERCADER | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Si le están apedreando. |  | | ¿No ves que podrán vo1ver |  | | las piedras a los cristianos? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Ojalá, amigo, que algunas, |  | | despedidas de sus brazos, |  | | me hiciesen tan venturosa! |  | | | | | |
|  | | | |
| *(Sale COSME)* | | |  |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¡Oh jüicios soberanos, |  | | que guían nuestro remedio |  | | por tan diferentes casos! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | ¿Viste a fray Antonio, amigo? |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Yo soy, Marcela, el que tanto |  | | abominó sus delitos; |  | | yo fui su mayor contrario, |  | | porque yo soy aquel lego |  | | que a su lado cautivaron, |  | | fray Cosme, y ya soy |  | | flama que su nombre alabo. |  | | Por la gran puerta de Túnez |  | | sacaron a Antonio al campo, |  | | coronada la cabeza |  | | y atadas atrás las manos. |  | | Las cosas que iba diciendo |  | | con la Virgen santa hablando, |  | | las ternezas que a su Hijo, |  | | los amores, los regalos, |  | | los perdones que pidió |  | | a los cautivos cristianos, |  | | ¿qué lengua habrá que lo diga, |  | | Al fin, al campo llegaron; |  | | hincó en tierra las rodillas. |  | | y allí, como Esteban santo. |  | | bordó de piedras preciosas, |  | | rubíes en sangre bañados, |  | | el hábito de Domingo, |  | | siempre a la Virgen llamando. |  | | Encienden un grande fuego, |  | | pero del cuerpo sagrado |  | | huye el fuego, que el de amor |  | | resiste y le deja intacto. |  | | Piedras en sangre teñidas |  | | cogieron muchos cristianos |  | | y se les volvieron rosas. |  | | Mas ya tratan de enterrarlo, |  | | que a los pies del crucifijo |  | | de este templo fabricado |  | | de genoveses en Túnez |  | | mandó sepultarse el santo, |  | | donde esperan que ha de hacer |  | | Dios por él grandes milagros. |  | | Pues ya llegamos al puerto, |  | | el santo cuerpo veamos. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | La piedra que sangre tenga, |  | | Antonio, mi padre amado, |  | | será diamante en mi pecho. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Este es el cuerpo sagrado. |  | | *(Corran una cortina y aparece Nuestra Señora del Rosario con manto azul; más abajo, a los lados, los frailes que puedan, dominicos, con rosarios al cuello, y alrededor de la Virgen, un rosario grande, con rosas por paternóster, y fray ANTONIO de rodil1as, lleno de sangre, con un Cristo en la mano derecha y en la izquierda el rosario)* |  | | ¡Con qué valor tiene a Cristo |  | | Antonio en la diestra mano, |  | | como bandera que sigue, |  | | y en la siniestra, el rosario! |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | MARCELA | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Con estas armas, ¿quién duda, |  | | ¡oh valeroso soldado!, |  | | que conquistase los cielos? |  | | Nuevo Esteban, si en el manto |  | | de la Virgen ya te miras |  | | como a soberano amparo, |  | | ruega por mí. |  | | | | | |
| |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | COSME | |  |  | | --- | --- | | Y por todos. |  | | *(Cúbrese la apariencia)* |  | | Padre Antonio, Antonio santo. |  | | Y aquí, senado, da fin |  | | «La Devoción del Rosario». |  | | San Antonino la escribe, |  | | que de Florencia, en San Marcos, |  | | dio el hábito a fray Antonio, |  | | y así os lo ofrece Belardo. |  | | | | | |